

6 Times 831

Chapter 831 First Time With Xania !

Brenda let go. She backed up a bit, kneeling on the floor next to the bed, so she could take a good look at Alan's penis. It was three-fourths hard now, but still soft enough to flop down onto his stomach. Damn! Clearly, I've been ordered to stop reviving it, so I have to stop. That's part of what it means to have a master. And I was so close! So close!

Alan rolled his eyes at her dismayed look. She has such high expectations. It's like the mere idea of me being flaccid is beyond her comprehension. How can I ever live up to that? She looks at me in a guilty way too, now, as if she's committed some heinous crime by not getting me erect yet again. Her child-like reactions are almost comical. I'm thinking more and more that, ironically, this "slave" is going to be super high maintenance.

She filled the gap in conversation with a longing sigh. "Master, can I sleep with you here tonight? That way, whenever you get a hard-on in the middle of the night, I'll be right here to help you with it."

His mind reeled even more. He gently pulled her hand away. "Brenda, it's late. Time to go. Frankly, that sounds exhausting. I need to get as much sleep as I can, because I have school tomorrow. God dammit! What a sucky thought that is. And don't you have to go home, so you'll be there in the morning for your son?"

She nodded sadly. "Yes, that's true. Adrian might even still be up, worried and waiting for me. I'd better go now, after all."

The mention of Adrian made Alan wonder how Brenda's young son fit into the picture. I wonder what Adrian is like as a person. Does he know about the "new" Brenda, and if he does, what does he think of that? Ugh. I'm too tired to worry about that right now. I've gotta get to bed.

She also was reminded of Adrian, and that startled and practically terrified her. She was reminded of her permission to have sex with Adrian too, and she wondered if she should act on that. Totally devoting herself to Alan was very tempting, but she sensed, correctly, the Plummers didn't want that out of concern that she would monopolize too much of Alan's time. What would she do if forced to choose between her master and her son? The very thought was too scary for her to contemplate. She shuddered in fear.

Alan could sense what she must be worrying about, and said reassuringly, "Don't worry, I think I know what's bothering you. I'd never stand between you and your son. There's nothing more important than a bond between parent and child."

She let out a big sigh of relief that she didn't even know she'd been holding in. "Oh, God! Thank you! I can already tell you're going to be the best master ever!" She gave him a tight hug.

But despite her general relief, deep down there was a part of her that still worried. She knew that somehow, eventually, her loyalties to Alan and Adrian would eventually clash, but she felt like there was nothing she could do to stop that from happening. She just hoped the clash wouldn't be too painful, especially for herself and Adrian. She had no doubt Alan would do fine in any case, with all his other loving women.

Brenda went across the hallway to take a quick shower. She couldn't arrive home all sweaty and cummy.

Alan wanted to go to sleep right away, but he felt obliged to see her out. He told her to meet him downstairs when she was done. He put a robe on to discourage any possible hanky panky. Then he went downstairs to get himself a drink.

She came downstairs dressed in the same clothes she'd arrived in: black thigh-high boots, and matching black panties and a bra-like top that only covered the middle of her boobs. She walked to where he sat on a kitchen stool and struck a sexy pose. "There you are, Master. I really needed that shower. I feel MUCH better."

He tried not to be affected by her clothes or her pose. He was so tired that he was having trouble keeping his eyes open, so nothing could affect him much at this point. He asked, "Is that all you came in with?"

"Of course not. I have a trenchcoat by the front door." She stiffened, proudly. "My body is for your eyes only."

Before she could say more, which he figured inevitably would be something arousing, he said, "While you were showering, something occurred to me. After we fucked, I noticed some milk on your chest. Am I right? Are you lactating?"

She explained, "No, I'm not lactating; that hasn't happened since Adrian was a baby. But sometimes, at the height of particularly exquisite passion, little dribbles of milk squirt out of my breasts. It's hardly ever happened to me because, frankly, I've hardly ever had really outstanding sex."

He thought, Hmmm. Weird. In her case, "little dribbles" is actually quite a lot.

"I asked a doctor about it once, and he'd told me it was a perfectly normal, though rare, condition. It doesn't mean that I'm any more or less likely than anyone else to lactate normally. Honestly, I don't know much about it. Maybe it's a side effect of having J-cup sized breasts?"

He shrugged, because he didn't know either. However, he found it perfectly fitting that she'd leak from her breasts as well, since she seemed to be such a huge leaker generally. He recalled that she'd also squirted pussy juice on another occasion, and had a brief vision of her squirting from all three spots at once.

He asked, "Why does it taste sour?"

"That's because it's been in my breasts for a long time. It can't stay fresh forever, you know."

He nodded.

As he took her to the door, he began thinking about problems that might arise if she were to come over more often. He asked, "Brenda, what about your husband and this divorce thing? Do you think he might hire a private eye or something like that?"

"No, don't worry."

"Are you sure? And is there anything I should worry about from that direction?"

"No, nothing. The divorce should be finalized in a couple of weeks; those awful lawyers are just tangling over some fine print. He's in Europe and wants to forget all about me and Adrian. He's not Adrian's natural father so he never really warmed to him. He hasn't really lived at 'home' in ages. He's got a

whole other life and he's happy to be done with me. Don't worry. I'll certainly never fuck him again, or any other man, unless my master commands it. My master can command me to do anything and I must obey."

It was startling to hear her repeat those kinds of things when she was completely unaroused and fully coherent. The way she said it with such conviction was particularly unsettling. It hit him that all her "master" talk wasn't just some kind of sexual fantasy, like the crazy things he liked to say to Heather. She apparently really meant it.

He helped her put on her trenchcoat and leave by the front door without following up on that. Instead, he just gave her some goodbye pleasantries and kisses.

He thought, I've had a really great but really crazy day. I don't want to think any more, especially about this Brenda stuff, such as her apparently sincere use of the word 'master.' I'll deal with it tomorrow. He went straight to bed.

But as he drifted off to sleep, he had one last stream of thoughts. I've gone from getting beaten up, to the strip poker party, which was probably the most epic evening of my life so far, to fucking my "slave" Brenda. Wow. All in one day. My eye still hurts a bit and must look terrible, but so the fuck what?

Now, I get to set my alarm clock so I can fuck Xania first thing in the morning. Whoa! Holy fuck! This truly is the life! Maybe I should just keep pumping up this reputation thing and deal the best I can with Brenda-styled craziness if it'll get me consistently laid with the likes of these luscious babes. Wow. Of course that attitude also got me beat up at school.

Shit! Speaking of school, I do have school tomorrow. Fuck! That's almost unbelievable. It feels like it should be a weekend, but tomorrow's only going to be Thursday. If I'm going to fuck Xania, and do it right, I'm going to have to get up really early. I know: I'll set my alarm for five-thirty, and surprise her by waking her up in the dark. That way, I can take my time and not have to worry. Then, hopefully, I'll be able to go back to bed for a little while. Mom'll probably let me sleep until the last minute, and then help me get to school just in time. She's great.

He stirred enough to set his alarm. Then he turned the light off and closed his eyes again.

That takes care of that. I'm not really sure what to do with Brenda, though. Fucking her was great, but all this "master" and "slave" stuff is... worrying. Arousing, but worrying. And the whole situation with Adrian seems to have no easy answer. But let's worry about that tomorrow. I'm beat!

When Alan awoke it was still dark. He hit his alarm clock to make it stop ringing, and looked at it. 5:30 in the morning?! What the fuck?! Why did I set the alarm so early?!

In a startling rush, it all came back to him. First, he remembered the incredible poker party, and especially the participation of Brenda and Xania. Then he remembered fucking Brenda just before going to bed. Finally, he remembered his plan to fuck Xania early in the morning, before he had to go to school. He chuckled to himself. Oh yeah. So THAT'S what I was thinking. Friggin' awesome!

He was still sleepy, so he continued to lie in bed. But his heart started to race as he thought about Xania. Dang. All I can think about is her incredibly long tongue wrapped around my dick, lashing it like a whip. And her pussy! She's a great fuck. If I really want to, I could be balls-deep in her within the next five minutes. Or I could go back to sleep and get the rest I so desperately need. Xania can wait until later, right? I'm totally sexed out as it is, aren't I?

He could feel his penis engorging. Yeah, right! As if I'd miss out. Hot damn! She's just too tempting! I'm totally gonna regret the lack of sleep when I'm sitting in class later, or doing my homework, but there's no way in hell I can miss this chance.

He was still feeling groggy and listless. In addition to not getting much sleep, the poker party had been an endless pleasure, but also tiring. So he went to the bathroom across the hall and took a quick shower to fully revive himself. He put on a bathrobe, with nothing underneath.

Then he went to go wake Xania so he could fuck her. She was staying in the little-used guest bedroom just down the hall.

Alan knocked. Hearing no sound, he went in. The covers were pulled up almost to her neck, but he held his breath just from looking at her remarkable face. He could tell by the way her arms were positioned under the covers that she wasn't tied up anymore. He kept the light off, but went to the edge of her bed and gently shook her awake. "Xania. Xania. Sorry to bother you..."

"But you'd like to fuck me?" Xania laughed good-naturedly as she opened her eyes. She pulled her covers down almost to her nipples, showing him that she had slept in the nude. "Don't worry. I was already awake and trying to get back to sleep. I guess I was thinking the same thing as you. You know the old saying: the early bird gets it in every hole."

He laughed as he turned on the light by her bed stand. "Actually, that's not the way they taught it to us."

She replied cheekily as she playfully stuck her tongue out a bit, "You were probably learning about the other kind of bird, then." She sat up, fully exposing her bare breasts. She picked up her glasses from her bed stand and put them on.

Seeing her tongue reminded him again of how it had felt so unusually long in her blowjobs the night before. He'd been too shy to ask earlier with others around, but now he said, "Xania, I know this may seem like kind of a rude thing to ask, but can you stick your tongue out as far as it can go?"

She did so with a naughty smile. It was an incredibly long tongue. She flicked it about to show how dexterous it was as well. She showed that she could actually touch the tip of her nose with it.

He gasped in surprise. "Holy fuck! That's inhuman!" It reminded him of movies where a person turns out to be a demon or devil and exposes the fact that they have a lizard-like tongue. But he wasn't horrified, just aroused. He already had some idea what her remarkable tongue could do, especially since he'd enjoyed Suzanne's similarly lengthy tongue quite a lot.

Pulling it back in, she said, "Ask Suzanne about my nickname back in college sometime. Everybody called me 'The Snake.'"

"I can see why! Jesus H. Christ! She mentioned your nickname to me already. Speaking of her, I think yours is even longer than hers, and I thought she had a long one." He was honestly blown away.

Xania didn't want to dwell on her tongue, especially given how long she'd been waiting for him to fuck her, but she couldn't resist adding, "Yeah, she's got a long one, but not quite as long as mine. Just wait until the two of us give you a double blowjob though!"

She licked around her mouth, showing off her tongue length and dexterity. She purred, "And you know we will."

He appeared to get lost in thought with that idea. A dreamy expression suffused his face. That double blowjob idea sounded so great that he found himself actually contemplating sneaking into the Pestridge house in the middle of the night to wake Suzanne up so they could do that immediately.

Xania suddenly stopped her sexy licking, and prodded him, "Come on! Less talking and more fucking." In the dim light, she patted the spot on the bed next to her.

He walked across the room to turn more lights on. "I want to clearly see every last inch of you." Then he slid out of his robe and got in bed next to her. He simply cuddled up against her, for starters, and found her nude body welcoming and warm. It made him long for the day when he'd be able to sleep with his mother or sister every night, or even both of them together.

He felt her up all over. But not surprisingly given that he was a "tit man," his hands focused on her 38G breasts. "Xania, before we start, I want to get to know who you are a little better."

She chuckled. "You just want to get to know my boobs a little better!" She was lying there with her hands behind her head, giving him total access to her chest.

He grinned, and ran his fingers across her tummy and along her sensitive undersides. "Yeah, that too. But seriously, I mean, at first I thought you were a psychologist, but then you surprised the heck out of me by fucking me in the middle of my consulting session. Then last night you admirably played one role so well that I was sometimes believing that, but other times reminding me of what we did before. So what are you really like as a person?"

She said with an expressionless face, "I'll give you the brief version while you tie me up again."

"What? I thought you weren't into that." He pinched her stiff nipples.

She reached down and caressed his boner, since she knew she wouldn't be able to do any more of that once he tied her up. "I'm not especially, though the things Katherine and Amy did to me have me changing my tune a bit. They're so much fun to be with. But they said you had planned to fuck me that

way, and they only agreed to finally release me if I promised to get tied up again when I woke up. I try to keep my promises."

"Oh. Well then, fair enough." He thought, Yeay, Sis and Aims! I owe you two for this one.

He let go of Xania's breasts and looked around. She conveniently had the same rope used the night before on her bed stand, so he began tying her up with it. He was particularly curious about roping someone up after hearing Brenda explain her bondage and domination fetishes last night.

Meanwhile, Xania made up a false history about her past, since she didn't want him to know the full truth, that she had no professional psychologist experience or training whatsoever. "Don't think of me as a psychologist so much as a sex therapist. You know how crazy L.A. is - they even have drive-through pet cemeteries. I'm an unusual therapist. I counsel people on their love lives. Sometimes I do couples, sometimes individuals."

He asked, "Excuse me, but could you put your hands behind your back?"

"Sure." She did so, letting go of his erection in the process.

She continued, "But I'm very unorthodox, and very sexually active. If someone comes to me and they're obviously very lonely, my best therapy may be to literally fuck 'em. I end up having sex with some of my patients, as you no doubt noticed firsthand on your initial visit. I hope that doesn't shock you." She was describing the job she wished she had instead of what she actually did.

He spoke while continuing to tie her up. "Xania, at this point nothing could possibly shock me. That explains why you encouraged incest, at least. I guess you're often looking for the pro-sex solution."

"Yes. I'm almost always looking for the pro-sex solution, as long as it doesn't harm anyone. Sex is perfectly healthy and wonderful. Good sex creates strong emotional bonds, and fixes many problems. I have a very strong sex drive. I knew Suzanne in college, as you know, and we're very much alike. People even say we look quite alike, especially from the neck down." She teased, "Not that you'd know anything about that."

She playfully nudged him with an elbow to emphasize that point, though it wasn't easy with her newly limited movement, as Alan was already making progress tying her up.

He'd just managed to tie her hands together behind her back, but then he'd gotten distracted by running his hands over her shapely back and ass. Her nudge got him back to working on the rope to secure her arms from being able to move as well.

She continued, "Just like Suzanne, I absolutely love the Plummer family. I'd be delighted to advise you all on your problems, sexual and otherwise, any time you like. The only recompense, if you can even call it that, is that I'd like to be rewarded with the occasional fuck, just as I am about to be right now.

She smirked, and teased him, "Or at least I might, if you'll ever finish fussing with those ropes and tie me up properly. You'd think that, being a Boy Scout, you'd be better at tying things up. Don't you have a merit badge for tying knots, or something?" She smirked. "Or, knowing you, do you have the 'Binding Up Busty Vixens' merit badge?"

"I wish. I don't remember that one in my 'Scouting for Boys' book," he joked. "Sorry. Almost there." He was so eager to fuck that he wasn't concentrating well on the rope task. Despite his growing number of sexual experiences, he hardly felt jaded at all, and he still got quite excited at the prospect of what he was sure would be another great fuck. This was particularly true since he didn't get to experience actual vaginal fucking all that often.

"You could probably go faster if you took your finger out of my pussy," she noted with amusement. She was enjoying the fingering, but knew that she'd enjoy a good fucking much more.

"Oops. Sorry." Indeed, with Xania lying on her back now and her legs spread, he hadn't been able to resist the temptation of exploring her juicy pussy. But he brought both hands back to the task of tying her hands behind her back.

She continued, "Oh. And another thing. Everyone living in L.A. aspires to be in Hollywood, and I'm no different. I started getting some acting jobs due to my looks, and now I act here and there. Usually R-rated or even X-rated stuff, though generally tame stuff like you might see with original cable channel programming. It's generally pretty sexual, because they're afraid to put a full-bodied woman like myself into a normal film. I try to stay away from the honest-to-God porn though. Once you do full-on porn, you're kind of marked, and it becomes very hard to get any non-porn work. You're most likely to see me in something like a racy teen spring break movie. By the way, that's one reason why I enjoyed last night so much, because it let me play another role. I honestly love to act."

Here she was being honest, except for the implication of accidentally falling into part-time roles. This was really all she did: acting when she could, and partying during the big down times between jobs. She also was taking classes to become a dental assistant, but she wasn't very dedicated about it. She figured she could be fairly straightforward with Alan. With Susan, she'd have to tread a bit more carefully and craft a less honest story, since Susan believed in Xania's prudish persona.

He was impressed. "Wow, Xania. You live a really interesting life. I'm totally going to have to check out some of your films. And you've come to me like an angel from heaven, because I could really use someone to talk to right now."

Her voice dripped with sex and innuendo. "You're gonna have to wait on that one, because I see you've got me all tied up, and just like a coin-operated fortune teller, you've got to put something in to get me to talk. Except my slot needs something much bigger and thicker than a coin."

He looked around and pretended cluelessness. "Hmmm. It's probably one of those dollar-operated machines then. Where did I put my wallet? I think I put it around here somewhere." He lifted up various objects on the nightstand by the bed, as if seriously looking for his wallet.

She chuckled, then complained, "Aaaaalan! Come on! That's not funny when you consider you've had me waiting for a long, hard fuck for hours and hours. Come on! Let's do it!" She couldn't move her arms anymore, so she rolled back over and kicked with her feet like a petulant child until the covers came all the way off. Then she spread her legs as wide as she could so he'd clearly get the message of her urgency.

He looked at her in that pose, and thought, Wow! A knockout like Xania is downright eager to get fucked by ME, of all people! I know that's old news, but I swear, the thrill never ends!

He hopped off the bed and pulled the covers the rest of the way to the floor. "I hope you don't mind if we leave the light on and the covers down. You have such a beautiful body that it would be a shame to make love with it all hidden. I don't like having sex in the dark."

"No problem." But she started whistling the song played in the Jeopardy TV game show used to indicate time was running out.

He climbed back into bed and lay on top of her. His cock was very hard and erect, and he had it all ready to go. But her pussy wasn't very wet yet, which was an unusual problem for him. (All of the Plummer and Pestrige women got wet quite easily, so he hardly knew what a dry pussy was.)

