

6 Times 1101

Chapter 1101 Christine!

While Glory's vision of Alan getting help from Simone and Heather in getting relief for his blue balls was in no way implausible based on recent events, the reality turned out to be far different. As soon as he left Glory's classroom and closed the door, someone else was there for him.

Christine urgently grabbed his arm. "Alan! You got out early. What a lucky break!" She looked at him with determination and intensity.

Alan was miffed. He thought, Can't anyone leave me alone for at least one minute? How the hell am I going to get relief now, with Christine, of all people, clinging to me?

He hid his disappointment as well as he could, but couldn't help but ask, "Wait. Have you been standing out here the whole time, just waiting for me to come out?"

Christine shot him an angry look. Apparently, he was violating her security protocol by saying even that much, even though there was no one around. She merely said, "Come with me."

Alan was still in an extremely erotic mood. He thought, If she's helping that much, she must really want my body. In his fantasy, Christine was taking him to the notorious little-used "stinky bathroom." She would rush in the bathroom, yank off her pants and panties, then bend over the sink with her legs spread wide. She'd say, "Alan, I forgot to mention it, but there's a price to be paid for having a bodyguard. I expect to get paid in cum daily, and I expect you to start now. So move! Fuck me hard and fill me up with your burning hot cum! Bust my cherry!"

He had an idiotic grin on his face as he vividly envisioned this, but he felt a hand yanking on his and that woke him out of his reverie. It was a rather peeved Christine practically pulling him away. He got the message and began keeping up with her, but he still kept the stupid grin and vague sexual thoughts about all the different ways he'd be "forced" to "pay" his bodyguard.

She hurried down the hallway.

Just as they got going, the bell rang, indicating that the lunchtime was over and there was only five minutes for students to get to their next class. That meant the halls would soon be filling up with people.

As she rushed along with Alan struggling to keep up, she made some small talk. "By the way, what was going on in there? I thought I could just barely make out some yelling, earlier."

"Oh, you know. Heather and Ms. Rhymer hate each other with a passion. Things kind of got out of hand." Technically that was true, but it was also highly misleading. He thought to himself, You could say that again!

He was so aroused that just about any thought would lead to a sexual fantasy, and the mention of Heather and Glory hating each other made it easy. He spaced out picturing a cat fight between teacher and student turning into a lesbian love-fest. His blank stare and idiotic grin came back with a vengeance.

Christine brought him back to the same empty hallway she'd taken him to earlier in the day, when she'd had him meet Michelle. In fact, they went to the exact same alcove. Only this time Michelle wasn't there and Christine pushed him into the alcove and then went in after him. It was a great spot to make out, and couples did use it for that purpose from time to time. But she remained partially in the hall and partially in the alcove so she could steal occasional glances to see if others might be coming their way.

They stopped, but Christine could see Alan was in another world. She waved her hand in front of his face and even snapped her fingers. "Alan? Hell-looo? Alan? Are you with me?"

"Oh. Right. Sorry." He struggled to focus on her words and not drop his eyes to her thoroughly covered but still undeniably massive chest. He guessed her tits were about the same size as Susan's or Suzanne's, and he imagined a size competition where all three women were topless and rubbing their chests up against each other to determine who had the biggest rack. (That was hardly the most efficient way to compare sizes, but it sure worked for Alan's fantasy.) He lay underneath them all, fucking Christine and fingering Susan's perpetually needy ass. His stupid grin came back again. bender

Christine though was also partially distracted as she looked around to see if they had been spotted or followed. As she did this, she waved her hand in front of his face and said crisply, "Alan, what's with you? This is very important! I was waiting for you all during lunch, but never mind that. It's part of my job. While I was waiting, and just after Heather" - she spat out Heather's name with obvious distaste -

"and Simone went in there, Michelle came to give me some more news. Hot off the press, too! Too bad you weren't around to hear it straight from her. It turns out that her brother talked to her again. All kinds of things are going down!"

Up to this point, the main thought on Alan's mind had been how he was going to cum before the end of lunch. Since he was with Christine, his hard-on had not gone down in the slightest, since she radiated sexiness no matter what she wore. But the importance of her words finally got his attention and he did his best to focus. It was as if there was a solid haze of lust in front of his eyes, making everything a bit indistinct, that's how aroused he was. But he did his utmost to concentrate on her words. He stared at a wall so he wouldn't be distracted by her beauty, but he did it in a way to make it look like he was concentrating intensely instead of spacing out.

He asked impatiently, "Go on. What things?"

Aware that time was running out before the bell rang again, she began to speak faster. "Serious things! Very serious! There's this guy named Dave. He came to Gary and basically spilled the beans. He and Gary had been at a meeting that apparently took place this very morning, led by Rock and Ryan, with the sole purpose of planning revenge against you! They're planning all kinds of evil things!"

"What, exactly?" His sexual fog was lifting, driven away by fear.

"Well, actually, Gary wouldn't say. He doesn't want to be known as a snitch. He could get seriously beaten up. He's trying to pass on just enough so their plot will be spoiled, but not so much so that they'll be on to him as a traitor to their group. He wouldn't say who they were, or how many they were, or what they were doing, or when they're planning on doing it."

"Then what the hell DID he say?! Some help he is! And what about Dave? Will he say more?"

"No, he would be appalled if he knew Gary even told anyone his name. It's like this. Dave had a talk with Ryan some time after the meeting. He was concerned that the plan was too serious, that they were going too far. He didn't want to have to do serious jail time if the whole thing went bad."

"Jail time? Are you kidding me?" Alan was practically panicky now. His erection was finally starting to wilt, although having the beauty of Christine's face so close to his made that difficult even in these circumstances.

She looked at her watch and continued even more breathlessly, "No! I'm telling you, this is bad! So Dave says he doesn't want to do it but he will go along with a more modified plan that's just the usual beating you up kind of thing. But Ryan says no go. All or nothing. Dave talked to Gary because he was going around trying to drum up support for a more modified plan. Gary told us Dave's name only because he says that if the whole thing goes to hell, we should remember that Dave at least isn't as guilty as the other guys."

"Oh, great. So he only wants to kick my ass instead of permanently maim me? What a pal."

"Probably something like that," Christine agreed, which didn't make Alan feel any better in the slightest. "Gary is concerned that Ryan and Rock are a bit out of control and have some kind of seriously crazy plan that's going to blow up in everyone's face. Here's where it gets really scary. The only real clue is that he said that 'Alan and his chick' should watch out. I took that to mean Amy."

"Slow down. 'His chick'?"

"Yes. Those were his exact words."

Alan's erection was completely gone by now, replaced by a dull aching in his loins. He felt a surge of adrenaline as he was hit by a desire to hurt anyone who might even think of hurting his precious and vulnerable Amy. "Let's get these fuckers! I want to talk to this Gary myself! Right now!"

"Hold on! Hold on! No way. If you do that, Gary will be completely lost to us. If you are seen with him, that's it. They'll be as much after him as they are after you. Let Michelle handle it. Force won't work. The only chance is that Michelle, his own sister, can wheedle more info out of him."

Alan found himself speaking quickly too, caught up in Christine's frantic pace. "But what am I supposed to do, then? If they're saying jail time, that sounds like felony kind of stuff! Are these guys mental?! And AMY! Not only that, but 'chick' could mean anyone! It could just as easily mean Katherine, couldn't it?"

"Maaaaybe, in theory," Christine replied, still talking like a New Yorker in a big hurry. "But your relationship with Amy is pretty notorious. That's half of what got them so cheesed off at you in the first

place. So I'm almost positive it's her. But you're right, we should keep an eye on Katherine too, just to be on the safe side."

"Keep an eye? Keep an eye?! Jesus H. Christ, is that all we can do? We need to plan! Strike first!"

Again, Christine scanned the halls carefully, making Alan feel even more paranoid and afraid. "Hold on, Hormone Boy. They're the ones with the uncontrolled testosterone this time, lashing out at you blindly. We need to be clever and outsmart them. In the meantime, I've got you covered. They can't do anything with Amy or Katherine or anybody else without you there. The whole point is to get to YOU! I've gathered that the thing about your 'chick' is just bait to get you. So as long as you're safe, everything's cool."

She went on, "I'm going to be covering you like Saran wrap at all times. Which leads me to the other thing we've got to discuss in this last minute or two. The cover story. Basically, while I was waiting for you during lunch I got to thinking. If I'm hanging around you all the time, people are going to start to wonder. If they figure out I'm your bodyguard, then I'll be a target too, and the element of surprise of a female with unexpected fighting skills will be lost. So that's why I need to be your girlfriend too."

"What?!" He'd made a solemn vow to himself that he could never get romantic or physical with Christine in any way, and he thought she fully understood this.

Flustered and embarrassed, she quickly added, "Your pretend-wanna-be girlfriend, I mean! Just think: it's the perfect cover. If everyone thinks that I'm all moony for you, then that'll explain why I'm following you around all the time. They'll think I'm a stalker-type or something. What do you think?"

"I think that's a good plan." Even with the action mode he was now in, the idea of Christine as "girlfriend" covering him "like Saran wrap at all times" was giving him dirty thoughts. He got that silly, spaced out look again.

Christine waved her hand in front of his face again. "Alan? You are listening, aren't you?"

Alan stared at Christine's chest and it seemed like she was topless. But his vision cleared and her clothes reappeared in his mind. "Of course. I'm just tired. Have you alerted Amy? Or Katherine?"

She took another look at her watch, and frowned. "No, not exactly. I did talk to Katherine and I told her to talk to Amy, but that was at the start of lunch and before I got this latest update from Michelle. I mean, I just found out about all this like five minutes ago, and Michelle and Gary just talked a little before that. Still, Katherine knows enough to put her and Amy on their guard. I'll try to get to them between fifth and sixth, or after school. You try too. Now I gotta run. Later!"

She took off down the hallway at a full gallop.

Alan, surprised and overwhelmed by all the sudden developments, just had enough time to say, "Later! ... And thanks!" Then he too began running.

As Christine ran, she was smiling. She was intensely worried about Alan's safety, and even now she planned to linger in the hall if need be just enough to see that he made it to his classroom door (still on the second floor) before she bolted down the stairs to her own class. So normally she would have had an intense frown in such a situation, except for the fact that he had accepted her cover-story idea. She also couldn't miss the way he'd been staring at her hungrily.

She thought with glee, Okay, so I'm not his real girlfriend. And maybe getting all excited about being a pretend girlfriend is a bit immature. I really do need to yank my nose out of the books and get more of a life. But this idea has so much POTENTIAL! I can flirt and maybe even kiss him, and it'll all be to further the cause of the cover story! I kind of really hope those Neanderthals don't try their plan for a long time, because I could really get into this bodyguard and pretend-girlfriend thing. Maybe even after I KICK THEIR ASSES I should stay as his bodyguard and girlfriend just to be on the safe side! Yeah, that's it! Hee! Wooo!

She was so happy that she was more flying down the halls than running down them.

Chapter 1102 Susan and Brenda

Back at the Plummer house, Susan exclaimed, "Would you stop that? You're making me nervous." She was annoyed at Brenda, because she kept pacing around.

"Sorry, Mistress, it's just that I'm so anxious about tonight."

"I gathered that somehow," Susan replied with a rare use of sarcasm. Brenda had been saying the same things over and over all day. Suzanne had been with the two super busty mothers for a while, but she'd left about an hour earlier, as Brenda's anxiousness had started to get to her. Tonight was the night Brenda was to reveal herself as Alan's sex slave, and the minutes couldn't pass quickly enough for her.

Susan and Brenda were outside by the pool, even though it was after lunch and the hottest part of the day. Susan had thought the change of scenery might help Brenda relax. They were under the shade of a tree and even wearing bikinis for good measure, to make sure they didn't get sunburned.

Brenda was still up and pacing around, so Susan suggested, "Why don't you take another dip in the pool to cool off? Or I could get you another drink." Susan was occasionally sipping on a glass of pineapple juice as she lay on her lounge chair.

