

6 Times 1051

Chapter 1051 Ginger To The Mix? 4K

While all of this took place in the front of the store, Susan had been left with Ginger in the back of the store.

Normally, there were two employees to help the customers at all times, but Suzanne had arranged for there to be just one at the moment. She had plans for Ginger and Susan, and her scheme could now be kicked into motion.

Ginger walked up to Susan dressed in a dark blue military uniform. At least, it was a reasonable likeness, but in fact no real military uniform would show off as much cleavage as this one did. She happened to be dressed that way even before Suzanne had called earlier; she often wore costumes as a way to encourage customers to buy them. She also had a new haircut since the last time any of the Plummer women had seen her (a few weeks back when Suzanne and Xania had met with her).

She was giddy with excitement, and just barely managed to contain it. She thought, Suzanne told me that Susan was busty and beautiful, but I didn't expect THIS! Why, this Susan is the equal of Suzanne or Xania. Damn, I love my job!

Ginger saw Susan holding up a pair of plastic cat ears. She snapped to attention and saluted. "Officer Ginger, reporting for duty. How can I help you, ma'am?"

Susan chuckled. The uniform immediately put her at ease. "Look at this. It's like a second Halloween. Do you always dress like that?"

Ginger stiffened up even more. "Yes, ma'am! I like to wear costumes as part of this job, ma'am!"

Susan chuckled some more. "At ease, soldier."

Ginger immediately relaxed and dropped the salute. She said in a more normal voice, "Looking for something catty?"

Susan had been fingering the cat ears idly while wondering if there might be cow-themed items nearby. She blushed and quickly put the ears down. "No. Uh, I was just uh..." She looked around as if in search of exits.

Ginger gave a friendly smile. "My, you're so pretty. Much more than pretty, actually. A real stunner. What's your name?"

Susan still looked anywhere but at Ginger as she shyly replied, "Susan."

"Well, Susan, there's no need to be nervous. A lot of people come in here who are shy like you, but there's nothing to be ashamed about. I'll bet you have a special man and you're looking for something to make him happy."

At the indirect reference to Alan, Susan immediately lit up with joy. "Oh, yes! A very special young man. And I do so much want to make him happy. He's the love of my life."

"Well then, we'll have to get you something very special indeed. What is it you think your husband would like?" Ginger had already been prepped by Suzanne that Alan wasn't Susan's husband, but she'd been told that suggesting that he was would help get Susan in the right mood.

"My husband?!" Susan blushed even more. "I wish! If only I could be so lucky! But sadly, no."

Ginger went on as if she didn't hear the 'no' already. "Marriage. Wouldn't that be lovely? Can't you just imagine walking down the aisle with your special man, arm in arm, walking up to the preacher to exchange your vows?"

Susan blushed still further. "Oh no!" She waved her hands in the air in front of her as if she was trying to swat away forbidden thoughts floating in front of her. "I can't think that! As lovely as it would be, it's not proper that someone like me should even THINK about such a thing!"

Ginger was curious about the real relationship between these four women and between them and this "master" she'd heard they shared. Why would it be wrong to even contemplate marriage? But before she got answers, she wanted to start the process of getting her and Susan naked, and then see where things went from there. "By the way, do you mind if I take this jacket off? It's so heavy and warm."

"Please, go ahead."

Ginger quickly unbuttoned and removed the jacket, revealing nothing but camouflage underwear underneath. She made sure to keep the officer's cap on, though.

Susan chuckled again, but asked, "Aren't you, uh, kind of underdressed now? You know, for a job and all?"

"For most jobs, yes, but we're in a sex shop. Nakedness is the order of the day. But I want to ask why you wouldn't think of asking, um, this man, for marriage? Uh, this special man, what's his name?"

Susan looked around for Suzanne to see if she was allowed to give out Alan's name.

Suzanne was lingering in the back of the store, keeping herself as far from Susan as possible while still keeping an eye on her (and occasionally checking out possible purchases). She saw Susan's look out of the corner of her eye, but she pretended not to notice. Part of her scheme with Susan and Ginger was also a test for Susan: she wanted to see how Susan would fare at keeping secrets in the outside world. She'd been cooped up so much that she'd never been tested, and Ginger was a good subject because Suzanne knew enough to blackmail Ginger in case Ginger ever learned too much and tried to blackmail any of them. She figured that Ginger's many affairs with married women could cause all kinds of trouble and Ginger would be smart enough to keep quiet. But could Susan keep her incestuous secrets secret when talking to strangers? This would be a good and relatively safe opportunity to find out.

Susan said, "Um, I probably shouldn't tell you his name. You know, in case he comes in here sometime, because he probably will eventually. Let's just call him, uh," - she failed about, looking for the right word - "my superior."

"Hmmm. Your superior, eh? That sounds sexy. Well, why can't you marry him?"

Talking about marrying Alan was like someone putting a vibrating egg right on her clit. She felt her knees growing weak. "Oh, I'd love to! But why would he want to marry little old me? I mean, he's got so many other younger women to choose from."

Ginger nodded in Suzanne's direction, then towards Amy and Katherine over the divider in the front of the store. "Oh, I get it. You all have the same master."

Susan gasped. "How did you know?" Then she gasped again, realizing she'd admitted something she probably shouldn't have. I think you should take a look at

Ginger knew that much mainly because Katherine had freely talked about her "master" when she was in the store before. But Ginger couldn't say that since she wasn't supposed to have met any of them before. So she just made up an answer. "Oh, I can just tell. I saw the four of you walk in together, and I honestly can't remember seeing one such exceptional beauty in my store, much less four at once. All four of you have the same look on your face, a combination of lust and love. You all look like you've been thoroughly ridden by a powerful penis recently and yet, as good as it was, it's only whetted your appetite for more. That's the sign of a truly superior master. He keeps his submissives satisfied yet still hungry."

Ginger was bullshitting in the sense that she would never have guessed about them all having the same lover if she didn't know already. But in fact all four of them did have a "well fucked yet hungry for more" look about them.

Susan's eyes opened with delight. "It shows?! Wow! Oh, and he does, he does! Ginger, you're so perceptive."

Ginger smiled knowingly. "I try. Now, you may not be able to marry your superior master at the moment, but that doesn't mean you can't fantasize about it or even do some role-playing." She walked down the aisle she and Susan were standing in until she came to a rack of what looked like wedding dresses. She held one up. "Look. As lovely as it would be to fantasize about a marriage between you and your superior master in a typical wedding dress, wouldn't it be even better to fantasize about getting married in THIS wedding dress?"

Susan eagerly walked forward, took the dress from Ginger's hands, and held it up for inspection. "What's so special about- oh my God! This isn't just a low-cut bodice; there's nothing in the front to cover the breasts at all!"

"No," Ginger agreed as she grabbed the dress and helped hold it up. "The only thing above the stomach is a cleverly hidden wire base to help push the exposed breasts further forward. Though I would guess in your case that may not be necessary."

Susan stared at the dress in wonder. "Oh my! This dress is just so... Well, it's too much! Why, the thought of getting married to my Ti-, uh, God, it makes me so HOT!"

That caused a few snickers from Suzanne as she eavesdropped nearby.

Ginger prodded, "Imagine standing in front of a crowd of 100 or more finely dressed friends and relatives, wearing this dress. You'd be saying to everyone, 'My superior master owns me, body and soul. Look, I'm such an insatiably hot bitch for his cock that I just have to offer him my naked tits right here in the middle of the wedding ceremony. It would be WRONG to cover these magnificent breasts, ever! Everyone who knows me needs to see he owns my body!'"

Susan stared wide-eyed at the younger woman. "Ginger! This is crazy! It's like you're reading my mind! Except that it sounds even better coming from you than me. 'Superior master' ... why do you have to say that each time? I love it, but it's making me too horny. We're in a public place!" She suddenly looked around the store in fear. To her relief, the only other person in sight was Suzanne, though she could also hear Amy and Katherine shopping in the front section of the store.

As Suzanne and Susan made eye contact from across the back room, Suzanne shouted to Susan, "Hey! Check this out!"

Suzanne was sitting buck naked, holding some kind of gun in her hand. She said, "Look, it's some kind of dildo gun. I didn't even know they made this kind of thing. Isn't it neat?" She flipped a switch on the gun and the dildo end began vibrating and stroking in and out while she kept her hand still. She shot a lusty look at Susan and asked in her raspy voice, "Wanna give it a try?"

Susan's mind simply reeled. Surely Suzanne is joking about trying that out right here, isn't she? On the other hand, she IS naked... The thought of Suzanne using the dildo gun on her raised her arousal a notch or two. But she couldn't help but exclaim, "Suzanne! You're naked!"

Ginger recaptured Susan's attention by holding the wedding dress up in front of the sexy mother. She pressed it against her to see if it fit. It appeared to be too small, so she went to get another. "Susan, don't worry. You can clearly see Suzanne isn't worried. Didn't you see the sign out front? Today is a 'ladies only' day. We have days like that from time to time so women will be more comfortable coming to our store." That was true, though today wasn't one of those days, and even on those days no customer was going to walk around butt naked. It didn't matter in any case since the store was closed.

"But, but..." Susan stammered, still staring wide-eyed at Suzanne sitting there in her birthday suit and looking over the dildo gun.

Ginger said soothingly, "Look, it's just us ladies. Would you feel afraid to change your clothes in front of Suzanne in your own home?"

"No, but-"

"Well then, consider this just like your home. Here, put on these white gloves while I see if I can find one of these that fit you. In the meantime, tell me what's so special about your superior master."

Talking about Alan usually put Susan in a dreamy and relaxed state, and she calmed down immediately as she began to think about him. "My master? Let's see. I don't even know where to begin. For one thing, he's so loving, warm, and considerate. Even though he's only eighteen, he has the wisdom and maturity of someone twice his age."

Oooh! Ginger thought. Now we're learning something new. Only eighteen and he has THESE four women in some kind of submissive relationship?! This guy really must be something out of this world. I'm seriously going to need to meet him. Susan here must be twenty-eight or thirty. Any older and I'd have to guess she was his mother, what with the way her chest swells up with pride to an even more ridiculously huge size than usual whenever any mention of him comes up. And Suzanne is only a couple of years older than Susan, at most, so I doubt either he or the two girls could be their offspring. But there seems to be something familial about this bunch. Maybe this guy is a cousin or something. And Susan and Suzanne HAVE to be sisters; their faces are a bit different, admittedly, but their bodies are so similar that it's like they're identical twins from the neck down.

The possibility that any of these women might be involved in some kind of incestuous relationship didn't bother Ginger in the slightest. She'd had so many wild sexual adventures already despite her young years that she would have been hard pressed to think of anything that might shock her. But she didn't want to voice her suspicions out loud for fear of alienating them in case she was wrong.

Ginger asked, "I'm not so interested in his personality, after all, this is a sex shop." She lowered her voice down to a suggestively conspiratorial, smoldering tone. "What's he like... in bed?"

There was nothing Susan liked to talk about more, and she was becoming increasingly relaxed with Ginger, so she launched in enthusiastically. "Where do I begin? He's so good! Having sex with my, my ... superior master" - she savored those last two words, saying them slowly - "is absolutely the best feeling in the whole wide world!"

"Let's not beat about the bush, with the words 'having sex,'" Ginger interrupted as she held up a different wedding dress in front of Susan. She looked Susan directly in the eyes, her entire expression dripping with open lust. "Let's call it what it is: fucking. Fucking your superior master. Being fucked by your superior master. Fucking your fucking superior fuck master. Fuck!" Ginger was starting to get a bit carried away herself.

"Such a filthy tongue, Ginger!" Susan chided playfully. "But you're right. Getting fucked by him is the best! I haven't been with that many men in my life, heck, practically none, but all of his conquests and fuck toys agree on a few things that set him apart. For one, his stamina." Her expression turned dreamy and proud. "He can fuck a woman until her pussy muscles can't squeeze back anymore, and then he just keeps on fucking until you're begging for mercy! God, just thinking about it is making me so hot! He's so inventive and always makes sure all his girls cum lots of times. Oh, and his cum! It's the best! And I'm not just saying that because I'm his, uh, friend." She'd almost said "mother." She turned away in embarrassment at her near mistake.

"Friend?" Ginger asked in an obviously skeptical tone of voice. She was particularly intrigued by the phrase "all of his conquests and fuck toys." Her desire to meet this man doubled, and then doubled again.

"'Sex slave' is a better term, but that's so embarrassing. You must think I'm a weirdo to call myself that."

"Not at all. In fact, I'm into submissive role-playing big time," Ginger replied. That was true, but she was thinking of the context of S&M games, not in the permanent sense Susan had meant. "But cum is cum. What's so great about his?"

"It's so yummy! It's incredibly sweet. Once you have some you just want to LIVE on it, forever! I actually did some research on this the other day and I think it's because of his diet. He loves to eat fruit; he's practically a fruitarian. For instance, he loves drinking orange juice. So sweet goes in, and sweet comes out. Plus, and this is just a little secret between you and me, last week he was starting to run out of cum from time to time because he just fucks us all so many times a day. So I did some more Internet research and started feeding him zinc and certain amino acids, and now he cums like a horse! Actually, his loads were already way above average to begin with, but now it takes a lot of sucking and fucking to

get him to run out. I love it! There's nothing like a pearl necklace and facial to keep a horny ... keep this woman satisfied." She'd nearly said "mommy" again.

"Here, take your top off and try this on," Ginger said casually. "How's his penis, by the way? Though I imagine for a superior man like that we should call it a cock."

Susan began to remove her top and bra. Had she given it a moment's thought, she never would have agreed to take her clothes off outside a changing room. But she'd gotten so used to getting naked and staying that way that she didn't think about it, especially since she was practically tripping over her words she was so excited to tell her new friend about Alan's manhood.

"His cock? Oh boy! It's definitely a COCK. Well, let me tell you! People say it's eight inches long, but I don't believe it. That meaty monster has to be at LEAST ten inches long. And as for width, why, I can barely stuff it in my mouth or get my hand around it!" Susan was unintentionally exaggerating the size, because in her mind it really was that big. "But it's soooo fun trying, hee-hee. And it gets hard at the drop of a hat, or really the drop of any item of clothing" - she laughed - "and it stays that way, all day long! Throbbing and poking straight up and dripping pre-cum."

Susan found standing there topless in front of a strange woman while discussing her son's penis to be greatly arousing, but tried to contain herself. "Why, I'll tell you, it's a full time job between the four of us and the rest of his harem to keep that cum-filled boy from just swelling up and bursting with too much semen! Can that happen? Because I'm worried. Why, just a few days ago he went nearly the whole weekend without female relief and I think his balls nearly burst! He needs to have his, um," - she was going to say "mommy" again - "his sex slave. God, it's so embarrassing to say that to a stranger. He needs a sex slave like me to suck or fuck him dry, every hour!" She looked like she practically orgasmed on the spot while saying the words "sex slave."

She went on, "Needs us, I should say, because one or two won't cut it! He's absolutely insatiable!" She held a hand over her chest, trying to control her heavy breathing.

Ginger was particularly struck by Susan's comment, "the rest of his harem." That sent her curiosity into overdrive. Ginger was someone who knew a lot about harems. While it couldn't be said she had her own harem in the sense of a group of people living with her, she did have a large number of male and female sexual partners who called her "Mistress" and would immediately run to her whenever she called. She'd tried living with multiple partners but found there were too many jealousies and conflicts to make it work, so she only lived with one "pet" at a time. She had a lot of questions she was eager to ask Susan's "master" and stories to trade. However, she kept her cool about her feelings for the moment.

Chapter 1052 Erotic Shopping Continued

As Susan had been talking, she'd also been changing. She wore a medium-length dress and saw no need to take that off as the longer wedding dress covered it up completely. But she'd removed her top and bra, and now stood in a white lacy wedding dress with her boobs hanging out.

Ginger held her by the arm and began to guide her across the room. "Sounds like some guy you have there. I'll bet you'll get a lot of tasty loads out of him with this outfit. What do you think?"