He started rubbing his erection all over her pussy lips, just as he had done to good effect with Brenda the night before. Meanwhile, he asked, "So how does this tied-up thing work? What good is it to have your hands bound?"

She responded, "For one thing, it stopped me from slapping you silly for your little lost wallet routine. Other than that, I don't know. I could do a lot with my hands if you'd let me. But Katherine and Amy put the rope to good use last night. Katherine especially liked to pretend that I was a prisoner, and they were sexually torturing me." She smiled in remembrance. "That was a lot of fun. I think I got off on playing the role in the game more than anything. I do love to act, you know."

He was trying to think how to make this fucking even better for Xania. "Well, I don't want to just copy them. Plus I was doing some role-playing last night with Brenda, and I've had my fill of playing for a while. We're big on role-playing around here, as you might have noticed. Let's just do a straight fuck first and then see where we go from there."

"Sounds good, but you're all talk and no action."

"Hey. I'm trying to get you ready here. By the way, maybe if you could complain just a little bit about how you're tied up while we're fucking, that'll help arouse me even more."bender

"No problem. I don't even have to pretend because it's honestly annoying me. Just as does a man who beats around the bush. Literally." She looked down at his cock poking at her pussy lips, just below her bush. "I'm more than wet enough already. Are you waiting for a Brenda-like flood or something?"

"Okay. Okay. Geez. I'm still learning about some things." He was struck by the different reactions between Brenda and Xania in response to the same teasing of pussy lips. Xania has no problem saying just what she wants and pushes until she gets it. Like Aunt Suzy. Brenda, on the other hand, puts up with anything I do because she apparently thinks I'm her "master," whatever that means. And then when she can't take it anymore she abjectly begs me for it.

I like both styles. There seem to be a lot of submissives around here lately, so it's good to be with a really strong-willed woman for a change.

While that was true, he was mostly used to fucking submissives, or dominants with submissive streaks like Heather, and he wasn't quite sure how to handle someone as different as Xania. However, he was determined to learn.

Chapter 832 Fucking Xania

Alan pushed his erection in, to both his and Xania's great relief. God, that feels great! he thought. Nothing like the snug fit of my cock sheathed in pussy. I could do this all day long. Seriously! If only my body would let me. God dammit, this feels good!

He thought he'd take a moment to adjust, now that he was all the way in her. He reached forward to her pillowy tits and held them from below. Being a big tit man as he was, getting to fondle her enormous globes while fucking her cunt was truly heavenly.

However, he didn't get a chance to relax. Xania was proud of her fucking skills. Like Suzanne, she had excellent control of her vaginal muscles. (In fact, they had learned many pussy control techniques together back in college.) With his erection still and fully impaled inside her, she surprised him by starting to squeeze his shaft in exquisitely arousing ways.

He was very impressed, but he didn't want to show it. He was trying to impress her with his fucking skills, not vice versa, and he didn't want to get too aroused before he even started thrusting. So he began slowly pushing in and out, forcing her to stop her special squeezing moves.

He sawed away at a slow yet steady pace. He knew that neither of them were deliriously aroused, like they both had been for most of last night, and he wanted to get them to that point before he went all out.

He continued to fondle her breasts and especially her nipples. He could see that was having an effect in getting her even more hot and bothered.

Meanwhile, he contemplated the fact that her arms and hands were completely tied up. He said, "Hmmm. You know, I could do just about anything I wanted to you with you like this, couldn't I? For instance, when I fuck, I like to tickle."

"You do not!" She was worried at the sound of that.

"I do. Call it a weird fetish. Normally it doesn't matter because my partners can defend themselves, but with you all tied up, you might not be able to do anything about... THIS!" Even as he continued with his slow strokes, he moved his hands from her breasts to her underarms and tickled both of them at once, just for kicks.

Xania was very ticklish, and she couldn't help but laugh. "Hey! Cut that out!" Despite his erection in her, she shook her body in the most delightful ways as she tried to fend him off without using her arms or hands.

She may not have been particularly aroused by bondage, but the rope inspired Alan and turned him into a better lover than he already was. Plus, the way her vagina clutched and pulsed around him whenever she tried to get away inspired him even more.

He reached back and tickled beneath her kneecap on one leg. He was disappointed that her feet were out of range. "Or? Cut that out or what? I don't know if you're in a position to negotiate when you're all tied up and in the middle of getting fucked."

He again went after her underarms. He was pleased to see her smile and laugh, as he was used to the stern, serious expression she used in her therapist role. Her whole body wriggled and writhed even more as she tried to escape from the tickling, but she couldn't get away at all, especially since his stiffness was deep inside her. But all of her writhing and clenching only made the fucking that much better for both of them.

"Hey!" She yelled again. "Stop that now! This time I'm serious."

"Yeah. You look really serious," he mocked.

She tried to keep her face stern, but she only succeeded for a couple of seconds before she broke back into laughter. His tickling was as relentless as his fucking. He had to stop thrusting sometimes to do the tickling, but he continued to penetrate her deeply with long, slow strokes whenever she was still recovering from another tickle attack. Her vaginal muscles continued to involuntarily suck and milk his embedded cock while her body jerked around and/or she laughed uncontrollably.

She growled menacingly even as she giggled, "You can't keep me tied up forever, you know. And then when my hands are free, you're gonna get it!"

"Oh yeah? Who says we can't keep you tied up forever? I was talking to Mom and Aunt Suzy, and they agreed that we should keep you like this for a week... at least!" He grinned impishly. "They agreed that you're not properly broken in yet. The plan is to keep your holes stuffed at all times with vibrators or strap-ons or penises until you break. We did the same to Brenda and look at her now. She calls herself 'Slave.'"

Xania thought he was putting her on, but she couldn't be completely sure. She didn't really know him well, and she could believe anything about Brenda from the way Brenda had behaved the night before. Plus, things at the Plummer house were completely crazy. Suddenly she was filled with fear at the prospect of really being tied up and fucked by all comers until she was completely broken and turned into a mindless sex slave. "That's not funny! Untie me this instant!"

"A-ha! Now we're seeing the power of the ropes, eh?" He thrust powerfully into her several times, and ground his hips, leaving her panting and breathless. "What'll you do if I do... this?" He tickled her in the ribs and then again under the arms.

She tried to flip over to escape the tickling, but to no avail, as her vagina and his cock were still joined, with her legs wrapped around him.

"Or this?" He reached down between her legs and fingered at the entrance to her anus.

She let out a loud shriek as she fought off a sudden urge to cum.

His erection stroked in and out as often as he could manage, given all the other activity going on. He was pleased that she was starting to get really hot and horny, but he wanted to work her up much, much

more. He thought back to how he'd fucked Brenda until she'd actually passed out, and he wanted to have the same effect on Xania, so she would be truly hooked on him.

Xania was confused. She was slightly scared, but also mirthful from all the tickling, and very aroused from the fucking. Mostly, she simply had no idea what he would do next. She fully felt the sensation of helplessness in being tied up now, and discovered that it aroused her even as it upset her.

He continued to fuck her and continued to surprise her. He would start and stop fucking for no reason, switch to an all-out tickle attack that left her feeling particularly helpless, or just do nothing but talk and diddle her defenseless, exposed clit. She occasionally got revenge by surprise kissing him with her amazing tongue.

He frequently changed positions, testing what she liked best. He even propped her up so she could ride him cowgirl-style.

She growled angrily, "I heard a lot of talk last night about 'sex pets' and 'fuck toys.' That's what you think I am, don't you? Some kind of 'fuck toy!' You're treating me like a human blow-up doll! Well, I'll show you, you insolent bastard! I'm going to fuck that smug smile right off your face!"

Despite not being able to use her hands, she managed to lift herself up until his cock was nearly out of her, and then she slammed back down. She started doing this repeatedly.

Needless to say, he loved getting "punished" by this.

He held her hips to help her balance. He even helped her churn her hips around on him. All of this physical activity seemed to directly contradict her complaint that she wasn't a "fuck toy," but neither of them cared much about logic at the moment.

He tried talking to her about how helpless she was, and other submissive themes that worked well with some of his other lovers. He discovered that she got off on that, but only to a certain degree. If he carried on with "fuck toy" style talk, she seemed to be legitimately annoyed, and not just pretending.

The problem was, he didn't know her well enough to know just where to draw the line. In fact, he suspected correctly that what aroused her one moment might annoy her at some other time, depending

on how horny she was. He felt like he was stepping in a minefield, and that wasn't helping working her up to a fever pitch.

However, he noticed that whenever he mentioned fucking her in public, that got a better response. He also thought back to last night and remembered that whenever she was forced to do embarrassing sexual things in front of the others, it always got a particularly big reaction from her. He started to focus on exposure fantasies whenever he talked, especially during his strategic breaks when he could talk better.

Even though he was only starting to get to know her, he was quickly learning how to push her buttons.

Eventually, he got worked up to such a degree that he stopped talking altogether, and just concentrated on fucking. All of the stopping and starting had prevented her from cumming, but he knew that she was heading to a big one as well. Although there were times when he staved off his climax for an extremely long time, he felt he didn't have to do that this time, since he was confident that he'd be able to get hard again soon. He kept on driving and drilling, taking them both to an inevitable, and hopefully mutual, climax.

Xania in return did her best to thrust back. Their bodies moved in great synchrony, just like a pistoning machine.

But right when he was on the cusp of blowing his load, she suddenly yelled, "Condom! Do you have a condom?"

He realized that he'd completely forgotten all about the contraception issue, yet again. In the heat of the moment, he couldn't remember what they'd done about this the first time he'd fucked her. "You're on the pill, right?" he shouted back.

She gasped, "Yes, but... more protection... better!"

There was no way he could stop to get a condom at this point. So he pulled out and came all over her chest instead. It felt great to paint her ample tits with his seed, and he made sure to let at least one rope leave a streak across her face.

It was a disappointment for them both that he had to pull out right then. He tried to make up for it by thrusting four bunched-up fingers into her cunt and frantically ramming them in and out just as if he was still pounding his cock into her.

She'd started to let go anyway, but his finger work definitely took her orgasm to a much higher peak. She would have screamed out in wild abandon, but she remembered the early morning hour and the fact that others were sleeping nearby. She closed her mouth and clenched her teeth tightly, which helped muffle the worst of her frantic yelling.

When he was done, he stopped to bask in what he'd accomplished. He truly loved making a woman cum hard, and he felt he'd succeeded in giving Xania a great orgasm. True, she hadn't passed out like Brenda, but he knew that was a very rare thing indeed. Besides, he felt revived after sleeping most of the night, and he was far from done.

As he panted hard and looked down on Xania's bound body, he admired the handiwork of his cum spray. There was some cum on her tummy, but he'd sat up in bed even as he'd been fingering her, and he'd managed to deposit most of his cum on her tits and face.

He thought, Maybe it's immature, but I just love painting my women with cum! There's nothing like that donut glaze on tired, heaving, big tits. And she has the face of a movie star. Hell, she is a movie star, kind of. What it is about seeing beautiful and delicate female facial features all covered in streaks of cum? I don't know, but it sure as hell gets my motor running! And painting a tied-up hottie is all the better. I feel like the king of the world!

It was getting light outside by this time, so he turned off the nightstand light, and asked, "That was a good fuck, don't you think?"

She answered, "Okay, I'll admit that was fun. A hell of a way to wake up!" She narrowed her gaze menacingly. "But I'm still going to get back at you. I'm angry."

"And you look super sexy when you're angry. My tall, buxom, angry, porn star fuck toy." He lightly slapped her cummy left breast, just to watch it jiggle like an upset bowl of Jell-O.

"Grrr! I told you I'm not one of your fuck toys. And I told you I'm not a porn star. Call me a B-movie actress, if you will."

"Porn stars are so cute when they get angry." He lightly slapped her other tit.

"GRRR! Stop slapping my tits already!"

He laughed good-naturedly. "I'm just yanking your chain. You know that, right? I don't really believe all this fuck toy nonsense."

"You don't?!"

He said, "No, of course not. It works great as sexy talk, but that's all it is."

She warned, "Well, Brenda seems to take it very seriously. So does your mother."

He asked, "What about Katherine?"

"I know she's the one who came up with the term, but I suspect it's more like a game for her."

"Hmmm. If any of them are taking it seriously, that is kind of a problem. But now I really need to talk. I want to unload, and for once that unloading doesn't involve any cum. Let's go chat in my office. You can still walk, can't you?"

She groaned. "Aren't you going to untie me now?"

"Nope!" He grinned mischievously. "Remember what I said about keeping you tied up for a week? Besides, I figure that once I untie you, you're likely to slap or tickle me."

He'd guessed that second part correctly. She stood up with his help, and then kicked him in the shins. She was irritated by her continuing helplessness, but also looked forward to more sexy fun with him.

"At least you'll let me clean up my chest and face, right?"

"Not after you kicked me."

"Grrr!"

Chapter 833 Playing With Xania

Alan's "office" turned out to be the backyard pool. He wanted to use her public exposure fetish to his advantage, and this seemed the best location for that, especially considering the others were still sleeping.

It was cold early in the morning, but it looked like it would turn into a nice, sunny day. He walked out with Xania, helping her bound and naked body along in case she lost her balance. He was wearing his white bathrobe, because he got a kick out of being covered up when she wasn't.

She griped, "Where are you taking me?! You're taking me outside!"

He joked, "I can't slip anything past you."

He walked ahead, then turned around to watch her walking towards him. Oh, man! I may appear cool and collected on the outside, but my heart is beating fast! Xania is a perfect ten, a super body centerfold, and she's bound with rope and I'm gonna fuck her! Again! Man! It doesn't get any better than this!

"Bad Alan" must be in charge, 'cos I'm totally getting off on getting her all embarrassed. Why the heck does she let me do this to her?! Last night, somehow it made sense. But standing outside here in the harsh light of the morning, it's like ten times as crazy to see a woman like her buck naked and bound. I guess this is the new normal for me. Oh man!

He shucked his robe up and jumped into the pool, while she sat at the pool edge and dangled her feet in the water. He wanted to get clean of all his sweat and cum. He had a plan forming in mind to humiliate

her, but in a highly arousing way. Swimming would help, because his clean skin would contrast with the cummy mess on her.

She stood by the pool and watched him swim for a little while. Damn. He is a fairly handsome and strong guy. Nice, tight ass! His looks aren't why all these bombshells are gaga for him, but it certainly helps.

She was tempted to swim too, but she was afraid to try with her arms tied behind her back. She asked him as he swam, "Can't your neighbors see? What if they see me?"

He stopped and stood up in the water. He pointed to a house directly behind Xania. "You see that? That's the Pestridge house. I figure it's extremely likely that Amy's father, Mr. Pestridge, will get up soon and look out his window."

He pointed at the one window with a clear view to the pool. In fact, it was Amy's window, but he didn't want her to know that.

Xania turned her head in dismay. She immediately started to cover her breasts, only to rediscover that she couldn't move her hands at all.

He said, "That's what's so great about you being here. I couldn't do this with anyone else, obviously, but it's not a problem if I get caught with you. In fact, I'm rather looking forward to it. I think he suspects I'm gay. I'd like to prove him wrong in spectacular fashion. If only he knew the truth!"

She completely believed his lies. "But what about me?! He's going to see me! What is he going to think about me?!"

She looked down at his cum glistening on her huge breasts. Talk about embarrassing! Eric is going to look at me and think that I really am some kind of... fuck toy! Bound, naked, and cum on my face and chest?! How could it get any more incriminating than that?! Dammit!

Alan swam another lap to let his words sink in. Then he stopped and clung to the side of the pool in front of her, right between her legs dangling in the water. From there, he could look up and enjoy the sight of her cummy, naked body.

She repeated anxiously, "What about me?! What's he going to think?!"

He ran his hands over her muscular thighs. "I don't know. I'll be sure to ask him later and let you know. Maybe he'll compare notes with the neighbors over there and there." He pointed to two other houses that didn't have a clear window view to the Plummer pool at all.

But in Xania's excited state, she didn't realize that. She was breathless with fear.

He spoke matter-of-factly, "I imagine they'll all wonder why a teenage kid would have a grown-up, full-bodied, big-busted woman completely naked and tied up in his back yard. I imagine they'll think you're a massively horny slut, especially given the pearly shine on your tits and your face."

She asked, "Do you think they can see even that?!"

"Oh, sure." He brought a hand to her pussy mound and started teasing her clit. "The sun has come out, so they'll see the glistening sheen, like the sun dancing on the water. Plus, I know that Mr. Pestridge is a bird-watcher, so he must have high-powered binoculars. He'll probably be able to count the beads of cum shining on your engorged pussy lips."

With that mention, she tried to squeeze her legs shut, but couldn't, since Alan's body was in the way. In her anger and frustration she tried to painfully squeeze him with her powerful thighs.

But he'd anticipated that and he had his upper arms at his sides, absorbing some of her squeeze. Furthermore, his lower arms continued to reach out, allowing him to diddle her clit.

That distracted and weakened her. She was already struggling mightily not to cum. She was panting hard, causing her enormous globes to bounce up and down. (The way he had tied ropes above and below her boobs only enhanced the bouncing.)

She pleaded, "You have to help me!"

"Do I? When you're trying to crush me with your thighs?"

She immediately stopped her squeezing. "I'm sorry. Please! Please! Do something!"

He slid two fingers into her slit and started pumping, while continuing to work her clit with his other hand. "Oh, I'll do something. I'm a relentlessly horny teenage boy with a bound and totally naked sexy fox on my hands. And in my hands. I'm going to make you cum, and cum, and cum some more! You'll scream so loud that you'll wake up the whole neighborhood!"

"Oh no! No! Please, no!" She tried to wiggle her ass away from his probing fingers, but she was in such a flustered state that she found she couldn't move from her sitting position at all. In fact, her wiggling only made his fingering feel even better. She kept on doing it because she was that horny.

As he continued to play with her, he remembered how well his denial-of-orgasm method had worked on her last night. "By the way, I recommend you try hard not to cum. If you cum without permission, I'm going to have to spank you in front of all the neighbors."

This spanking threat was exactly what he'd told her last night, but he figured that if it worked well then, it would work well again.

She stopped the sexy wiggling of her hips and tried to squeeze his fingers hard, hoping to force them out of her cunt. "Don't! No! Please! I beg you!"

