

6 Times 861

Chapter 861 Everyone Test Immediately

Susan opened her eyes and looked up when she sensed the other two get near.

Xania asked Susan, "Could you help me here? There's something I want to do to Suzanne that'll help her out, I think. Can you go get a blindfold and some earplugs?"

"Sure thing." Susan got up.

Suzanne and Xania watched Susan's bare ass cheeks undulating back and forth as Susan sashayed her way back to the house.

Xania whistled appreciatively. "Damn, she is one hot momma. Just watching her walk makes me wish I was a man so I could squirt her full in every hole. How could you look at her ass moving like that and not want to fuck it? Thank God for strap-ons."

"I know," Suzanne said proudly. "And do you see how sexily she walks, with her hips swaying like that? Even just a couple of days ago, she would only do that around Alan. But now I think she does it without thinking. Her prudishness is falling away and she's becoming a fully sexual creature."

Xania grinned. "So she's becoming a lot like you then."

Suzanne grinned back at that. "I guess so."

When Susan came back, Xania snugly attached the blindfold and ear plugs to Suzanne.

Now, Suzanne could neither see nor hear anything happening around her.

Then Xania and Susan toyed with Suzanne's body in the same way that Xania and Suzanne had played with Susan's body for most of the morning. They kept her on an orgasmic cloud nine.

Suzanne was amazed what a difference the loss of sight especially made. The blindfold was on tight, leaving her completely blind. Her legs and arms weren't tied up at all, so she was free to go where she wanted, but the loss of sight left her extremely dependent on the other two. She wanted and needed to trust them. True, she'd played plenty of bondage games before, but she had almost always been the dominatrix and she had never let herself be blindfolded even when she was not. Then, as now, she had a fear of losing control. It was a struggle for her.

As time went on, Suzanne slowly let go mentally and increasingly gave in to whatever the other two were doing to her. But it wasn't really an issue of dominance and submission; it was an issue of realizing that she was with loved ones and there was no reason to worry.

Xania and Susan tried their best to constantly surprise her. She never knew where they'd touch her next, or what new and exciting thing they'd do to her. Both of them used strap-on dildos on her.

Although Susan didn't want anyone to use a strap-on dildo on her, as she felt her holes belonged only to Alan, she was willing to use one on others. She had no great enthusiasm for the role reversal, since she felt it was highly unnatural for a natural submissive like herself to be the one doing the fucking. But she did it in order to help Xania with a non-stop double assault on Suzanne's erogenous zones.

Suzanne's sense of touch was greatly heightened by the loss of sight, and soon it seemed as if any touch anywhere would induce an orgasm in her.

Xania and Susan mostly explored Suzanne's pussy, and they did so in exhaustively tender and intimate detail, since they both knew that was Suzanne's mental and sexual "weak spot." One or the other always seemed to be working on her G-spot or her clit, or both.

And yet, despite all the attention, Suzanne's appetite for clitoral and vaginal stimulation seemed to only increase, rather than lessen, as time went on. True to her earlier words, Suzanne's pussy was practically insatiable once she'd started to "feed the need" within it.

There was no chance for sweet talking since Suzanne couldn't hear very well due to her earplugs. So Xania and Susan fucked her in silence, only occasionally talking to each other to coordinate their movements.

As Suzanne was led from one brain-melting orgasm to another, she found that she completely and utterly gave up control to her friends, and it was good. She'd managed to "let go" in just the way she wanted, and she didn't feel particularly submissive in the process. She was overjoyed.

The fun eventually came to an end after they were all orgasmed out (with Suzanne getting the lion's share). Suzanne's blindfold and earplugs were removed.

The first thing Suzanne did was crawl up on top of Xania and give her a big kiss on the lips. She said, "You have no idea how much that meant to me! That was beyond incredible! I swear to God, this giving of sexual advice is your calling. Your true calling."

But then her face clouded over with new doubts. "The problem is: what if this happens with my Sweetie instead of other women? Will I still have that submissive feeling? When he gives me mind-bending climaxes like the kind I just had, and he gives them so very often, I become incredibly needy for him. I'm ready and willing to crawl across the floor and lick his feet, just to have more sex like that."

Her mind flashed back to her moment of great shame when she had crawled across the floor for him in abject desperation. That scared her.