Susan had been led to a full length mirror, and for a few seconds, she admired herself in the topless wedding dress. She imagined what it would look like with Alan's cum all over her face and chest, and more dripping off her tongue and out of her mouth. She held her hands demurely in front of her and smiled as if posing for a wedding photo.

But then a realization hit her: I'm standing topless in the middle of a store! She shrieked and immediately covered up her boobs with both hands. However, the dress also left her entire back and ass completely open to view, but there was nothing she could do to immediately cover that up.

Suzanne had been furtively watching and listening to Susan and Ginger the whole time, but now she felt she had to step in. She crossed the room quickly and said, "Susan, what's the problem?"

Susan turned to look at Suzanne, and saw that her friend wore nothing but crotchless panties and an underbra which merely highlighted the nakedness of her breasts rather than cover them up. "Suzanne! Look at me! I'm practically naked!"

Suzanne replied in an annoyed but patient voice, "Yeah. So what? We're in the back room of a sex shop. Look at me; I'm wearing less than you." She waved a hand up and down her body, and then continued, "This is the tradition here. There's no need for changing rooms in a store like this on a ladies only day." Suzanne then raised a disapproving and curious eyebrow. "Don't tell me you've gone back to being a prude again!"

Susan was still blushing and had her head bowed. "But, but, anyone could walk in! Anybody!"

Suzanne replied, "So what? You know the store is locked and no one can see you but us and the girls. Besides, if some other woman did walk in, you know what she would think? First, she'd be more taken aback by the way I'm dressed, or undressed, than you are. But if she did look at you, she'd think, 'Wow, look at that hot number in that wedding dress. I wish I looked half as good as her.' Then she'd start shopping. We're in a SEX shop, not J. C. Penny's. Now, drop your arms."

Susan replied petulantly like a little girl, "I don't want to!"

"Suuuuuusan..." Suzanne growled like a disapproving mother. Seeing that wasn't enough, she added, "Just imagine: what would Alan want? Imagine he's standing right where I am." As soon as the words left her mouth, she thought, Oh fuck. Here I am testing to see if she can keep a secret and then I say his name. How ironic. And Susan and Ginger noticed right away, too. At least the incest stuff is still a secret, and that's the important thing. Although I'll bet Ginger's so jaded she wouldn't even care much about that.

Susan closed her eyes and imagined Alan there. Not only did she lower her arms, but she thrust her chest forward as far out as she could as she imagined Alan's eyes upon her.

"That's better," Suzanne said comfortingly. "Wow, look at you. You look fantastic. Do you like the dress?"

"Like it? I LOVE it! Suzanne, this is the greatest dress EVER! My God, if by some miracle my you-know-who wanted to marry me, I'd want to wear THIS wedding dress with my breasts completely exposed, to remind him that I'm his big-titted babe. Oh my GOD! The very idea is SOOOO exciting! Can you think of anything MORE exciting?! I think I'm going to faint!"

Suzanne grinned at Susan's enthusiasm. "Well, imagine if you said your wedding vows to him dressed in that while giving him a blowjob. Just picture the preacher and all the onlookers staring at THAT."

Susan's eyes went wide. "OH. MY. GOD. Suzanne! Eeeeeek! I AM going to faint! Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!" She ran around in small circles, exploding with excitement and energy.

Suzanne turned to Ginger and smiled. "Ginger, that's your name, right? I'll let you take over from here. Put that wedding dress on our tab and then see what else she wants."

That caught Susan's attention. She stopped her frantic running about and protested, "Suzanne, we can't! God knows I've love to, but if Alan sees this, he's going to get the wrong idea. You know, it would be presumptuous to think that he and I, well, that he might want to..." She blushed furiously at the thought of marrying her son.bender

Suzanne waved her hand in the air dismissively. "Nah. Consider it just another costume, like the military uniform Ginger is wearing. A wedding dress is nothing shocking compared to your cow outfit." She walked off deeper into the store, still not wearing a stitch.

Ginger smiled encouragingly at Susan and said, "She should have said 'the military uniform Ginger WAS wearing.' Maybe you'll feel more comfortable changing in public if I'm naked too. There's no point running back and forth to the changing room every time. I've seen the privates of literally thousands of people here. It's nothing." She dropped her skirt and panties before she even finished talking so Susan wouldn't have a chance to protest. Then she began to remove her top at a slower pace.I think you should take a look at

Susan looked around, from Ginger disrobing, to Suzanne bending over and flashing a naked ass in her direction. Her nipples and pussy were tingling and her breath was heavy. "Wow. I had no idea sex shops are like this."

"Well, just on certain days," Ginger replied untruthfully. "It would be different if men were around. But it's just us girls. Now let's get you some more costume accessories. Did your friend say something about cow outfits? We have a fairly decent selection of cow-themed items if you'll come this way."

"This is so embarrassing. I don't really need any cow- ooh!" Susan stopped her protests because she looked over and saw Ginger standing and wearing nothing but her officer's cap, holding up a cow tail. Swinging from one end of the cow tail was an attachable butt plug, and there didn't seem to be any bikini straps attached to it. She immediately hurried over, still in the wedding dress.

Susan held up the cow tail, staring at it in fascination. "I could use that. How much is that?"

Ginger smiled and noticed that the lack of straps for the cow tail didn't deter Susan in the slightest. Most women would have been turned off by the sight of the naked plug without any other means of attachment. "Thirty dollars. But it's cheaper if you buy the whole set of cow-themed accessories. Here, take off your wedding dress and I'll show you the lot."

As Ginger continued to help Susan shop, Susan never stopped to wonder why the only employee she'd seen in the store was helping her exclusively and ignoring the other three women she'd come with. She was having far too much fun trying out the cornucopia of sex products all around her.

In just thirty minutes she'd collected over \$1000 in purchases and still there was much more she wanted to buy. The notion of a \$400 limit went completely out the window in her mind. She figured that if Suzanne was insistent in enforcing that, she could sneak back the next day and buy the rest. Susan hadn't been good with self-control in recent weeks; she absolutely had to have it all, and right away.

She also didn't give much thought to the fact that she, Ginger, and Suzanne were naked more often than not now. For her, nakedness had become the norm and it was having to wear clothes on the ride to the store that seemed strange and uncomfortable, so she adjusted quickly.

As they shopped, Ginger made sure to get touchy-feely at every opportunity. Under the guise of helping Susan into or out of outfits, she was able to run her hands all over the foxy mother's body nearly constantly. Furthermore, she kept the conversation on Alan and sex with him, keeping Susan in perpetual heat.

But so far Susan hadn't reciprocated by touching Ginger except in the most incidental way.

Normally Ginger would have made some moves on her "prey" by now, but Suzanne had warned her to go slow.

After taking another outfit off Susan, Ginger decided to get a bit bolder. She ran a finger up a long rivulet of pussy juice rolling down Susan's thigh, and managed to get most of it on her finger. "Look at you. You're quite a leaker. I wish I could gush like that. We'd better get you dried off a bit or you're going to ruin the next outfit you try on. Or maybe not." She brought her cum-soaked finger up to her mouth and sniffed at Susan's juices. "Mmmm."

Susan just looked a bit stunned. She didn't say anything. She looked around for guidance from Suzanne, but Suzanne was deliberately making herself scarce.

Encouraged by Susan's lack of resistance, Ginger brought the wet finger up to her lips.

Susan held her breath, and then gasped, as Ginger smiled and sucked her own finger dry.

Then Ginger said, "Let's tackle this leaking problem right at the source." She brought her hand back down and pushed a finger into Susan's pussy lips.

Suddenly, Susan squealed and broke away. She held her hands over her boobs so they wouldn't bounce so much and ran through the store until she found Suzanne on the other side.

She said, breathlessly, but in a near whisper, "Suzanne! I think Ginger just tried to make a pass at me!"

Suzanne raised an eyebrow and said sarcastically, "You think?"

Susan detected the sarcasm and replied, "Okay, smarty-pants, I know. But what do I do about it? She's not Alan-approved."

Suzanne was honestly surprised and impressed by Susan's loyalty to Alan, even in a female-only situation like this. She decided to give genuine advice, although it kind of ruined her seduction scheme. She muttered in a low voice, "True. But remember that part of our role as Alan's nymphs is that we need to bring him new girls from time to time. Given that Ginger's standing there naked, don't you think you should try her out and see if she's suitable?"

"Oh yeah. Good idea. But how do I try her out? I mean, look at her boobs. They're probably only C-cups, if that. He could do better." Susan had developed great pride in her own breasts. She defined Katherine's boobs as the lower end of "big" and was very proud of her daughter's endowments, but her derision for anything significantly smaller than that was immediately obvious.

"True," Suzanne conceded. "He is a tit man, we all know that. However, maybe Ginger has some other traits that make up for it. Is she bisexual or just lesbian? Can she deep throat? Is she cool with orgies? With harems? With you-know-what?" She hoped Susan would recognize this as a reference to incest and gathered from a subtle nod that Susan did. "You should tread carefully with that last one though until we get to know her a whole lot better. Is she cool in general? Does she have a boyfriend or even a husband? And crucially, how good is she in bed? Basically, is she Alan-worthy? That's a lot more to determine Alan-worthiness than just breast size."

Susan nodded and looked around conspiratorially. "Ah. Okay. I get it. I'll check it out and report back."

Chapter 1053 Suzanne's Master Plan Of Helping Susan.

Ginger had stayed where she was for lack of a better idea on what to do. She was pleased when Susan came back, still clutching her breasts but seemingly happy. "Susan? I'm sorry. Did I go too far there?"

"Nah," Susan replied. "I just had to check in with Suzanne. She's sort of the leader of our pack." Susan liked to consider herself the number one mother in the family, but she didn't fight the reality that for most practical considerations, Suzanne belonged in charge.

"So, is it okay?"

"Well, I don't know. I much prefer a cock to a cunt. What about you?" She was conscious of Suzanne's questions and was trying to get answers.

"If someone put a gun to my head I'd probably prefer cunt to cock, but I'll definitely take both." She grinned, adding, "Especially if it's a dildo gun. Not to mention, there are all kinds of cocks, like these plastic ones here." She walked a few feet over to where there was a wide selection of dildos and vibrators. "Normally, we don't allow in-store test-drives, but in your case we might make an exception." She immediately grabbed a vibrator that she knew had working batteries in it, and turned it on. It looked like a large, shiny, silver bullet.

Susan smiled, as she knew what was coming next, but she pretended to be more interested in shopping. "But there's so much more I need to buy. Like these nipple clamps. Lately I've started to lactate and I'm beginning to leak. What do you recommend?"

Ginger pushed the vibrator up into Susan's pussy without comment, and merely said casually, "Lactating, eh? Does that mean your master has knocked you up?"

Susan's eyes went wide and her mouth dropped open. She turned to Ginger and said, "First marriage, and now pregnancy! Ginger, this store is a place of the most wonderful fantasies! Oh my goodness! Alan, knocking me up?! Filling his own mmmm-mouthwateringly, cum-thirsty sex slave with his potent, life-giving sperm?" Yet again, she'd almost said "mommy", but she thought she'd made a good save this time. "Ginger, I so dearly wish it was true! But sadly, I'm infertile. Let's talk about other things."

"What's with the lactating, then?"

"Oh, that's so Alan and the rest of us can have fresh milk all the time, straight from the source. It's induced. I was recently designated the mommy of the harem, so I'm just starting up." She thought, Phew! That should cover any further possible "mommy" slip-ups. Damn, Suzanne would be proud of my cleverness there.

"You sure are an interesting bunch," Ginger commented as she sawed away with the very active vibrator. "You're going to want something more useful, not to mention sexier, than a nursing pad to soak up leakage. I personally recommend nipple clamps, perhaps some of our quick-release constrictors, to gently keep you pinched closed enough not to leak ... until you want to let down your flow. Let me get you some to try out." Ginger rummaged around with her free hand, as if searching for an item. "I must admit though that I'm curious. How is it that Alan can juggle having four or more outstanding women like you? Don't you get jealous with each other?" With her free hand, she reached out to grab a package of nipple clamps and she began unwrapping the plastic wrapper.

"That Alan. He's too clever for us. If one of us were to ask him something like, 'Which one of us do you like the best?' he'd never give a straight answer. He's far too suave and diplomatic. He plays us all like fiddles. Where's a big-titted woman who can resist that kind of cleverness, that's what I'd like to know! Who am I to do anything but spread my legs and submit to such a superior master? God, I love that term! 'Superior master'! Mmmm. Just saying it makes me so damn hot!"

"Big-titted?" Ginger asked quizzically, as she clipped the nipple clamps on Susan with her free hand. She was fucking Susan's pussy with the vibrator, using her other hand. She moved it in and out with long, slow strokes while the vibrator shook at its highest setting.

Susan was too busy trying to fight off an upcoming climax and keep the thread of conversation going to comment about the nipple clamps. But she explained, "Alan's a bit of a tit man. Frankly I don't know if you'd qualify. He fucks only the best."

Ginger thought, I know two things. One, I want this woman in the worst way. Two, I want this Alan even more. I know it's immature, but when I hear "he fucks only the best" I want to prove my worth so bad. Just how big is his harem, anyway? When that busty Nordic blonde and that sexy black girl were in here a few days ago, weren't they also talking about an Alan? Could it be the same guy? I doubt it, but anything's possible I guess. I HAVE to figure out how I can meet him! First, I'll drive Susan crazy with lust. I don't think that'll be very difficult. She got Susan to move a few feet further down the aisle with her, to the section that had the anal dildos.

"Have any women turned him down?" Ginger asked with real curiosity.

"Are you kidding?! We're all just helpless, defenseless pussies to be plowed and filled by his man-seed. If he wants you, he'll have you. Who are we to dare resist?"

Ginger bent Susan over like a living sex doll, starting to insert an anal vibrator that she'd just picked up off the shelf and turned on. She was surprised when Susan not only bent over so willingly, but also accepted the intruding vibrator so easily, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for her to take something up the ass. When Ginger finally pushed the vibrator all the way in, she felt the residue of lube that hadn't been rubbed away earlier by Susan's panties.

Ginger thought, This woman is really over the top. No man can be half as amazing as she makes him out to be. But still... Normally it's such a bother to figure out if my next target is submissive or dominant, but I'm not exactly burning out my brain cells trying to figure that out with her. Look at how she bends over and takes the two vibrators without question, like she's used to a daily dildo stuffing. She could be a lot of fun to play with. Not to mention, she really is one of the most outstandingly beautiful women I've ever seen. I should turn on my dominant side and see just how far I can go.

She asked, "Susan, have you ever tried S&M?"

Standing back up, Susan reached out to hold and inspect Ginger's breasts while she answered, "Not really. Alan's never really gotten into that, maybe because this harem is only a couple of months old. But I have been spanked a couple of times, and that was great. I love a good spanking. Oh, and Alan tied my arms and legs to the bed a few days ago and blindfolded me on top of it. Now THAT was a great fuck!"

Ginger noticed that Susan not only didn't object to having her holes filled with vibrators, but also seemed to be loosening up (in more ways than one) with every passing minute. "Well then, you're going

to like what I'm going to do next. Let me get some rope first." She walked off to get some rope from another part of the room.

Now that Susan was left alone momentarily, she began to think about her public exposure and get worried. She looked around and noticed that Suzanne was nowhere in sight, either. "Hey! Ginger! Where did my friend go?"

"Oh, I'm sure she's checking out the front of the store," Ginger replied as she grabbed the rope and began walking back to Susan. "We've got a looooooot of great sexy clothes up there, in the front section."

Ginger was lying about Suzanne. While Katherine and Amy could still be vaguely heard shopping in the front section, Ginger in fact had noticed that Suzanne had walked into an "employees only" door in the back of the store. (Susan, between the nipple clamps and the two vibrators pulsing away inside her, wasn't noticing much else at all.) Ginger correctly assumed that Suzanne was up to some further intrigue. She'd already decided that she was ready to play along with whatever the intriguing red-head came up with.

bender

Normally there were at least two employees helping out the customers at the shop. But the other employee at work that day, Cindy, had been told to remain in back so Susan wouldn't be too self-conscious when Ginger started seducing her. But when Susan unexpectedly asked for Suzanne's permission half-way through Ginger's seduction, that had rather ruined Suzanne's plan to keep Susan a bit frightened and thus more aroused. So on the spot she had come up with a new twist to her plan. She went into the back room and found Cindy, and told her of her new idea.