He ignored her pleading. He remembered something else that worked well on her from last night: fingering her G-spot. He probed deeper and found her G-spot again.

She gasped, and whispered, "Oh no! Dear God, NO!"

He continued to taunt her. "I want to put on a show for the neighbors and really blow their minds. If I see anyone looking out their windows, I'll have to turn you around and bend you over so I can fuck you in the ass. I think that'll be some interesting food for thought for the neighborhood gossip mill."

"No! You wouldn't!" Xania was surprised just how aroused this was making her. She'd played public exposure games many times before, but she'd never been in a position of extreme helplessness at the same time, unable to do anything if someone saw her. Furthermore, she didn't know Alan well enough to tell if he'd actually let her get exposed to total strangers or not.

In desperation to get out of her current predicament, she renewed her efforts to get up and away from Alan and his probing fingers.

Sensing that she was dangerously close to cumming, he decided to let her go.

She managed to swing her legs out of the water and then sit up on her knees. From there, she turned herself around to get a look at the window where she thought Eric would be. She was half convinced he was watching her already, probably with binoculars, but she wanted to know for sure.

She was so keen on getting a closer look at the window that she struggled to stand all the way up. She almost made it before she fell back onto the concrete with a resounding thud. She cursed, but even her helplessness and inability to get a good look made her more aroused.

Her attempt to stand up had backfired, because now she was on her knees with her face and tits pressed against the concrete. Her ass was high up in the air, as if she was ready to get ass fucked or fucked doggy-style.

Alan couldn't resist that temptation. He quickly pulled himself out of the pool. Then, knowing that she couldn't move at all from her current position, he went to where he'd dropped his terry cloth robe on the ground, picked it up, and used it as a towel to get dry.

She could just barely see him out of the corner of her eye. "What are you doing?!"

"What does it look like? I'm drying off."

"But you can't leave me like this!"

"Would you rather I leave you like that as I dry off, or finger your G-spot until you're delirious with the need to cum?"

She saw his point, and said, "Please. Take your time." Despite her predicament, she couldn't help but chuckle at that.

He thoroughly dried himself off to stall for time, knowing the longer she waited in that pose, the hotter she'd get. Then he dropped the robe and knelt behind her to see how she was doing.

Her pussy was absolutely soaked. He put a finger up her slit and wiggled it around.

She was eager to get fucked again, except for the fact that she was now scared shitless that fucking would make it more likely she'd be seen by the neighbors. She whispered, "What are you going to do with me?"bender

"I'm thinking I'll fuck you doggy-style until you cum. Then, since you didn't get permission to cum, I'll just keep you bent over like that for the thorough spanking that you so badly deserve. That'll wake up the neighbors, for sure, what with all the wailing and the screaming. Then I'll probably fuck you some more. And that's just for starters."

She thought, Oh SHIT! I'm in for a very long morning. He's going to totally wreck me, just like he had Brenda passed out and drooling last night, before the poker game even ended. FUCK! Fuck, fuck, fuck! To make matters worse, I need it! I need him to fuck me, so bad! I don't even care who sees and hears! Well, I do, but what can I do about it?! Oh God! Total humiliation!

She whispered, "Please! Fuck me!" She wiggled her ass temptingly, even though he had two fingers deep in her cunt.

He asked, "Excuse me?"

She spoke a little louder. "You heard me. Please, fuck me! But I've gotta warn you... I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum really hard!"

He responded, "Hmmm. We could do that. Or... We could wait a while, and talk about sex some first. Yes, that sounds better. Let's talk." He pulled his finger out of her hot and trembling vagina before she got the idea to cum while he was still in there.

"Excuse me?! What did you say?!"

"You heard me. We have plenty of time. I don't have to be at school until eight. Let's talk for a while first." He helped her sit up.

Xania was grateful that she could at least sit up and look him in the face, even though that didn't relieve her feeling of total helplessness very much. But she was incredibly chagrined by his suggestion. She rolled her eyes in disbelief. "You give me this incredible fuck itch, and now all you want to do is talk?! Do you do this to all your women?"

"I try. It's not easy, but I like to see them in a state of constant arousal." That was true. He'd been frustrated upstairs when he wanted to fuck her and she wasn't even wet yet. This was much more how he liked things to be, with his woman flying high on lust and constantly right on the edge of a big orgasm. Now, his challenge was to keep her and himself at a highly lusty level for a long time.

He sat on his ass facing her, with his stiff cock poking in her direction. "Now, let's talk."

She considered her options. Although my burning hot cunt is craving a hard fucking, I certainly don't want to get spanked, especially with all the neighbors watching! If we talk, whatever we talk about, it'll give me a chance to calm down some. Then, at least when he fucks me I won't start already going out of my mind with the need to cum!, screaming my head off and alerting all the neighbors! I need to play for time!

She nodded, and tried to catch her breath.

He lowered his voice momentarily. "Mr. Pestridge is out of range, but you'd best keep your voice down because he might be upset to hear how I've been fucking his wife and daughter right under his nose."

She snorted, "He 'might?!'"

"Okay, he would be. That's one of the things I want to talk to you about. The security issue." What he told her only heightened her sense of danger, which in turn heightened her arousal.

He went on in his usual voice, "But we can get to that later. The first thing I want to talk about is the weirdness issue. My life is seriously surreal. I mean, look at me and you talking in these conditions as a

case in point. Actually, maybe I'll just tell you everything and you can sort out all the issues and tell me what's important."

He swept a finger through a large cum gob that was in danger of falling off her left breast, then he brought it up to a couple of inches in front of her face. "Here, let me help you clean your chest."

She found herself leaning forward and sucking his finger clean. As she swallowed the cum, she thought, God damned humiliating! I really shouldn't be encouraging him like this, but his cum is just too fucking yummy. Dammit! I guess all that submissiveness talk last night wasn't just talk. He can be downright... well... dominating!

He swiped up another cum gob dangling dangerously at the tip of her nose. "Eat up."

"Grrr!" But she ate it up with obvious eagerness. Fuck! I hate being too turned on to even control myself. Not to mention being all bound up like this. And now I'm supposed to calm down when he's feeding me his cum?! Right!

While he continued to "clean" her off by feeding her his cum, he gave her a history of what was going on in his life. He focused on explaining his relationships with Heather, Glory, Brenda, and Susan, as they were the ones that were causing him the most trouble. He talked for almost an hour.

He was reluctant to reveal the secret of his intimate relationship with Glory to Xania. But since he believed Xania was a real professional therapist, he assumed he could safely discuss anything with her and expect doctor-patient confidentiality, especially since Amy, Katherine, Susan, and Suzanne all knew about it by this point. Besides, since Xania lived in L.A., he figured the odds of Xania ever meeting Glory or other people who knew Glory were extremely low.

Still, he warned her to be especially careful not to mention anything about Glory to anyone else, not even the other people at the poker party.

Naturally, Xania agreed.

She asked the occasional question, but kept her conclusions to herself for the moment. She struggled mightily to control her arousal and concentrate on what he was saying so that she could offer good advice.

Meanwhile, she frequently twisted around and looked up to Amy's window, as if expecting Eric Pestridge to look down from it at any moment.

Alan was amazed at how much mileage he was getting out of merely keeping up the idea that strangers might be watching her. It kept her constantly aroused. He occasionally checked her to see if she still had a healthy flow of pussy juice going. When she didn't, he'd frig her some more, and especially stimulate her G-spot. He constantly kept her close to a climax, but not so much that she couldn't stay with the conversation.

He'd figured out that his usual domineering sexual talk was likely to turn her off, at least most of the time. He sensed that she was different from most of his other lovers in that she really resented being lorded over by a man. However, those kinds of ideas still aroused him, and while he talked he would find himself looking at her tied up by the side of the pool and part of his brain would daydream.

He thought, What if Mom's big-titted woman theory is really true? I really SHOULD keep Xania tied up for a week or more, until she's completely broken in and tamed! I want her just like Brenda: another eager fuck slave to add to my harem!

He told himself, Yes, Alan, you have a harem. There's no denying it now, not with Brenda in the picture. She's a fuckin' wannabe sex slave! She really is. She even gets off on "master" and "slave" talk. You need a big harem! It would be such fun to take a strong, intelligent, professional woman like Xania and reduce her to a tied up toy for the whole family. We could keep a big vibrator in her for days and days, and she would have no way of taking it out!

He had fantasies like these from time to time while talking to Xania, but then he'd have to snap back to the conversation. Occasionally, he would remind himself that such thoughts were wrong and cruel, and slave talk especially was going too far. He'd chastise himself for letting his "Bad Alan" side grow too strong. Then he'd get lost in Xania's beauty as he talked to her, and the sight of her tied up would bring on more naughty thoughts and another similar fantasy. Then he'd recall his moral scruples again. Then the process would repeat.

Luckily, he was getting better at talking and sexual play at the same time, or he wouldn't have been able to make the serious points he wanted to make.

Finally he talked himself out, and waited for her conclusions.

She asked, "Are you going to untie me? If you want to hear what I have to say, you have to untie me first. If you're not going to get me off, then let me have my hands back so I can finish it!"

"What about getting spanked for cumming without permission?"

She started to say, "If I have my hands free, then I'm not about to let you..." She trailed off, realizing she was revealing too much.

He figured it out. "If you have your hands free, then you're not going to let me spank you. At least, that's what you think. I guess I'll just have to keep you tied up all day then."

"GRRR! Dammit!" She wiggled and struggled against her bonds, but that didn't do anything except give him a sexy and jiggy sight to enjoy. She knew that and stopped, but the resulting humiliating helplessness made her want to cum even more than before.

He was in a particularly devilish mood. "Hmmm. If you're not going to talk, I guess I won't have anything else to do but turn you over and fuck you in the ass. The way you'll be screaming, I imagine that'll draw all kinds of neighbors to their windows. Folks around here, they really love their camcorders. Maybe I'll be able to ask for a copy of some of the videos they make of you, or better yet, I'll probably just be able to watch it on the web."

"You wouldn't dare!" she whispered fearfully as she tried in vain to free herself from her bindings.

She writhed around so much that she finally fell backwards to the ground in frustration.

As she lay there, feeling as trapped as an overturned bug, she thought, Fuck! I'm not Alan's fuck toy, or anyone else's, for that matter. And I never will be, dammit! But if I were, I know it would feel fucking EXACTLY like this! No wonder Brenda is always leaking and cumming so much!

But despite all her frustration and even anger sometimes, she loved the way that he was keeping her horny, wet, and on edge with the fear of getting caught, even while keeping up a serious conversation. It was true that she normally resented being dominated by a man, but everything was so relentlessly arousing that she couldn't help but respond in a big way. The way he got her to eat his cum from his fingers was particularly humiliating and arousing. She knew there was still plenty of cum on her chest, and the thought of others noticing that got her going too. And then the fact that they were outside was a constant buzz. And then there was the bondage.

There were just too many crazy things going on at once for her not to be powerfully affected. She almost didn't want to take the ropes off, as long as he kept her this worked up all the time. She was impressed at how he'd managed to make the ropes thrilling when getting tied up had never done anything for her before.

He was smart and perceptive, and he was learning how to please women better. He could quickly gauge what got a good reaction and what didn't, then adjust his approach accordingly. He'd discovered that bondage didn't do much for Xania in and of itself, but it could be used as a tool to force her into more exciting public exposure situations.

Xania was a very physically fit woman, so she managed to sit back up (after yet more sexy struggling). She just glared at him like she was trying to burn a hole through him with her anger.

He asked, "So, are you going to tell me what you think?"

She knew that she would, but she quietly cursed, "Fuck you!"

He just whistled the Jeopardy song, throwing that reference back in her face by reminding her of when she'd used it on him. He knew she'd have to give in quickly.

Her shoulders slumped in defeat. "All right. But you really are a bastard, you know that? I'll talk, but only on the condition that you fuck me again once I'm done. You've got me so horribly horny that it would be cruel to leave me like this."

"Hmmm. Leave you like this? Hmmm..." He smirked and rubbed his chin. "An intriguing idea. I'll have to consider that." He smiled a mischievous smile and crooked a pinky to his lips, but refused to overtly agree to her condition.

"God, you're so evil! Won't you get me off, please? I promise I'll give you all kinds of good advice, afterwards. Besides, how do you expect me to think when you've got me so horny? It's amazing I was able to pay attention to your words at all."

"Hmmm. Good point. Okay, I'll temporarily lift the spanking rule so you can have an orgasm."

"UGH! Finally!"

He got between her legs again, and licked at her clit and the wet folds of her pussy lips for many minutes.

She thought for sure that she'd climax now simply by letting go, but she couldn't quite do it. She'd cooled down a bit too much while he'd been talking.

What she didn't realize was that he was intentionally preventing her from doing so. Whenever he sensed she was getting close to the edge, he'd do something less arousing, like licking the rivulets on her inner thighs instead of lapping directly on her clitoris or labia.

She complained about some of his moves, loudly, but since her hands were bound she had to put up with whatever he wanted to do.

At first, she thought he was just really bad at cunnilingus, and she cursed him for it, but eventually she caught on to how he always frustrated her right when she was tantalizingly close to a tremendous release. She cursed him for that too, but to no avail.

She got so extremely frustrated that she finally resorted to squeezing his head tightly between her muscular thighs. "Dammit! You know what I want! Stop playing around and make me cum! Then I'll release you!"

He responded, "You'd better be careful, given that you can't use your hands." With his head still painfully trapped between her thighs, he suddenly reached up and tickled her sides, over her rib cage. He'd noticed that she was unusually ticklish.

She laughed hard and tried to wiggle away, without any success. But in doing so, she'd relaxed her grip on his head, allowing him to get free.

He sat back and grinned impishly. "Told ya!" He quickly repositioned so he was sitting on her chest, right below her huge rack. He did that just to make sure she didn't kick at him.

She groaned in defeat. "Fuuuuuuck! Will this nightmare never end?"

He shrugged. "Probably not. But come on. You know you're loving it." He realized his boner was actually resting between her boobs, in perfect position for a titfuck. He lifted her tits up and together, giving his pole a tight squeeze.

She groaned even louder. "DAMN you!" Seeing that he wasn't going to let her off the hook, she admitted, "Fine, you fuckhead! I am enjoying it, but only because my body betrays me. Can't we at least go inside?"

He continued to give himself a titfuck with her great orbs. "What, and wake up Mom and Sis? That wouldn't be nice. Although, now that I think about it, they must be up by now. And Mom certainly figured out I'm not in my room, and you're not in yours, and then traced the noises to here. I wonder what window they're looking at us from?"

Xania quickly jerked her head towards the Plummer house. Her heart was thumping madly as she started to check the windows for peering faces.

But Alan didn't want her to do that, since in fact he couldn't see either Susan or Katherine. So he grasped Xania's chin to steady her head, and then sat higher up on her pillowy breasts and quickly thrust his cockhead into her mouth. He knew that would prevent her from looking towards the house, and the oral joy was a very nice bonus.

He waved and smiled in the direction of his house. He yelled, "Hi, Mom! Hi, Sis!"

Xania was scandalized and horrified. But thinking that she was being watched for sure made her very, very horny. With Alan's cock filling her mouth, she began sucking him like her life depended on it.

She whimpered, Dammit! I knew it would come to this! I fucking LOVE his cock! I love it! So long and fat and delicious! Oh shit, I'm starting to sound like Susan, but it's true! And Susan's watching! She's watching! And Katherine too! They must think I'm a total, unabashed, cock-loving SLUT! Worse than Brenda! At least Brenda doesn't let herself get bound and face fucked in the great outdoors!

Xania effectively turned her mind off and totally devoted herself to sucking cock, operating entirely by instinct. She'd given enough blowjobs over the years that she didn't need to think much about it if she didn't want to, and she was able to experience things as if all her senses were heightened to a nearly superhuman level. She was nearly delirious, just from tightly sliding her lips back and forth and letting her long tongue run wild.

Alan hadn't planned this titfuck at all, and the problem with it was he didn't want her pussy to "cool down" too much. So he managed to reach back and diddle her clit. It wasn't much since he was exceedingly distracted, but it helped keep her close to the edge without going over.

The only remaining problem for him was that her unthinking, instinctual blowjob style was far, far too effective. He realized that he'd blow his load if he let her keep it up for long. So, after just a couple of minutes of pure bliss, he hopped off her chest and repositioned himself between her legs.

He warned her, "I'm going to lick you some more. But I warn you, if you try to crush my head like that again, I'm going to stop and leave you high and dry."

She panted, "I'll be good!"

He grunted in acknowledgment, and then said, "Oh, and I'm withdrawing your permission to cum, as punishment." Then he resumed licking.

She screamed out in agony, "Fuuuuuuck!" Then she remembered screaming could draw the attention of neighbors, and forced herself to stop screaming. But her entire body trembled with lusty need. She clenched her teeth and shut her eyes tight, and tried to "endure" what he was doing without cumming.

The blowjob, plus his idle fingering, actually had her even hotter than when he'd stopped licking her. To make matters "worse" for her, he was licking her with renewed enthusiasm and effectiveness.

He kept it up for the next few minutes. Despite her frustration and humiliation, or maybe in large part because of those things, he was working her up to a fever pitch that she'd rarely experienced before. Because she normally didn't put up with this kind of thing, she'd never really explored the pleasures of purposefully delayed orgasms. Even though she hadn't climaxed yet, her entire body was buzzing and tingling with erotic joy.

At times, she'd find herself squeezing her thighs against the sides of his head. She didn't mean to, not after his warning, but it seemed like she was losing control over her body. He would growl as he licked, and that would cause her to ease up for a while.

As he continued licking, he thought, I like this 'almost but not quite getting a woman off' thing, especially with the spanking threat added. This is fun! It's making cunnilingus a lot more enjoyable for me. I need to explore this later. Will women enjoy it more that way, or will they want to kill me? I'll have to ask Aunt Suzy later, because it would ruin it to ask Xania now. I have to look like I know what I'm doing.

"Alan, fucking make me cum! I'm dying here! Please! PLEASE!" She stopped speaking because all of a sudden she felt that glorious feeling of orgasmic release. Alan had been toying too close to her edge and had accidentally pushed her over. She knew she didn't have permission, and the threat of a public spanking loomed, but she'd passed the point of no return, and she was too far gone into sexual ecstasy to care about the consequences at the moment.