Brenda stopped in front of where Susan sat on her lounge chair, and crossed her arms underneath her tremendous rack. "I don't want a swim. I don't want a drink, unless it's spermy. I want ALAN! I wanna serve him, and love him, and suck his cock! I wanna see his face when it's announced that I'll serve him as his sex slave for ever and ever! Most of all, I wanna get FUCKED by a master cocksman! I wanna feel his fat cock splitting my pussy in two. I wanna hear the sound of his balls slapping against me as he drives in deep! USING me, the way a big-titted beauty needs to be used!"

Susan could feel her heart start to pound and her nipples harden as Brenda spoke with increasing passion.

Brenda went on, "I want the joy of feeling his sweet sperm splattering the walls of my cunt! I wanna smell his sweet cum as he pulls his sticky dick out of another woman and makes me beg and crawl on all fours before I can lick it clean! I want him to seriously fuck me up, leaving me a ragged, sweaty, slutty Alan-whore, gasping for breath, overjoyed to be alive and so thoroughly fucked and tamed! I want him to FORCE me to dream about licking his balls, like it's the greatest joy on Earth! I wanna-

Susan raised a hand. "Whoa! Hold on. I get the picture. If you keep up like that, I'm gonna get all worked up again."

The two mothers had had quite a few orgasms during the day, and Suzanne had had a lot of fun with them too. In truth, Susan was already very worked up from Brenda's little speech, but she tried not

to show it. She didn't want Brenda too worn out for her big night, and she didn't want to be too worn out herself for when Alan came home.

So Susan put her drink down and continued, "We all want those things. God knows that my son is a sex stud who leaves me, er us, constantly dreaming about his fat cock and all the things we could be doing to it, not to mention all the things it could do to us. But talking about that doesn't make it night time, all of a sudden."

"No," Brenda admitted, "but it does help pass the time until then." She slipped her bikini top off her nipples and firmly squeezed both her massive boobs. "Curse these things! They get so tingly and sensitive whenever I think of him. I had to go home early from shopping yesterday, because my nipples were rubbing against my blouse and I got too horny. I couldn't stop thinking about being his slave!"

Susan said, "Welcome to my world. But what can you do? You just have to be patient."

Brenda sighed, and let go of her bouncy orbs. Calmer now, she returned to her lounge chair next to Susan's. "Tell me. How do you think Alan will be as a master, my master?"

They'd been over this ground earlier in the day, but neither of them could help stop talking about their favorite topics. Susan smiled widely as she considered the question. "Well, you know he's loving and kind. But he's also in clear command at all times. He knows what he wants and he knows how to get it. And if what he wants is a beautiful, busty babe, then there's nothing we can do but get fucked! Even in our faces. Especially there! Any of his slaves has to be ready to suck him at any time!"

"MMMM!" Brenda moaned lustily. This was like heaven on Earth for her.

Susan went on, "But it's not all peaches and cock cream. He's going to put you in your place over and over again. Your face will burn red daily. He's very good at manipulating and humiliating the likes of you and me. Even knowing it in advance changes nothing; we simply can't resist!"

"I don't want to resist!" Brenda said excitedly as she sat on the edge to the lounge chair next to Susan's. She completely removed her bikini top and pinched her nipples.

"I know. Neither do I, obviously. But we CAN'T! I'm just saying that if we were in some weird hypothetical situation where you or I even THOUGHT about saying 'no' to him even once, Tiger would soon slap that resistance right out of us! He'd whip his huge cock out and slap my face with it repeatedly, and then slap your face with it, until we both get so hot that we can't help but take turns choking and gagging on it!"

"That's SO TRUE!" Getting even more excited, Brenda asked, "What do you think Master Alan would do if he came home from school early and saw the two of us right here? Imagine we're so fucked out from our earlier fun with Suzanne that we're not interested in sex. What would he do?"

"Well, I have a hard time imagining that. I'd have to be really, really, really tired. Unable to lift my arms kind of tired. Literally unable. Take me to the hospital tired."

"I know; me too. But just pretend!" Brenda insisted.

"Okay, fine. Hmmm. Well, I guess he'd walk right up to us, and seeing that my mouth is more or less at boner level, he'd flop out that fat stiffer of his and shove it down my throat. Then he'd say, 'What's with you two? Why aren't you on your knees before me? Assume the position! Why aren't you-'"

Brenda cut in, "Wait! I just love that part. I love when he says 'Assume the position!' in a booming voice. I think those are my three favorite words in the entire English language! I get shivers down my spine just thinking about it!" She got out of the lounge chair and knelt next to it, thrusting her chest out and crossing her wrists over each other just above her ass.

Susan found herself falling to her knees to strike the same position, without really thinking about what she was doing. But as she did so, she pointed out, "You know, it's kind of rude to assume the position without being totally nude."

Brenda's eyes went wide. "You're so right!"

That led to a mad scramble as the two of them took off what parts of their bikinis they still had on. Once they were both nude, they held hands and sighed with deep contentment.

Then Susan pointed out, "You know, it's not really right?unless we're wearing high heels." But they both knew that those were in?the house. So before Brenda led another mad scramble, Susan added,?"Since Tiger's not actually here, we can let that slide this time. But?remember, for the future."

"Yes, Mistress." She squeezed Susan's hand with her own, and then let go. "God, this is too exciting!"

The two of them remained frozen in "the position," dreaming,?fantasizing, and checking each other out. They kept their arms pinned?behind their backs, despite the discomfort.

After a while, Brenda suggested, "Let's close our eyes. Then?we can pretend Master Alan is standing before us, about to give us?orders."

"Good idea!"

The two of them remained kneeling for five minutes or more,?lost in their own submissive fantasies. Had any neighbors seen, they?would have been quite puzzled, to say the least. They were both happy as?clams.

Interestingly, all their daydreams involved them working on?his cock together instead of alone. Both of them preferred that most of?the time. Not so surprisingly, they mostly thought of double blowjobs.

Eventually, Susan responded to Brenda's earlier comment about?her "three favorite words in the entire English language." Still frozen?in position, she said, "'Assume the position' is a pretty awesome three?word combo. But the best three words EVER? I dunno. What about, 'Suck?my cock?' Or 'Bend over, Mommy?' Or 'You've been bad?'"

""You've been bad?""

"Yeah. You know he's going to say that just before he lays your naked body across his lap and spanks you."

"Oh! Well, that sounds pretty hot, too! Okay, so maybe not my?absolute favorite for sure, but way up there! Still, just thinking?about those words sends a shiver up and down my spine."

"Yeah," Susan sighed dreamily. "Me too. 'Assume the position.'" She sighed again. bender

"I'm so wet! How 'bout you?"

Susan chuckled. "You're always wet. But yeah, I am too. My pussy is throbbing. Just thinking about him standing so tall above me, fully clothed, while I'm naked and helpless... Should I continue with my visualization of him standing above me? Er, I mean, us?"

"Oh, please! What would he say next?"

"I dunno," Susan admitted. "I'm not him. It's hard for me, with a natural sex slave mentality, to understand his superior, dominating ways."

"Try!" Brenda panted.

"Okay, but remember that his thick cock would be deep in my throat by this time, and his hands would be on the back of my head, forcing his yummy sperm shooter deeper and deeper down my throat. So I wouldn't be able to think."

"But you're not actually doing that. You're just thinking it. Think! Think! What would he do next?"

"Well... Hmmm... He'd probably tell us some more about how we've been bad and need to be punished. He'd probably say something like, 'Why aren't you wearing high heels? Do you think you deserve a spanking?'"

Brenda exclaimed, "Yes! Yes, Master! I do! Please!"

Susan laughed. "He's not actually here, remember?"

Brenda frowned at that. Like Susan, she still had her eyes closed, and was so worked up that she had a hard time remembering he wasn't there after all. But then she asked, "Can I share some of his cock? His pretend cock?"

Susan smiled as both of them opened their eyes. She brought a hand up to her face and pretended to be stroking a phallic shape right in front of her mouth. "Okay! Why don't we act like we're licking it together? It'll be good practice. Just think: you and I, in the years to come, we're gonna suck and lick his cock together thousands of times! Ten of thousands, maybe!"

"WOW!" Brenda did a quick mental calculation that it would take an average one dual blowjob a day for thirty years to get to about ten thousand. She wanted to average more than that.

Susan eagerly added, "And that's not even counting things like triple blowjobs or double titfucks! And MORE! Four tongues on him at once may well become a daily habit! Can you just imagine all that shared spermy pleasure!"

"I can!" Brenda leaned in and stuck her tongue out, as if hoping to really lick the nonexistent penis. "You're getting me so excited! I can almost feel the sperm splashing on our faces!"

But then she suddenly grasped Susan's nearest forearm. "Mistress Susan, if I can take a time out here, I just want to say that finding the Plummer family has been the BEST thing that's ever happened to me! I could never even begin to imagine serving another master! Alan is exactly what I need. He's the only man who can ever truly OWN me! And then having to serve four mistresses too! Oh! I get so wet just thinking about it!" She bounced anxiously on her heels.

Forgetting the pretend blowjob for the moment, Susan asked, "What about Adrian?"

Brenda grew more serious. "I love my Pooh Bear with all my heart, and I can't wait to have sex with him. But it's a totally different thing. Totally different. I can't be Adrian's sex slave, at least not in the sense that I crave, since he's just not the natural master type. I absolutely love the idea of sexually pleasuring him, but he doesn't haunt all my dreams like Master Alan does. What I want to do with my son is almost like sex therapy, to get him back on the right track. Ultimately, I want and expect him to find someone else, and soon. Otherwise, I wouldn't enslave myself to Alan."

Susan nodded. "That's wise."

"I need both of them in my life, but in different ways. So I have to keep the two things completely separate in my mind. Actually, it would be helpful if you don't mention Adrian's name at times like these. It's really jarring to me."

"Sorry. Where were we?" They were facing each other now, even as they remained on their knees. Susan had brought her hands back behind her back as if her wrists were tied up, but her boobs were touching Brenda's, and she playfully rubbed their huge racks together.

"You were talking about double-teaming Alan Junior with our lips and tongues!"

"Mmmm! One of my favorite things in the whole wide world!"

Brenda eagerly pushed her mammoth tits back against Susan's, and brought her hands up to help heft them and press them closer.

But Susan complained, "Try not to use your hands. This'll be good practice for all the times our master has us naked and bound, but wants to force us to get all lesbo on each other so his fat stiffy can get even fatter and stiffer!"

"Good idea!" Brenda replied as she brought her hands behind her back again. "Gaawwwd, that makes me all hot, thinking about him forcing us to perform all kinds of perverted lesbian sex acts for nothing but his amusement. We really have no choice but to serve his incredible cock, do we?!"

"Nope!" Their mouths drew in for a kiss, although it was a bit difficult since their upper torsos were constantly sliding against each other.

After a minute or so of hot and heavy necking, Brenda said, "Let's get back to the dual blowjob idea. Can you think of anything better than sharing our master's cock with our mouths and especially our tongues, if it's just the two of him on him?"

"Nope! ... Well, maybe there are a couple things that tie."

They both giggled at that, while they thought of possibilities.

Brenda blurted out, "Yeah, like a double titfuck, or a fuck sandwich!"

Susan moaned appreciatively. "Mmmm, yes! Gosh, can you just?imagine a fuck sandwich with the two of us lying face to face? So much?TIT! Brenda, you know that you and I, we're his two bustiest sex pets!?As the years go by, he's gonna titfuck both of us that our cleavage will?probably permanently smell like his sperm! Wouldn't it be exciting if?he could fuck us together like that?! A lot?!"

"Oh, Mistress! OH! YES! Yes, yes, yes! You're getting me too hot!"

Chapter 1104 I Am Here With

Brenda looked around and asked, "Hey, what happened to the dildo I was playing with earlier?"

Susan nodded to the short table next to Brenda's lounge chair. "It's right there."

"Oh. Let me get it. With that kind of talk, we're gonna need it! Hold on!" Brenda was up and back with the dildo in a flash.

Susan suggested, "We can't really practice a fuck sandwich, but we certainly can practice a double blowjob. The more coordinated we can get, the better!"

"You said it!"

The two of them held the dildo between them, lovingly licking their way up and down it. The fact that it was still wet with Brenda's copious pussy juice from her recent use of it was an added bonus.