Ginger knew exactly how to tie up another woman with just the right amount of pain and pleasure. She used a rough rope and tied her up tightly, causing pain, but she also ran the rope over very sensitive and sensual parts of the body, causing pleasure. She pushed the anal and vaginal vibrators all the way in up to their flanged bases, then ran a rope right up Susan's pussy lips and over her clit, and also up her ass crack. She ran ropes all over, much more than was necessary just to tie Susan's arms behind her back.

Suzanne and Cindy covertly watched through the "employees only" door until Ginger was done tying up Susan, and only then did Cindy play the role Suzanne had asked her to do.

Cindy, dressed in unremarkable street clothes, walked out into the back room where Susan and Ginger were, but looked away from them. She said, "Ginger? You there?"

Ginger and Susan both ducked down in the aisle they were in, getting below the level of goods on racks and shelves so Cindy wouldn't be able to see them. But there were three long aisles in the back room, and if Cindy just walked forward a few feet, she'd be able to see Ginger and a naked, cowering Susan.

Susan was instantly horrified as she heard the sound of someone walking nearby. She was fairly certain that it wasn't Suzanne, as she knew the sound of Suzanne's high heels, and she had a strong feeling that it wasn't either Katherine or Amy. She'd been drifting along in a blissful sexual fog, happy to boast about Alan and try to test Ginger for "Alan-worthiness." But all of a sudden it hit her that she was completely bound up with rope, wearing nipple clamps, stuffed full with two vibrators, and on public display in the middle of a store, to boot. I think you should take a look at

She wanted to scream or cry but she dared not make a sound. At the same time, she desperately wanted out of the ropes, but her extreme helplessness in the face of danger aroused her terribly. With her hands and arms bound as they were, about the only useful movements she could make were to duck down or walk. She let out a silent scream of both fear and arousal.

Cindy began walking down a different aisle. She knew exactly where Ginger and Susan were and she was purposely avoiding going there - for the moment. She said in a loud voice, "Ginger, where are you? This place is a mess. Clothes on the floor, clothes everywhere. It looks like a tornado came through here!" She bent down and began picking up some of the items.

Ginger meanwhile, merely put a finger in front of her lips to signal to Susan to be quiet, and then she grabbed some clothes off a nearby rack and checked to see if any fit her size. She discovered a costume that fit her, which happened to be a nun outfit, and she started to put it on. She wasn't too concerned about being caught - she figured that whatever Cindy was doing, it was something Suzanne had instructed her to do for Susan's sake.

Susan however, was increasingly terrified. The sound of Cindy's voice obviously confirmed her worst fear that the person drawing near was a stranger. She and Ginger were in the middle aisle, and Cindy was just one aisle over. The fact that Ginger was dressing only made her feel even more exposed and helpless. She thanked her lucky stars that at least there was some light rock music playing throughout the store, or else she was convinced Cindy would have surely heard the rustling sounds of Ginger changing.

In fact, Cindy did hear those sounds. She waited until she guessed Ginger had dressed and the sounds died down, and then muttered to herself, "Well, this aisle is cleaned, finally. I hope the next one isn't so messy. Ginger, I know you have to be around here somewhere. Are you in the bathroom?"

At that, Ginger whispered to Susan while putting her nun's habit on, "Quick, to the next aisle!" They stayed ducked down and went around to the aisle farthest from Cindy.

Susan was forced into an ungainly hobbling waddle, bound as she was. There was nowhere else to go from there, though, as there was a solid wall on the other side of that aisle that separated the front of the store from the back.

Cindy walked into the middle aisle and exclaimed, "My Lord. Ginger, where ARE you? You not only left a mess here, but look. Some freshly unwrapped packages, including nipple clamps. Ginger, are you playing with one of the customers again? I thought I warned you about that for the last time." Her voice echoed tones of disgust as she continued mumbling to herself. "Don't tell me you've found yet another impressionable, horny, slut to take advantage of. Ah, I know. You must be in the changing rooms." She walked to the changing rooms, located off of a different wall from the one Susan and Ginger were cowering near, and made a lot of noise opening and closing the changing room doors.

Susan took advantage of Cindy being occupied with the doors to whisper to Ginger extremely quietly, "Please! Help me! Can't you get the ropes off? I'm so scared I think I'm gonna die, plus the ropes and vibrators are about to make me cum! I won't be able to stop myself from screaming!"

"Hmmm." Ginger whispered back. "Unfortunately, it'll take a long time to get those ropes off, and it'll make too much noise. We'd better not. But I can help with the screaming." She went down the aisle, ducking all the way, grabbed a mouth gag that included a life-sized penis, and tied it around Susan's head.

Susan was so out of her mind with worry and arousal that she didn't resist in the slightest. In fact, she didn't even realize what Ginger was doing until the gag was on her, and the plastic penis was deep in her mouth. This latest indignity only increased her fear, frustration, and arousal even more.

The head of the dildo pressed down into her throat, almost triggering her gag reflex. It took much of her concentration to simply breathe. But at the same time, she loved the sensation of having it in her throat, not to mention the feelings caused by the rope and nipple clamps. She got off more on being restrained and helpless than the actual rubbing and squeezing on her body.

Then Ginger whispered, "I should at least try to get these vibrators out of you." She made a big show of trying to pull the big vibrator in Susan's vagina out, but a rope constantly stimulating Susan's clitoris also ran right across the middle of the vibrator's flanged base. Ginger kept pulling the vibrator out a few inches, only to find the rope wouldn't give any more, then she'd push the vibrator back in and try again. In so doing, she would tighten and loosen the ropes all over Susan's body, sending shock waves of pleasure everywhere.

Susan cursed in her own mind, Stupid Ginger! Why doesn't she pull the rope to the side first?! To the side, to the side! She was still naïve enough from her earlier innocent days not to realize that Ginger was purposely failing to get the vibrator out and was effectively fucking her over and over again as she slowly pushed and pulled on it. But her body could only handle so much stimulation. She cried out into her gag as a great climax, and then another, ran through her.

"What was that?" Cindy said out loud. "Ginger? Are you hiding somewhere? Come out already. Don't play games with me. Is anyone helping the customers I hear out in front?"

Just then, Amy walked through the door from the front of the store to the back. She turned down the aisle and her eyes bugged out. She opened her mouth to speak, but the look of abject fear on Susan's face stopped her from actually saying anything. She wasn't in on the scheme, but she could instantly tell that Susan and Ginger were trying to hide, though she was a bit puzzled why Ginger seemed to be fucking Susan with a vibrator instead of trying to do something useful.

Amy saw Cindy approaching and decided she needed to draw attention away from Susan. "Excuse me. Could I get some help here in the front of the store?"

"Certainly," Cindy replied. This interruption was unexpected, but she could see no way out of helping a customer. She walked to the doorway between the two sections. Amy cleverly stood at the start of the aisle where Ginger and Susan were squatting down, blocking most of the view in their direction.

Susan looked at the feet and legs of Cindy standing on the other side of Amy and closed her eyes in fear. But the next thing she knew, Amy and Cindy were gone and Ginger was motioning at her for her to move. Ginger shooed her into the nearest changing room and then hurried away.

Susan was still tightly bound with objects plugging up her mouth, asshole, and pussy, but she let out a great sigh of relief. She felt safe, at least for the moment.

Suzanne had been observing much of this the whole time by peeking through the "employees only" door. But she decided that Susan had had more than enough excitement for the day. After all, the goal was to get Susan over her fear of public exposure, not make the fear worse.

She walked over to the changing room containing Susan and knocked on the door. "Susan? You in there? How are things going?"

Susan couldn't answer properly until Suzanne unfastened the penis gag and pulled it from her mouth. Susan was breathless over how close she'd come to discovery. "Suzanne? Is it really you? Thank God!" Susan felt completely overwhelmed by her experience.

Suzanne tried to calm her down a bit, but wasn't entirely successful. At least she was able to undo the ropes and hold her in her arms for a while. After a few minutes of idle chatter as they continued to embrace each other in the dressing room, Suzanne said, "I'm feeling guilty. I have to confess something."

"What?"

"That whole thing that happened to you and Ginger just now, you know how you were running around like crazy, trying to avoid Cindy?"

"What?! You know all about that?"

"Yep, I do. Matter of fact, I set it all up. Wait!" She held a hand up with a stop gesture. "Before you start screaming bloody murder, realize that there was a point to it."

Susan was pissed. Her eyes narrowed and growled, "A point? What point? Suzanne, you're mean!"

"I know, but the point was, we need to get you over your fear of exposure in public places. Just think of all the fun you could have with Alan in the great outdoors, once you're cured of that. So it was kind of a trial by fire. I wanted you to start getting off on exciting situations. I wanted you so out of your mind with arousal that it would completely overtake your fear. In fact, you'd be able to see that fear can take

your arousal to even greater levels. I wanted you so wild with pure lust that you'd very nearly go insane. Did it work?"

Susan looked back on what had just happened. She was exhausted, but she'd rarely climaxed so hard or so often in the span of a few minutes. "Yeah, admittedly. But don't do that again! That was mean. And I think the thing that was the saving grace was getting all tied up. There's something about that... I don't know what."

The two of them talked for a while about what Susan had learned about what turned her on. Suzanne and Susan made a deal: Susan would agree to try more public exposure in the future, but only if Suzanne gave her some warning of what was going to happen in advance.

Eventually, the two of them went back out into the store (fully dressed again) and rejoined the others in making purchases. Katherine and Amy entered the back room not long after Susan's adventure with Ginger ended, and the two of them went wild over the selection back there. All four women did nothing but shop for a while. There was a lot of gnashing of teeth at the \$400 spending limit. Suzanne eventually caved in and increased it to \$600, but that didn't help matters much, since the other three women all built up "must have" piles containing over \$1000 worth of purchases.

After yet more fun and shopping, Katherine suddenly realized her time to leave early had arrived. The time had snuck up on her so quickly that she didn't have time to winnow her purchases down to just \$600, and left that responsibility to Amy. Every single item in her pile had some kind of feline theme to it, so she figured she couldn't go wrong no matter what Amy whittled her pile down to.

The other three shopped with Ginger's help until the time they'd allowed for their excursion came to an end. Their car was practically bursting with shopping bags when they finally left for home.

Chapter 1054 Special Outfit For The Date?

Alan didn't realize what trouble he had caused for Christine with deciding that they wouldn't be going to a fancy, expensive restaurant for their next practice date. He'd thought that would make things simple and easy for both of them. But in fact it had thrown Christine's plans into confusion, now that she couldn't wear the outfit she'd borrowed from her young, beautiful, blonde aunt Kirsten.

Kirsten lived about half an hour away to the north, closer to Los Angeles, where she worked. Christine felt she had no choice but to drive to Kirsten's apartment to get something else to wear. So that's what she did, after calling first to set up a time when Kirsten would be there.

Christine came into Kirsten's apartment carrying the dress she'd hoped to wear that night, as well as some other borrowed outfits she was returning.

After some small talk, Christine said, "Aunt Kirsten, I need your help! I've got an emergency situation. I'm going on another practice date with Alan tonight, and I have nothing to wear! He said we're just going to go to a casual place to eat, so none of those will do." She nodded towards the pile of clothes she was returning. "Furthermore, I need to really wow him. I need something to wear that's casual, yet SUPER sexy! Something that will cause him to lose all control!"

Kirsten sat in a chair with Christine sitting across from her. She said, "Here's a question for you. Is Alan, gay, blind, neutered, or crazy?"

"None of the above," Christine replied huffily.

"Then what's the problem? Why do you need all of these fashionable outfits in the first place? Christine, you're gorgeous! You outshine most of the models I know. Furthermore, you've already got your man. I know you're shy to admit it or talk about it, but don't worry, your mom told me everything."

Christine frowned. "What do you mean?"

"I know all about how you two French kissed. Congratulations! Your first boyfriend! He's a lucky guy. So you don't have to keep up this 'practice date' pretense with me anymore."

Christine sighed wearily. "Oh no! Mom told you about the kiss?"

"She did."

"UGH! She wasn't supposed to tell anybody, not even Dad! UGH!"

"What's the problem? That's great news. It's about damn time, if you ask me."

Christine was distraught. "The problem is, yes, we did kiss, but... it was kind of an accident. You see, Alan's not really my boyfriend. Not yet, at least. I just kind of gave Mom that impression to make her happy. She's been pestering me to date forever. The truth is, I'm still just practice dating with Alan."

Kirsten gesticulated in agitation. "What the hell?! What's wrong with this Alan guy?! If he's French kissed you extensively, then clearly he has the hots for you. How is that an accident? Did he fall on you and get his lips stuck to yours with Superglue?!"

Christine looked away in embarrassment. "No, obviously not. It was something that kind of happened. When it was over, we both vowed not to let it happen again, although I didn't really mean it."

Kirsten growled, "I figured it was something like that. Anyway, it shows that he desires you, which should surprise no one, since he has eyes to see. For instance, you've told me he's a 'breast man,' and he definitely hit the mother lode with you on that!" She nodded at Christine's impressive bust. "By all accounts, you two are getting along like gangbusters on these 'practice dates,' right?" She made air quotes when she said "practice dates," which was a concept she still didn't really understand.

"Right. Definitely."

"So what's the problem? Why aren't you officially boyfriend-girlfriend yet?"

Christine let out an even heavier and more frustrated sigh. "It's... complicated. You see... dammit, do I really have to tell you this? UGH! I guess I do. You see, the problem is, I'm not his official girlfriend because he already has one."

"What?!" Kirsten nearly rose out of her chair, she was so upset and surprised by that. "No! I'm shocked and disappointed. That seems so unlike you!"

Christine frantically waved her hands defensively. "Wait! Wait! It's not like that! I'm not trying to steal him away from someone else! In fact, uh... actually... in a way, it's kind of worse than that." "I think you should take a look at

Kirsten settled back in her chair. "Oh boy. This is going to be interesting. I'm all ears!"

"Uh, the thing is... he does have a girlfriend, a really nice girl named Amy, who by the way is also very busty and beautiful, but... Now, before I continue, don't tell any of what I'm about to say to my mom or dad, okay?"

"Okay. I swear myself to silence. Now, what is it, already?"

"Well, you see, Amy... she's fine with sharing him with other girls. It's a non-exclusive relationship, for him."

"For him?" Kirsten raised a suspicious eyebrow.

Christine's face was starting to turn red as she revealed her predicament. "Yeah, well, Amy doesn't want to go out with any other guy, but she has no problem with him doing whatever he wants with other girls."

"Are you kidding me?!"

"No, I'm serious. And... let's just say he takes full advantage. He's involved with a number of other girls, who are pretty much the most beautiful and desirable girls in school. He's even gotten intimate with the evil head cheerleader, to my great frustration, but that's a whole other story."

"But wait. If he's such a player, and he's kissed you already, then what's the problem? I don't know these other girls, but I can't imagine any of them are more beautiful than you. And I'll bet you're smarter and more successful than all of them combined! So why does he hesitate with you?"bender

Christine growled with frustration. "You tell me! URGH! It's damn aggravating! The thing is, he feels like he's living a pretty sexually wild lifestyle, which I guess is true, and he doesn't think I'd fit in with that. More importantly, he values his friendship with me. He worries that if we get sexually intimate, it could ruin that. Especially since he is involved with these other girls, and he knows that's not a situation I'd be willing to put up with for very long. So he resists!"

Kirsten said, "And you don't want him to resist. Even given all his other girls?"

"No, I don't!"

"How many other girls are we talking about?!"

"I don't know exactly. A handful, I'd guess, unfortunately. He's got all those girls chasing after him for a reason. It's not like he's Mr. McDreamy Dreamboat; some other guys are more handsome or buff or whatever. But... there's just something about him!" She clutched the air in front of her in frustration. "I can't explain it! I want HIM, and nobody else will do! I'm trying to charm him, and flirt, and dress to impress, and so much more... and I'm close! Really close! He's wavering and weakening, I can tell! That kiss you know about, that was key! That shows he wants me too, like you said!"