But Xania replied, "And what would be so bad about that? It's like I was telling you before. So you're dominant in some ways and submissive in others. There are really two things happening here, I think. There's letting go of one's mental restraints, and then there's giving up control to another. You can do one, or both; it's up to you. Many doms have their sub moments, and vice versa."

Susan pointed out to Suzanne, "You don't need to be afraid of Tiger. I call him 'Tiger,' but he's really a big teddy bear. Think why you call him 'Sweetie.' He's sweet-hearted!"

Xania said, "Susan's right. It's true that I'm only starting to get to know him, but an outside perspective can be very useful. He really does seem like a fundamentally nice guy, despite being a little scary in bed sometimes. I know that he truly loves you, Suzanne. A lot! He loved you long before he lusted for you, didn't he? I didn't know him then, but I remember you singing his praises way back, ten years ago or more, when he was just a little kid."

Suzanne suddenly was finding herself forced to fight back tears. "Yes, we've loved each other so long, pretty much since he was in diapers. That's how I know he doesn't love me just for my looks. And he is a

totally sweet Sweetie! I love him so very much! You're right. I shouldn't be worried about losing control to him. It'll work out in the end."

She turned her head. "Excuse me, I seem to have something in my eye."

Susan and Xania knew that Suzanne was starting to tear up from feeling emotionally moved, but they didn't challenge her fig leaf of a cover story.

After Suzanne recovered and turned back, Susan sat up and tightly held her hand. Then they shared a passionate French kiss.

When that ended, Susan whispered in Suzanne's ear, "It'll work out. Even if we both end up becoming his sex slaves, it'll work out. We all love each other, heart and soul, and that's all that matters."

Suzanne nodded. She wiped the few tracks of her tears away, and smiled.

Xania was sitting up right next to them, so she put an arm around Suzanne's back in a comforting way. "Suzanne, I gave Susan some 'homework' to help her with anal sex. Now, I'm going to give you a 'homework assignment' too. Experiment sexually. See what works for you. Just do what makes you feel good. I know you, and now I know Alan and Susan, and even Katherine and Amy a little. Heck, Brenda too. My gut feeling is that everyone here is so good and so kind that you can't go wrong no matter what you do. Trust them. Remember how good Susan and I made you feel just now, because you opened yourself up fully and didn't just seize up and try to ride out the sensory deprivation? Imagine how much better you would feel if you did it with Alan, the one person you love the most."

Suzanne actually cried tears of joy at hearing that. (And just when she thought she'd successfully covered for her tears, too.) She was so overwhelmed that she felt like her heart would burst with pure happiness. She kissed both Susan and Xania as they pulled together into a three-way hug.

However, most of her kisses and attention were directed towards Susan. As tears streamed down her face, she said to her, "This is it! I've found my family. I've found my life! Susan, I love you! I love your children. I love Amy! Let's spend the rest of our lives together, all of us loving each other!"

Susan found herself crying too, and she hugged and kissed Suzanne for some time. Then she said, "I'm so ahead of you. That's been my thought for a long time now. As far as I'm concerned, not only are you part of the family now, but you always have been! You're more my sister than any of my actual sisters!"

Suzanne said, "You too! I never had a sister, until I had you!"

They kissed again, even more passionately this time. This time, both of them let their tears flow freely.

As that long kiss came to an end, Suzanne just sat there with tears rolling down her cheeks, and stared into Susan's beautiful face as Susan stared right back. They were speaking volumes to each other without words. Suzanne thought, I love all this mushy, lovey-dovey stuff! I tell myself that I hate it, but I really love it! I just want to dive head first into it! Unconditional love! Oh God, it's so good!

Suzanne turned to Xania and gave her a brief kiss too. "You said that I'm surrounded by a 'circle of love,' and that's so true! You know, you could be a part of this too. I don't know the details exactly at this point, but I'm sure we could work something out that would make you happy."

Xania pulled away slightly. She was wary of serious relationships. "Thanks. That's a very tempting offer. Right now I think it's best if I keep coming to the weekly Wednesday night poker parties, and see how that goes. I do live over an hour away, after all."

Suzanne playfully poked at her belly button. "Okay, but say you'll visit frequently on the weekends too, won't you? Now that you're back in my life, in our lives, I'm not going to let you slip away!"

Xania smiled at that. "We'll see."

Susan gave Xania a stern look. "Oh, come on! The weekend? How could you not make weekend visits? What do you have going up there that's so much better?"