As she licked, Susan continued to talk. "While we're doing this, Tiger would say something like, 'That's it, bitches. You're my nasty, slutty, big-titted, cocksucking bitches, aren't you? You think you're respectable married housewives? NO! You were, once, but now you're my buxom sex slave sluts, and you need to get spanked!"

"YES!" Brenda thrust a fist in the air. "I love the spanking part. But he doesn't really use words like 'bitch' and 'slut', does he? We use those kinds of words with each other, but I've never heard him say that to me, at least."

"Unfortunately, no, he doesn't. Very rarely, at best. But it's our fantasy, so we can have him say whatever we want. Why don't you give it a try?"

Brenda's eyes lit up at that. As she licked the dildo, she said, "Okay! So then he says, 'Hey, you busty bimbos, as soon as I blow a load down Brenda's throat, I'm gonna handcuff your hands together and your ankles together, and then handcuff you to each other, just for good measure!' Then he roughly forces his fat slab of meat down my throat!"

Brenda inhaled the dildo as far down as she could manage, which left Susan the only one able to talk for the moment.

Susan didn't like the way that Brenda had taken almost complete control of Alan's imaginary erection (and the very real dildo). So she said, "But then he says, 'No, wait a minute. I've changed my mind. Brenda, you've been the naughtiest. You're just gonna have to make do with licking my balls while my sex-toy mommy gets all my cock!'"

Brenda wasn't happy about that, but she acquiesced for the moment and let Susan take control of most of the dildo for the moment. Since it didn't have anything like balls at the bottom, she was left licking air. She put up with that for a few moments, but her desire for cock (even the plastic version) overwhelmed her desire to obey Susan. She said, "Master Alan really loves the way we're slathering his cock n' balls from top to bottom, but then he says, 'What was I thinking? Why am I merely getting a blowjob when I can fuck Brenda's tits?'"

Susan pulled her lips off the dildo, but she was not pleased. She glared at Brenda and said in a harsh tone, "Why, you...!"

But then she caught herself. "Wait a minute. What are we doing here? We're sex slaves! Our role is to SERVE, and coax a continuous stream of sperm from his balls into our tummies and pussies, every day! What about improving our coordination? We can't afford to fight with each other! That'll just get our master angry. And in a bad way, not in an 'I'm gonna spank your sexy ass' kind of good way."

Brenda also started to get mad, but then she checked herself. "You're right. I'm bad. I'll be a bad slave. I'm not worthy!"

Seeing that Brenda was starting to work herself into a state which was mostly brought about by stress over what would happen this evening, Susan acted quickly to repair the damage. "Nonsense. You'll be great. Tiger will love you, I'm sure. Here, let's show what great sex pets we can be by really loving this dildo all up. Then we can practice a double titfuck with it. He'll love it when we do it on him for real tonight!"

So they went back to loving the dildo. At first Brenda wasn't really into it, but by and by she started to regain her passion, and soon the two mothers had the dildo completely slathered with their saliva as their tongues ran over and over every inch.

They went at it for ten minutes or more. But instead of getting bored, the more they did it, the more they got into it. There was a real art to cooperating, to avoid things like bumping heads, and they could sense significant improvement already.

But then they heard clapping, coming from somewhere close. *lightsbender*

Both looked around with great alarm, finally realizing just how exposed they were, kneeling and naked in the middle of a backyard.

But they breathed great sighs of relief as they saw it was only Suzanne. She was towering above them, naked as well except for an extremely large strap-on. She'd come into the background through the gate in the fence that led to her backyard.

"Busted!" Suzanne laughed heartily. "You two are a scream. I wish I could take a picture of your expressions right now."

"You scared me!" Susan exclaimed, clutching her boobs with one hand and holding the dildo with the other. Brenda had reflexively covered up too.

Suzanne shook her head in wonder. "You two are something else, you know that? You're hilarious. I've been watching from Amy's window at first, and then from just the other side of the pool, so I could

listen as well. You two never even noticed I was there. That has to be the most loved and tongued dildo on the entire planet!" She chuckled some more.

Susan stared at the dildo, but didn't know what to say. "Well..."

Suzanne continued, "You're too much, the way you get so horny over any little thing. This whole backyard smells of wet pussy already, and that's with a decent breeze. Why, I'll bet you two would get worked into a lather over Alan if I gave you nothing but, I dunno, a box of Oreos and a book on astronomy."

"Why those things?" Brenda asked as she let go of her boobs and set them bouncing.

"I dunno. I'm just picking two things at random. But now that I think about it, I could easily see you two seriously get off on licking the cream from Oreo cookies. But in any case, I kind of felt bad for you, trying to imagine Alan dominating you when all you've got is that little dildo." She looked down significantly at her strap-on.

Brenda caught on first. "Master Alan!" Still on her knees, she crawled up to Suzanne and began licking her way all around the dildo.

Susan was only a second or two behind. Soon, her tongue was just as busy as Brenda's. This was much better than using a hand-held dildo.

Suzanne thought, Such a pity I can't actually feel anything through this plastic. But still, what a rush of power! I can't even imagine how good this must make Sweetie feel.

She clapped her hands once. "Hey, you two. Stop it for a sec. I have three things to say to you first."

They stopped, but their tongues hovered a fraction of an inch away.

Suzanne smiled and then said in a deep, masculine voice, "Assume the position!"

Susan and Brenda quickly scrambled to thrust their chests out and pin their arms behind their backs. Both looked like they were about to cum just from doing that.

Suzanne again thought, What a rush! Sweetie is such a lucky bastard to enjoy this kind of thing every day. I'm surprised he hasn't gone power mad yet. Not that I'm gonna stand by if he does. But these two are sooooo submissive that it's crazy. Then she said in the same voice, "You've been bad." She winked at Brenda and added in her normal voice, "And yes, that does mean there will be spankings, although you do have to go home soon, before Alan gets back."

Brenda's face lit up and she wiggled with excitement at the prospect of being spanked by Suzanne soon.

Then Suzanne said with an unusually low and demanding voice, "Suck my cock!"

Brenda and Susan were overdosing on pleasure as they returned to their frantic licking of Suzanne's strap-on. They felt chills and goose bumps. Both were very impressed at how Suzanne managed to use all of the favorite three-word phrases they'd been discussing and which Suzanne had obviously overheard.

Suzanne was extremely pleased with herself too. She thought while they licked, These two are such sluts, but such lovable and fun sluts. Hell, I guess I'm a slut too; I'm just about as bad as them deep down, mostly due to my insatiable cunt. It's just that I try hard to put up a front. I'm so glad I've moved beyond all those affairs with so many different partners.

But I mean "slut" in the best possible way. I guess the reason 'slut' has such a negative meaning is when a woman has sex with just anybody. It's an entirely different thing having sex with the ones you love. They inspire me with their devotion and their passion, even if they worry me a little bit with their submissiveness.

Chapter 1105 Alan's Small Harem!

Alan had a difficult time in his fifth-period calculus class. His penis kept getting hard for no reason, and there was nothing he could do about it. His teacher, Mrs. Metzger, was old and unattractive, but that didn't matter, since he wasn't paying much attention to her anyway. Images kept popping up in his mind such as a naked Christine draped over him "like Saran wrap." He envisioned Christine, his mother, and

Suzanne thrusting their racks into each other, Heather being sexually molested by the entire cheerleading squad, saw himself fucking a deliriously happy Glory in front of a bound, naked, and angry Heather, and much more. Mostly, he remembered the sight of Heather bent over Glory's desk.

Needless to say, these thoughts were not helping him get rid of his hard-on.

Worse, Janice was in his class, and he really wanted to get a message to her, but she sat on the other side of the room. Passing a note containing any useful instructions would be far too dangerous. When class was over he tried to reach her, but she was gone in a flash and he had no chance.

He stood outside the class trying to see which way Janice had gone when Christine rushed up, all out of breath. "Alan! It's so good to see you! Do you mind if I tag along?"

They were in a crowded hall, and Alan could see that Christine was playing to an audience, trying out her new lovestruck "cover story." Alan tried to play along, though he was slightly miffed that her presence denied him another chance to duck down a hallway and get some desperately needed relief for his blue balls.

Her presence led to a surge in his Christine fantasies. As she talked, he found himself thinking about how her lips would look and feel as they opened up to worshipfully take in his throbbing penis.

Then, as if reading his mind, completely out the blue, she said in a harsh voice, "Alan, having so many lovers at once is wrong. It's immoral, and I won't stand for it."

He was taken aback. He asked, "Where did that come from?"

Her face seemed to go from anger to worry in a heartbeat. She looked around and said, "Never mind. Maybe later we can talk abo- No. Just forget it." She looked sad.

They walked together down the hallway in silence for a minute or two after that.

Alan was grateful he'd managed to avoid that discussion, and tried not to say anything that might get her started on it again. To his surprise, she didn't try to pass him any serious information, though she did leave with a pointed, "I'll see you after school."

Alan also looked for, but failed to see, any of the cheerleaders or Simone. He especially hoped to find Amy or Katherine to help warn them, but they weren't around.

He did run into Sean, however, and was glad about that. He needed to talk to him about a few things. Some of them, like the latest on his football player troubles, could be discussed in front of Christine. But others, like the need for Sean to get home quickly after school in time for Alan's surprise for him, definitely could not. And in any case, with all the searching for the others there was no time to discuss anything in private. So he just told Sean to make sure to meet him after school.

Sean naturally agreed. Sean also looked curiously at the way Christine was staring at Alan with lovestruck eyes. She seemed to be having a ball playing up her pretend wanna-be girlfriend role.

Alan thought, Sean must be thinking: "Lucky bastard! As if he doesn't have enough women, now even Christine is falling for him in a big way." I should probably tell him soon that this, for once, is just pretend. At least, I THINK it is. Right?

And in any case, I've already made my decision not to get physically involved with Christine, and I plan to stick with it. If I end up sleeping with her and dragging her into my freaky sex-obsessed harem world, then the "Bad Alan" has won. She's just too good and pure for that, and it's not fair to my other loved ones to divide my attention up still further. So this pretend girlfriend thing is as far as it goes. I'm drawing a line in the sand on that, and nothing is going to get me to change my mind.

Alan didn't say much to Sean or Christine before they had to part for their classes. The truth was, he felt sluggish and out of sorts. The football player woes and his blue balls were getting him down.

His penis was so hard by this point that he thought it was a bit of a wonder that he could walk around without crouching over in the most obvious way. He had to take a couple of minutes and focus on an image of a nude Henry Kissinger eating greasy fried chicken before his penis softened up a bit.

Given his relentlessly horny mood, the last thing he wanted to do was play tennis, but that's what he had to do. As he sat in the locker room changing into his tennis clothes, he brainstormed for any excuse

to get out of class. Then it hit him: a solution so obvious that he had to smack himself on the forehead. He realized that he still had the hall pass that Glory wrote for him in his pocket. It was the kind of a pass that was only good for a short break, like a quick trip to the nurse or the principal's office, so he couldn't get out of tennis altogether.

But he walked up to his tennis coach before class began and said, "Excuse me, but I have this pass, so I won't be able to make the whole class. I'm supposed to help out with moving some stuff right before the end of school."

The teacher nodded, uninterested. Alan still had his academic-star reputation, so no hanky-panky was suspected.

But hanky-panky was exactly what was on Alan's mind. He hit a tennis ball back and forth, but his mind was elsewhere. He wondered, How early can I dodge out of class and make it over to the cheerleader practice in the theater room without making waves with my teacher?

In the end, he lasted about thirty minutes before hanging up his racquet. It was all he could do not to run to see the cheerleaders, but again he didn't want to draw attention to himself. He knew he wouldn't be right until he ejaculated; he'd just been too stimulated for too long to think straight.

He'd passed his key to the theater room to Katherine well before lunch, because he'd had no plans on using it and he needed to give it to Amy or Katherine every day before cheerleader practice so their practice could take place. Normally this wasn't a problem, but today it meant that he had to knock on the door. Luckily, he had worked out a special knock with everyone on the "list" for occasions such as this.

Katherine opened the door, which gave Alan a small surprise. Just before opening the door she'd thrown on her cheerleader uniform and the others had retreated behind the curtain on the theater stage to be on the safe side, in case it turned out to be someone else. But the smell of sex was heavy in the air, so Alan knew the cheerleader orgy that he'd ordered must be in full swing.