She shook a fist, because she was so passionate about it. "That's why I need your help! I want to wear something tonight that'll absolutely knock his socks off! He said 'dress casual.' Well, I don't care if we're going to frickin' McDonalds: I can dress informally AND super sexily at the same time, can't I? Can you help me find something to wear like that?!"

Kirsten brought a hand to her chin and stared off into space. After a long pause, she said, "Before I answer that, I want to make sure you're doing the right thing. I've been helping you with your other practice dates, but I didn't know the true situation until now. Is this really wise? I see you kind of like my little sister, so I figure it's my job to look out for you. Christine, this is so very unlike you. It seems to me like you're entering into a hornet's nest. If he has a formal girlfriend AND he's involved with other girls on top of that, how could this possibly end well for you?"

Christine replied, "I understand your concern. But look at it this way. I'm not trying to marry the guy. I'm very young, and totally sexually inexperienced. I'm sure I'll have many boyfriends before I find 'the one.' Right now, what I'm most interested in is finding out what sex and romance is all about, and he's the perfect guy for that. For one thing, he's basically my only male friend, and the only guy I'd feel comfortable enough with to be intimate. I like him a lot. He's a super nice guy, really easy to be with and talk to. Furthermore, it just so happens that he's a total stud! You should hear the girls rave about him. Apparently, he's head and shoulders above everyone else in school in terms of sexual prowess and leaving his lovers VERY sexually satisfied."

She concluded, "So, yeah, the situation is kind of complicated, but kind of not. I want to keep his friendship. That's really important to me. But why can't he and I have a 'friends with benefits' arrangement? Kirsten, I don't want to leave high school still a virgin! It's so embarrassing! The other kids

call me 'Pristine Christine' and 'Christine, the Ice Queen' because everyone knows how I've never dated. I'm sick of it! I want to know what I've been missing! And, frankly, I'm really into Alan. He... he... damn it, this is hard to put into words, but... he lights my fire, okay? That kiss we shared, I want a lot more of that! Much more!"

Kirsten smiled and laughed. "Okay, okay, I get it. And I'm glad. Good for you! You're reminding me what it was like to be a hot-blooded teenager. If you put it that way, I don't see the harm. It reminds me of that song 'Night Moves' by Bob Seger. Are you familiar with that one?"

Christine shook her head.

"It's about teenage romance. There's a lyric that goes, 'I used her, she used me, but neither one cared. We were getting our share.' That sounds like what's happening here, and there's nothing wrong with that, especially at your age. So sure, I'll help you 'wow' him. Let's talk clothes."

Christine pumped her fist, and then gave a big thumbs up. "YES!"

Kirsten got a mischievous twinkle in her eye. "I do have something special for you, a gift for you. I've been tinkering with designing a sexy, skin-tight outfit. Since I have your measurements, and I could see where things were going with Alan, I had one made for you already. I was going to give it to you some other time, but you might need it now. I'm not sure if it's appropriate for a restaurant meal. Frankly, I'm not sure just what it's appropriate for; it's just something I've been experimenting with. But it IS 'super sexy'; there's no doubt about that. And it should fit you like a second skin. Alan will love it, I'm sure."

Christine stood up. She was bursting with eagerness. "Excellent! Let's see it! Where is it?!"

Kirsten laughed. "I'll get it for you soon enough. But since I've got you here in my grasp, we need to talk about some other things first. For instance, this is a good time for you to borrow some other clothes, for future 'practice dates.' Or, hopefully, just dates. So we should pick those out together. And we've got a lot to talk about regarding Alan. I want to know more about this mysterious Don Juan. There's a lot I can tell you to help you take things to the next level with him."

Christine was beyond impatient. "Good, good, but later! Let's see this skin-tight outfit already!"

Kirsten stood up to get the outfit, knowing Christine wouldn't be put off any longer. She chuckled some more. "Girl, you've changed. Mere months ago, it seemed you couldn't be bothered with boys whatsoever. It looked like you were totally repressing your sexual side with your homework and martial arts. Now, it's like all that pent-up sexual desire is coming out all at once. I almost feel sorry for this Alan guy. Once you two really get started, he won't know what hit him!"

Chapter 1055 Alan And Christine On A Date

Alan woke up to a ringing alarm clock. At first he was confused: there was only a little sunlight outside which made him assume that it was sunrise, but he thought for a few moments and realized it had to be sunset. There was a note on the bedstand from Susan reminding him of his dinner plans with Christine. It contained several motherly admonitions on dressing well and acting polite, which made him smile.

The alarm which Susan had set didn't leave him much time to get ready. He showered and changed into a collared shirt and dress slacks, which was unusually formal for him but still less than the three-piece suit he'd worn on his last date with Christine. He brushed his teeth and rushed out the door.

He arrived at the "Taste of Thai" restaurant right at their planned meeting time. Christine was already sitting in a booth so he joined her.

[And the Naked Version]

Christine looked fantastic. It seemed that she hadn't heard his suggestion that they dress normally. Not surprisingly, she'd decided to wear the "super sexy" outfit that her aunt Kirsten had given her that afternoon.

Her dark red outfit was skin-tight and low-cut, yet at the same time it offered almost no support for her breasts, causing them to jiggle at her slightest movement. There was also an opening that exposed her firm stomach, and the dress also exposed almost all of her back. On top of that, it was made of some kind of shimmering material, but he wasn't knowledgeable about clothing and couldn't figure out if the dress was made of latex, satin, silk, or what.

Alan was immediately reminded of why he'd fallen in love with her in the first place. Not only did she look like a perfect bombshell, on the same level of beauty as his family four, but she had her usual stare

that conveyed both intelligence and intensity. It was one of the things that he liked best about her, because looking at her deep blue eyes always made him feel as if she was full of boundless energy.

However, it probably was the same serious, penetrating stare that was responsible for her nickname of "Ice Queen Christine." The old Alan would have flinched and quickly looked away when Christine looked at him like that, just as almost everyone else did. But lately his confidence and experience had grown, so he found himself capable of staring back.

He thought, Whoa! I already have a boner just from the anticipation, but now that I see her, I swear it's like I have a double boner! I'd better sit down fast, before she sees it. He did just that.

He considered making a joke like, "I didn't know I'd be meeting Barbarella here," but he decided against it. Sometimes she didn't take jokes that well and she seemed a bit abashed about what she was wearing.

Instead, he decided a compliment was in order. He said, "My God! Christine, you look really amazing! I'm totally blown away by your beauty. I mean that sincerely!"

To his surprise, she frowned. "I feel like an idiot, like a fish out of water. I'm too embarrassed to get up and give you a hug. I thought we were going to one of those fancy places where the women wear shiny silk dresses with plunging necklines and backless..." She stopped and sighed. Then she added in a near whisper, "I feel practically naked!"

He replied, "Not even! True, you did kind of overdress, and that's my fault for not making clear what kind of restaurant we'd be eating at. But that's not a minus; that's a plus! I'm really glad you're dressed like that 'cos now I can beam with pride, knowing everyone in the restaurant is jealous that I'm with such a complete, total knockout."

She still didn't look pleased. "Yeah, well, I don't like the way people are staring at me."

"That's just 'cos you're not used to being the center of attention. And I get it that you're shy about your body. But you shouldn't be. Christine, people don't just stare at you because you have big breasts; they stare at you because you're totally gorgeous from head to toe! You have one of the most beautiful faces I've ever seen! So be proud. True, a large part of your good looks is just lucky genetics. But an equally

large part is the way you take care of yourself, and especially how you stay in top shape. Good looks are a sign of good health, and that's an accomplishment just like getting good grades."

She looked thoughtful, then finally smiled. "Thanks. I've never really thought about it like that before. I've always kind of considered my body kind of a curse, getting me all the wrong kind of attention. But I'll try not to worry about what those others think tonight." She grew bashful and stared towards the ground. "To be honest, I just really wanted to look good for you."

That was true. She was so deeply in love and wanted to impress him so very much that she simply couldn't help herself. She was highly ashamed about it, because it directly flew in the face of her determination to keep their relationship platonic. Just sitting here with him was making her quite horny, and doubly so thanks to her revealing outfit.

He replied, "Holy cow! You succeeded in spades! That has to be one of the sexiest outfits I've ever seen! Be careful: if at some point during dinner you see me start to drool and my eyes roll back into my head, I've just had Christine's sexy-dress overload. Take me to a hospital, immediately!"

She laughed at that, then beamed with happiness. She loved the way he had helped banish her insecurities, even to making her feel sexy and proud to be wearing her outfit. "Thanks. I'm tickled pink that you like it." She added in a throaty come on, "As for your clothes, don't worry. I can help you get underdressed, so we'll be even." Then she leaned back and laughed. It felt really good to be flirting again.

He grinned. "Oh, so that's how it's going to be, eh? More flirting practice? Two can play at that game. You're not tickled pink just yet. Wait until I'm done tickling you. I'm going to tickle you until you're helpless and crying for mercy."

She sat up straighter and looked at him defiantly. "I dare you to. And how do you know I'll be crying for mercy? Maybe I'll be crying for you to give me something else." Her eyes bored through the table as she stared at the spot where his genitals were.

She was shocked at her own boldness, blushing immediately afterward. But the truth was, she lusted after him so much that she was saying and doing things she'd never imagined she would do. Like wearing her outfit. Because it really did provide no breast support, she truly felt like she was naked. And the more she felt her breasts jiggling about and felt his eyes upon them, the more aroused she got.

He thought, Whoa! Double whoa, even! This is supposed to be a non-romantic date. But I feel such electricity in the air. We've only been talking for a minute or two, and already I want to drag her off to the bathroom and have my way with her.

That thought suddenly reminded him of what Katherine had done with him in the bathroom during a previous date with Christine, and it made his erection even stiffer. Dang! Too sexy! And why does she have to keep giggling and laughing? Every time she does that it's like she's shaking two bowls of Jell-O. Very RED Jell-O. Cherry flavored, undoubtedly. Damn, I'd love to nibble on those cherry nipples and - hell, let's face it, take her cherry!

He found himself breathing hard with desire, hoping it didn't show. This is bad. I need to calm down and take things down a few notches. He said, "Okay, you got me there. I can't think of anything to top that. On a different note, what did you think of what Chalmers said in class today?"

That changed the conversation; they discussed school gossip and even some classwork, leaving them both simultaneously disappointed and yet oddly relieved.

After more small talk and placing their orders, they were left with an awkward silence. What exactly was the agenda of their get-together this time? Alan, at least, wasn't at all sure.

Christine was the first to break the silence. "So... those football players are giving you a hard time, huh?"

That broke the ice. Alan was relieved to talk about it, since the seriousness of the topic ruled out more flirting. He smiled, even as he began to discuss his woes. "That would be an understatement. Thanks again for your help this morning, by the way. I'm gonna pay for the dinner this time; it's the least I can do."

She joked, "Big mistake. You should have told me that AFTER we ordered. Let's see. What's the most expensive bottle of wine?" Though she was joking about the price, it was clear she relished having some wine.

Remembering how tipsy they had both gotten on their last date, he said, "We'd better not. We got lucky in not getting into trouble with the underage drinking thing last time, but we shouldn't make it a habit." He'd resolved to keep things platonic, so the last thing he wanted was Christine loosening up after getting drunk.

They talked about the football players for quite a while. He was surprised by just how much she knew about his tormentors. For instance, she knew many of the people who were behind the recent efforts to get at him. She named names and gave many details about who some of them were and what they were doing. A fair amount of what she said covered the same ground as what Simone had told him earlier that day, but she added more perspective to the problem and she knew some things that Simone either didn't know or had simply failed to mention during their lunchtime conversation.

One thing that surprised him though was that Christine firmly believed that some recent rumors were the work of the football players, when in fact he knew that Heather herself had been responsible for starting them. It made him even more determined not to have Heather as an enemy.

It also became clear that Christine was one of the people who had stuck up for Amy and Glory when Heather had started circulating rumors against them. He was grateful that she had forcefully taken his side in every instance, even without being asked to do so.

When she was done, he said, "What you've done is really helpful, and very much appreciated. But how did you know all that?"

She smiled knowingly. "Oh, just a little bird or two who talk to me."

"Come on. Seriously. It might prove useful for me to know in any upcoming confrontation with them."

She looked at him questioningly as she considered revealing her sources. The truth was, she wasn't completely sure if he could keep a secret. She wasn't so much worried about him directly, but she worried that he would tell his girlfriend Amy, and then Amy would blab to others. Amy had already gotten Alan into trouble at school by blabbing things she shouldn't have.

So she was coy with her answer. "Let's just say that I've been trying to look out for you for some time."

"Wow, Christine, that's sweet. But I don't deserve it. What have I ever done for you except stare at you from afar way too much?"

They both laughed as they recalled several incidents when she had caught him staring wantonly at her sizeable though well-covered breasts. The recollection of his staring caused him to gaze down from her beautiful face to her low-cut red dress.

Surprising herself with her boldness again, she asked in a husky voice, "See anything you like?"

He was still somewhat exhausted from the events of the day and didn't realize that he had been staring again for far too long, just like he so often did. But he knew he'd been busted. He looked up and joked, "Oops, there I go again!"

She said teasingly, "What is it with guys and boobs? Maybe I should just take my top off and let you play with them until your curiosity is satisfied."

He joked back, "I don't know. That could take a really long time. Years, even."

She teased back, "And the problem with that is? ... As long as I have something to play with too." She winked.

His erection had subsided during all the talk about the football players, but that brought it back with a vengeance. He thought, Wow, she's changed so much. I remember when she always wore those baggy sweaters to hide her charms, even when it was a hot day. Now she's magically turned into an expert flirt. Even her voice is extra sexy all of a sudden!

What Alan didn't know was that Simone had been correct in her assessment that when Christine got started doing something, she didn't stop until she was the best. Christine had prepared a number of flirty lines, so she just needed the right moments to drop them. She'd even practiced her delivery, working on making her voice more breathy and at times more husky.

He pulled at his collar like a nervous Rodney Dangerfield. "I don't know what it is, but suddenly I'm really thirsty for a glass of milk. Or maybe two."

She laughed. "You and milk. You do know that I'm not carrying around two 'gallon jugs' of milk as you once put it, right? Besides, what about the rest of me? Did you know that I also have a backside?"

His gaped in pretend shock. "You DO?! I never really thought about it before, but I guess it makes sense. It's hard to have a front without a back."

She chuckled and rolled her eyes.

Then, to further wow him, she announced that she had to go "powder her nose" and stood up to head to the ladies' room. She took her time walking away from him, slowly swishing her hips as she went. Ha! That'll show him. I have a pretty damn fine ass if I do say so myself. It's just that no one ever notices, due to these damn "milk jugs."bender

But in her attempts to arouse and attract Alan, what Christine didn't realize was how much the flirting would affect herself. The more outrageous the flirting got, the harder her nipples ached and the more jolts of arousal shot to her pussy. One reason why she went to the restroom when she did was because she needed to calm down; she feared she'd have an orgasm just sitting there talking to him.

Walking to the restroom was a big challenge as well. The skin-tight outfit rubbed against her nipples in a maddeningly-arousing fashion, while her breasts bounced so freely that her face burned red from all the curious stares. She'd been practicing an exaggerated sashaying of her hips, so she put those moves into motion, but it just caused everything to rub all the more.

Alan was thoroughly wowed, not to mention severely tempted, as he watched her flaunt her rear as she walked away. Fuck man! She's driving me crazy! I swear, I could whip out my cock and masturbate right here and now! Just watching her walk around in that outfit is as stimulating as a nice long blowjob from Mom. I could spend hours watching the light play on the shiny skin-tight red fabric that's covering her magnificent ass!

Once she was out of sight, he looked around the room. And it's not just me. It seems that everyone else in this restaurant, male and female, is still gazing at the door she just walked through, hoping she'll come back and walk around some more.

Dang! He spoke to his raging boner, Down, boy!