Xania pondered that, and quickly concluded, Nothing! But she was still afraid of commitments. However, she conceded, "Don't worry, I'm sure you'll be seeing me from time to time, and on the weekends too."

"Yeay!" Susan gave Xania a big hug, and a bigger kiss. She really liked Xania a lot.

Xania's aversion to emotional commitments was so strong that she was growing increasingly uncomfortable by the situation, even though she was sharing nothing but loving feelings from the other two. As so often happened in her life, she felt a strong urge to escape before things got even more emotionally serious, so she looked around, even briefly glancing up at the sun. Then she suddenly acted worried, saying, "Oh my gosh! I just realized that I probably should get going. Do you know what time it is?"

None of them were wearing watches. Susan suggested, "Why don't we go back inside and look at a clock?"

So that's what they did. They discovered it was nearly noon.

Xania had mentioned earlier that she could only stay until noon, so the timing gave her a good excuse to "escape." She adored their friendly and loving ways, but it quickly overwhelmed her. She'd concluded a long time ago that she was a loner at heart.

She said, "Darn. I'd better leave. As I mentioned before, I have a class that I shouldn't be late to."

Something occurred to Susan that hadn't occurred to her previously. "Class? Why would an experienced professional like you need to be taking a class?"

Xania felt a surge of panic. In truth, that was a careful reference to a dental hygienist class that she needed to attend, but she obviously couldn't admit that. Luckily, she was a good actress, as well as a quick thinker. "Actually, new research is changing what we know with startling speed. It's good to attend the occasional class or lecture to stay on top of things."

Susan nodded, clearly impressed. She asked, "Can't you at least stay for lunch? I could whip up something yummy in a jiffy."

"Thanks, but no. However, I'd like to take a shower before I go, if that's okay with you. I'm covered in suntan lotion, cum, and sweat."

Susan smiled. "Certainly. You don't even have to ask. I know we've practically just met, but we've shared some intense sexual and emotional times. As far as I'm concerned, from now on my house is your house."

"Thanks." Xania smiled. But that kind of friendly gesture secretly frightened her as much as it gladdened her.

Xania quickly showered and dried off. Then she dressed in the clothes she'd first arrived in, her red business suit and white blouse.

When she came out of the bathroom, she found that Susan and Suzanne were sitting at the kitchen counter, and both of them remained completely naked. She asked, "Aren't you two going to put on any clothes?"

Susan replied, "Later." She looked at her hand, which was holding Suzanne's. "Once you go, I think the two of us are going to get, well, very friendly, if you know what I mean."

Xania smiled for them. "I do. Good for you. By the way, before I do go, I must say that I've been enjoying using my psychological expertise to help you out in any way I can. Are there any last questions you might have for me?"

Susan suddenly got shy and nervous. "Thanks for asking that, because as a matter of fact, I have one. My number one biggest concern has been whether or not to let Tiger fuck me. But, in large part thanks to you, I'm coming to accept that getting fucked is a vital part of my cock pleasuring duties, and God won't hate me for it. I'm basically okay with that now. Thank you."

"You're welcome."

Susan got even more apprehensive, and she looked away as she spoke. "But now I have a new number one concern. What if... what if Tiger moves on and out of my life? I know he won't leave me completely. I'll always be his mother. But he keeps loving more and more people. What if he goes off to college and leaves us behind? He'll probably build up a whole new harem of hotties there. Sure, he'll still visit from time to time, but just seeing him a few times a year? Dear Lord! I'd just die!" bender

She added "I know I sound like a clingy mother who can't let her child leave the nest, and maybe I am. But I've made a big sexual commitment too. In my heart of hearts, I can't ever imagine being with another man. I belong to Tiger now. Now, and forever!"

She dramatically stood up from her stool and waved her hands down her nude body. "This body belongs to my love, my son, my master! Serving his cock has become a way of life for me. I can never go back to how I used to be. And sex with other women is nice, but it's not enough. I love HIM! I love his cock! But how can I serve him long distance?!"

Suzanne stood up too, and said, "Let me address that, please. As Xania reminded me today, I'll always have my scheming side. And if my Sweetie thinks he's going to skip town for any reason and leave us behind, he's got another thing coming! We can always move to where he is, you know. I have a vision of him showing up in a college dormitory and finding the four of us as his new roommates. You, me, Angel, and Amy. Wouldn't that be funny? But he won't leave us behind, period. He loves us far too much to do that."