Katherine had the door opened just a crack, but she pulled it wide and hustled him in. Once it was safely closed, she exclaimed, "Brother! What are you doing here?"

"I was going to ask you the same question," he replied.

He looked up and saw the theater curtain part and then open wide. To his delight, the other cheerleaders were all in various states of undress. Heather was in the middle of it all. Her hands were tied behind her back with lots of rope, and she was gagged as well (but not blindfolded). Since they were in the middle of the stage, it looked like the opening act to the most debauched play ever conceived.

Aaaah, now that's more like it! he thought with relief. This is normality for me, and something like playing tennis is what's weird!

Kim came bounding down the stage stairs and past all the empty chairs to meet him. "Alan! Thank God! You scared the shit out of us!" She wore just her cheerleader top. She kept it on as she came to him, perhaps feeling self-conscious about the relatively small size of her breasts.

"Sorry for the surprise," he said, "but I realized I had a hall pass and came to check on things."

Kim caught up to him and got up on her tiptoes to kiss him fully on the lips. She wrapped her half-naked body around his and began grinding and pressing into him. His erection was at full mast by the time he got to the door, and she made sure to grind against his bulge in particular.

The kiss looked like it would soon turn into a full-on body grope, but before that could happen Alan turned to his sister, still standing there. "Sis, sorry to say this, but you should probably go, unless you want to see your brother do all kinds of unbrotherly stuff." He belatedly realized he shouldn't have put it that way, because her eyes lit up as if to say, "That sounds fine to me!"

But after that minor slip-up, Katherine kept her cool and managed a pout. "Damn. I miss out on everything. I guess I'll go outside and... I dunno... get lost for a while, I guess."

Kim, meanwhile, was already entranced by Alan's rampant erection and grabbing at it with both hands through his pants. Despite the pants being there, she could nearly wrap her hands around it, and that's what she was doing. She seemed to pay no mind to the fact that Alan's sister was standing right next to her.

However, Alan suggested, "Sis, why don't you just take off for home? No one is going to be expecting that. That's a lot safer than just hanging around." He didn't want to speak directly of the football player

troubles with the other cheerleaders in earshot, but he assumed she would understand what he was talking about, and she did.lights

Suddenly a great big frustrated moan came from Heather's direction. She'd been quiet and still, but now she was frantically trying to break free from her bonds.

Katherine continued to look Alan in the eye and pretended not to hear the sound of a zipper unzipping. She giggled. "I don't think Heather likes the idea of me going home early. You see, Heather basically runs the cheerleader squad with no supervision. But if one of us were to get caught doing something illegal like skipping school, her ass would be grass."

Alan briefly glanced down to see Kim's hands wrapped around his bared erection. He tried to act as if that wasn't happening, since his sister was still standing right there (and trying very hard to only look him in the face).

Then he glanced over at Heather. He marveled at the way the head cheerleader looked: bound, gagged, writhing, and moaning, all the while surrounded by a bevy of naked beauties. He could feel his penis grow even harder in Kim's hands as he stared. "Well, we wouldn't want to do anything that Heather might not approve of," he said with great sarcasm.

Katherine winked. "Oh. Right. Then I just WON'T go home right now." She winked again, and said in a quieter voice, "Don't worry, I'll be careful. Believe it or not, one of Christine's friends gave me a special pager not an hour ago. It's got some kind of GPS tracking thing or something. I don't understand it all, but it's supposed to be a safety thing. So I'll be fine. Don't have too much fun without me, okay?"

She almost put her hand over her mouth in embarrassment after saying this, but decided to brave it out instead and just keep talking. "Oh, and Amy's got the key now."

Alan had very carefully turned his whole body away from his sister and had to look over his shoulder to maintain eye contact with her, because Kim simply couldn't wait. Kim's only nod towards any self-control was to hold herself to merely jacking him off with both hands until Katherine left instead of fully blowing him already. After all, she'd seen Alan and Katherine have sex lots of times so it was hard to pretend to be clueless about the incest when there was such a delicious erection so throbbing, hot, and stiff so close at hand.

Since Katherine was already dressed, she picked up her backpack and put her hand on the door. She looked at Kim out of the corner of her eye and said in her best imitation of Sergeant Schultz on Hogan's Heroes, "I know nussink! Nussink!" Then she giggled and left.

The other girls waited for the door to close behind her. As soon as it did, Janice shouted, "Paaar-tyyyy!" It was as if everyone had been holding their breath until Katherine left, and now they could exhale.

Suddenly, all of them seemed to be talking to Alan at once. Even Heather moaned loudly into her gag.

Kim attempted to drop to her knees - for someone who claimed to love women more than men, she had a remarkably strong passion for cocksucking.

But Alan held her up and began walking to the stage.

Kim did what she could to satisfy her lust, continuing to stroke his hardness with both hands while he walked to where the others remained clustered around Heather.

Janice, Joy, Kim, and Amy were busy talking to him, welcoming him, and propositioning him, but he couldn't make any sense of so many voices at once.

Heather moaned loudly, but her gag muffled whatever she was trying to say. What had happened between her, Simone, and Alan before school was on her mind and making her extremely aroused.

Any pieces of clothing remaining on any of the girls was quickly coming off.

Amy stood up and gave him a long French kiss, but that hardly quelled the commotion at all.

So, with Amy draped around him and Kim's hands still apparently trying to surgically attach themselves to his penis, he raised up a hand. A sudden silence fell.

"That's better," he said, satisfied. Mere weeks ago, he would have freaked out at such a situation, worrying how he could possibly please so many girls at once. But now he felt at ease and in his element. He said almost as an aside, "Kim, blow me. You're good at that."

Kim got to it right away. She was very good at it indeed, and in no time she had him on the verge of cumming and squeezing his PC muscle. In his current state, it didn't take much.

But he continued to act nonchalant, even with Kim bobbing up and down over his erection. He pointed to Janice, who was pulling her cheerleader top off. "Janice, let's hear the report. How goes it with Her Royal Bitchiness? Did she spill her secrets?"

"Unfortunately not. We've been having a hard time with her, as you might expect. She isn't naturally submissive to us like she is with you. In fact, when we first- ... Well, let me back up. In the locker room, it was like the calm before the storm, because everyone knew what was going to happen but no one could talk with other girls milling around. But as soon as we all arrived here, Heather tried to take charge. She said that she was the head cheerleader and she made the rules, blah, blah, blah. It actually ended up in a kind of a cat fight. All of us had to gang tackle her, pretty much. She put up quite a fight, too. Scratched me pretty bad in a couple of places, for instance. It wasn't until we had her tied up and gagged that she finally stopped resisting. But we wasted a lot of time."

"I see. Did everyone take part?" He looked pointedly at Amy, who was in the middle of taking Alan's shirt and pants off so he could be as naked as she was. Amy's love of nudity was growing stronger by the day. Sometimes, she almost seemed offended when the loved ones around her were still clothed.

Amy answered, a bit embarrassed, "It was kind of fun."

As that answered Alan's question, he asked Janice, "And since then?"

Janice hung her head in defeat. "Not good. It's like I said. She really resents us trying to usurp her authority. Plus, none of us have the same connection with her that you do. I'm not even sure what we're supposed to do. I've led the way with a lot of spanking, on an already red and inflamed ass I should point out, but if anything she seems to enjoy it. Simone told us 'no mercy,' but it's not like we're expert torturers or anything. I'll admit, it's been fun. But every time we remove her gag to see if she's ready to confess, she just taunts us with insults."

"Hmmm." Alan pondered. He held his chin in his hand, acting for all the world as if he wasn't getting blown quite intently by Kim. Then he said, "Well, you tried. Janice, let's see a titfuck from you, and Joy, you take my ass."

Kim pulled her mouth off of his erection, feeling very disappointed. "What about me? Don't you like me anymore?"

As Amy hugged Alan from the back and rubbed her tits into his skin, Alan said calmly, "Kim, of course I like you. I didn't want you to stop. Please fondle my balls from below. But I really need to cum before I can get started with Heather, and I'm in the mood for a titfuck from Janice."

Kim, Janice, and Joy took their positions on their knees around Alan. Janice led the way, usually sliding his big rod between her boobs with short strokes so she could flicker the tip of her tongue on the tip of his penis at the same time.

With a nod from Alan, Amy went back to where she'd been sitting before Alan came in. She looked disappointed but she didn't complain. She sat above Heather, who was lying on her stomach. With the others all preoccupied with Alan's privates, it was up to Amy to keep pumping one large dildo into Heather's ass and another into her pussy.

Alan mumbled, "This won't take long."

Heather was extremely annoyed that she couldn't watch, much less take part. Amateurs! Pathetic, the whole lot of them! My tits are much bigger AND better! I should be titfucking him right now. Traitors! Back-stabbers! God, Janice isn't even sucking on the tip. FOOL!

Sure enough, within a minute he tensed up and decided to stop fighting the release.

Kim, holding his balls, could feel them tightening, and she jokingly shouted, "Thar he blows!"

Janice bent forward and took the head of his penis in her mouth. As a result, his unusually large load was entirely swallowed by the feisty redhead.

"Tastes good, huh?" Kim asked Janice.

Janice still had some cum in her mouth, and she swilled it around, savoring the taste. "Yeah. Surprisingly good, in fact. It's weird how it's so sweet."

Heather was pissed at all that too. UGH! Such incompetence! They made Sir cum way too soon! That's nothing by his standards. And then Janice gets rewarded with a cum load in her mouth?! It's an outrage!

Chapter 1106 Sir, Can I Suck You Already?

After it was over, Alan sat on the stage. He looked around and marveled at his fate. How is it that it's come to this, that I can have sex with the entire cheerleading squad at the same time? I never even planned this, it just kind of came together piece by piece. I guess Janice and Joy are just kind of swept along with the current, but that's cool.

Heather wiggled about and moaned loudly, trying to get Alan's attention now that he'd climaxed. She thought, This is bullshit! Everyone here is going to pay, and pay dearly. They're all treasonous fucks, including Alan. They will rue the day they thought they could best Heather Morgan!

Looking around some more, Alan could see Kim felt slighted. An idea popped into his head. "Kim, don't worry. I still think you're great. It's just that I wanted to see how Janice was with titfucks. Tell you what. I've got a special surprise for you. I'll give you the details later, okay? But it'll be fun."

Kim's happiness bounced back. "Okay."

Joy seemed a bit miffed as well, though. She complained, "So, is that how it's going to be from now on? 'Girl, you go here, and girl you go there,' like we're all just here to please you?"

Alan pondered this question while taking his pants off altogether. Eventually, he nodded. "Yeah. Pretty much. Is that a problem? If you're not into it, I'm sure someone else would be, so it's not like I'm forcing you or anything. I'll bet Amy here wouldn't have minded taking the ass position."

Amy nodded enthusiastically.

Joy, still glum, said, "No, it's not that. Of course sex is fun. It's just that the way you did it seems a bit, well, cold. That's all."

"You've got a point there," he ruefully conceded.

He thought, She's quite right. It was cold. I climaxed, but nobody else even came close to cumming. And you know what? It's just not as much fun this way. I know it's key to remain dominant, but when there's no emotional connection and no attempt at friendliness, it's extremely cold. I think this is a glimpse of the future if "Bad Alan" takes over completely: coldness, cruelty, and domination. That's not me. I let my urge to cum take me over completely. I need to be solidly in charge, yet loving.

He said very sincerely, "Sorry. It's just right then I was in the mood to get off as quick as humanly possible. It's usually not like that. I promise my next time with you will be different and I'll make it up to you. But that's just it: time. I never have enough. Right now I've got to launch into this whole Heather thing because we probably have twenty minutes max, if there's going to be time to get back to shower and everything. I'm sorry... Are we cool?"

Joy smiled at his improved attitude. "We're cool."

He continued, "Can one of you take her gag off? Let's see how the bitchslut is doing. And let's get her up on a table so she'll be level with my dick."

Janice took the gag off and the others helped lift her up and put her face down on a nearby table.

However, Heather still didn't say a word.

Janice complained, "See what I mean? When we took that off last time, Heather cursed at us like a drunken sailor. But now she just stares ahead sullenly, like you lobotomized her or something."