Chapter 1056 The Date Continues

Christine had to sit on the toilet doing nothing for a while, just to calm down. It was a big challenge not to masturbate, but she feared that he would detect the smell of her vaginal fluids if she did. She thought, I've got to get ahold of myself! I never realized my breasts could be such powerful erogenous zones. My nipples are on FIRE! It's all I can do not to pull my top down and beg him to play with them and suckle them!

God dammit, why doesn't he make a move? What more am I supposed to do to show him that I want to get something started, short of actually pulling my top down and begging him?! "You like my boobs? Then reach out and play with them, dammit! And kiss me at the same time, like you did before! Only this time, don't stop!"

She paused, sighing. I know it's because of his other women. He thinks I'm not right for him, due to all his running around. And if he wasn't having sex every day with a lot of other women, his resistance would be way lower. But for some weird reason, the more he resists me, the more I want him! I don't understand all this sex stuff. It's messed up. I wish I could just pick a normal, unattached guy, but now my heart is set on him.

Dammit! Dammit, dammit, dammit! I don't want to be a virgin anymore. I'm so horny I could cry! Or scream. This is torture. Just being with him or near him is exquisite torture.

She decided to put some of her martial arts training to good use. She brought her breathing under control by using the slow, deep, tactical breathing she'd been taught to use in combat. That helped a lot. After about five minutes of just sitting on the toilet, she felt that she had her raging lust under sufficient control, so she got up and walked back to the dinner table.

But the mere act of walking back immediately negated her efforts to cool down, especially since she was practicing her sashaying walk again. As soon as she saw Alan staring at her from across the room, it was as if her entire body had suddenly burst into flame. Her nipples popped back to full hardness. Worse, the maddening rubbing of erect nipples against the tight fabric resumed. She wanted to walk quickly to get it over with, but the faster she walked, the more her unsupported breasts bounced and crashed together, just as if she were topless. It would look too weird to clutch her rack for support in such a public place, so she was forced to walk slowly the rest of the way.

By the time she sat down, her pussy was wet again. She inwardly cursed her body for being so arousable. He was so obviously agog at her outfit, not to mention her sexy walk, that she felt the need

to say something about it. "Alan, thanks for waiting. I've made such a spectacle of myself though that I feel I should explain why I'm wearing this. It's not your fault. I knew you said that I should dress casual."

Alan put his hands up to make a "stop" gesture. "No need. Believe me, I'm not complaining. Fault? I'm loving it!"

"I know. But I still feel the need to explain. You see, my mother runs a pretty tight ship at home. She has a big say over what clothes I buy and what I can wear. For the first time, since I've started going out on these dates, she's sort of allowed me to let it all hang out."

He wiggled his eyebrows like Groucho Marx as he stared unabashedly at her prominent breasts, with her nipples clearly outlined. "So I see!" He added suggestively, "So you're saying you're ready to bust out onto the fashion scene?" The emphasis was on "bust."

"Oh, you!" She laughed. "But it's kind of true. There are so many outfits I want to wear now, and who knows how many dates we'll have for me to wear them on? I'm pretty much discovering fashion, so I'm a lot like a little kid in a candy store. Seriously, I'm only now realizing how sexually repressed I've been. Now that I've been given a little freedom I feel like going all the way."

He did the leering eyebrow-wiggle again. "That can be arranged."

She laughed again. But she thought, I wish! Why does he say things like that and then maintain that this is a practice date? Arrgh! "So anyway, that's the main explanation. Thanks for humoring me." She thought about his continuing attempts at jokes and added, "In more ways than one."

Still with a joking leer he said, "My pleasure. And I do mean that."

He thought, Dang, this whole situation kind of reminds me of Mom. Kind of a lot, actually. She was so repressed and then she also started to let it all hang out, so to speak. What is it with sexually-repressed women; are they always total nymphos just waiting to go wild? If Christine is potentially even half as much a nympho as Mom's turning into, well, I don't know what. The fact is, I would probably die of exhaustion!

Dang! Just imagine the two of them in a bedroom together, waiting for me. Oh man, how sexy would that be? Christine and Mom, kissing and rubbing Christine's big F-cups against Mom's milk-filled H-cups! That would really kill me! Then they'd lie down one on top of the other in a fuck sandwich and...

Oh man! Man oh man, I can't even go there or I'm gonna splooge in my pants. My wet spot is bad enough already. Alan Junior, you're gonna be in for a long night, I can tell.

But at least I can console myself that, when I get home, I can sink my dick deep into a hot, tight pussy. It could be Mom's. Or maybe Sis's. Or Aunt Suzy's. Or Amy's. Hell, they're all dedicated to me now. I could line their four sexy asses up and play 'eeny meeny miny moe.'

Oh fuck! I was trying to calm down, thinking that I just need to hold on until I get home, but these thoughts are making me super horny instead! And as tempting as all my home hotties are, what I really want to do is make out with Christine! I keep thinking about last time... Only this time, I wouldn't stop after just a minute or two... I'd pull those sexy red straps off her shoulders and sink my fingers deep into her tit-flesh! No, just with one hand, because my other hand would go straight to her hot cunt! So hot and pungent and wet! I can't wait to finger her to orgasm and have her scream into my mouth as we kiss with total abandon!

Shit. This is NOT helping! I've got plenty of awesome tits to play with at home. Bigger ones, even. Why do I have to play with hers? And her body... her hard, athletic, flawless body...

It guess it's true that it's the one who got away that you want the most. Damn. I need to relax somehow!

He was roused when Christine snapped her fingers. "Hello? Where'd you go there, Alan?"

His eyes refocused on her face. "Sorry. I was just... um... Did I kind of tune out for a minute?"

"You could say that again," she chuckled.

He blushed. "Oh, man. I'm sorry." If she only knew what I was thinking! Having all those beauties waiting at home? An entire goddamned incestuous harem?! That's why I have to resist; I'm too far gone for any sort of normal relationship.

Trying to change the subject quickly, he said, "I've got a joke for you. A brunette mother was talking to a blonde mother. The brunette says, 'I was going through my daughter's purse the other day and I found an ounce of marijuana. I can't believe she smokes pot!' The blonde says, 'Yeah, well, I was going through my daughter's purse too and I found a condom. I can't believe she has a penis!'"

Christine had a good laugh at that. "Here's a good dumb BRUNETTE joke for you. So this brunette guy goes into a library. As a matter of fact, he looked a lot like you. Hmmm." She winked at Alan. "Anyway, he tells the librarian, 'I want to return this book. It was terrible; there were so many names it was impossible to keep the story straight.' The librarian - yet another genius-level blonde, by the way - turned to another librarian and said, 'Hey, check it out. That's what happened to our phone book.'"

Alan snickered. "Funny. 'Genius-level blonde.' That's a riot, right there alone. And I could believe it too, since it takes a special kind of blonde genius to end up with no better job than working in a local library."

Christine was surprised by the rapidity of his rejoinder. Although she had a brilliant intellect, she wasn't experienced in finding witty comebacks on the fly. So all she could do was shake her fist at him playfully and say, "Grrr! I'm gonna get you!"

He teased back, "Please do. If you chase me, I won't run very hard."

Christine was encouraged by all the playful, sexy talk, so used that as an opening to broach a difficult subject. She kept her eyes down as she said, "Alan, I need to talk about something serious for a minute. I really have to apologize. I never minded it when you stared at my body, not at all. In fact I was flattered. But when you asked me out in September, I... well, I just wasn't ready. It wasn't you at all; it was me. And now I regret it so much. Is there some way we could turn back the clock so I could tell you 'Yes' instead?" As she finished, she looked up, bashful yet hopeful.

Knowing how much he loved her chest, she pretended to sit up straight as if eager to hear his reply, but she was really just attempting to thrust her rack forward.

He thought, Oh boy. Here we go again. Why does she have to look so sexy? I swear, she could be the Playmate of the Year. How can I let her down gently? I need to be bold and firm to make my platonic intentions completely clear, once and for all. I need to save her from my evil ways!

He said, "I wish we could. I really do. I think you're an incredible girl in every way. But what's done is done. And now I have Amy."

She replied with a little tease in her voice, "Yes, I've noticed. Amy and a few others." She smirked, adding, "Quite a few as a matter of fact, if even half of what I'm hearing is true."

Alan was surprised to find himself blushing a bit. "Yeah, well... what can I say? Guys my age are pretty hopelessly horny, and I guess I'm no exception."

"You can say that again," she exclaimed. "But how many 'hopelessly horny' guys date more than one girl at a time, much less practically have their own harem?"

He blushed. "Hey! I don't have my own harem; those rumors are greatly exaggerated." He thought, Except that I'm lying! Can she tell? Or did she somehow find out? Shit! I've gotta play it cool. Even if we don't get involved, she can never know the full truth!

Still with a sexy teasing tone, she added, "Yeah, well, whatever you call it, it seems like you're becoming a bit of a local legend."

"Well, don't believe everything you hear."

She fell back onto more comfortable ground as she tested her knowledge of school gossip against what she might learn straight from the horse's mouth. "A-ha! I thought so. A lot of the girls keep saying that the rumors can't be true because you turn so many girls down. Why, you even turned down Donna, and she's practically up there with Heather as the reigning queen of the school. A few girls are steadfast that you must be gay, especially some of the ones you turned down, but of course we both know that isn't true, don't we? But speaking of queens, there are a lot of rumors about you and Heather going around, not to mention whisperings of you with some of the other cheerleaders. Care to name names?"

"That's kind of personal, don't you think? And besides, I've already told you I don't kiss and tell."

"Hey, it's okay. I know you don't want to break any confidences, but with Heather it's so damn obvious, why not just admit it?"

He said with increasing annoyance, "Whatever happens between her and me, if anything, is private! You're pretty protective of your own privacy, so aren't you being hypocritical, prying like that?"

She realized that she really was being too pushy. She blushed and lowered her eyes. "Sorry. It's just that sometimes I let my curiosity get the better of me. I apologize."

Chapter 1057 Alan - It Seems Our Friendship Is Getting Deeper!

Alan thought, Just like Glory. If the two of them ever started an investigative agency, they'd be unstoppable. But actually, maybe I can turn this to my advantage. Why not be a little forthcoming about this for once? If she realizes just how many girls I'm sleeping with and who some of them are, maybe that'll make her realize that there's no way I could ever have her, and her alone, as my girlfriend.

So he said, "Nah, don't worry about it. I'm probably being too defensive. If you're so secretive about the stuff you tell me, then I can trust you with the stuff I tell you, right? Normally I have a very strict 'don't kiss and tell' policy, but I'm hoping that since you're becoming such a close platonic friend I can confide in you and not worry about getting backstabbed."

She looked up hopefully. "I'd like that too, very much. You can trust me completely. My lips are sealed."

"Okay... Well, the rumors are true. I have had sex with Heather."

"Heather." She spat out the head cheerleader's name as if it was a vile-tasting piece of food she'd been choking on.

Heather had her share of enemies, but Alan was surprised by the level of reflexive hatred Christine displayed. What Alan didn't know was that Heather and Christine had a long-simmering rivalry that predated Alan's sexual awakening. Heather and Christine were known as the school's two reigning knockout blondes, and that fact alone had put them into competition with each other a couple of years earlier. Christine hadn't really cared at first, but Heather was so keen on "proving" that she was the best that eventually Christine had started fighting back.

Christine was very satisfied to finally confirm that Alan and Heather were sexually intimate, even though the fact itself disappointed her. But she didn't take any time to think about it further at that moment, because she wanted to push for more information while he was still in a revelatory mood. "Heather and...?" she prodded.

"Well, you probably can guess where Heather goes, Simone isn't too far behind. But you probably know that already since I understand Simone doesn't go out of her way to deny that she's been with me."

"Yeah, I already knew that. So, who else? What about the other cheerleaders?"

He found himself in a surprisingly proud, boastful mood. "Well, let's just say that if you're a cheerleader, the odds of your having had sex with me are pretty high. Except for my own sister, of course."

Just like the Heather news, Christine had been virtually certain of that already, so she wasn't very surprised. In fact, hearing that confirmed somehow even increased her already high arousal. She teased, "Hmmm. then I'll have to see how I can go about becoming a cheerleader."

He suddenly had a vision of Christine as a cheerleader. He could easily picture giving her painted-on panties and then fucking her in the theater room. Hold your horses, boy! Platonic! Keep things platonic, even if she's coming on to you like gangbusters. Don't forget what'll happen if she finds out about the incest. God, I think pretty much all the cheerleaders suspect I'm doing something with Sis. Just imagine if Christine talked to them about that!

That prospect cooled his ardor a bit. He was dreadfully afraid of her finding out about his incestuous secrets, since she would undoubtedly find a way to put a stop to something that she found so immoral.

She continued to pry. "So you're doing the entire cheerleader squad, even Heather. That's every guy's dream. God, you know, I can't help but be impressed by that, even though I know it's completely wrong. You're such a fucking bastard!" However, she said it in a playful way.

"I know. You're not the first person to tell me that."

She thought about what she'd just said and realized, It's true - that IS impressive! He's certainly having sex with Amy, Kim and Heather, and now he basically confirmed Janice and Joy too. That's not only

impressive; it's downright arousing! Add Simone to the list, and I'm sure he could have had Donna if he wanted her. He's slept with literally all the other most beautiful girls in school! And now he's on a date with me, and he can have me too!

In actual fact, that wasn't true. Although Christine was extremely horny, she was far from ready for intercourse. When she thought about going wild with him, she was focused on just kissing and fondling, but the fantasy of him "taking" her in the same way that he'd taken all those other beautiful girls was like throwing gasoline onto her fire.

She propped her elbows on the table and rested her head in her hands. That caused her body to sway forward, putting her huge breasts on especially enticing display. If her red outfit hadn't been so skin-tight, her nipples probably would have been exposed to his gaze. She asked, "So how does something like that work, anyway? Don't some of them have serious boyfriends? And do they all know about all the others, and talk to each other about it?"

His eyes practically bugged out, thanks to her new pose. He furtively readjusted the position of his erection in his pants. But just that much touching of his throbbing hot boner caused him to lose self-control, so he reached into his pocket and found himself masturbating. Because his hand was inside his pocket and he didn't wear underwear anymore, all he had was one thin layer of fabric between his fingers and his shaft.

Dear God, she's gonna drive me crazy! I shouldn't be doing this. What if she finds out? But I can't help myself! Oh God! What if I cum in my pants, or make a big wet spot? This isn't good!bender

Despite distracting himself with his self-stimulation, he managed to reply, "Come on. Do I really have to answer that kind of stuff?"

Her eyes shone brightly. "YES!" She chuckled, realizing just how overeager she was. "Okay, sorry. Never mind that. So who else is there?"

"Well, some other girls here and there. Some of them don't go to our school and you wouldn't know them." That was an intentional misdirection, since she did know some of them like Katherine and Glory, but it was true for others like Brenda and Xania.

He continued more truthfully, even as he subtly continued rubbing his sweet spot through his pants pocket, "But there is sex as an expression of love, and sex as an expression of pure lust. I'm so lucky that Amy allows me to have fun playing around, but Amy is the one that I truly love. That's what matters." In fact, Alan loved Susan, Suzanne and Katherine at least as much as Amy, but he could never tell Christine that.

"I... see..." she said very slowly. Then, after a long pause, she blurted out so quickly that it was nearly incomprehensible, "Andwhataboutsexasanexpressionoffriendship?"

He just blinked. "Huh?"

She blushed, then lowered her voice, saying, "And what about sex as an expression of friendship?"

He understood that but was still momentarily thrown. "What do you mean?"

She blushed some more, her cheeks turning cherry red. In her mind, she imagined Alan standing naked at the doorway of a room full of cheerleaders. Heather was naked on her knees in front of him, giving him a blowjob. Amy stood naked to the side, holding a clipboard. She looked at Christine, who was standing in front of them all, and said to her, "So, Christine, let's see. Alan's put you on his approved-to-be-fucked list, so let's see if he can squeeze you in. Or, should I say, can all of him be squeezed into you, hee-hee? I crack myself up. Sorry... Hmmm. What a busy schedule. Maybe tomorrow afternoon between three and four? Would that work for you?"

To Christine's surprise, in the daydream she said, "Yes!" with great eagerness.