Susan tilted her head uncertainly. "You think?" She bit her lip.

"I know. Sure, he'll have other lovers. Probably lots of them. But we're his lovers AND his family. And we're gorgeous! He'd be a fool to leave us behind, and he's no fool. No one new will ever be able to match the years we've all spent together. And like I said, I'm not going to let him leave, and you aren't either. I'm sure Angel and Amy feel the same way. Face it: he's stuck with us!"

Susan rushed into Suzanne's arms and gave her a tight squeeze. "I'm so overjoyed to hear you say that! I don't know why I never talked about this with you before. I guess I was afraid you might not think the same as I do. I feel like such a huge weight has lifted from my shoulders!"

Suzanne hugged her back just as tightly. "To be frank, I'm totally relieved too! I thought I knew how you felt about this, but now I know for sure. From now on, we can work together to make sure our new family stays together, no matter what."

"Nothing would make me happier! Literally nothing!" Susan kissed Suzanne with even more love and desire than before.

Xania was all smiles as she watched them make out and fondle. "Look at that. You didn't even need me to sort that out."

After a while, Suzanne pulled away from Susan's lips, and said, "No, we didn't. But you being here helped that issue come up and get resolved. You're making yourself indispensable around here."

Susan let go of Suzanne and threw her arms around Xania, even though she was naked and Xania was fully clothed. "Don't go! Please? Do you really have to go now?"

"I'm sorry, but I do."

There were hugs and kisses all around as Xania made to leave.

As Xania made it to the foyer, she left them with some parting advice. "There's so much more we didn't have time to talk about. But there's one issue I want to at least mention before I go. I'm concerned about Alan's attitude regarding sexual diseases and pregnancy. It seems that he's fucking any available woman he wants without thinking of the consequences. Just think how much trouble it would cause if he went and made some strange girl pregnant before he's even out of high school."

Xania raised a concerned eyebrow. "Not to mention sexually transmitted diseases. If he catches something, he's probably going to give it to all of you. A dozen lives will be ruined. Imagine AIDS. Gonorrhea. Herpes. Mono. It's not pretty. I STRONGLY suggest that everyone in your circle of sex partners get tested immediately. I've talked to him about this, but he keeps forgetting to even wear a condom. You need to talk to him about being vigilant with contraception, and limiting partners. If you're in this for the long haul, there need to be some responsible limits on his behavior."

Susan and Suzanne both agreed. They vocally resolved to get more serious with the testing and making him wear protection. They thanked Xania profusely for her knowledge and wisdom. Then, after even more hugs and kisses, they sadly watched her leave.

But they didn't stay sad for long, because after a few long moments, Suzanne suddenly slapped Susan's nearest ass cheek. Then she started running up the stairs, and yelled, "Last one to your bed is a rotten egg!"

Susan squealed and ran right after her.

Chapter 862 Janice And Joy

Alan had time in his last two classes to think about what to say and what attitude to take when he was to meet Heather after school. I'm in a very weak position. Right now I need things from her. First off, I've got to get this 20-page paper that one of her nerdy adoring fans is writing for her, the poor schmuck. To think that just a few months ago I was almost pathetic enough to do the same thing as that guy. Almost, but not quite, thank God.

Anyways, if I don't get that before tomorrow morning, I'm going to plain fail out of one of my classes. Well, a C at best. That'll throw off my chances to get into a good college, big time. It's horrible that I'm having someone else do my schoolwork for me, so it serves me right to be in this spot. The old Alan would never have done this. I'm slowly losing my mind to my libido, it seems.

But that's not all. Thanks to my previous failures, I also have to rely on Heather to keep the football players away. Today I got nasty looks from all kinds of people, especially the big jocks. She's the only one with the power to keep them away, due to her "special relationship" with half the team. She has me over a barrel.

On the other hand, I have her over an even bigger barrel. She seems to want me to be her boyfriend, as crazy as that sounds. And apparently she's quite intent on it, in her typical "Heather must have it or kill everyone else trying" kind of way. The logical thing would be to walk in there and say that we both need things from each other, be reasonable, and work out a truce. But I'm not going to do that. I simply cannot give an inch to Heather or she'll end up walking all over me. I have the advantage of the lucky fact that she's a little bit awed by me right now. No, my only choice is to walk in there and bluff my way through it with a strong showing that allows for no weakness or compromises.