Alan explained to Janice, "That's because she knows that's she's in big trouble and she doesn't want to make it any worse. Isn't that right, Heather?"

Heather turned her head in Alan's direction. "Sir, this is the lamest bunch of wanna-be, sorry-spanking, limp-wristed excuses for torturers I've ever seen in my life. Frankly, it's embarrassing! I think it's pretty obvious who the natural leader of the cheerleaders is and who the pretenders are." She added crisply, as if in the military, "Sir!"

Heather surprised herself by saying that. She'd been planning to issue dire threats to Alan and everyone else. But while she was being repositioned on the table, she got a good long look at Alan's flaccid penis and it was like she clicked into a different mode. Her pussy started to moisten and her mouth began to water.

Amy had been stroking a pair of dildos in and out of Heather's holes, but Alan now waved Amy away from her dildo tending duties. He grabbed the anal dildo and began stroking it in and out, mostly to test to see how easily it slid.

As soon as he took over, Heather started panting and groaning. The way he was working the dildo was absolutely no different from how Amy had been doing it, but Heather obviously got off on the fact that he was doing it. The idea of any of the cheerleaders controlling her in any way was a big turnoff, but the thought of Alan controlling her got her very hot.

Finally! she thought. What the fuck was the fuckhead thinking, wasting time with these skinny skanks? True, they're attractive, but everybody knows I'm in another league. If he's gonna fuck me, well, maybe I can delay my vengeance until he's done.

He removed the dildo from her pussy to make room for his dick. Then, taking the confident tone that aroused her so much, he asked, "So. Who IS the leader of the cheerleaders, my bitchslut?"

Heather was about to answer herself, as if there was any question, but then she stopped. She felt his newly revived erection sliding near her pussy lips even as he resumed working the dildo in and out of her ass, and that gave her pause. She tried to wiggle his erection into her slit, but in vain.

She felt a surge of joy upon being called "bitchslut." But at the same time, she felt extreme frustration that he was teasing her pussy. Shit! He's doing it again. He's fucking with my mind. Not this time, you fuck! Not this time! Ha!

He asked impatiently, "I said, who is the leader of the cheerleaders, bitchslut?"

Finally, she dropped her head and said, "You are, Sir." Her face turned redder and redder.

Fuuuck! Why did I say that? This is so embarrassing, with everyone listening. Stop, Alan, stop! Not now!

"And who is at the bottom of the 'list'? The lowest ranking out of all the cheerleaders?"

"I am, Sir." She didn't want to say that, but between the anal dildo and the way he was rubbing his erection directly over her pussy lips now, she felt all her self-control slipping away. It was all she could do not to shout, "Stick it in! Stick it in! Any hole, just stick it in!"

Janice punched the floor in frustration as she sat there. "Alan! See what I mean? How do you DO that?! She would never say that to any of us in a million years! If she did, it would threaten her head cheerleader position."lights

He replied, "Well, I hate to say this, but it helps to have a penis."

Janice and the others clearly saw the way he was using his stiff rod to drive Heather crazy, but she complained, "I know, but it's more than that. Her attitude changed as soon as you touched her ass."

"That's true," he conceded, while still pumping the dildo and teasing her with his erection. "I suppose that it's mostly about attitude. The problem is, you come in here thinking that she's the head cheerleader and how do you wrestle information out of her? That's the wrong approach. You need to KNOW that she's no head of anything. She's nothing but a cocksucking, ass-hungry bitchslut who exists solely to serve her Bitch Tamer's dick."

Heather couldn't help but moan with arousal as she heard that. She blushed, painfully aware of the other cheerleaders gathered around her. That sounds so fuckin' HOT! True, it's bullshit, but dammit, I don't care! But everybody else needs to get the fuck out of here. This is between him and me.

He went on, "She's the lowest of the low, a complete whore, except that she's lower than a whore because she's not even worth paying money to fuck. She has a nice body, true, but that's only because she was born and bred to be filled with hard cock and hot cum by the likes of me. Isn't that so, my bitchslut?"

"Yes, Sir," Heather answered, her face now burning deep red with embarrassment. Alan, don't tell THEM that! I'm YOUR whore. They need to go!

Janice tapped Joy, sitting next to her. "You see? You see? Friggin' unreal! If I said that same stuff, Alan, I don't think it would work. Hell, I know it wouldn't."

Alan pulled both dildos out of Heather, then stood up and walked around to her front, leaving her holes unfilled. "That's probably true. For one thing, you can't just say it, you have to really mean it in the moment. That's the key. Heather knows that I'm not just flapping my lips and I really, truly mean it. I KNOW that she's a slut, my slut, and that it's her duty to sexually service me. That's just a plain fact, isn't it, Heather?"

Heather wanted to cry because she was acutely aware of the others listening to every word. "Yes, Sir. But can't you ask the others to leave?" She begged him in her own mind, Please! Don't let them know everything! I'll never live it down!

"Bitchslut, do you dare tell me what to do?"

A chill of fear and excitement ran through her. "No, Sir! I'm sorry."

Janice shook her head. "You see what I mean? What the fuck? Seriously!"

Joy agreed. "I didn't ever think I'd hear her say 'sorry' to anyone about anything. Ever!"

Heather's humiliation deepened even further, but that just stoked the fires of her raging lust. That's because I only have one Sir. The rest of you can go to Hell!

bender

Alan looked down at his erection, now bobbing right in front of Heather's face. "Please come here, Aims. I'm having a hard time holding myself and doing everything else. Start stroking Alan Junior, okay?"

"M'kay!" His official girlfriend hopped up and began slipping and sliding one hand all over his already very wet pole. Amy seemed very anally minded these days, so she used her other one to poke a finger in and out of his asshole, massaging his prostate.

She stroked him just inches away from the top of Heather's nose, which was exactly how Alan wanted it to be. He knew this would torture Heather even more, and since he'd climaxed a few minutes before, he wasn't in any hurry to get orgasmic relief for himself.

Just the smell of his thick dick was intoxicating Heather's senses, and once again she let loose with an involuntary lusty groan. She stuck her tongue out in hopes of reaching his cockhead, smeared with pre-cum, but Amy cleverly left it an inch or so out of range.

Heather could feel her mouth watering in anticipation of being allowed to suckle on it. If asked, she still would claim to vehemently hate cocksucking, but somehow with Alan it was completely different.

Alan watched Heather's mounting arousal with amusement. He waved his hard-on around a little bit while Amy continued to hold it. "Yep, it definitely helps to have one of these. Bitchslut, I'll bet you won't mind having Alan Junior give you some attention, would you?"

Heather didn't even look up because her eyes were locked onto his tantalizingly close boner. "No, Sir. Not at all, Sir."

"Where would you like him to go?"

"Up my ass! Naturally, Sir. It's looking pretty good for my mouth right about now, Sir, but anywhere is good. Tits, ass, cunt, or ass. Did I mention the ass?" She snickered a little at that. "As you point out, my body is here just to please you. So I'll take it wherever you want to give it to me, and then I'll beg for more. On my knees. I'm your bitchslut, Sir."

She was amazed at how excited and happy she was to be saying these things. She almost forgot the depressing fact that the others were there, and yet she didn't, and that fact raised her arousal much more than she realized.

"Interesting." Alan stepped forward, bringing his erection close enough to actually hit Heather on the nose.

She tried to lick it, but it was a fraction of an inch too high. By the time she adjusted to the right height, it was out of range again.

She was extremely frustrated, to say the least. She let out a long noise that was between a lusty moan and an annoyed whine. Gaawwwd! I want that cock so bad! But he's going to make me work for it, isn't he? He's so cruel!

He asked her, "What about the cheerleaders?"

"What about them?" she barked impatiently, as she still tried to lick his shaft, in vain. She hated being reminded of their presence, even as the humiliation kept her horny.

"Seeing as you're my personal cum dump, don't you think you were treating them badly, before I came in? Don't they deserve an apology?"

She growled. "Sir, why do you always have to push... GRRR!" But then she calmed herself by taking a couple of deep breaths. "Um, girls, I'm sorry for being bitchy. There! Sir, can I suck you already? Please! I'll be so good to it, I promise!"

He figured that even he had to know when to not push his luck. So he said, "Kim, please come here and lend a hand or two if you like."

Kim was up instantly. She put one hand on Alan's stiff dick to share it with Amy, and brought the other to his balls.

Heather's eyes went wider and wider as she saw three hands frantically fondling Alan's privates mere inches from her nose. She glimpsed Amy's arm between his legs, indicating where the fourth hand was doing its work. She tried to lurch forward and touch the tip of his penis with her tongue, and she just managed to reach it, some of the time, depending on what the other hands were doing to it. But the slight touches only increased her desire instead of satisfying it.

She thought, This is seriously humiliating. I feel like some kind of stupid mule with a carrot dangling just out of reach so the mule will keep moving, but I can't help myself. Oh God, it tastes so good! Just the little touches and tastes I get are divine! I think I'm losing my mind! If he doesn't flood at least one of my holes with that heavenly nectar, then ... well, I don't know what! I need it!

Chapter 1107 I'm Nobody's Slave, You Son Of A Bitch!

Alan looked at Heather and saw just how far gone she was in her lusty need, so he pushed a little more. "Hey, Heather, what about Janice and Joy? They're just standing here..."

Amy chirped in with her typical enthusiasm, "Yeah! A super cock like my boyfriend's cock needs lots and lots of soft feminine hands handling it!"

Heather rolled her eyes and sighed. What a stupid cunt! If I could have this cock all for my very own... But she got the message, and said, reluctantly, "Janice? Joy? Would you please join in and help us service, uh... Sir's cock?"

Janice and Joy said simultaneously, "With pleasure!" Then they giggled, realizing what they'd just done. They were already standing near, and wasted no time. Within seconds, there were four hands, each from a different girl, stroking Alan's dick or his balls.

Heather grumbled and rolled her eyes some more, but the sight of all those hands stroking definitely had an effect on her. She was so excited that she was practically hyperventilating. More and more, Alan positioned his cockhead so Heather could get one or two good licks in before it pulled just out of reach again. That drove her absolutely wild with need.

Janice asked Alan, "What's with all this 'Sir' stuff, anyway?" bender

He casually replied, "She's very proud. She IS my personal cum dump; that's not just talk. Which means I'm her master and she's my slave. But I figure it's a fig leaf to have her call me 'Sir' instead."

"WOW!" Janice and Joy exclaimed at once.

Heather practically came on the spot. "SLAVE?!" SLAVE?! I'm nobody's slave, you son of a bitch! You take that back, or I'll... I'll make you pay! PAY! I know it looks bad, with me all tied up and begging for cock, but this is just a temporary setback!

Of course, those comments were only in her mind. The other girls took her silence as tacit agreement, which was a total mindblower. Somehow, everyone got much more aroused by that silence, even Heather.

The mutli-handed handjob went on for a minute or two. Somehow, Alan was able to keep his cool and not climax. The amount of stimulation he was getting from all those hands plus Heather's tongue was simply off the charts. He knew he never would have lasted more than a minute had it not been for all the "training" he'd been getting in recent weeks. Feeling this much sexual pleasure was almost the norm for him lately.

Alan said, "So. It's interesting. If I listen to your voice, you sound like such an obedient bitchslut. But you're not, are you? Actions speak louder than words, and you're keeping a secret from me. If you're so obedient, why don't you just tell me right now what your secret is, and I'll put this thing in any hole or crevice you desire."

Heather's eyes went wider still. At the moment, the tip of his cockhead was just out of reach, even though she was stretching forward with all her might. She fervently wished her tongue were longer, but (unlike Xania or Suzanne) she had no chance of even touching the tip of her own nose with it, much less reaching what was beyond her nose.

She thought, Sir, if you think the sight of all those hands from different girls... pumping, pumping, pumping! Pumping on that thick fuck staff! ... If you think that sight is getting to me... well, dammit, you're RIGHT! HNNNG! UNGH! Slipping and sliding and squishing... GOD, he's so well hung! And how the Hell does he not cum already?! I swear, it's inhuman! I'm about to cum buckets just from LOOKING at what's happening to him! If he cums, he's going to douse my face! But I can't give in! No! No fucking way! A Morgan never loses!