Amy replied, "M'kay! Super! Now why don't you help Heather and me with his blowjob. Alan likes a lot of tongues."

To Christine's further surprise, she found herself dropping to her knees and crawling forward.

Suddenly Christine snapped back to reality. God dammit! I'm too horny to think! I need to cool it, and fast! She responded, "Oh, nothing. Just a lame attempt at a joke. I guess I still don't have this flirting thing completely figured out."

She was torn. She'd always dreamt of a "Mr. Right," a knight in shining armor, perfect in nearly every way. Her new fantasies based around Alan's sexual prowess were disturbingly out of line with all of her dreams and longings up until recently, and she didn't like it. Yet she lusted after him so strongly that she was almost able to ask him if she could be nothing more than one of his "helpers." Almost, but not quite.

Meanwhile, he heard the "sex as an expression of friendship" comment and drifted off into fantasizing too, helped by the fact that he was covertly stimulating his sweet spot. He was particularly struck by the fact that she was wearing long arm coverings that left her hands uncovered but went almost up to her shoulders. That one simple accessory made her appear much more formally dressed, as if she were going to a ball, but also much sexier, especially given the way she normally dressed, fashionably but also very restrained.

The way the arm coverings and her top shone in the light brought up images of her as a go-go dancer. In his fantasy, she slowly stripped in front of a crowd until finally she wore nothing but her latex arm coverings and her even longer latex stockings. In real life, he doubted she knew how to dance at all, since she'd never been to any of the school dances, but in the dream she danced gracefully yet also with a wild abandon.

He suddenly became painfully aware of just how hard and stimulated his hard-on was. He sensed that if he didn't do something quickly, he'd cum, or at least leak an embarrassing amount of pre-cum. That realization brought him back to reality, so he stopped rubbing his sweet spot (although he continued to grip his erection). He guiltily looked at her to see if she could detect his arousal.

However, she still seemed a bit spaced out. With her daydream still on her mind, she attempted to change the subject by asking, "So is it true about the theater room? Is something going on in there? And what about Ms. Rhymer? What about the rumors of you and her being an item?"

He thought, Oh shit! She knows or suspects about all that too?! This is not good. I can tell she doesn't trust me fully, but why should I trust her? It would be nice if I could really have her as my confidant, but there are so many things about me she can never know. I can't let her know about Glory, much less my incestuous family. But I do need to throw her a bone.

So he tried to calm his concern by lying, "I can see how the Glory rumors got started. She is beautiful, and I do work with her as her teacher's aide sometimes. But that's all there is to it. She's a very responsible teacher and I'm sure she'd laugh at those rumors. As for the theater room..."

"Yeah?"

"Wait. First tell me what you heard."

"I haven't heard anything, to be honest. Except for a rumor that the cheerleaders go in there during lunch to smoke pot. But I've seen you headed in that direction more than once, and I know you don't smoke pot. You remember that discussion we had after that ridiculous anti-drug rally?"

"Yeah. Well, you're pretty sharp. I still don't do drugs, but I do take part in some other activities in that room from time to time."

"I see." Christine's daydream immediately returned, but the situation was slightly changed. She'd seen Kim, Joy, Janice, and Simone headed to the theater room at various times, so suddenly they were all there in the room as well. In other respects, her daydream resumed where it had left off. She crawled forward to try to wrestle some of Alan's boner away from Heather (who naturally would attempt to hog it in the dream, just as she would in real life). As she did that, she was able to look further into the room and saw the other girls sprawled all over the floor, panting with exhaustion and drenched in cum. Whether she realized it or not, her fantasy wasn't that far from the kind of thing that really took place in Alan's life on a regular basis.

However, she caught herself visualizing such images and thought, What is with me lately? Why do I always have such submissive fantasies? It's especially ironic tonight given that I'm wearing what could practically be a dominatrix outfit.

She began thinking along different lines, imagining herself as a dominatrix lording it over Alan. Wearing a stripped-down version of what she currently had on (which in fact exactly matched what she was wearing in Alan's fantasy), she fantasized about sitting on his face. She commanded him to lick her pussy, which he did with gusto.

She found herself greatly enjoying that daydream, even though she had no real conception of what being orally pleased was like. As she started to come out of it, she thought, Now that's more like it! That would be awesome. Why can't my dreams be more like that? Actually what would be even better than submission OR domination would be to simply make love with him as equals. Will that ever happen? Why have all my dreams become so perverted lately?

Alan was once again looking down into Christine's ample cleavage, admiring the way it was lightly rising and falling with her breathing. He loved how she was still leaning forward on her elbows. He also couldn't help but notice her erect nipples, thinking they looked really sexy.

He was too busy with that sight to notice that Christine was a bit spaced out. Instead, he asked, "I gotta know: how it is you know so much stuff? I mean, I always look around when I'm headed to the theater room, and I could swear I've never seen you in that area."

She paused, once again considering what she could tell him. She decided that he was pretty observant too, and now that she'd revealed that much he would begin to figure things out, so it was best if she came clean. "You probably didn't. I've been down there a bit, but the fact is, I rely on some of my friends. We have a bit of a clique, and we help each other out."

"Aaaaah," he said, pretending as if he understood when in fact he didn't. In his previous existence as one of the school nerds he hadn't paid much attention to school gossip or politics, and now that sex was such a big part of his life he didn't have the time to spend with other students to learn the latest scoop.

She was a good judge of emotions. She smiled with amusement at his attempt to appear clued in, then explained, "The other girls sometimes call us the 'Goody-goodies,' although I find that name insulting. Girl stuff in school is like a whoooole different thing than guy stuff. With girls, you're judged by how 'easy' you are. There's a bunch of us who kind of stand apart because of that. Many of us are still virgins, if you can believe that. So we sort of stick together. And I work with them as a kind of network to learn stuff. So you may not have been seen by me, but if you're seen by one of them it's almost the same."

"Ah. Now I DO see. Thanks."

"But wait! You have to PROMISE not to tell anyone about that, okay? If they knew I told you that, they'd probably kill me. In fact, I've probably said too much. In fact, I KNOW I have. Damn." She looked around furtively, as if someone could be listening.

He had to suppress a laugh. I know she means the "probably kill me" metaphorically, but that is still so funny. It's like we're Cold War spies or something. It's only some minor school stuff, but we make it out to be so life-and-death. Then he recalled being punched in the face, and being pushed down the stairs, so he amended his thoughts. Okay, so it's not totally minor. I need to pay a LOT more attention to what's going on.

"Christine, thanks a ton for telling me that much. I promise I won't tell a soul. I can see why you were so careful about secrecy with this meeting. If I tell someone, say, what you told me, that Jake isn't really in line with the other football players, that might get around and then Jake might realize, 'Hey, I told that to that goody-goody Serena. She must be the source of this rumor.' And then Serena will get in trouble, and maybe you'll get in trouble from her."

"Exactly. I knew you'd understand." She sighed with relief. She'd felt as if she were between a rock and a hard place, because there were some things she'd learned about Alan that she felt obliged to tell him, but by doing so she could be betraying the trust of her "Goody-goody" friends. If he could understand her difficult position, that would help.

"Wow," he said out loud as he mulled it all over. He even finally let go of the erection that he'd been stroking through his pants pocket. He put his hands back on the table, if only to prevent himself from losing control in that manner again. "So I've told you some secrets I shouldn't have and you've done the same for me. It makes me feel closer to you, like our friendship is getting deeper."

She was all smiles. "That's how I feel too."

For most of the rest of dinner, the two of them discussed strategy on how to defeat the football players once and for all. They pitched ideas back and forth to each other over generous helpings of red curry and fish cakes, and then mango sticky rice and fried ice cream for dessert. Their focus on practical problems and savoring their meals cooled them down so much that Alan's dick eventually became flaccid.

Almost everything they discussed was based on information from Christine's gossip network. Alan was very impressed with Christine's knowledge and the efforts she had gone to, and made her friends go through, to gain information that would help him.

Chapter 1058 Christine - I Can Wait! 4K

As they waited for their check, their conversation began to wind down.

Alan said to her, "I must say... I can't thank you enough. It's almost like I've had a secret guardian angel these last couple of months. I mean, I can't even begin to think how much worse off I'd be if you weren't out there squelching rumors, sticking up for me, and who knows what else you've been doing to help that you're still holding back from telling me about."

She gave a knowing, secretive smile. "I can't tell you everything all at once, can I? Keeping a few secrets lends me an air of mystery."

"Yeah, we all have our secrets, I guess." He was very mindful of his own incest and harem secrets as he said that. "But seriously, I owe you big time. How can I ever repay you?"

One thing immediately came to her mind, which involved Alan lying naked on top of her. To be honest, that was a big incentive for her continued secret assistance. But she'd tried to bring up the option of them sharing some casual intimacy earlier in the meal and had lost her nerve at the last second, as she usually did when that subject came up with him. She gathered up her great willpower and resolved to go through with it this time.

She blushed immediately, trying at first to bring it up indirectly, figuring she might have more success following through with that. "Well, you know how you and Amy have a special relationship..."

"Yeah?" He could already guess where that was going. He was both worried and delighted.

"I certainly wouldn't want to intrude upon that in any way. I'd never want to take her, uh... But, um, she's so understanding..." Suddenly, she blurted out, "Did you know that I'm still a virgin?" She immediately felt horrified that she'd said that; she looked like she was ready to crawl under the table in abject shame.

He had assumed that already. He knew it was a sensitive subject, but even so he couldn't help but ask, "Christine, there's absolutely nothing wrong with that. But I am curious, how is it, in this day and age, that a gorgeous, all-around amazing girl like you could still be a virgin? I mean, no offense."

"None taken."

He stammered on, "It's just that... Again, no offense, but you're so hot! You'd think that every horny guy for miles around would be after you. Eventually, someone would succeed."bender

She modestly said, "Please. I'm not all that."

He raised his hands in disbelief. "Come on! Believe me, you're all that! And then some! And I'm not just talking about your famous boobs, or your equally impressive figure. Your face is just... devastatingly beautiful! And then when I think about the brains behind that face, that somehow makes you ten times more appealing. I don't care what some guys say; smart is HOT!"

Her arousal had largely died away, but now it was coming back with a vengeance. "Enough with the compliments. Seriously. It makes me feel uncomfortable."

"Sorry. Let's go back to my rudely prying into your dating history."

She laughed at that transition. She replied honestly, "Well, you know I'm not shy about telling annoying guys to get lost. I guess I come across as pretty intimidating, so very few have ever actually had the guts to ask me out. But I shot down even those few. The sad truth is, I have no dating history. Did you know that the only dates I've ever been on have been these non-romantic ones with you?"

"What?! You've got to be kidding! At the time I asked you out I was socially oblivious, but now I realize that there must be dozens of guys with serious crushes on you. Now that I'm more clued in to that kind of thing, I've noticed so many guys get all moony whenever you walk down the halls that it's almost comical."

"Yeah, but I don't care about them. None of them are like you."

He was floored. He thought, My God, she wants me. She really, really wants me! I should have said something earlier. I promised myself I would, but I've let things slide. I can see she's working up to something. I need to put my foot down now.

He said, "Christine, we're in a real bind. I'm really attracted to you and I'm pretty sure you're really attracted to me. But as I told you on our last date, we can't ever cross that line, because it wouldn't be fair to Amy. As I've told you, she sees you as a threat to her relationship with me."

Christine was stunned to hear him say it as directly as that. But she gathered herself together and replied, "Well, I know that. But I talked to Amy last week and kind of probed her feelings about this kind of thing. She didn't want me to be another official girlfriend of yours, and besides that would probably never work; people at school would find that too strange. But she said that if you and I just wanted to fool around from time to time, she wouldn't have a problem with that."

Now it was Alan's turn to be stunned. Shit! That completely undercuts my main argument! Curse Amy for being so completely cool and easy-going! What am I going to say now?! I can't give her my real reasons: "Hey Christine, I can't have sex with you just once because I know if I do it'll be so good that I'll want to do it again and again. And then before you know it, with you that much a part of my life, you'll find out all about the incest. You'll discover I actually have FOUR full-time girlfriends, and one is my mother and another is my sister! And then the whole thing will come crashing down around us, because everyone knows that when you don't like something you don't just sit around, you DO something about it. And not only that, but I'm so fucked out as it is that I just can't give your undoubtedly wondrously tight, sweet pussy the regular fucking it undoubtedly so richly wants, needs, and deserves." No, I don't think I could exactly say that. So what DO I say? Shit!

Mostly to buy time, he asked, "But aren't you completely morally opposed to that kind of arrangement? I thought you told Amy how grossly unfair and outrageous our arrangement is."

She sighed. "Boy, you aren't making this easy for me, are you? Yes, that's all true. I don't think it's right that you can sleep around with anyone you want and she can't. However... Alan, I have to be completely honest and lay all my cards on the table now that this has finally come out in the open. I'm a virgin, as I just told you. You'd guessed that already, right? It pains me so much to be one, now that my eyes have finally been opened to what I'm missing. I know I'm not an easy person to get along with at times, for a whole variety of reasons. I scare people away, to tell the truth. What I need is someone to be patient and gently guide me into sexual knowledge and intimacy and make me a real, complete woman. The problem is, I know it's not going to happen anytime soon unless that someone is you. Hell, I don't want it to be anyone else BUT you. I have such feelings for you, and well, uh..."

She couldn't say more. It had been painful enough for her to say just that much.

He was torn. He took her hands in his while he thought. Finally, it was incredibly difficult to do, but he said, "That sounds wonderful. I'd love to be that guide so much. But I'm not the right person for you."

He sighed heavily, while continuing to hold her hands. "Christine? You know what I confessed earlier about being involved with all those girls? Think about it. I'm spread really thin. I'm into all kinds of sordid stuff. Orgies, for instance. You might even say I have a harem of sorts. I mean, not exactly, but kind of, depending on how you look at it. I'm in really deep, in a very sexual world."

She frowned. She wanted to be deflowered, but things like orgies and harems were a completely different matter. In reality, she didn't want to have anything to do with crazy stuff like that, no matter what she might fantasize about.

"Trust me, Christine; you don't want to get involved with me. I know you. Or at least I'd like to think I do. I've admired you for a long time now, and I picture you as the epitome of purity and goodness. You're a one-man kind of girl. You're a dreamer. You're really extraordinary. You need and deserve a guy who can live up to your dreams and your high expectations. I'm not that kind of guy; I know that now. Back when I asked you out, you didn't desire me then. And you still don't, not in the right way. You're just attracted because of this new 'hot stuff' reputation I have. You don't need a scoundrel like me who can't keep his penis in his pants for five minutes. You need a guy who's as good and pure as you are. You need a better man than me to love you for your first time."

She replied with surprising passion, "You're wrong, Alan! I DID want you then. It's just that... I was too shy to act on my feelings."

She didn't want to reveal the complete truth, which was that more than just her shyness had held her back. Even though there were many boys with crushes on her, she'd felt that Alan was very special in his own way, rising above all the others in her eyes. But at that point she'd been very high on the school social ladder, despite her goody-goody reputation and generally acting like she didn't care about such things, and he was way below her socially, with a geeky reputation to boot. Her reputation at school would have taken a big hit if she'd gone out with him. Now, remarkably, he had become the most desirable catch of all. She didn't want him to know the petty reasons that might have made the difference between her turning him down back then or her agreeing to his request.

He suggested, "Let's forget what happened back then. That's ancient history now, because I've changed so much since then. You have NO IDEA just what a wild sex life I have nowadays. If you did, you'd run screaming from me as fast as your feet could carry you. To give you one example, do you think you could stomach being in an orgy with Heather? Can you imagine sharing a blowjob with her?"

She blanched at that. Indeed, that prospect was really difficult for her to stomach. But there was a part of her, a naughty and sexually curious part, that actually found the idea appealing. Her mind flashed back to her earlier fantasy when Amy had told her, "Now, why don't you help Heather and me with a

blowjob. Alan likes a lot of tongues," and she'd gone ahead to take part in a three-way blowjob with Amy and Heather. True, it had been just a fantasy, but it was still curiously arousing.