She cried out very loudly. "AAAAAIIIIIEEEEE! YEESSSSSSS! OH! AH! YOU MOTHERFUCKER, YOU! SO GOOD! SO GOOD! JESUS! I'M DYING! AH! DYING! IT'S JUST... AAAAAEEEEEE! TOO MUCH!"

All the while that she was yelling her lungs out, she was painfully aware of the fact that she was outside and probably waking up all the neighbors. But her pleasure was so intense that she simply couldn't help herself or even lower the volume. She screamed and cried like a woman possessed.

Eventually, she collapsed like she'd been shot and had died on the spot. She actually fell asleep briefly, but she did so with a big smile on her face.

Alan was very pleased at the result of all his licking. Yes! I got her to pass out! Sweetness! That was my goal, and I did it. I even managed to do it with cunnilingus instead of fucking, which is an unexpected bonus. Now, we can have even MORE fun, with an all-out fuck-fest!

But he let Xania rest for a bit first, and he rested too.

Chapter 834 The Four Women You're Fucking That You're Not Supposed To !

Katherine was sleeping peacefully in her bed when something caused her to stir. She heard a distant yet strangely familiar sound. She tried to ignore it, but several minutes passed and the intriguing sounds continued to nag at her. Finally, she opened her eyes and peeked at the alarm clock next to her bed.

Dammit! she thought. It's not time to wake up yet. If I get up now, I could be sleepy all day. But I'm hearing something decidedly... sexy. And if I'm not mistaken, it sounds like it's coming from right outside my window!

Curiosity got the best of her, forcing her to get up and walk to the window. Damn! And double damn! Would you look at that?! To her great surprise, she had a clear view of Alan licking Xania's pussy out by the pool. The sight hit her like an electric shock, fully waking her in a hurry.

She just stood there and stared, getting more aroused with each passing second. I don't know whether to be pissed or impressed. Okay, dammit, I'll admit it, I'm impressed. Doesn't my brother ever sleep, or is he a non-stop sex machine?! Sexing it up at this early hour? Sweet Jesus!

Since Katherine slept in the nude, she found it very easy to begin caressing herself as she continued to take in the sexy scene. She opened her window widely, allowing her to clearly hear the groans, grunts, and even most of the words from below.

Before long, she found herself wantonly masturbating herself, even though she hadn't consciously decided to do that.

What a way to wake up, seeing that! Xania's so lucky, getting her pussy licked. I love it when he does that to me! I must admit, I get so horny for his cock that I rarely give him half a chance to do it, which is kind of dumb. Sixty-nines are a good answer. We need a lot more of those. Then it's win-win!

She kept fingering her pussy and clit until she watched Xania have a great climax. Hearing Xania scream with completely unbridled ecstasy made her entire body tingle from fond memory of the times Alan made her feel that great. She mentally let go and had a nice orgasm of her own.

While Katherine was recovering from her sexual release, Xania also came down from her orgasmic high and tried to ready herself to speak at length about Alan's problems.

A similar situation unfolded for Susan, except that she was already up. She was in the bathroom going through her morning rituals to make her body perfect for her son when she heard the screaming. Because her bedroom was farther from where Alan and Xania were than Katherine's bedroom, and her small bathroom window happened to be closed, she didn't catch up until she heard Xania's especially loud and prolonged screams as Alan finally licked Xania to orgasm.

She thought, Oh, goody! Tiger is up already and doing his thing. I wonder who he's ravishing? And in the backyard, no less!

She opened her window to hear better, while Xania was still screaming at the top of her lungs. Hmmm. That's not Angel, Amy, OR Suzanne. I've heard their orgasmic delight enough times recently to know, that's for sure. And Brenda's gone home. So it must be Xania! Unless it's some other random big-titted babe. That would be extra exciting! But no, I have to admit the odds are nearly certain that it's Xania.

Well, good for her! He must be fucking the shit out of her, right as we speak! Oh boy! I can't wait to see that! But I always have to look my best for my cutie Tiger. I'll finish up here and then go check out what's happening.

She smiled blissfully as she continued to stare down below. What a glorious day God gave us today! I'm deliciously naked, and I'm probably going to stay that way most of the day. As it should be, like a good big-titted mommy slut, always ready to serve! Mmmm... And all the different ways I'm going to pleasure my son's cock! MMMM! My mouth is already starting to water, just thinking about all the thick, spermy possibilities!

But for now, it's Xania's turn. What a lucky lady she is! I'd better not disturb them, since I'm sure Tiger is in the middle of cleverly taming her.

Xania quickly woke up. Tugging on her ropes, she remembered where she was and what had happened. She felt a rising sense of panic, knowing that she was bound and naked in a strange backyard. She lifted her head and tried to look all around, but she couldn't see much since she was still lying down.

She thought, Fuck me! I'm totally fucked now! If there was any neighbor who wasn't already awake in a three mile radius, they sure as fuck are now! Good going, Xania. I just totally fucked myself!

Oh fuck! And if that isn't bad enough, I came without permission. Now, all those neighbors coming to see what the hell the screaming was all about are going to get to watch Alan, a mere teenager, spank me like I'm a spoiled little girl.

She blushed and felt her heart start to thump out of control. Somebody please, just shoot me now!

She managed to sit up, just like she was doing a sit-up. She saw Alan sitting right in front of her, and she noticed his penis was only half-hard at best.

In a panicky mood, she thought about what to say to improve her situation. She was tempted to beg for forgiveness for cumming without permission. She was tempted to ask him if they could move inside. She also was tempted to beg him to untie her. Furthermore, she was dying to ask him if he'd noticed any more of the neighbors watching. (She was taking it as a given that Susan and Katherine were watching already, although in fact only Katherine was watching at that particular point.)

But then she decided, The best defense is a good offense. I have my pride and I'm not going to beg for anything! If I go down that road, I'm likely to end up like Brenda!

Sitting up stiffly as best she could, she said, "Alan, you're such a bastard!"

"What?" He could tell from her face and her tone of voice that she was more chagrined than truly upset at him.

"Damn you for making me cum that hard. I feel terrible. I must have woken up everyone for miles around! And at such an early hour."

He knew that she had a point; she had screamed and screamed like she was getting stabbed to death. But he knew that his backyard was so big and so hidden from the outside by vegetation that even if some neighbors had awoken, there was little to no chance they'd be able to figure out where the noise came from.

The only danger of being seen came from the Pestrige house, and he didn't see any signs of life there yet, so he figured there was no harm done. Even from there, it was impossible to see into the backyard except from Amy's room, and he was confident that Amy wouldn't let Brad or Eric gawk from her window.

However, he also was learning that the danger of public exposure turned her on in a very big way. So instead of telling her that, he just nodded his head and said matter-of-factly, "Yeah, probably. I imagine a lot of angry neighbors have been opening their windows and looking for the woman who just screamed her head off in obvious sexual ecstasy."

As soon as those words passed his lips, Xania looked frantically all around. Or at least she tried to; she couldn't see that much because, thanks to her bound arms, if she tried to pivot on her ass too much she was certain to fall over. She whispered with worry, "Is there anyone behind me, looking at me?! Besides, Susan and Katherine, that is?"

He was certain there wasn't, but he took his time, pretending to be uncertain. Finally, he said, "Hmmm... Hard to say. I thought I saw a curtain open in the Pestrige house, but I wasn't really paying attention. The curtains are open now, though."

She wailed, "Alan?! Why weren't you paying attention?!"

He shrugged. "It's no skin off my nose. Remember, I want him to look." He lowered his voice, and said confidentially, "That'll take his scent off the track from... you know."

Xania said quietly and with chagrin, "The four women you're fucking that you're not supposed to."

"Exactly. Although I haven't fucked all four yet, as you know. But look on the bright side. Mr. Pestrige is probably off getting his high-powered binoculars. He won't be able to truly enjoy the sight of your cummy face and tits until he has them."

She wanted to scream, and in fact she screamed in her own mind. Aaaaargh! That is NOT what I wanted to hear! God, I'm so horny! It's weird. I've taken part in the most debauched orgies, but I've never felt more like a total slut than I do right now. Holy fuck! I just woke up the whole neighborhood, and they're all staring at me!

Her big bare tits were heaving up and down on her rib cage while she struggled to control her breathing. Had she been able to masturbate, she certainly would have until another powerful climax washed through her, even though she was still weak, sore, and wobbly from her last orgasm.

As it was, she had no choice but to try to relax and recover. Okay, I've just gotta pretend this isn't happening. If I don't look, then it's like they're not there, right? The last thing I want to do is turn to the Plummer house and see Susan and Katherine smiling and waving at me. I would just die! Besides, Alan hasn't mentioned anything about my spanking, at least not yet, so that's a big plus. Let's hope I catch a break there!

He let her just breathe for a couple of minutes. In truth, he appreciated getting a chance to rest for a while too.

Finally, Xania figured she had her act together. She sat up stiffly, determined to put her loud climax out of her mind by talking about his problems. "It's somehow appropriate to have just come off a great climax, because this brings me to one of my thoughts on your situation."

"Oh, good. So you're ready to talk about that now?"

"Yes. You're an extraordinary young man. You just plain know how to fuck a woman right and keep her sexually satisfied. Pretty much since I stepped into the door of your house last night, I've been riding one climax after another and floating on a constant erotic high. I must admit that I underestimated you. I'm seriously fucking impressed!"

"Thank you."

"Furthermore, you live in an extraordinary environment. Half the time, I don't even need to do anything to get horny. Just sitting in a room full of enthusiastic, voluptuous, and naked women, and watching them fight to see who gets to suck or jack you off next is so exciting that that alone makes me cream my panties."

She looked down at her bare crotch. "Or not panties, as the case may be." She chuckled before continuing seriously, "It makes me want to be the next one to do you, or better yet, get seriously done by you."

She leered at him sexily, and then went on, "That's high praise, because I usually like to get the guy panting in desperation, wanting to fuck me. That's easy as pie with most guys, but not with you and your damnable self-control. The fact that you picked Brenda over me last night actually aroused me and made me feel seriously jealous! So my point is that I predict you'll have no trouble keeping a whole bevy of horny women hot, wet, and very happy with you for a long time. You just have this... way... about you. I'll bet you just made up everything you've done to me this morning right on the spot."

"I did." He sat back in a lounge chair so he could pay full attention. But first he helped Xania sit up, putting her in the chair next to his. He cleverly had her lounge chair pointing away from both the Plummer and Pestrige houses, so it was hard for her to tell if anyone was watching.

But then a wave of lust overwhelmed him. He stood up over her lounge chair and held his stiff boner in his hand.

Her eyes bugged out. "Holy shit! You're hard again?!"

He replied smoothly, "Of course I am. How could I not be, if I'm near a body like yours?"

She whimpered, "Have mercy!"

He started stroking his pole. "Maybe I'll just fuck your face for a while and then cum all over you. You look extra sexy with a spermy sheen on your tits. How would you like to have another load?"

"Don't you DARE!"

Chapter 835 How Often Do You Fuck Christine In School?

"Okay, your choice." Alan picked her up and sat her down on his lap, while he sat back down in his lounge chair. Not only that, but a few seconds later he lifted her up slightly and set her back down on his erection.

Xania gasped for air as she felt his thick pole impale her deeply. Her pussy was still very lubricated from before she'd passed out. She complained, "Hey! What are you doing?!"

He quipped, shooting some words she'd recently said right back at her, "Sorry, you've got me panting in desperation, wanting to fuck you."

"Ha ha. Very funny. Seriously though, don't. You fucked me and then we came out here and you licked my pussy. I'm all sore down there. Can't you give me a few more minutes to recover?"

"Sorry, no." He was getting off on being bossy. But fundamentally he was still the same nice guy he always was, so he said, "Don't worry, I'm planning to just stay fully sheathed in you like this while we talk. It feels good. Is that okay?"

She grumbled, "Well... I suppose."

In fact, despite her seeming reluctance, she had to admit to herself that it felt pretty damn good. It was true that her pussy lips were still feeling overly sensitive and needed to recover after her massive climax, but she secretly loved the feeling of fullness that he was giving her.

After giving her a few more moments to adjust to his invasion, he prodded her, "So... you were saying?"

She thought, As if I can think like this! This fuckin' young buck has such a thick one! But dammit, he's not gonna best me. I'll show him, and even wow him, with my multitasking abilities.

She looked all around again, as best she could with her limited field of view. At least having him unexpectedly spear me like that is distracting me from worrying about all the neighbors that I woke up with my loud screams.

Dammit! Why did I have to just remind myself about that?!

After collecting her thoughts, she went on, "It sounds like you're endlessly inventive with some pretty wicked plans. On a personal note, I hope to come to this house often and experience some of your plans firsthand." She grinned wickedly at him.

He didn't mean to, but his boner flexed inside her in response to her sexy look, as well as the implications of her "personal note."

She continued, "But, that said, I think you're smart to try to narrow your focus to your core group. I think you could easily lose most of those cheerleaders and any other girls at school. Who would you rather fuck, one of your home four, or some high school teenybopper who barely even knows what sex is? I can't imagine they have bodies to compare, and you can hardly find four nicer people."

"That's a no-brainer, Xania. Heather's body is a 'perfect ten' for her age, like Amy's and Sis's, but her personality is a completely different story."

"What about the others? Are they 'all that?'"

"If things were at least semi-normal for me, I'd be totally delighted to have sex with them. Hell, how many guys get to have sex with more than one woman at the same time, period? But, as Amy would say, I'm super double duper ultra mega spoiled by the likes of Mom, or Sis, or... heck, you. Plus I have very little emotional attachment to most of them."

Xania said, "Then let 'em down easy. Focus on the women you love, and lust for, the most."

He nodded. "I should. It's easier said than done though, because I'm like a kid in a candy store, and it's really hard to have self-restraint. I'll try. That said, I have to admit that having sex with Heather brings out some kind of darker side of me. I call it my 'Bad Alan' mode. And being 'Bad Alan' sometimes can be a great stress reliever. But I suspect that's just a phase I'm going through."

Xania considered that, while idly pondering why she was giving this advice to help improve his sex life still further, even as his erection remained fully sheathed inside her. She said, "Well, at school you have Amy and Glory, assuming things work out with her. You can play around with them at school, can't you?"

"I can, sometimes. Usually at lunch. It's risky, though, especially with Glory."

She chuckled. "What a life you live! Having sex with one of your teachers, even! Anyway, those are quality fucks, especially given what you've said about Glory's deep-throating skills, and I understand you have serious feelings for her too. Obviously it would be too risky for you to even wink at Katherine at school, unfortunately."

"Yeah."

She added, "I don't see why you need to bother with the others though. It's true you could still do them from time to time if you want, but what about the issue of sexual diseases and pregnancy? We'll have to discuss that later. You seem pretty forgetful about those things."

He thought about his recent discussions with Suzanne about STDs. In particular, he thought about the danger of having sex with the promiscuous Heather, not to mention Simone and the other girls at school.

He sighed. "That's so true. I have been taking some precautions, especially with Heather. But the fact that I'm still fucking her at all, much less as frequently as I am, isn't very wise. I have sexual fun nearly every day at school, and much of the time it's been with her."bender

Xania paused as a new thought hit her. "Hey, wait a minute! Do you realize how absurd it is to have sex during the school day on a regular basis?! You really are one lucky bastard!"

She gave him a chagrined smile, and even churned her hips a little bit. She still wasn't ready for active fucking, but she couldn't resist teasing him a little bit.

He smiled back, a bit abashed. Then he felt a thrill rush up and down his spine in response to her subtle churning. But he decided to pretend to ignore that, and just nodded at her. "You're right. What I'm doing is pretty risky, if not downright foolish. But what can I say? I'm greedy. Just a matter of weeks ago none of the cheerleaders would have talked to me at all, had it not been that I was so close to Amy and Sis. So I guess it's a bit of an ego boost. It's so hard to resist! Especially Heather. She's like a succubus or siren, or something. I have a really hard time saying no to her."

Xania churned around in place in an effort to bring some relief to her bound arms. They were starting to hurt. However, the result was that her arms felt no better, but she found herself inadvertently grinding on his turgid boner. Once she realized what was happening, it felt so good that she had to force herself to stop.

He felt such a surge of pleasure in response to her churning that he had to gasp for air. His eyes bugged out and his heart started racing. But he looked at her rather expressionless face and decided that she either was just trying to stretch or she was playing games with him. So again he pretended to ignore it. He also forced himself not to reciprocate, since he'd told her he was giving her a chance to rest.

Xania, though, decided that what happened felt so good that although she wasn't ready for vigorous fucking yet, she could definitely have fun playing with him a little bit. She asked him, "By the way, what about Christine? You haven't mentioned her at all, but I keep hearing her name bandied about."

"Oh, man! You know about her? Man! She's different. She's totally great, and a good friend. She's so friggin' smart. In fact, she's probably a genius. And she's so smoking hot that it's ridiculous! She's a blonde bombshell with tits out to here!" He clutched his hands in front of him, indicating nearly Brenda-sized breasts. But then he had a naughty idea and clutched Xania's boobs instead.

Xania felt Alan's penis start to throb when the topic went to Christine, while his eyes widened and his breath quickened. Those clues made it obvious that Christine, whoever she was, had a powerful hold on his heart.

Smirking, she asked him, "Really? A teenage girl, that stacked? I shudder to think how busty she'll be after she has a couple of kids." At the same time, she subtly clenched and released her pussy walls around his thickness.

He liked that idea a lot, and the fact that his hard-on suddenly tingled with even more joy only increased his approval. He smiled as he mentally pictured Christine standing naked, pregnant with his third child. Her tits were nearly the size of Brenda's.

There was a long pause. Alan was off in fantasy land. Without realizing it, he started thrusting in and out of Xania. It wasn't much - less than an inch - but he was thinking about fucking Christine and his body was having an involuntary reaction.

Xania realized he was fantasizing and probably didn't even realize how he was subtly pushing in and out of her. So she asked, "Helloooo? Earth to Alan?"

He wiped the stupid grin off his face. His boner also stopped moving as he came back to the here-and-now. "Yeah. Sorry. Where were we?"

Xania reminded him, "Christine. How often do you fuck her at school?"

"None. I haven't had any sex with her whatsoever. Frankly, I don't think she's even interested in me. I asked her out a while back and she turned me down. She's the pure virgin type. She's very hard to get."