He strode to the theater room with purpose and determination as soon as his last class, tennis, let out.

But right as he got to the door, he found Janice there. She apparently knew he was going to be there and had planned to intercept him.

He was annoyed, but tried to appear friendly. "Hi Janice. What's up?"

She rested right up against the door so he couldn't get past her. "Oh, not much." There clearly was something going on, because Janice was nervous and fidgety.

Alan felt impatient. He took the opportunity this pause in his rush gave him to reach into his pocket and dial in a new setting to Glory's vaginal vibrator. He'd continued to do that very occasionally during his fifth and sixth periods, but more frequently and with higher settings in the break in between.

Then he said to Janice, "I can tell you want to talk to me about something important. Something's obviously bothering you."

Janice kept her eyes downcast and shyly nodded her head.

"Okay, but can it wait a few minutes? I'm supposed to meet Heather here. You know how it is with keeping her waiting. I'll just be a couple minutes, and then I can come out and have more time to talk. How does that sound?"

Janice readily agreed.

He knocked on the theater room door after Janice pulled back a short distance where she couldn't be seen from inside.

Heather opened the door to let him in. Once he was inside, the door closed on its own and locked itself behind him.

Heather and Alan eyed each other warily. She was fully dressed in the same clothes she'd worn to school. She seemed alternately uncertain and fidgety, and then defiant.

What she didn't show or say is that just a few minutes earlier, she'd snuck off and lubed her asshole in hopes that Alan would soon be fucking her there.

He stared at her with all the angry intensity he could muster. Then he said, "I don't even know if I want to talk to you... but I'll talk on one condition. You give me the key to this room."

Heather protested, "But that's the only key! I tried to make a copy, but none of the key shops would break the law to do it. I have to have that key!" bender

They both knew that the key was much more than a simple key. It was the only access into the theater room, the perfect place for sexual shenanigans in school. Heather's control over it gave her a lot of power over the other cheerleaders.

He growled, "See if I care."

She pointed out, "But I got that key so my cheerleading squad could practice in here. How are we supposed to do that if you have the only key?"

"You should have thought about that before you started spreading lies. Anyway, your squad was doing just fine practicing outside and elsewhere up until recently. Let's face it: that's not why you got it. You got it so you could have sex with me at school, and having the cheerleaders practice here is just a bonus."

She thought, What a pompous asshole! As if!

But he paused, and her ensuing silence showed he was right.

He continued, "Either you give me the key, right now, or I'm walking. And don't say you don't have it on you because you couldn't have gotten in here without it."

She again tried to size him up. He looked livid and aggressive. He'd been working on his look and mentally practicing it, and he'd gotten himself emotionally worked up to make sure he could be convincing.

They stared at each other until she flinched. She was amazed, because normally she never flinched to anyone about anything. She turned aside and said dismissively, "I'll give you the key, but only if you agree to the follow-"

"SHUT UP, BITCH! Did you hear me? Give me the key. NOW. Or I'm leaving. You don't make ANY conditions!"

Heather had never seen Alan like this. She didn't even know he could be like this. Even he barely knew he could be like this. She meekly fished into her pockets and handed him the key without another word.

But this didn't seem to please him, as he stayed just as angry as before. "I lied. That's not the only thing you have to do. Get naked, and then I'm going to tie up your hands and blindfold your eyes. Then maybe we can get somewhere."

He recalled his own blindfolding experience with Glory some days earlier. He could never forget just how helpless being blind could make one feel. Xania's complaints about helplessness from earlier in the morning also helped inspire the notion of binding her hands as well.

Heather was actually quite eager to obey these commands, because she hoped it meant that he was about to fuck her, and she knew that would always be a very good thing. But then she raised a practical point. "With what? Did you bring a rope? A blindfold?"

"No. We'll use your panties to lash your wrists together behind your back, and if that isn't strong enough we'll use your bra, too."

Her hands automatically reached up and defensively clutched at her sports bra, tightly enough to inadvertently pop out a hardening nipple. She found herself fantasizing about the many things he could do with her while she was blindfolded and bound. That seemed like an ideal way to get one's ass fucked.

She complained, "Now wait a minute! You can't do that. You don't seriously expect me to just let... you..." But her voice trailed off as she saw the resolute determination harden in his eyes.

She looked down and saw what her hands were doing. They were massaging her tits. She looked back up at him with a "busted" expression. She realized she wanted sex with him too much to put up any serious resistance to his demands. Worse yet, she realized he knew it too.