She found herself rubbing her thighs together with excitement. She was glad the table blocked him from seeing what she was doing. She was particularly aroused by the idea of Alan forcing her to take part in sexual acts with others like Heather. Her rational brain was appalled that she was finding such thoughts arousing, but she couldn't help it.

However, she remained calm on the surface, seemingly ignoring his comments about his wild sex life. Instead, she said "I made a mistake, and I really, really do regret it. Moving forward, since Amy doesn't mind-"

He butted in. "Look, let me tell you something about me that I'm just learning myself. There are guys who are happy to just have one night stands. They like to fuck and run, pardon my blunt language. Admittedly, there are a couple of girls I've done that with, girls who didn't impress me that much. But the problem is, I've discovered that sex is a remarkable bonding mechanism. Most of the time, when I have sex with someone I find myself becoming emotionally involved with them. I want to have sex with them more and more, and that just increases the strength of the emotional bond even further."

"And that's a bad thing?" she exclaimed, growing more horny as she thought about having sex with him regularly. "It sounds wonderful to me."

"Yes it is bad. Very bad. Because I know there's no way that you and I could have sex just once. I'd enjoy it too much and you'd enjoy it too much. And then we'd want to do it again. And again. And again and again and again! But the really big problem is that you're so all-around wonderful. So smart, so talented, so beautiful. Once I start down that path, you're gonna become a big part of my life."

She butted in, "What if I was really bad in bed? I promise to be bad. Let me be bad and completely uninteresting to talk to so we can have a mindless one night stand."

He just rolled his eyes. "Nice try, but you know that's not possible. You are who you are. I could see myself becoming extremely attracted to and involved with you. And that's not fair to Amy. And it's not just Amy either. I'm way overextended. If you were to get involved with me, in that way, you'd just be one of many, and there would be others I'm going to be much closer to, which wouldn't be fair to you either."

He went on, "You deserve more than that. Much more. You're destined for great things. I know it. It would pain me not to be with you every day, and I'd feel like I'm stealing time from Amy when I was with you, and so on. And the closer we got, the more you would hurt too, because, what, between my homework and all the girls in my life, I couldn't do the normal things boyfriends should do. Believe you me, my body screams yes but my rational mind says no. I can't just follow my lust, regardless of the consequences. I'm practically failing out of school as it is!"

"But-"

"Christine, you need someone special, someone who can devote his entire heart and soul to just you. Isn't that what you've always wanted? Isn't that why you're still a virgin, because you've been saving yourself for that one special person?"

"Yes, but..." She wanted to say that he was that special person, but she stopped herself. "Alan! I'm really surprised. And hurt. But you have a point. I'll think about what you've said. I do want just one man." Her thoughts again returned to her fantasy of waiting to be assigned a fuck time in Alan's busy schedule, and she gave thanks that he couldn't see into her imagination. However, his words calmed her down enough that she stopped rubbing her thighs together as if she were trying to rub kindling to start a fire.

She suddenly looked at him with alarm. "I hope you don't think I've been helping you out all this time because I was expecting..." She blushed still more. Then she waved her hands in the air in frantic 'No' gestures. "It's not like that at all! I'm gonna keep helping you, no matter what. I just see you as kind of a 'babe in the woods' when it comes to school politics. And you are a friend, even though things have been a bit weird and sexually charged between us lately."

"That's my fault, Christine. That's because my crush got in the way of what should have been just a normal friendship. But now I really want just to be good friends with you. I need a female friend who's just a friend, if you know what I mean. I really like you, and that's why I think you deserve so much more than what I can provide. I so very much wish I could be your special guy. If you'd said 'Yes' two months ago, that would have been different. But so much has changed since then. To be honest, I'm not proud of how I'm running wild sexually, but I know myself, and I know that I just can't stop. That part of me is here to stay."

"I understand," she said rather glumly. There was much more she wanted to say, but she couldn't. She wanted to say, "Alan, I love you. I don't care if you only see me once a week; it would still be so much better than never. Can't you see I'm so lonely and hungry for love? I'll be one of your helpers or

whatever you want from me. Just love me!" But she realized that he'd made up his mind and she needed to leave with at least part of her pride intact.

She also wanted to say, "You may feel that you want to be just friends now, but don't close the door. Maybe you'll feel different in two months. Look how much things have changed over the last two months. Or even longer. I can wait!"

But she didn't say that either. The truth was, she was already deeply in love with Alan, but she couldn't tell him those things in the face of his rejection. She realized that he was right, in the sense that the very depth of their feelings for each other meant there was no way they could have sex just one time or a couple of times like two jaded, uncaring strangers. If they had sex even once, it was bound to lead to more.

Still, like people in love do, she held out hope in her heart that he'd change his mind, despite everything he'd said, or that their situation would change somehow. She wanted to help him with his school problems even more than before, to show him just how much she cared for him. She resolved to stay as close to him as she could so she'd be ready to take their relationship to the next level when an opportunity occurred.

With that in mind, she said, "Okay, I'll think about that. I'm not saying I'm just gonna totally give up on the idea, because I can't. The heart has a certain momentum, and right now all I can think about is you. But despite all these feelings hanging in the air, can we please keep having these dates? Non-romantic or not, I've enjoyed them so very much. I love dressing up and being treated like a lady. And the flirting practice and everything too. Please tell me we don't have to stop."

Against his better judgment, he said, "Sure, I'd love that. Over time, with these dates, maybe we'll both get used to the idea that things really do have to remain platonic."

However, even as he said that, he knew it wasn't likely. If their past dates were anything to judge by, such encounters would only further inflame their lust. On a subconscious level, he hoped that something would happen on one of their dates that would cause them to cross the line into physical intimacy. For instance, they could both get drunk and then there would be no telling what might happen. Like her, he wanted to find a way to get things started without having to take responsibility for his actions. That way he wouldn't have to feel bad about not living up to his own moral standards, let alone hers.

Christine was simply too desirable. Not only was her body out of this world, but he really liked her personality. He even liked her "flaws," such as her stubbornness and self-righteousness. Deep down, he knew that he just had to have her someday, somehow.

If only he could be assured that she wouldn't destroy his entire family when she found out about the incest, he would have thrown caution to the wind and tried to figure out ways to overcome or at least manage all the other problems between them. But he knew her well and had observed her acting with dogged determination according to a strict moral code. He was certain there was no way she'd say, "Sure, have sex with your sister and your mom. Just make sure to save some of that big cock for me." He was afraid to even mention the idea of incest to probe her opinion of it, for fear of tipping her off.

They sat drinking their after-dinner coffees for a while, with both of them feeling and acting awkward. She tried her best to smile, but it looked forced.

He felt conflicted but kept reminding himself that what he was doing was the right thing to do.

He thought, It's insane. I have four women I'm completely in love with and committed to, and that's not even counting Brenda or Glory. And God knows what the situation is with Heather. Or Simone! I could really get into her. I've promised myself that I have to cut down to just the ones I love the very most. I HAVE to do it! There's only one of me and only 24 hours in the day.

I can sense trouble brewing with them, like the way Mom practically raped me a couple of hours ago, she was so needy. I just can't spread myself any thinner, no matter how kind, beautiful, and frankly, big-busted Christine is. And what about jealousy? Sis in particular gets really steamed about Christine. Not only would that cause a new outburst of jealousy... Oh! Sis would be heartbroken. Even Amy would be upset. I'd just be asking for trouble.

Chapter 1059 Friends For Now

Alan brought the conversation back to the football players, which put them both at ease once more. At least, they were at ease for a while until he happened to mention Heather again. In the course of discussing how he was trying a "divide and conquer" strategy to deal with the football team, he said, "By the way, I should point out that Heather and her minions have been a really big help in this. It's been tough getting her to do it, but now she's doing all she can to drive the players apart."

Suddenly Christine's face grew livid. "Heather? Heather?! You've got to be kidding me! Heather only looks after one person: herself! You should know what I've been hearing about what she's been saying! I didn't want to say anything too unkind when you mentioned her name earlier, but now that you bring it up, you should know that she's the one spreading all the worst rumors about you!"

He waved her concerns aside with a dismissive hand gesture. "It may seem that way, I'll concede that. But really, she's just being very clever about it. You should consider her an ally in this. I do." He knew that Heather was good at doing something underhanded while leaving the impression that she'd done the exact opposite. She was wily and great at covering her tracks.

She stood up and stared at Alan as if he'd just sprouted a second head. "An ally?! An ALLY?! Heather?! I'd rather stab my own mother to death with a dull knife than have anything to do with that ... bitch! You may think she's on your side, but the one she's snookering is YOU! She's pure evil! Don't let her beguile you with her womanly charms! You can't trust her!"

There was a lot that he could have said or thought about her passionate words. He knew it all had merit, including the part about being beguiled by her womanly charms. But in fact he'd barely registered what she'd said because all he could think about was her smoking-hot appearance. She was sexy enough sitting down, but once she stood up with her hard nipples protruding from her huge breasts he was completely blown away.

Christine is so fucking sexy! Dang! God DAMN, she looks tasty! I can't get over the fact that she, of all people, is wearing something so revealing in public, just for me! And the way she's so angry right now somehow just arouses me even more. I can't even begin to imagine how passionate and intense she could be in bed. What a sexual tigress! AND she's still a virgin. Hot damn. How could I possibly turn her down?! It's all I can do not to just jump across the table and run my hands all over her tight, incredibly fit body right now. That deep dark red fabric, contrasted by her blonde hair and her fair skin, HOT DAMN! I could stare at her forever.

Maybe I should rethink my whole position here. I'd be a fool not to fuck her. Maybe I need to fuck her tonight! I could! I mean, she's practically begging me for it! I could teach her to suck my cock, letting her learn to love the feeling of my hardness sliding between her lips, the taste of my cum on her tongue and in her teeth.

Man, I just know that she would be so good at it. She's always the best at everything. Before long, she'd be addicted to it, just like Mom. She'd learn every trick in the book, and spend hours and hours practicing on me, until she could say without a doubt that she was the best cocksucker in the harem!

And what about titfucking? Oh man! Be still my beating heart! I could help her learn to titfuck; with those magnificent breasts of hers she'd be a natural at it. And then after painting her face and chest in my cum we could sixty-nine, so while she tries to suck me off again I could taste, tease, tempt and torment her unfucked virgin pussy. Well, I could for a while, but it would be all so good that I'd lose all control. I'd throw her back on the bed, climb on top, mount her, and sink my throbbing pole into the incredible tightness of her fantastic cunt. Oh yeah, she needs to be mounted! Fuuuuuck!

His hard-on was so stiff that it felt as if he could break the restaurant table with it. He forced himself to count slowly to ten to calm down a bit.

As he did, he regained some self-control. No... No. I have to be strong! For my family. For them. I can't waver just because she wore a great outfit tonight and is so all-over painfully temptingly fuckable that I want to cry. I can't forget how horribly overextended I am... But it's such a turn-on to know how much she must really want me. I don't think anyone at school would believe it if they saw her like this. I used to think she was so far out of my league, so impossibly out of reach. Wow!

There was such a long pause while he stared with wanton lust that she finally barked at him, "Alan, are you listening to me?" Her eyes flashed dangerously with righteous anger.

He recovered quickly, forcing himself to look at her face instead of undressing her and devouring her body with his eyes. "Um, yeah. It's just that your passionate feelings about Heather stunned me. I'm blown away, actually."

He looked around briefly, noticing that just about everyone else in the restaurant was staring at her too. He suspected it had less to do with her outburst and more to do with her incredible figure and scrumptious outfit.

She suddenly became aware of all the attention, so hastily sat back down. They could hear a few muttered sighs of disappointment from people nearby as all eyes continued to watch as her massive boobs slowly bounced to a standstill. Slouching down in embarrassment, she said in a quiet but nonetheless very insistent voice, "Well? What are you going to do about it?"

His passion unexpectedly surged again as he thought, What am I going to do? I'm going to fuck your brains out, that's what! First I'm going to break your hymen by fucking your cute pussy, which I could practically see through your outfit. Serious camel toe you've got there, girl. Damn! Then I'm going to fuck those mammoth tit melons. Jesus Christ, I'm gonna squirt my seed all over your perfect rack!

He reached into his pocket and returned to playing "pocket pool" with his erection, just as he had been doing earlier in the evening. He simply couldn't help himself.

Then I'm going to fuck your dainty mouth. I'm not talking about a blowjob; I mean I'm going to fuck your face! Then I'm going to take your ass and fill it with hard cock until you cry for joy! In fact, I'm going to take you and break you and turn the school's perfect golden girl into my personal bitch! One of my bitches anyways! He chuckled to himself. You'll be one of my harem slaves! I'll order you to move in with the rest of us and then keep you naked and locked in chains, ready and willing to serve your master at all times! Hah! Worship my cock! Worship it! Yes!

He was so overcome with desire that had he not been in the middle of a restaurant, he might have tried physically to take her right then and there. As it was, he somehow slowly managed to settle down. He reluctantly stopped rubbing his dick. He had to wipe the sweat from his brow, he was so overcome. I think you should take a look at

As his surge of lust slowly peaked and then passed, he thought, What's wrong with me? See? This is the problem. I can't control the Bad Alan. Christine is special. She deserves better than someone like me. Much better. As tough as it is, I have to let her go. I can't really explain to her all the reasons why, but it's for her own good. I'm like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. I'm bad!

After another long pause, he eventually managed to remember her question about Heather, replying a bit lamely, "I'm, uh... well, it's tricky."

He stalled for time so his raging libido could continue to subside. He managed to focus on the conversation a bit more by looking away from her.

While he waited, Christine crossed her arms under her rack, drawing even more attention to her boobs. "I try not to get jealous, especially since we're not even going out. But I'll have you know that I get really upset that you're having sex with that bitch. I mean, REALLY upset!"

That finally jolted him into responding. "Look. I know I'm playing with fire with Heather. And no, I don't trust her. Not at all. It's like dealing with the devil. I hate to get graphic, but I have to lay it on the line here. She's really, really sexually attracted to me, and, well, for reasons that I don't exactly understand myself, we have a special bond, but it's only about sex. She may rebel a little bit here and there, but ultimately she's not going to piss me off and risk her sexual connection with me. So that's one reason why I sleep with her sometimes, to get her help. But I'm not just being selfish. You may laugh at this, but I actually think there's a good person trapped inside that bitchy exterior, and I think I can ultimately be a good influence on her."

Christine chortled with derision. "You got that right about me laughing. Look, Alan, I enjoy helping you with your school problems. I want to see justice done and the bullies punished. But don't ask me to cooperate with that, that... THAT WOMAN, in any way."

She spit out the words "that woman" with powerful malice. "As far as I'm concerned, she's part of the problem. She IS conspiring against you. It may be just an intuition at this point, but I'm absolutely sure of it. I'll get the evidence to prove it to you. She thinks that she needs to control everyone around her, including you."

He was conciliatory. "Okay. You may be right. See what you can come up with." He figured that it wouldn't hurt to have Christine keep an eye on Heather to keep her honest.

Things calmed down after that, letting them continue to discuss problems at school until the bill for the meal arrived. Alan again insisted on paying for the whole thing. He was very grateful that Christine seemed unaware of his earlier "Bad Alan" moment of weakness.

They stood in front of the restaurant for a good ten minutes, talking about plans and schemes to put in motion before it was finally time for them to split up and head home in separate cars.

Sensing the moment, Alan said, "Well, this is it." His heart was pounding fast.

Christine was just as nervous, if not more so. She just whispered, "Yep."

He said, "If we were really dating, this is where I'd kiss you. But we both remember what happened last time with that. We can't let that happen again, can we?"

"No, we can't," she replied. But her sad eyes told a very different story.

They shared only a brief, rather stilted hug and a simple kiss on her cheek.

Afterwards, Alan said, "Oh, Christine! If you only knew how tempted I am. I'm to blame. I'm not a good person. I'm hopelessly hooked on playing around. I really am a cad. This is for the best. Being friends is better, and longer lasting. Friends!" He stuck a hand out to shake.

She shook his hand firmly. "Friends!" But then she grinned with surprising mischievousness. "That said... we're still going to have another practice date soon, right? Not to mention another trip to the beach, or something along those lines. I was thinking... since you're worried about us being seen at the beach by other students, what about a private pool? I know you've got a thing against me going to your house, but there's no problem if you want to come to my house and use our backyard pool."