Xania whistled. "Phew! Those are the heart breakers. A guy like you, you'll fuck the slutty ones from here to the moon and back. But in the end, you'll end up with a virginal type like Christine. That's how it usually goes. Especially with her being a genius and all the rest."

He replied, "No way, José. You don't know what she's like. Anyway, she's not the only one who affects me like that. Heather has this strange hold on me that I can't explain. I mean, Heather, despite all her bitchiness, she gives me a boner every time I see her. She's 'magazine cover' beautiful, and she fucks like a banshee. She has good reason to be full of herself."

Xania noticed that the mention of Heather's name didn't affect him or his cock the way that the mention of Christine's name had, but she decided not to mention that. Instead she suggested, "Okay, kiddo, given that you're incorrigible, I have a radical idea for your school problem. Instead of running from Heather, make her or keep her as a regular school fuck."

Xania was disappointed that Alan had stopped his subtle little thrusting, so she decided to resume her own pussy squeezing. She still had no difficulty talking, but as her own arousal and fuck-need steadily grew, that affected her advice to him and the language she used. "She sounds like a really interesting character, and a curvaceous hottie, and you both have extremely hot sex with each other, from the sounds of it. So run with that whole 'Bad Alan' thing."

"Really? You think I should?" He couldn't help but notice Xania's resumed pussy clenching, but he figured it was just a sign of her growing lust and that she didn't realize that she was doing it. So again he tried his best not to show any visible reaction, even though it felt fantastic.

She responded, "Sure! She could be your school butt toy. I'm guessing she'd practically kill to be made one, from what you've told me about your anal sex with her. Whenever you want to take a break from your classes, or during lunch or whatever free time you have, just go to that secret room you use and give her ass a nice, full filling of that long, hard, fat, meaty, throbbing, juicy power drill you keep between your legs!"

"Now you're talking! I like the way you think." Between her words and her increasingly obvious rhythmic pussy squeezing, his determination not to do more than just rest his boner deep inside her cunt was fading fast. He sat up straight and got busy fondling both of her big, round tits.

Far from protesting that, Xania showed her approval by blatantly churning her hips, squeezing his erection in unpredictable but very pleasurable ways. She spread her legs wider to make it easier for him. I can't believe I'm actually encouraging this guy to fuck someone else while I get busy grinding on his dick. I've never done THAT before. His sex life is totally unreal!

It was completely obvious that they were fucking now. True, he wasn't thrusting in and out, but with the way her entire upper body was moving in response to her churning hips, he didn't have to. He was glad, because he was still technically keeping his promise to just rest his hard-on inside her, and yet he was enjoying all the joy of a good fuck. He again decided not to point out what was obviously happening, for fear that she might stop if he did.

The only problem was that he really wanted to get her insightful feedback, so he had to keep the mentally-tasking conversation going. "The only problem with that plan is that I really, really don't like her. She's not a good person. I can feel it. She's going to do something that'll really fuck my life up, because all she can think of is herself. I can feel it in my bones."

"That's probably true, but that's why she needs you. You have to make her a better person. Give her humility with constant, humiliating assfucks. Everyone here talks about what a great pussy tamer your cock is, and I have to admit that it's not just talk. Look at what you've done to Brenda in a short time. I hear she used to be quite bitchy and hotheaded."

"I've heard that too, although I find it hard to believe."

"Do something similar to Heather. Tame her inner bitch through her weak spot, which obviously is her needy ass. I very much doubt any other boys your age have any clue about how to fuck a girl's ass properly."

He rolled her nipples between his fingers as he responded, "That sounds so tempting, but... she's dangerous, I'm telling you. I'm safer just getting her out of my life."

Xania's eyelids fluttered and her breathing quickened as she started bouncing up and down on his fat pole while continuing to churn her hips around it too. She didn't care if her pussy was fully recovered or not anymore, because it felt too good to stop.

Her breathing was growing increasingly labored, but she still managed to say, "Heather's in your life whether you want her to be or not. I know the type. If you try to push her all the way out, that's when she's going to go ballistic. If she does something desperate and dangerous, that's because you threatened to completely stop fucking her. She's got her claws in you and it'll get bloody if you try to pull them out. To put it another way, sometimes the safest place is in the eye of the storm. You want her on your side. As long as you fuck her ass, she'll be a bitch, but a manageable one. She'll be your bitch!"

"Hmmm. You're probably right." He had to admit that he really liked the idea of her being his bitch.

Xania's lust was running wild as she added, loudly, but more to herself than to him, "Make her your bitch! Make her beg! She's totally hooked on your cock, don't deny it! Take full advantage! Fuck her into submission!"

With a start, she thought, Wait a second here! Am I talking about Heather or myself?! Fuck! Why is this kid affecting me so much? I really should stop humping and grinding all over his cock so I can think straight and give him some good advice.

Determined to prove to herself and him that she was still in full control, she actually did bring her sexy hip movements to a more-or-less complete stop. Then she just rested for some long moments and waited to fully recover her breath.

Chapter 836 Xania Being Extra Sexy When Mad And Getting Fucked!

While Xania was still breathing hard, she raised an eyebrow as a new idea came to her that she felt compelled to immediately express. "You don't think she might even be in love with you, do you? That could make her truly dangerous and unpredictable."

Alan recalled Simone saying how Heather was acting "gushy" and "dreamy" towards him. Those sound like normal signs of love, for a normal person. But Heather? No way. She's simply not capable of loving anyone but herself.

He answered, "Nah. Thank God. What about the idea I was telling you about, to pass her on to my friend Sean?"

"Alan, you're a special kid. You have some very special sexual talents, especially for someone your age. It's different with older guys - I've known some guys who were great fucks, some even better than you. But we're talking teenagers here, so I'm sure you're operating on a whole other level. I don't care if your friend is hung like a horse, because you said he's a complete virgin. No matter how much you teach him in a few weeks, he's still not going to be your equal."

"Hey, I learned to fuck like this in a few weeks. Why can't he?"

She took another glance all around, as she was still doing from time to time, still worried about the neighbors she figured she'd woken up with her loud screams. "Trust me, you're unique. The joy of sex is as much or more mental than physical. I can already tell that you're a natural at the mental aspect. Look at what you're doing to me right now. You're playing me like a fiddle! I know you are, and I keep thinking I won't let your tricks work on me, and yet they still do. Bastard!"

She stuck her tongue out at him playfully, because she didn't mean any malice.

She continued, "I'll bet that's the main reason Heather is so into you. You've figured out how to push her buttons. You probably get her hot to trot before you even touch her."

"I guess that's true," he said. "But it doesn't seem like rocket science to me. I'm a smart guy, but Sean is just as smart. I could teach him what I know easily enough. And he can learn the physical part too. Everything I know about that I learned on the fly in a matter of weeks."

Xania replied, "Not good enough. Sure, he might quench her fuck thirst a bit, if he has some talent and the right attitude, but she's still going to want you as the best fuck in town. I know her type. She gets what she wants and she wants the best, which right now just so happens to be you. Even if he learns to be your sexual equal in every way, she's got her heart set on you, and he's not you. Period! So he's a partial solution at best. I guess you're just going to have to resign yourself to continually fucking the head cheerleader and most attractive girl in school."

She laughed as she added, "Sounds like the rough life."

Somehow, she found that her pussy had resumed rhythmically clenching around his still fully sheathed erection. She thought, Dammit, what's wrong with me? I just told myself that I'd stop. What is it with this guy that makes me so very horny? Is it that we're outside, where we could be seen by anyone at any moment? Is it the fact that he's fucking his mother, his sister, Suzanne, and seemingly every damn other woman who crosses his path? He's not really "all that." But he IS playing me like a fiddle somehow anyway. He makes me so horny that it's crazy! It's taking all my willpower not to just bounce up and down on him with wild abandon!

Again, Alan couldn't help but notice Xania's talented pussy movements, but again he pretended like that wasn't happening and tried his best to keep his promise and stay still. But he figured that promise didn't say anything about the rest of her, so he was having a field day playing with her hefty boobs with both hands.

Yet, since she was doing most of the work with her now non-stop pussy-clenchings, he wasn't that winded, and he continued to talk at length. "Hey. You're falling for her propaganda too, eh? She's NOT the most beautiful girl in school - she just keeps saying that. Amy and Sis tie for that in my book, not to mention Christine. I merely called her very beautiful."

Huffing and puffing from all the highly arousing almost-fucking, he nevertheless managing to keep talking, "But anyways, speaking of Sean, it sounds like you'd know just what he needs to impress Heather. You describe Heather so perfectly based on my brief description that I'd swear you must know her already. I was thinking about having some of the other cheerleaders teach Sean how to fuck. In fact, one of them has already started in on that. But you're right. They're just girls. They don't know what they're doing, kind of like me a couple of months ago. They're not a good test of Heather's high standards and unique lusts. I think you should teach Sean with some hands-on lessons. What do you think of that?"

Xania asked, "Are you trying to pimp me out?"

He frowned. "Come on. It's not like that at all. There's no money involved. Why do you have to be like that? Don't make sex into some kind of sordid thing."

She replied, "I know. I'm sorry. I guess I was just testing you there, somehow, to make sure your motives were pure. The truth is, I'd be delighted! You say he's attractive, and smart, and reasonably well hung from what you can guess. Furthermore, he's nearly a complete virgin. It sounds like a very fun project. There's no way I can make him so studly that he'll make Heather forget about you, unless maybe he has a penis the size of a baseball bat..."

"He doesn't."

"I figured not. But at least we can get him to a point where he'll hopefully take up a lot of Heather's sexual energy. How long do I get to turn him into a relentless and ruthless anal violator?"

On the surface, it seemed like they were speaking normally, but at the same time, there was a "war" going on. Xania had heard about Alan's impressive stamina, and she'd even experienced it directly. She wanted to find out just how much he could handle. So even though neither of them were directly acknowledging what was happening, she was going all out to get him to cum. Because her arms were tied, plus the fact that he seemed determined to keep his cock as still as he could, her options were limited. Right now, she was alternating between churning her hips on him and using her pussy squeezing techniques.

He was up for the challenge. It was like a game, and part of the game was to pretend their fucking wasn't happening at all. He had an advantage in that he still had his hands on her breasts, so he could tease her nipples and caress her tit-slopes, giving him another "front" in the "war" that she couldn't match.

He continued to talk coherently, even though that was increasingly hard to do. "Things seem to be coming to a head with the Heather situation, and also with the Glory situation. My 'Danger, Will Robinson! Danger!' sensors are blinking red. I think it would be best if maybe you could take him for the weekend and have him ready by Monday."

Xania lifted herself up, then impaled herself on his stiff rod. That wasn't easy to do without hands, but it felt absolutely incredible for both of them. "Monday? This kid's a babe in the woods. I'm glad you told me he has a nasty streak deep down or the whole idea would be hopeless. But still, it takes a lot longer than two days to cultivate one's inner bad boy."

She paused to impale herself on him again. "UGH! HNNG!"

Grunting loudly like that was a sign of losing the unspoken game they were playing, so she went back to mere pussy squeezing for a while. "I can try my best, but you're gonna need further help after that. And I can't devote my life to this, as much as I might like to. Two intensive days is all I can spare. You'll have to get him up to my place in L.A., though. If I'm down here, I'm gonna want to spend all my time fucking you and the rest of your lovely group."

"You would? What about the fact that I keep you tied up and well tickled?" He playfully attempted to tickle her armpits, although he didn't have much success since her pinned back upper arms were in position to block him.

She grinned as she tried to wiggle her way out of his tickle reach. In so doing, she only gyrated and squeezed on his boner even more. "Hey, if I don't come back here, when am I going to get my revenge?"

He went back to fondling her big breasts, making her moan loudly and lustily when he squeezed both her nipples at once.

She couldn't resist, and lifted herself up again only to spear back down on him again. She managed not to groan out loud this time, but thought, FUUUUUUCK! That feels heavenly! I'm such a slut! Here I am, naked and bound in some strange backyard, and bouncing and churning and squeezing his cock like my life depends on it, and yet he shows no signs of cumming. Damn him! I'm getting tired. What do I have to do here?!bender

Alan pondered the Sean situation. Or at least he tried to, since he was also very preoccupied by simply recovering from her latest impaling.

But she was keeping relatively still for once as she recovered too.

That enabled him to say, "Hmmm. So he should go to L.A., huh? I think we may be able to get some kind of cover story going with that. I'll have to get Aunt Suzy's expert scheming advice to work out the details. But thanks for the offer to help. Heather is just far too insatiable right now, and nobody else seems to be giving her the kind of fucking she needs. She needs an alternative or she's going to, I dunno, kidnap me or something so she can have me 24 hours a day."

"I agree. But remember I said that Sean alone won't satisfy her. You will have to come to some kind of understanding with her. So talk to her, soon. You say you can tell she's up to no good, so why not talk to her at school today?"

Alan was jarred by the reminder that he'd have to go to school before too long. "Maybe I will. But that reminds me: what to do about Glory, my history teacher? Heather obviously knows about her and me, and the other cheerleaders know, although nobody has any hard proof. Worse, Heather knows about me and Sis, and she could tell that to Glory, and who knows else! Luckily no one can prove anything yet, but still. I tell you, the whole situation is about to explode!"

Suddenly, Xania felt her self-restraint falling away. She was no longer content with a subtle style of fucking, and she began bouncing on him in earnest. This was actually a bit dangerous, because merely remaining sitting up with her hands tied behind her back was a constant balancing act. With active bouncing, it would be all too easy to fall over.

To make matters worse, he stopped playing with her tits and sat back. As long as he'd been doing that, that had helped keep her stabilized. But she was so horny that she didn't care.

With the game seeming to be over, she shouted, "Speaking of exploding, God dammit! I want you to explode in me!"

He grinned impishly. "No can do. Remember how you made me promise to just stay still inside you?"

"I take it back already! Come on, fuck me good already! But before you do that, you need to untie me."

He could tell that he was winning some unspoken battle of wills, and to start actively fucking her would ruin that. So he just stayed as still as he could and tried his best not to look or sound affected, even though the way she was bouncing up and down on his erection was beyond fantastic. "Awww. I don't

think I can do that. You're so cute when you're tied up. Besides, if I untie you, how am I supposed to spank you later?"

She growled and groaned upon hearing that he hadn't forgotten about the spanking. She tried to squirm and writhe her way out of her bonds, but that only resulted in her churning and grinding even more on his cock.

Both of them groaned, loudly, in response. They also both clenched their teeth and grimaced as wave after wave of pure arousal ran through their bodies.

She very nearly climaxed, but she worried that if she did, she'd get spanked even more severely. She was far too worked up by now to have a subtle orgasm that he'd fail to notice.

Then she complained angrily, "Alan, I'm warning you already! My arms are seriously hurting!"

It was true that her arms were bothering her, but the main reason she wanted her arms freed was so she could bounce on him even more aggressively without the fear of falling over.

"And I already told you that you're extra sexy when you're mad." He really did think so. Her stern features made her look smolderingly intense when she frowned, especially when her entire head was bouncing up and down along with the rest of her body, causing her dark brown hair to fly around her face.

She cursed with real anger, "And you won't look so cute after I shove both your legs up your ass!"

"Shucks. I was just about to untie you after all, but I like my legs where they are. And I was soooooo close to doing it."

"Grrr! Evil bastard!" Yet her anger just made her even more aroused somehow. She felt tremendously helpless not being able to use her hands, and that made her hotter too. She kept right on bouncing and churning.

He grinned. "What can I say? Call it a weakness, but I prefer getting my advice from tied-up, buck naked, angry porn stars. I guess I'm kinda weird that way."

Xania let out a tremendously loud groan. "I told you I'm not a porn star!" She sighed again. "So, you're not going to untie me and fuck me good until we finish this discussion?"

He nodded.

She slowed her sexy gyrations to a near stop, for now. "Well, I might as well get this advice over with so you can hopefully untie me already. You do need that talk with Heather. Defuse that bomb. Then talk to the other cheerleaders. There's only three you're worried about, right?"

"Yeah. Kim, Janice, and Joy. It's an unusually small squad, from what I understand, and of course I don't have to worry about Amy and Sis. I know Kim pretty well now, and I don't think I have to worry about her talking. She's been really cool with knowing about Sis and me for a long time now. But Janice and Joy are unknowns. And Heather has another friend named Simone that she confides in. So it's still three, I suppose."

"Talk to those three, then. How do they actually know or suspect anything at all, by the way?"

"Just little things, I guess. Like Glory's name may come up, or Sis's name, and maybe something about my facial expression is telling."

Xania said, "Understandable. It's hard to totally prevent that. But that's a million miles from any proof. Find out where they're at and what they want without confessing to any damaging facts. I don't know what they want, so I can't help you there, but cut a deal. Make an arrangement to ensure their silence. I know you're trying to distance yourself from them, but you should be able to use a little fucking as a reward. If this relationship with Glory is worth keeping then you've got to fight for it, and you'd hardly be suffering to fuck those other girls some more."

He was very relieved to hear that. He strongly suspected that he didn't have the willpower to stop fucking the other girls in school. At least not completely, not yet. For instance, he felt he was only getting started with Simone, and sex with her was fantastic, especially when she was paired with Heather. It was good to have some legitimate excuse to keep going.

Xania's eyes sparkled with mirth as she added, "Again, I pity what a rough life you've got. Most guys your age would literally kill to have your problems."

He bashfully muttered, "Yeah, well..."

"But that still leaves Glory," she pointed out. Her body was trembling all over with fuck need, but she was determined to stay still until the annoying discussion was finally over. Talking and bouncing on his cock or squeezing it seemed far too distracting.

She said, "Now, you said she's very perceptive and she keeps her ear close to the ground. You have to consider that she may figure out your incestuous relationships all by herself, without Heather interfering. You may be great at sexual role-plays, but let's face it, you're not really a great liar about serious things. You're too good and honest at heart to tell real lies convincingly. And you just pointed out that your face can give you away sometimes."

He asked, "What do I do if she does figure it all out?"

"Beg for mercy! And that concludes all of my advice."

He thought, "Beg for mercy?" Oh, man! I'm so screwed. She's gonna figure things out sooner or later. She's too smart not to.

Xania let out a long, satisfied sigh. "Finally! Now, can I take this rope off at least for a while? Please? My arms are really aching. It's been a long time and it really hurts. Now that you forced me to calm down, I'd like to actually take a rest for a while."