He barked, "Get to it. NOW! And no talking. Period!"

He felt a bit like a Marine sergeant, but the approach worked. She quickly stripped. Her panties stretched to make an excellent binding for her wrists.

With Heather buck naked and bound, he paused to check her out. Hot damn! She is one seriously sexy bitch. So friggin' firm and curvy and tanned. She's given me a serious boner, just like that. It's such a shame that, with a body like that, she has the personality that she does. I can feel "Bad Alan" coming on.

He pulled out Glory's panties from his pocket, which he'd taken from her at the end of lunch with this purpose in mind. They were still wet with her pussy juices, and he couldn't resist taking a good, long, melodramatic sniff from the pleasing scent that lingered in them.

Heather took one look at the damp panties in his hand, and protested, "Oh no! You're not putting THAT over my eyes! Where did those come from?!"

But he merely said in a no-nonsense tone of voice, "Here's your blindfold," and then wrapped them around her head. The fabric pulled exceptionally tight as it went completely around, and yet there was enough fabric left over to tie a knot at the back of her head. He purposely put the wettest part of Glory's panties right over Heather's mouth.

She muffled out, "Gross! What is this disgusting shit?"

"It's called humiliation," he responded coldly.

She was burning inside, and she mentally vowed revenge upon him and whoever had worn the panties. This is an outrage! NOBODY insults Heather Morgan and gets away with it! Not even Alan fucking Plummer! He's going to pay for this! Pay!

She spoke through clenched teeth into the used panties. "At least tell me who they belong to."

He grinned as he thought how she would explode if only she knew they were Glory's. "I also said no talking, so you're going to have to pay for that. As punishment, I'm going to go now and leave you to stew for a while. Think about your shitty attitude. While I'm gone, I want you positioned with your ass high up in the air and your butt hole ready and waiting for whatever I feel like doing to it. Remember that I have the key now. If I walk back into this room and see you in the exact same position, with your

hands still tied, your eyes still blindfolded, and your ass proudly thrust up high for taking my cock, then maybe, just maybe, I'll fuck you up the ass. If not, then I certainly won't. Ever. So it's all up to you. goodbye."

She thought, My butt hole? Ohmigod, he's gonna fuck me in the ass again! Her heart fluttered, and her pussy and ass suddenly tingled with great arousal.

He made a quick exit from the theater without looking back. He left behind a completely bewildered, amazed, bound naked and blindfolded head cheerleader, desperate for sex.

She didn't expect that kind of treatment from him, and she still couldn't figure out what to say or how to act. What the FUCK?! Who does he think he is? He needs to fucking DIE for this dirty panties bullshit. But... my ass! My ass! God, I need his cock so bad!

He closed the door and leaned up against the outside of it, huffing and puffing more from mental exertion than anything else. I did it! Phase one has worked!

"Alan?"

He looked around and realized Janice was still there, and still wanting to talk. So he collected his wits and tried to focus on Janice and her problems.

She turned out to be very eager to talk, and once she got started she practically poured her soul out to him. She wanted to talk to him about Joy. She hoped that with his great sexual experience he could give her some advice.

It turned out that thanks to the orgy Alan attended with Janice, Joy, Heather, and Simone two days before, Janice and Joy had broken a barrier and were engaging in lesbian sex with each other. But, ironically given her name, Joy felt no joy in doing this. Janice could only make Joy do anything with her by saying that Heather had ordered them to practice, but for Joy it had all the pleasure of a dental visit. When she'd said she wasn't a lesbian or bisexual, she was being completely sincere.

Joy did get a little bit of satisfaction when lapping at Janice's pussy, simply from knowing that she'd managed to make her best friend cum and made her happy. But it was nearly impossible for Janice to

get Joy to cum, and if she did, the victory was a very hollow one, for both of them. Janice wanted Alan to tell her what to do, how to make her best friend become a genuine lesbian lover as well.

Alan was stumped. He had at least a glimmering of how much Janice was in love with Joy, and he really wanted to help, but he didn't know what to say.

He thought, I'm really the wrong person to ask. I kind of figured all women were naturally bisexual if given the right opportunity. But what better, more loving opportunity does Joy have than with Janice? And yet, still nothing. That little "insight" pretty much wipes out all my "expertise." Shit.