She strained at her ropes as strongly as she could, but it was hopeless to get free. Then she closed her eyes completely and withdrew her tongue. She winced, knowing that what she was about to say wasn't going to go over well. "I'd love to, Sir. You know I really would. But I can't do this! I've said before that this secret is for your own good, in the long run. I really do mean that. Sir!"

He replied with a tinge of anger, "You realize that until I learn your secret you won't be seeing or touching this dick again. No more bitch training sessions. Nothing. Nada. Zip. You're on your own. I'll wipe my hands of you completely."

His erection continued to bob and weave right at the tip of Heather's nose, occasionally bumping into her nose.

The room was dead silent while all eyes turned to Heather. The girls even paused with their stroking as they waited with bated breath for her response.

He added, "If you tell me now, the full truth, I will actually fuck you good and then cum in your ass. For a lowly bitchslut like you, I don't think you realize what a rare honor it is to actually get a big hot load of Bitch Taming cum pumped into your ass. But I will make a special exception today."

"And then?!" Heather panted, torn between excitement and the dreaded taste of defeat.

"And then, naturally, you'll have to serve your punishment. You won't like it. In fact, you'll probably hate it. But that's all part of your training. You need to be trained in how to be an obedient bitchslut and an enjoyable fuck. You need to accept your humble place, which is serving my cock first and foremost. The girls around you, they are girls. Human beings. Whereas you're just a bitchslut. You're basically three holes and a pair of tits."

She groaned again, and tried to lurch forward in yet another futile effort to lick his dick.

The other girls all laughed at her, doubling her shame. By this time, their fingers had resumed pumping.

He went on, "You're nowhere near fully realizing that yet. I may have to keep you permanently chained to a bed, with your ass and cunt stuffed full to bursting with cock, plastic or otherwise, until you accept your station in life. Which is below me, begging to serve me. I'm willing to take the time to do that if need be, but only if you make it worth my while. And that means telling me your secret. Now."

Alan didn't literally mean all of that, or even much of that. The other girls were incredulous and awed at his sheer chutzpah. But he instinctively understood Heather's mindset so well that he knew his words were a huge turn-on for her, not a turn-off.

The idea of being chained to a bed and punished until she completely broke had huge appeal for her. She knew he'd never actually do it, but it was that kind of fantasy that she loved to hear from him. Further, she was outraged at his offensive and extremely chauvinistic words, but his crude language only drove her to higher ecstasies. She knew that was fucked up, but she didn't care.

He added, "This is your last and only chance." He started withdrawing his stiff boner a few inches from her (while still allowing the others' twenty fingers to continue stroking it).

Heather appeared to break with that. "Okay! Okay. Damn you!"

"Damn you, Sir!" Alan corrected firmly. His was rhythmically squeezing his PC muscle to prevent any unexpected cum eruption. He was getting terribly aroused from the whole power game, even more than the physical pleasure caused by the many stroking hands. Again, it was like his body could handle any amount of physical stimulation, but adding a mental mind-fuck on top of that could get too much even for him. He brought the tip of his cockhead tantalizingly closer to her, so that it remained just a fraction of an inch out of her reach.

Heather half-laughed, half cried, "Damn you, Sir!" There was a long pause. With his erection still dangling an inch from her mouth and all the busy hands happily stroking it, she looked straight at it and felt awe at Alan's sexual dominance over her and the whole squad.

Jesus! Fuuuuck! Look at that cock! How can I resist it? How can I fight? I neeed it! I need to pleasure it! Sir, please! Let me... Let me suck on your fat knob until you blow your load all over my face and down my throat! I'll be so good to you! Your perfect cum dump! Your whore! Your slut!

That's what I need; the cleansing joy of a creamy cum bath! I don't even care about the other hands. Hell, I LOVE the hands! In fact, a cock like that needs MORE hands! Especially MY hands!

She said between heavy panting, "Okay. You win. Again. Damn. The truth is, I didn't go home earlier, I went to see Rock." Her face burned red with the humiliation of conceding defeat.

lightsNovel Several girls, including Amy, gasped at that.

Heather said over the sound of increasingly loud sloshing and squishing from so many hands, "But I wasn't plotting against you, Sir! No! I'm trying to help you! I've heard through the rumor grapevine of this new plot against you. There's little that escapes my notice at this school and I don't want you to get hurt! I mean, that would be like killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, right? I mean, this school would be boring without you."

She stopped because the tip of his cockhead happened to sway closer, and she strained with all her might to reach it with her tongue. She hit pay dirt, and even managed to get her lips sucking on the tip when he swayed another inch or two in her direction.

Alan enjoyed what she was doing with her lips and tongue so much that he moved forward a bit more, giving her another inch to play with, until her tongue was brushing up against the side of Kim's stroking hand. But then he realized she wasn't going to say anything more while she was busy licking, so he reluctantly pulled just out of range.

"GRRR!" she griped.

"Finish your story and you can have some more cock," he said, like promising a toddler some candy.

Heather spoke faster. "So of course I'm going to do what I can to help out. I've got all kinds of plans in motion, Sir. Talking to him is just one. I've got other things going on during school and after school. I can't have my Bitch Trainer in me, dulling my wits, with all kinds of important negotiations and plans going on. It's not good that you know, or that other people in this room know, because my plan requires stealth and surprise, but you left me no choice but to tell."

Staring at his erection and straining at her restraints, she concluded, "Are you satisfied? Do you see now why I was trying to keep this a secret? It's for your own good! Sir. Now please... just move forward another inch or two! Sir, please!"

Chapter 1108 At Last! Fucking Heather.

Alan stepped back, taking Amy, Kim, Janice, and Joy, and thus all their stroking hands, with him. As Heather looked up into his eyes in disappointment and confusion, he began a sarcastic slow clap. "Very nice, Heather. How very nice. Looks like they can stop the search for the new Mother Teresa to take

over all those orphanages in India, because we have the new selfless saint right here. Wow. Or maybe we should just notify the Academy Awards for best acting job of the year?"

He looked around at the other girls. "Okay, everybody. New plan. This is going to be a group effort. I want all of you to get up and lay your hands on Heather. Stroke her body all over, focusing on the erogenous zones. But be very fleeting and feathery. Think like the tips of your fingers are feathers. Our goal is to work her up. Don't worry about me for now. I need a break anyway because you all are too sexy. Oh, and save her ass for me."

It was definitely true that he needed a break, and he had no trouble admitting it since it was obvious from his suddenly panting voice. Over the past couple of minutes, Amy and Kim had worked out a system where they were both rubbing his sweet spot at the same time, but with different styles and rhythms. That alone was driving him to the brink, and it took all his self-control to hold out.

They all stood up and gathered round. Kim asked, "I don't get it. Is this supposed to be her reward or punishment?"

"Neither. We still have to get the truth out of her."

"What?" Joy asked. "You don't believe her?"

"Of course not!" Alan answered.

There was a long pause while the others waited for him to elaborate. But it was clear he was breathing hard and needed a break.

Finally, Amy asked, "Um, O.B.? How you doin'?"

He thought while he waited a bit more. That was crazy! So many hands. Hands on top of hands, bumping into other hands. I can't wait to tell Mom. She'll flip! Admittedly, most of that was for show since there just wasn't enough room, but once they got busy on my sweet spot... fuuuuuck! I still need to cum so bad!

He pulled himself together and refocused on the problem at hand. "I'm good, thanks. As I was about to say, it's not that Heather is incapable of doing those nice things to help me out. But before she'd do something like that, she would want to negotiate with me first to get the best possible reward in return. She's not going to do something like that just out of the kindness of her own heart, at least not the Heather that exists now. I'm trying to change her, but in no way am I that successful already. If she'd laid out a more selfish plot, I might have fallen for it, but not that saintly pile of crap she's trying to sell me on."

"Damn!" Heather muttered.

Alan laughed. "You see? It's complete crap. Plus, I know she had a bitter break up with Rock not that long ago, especially from his point of view, and I just don't see them talking already."

Heather mused, Fuuuuuck! He's so well-hung and studly that I forget he's damn smart too.

Speaking to Heather directly, he said, "Seriously, Heather, you're just a puffed up, stuck up, blonde, busty, well-tanned cum dumpster. The notion that you could pull off some kind of successful scheme against me is just absurd. I would have seen through you sooner or later no matter what you said, and the longer it takes me to find out something like that, the worse my punishment is going to be. So now let's hear the truth."

She was impressed at his ability to see through her lie, even as she tried to downplay it in her mind. Shit. If he wasn't waving that damn fat cock around my face, I'd be able to think clearly and come up with a better excuse. He's basically cheating! If my hands were free, I'd teach him a thing or two.

He walked to her backside and stood between her open legs while the others watched him intently.

Heather was the only one not in a position to see him, but she could feel his legs brushing up against her thighs. She asked nervously, "What are you going to do?"

"You'll see." He placed his hard cock between her burning ass cheeks. He'd started to get them red during lunch, but Janice and the others had finished the job and they were practically glowing now from too many recent spankings.

Meanwhile, Janice, Joy, Kim, and Amy were running their hands all over Heather. They seemed to be really getting into it, except possibly for Joy, and were making the exact kind of feathery brushes over her skin that he'd been hoping they would.

The only problem was that they seemed to enjoy making those same kind of brushes on him as much as on her, and more than one hand ended up lingering on his balls or ass or the like. Joy in particular was fondling him more than the head cheerleader she hated so much, working his balls from below, but it felt so good he couldn't really complain.

But overall, they were working Heather up just as he'd hoped they would.

After a minute or two, he had a couple of the girls take a little break to rearrange and tie Heather's legs to some nearby furniture so that they were even wider apart than before.

Then, with Heather buck naked, face down, bound, and legs splayed apart, he stepped forward until his penis rested right above her asshole.

YES! Finally! Heather thought. My humiliating ordeal is nearly over!

He began poking the tip of his dick at the entrance to her ass. His erection was well lubed up with pre-cum and saliva, so he at least would have no problem if he chose to plunge it into her. However, he did not. He knew this would drive her wild even more than when he'd been sliding his cock around her pussy.

As he poked and prodded, he said, "Come on, Heather. You're my one and only bitchslut. You know that. It would be such a shame for me to never fuck you again. But you know I've got another dozen women I'd be just as happy to fuck as you, don't I? And some of them take it in the ass even better and more enthusiastically than you do."lightsnovel

He winked at Amy, glad that Heather was unable to see.

Amy winked back very happily.

Heather didn't answer him. The threat didn't bother her that much because deep down she felt that no woman could possibly be any better at sex than her, let alone have a more fuckable ass than she did. But still, there was fear, and frustration.

Alan continued, seductively, "I'm the only one who knows how to ring your bell. I'd hate to think of the kind of pathetic guys you'd have to try to satisfy yourself with after me, because now this truly is your last chance. No one else knows you and knows what you need like I do. No one else even BEGINS to understand your ass and its very special needs. I'm not saying wants, I'm saying NEEDS. Your inner bitch needs me now, doesn't she? I could fill your ass up with hot, hard, pulsing fuckmeat this very instant if you tell me the truth, or I could just walk away."

He continued to rub his dick everywhere while he talked. Her hot ass cheeks, her ass crack, but most especially her anus got his attention. He pushed his throbbing cockhead into her just a little bit, but never enough to sink the crown completely inside her. It was just enough to make her think he was going in all the way, stretching her super-sensitized anus open around his cockhead. Then he would pull back. Repeatedly.

Heather grew hotter and hotter. Oh please! Dear God, please! This is the worst torture ever, because it's working! It seems like a million hands are all over me, driving me crazy! Too many damn hands! Curse you, Sir! I know what you're trying to do to me. All those hands somehow understand your intent, which is to bring me as close to a climax as possible but not to actually let me get there. Well, fuck you!

The effect was maddening. She lost all sense of time. Before long, she could feel she was beginning to crack. Snippets of Alan's outrageous comments like "You're basically three holes and a pair of tits" and "I may have to keep you permanently chained to a bed" flashed through her mind.

I gotta... gotta keep my shit together! Can't give in! Why does he have to say such sexy things?! Why does he have to have so many hands?! I swear, he has like ten hands now! I need to cum so very badly that I could cry! If only someone would touch my clit I know I'd have the climax of a lifetime! But everyone is deliberately avoiding touching me there. Damn you all to HELL!