He was secretly disappointed to hear she wanted to rest, but he wasn't too disappointed since his boner desperately needed a strategic break too. He deadpanned, "All right, you've been through the school of hard knots and learned the ropes. I've been stringing you along. I guess I should cut you some slack 'cos you're obviously at the end of your rope."

Xania groaned, but she couldn't help but smile at his corny play on words. "Now I know why you tie your guests up. That's so they won't slap you silly for your bad jokes."

"I'm sorry, I really am. Sorry for being knotty. Are you upset?"

"Yes. A bit." She was grinning even more at his "knotty" pun.

"Would you say you're even... fit to be tied?"

She laughed loudly at that, despite herself. "Alan! I thought the Geneva Convention rules against torture made that kind of joke illegal. Now, get me untied already."

Chapter 837 Dear Diary !

While all of this was happening, Katherine was still up in her room, still horny. It was true that she climaxed from masturbating while she watched Alan licking Xania's pussy. But while Katherine's orgasm might have temporarily cooled the fire of her lust, it certainly hadn't quenched it.

Katherine continued to watch her brother and his "captive" until she saw him stand above Xania and start stroking his pole. She also listened closely to hear what they were saying. (Since her bedroom was directly overlooking the pool area, she could hear conversations, while Susan with her more distant bedroom could not, except for loud exclamations.)

Even though Katherine had just climaxed, she couldn't resist masturbating some more when she heard him say, "Maybe I'll just fuck your face for a while and then cum all over you. You look extra sexy with that spermy sheen on your tits. How would you like to have another load?"

After she heard Xania reply, "Don't you DARE!" she thought, Just look at her! Her words say one thing, but her body says the opposite! Sure, she has to say that for her pride and dignity, plus I'll bet her pussy really is sore. But look at her body. She's squirming and writhing so much that she's practically humping her lounge chair, because she needs more of his cum so bad! If she wasn't all tied up, I'll bet she'd up and grab his cock, and then cram it down her throat!

She wants another load of creamy baby makers on her honkin' huge tits, or better yet, her face! Then she can show off to Mom and me and Brenda and everyone else! All that tasty cum!

Oh boy! As Mom would say, "SO HOT!" It's clear that she has sexual experience, but she can't understand just what the heck is happening to her. She's lost all control, and it's scary as hell, but it's the best! The only problem is, I have to stop masturbating or I'll make my pussy too sore!

Next, Katherine saw him sit Xania in his lap and then slide his dick into her. After another minute or two, it seemed that he was content to stay relatively still and just talk, even though his boner remained fully impaled in Xania.

Katherine figured this was the calm before the storm, before Alan began fucking Xania in earnest. She heard Xania complain about her pussy needing a rest, so she reasoned she had some time to rest and recover herself, including letting her pussy recover. She felt sexually satiated for the moment, but she was still too wired from the experience to go back to bed, and it was too early to start getting ready for school. So she took her diary from its secret hiding place, and wrote:

Dear Diary,

Oh boy! He's at it again! By "he" of course I mean Brother, and by "it," of course I mean fucking the shit out of an extremely beautiful and busty woman! Damn! It's like I'm surrounded by some kind of conspiracy of overwhelming sexiness. In fact, I can't even lie asleep in my own bed at an unreasonably early hour without getting pummeled by an all-out audible sex attack coming from the backyard! Diary, I wish I could take a mental picture for you of what I just saw outside my window.

You know Xania, right? She's the psychologist who has a body that could be the twin of either mother or Aunt Suzy. She's super stacked and sexy! Well, not only was she right outside my window getting eaten out by my studly Brother, but she's totally bound by ropes!!!

I mean, what am I supposed to do with that?! Gaawwwd, I came so hard on my fingers just a minute or two ago, watching him splodge all over her gigantic tits! I'm sure that as I sit through my boring classes today, instead of hearing my teachers, I'll be hearing the sexy sounds of Xania screaming in total glorious orgasmic nirvana like her life was in danger! Not to mention the delicious sight of all that cum on her big breasts and her face! I only wish I woke up earlier, so I could have seen Bro hosing her tightly bound body down with his baby-making sperm, and with her arms oh-so-helplessly tied behind her back, no less!bender

Is there any wonder I'm my brother's eager fuck toy?! Good God!!!!

What's more, he's still at it! Diary, I swear, once he finished making her orgasm half to death, he simply sat her on his lap and stuck all of his wonderfully thick inches deep inside her! True, things have kind of calmed down for the moment, and he's ONLY kind of resting with his hot boner in her cunt. As if I wouldn't die of pleasure overload from that alone! But I can still hear them talking, and he's totally taming her mentally even while they both physically recover. Then, no doubt, he's gonna fuck her even further into submission!

I swear, it's downright aggravating. Wait! Just a sec!

Katherine put down her pen and rushed to the window.

She came back about five minutes later.

Sorry to leave you hanging, D. I've been kind of writing while listening, and I heard Xania going off about Heather. Xania actually told Bro to make her his bitch! She actually said, and I quote, "Make her your bitch! Make her beg! She's totally hooked on your cock, don't deny it! Take full advantage! Fuck her into submission!" Is that hot, or what?!?! Even though I hate Heather with a passion, she's got me rooting for him to fully tame her. Talk about fucked up.

As if that isn't arousing enough, it turns out that even though it sounded like they were just talking, once I looked out the window I could see that Xania was constantly grinding her hips on Brother's fat pole! See what I mean?! Too arousing to be believed! I can't even bear to watch any more right now, because I know I'm just gonna get super horny all over again. And what's happening this morning isn't even the half of it. In fact, I hardly know where to begin, what with the poker party last night and all.

Okay, Diary, I have to admit it: the party was a BLAST! I had soooo much fun! Everyone did. Especially Brother. And speaking of blasts, honestly, he splooged all over ALL OF US! It was the most glorious cum bath ever! We all sucked and stroked and loved and served his cock in every possible combination! Hopefully, that was a preview of what our life is gonna be like in years to cum. I'll have to tell you all the cummy details about it later.

But there's a dark cloud on the horizon too. Both Xania and Brenda were there, and while that was great and added a lot to the fun, what does that mean in the long term?! Brother fucked the hell out of Brenda last night, and now he's doing the same to Xania this morning. Both women are too sexy and stacked to be believed! Sure, Brenda's colossal tits are the first thing one notices, but the rest of body

pretty much defines the word "voluptuous," and she's got a totally cute and adorable face as well. I'm sure Brother loves sticking his fat cock in it, deep in her mouth. He sure had her gagging and bobbing on his thick inches of sweet cock-meat a lot last night!!!

Katherine temporarily spaced out, recalling watching Brenda suck on her brother's cock just before the beginning of the previous night's poker party. She started to salivate copiously, even sticking out her tongue and making licking motions.

She closed her eyes and thought, Oh God, that's really hot! When a woman like that, who could have anything or anyone she wants, falls in love with serving his cock, then you know it's the right thing to do, for all of us! God, if Brother was here right now, I'd fucking suck it and serve it and pleasure him with my tongue and lips so good! UGH! Last night was just... UH! And now he's with Xania, probably fucking HER face! Hot damn!

She had to force herself to calm down, before she got totally carried away in a masturbatory frenzy. She turned back to her diary. Okay, where was I? She reread her last few sentences, and then continued:

Yeah, Diary, you should have seen him standing there like some kind of noble Greek god, making her slurp and suck and love every last thick inch of it!

When he wasn't fucking her cunt into oblivion, that is! That's a whole other story, what he did to her after the party ended. I was downstairs at the time (which is yet another whole story - OMG!!!), and I could hear her screaming from down there! So now she's become another one of his eager fuck toys, I'm sure, after a screwing like THAT!

But the thing is, as sexy as Brenda is, Xania is just as amaaaazing! I swear, if I had a penis, I'd fuck both of them in every hole until I dehydrated or passed out or something, and they'd have to take me to the hospital to recover. And that's pretty much what Brother has been doing to them since late last night. Brenda's gone home, but even as I write this, he's balls-deep in Xania!!!

So, the question is: where does that leave room for me?! Brenda's such a natural submissive that she was totally tamed by him even BEFORE last night. Xania seems like a tougher nut to crack, what with her being a stern psychologist and all, but Diary, you should have seen her tied-up body writhing while she screamed in total orgasmic joy just a little while ago. I know the feeling so well! Sweet Jesus! Once he does that to you, I don't care who you are or anything else: you are TAMED and OWNED! Period! You've become one of his fuck toys, whether you like it or not! (And dear Lord, do I love it!!!)

The problem is, things are getting too crowded around here. I kinda wish it was just me, Mom, Aims, and Aunt Suzy. The four of us love him the most, by far, and we take care of his cock so well. Aren't we enough for him? Why does he need the likes of Brenda and Xania too? He's getting too greedy. Sure, they're super sexy bombshells, but isn't love more important? They hardly know him, and there's no way they'll EVER know him and love him like I do! And that's not even to mention the competition at school, which is too depressing to think about right now. UGH!

True, Brother has some special ability to fuck women into submission - literally. But that doesn't mean he SHOULD do so with every single beautiful and stacked woman he meets. If he does, where is it going to end?! Is he going to wind up with a harem of dozens of busty babes?! Would they all be camped out on the front lawn, waiting for their turn or something? I have to admit that's a totally hot idea, but it's completely impractical. I would die of jealousy and loneliness if it actually happened. I tell you, it can't go on like this!!!

I feel guilty getting all horny watching him tame Xania, but I can't help it. I get so damn jealous that it burns me inside just like heartburn, but there's simply no way NOT to love it at the same time, especially when I see a bound and helpless Xania getting speared in the exact way I'd love for him to fuck ME right now! That's the one time it sucks to be his sister, by the way, 'cos he says he loves and respects me too much to treat me like that. GRRR!

Diary, I could literally write a book just on all the fun stuff that took place during last night's party. It was truly epic! But that'll have to wait for later, probably until after I get home from school, 'cos I've gotta wash and dress and get my ass downstairs, pronto, so I can better view the backyard before Bro resumes seriously fucking Xania. And I can't wait to talk to Mom and watch her reaction while he does it! I'll bet she's downstairs already, and I'm sure her entire body is on fire watching another big-titted beauty get tamed right before her eyes! Especially with the ropes! Jesus Christ, the ropes! The ropes!!!!

You see what I mean? It's all too arousing. And the fact that I'm burning with jealousy seems to only add to my general erotic feeling, making me too hot and horny to breathe! I must admit that I'm writing this one-handed, if you know what I mean. I SHOULD be telling him to stop fucking these other women, but instead I find myself wanting to actually bring him new hotties to fuck and tame, even though I'm so jealous all the time that it's slowly killing me. Is that fucked up or what?!

Wait! I hear more sexy moaning outside! Gotta run!

Katherine stopped writing just as Xania's 'bounce and grind' fuck seemed to be reaching a climax.

Unfortunately for the horny sister, a minute or two later Xania and Alan decided to take a break to rest and recover. But Katherine concluded that was a good thing, because it gave her some time to rush through her morning bathroom rituals and get downstairs without missing out on much of the hot and heavy action.

Chapter 838 What A Day!

Alan untied Xania's ropes. In retrospect, he felt that he should have untied them a while ago. He hoped her arms weren't too sore and that she wasn't too mad at him.

With a great sigh of relief, Xania broke free and stretched out.

To his surprise, she didn't immediately slap him for keeping her tied up so long and generally being a cheeky pest. She didn't suddenly resume fucking him either.

Instead, she was content to continue with her rest and recovery for a while. And as she did that, she realized she had more to think about and say about his problems.

She resumed talking while rubbing her arms and luxuriously stretching them up to the sky, deliberately striking one sexy pose after another as she did so. "Thank you for that. Aaaaah! That feels soooo much better... I do have a few more points to make, now that I'm not being tortured."

He scoffed, "'Tortured?'" If there was any chance that his erection would go flaccid sometime soon, that was lost because of the sight of her stretching.

She said, "Okay, maybe not tortured. Actually, I feel a lot better already. I just needed to stretch." She started to turn her head towards the Pestrige house.

But he said, "Don't look! Trust me, please! Don't look!"

She felt a thrill race down her spine and zap her pussy. "Oh shit! Someone's watching! How many?!"

"Ignorance is bliss. Trust me on this."

She suddenly felt so worked up that she wanted to do some more vigorous fucking. But she forced herself to keep still. She decided to take his advice and try to ignore the stares - little realizing there weren't any stares, at least not from the Petridge house.

Instead, she asked, "By the way, are you really going to spank me?"

"Of course! It's just a matter of when, and how frequently. As to whether I spank you today or not, the jury is still out."

She shivered all over. This kid is too much! He's acting like he owns me already. Like it's a done deal. Like he's going to spank me whenever the hell he feels like it, as if he has the right to do that! Bullshit! I'm not one of his damn fuck toys. But still... it's so... totally fucking AROUSING! Dammit!

She preened and posed some more under the guise of continued stretching, since she knew he was watching closely. Her brain wanted her to keep talking, but her body wanted to be fucked, so she was sending out mixed signals.

She said, "Let's see. Ah, yes. Glory. So you need to dull her senses and keep her so preoccupied that she doesn't pick up on things. Whether by plan or not, you seem to have your whole house that way already. Suzanne's brain is totally out to lunch, she's so obsessed with you. I've never, ever, seen her turn into mental oatmeal like this before. But that still makes her sharp as a tack compared to Susan. I didn't know your mother before, but I can only assume she wasn't this constantly sex-crazed before."

He replied, "No, she wasn't. She's normally fairly smart, though not brilliant like Aunt Suzy. But yeah, Mom's not exactly coming across like a sharp tack these days. She's really in the whole 'big-titted mommy' submissive thing, and I gotta say I'm loving it. As for Amy, she's not in a sexual fog, she's just naturally that way. It's hard to see it at first, but she's actually pretty smart too. However, she's also kind of like, I dunno, in her own time zone or something."

"I see." Xania moved with lightning speed and grasped his stiff erection before he realized what was happening. "A-ha! Now you're at my mercy! I can get back at you for being such an evil bastard! Ha ha ha ha ha!"

He would have been very concerned, since a man's penis can be injured so easily, but the look on her face showed she was just being playful. As a result, he joked in a deadpan style, "I warn you, if you try anything nasty, I'm gonna tell you more rope-related puns."

She looked at him with mock horror. "Egads! Anything but that! Still, I'd better keep holding this, just to make sure you stay on your best behavior."

With both hands tightly gripping his erection, she resumed her serious analysis. "In any case, you need to deal with Glory. I think it's safe to assume that she already suspects your incestuous relationship, at least with your sister. Think about it. She knows you're screwing some of the most attractive girls in school, and that you love big tits. Katherine's breasts are only small relative to the likes of Brenda's. She's actually very endowed for her age. And she's possibly THE most beautiful girl in the whole school."

As Xania kept talking, she started subtly jacking off Alan's erection. But she was on such a roll that he didn't get a chance to comment on that.

She continued, "Glory must have thought about the possibility. She knows about your six-times-a-day treatment, so how plausible is it for your sister or mother to help out with your orgasm needs? VERY! I'm sure she can imagine a slippery slope of where a little bit of innocent help could lead, just as it really did. The only thing you have going for you is Katherine's prudish reputation. Susan's too, come to think of it. Does Glory know about that? Have they met?"

"Yeah. Glory's met Susan at different school things. Back then, Mom definitely came off as a born-again prude. She still dresses and acts like that when she goes outside, although now it's just an act."

"Good." The way she was stroking his cock was becoming more obvious, as well as more pleasurable. "Luckily, both reputations seem to be surprisingly intact outside the house, from what you're telling me. Although, there's no hiding Susan's bosomy beauty, no matter what clothes she wears. But if you're really serious about Glory long term, you have to figure that she's gonna find out about you and your special family bond sooner or later. Naturally, you obviously want it to be later, when you're inseparable, and you want to break it to her gently."

Xania's hefty melons bounced up and down in time to her pumping hands on Alan's pole. "In the short term, keep her fully preoccupied until you can sort things out. Keep seducing her, romancing her, and especially sexing her until she simply can't let you go. I suggest the full vibrator treatment."

"What's that?"

"You have to keep her cunt stuffed with plastic cock nearly twenty-four hours a day. If she's always on the edge of a climax, she won't be worrying about you and incest."

"But how will I do that? I mean, she has to teach. She takes her teaching role quite seriously. She'll never agree to it."

"You just leave it up to me. Actually, now that I think about it, the same strategy might help you with Heather too. If you keep her in a fog... But then again, with Heather it might backfire and she'd be encouraged in all the wrong ways. I'd have to know more about her to say for sure. I'd love to meet both of these women so I can feel them out, but that's for another day."

"You mean feel them up?" he half-joked.

"That too." She winked. She looked down at his boner. His pre-cum was flowing freely now, allowing her hands to slip and slide all over his throbbing shaft. But she kept on talking like nothing sexual was happening between them. "Right now, let's work on your Glory vibrator plan. I don't know if you're aware, but there's a growing toy collection in this house, so you have all the tools. There are some pretty high tech ones here, too. I'm quite impressed that you have a unit in there called the Televibe. It's perfect for your needs. Do you know about that one?"

"No. I'm completely vibrator-ignorant. I think Aunt Suzy bought most of those, so she's the one to ask."

"I'll teach you how to use it before you go to school. I think you should start on her today."

"Today?!"

"Time is of the essence. She could learn your secrets at any time. You need to up your efforts immediately if you hope to keep her, and even add her to your harem."

"Okay. Although I'd argue I don't actually have a harem."

"Look at me!"

He looked at her, especially her bouncing breasts.

"I'm referring to my hands."

He turned his gaze to her hands.

"I'm jacking you off buck naked in your backyard while your mother, your sister, Amy's father, and God knows how many other people watch. And somehow, I find myself giving you advice on how to better seduce still more women. Believe me, you have a harem!"

He knew that was hard to dispute. But he dodged having to respond to that. "I have to go pee. I'll be back in a second, but then I'm going to tie you up again and play with your pussy some more, because I've been neglecting it. Then, of course, more fucking, and spanking, and who knows what else."

"Bastard!" But she didn't demand he shouldn't do some or all of those things. She was having too much fun to really complain. She suspected that no matter what he did to her, even a spanking, she'd end up cumming a lot.