He tried to explain to Janice that sometimes when you desire someone they don't desire you back, and that's all there is to it. There's nothing you can do about it, and the more you try to force it, the more painful it gets. He pointed out that physical love was just one kind of love, and that the love Janice and Joy shared was obviously a strong one and possibly a lifelong one.

He suggested she revel in that, and try to avoid physical contact with Joy for a while as further such encounters might only make things worse in reminding Janice what might have been. He promised to get Heather to back off from forcing them together, if that was a problem.

Janice cried quite a lot on his shoulder.

He felt a bit of a cad, since his advice was so wildly at odds with his own life. He pretty much expected physical love from every beautiful female he desired, and he played dangerously with their emotions in the process. He'd even put Janice and Joy together without thinking, during the orgy with Simone. He felt like he was juggling many women's hearts in the air, and it was only a matter of time until they came crashing down. Yet he was proud of his advice. He liked to think that it came from the "Good Alan," and that it would do Janice some good.

Unfortunately, thinking of the "Good Alan" reminded him of the "Bad Alan" and the situation with Heather waiting on the other side of the door. He asked Janice what time it was. When she told him, he realized he'd kept Heather waiting for over fifteen minutes. That was much longer than he'd planned, but the conversation with Janice had taken on a life of its own.

He gently kissed away Janice's tears while he gave her a warm farewell hug. He gave her an open invitation to come and talk to him about anything at any time. He figured the discussion had brought them much closer together.

Chapter 863 Ready To Fuck Heather

The fact that Janice had wanted to talk to him had given him the idea of making Heather wait, and in that it worked perfectly. He opened the door, and to his genuine surprise, he saw Heather still propped up in the position he'd commanded her to assume, with her head resting on a couch but her ass thrust up high. He realized that the bindings keeping her there were purely symbolic. She could have torn through her panties and stood up in seconds if she'd so desired.

But the problem with the Janice discussion was that his earlier anger was almost completely gone, and instead he felt very contemplative as he pondered the meaning of love. He didn't want to feel that way. In fact, he couldn't afford to. He needed to continue intimidating Heather, or she'd eat him for lunch. But he just didn't have it in him at that moment.

He walked over to her, and said in a calm and level voice, "Very good. I'm proud of you."

In truth, Heather had been about to give up. But she saw the waiting as some kind of test of her willpower, and she had great willpower. She was so pissed at him that she didn't trust herself to say anything.

Noticing her pussy was dripping, he stuck two fingers in it. As he found and tickled her G-spot, he said, "You're wet. That's good."

Indeed, she was very wet. While he'd been gone, she'd passed the time by fantasizing about what he would do to her when he returned. Ironically, given her current situation, she'd fantasized that when he came back into the room, her "Blondie" minions appeared from behind curtains, apprehended him, and then proceeded to bind, blindfold, and gag him before they set her free. In her fantasy, the shoe was suddenly on the other foot, and she'd mercilessly verbally abused him while essentially using him as a human dildo in her ass.bender

It gave her great satisfaction to daydream along these lines, but what she thought she wanted was in fact completely different from what she really wanted deep inside.

The way he rubbed her G-spot made her so aroused and delighted that her anger at him was fading fast. She actually had to remind herself, Gotta stay mad! Get even! Nobody insults Heather Morgan, nobody! I don't care how fucking fat and hot his long, thick cock gets. Hell, I don't even care that he promised he'd fuck my ass. Nobody gets away with... Well, to be honest, I do care if he's gonna fuck my ass. Maybe I'll just play along until he rocks my world, and THEN I'll get revenge!

God dammit! Why does this nerdy fuckhead have to know exactly where and how to touch me? I'm getting this uncontrollable urge to spin around and suck his fat cock, and I absolutely HATE doing that!

He finger-banged her pussy a little longer, then removed his hand from touching her. "You'll get your fuck now, assuming we work everything else out. Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but something came up. I ran into someone in the hallway, and well... Sorry. Feel free to talk and move about now."

He thought, This is exactly how I shouldn't act with Heather. I have to keep her off balance. Forget apologies! He resolved to take a different tone.

She immediately sat on the couch and pulled her arms apart, ripping the panties binding her hands completely in two. Then she ripped the underwear off of her face and spat, wiping Glory's drying pussy juices off her face.

She grumbled, "Took you long enough," but she was otherwise sullen and silent, and even her grumble was surprisingly quiet and subdued.