Alan's teasing penetrations of her anus in particular were driving her insane with a lusting need. Deep inside her asshole, she felt a burning itchiness that she knew she herself could never reach or scratch. Finally, she asked, panting and heaving, "Alan. Sir. If I talk... will you... go easy... on the punishment?"

He replied as he dipped his cockhead nearly all the way into her desperately needy asshole, only to pull it back out at the last second, "No. Of course not. I must be fair. In fact, because you lied to me, the

punishment will have to be twice as severe. You can't win. Don't even try. Just accept your role as my bitchslut. Embrace it. Love it. Get ready for the assfucking of your life."bender

Heather moaned, "'Embrace it!' ... Yes... Love... Oh God, oh God!"

Everyone felt that Heather had a climax coming on, so all hands left her skin, and Alan pulled his erection back as well.

The crisis passed. She came tantalizingly close to relief, but it slipped away. She cried out in anguish. Her entire ass blazed with a frustrated need to be fucked.

Then the bitchy blonde moaned, loudly and repeatedly. A strangled and frustrated whimper came out of her. "Okay! Okay!" She paused to catch her breath. "Here's the deal... I... put... a... tape recorder..." She paused even longer, as she was having trouble talking at all.

Then she continued, still panting as if on the verge of hyperventilation, "Under... a desk... In... Ms. Rhymer's class... AAH! Room."

"A-ha," Alan said happily, more than a little surprised that she was actually confessing for real. "What desk?"

"Front row... Far ... left... Very small... recorder... Size of a ... half-dollar..."

Alan's stiff cock was poised at the entrance to her asshole once again, making it even more difficult for her to breathe than before. She seriously wondered if it was possible to die of anticipation from heart seizure or lack of oxygen or some similar cause. She could feel her asshole beginning to stretch again. The deliciously sensuous friction as her anus slipped onto his pulsing rod like a second skin as he pressed ever so slightly inwards into her was driving her to the brink of insanity.

Alan let the crown of his cockhead slide completely inside her powerfully throbbing asshole, making her gasp in unrestrained lust. He was giving her a small reward to encourage more honesty.

Heather thrilled, OH! YES! Thank fucking GOD, already! Soooo good! So worth it! I don't even care that my whole damn squad is watching me!

But then he stopped and even threatened to pull back a bit as he said with surprising calmness, "I see. And I can take it from there. You were planning to record her, hoping to catch her saying something incriminating, I imagine. Probably figuring you could catch her with me. Then you blackmail her."

She gasped with both arousal and dismay, "Yes... She's... no... good... Good for you... Sir! No good for you... Stuck up... tiny-titted..."

He cut her off, figuring correctly that she was about to launch into a litany of complaints about Glory, which would take forever, given the way Heather was still struggling to breathe. He said, "And the less I see her during lunch, the more time I can fool around with you. That's part of it, isn't it? Well, I hate to burst your bubble, but I REALLY am not doing anything physical with her. If what happened today during lunch didn't convince you, then nothing will. So you can just leave her alone already."

He jerked his hips back, pulling his erection out of her ass with an audible pop. "Is that clear?"

She gasped in distress and whimpered miserably, "Yes... Sir... Yes, Sir."

He didn't believe that any more than he believed the moon was made out of cheese, but he figured at least maybe she would leave Glory alone for a little while, as she scrambled around for some new scheme. "Is there anything else?"

"No... No, Sir... That's it. Fuck my ass now! Please!"

"So how is this supposed to benefit me exactly? You said I'd be grateful."

"Because she's no good for you! ... Sir!" she gasped out at once, with great effort. She thrust her ass backwards desperately several times, as if she could find his dick again and suck it back into her aching depths.

He rolled his eyes with obvious disbelief. "Okay, that's enough." He heard a great sigh of satisfaction from her as he put his hard-on back on her ass crack. He then pushed into her asshole as he'd done dozens of times in the last few minutes, only this time he didn't stop. Her ass was so ready for him that he was able to thrust all the way into her fuck-hungry butt with one long stroke.

She screamed, "YeeeeeeessSSSSSSsssssss! Aaaaaarrrrraaaaagggggaahhhhhh!"

Heather's body lit up like a firecracker. To say she exploded in ecstasy would be an understatement.

The other girls, still stroking her everywhere, all stepped back and stared in awe as Heather's body thrashed about like she was being riddled with machine gun bullets.

Had it not been for all of her bindings, there's no telling what would have happened to her in her thrashing about. As it was, she managed to free herself from the bonds on both of her legs. She kicked so wildly that the others had to step back even further.

Alan, luckily, was in the eye of the storm positioned between Heather's legs, or he might have been seriously injured. Even so, the crushingly strong muscular grip on his cock as she bore down on him with all her orgasmic might made his eyes cross and blur.

Chapter 1109 Small

Just as suddenly, Heather's body completely collapsed. It was as if she had died. In fact, it was so very much exactly like she had died that everyone sighed in relief when her panting and heaving resumed again.

Alan too, found the whole thing extremely exhausting, both mentally and physically. He slowly pulled his erection out of Heather's remarkably strong anal grip once she started to relax a bit. Then he staggered backwards. He ended up lying down and sprawled out on the floor. However, his dick was still hard, and now it pointed straight up in the air as he lay there.

Janice looked over at his hard dick with an expression of awe. "You didn't cum in her? I don't believe it!"

Joy pointed out, "He still hasn't cum, even after we were all jerking him off at once!"

lightsNovel com "I know!" Janice replied, amazed.

Alan was more than a bit surprised himself. There was really no controlling what was happening in the middle of Heather's wild climax. She'd squeezed his boner so hard in all her thrashing that it very much seemed at times that her asshole would swallow it whole. Perhaps because of that, his shaft seemed to have gone into some kind of defensive posture. But he bluffed it out in an effort to boost his reputation still further. "I thought about it, but since Heather lied to me, I decided that now's not the time. She's not deserving today."

"Wow..." Several girls said at once, in an almost reverent tone.

Amy was positively beaming. She muttered, "That's my man!"

More importantly, Heather heard his words and believed them.

Then Janice said, half in jest, "After witnessing all that, I have a sudden urge to do something really, really bad to you, just so I can get punished!" Everyone laughed, except the nearly comatose Heather.

Alan laughed too, but he also realized that she was only half-jesting and if she and the others followed up with real action, that could be a serious problem. He said darkly, "Don't even think about it. Each person's punishment is different. This is what she needs right now. Believe you me, if I punished you, you wouldn't like it one bit."

This was followed by a long silence. No one seemed keen to move at all, and no one even bothered to or had the energy to touch Alan's dick, still sticking straight up in the air.

Finally, after several minutes of rest, the bell rang, indicating the end of the school day.

Alan pulled himself up and went to the sink so conveniently located in the theater room, and began washing up. He had a sneaking suspicion that Christine would be looking for him, so he didn't want to

wait until he got to the locker room to clean up, in case she got to him before then. Thinking about people trying to find him made him remember the whole football player problem, and his body visibly slumped.

The others were in no hurry to move, especially Heather (who still had her arms tied behind her back).

The only exception was Amy. As soon as the bell had rung, she bounced up with an energy that made the others groan in envy. She quickly dressed and freshened up. She made the weary Alan, who was trying to do the same thing, look like he was standing still.

She was ready to leave before Alan could even find his shirt. She came up to him and handed him the theater room key.

"Where are you going in a big rush?" he asked wearily.

"Oh, no biggie," she replied. "It's an art thing, happening after school. I'm kind of excited."

"Oh. Well, have fun... Oh! What about safety? Did you hear about the latest developments with the football players and that you might be a target?"lightsnovel

"Sure. But don't worry. I know how to take care of myself. In fact, I've arranged for my own bodyguard of sorts."

"You did? Okay. Cool. See you at home soon?"

"You know it, boyfriend!" She grabbed his erection, now under his pants but still showing no signs of subsiding. "Save some of this for me, m'kay?" She kissed him on the lips, briefly, then headed out.

Alan continued to get dressed. He felt a little glum now that Amy was gone. Even though she'd been mostly in the background during everything that happened in the room today, her mere presence lifted him up and gave him strength. When she left it was like someone had turned the lights out.

He walked back to where Heather remained bound, though now she at least was calmer and breathing evenly. "Bitchslut. Listen. I'm going to go get the recorder right now. You don't want to even begin to imagine the trouble you'll have if it's not there and I find out you were lying to me. Again!"

"It's there," she replied wearily. Sweat was pouring down her face and her hair was a tangled mess.

"I believe you this time. But now, your punishment begins. I'm sure Simone will be looking for you, since you two always go home together. She was supposed to torture you more if what happened here wasn't enough to learn your secret. Now, she'll still torture you, but merely as the start of your punishment. But trust me, that's just phase one. I don't know how I'm going to do it, but there has to be some way to stamp this rebellious, backstabbing evil out of you."

No there isn't, she thought with satisfaction. You think you got the best of me, but I got the best of you, because you fucked my ass!

Then she remembered how the other cheerleaders had been watching and listening the whole time, and she winced.

As he readied to go, he cleared his throat and addressed the group. "Oh, by the way, it goes without saying that anything that happens here, stays here. That especially applies to all I said and did with Heather. I know there's no love lost between some of you and her, but there shall be no teasing or even oblique mention of that. If there is, that person will have to answer to me. And may I remind you that this is kind of a mutually assured destruction situation, since you all tied her up and basically abused her against her will. That could be seen as a crime by some. So, silence all around is best. Agreed?"

Everyone nodded.

Heather was extremely relieved to see that.

Alan waved goodbye and made his way to the door.

Kim though, got up from her stupor and met him naked at the door. She said in a low voice, away from all the others, "Alan? You said something about a surprise you'd tell me about later?"

"Oh, right." He dropped his voice down low. "Keep this a secret so the others won't get jealous. We're going to be having a party tonight at my house and I want you to come. I want to show you how appreciated you are, especially for all you did when I was starting out with you know who."

Even though he was sure no one else could hear them, he didn't want to say Katherine's name, just to be completely safe. "I don't know what time it'll start, but you can call the house and find out. Just tell them I invited you, and only you. Okay?"

"Okay!" she whispered back. She was absolutely ecstatic, but fought hard not to show it in front of the others. If nothing else, going to his house meant she'd get to see Susan in the flesh!

He winked at her, then on impulse leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. With another wave to the others, he opened the door and went outside.

Heather, still lying face down and bound, suddenly felt like laughing. She thought, Alan's good. Damn good. I have to give him credit. He's almost a worthy opponent. It'll be fun to play with him once we're officially boyfriend and girlfriend. But really, who does he think he's trying to fool with all this "three holes and a pair of tits" kind of crap? Does he think those are any more than sexy words meant to excite me?

And acting like he's my master and I'm his slave. What total bullshit! He's my Sir. That's a totally different thing!

She had to be careful not to think about that in detail, because it wasn't clear how there was any difference at all.

So he learned about the recorder hidden in Glory's class. Big whoop. I'll do something else to get back at her soon enough. After what she learned about me today at lunch, there's no way I can just let her be. She's living on borrowed time, as far as her relationship with Alan is concerned. And if I don't force her out of her teaching job by Christmas break, I'll be amazed.

Meanwhile, I still have the OTHER recorder I carefully placed today. I'm never going to give THAT up! And while it may take longer to get some good dirt from that one, it'll pay off, by and by. I did learn one thing that was a good bit of luck, though. When it comes to Alan, it's good to always have at least two schemes going on at once. That way, if he makes me confess, I can always confess the unimportant one

and keep the good one going. Like today. Ha! Smurf Boy thinks he's such hot shit, but he's no match for me. Nobody is. And the way he made me "confess" - give me a break!

Okay, true, it worked. I'll give him that much. He did make me tell the truth against my will. But damn, it was so much fun! I'll gladly think up ten new schemes just so he can "torture" each one out of me! It's not like he's ever really going to give me up. Get real! He loves my games and my fucking around as much as I do, he just doesn't realize it yet.

He's stuck with me no matter what I do, so I'm going to keep on keeping on, knocking off all my competitors for his affections, one by one. I think Simone may be next until Glory drops her guard. My so-called "friend" needs some reminding as to who really runs this school!