He was both thrilled and terrified at the possibility of being alone with Christine in her backyard pool, with both of them wearing just bathing suits. That could be disastrous to his plan to keep their relationship platonic. By comparison, another "practice date" sounded much safer.

So he said, "Right. That could work sometime. But I think it's time for another practice date first. Why don't we go out this Saturday night? Would that work for you? It's right in the middle of Thanksgiving vacation, you know."

"That'll work just fine." She grinned wolfishly as they parted, very pleased by his promise of another date.

Walking away, she didn't linger on her disappointment; there would be time for that kind of rumination later. At heart she was a determined fighter, and now she had something new to strive for. She thought, I don't know what I'm gonna wear next time, but whatever it is, it's gonna blow him away! I'm not gonna give in so easily to this "just be friends" thing. He thinks I'm not right for him because of his so-called harem. But it's not like it's a real harem; all that means is that he's playing around. That's what a lot of teenage boys do.

Dammit, next Saturday night I'm gonna wear something so hot that there's a chance it'll just up and burst into flames! I'm so horny that I can't stand it. I love him! There, I said it! I want him so much. And the fact that he's trying to protect me from his supposed badness makes me love him even more!

He noted that she wore a heavy overcoat as she left. He realized it would have been fairly scandalous and dangerous for her to be seen outside in the outfit she'd shown in the restaurant.

As he walked away, he thought, I must be a complete idiot. Turning that body down? Wow. What a piece of work she is, even just physically. Not to mention how smart and all-around great she is. But there's a battle going on inside me, and Bad Alan wins far too often. If I don't show some self-control, if I don't enforce some limits, things'll get crazier and crazier until it all flies apart and I lose everything. I am NOT going to let that happen!bender

Why is it there are so many incredible women who have all crossed my path at the same time? What are the odds? Meanwhile, somewhere else in the world there are who knows how many guys just like me alone tonight without even one girl - let alone one of Christine's quality - in their life. Life is just so fucking unfair. It's beyond absurd that I could reach a point of sexual satiation where I actually have to turn down the likes of this stunning woman!

Chapter 1060 Hey, Don't Forget About Us!

As soon as Christine stepped inside her house, her mother was right there to intercept her and greet her. Olga asked, "Well?! How did it go?"

Christine smiled and rolled her eyes. "MooooOOOooooom! Please. What happens on my dates is private."

Olga said eagerly, "I know that, and you know that, but we both know I can't control my curiosity!"

Christine laughed. "True. But still, I can't kiss and tell."

"A-ha! So there was more kissing! Excellent!"

Christine rolled her eyes again. "Mom, really. If you must know something, let me put it this way: I had a great time, like I always do on my dates with him, but there were no new developments. We didn't do

anything that we didn't do last time." She added in her mind, Less, actually, but I don't want to disappoint Mom by telling her that.

"Oh. That's too bad. Well, what about going steady? Did he say anything about that?"

Christine gave her mother a typical annoyed-teenager look. She was particularly bothered because she hadn't been honest with her parents on that troublesome issue. "Mom, please. Don't pressure me about that, okay? To be honest, Alan was already dating a girl before he got started with me. He may not be that keen to give her up just yet."

That took Olga aback. "Oh, I see. I didn't know about that. What's her name?"

"I'd rather not say. Unfortunately for me, she's extremely sweet and nice, and all around wonderful. Beautiful too."

"Oh dear. Don't tell me he's two-timing her! I can't imagine an upstanding young man like Alan doing something like that."

Christine thought, "Upstanding young man?" True, except for the fact that he's got a whole bevy of pretty girls at his beck and call! At least I'm finally telling Mom about Amy - kind of. That's a start. But she'd freak if she knew the full truth. She replied, "No, he's not. She knows about me and I know about her, and we're both cool with it. We're kind of friends, actually."

"Well, that's good at least. But don't worry; I have no doubt that he'll be dating you exclusively before long. How could he not? Look at your outfit, for one thing!"

That was an embarrassing reminder for Christine. She liked wearing the skin-tight red outfit for Alan, but she dreaded having her parents see her in it. She'd snuck out of the house with a coat on, but she couldn't help getting caught on the way back home. She was grateful that at least her father Lars wasn't to be seen.

Trying to sound optimistic for her mother, she said, "There's no doubt he loved this." She waved a hand down her body, referring to her revealing red outfit. She was grateful that most of it was covered by

her coat, but the coat only went down to her waist, so there was enough showing below that to make clear her outfit was skin-tight and very sexy. "I need to thank Aunt Kirsten yet again for her help."

Olga asked, "That's quite some outfit. Can I see the full effect?"

"I'd rather you didn't. Sorry. It was painfully embarrassing wearing this in a public place, but, well..."

Olga made a guess on how that sentence should finish. "You've gotta do what you've gotta do to win your man. I completely agree! That's why I have no doubt you'll be going steady with him soon. And then... who knows? Maybe more! Maybe much more! Speaking of Kirsten, you know she married quite young." She didn't mention that Kirsten's husband had also died young in an accident.

Christine groaned and rolled her eyes. "MoooOOOOooooom! Please! Don't ever talk about that kind of thing! It's waaaay too soon!"

Olga held up her hands apologetically. "Sorry. I guess I'm being a little over enthusiastic."

"A little," Christine said sarcastically.

"It's just that I know you. You're not like other girls. It doesn't surprise me at all that you haven't dated willy-nilly, or even at all. You wait and wait until you find exactly what you want. Then you go for it, all out! You're an all-or-nothing girl. So if you're willing to date Alan, then he must mean a lot to you."

Christine knew there was a lot of truth to her mother's analysis, but she was reluctant to admit the depth of her feelings. Plus, she was painfully aware that there were complicating factors about which Olga only had the slightest glimmer, now that she'd at least mentioned that he was dating someone else. She said, "I don't know about that. We'll see. Besides, it takes two to tango. Anyway, I really, really want to get out of these clothes. Can I go now?"

Olga stood back, making way. "Please. Don't mind me. And congratulations! Although you say you didn't make any progress on this date, I'm sure you did in subtle ways. Each time you go out together, you're bound to draw together ever closer."

"Yeah, well, we'll see." Christine walked off to her room.

Once she was alone, Christine thought, Sheesh! Mom is a problem. She's got such high expectations. Way too high! I don't think that my news about him dating someone else slowed her down much at all. There's no way I could tell her about the rest. No way! I can't even admit it fully to myself, and I know it for a stone cold fact! What am I going to do when the weeks and months go by and Alan and I still aren't going steady? UGH! Maybe I could ask him to lie to her about it? Argh! I don't even want to think about that right now. Hopefully it won't come to that.

— — —

Alan came home from his dinner in an unhappy mood. He thought, I know I did the right thing with Christine tonight. Still, I can't shake the feeling that my words were at least partly influenced by spitefulness. Am I getting back at her for turning me down? I hope that isn't the case, because if it is it means that what I consider a mature, responsible, and selfless decision was actually quite petty. I do have to admit that I got some satisfaction now that the tables are turned, so I wasn't the one practically begging for a date. But I don't think that was all of it, or even much of it. I hope not.

As soon as he walked in the front door of his house, he heard a loud noise. He looked around and saw Amy standing directly in front of him, about fifteen feet away at the foot of the stairs, blowing on a whistle.

She was ostensibly dressed as a policewoman (the same outfit she'd tried on at the sex shop earlier), but it was a bit difficult to tell at first glance since the only things she wore were a police hat, a gun belt, and black high-heeled boots that went up past her knees. The gun in the holster on the belt was obviously a water pistol, but the handcuffs looked plenty real.

One look at Amy's big, wobbling tits and clean-shaven pussy caused Alan's dick to grow hard immediately. Oh, YES! Hell, yes! Just what I need!

"Hold it right there, mister!" Amy said in a mock-angry voice. But even when she tried to sound angry, she was still bubbling over with joy and enthusiasm, and she couldn't stop smiling. "You're under arrest for being too sexy and too well-hung!" She twirled a pair of handcuffs around in her fingers.

Alan was overjoyed. After a couple of hours of blue balls staring at Christine's wobbly breasts and heartbreakingly-beautiful face, he needed some quick sexual relief. Watch out, Aims! I'm gonna fuck the shit out of you! I hope you're ready to get fucked within an inch of your life!

However, he was willing to play along, since he knew that would ultimately lead to even more pleasure for both of them than just a quick fuck. He held his hands up in the air, as if he was caught. "Sorry, officer. I didn't know those were crimes." "I think you should take a look at

She walked forward. "Technically, they're not. However, in this house, keeping your sister-splitter all covered up and full of cum is an extremely serious offense. And you're in clear violation of the Cum Too Yummy to Be Believed Act of 1969. I'm afraid I'm going to have to conduct a full-cavity search. And then you're gonna have to search every inch of my body too, for some reason. And then we're going to be forced to release the police cat on you."

He grinned, guessing what would come next. "Don't you mean the police dog?"

She grinned even more, as she reached him and began unbuttoning his dress slacks. "Nope. Definitely a cat. She's really good at sniffing out hard-ons." She whistled, but this time just by putting a finger to her lips. "Oh, by the way, I'm confiscating your pants."

Katherine came bounding into the room. At first she loped through the room, but as she got near to Alan and Amy she got down on all fours. She'd been listening to them from the living room, but she hadn't anticipated that Amy would call her in so soon to join in the fun. As a result, she wasn't dressed in any of her newly-purchased cat gear. In fact, she wasn't dressed in anything at all, except for a sexy pair of high heels.

But she made the best of it. She sat up with her hands held out in front of her as if they were paws and she was begging for food or attention. She meowed, then briefly rubbed her face against one of her brother's legs.

Alan was in awe. Man! To come home from a date with Christine to this! I'm such a lucky son of a gun!

Amy quickly yanked down Alan's slacks.

Just as his erection bounced free, Katherine reached it and began licking it all over. While her tongue got to work, her hands pawed at it like a cat playing with a scratch toy.

He thought, Oh fuck me, that feels so good! Oh man! I could close my eyes and imagine it was Christine. He did just that, but quickly decided it was a bad idea, since it would make him cum far too soon. But opening his eyes and looking down on Katherine lapping eagerly on his shaft didn't exactly cool his ardor either. Oh fuck! Too hot!

Still grinning widely, he asked Amy, "What's the police cat doing, exactly?"

"Oh, that? She's uh, checking for contraband. And terrorists."

He snorted with laughter. "Terrorists, huh?" bender

Amy stepped closer, putting herself within reach. "Yeah, you never know where they might be hiding." She lifted her hands behind her head and thrust her chest out, giving him an invitation to fondle her big orbs that she knew he couldn't resist.

"So they might be hiding in your cleavage too, then." He reached forward and began groping her tits.

Amy giggled. "Yep! Thanks for checking. Make sure to do a real thorough job." She said to Katherine, "Be sure to check his balls thoroughly also."

Katherine meowed, then grabbed her brother's balls with both hands. She tugged lightly on them and scratched her nails across them in a surprisingly pleasurable way. All the while, she kept a tight lip-lock on his erection while steadily bobbing up and down on it.

Amy smiled to see that, then turned back to Alan. Her voice changed back to her mock-serious, angry one. "But hold on, mister. You're still in a heap of trouble. Isn't that true, police cat?"

Katherine looked up briefly, meowing in affirmation while never letting his dick out of her mouth. Then she went from repeatedly sliding her lips past his sweet spot, while also tickling it with her tongue, to

diving down as deep as she could. She was unable to deep throat him, but she repeatedly went down far enough to choke and gag on his dick.

She actually liked that, because the choking was done carefully so that she wasn't ever in any real danger. I'm choking on my brother's fat cock! Yes! This is fuck-toy heaven, right here! She "choked" on him a couple more times before retreating back to his sweet spot.

While that was happening, Alan was staring at Amy's luscious lips, angling for an excuse to kiss them that could fit in with their role-play. He said, "Thank you, officer, for keeping us all safe. You do such a good job that you deserve a big kiss!" He leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers while continuing to play with her fantastic rack.

It was a pretty flimsy excuse, even by the standards of their silly role-play, but Amy responded eagerly, kissing back with all the love in her heart. She continued to hold her hands behind her head, because she loved having her big tits fondled while in that pose.

Alan groaned as a surprisingly strong wave of pleasure washed over him. Dang! My sisters are just too much fun. I love them all up. And there's something about Kat acting like a cat that's even more arousing than usual. It's like all that talk of hers of being a fuck toy and a fuck pet somehow becomes more real. She pleases me with pure animal instinct.

Amy, meanwhile, lowered her arms and got busy unbuttoning his dress shirt. "So, mister, I'm warning you, you can't just go around kissing officers of the law like that. If you do it to me again, I'm liable to turn in my badge and become one of your sex slaves! And don't think you can distract me by waving that big stiff tree trunk of yours around. Are you trying to bribe a police officer with your thick, delicious cock?"

"Yes, I am," he said with mock guilt as he fingered Amy's pussy and played with one of her nipples.

Katherine was being extra loud and slurpy with her cocksucking to make sure he wouldn't forget what she was doing to him. Of course there was no way he could overlook the tremendous pleasure she was giving him, but the wet noises made it even more enjoyable.

Amy replied, "Well then, this is an open-and-shut case. I'm ready to pronounce you guilty of bribery AND of being an excellent fuck. You clearly have far too much cum in your dick and balls, and far too

little inside your fuck-hungry sisters!" She giggled again, finishing unbuttoning his shirt as she said that and tossing it aside. Then she got down on her knees next to Katherine.

Alan closed his eyes, trying to cope with the upcoming extreme stimulation that he anticipated. Oh, man! Man oh man oh man! I've had such fucking blue balls all evening long. Two busty and beautiful sisters loving my cock with their tongues and lips is the perfect remedy!

Katherine pulled back to just sucking and licking the tip of her brother's stiffness, giving Amy a chance to lick at the rest.

Amy eagerly took advantage of that opportunity. But after a few licks, she looked up at Alan's face and said, "Since you're such a big, cum-filled criminal, I'm worried you may be carrying a loaded weapon somewhere. I'd better check you more thoroughly." She smirked as she reached behind him and stuck a finger deep in his asshole, then began wiggling it around. "Hmmm. No loaded weapon in here. I don't feel any terrorists in there, either. What do you think, police cat?"

Katherine was supposed to just reply with meows, but she couldn't keep herself from talking. "Mmmm. I think I've definitely discovered a big weapon. And it is extremely loaded; it could go off at any moment!"

Alan strained to control his urge to cum, bearing down with his PC muscle. He mumbled, "You got that right!"

Amy crawled around to Alan's backside, leaving his pulsing erection all to Katherine for the moment. She buried her face in his ass crack, tonguing everything she could reach. She even made her tongue into a spike and then tongue-fucked his asshole.

Her hands also reached around and kept busy fondling his balls or his cock, depending on what Katherine left available at any given moment.

Time passed. He thought, Man alive! This is such an all-out assault. God knows my sisters love to suck cock, my cock, but it seems like they're putting extra effort into it. Like the fact that Aims is literally fucking my ass with her tongue at this very moment!

They know that I've just come from a date with Christine. Are they jealous? Maybe this is their way of saying, "Hey, don't forget about us!"

In fact, that was a spot-on analysis. It was a very subtle thing though, since they always gave their all anyway when it came to pleasuring his cock. There wasn't much they could do this time that they didn't already do on a daily basis. It was mostly that they were being more aggressive and possessive than usual.

After a while, Katherine sat up higher on her high heels and began sliding her brother's prick through her cleavage. She made sure to flick her tongue at his cockhead each time it got within range of her mouth. She looked up at him, winked, and said, "I think you'd better check my pussy to see if there are any terrorists in there. Do you have, I dunno, some kind of tool or appendage that could probe all the way to my deepest depths, just to be sure?"

He simply groaned at all this wonderful stimulation. Katherine's tits especially felt delightfully soft and slippery, but the way Amy was repeatedly trying to get her entire tongue inside his asshole was not to be ignored, either.