She lightly slapped his cock, as if she was mad at it, and then she let go.

Alan did in fact have to go to the bathroom. The urge to pee caused his penis to go flaccid again, as soon as he walked away from Xania. But there was another reason he went back into the house. Time was passing and it was coming up on seven o'clock, which meant that he figured Susan and Katherine had to be up by now and getting ready for the start of school at eight o'clock.

However, to his surprise, he didn't see anyone in the kitchen or dining room area. He went to the phone near the kitchen counter and called Amy's cell phone. When she answered, he gave her some very strange instructions.

Amy readily agreed to follow them right away. with lots of happy "M'kay" answers.

Then he went to the downstairs bathroom. After that, he gathered up all the vibrators from the underwear drawer and put them in a big bag. Thinking ahead, he put Susan's cell phone in the bag too. He brought the bag back to Xania by the pool,

He tied her back up. "You know Xania, not only am I beginning to think of you as a great advisor, but I also am starting to picture you with these ropes on. I think we'll have to tie you up like this for all future visits."

She put up a little protest, but didn't seem to mind terribly much. "Alan, you're wasting some good rope. I'm just not naturally into this, though I'll admit that you've got me going for the moment with your clever schemes. I'm too scared to look, but I'll bet there are no neighbors who can see, and you're just yanking my chain some more."

That heavily disappointed him. He thought he had her fully convinced that at least Eric Pestridge was watching.

She went on, "Whereas, unlike me, you've got some lovely ladies who would take to being tied-up like fish to water. I'm thinking of your sister, your mom, and most especially Brenda. So why me? I hardly know Brenda, but Jesus Christ, is she begging for it or what?!"

He cautiously replied, "We'll see. There's no reason why I can't tie up everyone, starting with you. But let's get back to Glory. Then, since you've been so insightful and helpful, I have some other issues to discuss, and we're running out of time."

So Xania explained her vibrator ideas to use with Glory.

Funnily enough, Susan had been in the kitchen and closely watching events in the backyard when Alan decided to come inside for a bathroom break, but she fled before she was seen, hiding in the den until he went back outside.

She wasn't afraid of being caught watching. Instead, she feared that if she got close to him, she simply wouldn't be able to control her over-aroused body. And while she would have dearly loved to give him a great titfuck or suck his cock dry, she didn't want to interrupt what he was doing with Xania. She knew she had plenty of chances to pleasure his cock, and she was eager to see him fully tame Xania. She snuck back into the kitchen as soon as the coast was clear.

Only a minute or two after Alan went back outside, Katherine came downstairs. She saw Susan standing at the kitchen window, blatantly gawking at Alan and Xania out back. She knew Susan sensed her presence, but she didn't say a word to her until she was standing right next to her. Then she merely said in a voice that was somehow both subdued and aroused, "Mom... The ropes... The ropes!"

Susan turned to her ever so briefly, and noticed that Katherine was standing within arm's reach. She said nearly accusingly, "Angel, if you so much as touch me, anywhere at all, I swear to the Lord that I'm going to cum and scream and scream and cum and cum and scream some more!"

Katherine grinned; she didn't see why that would be such a bad thing, and yet Susan seemed very distraught about it. She playfully touched Susan's nearest elbow with a single fingertip.

Susan wagged a finger at her. "Seriously, I'm warning you!"

Katherine considered touching her a lot more, but decided to have mercy on her. She asked, "So, I take it you find the ropes as arousing as I do?"

Susan turned to actually face her and said with a desperate edge, "So much! Oh dear Lord! So much!"

She turned back to the backyard view and resumed gawking at Xania in particular. "Just look at her! Is that not the most arousing thing you've ever seen in your entire life?! Xania Goodleigh, a professional psychologist with a PhD, has been reduced to my son's bound and helpless fuck-toy after staying here just one night! So HOT!"

For once, Katherine had little to say, because Susan had said it all when she erotically moaned "So HOT!", just as if Alan were in the middle of fucking her senseless. But after some moments she asked her mother, "Can you just imagine if that was you? I picture him doing that to me, and I get-"

Susan suddenly turned to her daughter and said with real anger in her eyes and her voice, "HUSH! I don't want to hear one more word out of you! If you say anything about it, I'm likely to just..." - she waved her hands in the air as she struggled to find the right words - "I don't know... spontaneously combust! From excessive horniness!"

Katherine giggled at that, especially at the added wild hand-waving.

Susan turned back to resume watching Alan and Xania. She griped, "It's not funny! UNGH! My pussy is so tingly and needy that it hurts!"

bender

Katherine still snickered. "Come on. It's a little bit funny, at least."

Susan grinned despite herself. "Okay, it is. But seriously, hush. And watch closely! It's not every day that you get to see a proud, independent, worldly-wise woman get tamed. Watch and learn!"

Katherine decided that was good advice, so she just stood and watched Alan and Xania while being careful not to touch either her mother or her own private parts. Just like Susan, she knew that the view was so thrilling that masturbation would almost be overkill.

Back outside, Alan hadn't yet noticed that Susan and Katherine were staring from the kitchen. But a few minutes into Xania's talk about vibrators, he interrupted her and whispered urgently, "Don't look now, but someone's watching you. From the Pestrige house. It's Suzanne's husband, Eric. I'll admit that I was bullshitting before. It was too early, and the neighbors apparently all slept through your screaming. But now Amy's dad is finally up."

Xania turned her head as casually as she could. Since Alan hadn't said much about the neighbors watching for a while, she'd decided he had to be full of it. But, sure enough, she saw the shadow of a

man standing at the only upper-floor window with a view of the Plummer's pool. Her heart started racing and her jaw actually hung open in shock.

But what Xania didn't know was that it was actually Amy, wearing a man's hat and jacket to make her silhouette look like a man's.

"Oh God!" Xania exclaimed quietly, as her sense of panic surged up and nearly overwhelmed her. She was suddenly acutely aware that she was buck naked. She started to cover up, only to realize that she'd just been bound by ropes again. That made her want to scream in frustration. The best she could do was lean forward, trying to keep her back to the Pestridge house window.

She hissed in dismay, "How can I continue with this, knowing that he's there?! We have to get out of here! NOW!"

Alan just smirked and smiled. "Nope!"

She turned her head again to get a better look at the neighbor. "Oh no! He's STILL there! Is he going to just stand there and stare at us forever?!" She hissed at Alan, "DO something!"

Alan casually replied, "I imagine he's probably masturbating. We don't have porn-star professional-model-quality naked women tied up and hanging out at our pool just any morning of the week."

He laughed to himself as Susan and Suzanne's daily nude sunbathing popped into his mind. He explained with complete calm, "Actually we do, except for the tied-up part. You should see how often Mom and Aunt Suzy skinny-dip out here."

Xania somehow whimpered and growled at the same time. Her body was fidgety with fear and lust, but she struggled to stay still to draw less attention to herself. She hoped against hope that "Eric" would lose interest eventually if all he could see was her bare back and ass.

She thought, Oh God! I've never felt so naked in my life! She'd been avoiding looking at the Plummer house for a long time, for fear of what she'd see there. But she glanced over at it, thinking that she might make a break for it and try running there with her hands bound... only to see Katherine and Susan staring at her!

She was so horrified that she turned her head away immediately, trying to pretend that she hadn't just seen them. Their presence killed her sense that she had somewhere to escape to. She had a fearful vision of running all the way to the sliding glass door at the back of their house and then finding it locked, with no way to open it. She imagined Susan and Katherine just staring and pointing and laughing at her from the other side of the glass.

She was getting really scared! And yet, thanks to her fetish for public exposure, her lust soared just as much.

Alan said calmly, "I'll tell you what. You need something to distract you and take your mind off of him watching you. Something just like your plan to deal with Glory comes to mind. And as a matter of fact, I just happen to have some vibrators right here."

He reached into the bag and pulled out a vibrator. "What a funny coincidence! Let's see. Oooh! Mr. Excitement. One of the favorites around here: twelve inches long and black. Mr. Pestridge will be able to see that go up your cunt from all the way over there. We can put the clit stimulator attachment on as well. And, oooh! Here's a lovely little anal number..."

Xania hissed quietly, "Alan! God damn you! I've only begun to describe this vibrator plan, and you're already using it against me? That is so completely unfair! You are such a clever asshole!"

"Hmmm. Could be that I am. That's another thing I want to discuss: how all these women fawning over me, praising me, practically worshiping me at times are slowly turning me into an egotistical, evil asshole. I think of it as the 'Good Alan' vs. 'Bad Alan' battle."

He brought the dildo closer to her crotch. "But until we have that discussion, Mr. Excitement, meet Xania's pussy. Xania's pussy, meet your new, well-hung, black lover. But please, don't let me interrupt. You were saying about Glory and vibrators?"

"Alan, come ON!" She turned her head and watched "Eric" at the window as Alan inserted the big vibrator.

In doing so, he turned her completely around so the insertion would be visible from Amy's window. Then he pushed it all the way in her.

That immediately doubled Xania's sense of helplessness and humiliation. Now, instead of trying to look at the window, she hung her head and tried to make herself small. She leaked like a faucet, trembled all over, and panted heavily.

She tried to continue with giving him advice about how to deal with his other women, but she couldn't even get started with the vibrator buzzing away in her and the thought of Suzanne's husband watching her. My God! This is so WRONG! Why am I letting him do this to me?! That guy up there must think I'm a total slut!

She frequently looked up and saw the silhouette in the same position, rarely moving. She didn't want to look, but she couldn't resist. FUUUUCK! Earlier, I asked myself how it could possibly get any worse than being seen stark naked and bound, with cum all over my face and chest? Well, add a vibrator lewdly sticking out of my pussy to all that! HOLY FUCK! Alan is diabolical! I'm gonna die of shame, here and now!

Meanwhile, Alan said things to her like, "Look how long he's been at the window. He clearly must be staring at SOMETHing out here. I wonder what that could be?"

Xania whispered back, "How can you be so calm about this?! He's staring at you too, you know!"

"Yeah, that's it," he said teasingly. "I'll bet he's staring at me. So that means you have nothing to worry about. He's probably checking out my tits and ass. Or maybe the glistening cum on my face."

She complained under her breath, "Bastard! I hate you!" But with each passing moment, she was getting more and more aroused. Alan wasn't even touching her, and yet she was hotter than an oven.

He explained further, "Seriously, why should I care if he's staring at me? He must be thinking, 'That Alan is one lucky kid. Look, now he's cupping one of her tits like he owns her.'" Naturally, he cupped a tit as he said that, and started kneading it in full view of the window. "Meanwhile, he's probably thinking about you: 'Who's the kinky slut?'"

She panted with excitement, "Stupid fuckin' double standards!"

She was really getting off on Alan fondling her for the supposed stranger's benefit. Just that much touching nearly sent her over the edge. The main reason she didn't was because she didn't want Eric to see and hear her cumming out of control. And despite all the many wild sexual things she did in front of Susan and Katherine (and others!) last night, she was terrified of them watching her now too.

After a few more moments, Alan thought, Three things. One, Aims has to go to school and needs to prepare. She's a doll doing what I'd asked, but it's cruel to keep her there at the window forever. Two, I pretty much promised Xania a second fuck. Now's a good time as any, because she's hopeless at explaining things with the way she's panting right now. And three, there's a fine line with this sexual humiliation stuff. I want Xania scared, but not so scared that she'll look back and regret this later.

So he took the vibrator out of her. A considerable amount of cum came gushing out along with it.

"What are you doing?!" Xania immediately complained.

He bent her over a lounge chair so he could take her doggy style.

She was panting hard. "And what are you doing to me now?! Stop!"

But he didn't stop. In fact, he started rubbing his cockhead up and down her slit. "I can't let Mr. Pestridge down. If I've got my own porn star sex toy, he's gonna wonder why I'm not fucking her already."

He inserted his hard erection instead. He started fucking her doggy style. mostly because he'd promised to do that earlier. But he also figured it would look good for "Mr. Pestridge" (in fact, Amy) in the window.

He whispered to her, "As long as he's watching, let's give him a good show, okay? In for a penny, in for a pounding."

Xania just whimpered at that. She started cumming before he really got started and then kept right on cumming in one great long multiple orgasm. But she was so petrified about the neighbors and especially Eric Pestridge supposedly watching that she hardly made a sound.

About a minute into his thrusting, Alan looked over at his house and saw Susan and Katherine standing just outside the sliding glass door, staring out at them. "Oooh! Bonus! Look, Xania. We have more guests. Hi Sis! Hi Mom!" He waved at them with exaggerated hand gestures.

Xania couldn't bear to look, but she looked over at the Plummer house anyway. Sure enough, she saw Susan and Katherine standing near their sliding door to the patio, smiling and waving back. They both wore the barest of clothes. Their ample tits wobbled and swung back and forth inside skin-tight and obviously bra-less shirts with every wave of their hands. They seemed very mirthful, as if they found Xania's predicament delightful. They also showed no sign of jealousy that Xania could see.

"Fuuuuuuuccck!" Xania exhaled in exasperation. What the hell is with this kid?! Those two over there are so hot, and he practically owns 'em! Meanwhile, he's- UGH! He's fucking me so damn GOOD! I've never been so embarrassed in all my life, and the two of them keep staring at me!

Oh God! And Suzanne's husband! He's probably jacking off as he watches me! And for the love of God, how many other neighbors are watching too?! I can't look in any direction! I'm so FUCKED! In more ways than one!

Alan was amused - and of course, highly aroused - as he took a closer look at what his sister and mother were wearing. Susan wore panties and a thin shirt several sizes too small. Katherine wore even smaller panties and a smaller and tighter top. They both had dressed to show off their hard nipples. He'd asked them the night before not to wear anything too arousing until his studies were over, and so figured that this was their idea of "not arousing." He was further amused to see that Katherine was awkwardly reaching back and occasionally groping at Susan's pussy even while she waved at him with her other hand.

Even though Xania was busy getting nailed, she caught the occasional glimpse of mother and daughter, usually between thrusts. "Is this what it's like with them every morning?" she asked him with an incredulous voice. She'd given up on trying to resist getting fucked, and in fact, her pussy was so very, very hot that she eagerly welcomed it. Her body swayed in time to Alan's thrusts.

"Actually, they're a bit overdressed today," he admitted truthfully, as he kept on steadily drilling her. "They probably wanted to see how you were taking things before going into full-on 'dress sexy to suck cock through breakfast' mode. How ARE you taking things, by the way?"

"UGH!" She didn't say it, but after he said that it was obvious to both of them that she was taking a lot of cock, and taking it deep. Even though he was talking in a somewhat casual voice, he was riding her hard

and fast. She wanted to churn and grind on his hot pole. But with her arms tied behind her back and the way he was steadily pounding forward, she was helpless to change positions or do anything but fuck back onto his dick.

He had her bent over a lounge chair, but he'd made sure that her breasts were hanging over the other side of it. That way, they were able to swing freely, and right in front of the Pestrige house too.

Xania tried not to think of what Eric Pestrige must think of her, getting fucked in such an outrageously lewd position. She was so excited that she was worried she'd pass out. I'm such a slut! Such a slut! I knew I was bad before, but... Oh God! I'll never be the same, will I?!

Then, as if she hadn't been embarrassed enough already, Alan shouted out, "Hey Sis! Why don't you come out here and join in the fun?"

Katherine waved some more, but declined the invitation, since she knew he was joking and trying to wind Xania up.

Xania realized with a start that Alan shouldn't be saying that to Katherine with Eric listening! She hissed quietly, "Shut up! Do you realize UH! What you just - OH! UH! Just said out loud?! God! UGH! Do you - UGH! YES! Do - AH! Do - UH!"

He slowed down a bit so she could finish what she wanted to say.

"Do you want Amy's father to hear that?! OH! So good! Don't you think UNGH! Yes! Think that - OOH! He'd find that odd?!" The threat of having everything discovered by Amy's father only excited her further, and even after Alan slowed she still could barely get a coherent sentence out.

He slowed down further so he could reply without frantic panting.

To his surprise, Xania responded to the change of pace by churning her hips and milking his erection with her vaginal walls at the same time. It felt intense, and showed her remarkable sexual talent.

He found that talking wasn't that easy, after all. "All I said was... Phew! ...join in the fun... Ah. Ah... Maybe... Hold on... Maybe, maybe, I mean that Sis and I should double-team YOU! ... Oh God! Jesus! Just a... Hold on... What's wrong, wrong with that? ... After all... Just a, just a sec..."

With one great final effort, he managed to finish his thought, "After all, when you have a bound and naked porn star, isn't that the kind of thing you d-d-d-do, do to her?"

Chapter 839 Damn You! Bastard

All the while, Alan never really stopped thrusting. However, he decided that he needed another strategic break.

He stopped all his fucking motions, but Xania didn't. She seemed to delight in foiling his plans for a strategic break by continuing milking his stiffness.

Meanwhile, she kept looking up at "Eric" in the window. Thinking that a strange man was watching her aroused as much as if an extra pair of hands was fondling her all over, and knowing Susan and Katherine were watching too felt as thrilling as yet more hands on her. Furthermore, she desperately needed to cum, but felt she couldn't because of her audience.

Her milking was so stimulating that Alan was forced to pull out until just part of his cockhead was in her tight vaginal grip. That allowed him to actually recover somewhat.

She cursed in her mind, Stick it back in, motherfucker! Finish what you started! Had she not been tied up, she would have reached back, held his cock, and impaled herself back on it. But she couldn't move much, so she just simmered and burned with fuck need.

She seemed beyond the ability to coherently talk.

But he at least was able to get his breath back, even though his dick still had him dangerously close to cumming. He tried to tease her some more. "I just had a great idea. Unfortunately I need to go to school in a little while, and I don't know if I'll have time to spank you this morning."

In fact, he had no plans to spank her. He continued to feel that she wasn't a true submissive. He still wanted to arouse and dominate her, but he'd have to do it in a more clever and roundabout way. He highly doubted that she'd find a spanking very arousing, but the threat of a spanking allowed him to do other things to her, such as maximize the impact of her public exposure fetish.

With that in mind, he pulled his hand back and gave her left ass cheek a solid swat.

"OWW!"bender

Then he did the same to her right ass cheek.

"YEOW! What the hell?!"

He said, "Sorry, but Mr. Pestridge just gave me a thumbs up, so I kinda did that for him."