Chapter 1110 To Help Alan

Alan was extremely drained. Incredibly drained. It wasn't so much the physical as the mental. Doing something like "torturing" Heather into spilling her secret required him to be at the top of his game mentally, just as if he was taking a big test like the Scholastic Aptitude Tests (SATs) used for college admissions. But it also had a vital and demanding physical component, and it seemed to be just one of many such demanding situations he'd been forced to be in ever since he woke up. The main reason why he didn't have anyone take care of his erection after he finished with Heather was because it was so much easier just to lie there and recuperate.

He was grateful for the final school bell because that meant that he had a four day weekend ahead of him. He envisioned watching football games, playing video games, eating turkey, and generally vegging out and recovering. Sure, there was bound to be a lot of sex in there, but it could be more at his pace, and with the core group that he loved the most.

But the bell didn't mean that his school troubles was over. Far from it. As soon as he stepped out of the theater room and into the little-used hallway that led to it, Christine was there.

He was so sluggish that it took him some time to mentally register her presence.

Christine by contrast, seemed as fresh, energetic, and mentally sharp as ever. She also seemed worried and peeved with his disappearance. She raised an eyebrow and looked to the theater room door.

He thought, Aaaaah, shit! What does she know about that? Christine is like some kind of delicate flower. If she finds out the full depravity of the S-Club, my friendship with her is gonna be cooked. Never mind what goes on at home - her head would completely explode if she found out about that! She must know with her "Goody-goody" network that I come and go from this room a lot, and she must assume based on everything she knows about me that sex goes on in there. But if she were to actually learn the details, that would be a whole different matter. It's like what Glory said earlier: it's one thing to know something theoretically, it's another to see it face to face.

Christine said, "Alan! Thank goodness I found you. What happened? I rushed to the tennis courts after school, and you're here instead?"

Alan thought, She's on a fishing expedition. I can't give an inch because she knows too much already. "It's a long story. I'll tell you later. Why are you looking so worried?" He began to walk away, hoping she'd follow.

Christine, on the other hand, remained standing by the theater room door. "All kinds of news! For one thing, Rock is back on school grounds! He must have left his school early to get here so fast, so it's important! For another, Ryan has his people looking all over for you. I think their plan is going down right now! This is it!"

"Ooooooh shit. Just what I needed. Is there any way I can put this off? I'm really not up for it." He began to walk away again, still hoping she'd come with him. He didn't want her there if someone else came out of the theater room, especially if it was Heather.

"I don't know," Christine replied uncertainly, still standing in place. "Where's Amy? Or Katherine?"

"FUCK! Shit, shit, shit! Katherine should be home and okay by now, but Amy said something about meeting somebody! It's really unusual for her to meet someone after school. That's totally weird, in fact. Do you think she's the bait? Come on, let's go! Hurry!" He started running, but not at top speed, because his body was completely wiped out.

"Where are we going?" Christine asked, finally following him. She was surprised at the slow pace he was setting, but guessed he was trying to save his strength.

Thinking about Heather's recorder, he said, "First, I have to go to Ms. Rhymer's classroom. It'll only take a second, but it's extremely important. Meanwhile, have you seen my friend Sean?"

"No."

"Simone?"

lightsnovel "No."

Little did Alan realize, but Simone was lurking just a short distance away, waiting for Christine to go away so she could talk to Heather. But Simone was oblivious to Alan's current crisis.

"Anyone else who could help us?" Alan was disturbed by his extremely short list of useful and potential allies. He thought briefly about enlisting the help of some of the girls back in the theater room, but they all seemed so lethargic they would only slow them down. Plus, he didn't see what help they'd be in a physical confrontation mostly facing big linebacker types.

As Alan and Christine hustled across the school grounds, Alan yelled, "I think I know where Sean is. This way!"

He made a slight detour from a direct bee-line to Glory's so he could pass where he assumed Sean would be waiting for him.

Sure enough, Sean was there, sitting on a ledge alone, holding his large backpack.

Alan yelled, "Sean! Sean! Come here!"

Sean picked up his pack and hurried to Alan. He caught up and began jogging along with the other two. "What's going on?"

Alan said as he ran, "Come with us! It's very, very important! I'll explain later!" Since he was tired and winded, he didn't say any more.

As they all rounded a corner to head into the school building, suddenly they came face to face with two very bulky linebackers.

Since Alan was leading the way, he had the hardest time stopping without running into them, but he managed, just. He drew himself up into a boxing stance, even though his only knowledge of how to fight came from watching movies like "Rocky." Sean and Christine similarly moved into fighting stances. lights novel

The linebackers just stood there like bouncers guarding the entrance to a nightclub. One of them laughed, and said, "Plummer. Are you and your friends looking to get your asses kicked? Never mind, that's not what we're here for. I was told to tell you to come to the guy's locker room immediately. Ryan is there and he wants to talk."

Realizing a fight wasn't imminent, and already knowing that Ryan was looking for him, Alan dropped his stance and edged his way past the two muscular giants. "I know already. I'll be there." He and his friends kept walking.

But the one that had spoken grabbed Alan by the collar. "Are you as dumb as you look? The lockers are that way." He nodded in the direction from where Alan had just come.

"I know that," Alan griped. "Jesus! I'll be there in less than five minutes. Now, leave me alone."

The two linebackers seemed satisfied with that and started walking in one direction while Alan and his two friends continued hastily in the other. Soon they were leaping up the stairs to the second floor where Glory's classroom was.

Alan, in his adrenaline-charged excitement, pounded on the door. "Glory! It's me, Alan! I'm here with some friends! Please open up! It's an emergency."

Glory was in a bad way. Ever since lunch, her naughty and increasingly exhibitionist side had taken control. She had kept the Ben Wa balls inside her pussy for all of her last two classes and still had them inside her now. She was on such an erotic high that it seemed every move she made, every single step she took around the classroom, she almost reached a climax. Almost, but not quite. It was delightfully maddening. She wondered how it was possible her fifth and sixth period students didn't notice anything

odd. Luckily, she'd only done this kind of thing with her fourth-period class before, so she figured the excuse she gave that she was feeling under the weather would be believed.

It had been five minutes since school let out and about two minutes since the last student had left her classroom. Glory had been going wild. She had her legs spread wide and her feet up on the desk as she had just frigged herself to an extremely satisfying conclusion. She was so worked up that she was already starting in on reaching another.

But the knock on her door sent her into a panic. She would have pretended not to be in at all except that it sounded like Alan had some kind of real emergency. She jumped up, wobbling dangerously when her Ben Wa balls "jumped up" with her and wouldn't stop moving. Then she found a can of air freshener and some wipes in her purse. With one hand she tried to wipe her thighs and pussy clean of her juices and with the other she madly sprayed the air freshener all around. Meanwhile she cried, "I'm coming! Just a minute!"

Straightening out her far-too-short skirt, she tried to calm her breathing and walk normally to the door. However, she still had the Ben Wa balls within her and they made walking a delightful erotic experience. Even though she'd climaxed a minute or so ago and her pussy was positively worn out from hours of excitement, she immediately wanted to cum again. And again. As she reached to open the door, she prayed that Alan didn't want to start something sexual with her because she knew that in her current state she would fold like a house of cards.

She'd heard Alan say he was with some friends, but she was nonetheless surprised when she opened the door and found Sean and Christine there as well. She knew Sean and Alan were good friends of course, but her gossip network was silent so far on why Alan and Christine were together so frequently all of a sudden. Knowing Alan's sexual prowess, his past history of unsuccessfully asking her out, and Christine's busty chest and stunning looks, she leaped to the conclusion that Alan and Christine must be lovers.

So she opened the door not only looking frazzled, sweaty, and harried, but also shocked and awed.

Alan closed the door behind him and said, "Sean, Christine, Ms. Rhymer, you all know each other already. Ms. Rhymer, these two are helping protect me from the football players. I think they're out to hurt me again. We've gotta run, but first I need to check something."

He rushed to the front corner desk Heather had indicated and began feeling around the underside of the desk.

Very gingerly and slowly, Glory walked over to that side of the room where Sean and Christine stood already. As Alan continued to search, she asked, "What are you looking for?"

"Dammit! Nothing here!" Only paying half attention to the question, he answered, "Uh, Heather supposedly confessed that she- a-ha! Wait!" He'd tried under the desk, under the seat, and just about everywhere he could think of, but found only wads of old gum. However, he finally went a little deeper between two support bars where there was a one-inch space and found a small round object that fit perfectly inside that crack. He couldn't believe how small the fancy electronic gizmo was.

He pulled it out and held it up for inspection. "Here we go. Heather confessed that she left this here. She was hoping to catch you, Glory."

Sean interrupted, "How did you find that out?!" He was always very keen to know what went on between Alan and Heather.

Alan looked around at his present company and decided that discretion was the better part of valor. "The cheerleaders just told me." He kept an eye on Christine - did she with her high intelligence put two and two together and figure out what he'd been doing in the theater room just now? He decided not to even think about that, and pressed on. "I guess this is some kind of bug or recorder or something. We should examine it later. But the point is, she was going to keep this here until you said something incriminating and then, I assume, blackmail you."

Glory was so hopped up on an erotic high thanks to the Ben Wa balls, and just plain shocked on top of that, that she stood silent. Finally, she muttered, "That bitch!"

Alan handed the object to Glory. "We've got to run, so why don't you check this out? I trust you'll destroy it or otherwise take care of it."

Glory nodded. She still looked wide-eyed and wild.

Alan finally slowed down enough to take a better look at Glory and noticed something odd about her. He also glanced at Christine and saw that she was looking at Glory curiously too. But he pressed on, "Actually, I'm about to run off to a potentially big confrontation and it would be great to have a teacher there. Can you come?"

Glory thought for some moments. She looked at how the three students stood eagerly and she realized they were ready to literally run. She thought, Run? In the state I'm in, I can't even walk! Even if I somehow get these Ben Wa balls out of me without them noticing, I can barely do more than stand in this short skirt with no panties. And even if I had a longer skirt, I'm in such a state of sexual arousal that I'd probably lose it totally before we even left the building. Even if I take a few minutes to compose myself, what about the skirt?! Oh damn. What have I become?! Alan needs my help and I'm not there for him!

Seeing the three of them look at her with increasing curiosity, she knew she'd have to answer fast. "Uh, actually, as you can probably see, I'm feeling quite ill. I think I ate something at lunch that didn't agree with me. Do you need me in particular or can any teacher do?"

Alan quickly answered, "Any teacher, really."

Glory mentally breathed a great sigh of relief even as she tried to remain poker-faced. Thank God for that! That just saved me from making a complete fool and public spectacle of myself. Even though he and I can no longer be together, I still very much want to help him if he needs me.

The relief in her face was evident as she said, "Why don't you try Mr. Jackson next door? I think he said something about having to stay after school all this week to work on some things." Mr. Jackson was Alan's somewhat elderly art teacher. He was generally friendly and sympathetic to Alan.

Alan had been with Glory all throughout lunch and knew she didn't eat a bite. He could tell that her behavior and appearance was strange all around. But he'd have to wait to ask her about her condition some other time. He just nodded and said "Thanks! We'll do that!" And then he and his friends rushed off again, closing the door behind them.

Glory staggered back to her desk and sat back on it. She let out a big breath. Phew! What a day! That was a close one. But now I've done it! I've resisted the temptation. I've survived this thankfully short week and passed the danger point. By Monday, my withdrawal from my Alan addiction should be over. And now I find out he's doing Christine, too! Does he have no shame?! That's even more reason for me to sexually avoid him. I should be relieved. Very relieved. I can go back to normal now. I need to be there to help him and straighten him out, not give in to my selfish lust. Look what happened just now where I couldn't give him the timely help he needed because I was acting like an even bigger slut than Heather. This is the last time I come to school without panties, that's for sure!

She sat back to further rest and recover. I should feel good. I made it. But why do I feel so empty? And why do I still have these Ben Wa balls in me? Have I crossed some kind of line of sexual depravity that I can't get back from? No matter what choice I make, I'm bound to feel bad about it.

Despite still feeling so horny she could scream, Glory silently wept at her predicament and especially at her inability to help Alan when he really needed her.