"AAAAIIIIIEEEE!" Xania clenched her ass cheeks hard, struggling with all her might not to cum. In so doing, she delightfully and repeatedly squeezed Alan's cockhead.

She actually felt tears leaking from her eyes and dripping off her face. I might as well cum now. Why the fuck not?! My public humiliation is complete! Someday soon, I'll have to meet Eric face to face again. Jesus, it's been years and years. In fact, knowing what a diabolical bastard Alan is, he'll probably introduce me to him later today, with a fresh load of cum on my face. OH Gaawwwd! I'll never be able to look him in the eye!

Oh God! Oh God! But I can't cum, because I'll draw the attention of even MORE neighbors! Believe me, things could get worse. They could get much worse. I have to be strong!

Alan gently ran his hands over where he'd just smacked her. "But I've got a bigger problem than just when to spank you. It could take a few days to fully break you in, so what should I do with you while I'm at school today?"

She briefly cried out like he'd just stuck her with a knife, as she contemplated being tied up all day.

He paused and caught his breath. She kept attempting to catch more of his cock with her cunt, but he kept foiling that. "Maybe I'll leave you tied up out here, but in the shade under an umbrella so you don't burn your fair skin. Then I'll put a gag in your mouth and hang a big sign around your neck: 'Notice to the neighbors: Help needed breaking in busty porn star. Please keep all her holes filled. Tell a friend.'"

She let out another groan that was more like a scream. She was finding it hard to keep quiet, though she was still struggling to do so. MotherFUCKER! He's just yanking my chain, right?! Isn't he?! He wouldn't go THAT far!

"What's that?" he asked, pretending she'd said something intelligible. He pushed all the way back in and then resumed slowly thrusting. Despite his calm voice, he was too excited to pause the action for very long.

She moaned even louder, overcome by the powerful sensation of being completely filled by hard cock. "UNH! HNNNG! YEEEESSSS!"

"What was that? You're pointing out we should charge money? Good idea, but that's tacky and we don't need the money anyway."

She let out another loud groan that was nearly a scream.

He smirked. "Hey, I know. Since you insist, I'll put a coin jar out so people can leave tips to show their appreciation."

She let out a barely muffled scream as the combination of Alan's resumed steady thrusting and his wild words slowly drove her to another climax.

But again, he pretended to understand her wordless noises. "What's that? You're saying not enough people will see you in the backyard? Excellent point. You want everyone to see your naked body? Okay."

She somehow managed to get out a "NO!" But it was partly to herself, feeling that she didn't want to cum just yet.

"'No?' Oh, my mistake. You want people to see you AND feel you."

She whimpered. "Alan! Please! Have mercy!" I'm gonna cum so hard! I'm gonna cum so hard! The whole town will hear and see, and it's all his fault!

He tightly gripped her ass cheeks as he steadily pounded in and out of her. "What's that? You want everyone to fuck you as well? Okay, if you insist. We'll put you under the big tree in the front yard. In fact, I'll chain your naked body to the tree. I'll be surprised if I come home and I don't see three long lines going down the sidewalk, one for each of your holes. And if each fucker leaves a quarter in the jar, we could make more than ten dollars on the first day alone!"

Xania fully understood on some level that he was just teasing, but she allowed herself to think it might be real because as a fantasy it was so exciting. Plus, between what she'd seen at the poker party and her belief that he was fucking her in front of strangers (not to mention Katherine and Susan), she couldn't be completely sure what extremes he might go to.

She whispered, "Alan, please! Have mercy on me! I need to cum so bad, but I'm afraid to!"

"Okay." He felt he needed to push her hard, but not too hard. So he stopped his thrusting and just let breathed hard for a minute or more. He actually needed a break as much as she did.

As she recovered her breath, she asked, "You are just making up all that total bullshit, right?"

"Most of it."

"Fucker!"

He chuckled at that, and she laughed too.

He said, "Here's let's do something else." He switched positions and had her sit in his lap. Now she was facing the Plummer house, where Katherine and Susan were still frequently looking out the window.

Xania wanted to rest and recover some more, but her body had other ideas. She immediately started bouncing up and down on his pole without being asked to. A

t the same time, she asked, "Why are we doing it this way?"

He explained, "I was just thinking. It's rude to fuck and always give Mr. Pestridge the best view. This way, Mom and Sis get a great view some of the time too."

Xania looked up and saw Susan and Katherine smiling and waving at her. Oh, fuck me! Them again?! Will this nightmare ever end?!

She stopped her bouncing out of embarrassment. But her body craved more of Alan's long and thick cock, so she quickly resumed her bouncing, but tried to be less obvious about it. She was particularly embarrassed at the way her huge breasts were lewdly bouncing.

But then she thought, Fuck it! After everything Susan and Katherine saw and did last night, why the fuck am I worrying about modesty! Hell, I should put on a good show!

She bounced on his cock even more than before, with a new burst of energy and inspiration.

He sensed her change of attitude, and said, "Oh, and I forgot to mention that guy over there."

She held her breath as she turned to see who he was pointing to. She stopped her bouncing and just tightly clenched his cock with her strong pussy muscles. "Where?!"

"There! Through those trees."

Finding no one there, she let her breath out. "Damn you! Bastard!" She resumed her vigorous bouncing on his cock. But she also loved his teasing. In fact, she was a bit disappointed not to see another spectator.

Alan was acting cool and he wasn't that winded because Xania was doing most of the work, bouncing up and down on his impalement. But his arousal had been rising all the while, and he had finally reached the point where he had to either stop completely or cum hard. He decided on the latter.

He leaned forward and grasped onto her breasts. "Here comes the first of dozens of loads in this hole today!"

"Can I cum too?!"

"YES!" He could feel his balls tightening. He was passing the point of no return. He started thrusting up into her more vigorously.

"Oh, thank God!" In the heat of the moment, she didn't stop to think how he'd somehow gained the right to decide when she could cum.

"But don't scream!" He held her big tits tightly. His eyes rolled to the back of his head as his cum started to blast into her molten hot cunt.

"OH FUCK!" Her relief on being given permission to cum was mostly stymied by his command to be quiet about it. She wished she could bite down on her hand or at least cover her mouth, but of course she couldn't move her hands at all. She clenched her teeth tightly and hoped that would be enough.

It wasn't. Her orgasm was simply spectacular in its intensity. Nothing ever felt so good to her as feeling Alan's cum flooding in her vagina while he kept on thrusting up and down and she kept on bouncing. Her attempt to keep quiet lasted for all of about two seconds. Then she screamed with total abandon, as if she was trying to set a personal loudness record.

He emptied his balls into her relatively quickly, since male orgasms don't last long. But his cock stayed hard for a little longer, and her orgasm went on and on.

She realized just how loud she was screaming, and tried to shut up. That didn't last long, because the pleasure was too intense. She alternated between letting it all out and trying to stifle her screams. It was extremely frustrating. She had a sinking feeling that she was going to get a hard spanking for directly disobeying his order, but she simply couldn't stop screaming!

He held her steady by her breasts until he felt his dick start to go flaccid, and her multiple orgasms began to peter out. Then he leaned forward and leaned his head against her back while she leaned back and rested against him. Somehow, they managed to keep each other sitting up.

She continued to twitch and tremble as little orgasmic aftershocks rocked her. Even after his flaccid penis slipped out of her, occasional small orgasms continued to hit her.

Chapter 840 I Am NOT A Porn Star. I'm A B-Movie Actress.

Once his orgasm was well and truly over, he began untying her.

"Bastard," Xania cursed. However, the way she said it showed she was much more pleased than angry. In fact, she was practically over the moon. She'd never had an orgasm like that, not even in her other recent experiences with Alan.bender

He pretended confusion. "What? Oh, you're upset I didn't leave a tip. Don't worry, that's just 'cos we don't have the tip jar out yet. I'll put my quarter in later. You were definitely worth it. Heck, I might even put in two!" He finished untying her as she squirmed to get free.

Xania had just enough energy left to reach out and slap his upper arm. She said quietly, "You motherfucker! You BASTARD! Enough of you and your tip jar. As if! It's bad enough that you let Suzanne's husband watch the whole thing. Look. He's STILL there. Sorry, Eric, the show's over. Don't stick around unless you want to watch the next show: a young man getting murdered as soon as he finishes untying these ropes. Grrr!"

It was starting to get warm, so they lay out in the sun and recovered.

"You like saying 'grrr' and 'bastard' a lot, don't you?" he teased.

"Around you I do," she grumbled. "And speaking of bastards, I hope I don't have one in the oven right now. You forgot to pull out this time, you dummy. The pill isn't 100 percent effective, you know."

She found the idea of getting knocked up pretty hot. She wasn't interested in getting pregnant, but somehow it was thrilling in an alternate universe possibility just the same. Earlier, she'd mentioned to him in a vague way that she was using birth control, but she hoped he'd forgotten that.

He had forgotten, and he assumed that the protection issue had completely slipped his mind yet again. He grimaced, feeling honestly abashed. "Oops."

"'Oops?' You could be a daddy now, and all you say is 'Oops?' You're a hopeless case... Although, I have to admit that it felt pretty good having your hot, fertile seed splash inside me."

He thought, Oh, man! It's like I'm playing Russian roulette here. Are the fates still smiling on me?

They were exhausted, almost too tired to talk. However, he repositioned so they could look at each other's faces. He wrapped his arms around her and held her.

She really appreciated that, and she wrapped her arms around him too. Damn! That was TOO intense! I nearly had a heart attack! And everyone's STILL looking at me, I'll bet. I can't believe what a stud this kid is. He makes me see stars!

She rested her head against his chest. After another minute or so, she asked shyly, "So... Are you going to spank me, for real? I tried hard not to cum, but I couldn't help myself!" She lifted her head up so she could give him her best sad puppy dog look.

He hadn't intended to spank her, but he was tempted to do so after all. But then he realized time was probably running out to get ready for school. Besides, their climaxes had drained their bodies and left them practically destroyed. Clearly, the moment had passed.

Nevertheless, he said, "That depends. Are you still going to be here when I get back from school?"

"Not if you're going to spank me! Jesus! But honestly, I have to get back home long before then."

"Damn. Then I guess you're going to get away scot-free this time. I still owe you one though. Two, technically."

"I know." She leaned her head against his chest again and happily caressed his chest. Mmmm! That was great! Probably the best fuck I ever had! EVER! But I'll be damned if I'm gonna let this cocky bastard know just how much he rocked my world. Mmmm... Even the idea of sticking around and getting spanked later doesn't sound bad, since I'm sure he'd fuck me again at some point. I wish I could...

She said, "I can't believe I'm just sitting here, letting Eric stare at me. I must really be a 'kinky slut.'" She could feel Alan's cum slowly oozing out of her slit, and she liked that too.

"Wow," he said after another pause. "I got some good use out of that rope. By the way, did I mention that the silhouette you see up there isn't really Mr. Pestrige?"

Xania rolled to the side so she could look where he was lying next to her, and raised a questioning eyebrow. She didn't know what to believe anymore.

He sat up, reached into the bag full of vibrators lying nearby, and pulled out Susan's cell phone. He dialed a number. "Hi. Aims? ... How you doing? ... Thanks again for doing the big favor. Xania got a kick out of it. Give us a kiss and a wave."

Xania was very chagrined as she sat up and saw Amy wave from the window. She was struck speechless. Oh... NO! It can't be! Amy?! MOTHERFUCKER!

She turned to Alan and glared at him with narrowed, angry eyes. "You evil little bastard! You really are a bastard this time. You had me going! I mean, Suzanne's husband! I was worried for her. You BASTARD!"

She turned and slapped him on the cheek, with some actual force.

But even though she was genuinely angry, she was also extremely relieved. She realized she'd been pranked, but she'd been on both ends of pranks in her life many times (especially in her wild college years) and knew to be a good sport about it. So she launched a tickle attack on him.

He fought back until they both called a truce and had to rest from all the laughter. They both ended up lying on the ground.

"God, I love it here," she said aloud, no longer caring that she was outside and buck naked. "Kiddo, you really know how to have a good time and spread the joy. No wonder all the women flock to you. Speaking of which, let's take care of this Glory situation. Let me finish explaining before you have to eat and shower. What a bizarre morning!"

He said, "You think this is bizarre? What, you think fucking a naked and tied up beauty in my own back yard while my girlfriend watches from one window and my mother and sister watch from another qualifies as bizarre? That's practically normal for me lately. I gotta warn you though, what just happened was pretty extraordinary even by recent Plummer house standards. I don't know how I'm going to top this in future sex sessions with you, so please don't expect that."

She said cheekily, "Oh, so you're just assuming now that you're going to keep fucking me?"

"Yes. Yes, I am."

"You're such a cocky motherfucker! Literally in both cases, although the second one is still technically unfulfilled."

He ran a hand across her tummy, and playfully poked a finger in her belly button. "Well, am I?"

"Are you what?"

"Am I going to keep fucking you?"

She closed her eyes. "Don't even make me say it. You know the answer."

He grinned at that. He ran his hand down to her pussy. He knew they were both too wiped out for any more sexual fooling around, but he just possessively ran his fingers over her slit and down her rivulets of cum, as if reaffirming his ownership.

She felt a thrill race up and down her spine. Dammit! This fucking teenager is going to ruin me for all other guys, if he keeps this up.

After a pause, she added, "And don't worry, I understand it won't always be like this. Pretending you have a neighbor watching only works once, for starters, and don't think I don't know what you were doing with that little trick. Somehow, I'm confident we'll have a good time, even when it's not nearly this intense."

He sat up on an elbow so he could look down at her. "We will. You inspire me." He ran his hand back up to her taut tummy and rested it there.

She smiled contentedly and placed one of her hands on top of his.

He said, "But speaking of 'intense,' that brings me to another issue. I hesitate to call these 'problems' because they don't compare to people with real problems, but damn, my life is beyond bizarre. I'm having a hard time dealing with just, well, all the totally surreal bizarreness I experience every day. My life used to be so completely nerdy and normal."

"Tiger?"

Alan lifted his head up and saw that Susan was standing over him. She was still wearing her skimpy and tight clothes that covered little more than a typical bikini would. He could smell her distinctive aroused musky pussy smell, and he saw a big wet spot on her panties, so he knew she'd been doing a lot of masturbating. "Hi, Mom."

Susan smiled down at him and said, "Did you have a good fuck with your latest conquest?"

"I did."

Susan said a big smugly, "But of course you did. Sorry to disturb you two lovebirds, but you really need to get moving, for school." She finally looked to Xania. "I'm sorry, but there won't be any time for him to spank you this morning."

Xania did a double take. "You heard that?!"

Susan smiled knowingly. "I heard a lot of things, and so did my Angel. Remember, we were standing just outside for most of it, and not that far away." She looked down at Alan, in particular his flaccid penis covered in Xania's cum. "Son, have I told you lately how proud I am of you?"

He smiled lovingly at her. "Actually, you have."

"Well, I'm saying it again. Let's get a move on, okay? And Xania, we have a tradition around here of licking Tiger's cock and balls completely clean after each of his orgasms. Isn't that 'when in Rome' rule still in effect?" With that, she quickly walked back to the house.

Xania watched Susan's barely covered ass cheeks rise and fall as she walked away. Hot damn! I wish I was Alan. I'd be fucking everyone here non-stop, which is pretty much what he's doing. And I thought the women were beautiful in Hollywood, but Orange County is where it's at!

He said, "So, I was saying about things being intense..."

Xania decided not to clean his privates, in order to maintain at least a shred of dignity. She replied, "Unfortunately, that and the other issues will have to wait for another day. Like your mother said, you've got to get ready. Unfortunately, I really will be gone by the time you get back from school as well. Seeing how you're NOT keeping me tied up on the front lawn, that is." She gave him a stare that showed her adamant refusal to consider the idea.

He grinned and nodded. He was happy there was even a part of her that had to confirm he wasn't going to do that.

With visible relief, she continued, "But don't worry, I'll be back here soon enough, or you can come visit my place. I suppose I have to see what other kind of sordid and troublesome mischief you can get up to. I'm certainly not going to miss the next poker party! Assuming I'm invited."

He leered, "Oh, you are." He ran his hand back down to her wet slit and idly slid a finger up and down it.

She shivered again. He's gonna fuck me so hard and long at the next party that his cum will even leak out of my ears! And in front of all his other women, no doubt! I'll be walking funny for the whole next week!

God dammit, this all feels so good. Too good. What's going to happen to me? What if I keep coming back here for more, and eventually turn into someone like Brenda? I heard her tell Susan during one of the breaks last night how she'd bought a new fancy French maid outfit that looked fairly normal in front but completely exposed her ass in back. And hearing Brenda and Susan get so excited talking about wearing it in front of him made me almost wish I would be wearing something like that.

She pictured herself standing in front of a mirror in the French maid outfit Brenda had described. She imagined herself blushing and nervous, hoping against hope that she'd please Alan.

Then she shuddered. That's not me! I'm not submissive. I'm not exactly a dom either, but I've pretty much always had the upper hand in my relationships, be it with men or women. I don't know if I could handle the general submissive attitude around here. It's curiously infectious!

After a long pause to ponder those thoughts, she said, "And then there's the phone and e-mail. We need to arrange this whole Sean weekend on the phone anyway. Oh, and for the last time, I am NOT a porn star. I'm a B-movie actress. Can you remember that?"

"Nope. Wow. I just fucked a real porn star."

She rolled her eyes and sighed in exasperation, but she grinned at his impudence as well.

She said, "I know we're running out of time, but before we go inside where there will be all kinds of distractions, like me finish telling you about how you should use a vibrator on Glory."

"Okay. But please, make it quick."

Xania peeked into the bag of vibrators he'd produced. She pulled out a bent pink one. "Ah, yes, the Televibe. This is the one I mentioned to you earlier. Have you ever played around with it?"

"Nope. Most of the stuff in the bag belongs to Aunt Suzy. I've never even seen that one before."

"I mentioned it to you after I saw it earlier. This one can do all kinds of special things. It's perfect for your Glory-taming needs." She paused and snickered, "'Your Glory-taming needs.' I can't believe I just said that. You're corrupting me, kid."

She dug through the bag of vibrators and pulled something else out that looked more like a blue box.
"Ah, good. The controller is here too. Anyway, let me quickly explain. It'll just take a couple of minutes."

She spent the next few minutes explaining how Alan should use the Televibe. Then she and Alan went inside to eat breakfast.