He was shocked by and unprepared for her reaction. He'd figured she would bitch up a storm about how long he'd made her wait, and he'd been working up a response to that. Her relatively contrite mood only made him more sorry about what he had done to her earlier.

He thought, What was I thinking? That thing with the soiled panties was just plain cruel. And I can't even imagine how much madder she'd be if she knew they were Glory's. I hate the "Bad Alan!" Where is this going to stop? Am I going to be the kind of guy who hits women too? I feel like he was in total control, but now "Good Alan" is back in control. Hmmm... Well, maybe there's a silver lining. Maybe I can take advantage of this Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde aspect of my personality, if I can play this right.

He stood before her and said, "Heather, what I did may have seemed cruel, but I did it to make a point. I have a good side and a bad side. I let my bad side rage earlier because I was so mad at you. But then I purposely went to cool off so I could come back and show you my normal good side. I hardly ever act like I did before. I hate being like that. But you're the one who drove me to it. You totally pissed me off, repeatedly. What do you want from me? Do you want me to be that way with you? Is that what you're trying to do?"

"No!" For the first time since he'd arrived, she felt like she could talk freely. "I like it when you're abusive during sex, but that's good abusive. What you did to me just now was bad abusive. The waiting was horrible. My legs fucking ache. I can't believe you made me do that!" In fact, she wasn't as upset as she sounded, since she'd been turned on in a big way by his treatment, even by the waiting. But she didn't consciously realize what her body liked best.

He looked up and down her naked body, simply because he couldn't help but react to her beauty and raw sexuality.

She'd all but forgotten that she wasn't wearing clothes, but seeing him look at her like that made her feel naked all over again. She stood up to get nearly to his level, but she still felt exposed and vulnerable. She was tempted to cover her privates, and she did cross her arms under her boobs, but her willpower was strong. Knowing that she was buck naked and he was fully dressed made her feel more powerless, and thus somehow more horny. Again, she didn't understand it, but her body didn't need understanding to respond.

He asked, "So why did you wait? Why did you give me the key? Why didn't you just spit in my face?"

She was contemplative. "Hmmm. I thought about that a lot while I waited. Believe you me, I was close to bolting, but I didn't. I don't know why. I guess you have a certain hold over me. Of course I wanted you to... you know... fuck me in the ass, and I still do - don't get me wrong. But there's a lot more to it than that. I want to be friends with you, but I keep fucking things up. Alan, I..."

She was going to say, "love you" but then pulled back at the last moment. She didn't want to tell anyone that, no matter what, and especially not him. It would be a sign of weakness, and she already felt far too weak around him. In fact, it shocked her that she'd even been on the verge of saying something like that.

So, after a long pause, she finished rather lamely, "...like you. A lot. Even though you're a nerd and everything, but maybe that's part of it. You're... different. I know that I have an antagonistic relationship

with most people, but I have good friends too. Look at Simone, for instance. We have our ups and downs, but we're solid friends."

His eyes narrowed. "How often do you stab her in the back with malicious lies?"

Heather had no answer to that and could only hang her head in shame and guilt. Shame for the truth of what he said, and guilt for having been caught doing it. She actually felt guilty, now, about what she'd done, and didn't like the feeling. However, she wouldn't have felt bad had she not been caught.

"Heather, what you did was completely beyond the pale. I don't care if you tangle with me. I've gotten myself involved with you, and it's up to me to deal with what comes from that. But why Glory Rhymer? And why Amy? What have they ever done to you? They hardly even know you. And yet you spread these vicious lies about them all over school. That's not exactly what I call endearing."

Heather was surprisingly silent and abashed. She didn't want to have to say the obvious, she just wanted the unpleasantness to be over with as soon as possible. She found herself unable to look him in the eye, and stared at his tented crotch instead. It helped that his hips were at eye level and just a couple of feet in front of her.

He answered for her. "I know why you picked them. Because I'm physically involved with Amy and you think I'm doing something with Ms. Rhymer, and you want to break those bonds. Well, forget it. I love Amy and that's not gonna change, and there isn't anything sexual going on with Ms. Rhymer in the first place. I think you want to be my girlfriend, so you see them as competition. That's how you do things: eliminate the competition on your way to the top. But you can't do that to get someone to genuinely love you, or even to like you. If you somehow manage it, it will ring hollow because deep down you'll know it's all a sham."

Heather wouldn't have minded a sham terribly much if it got her a boyfriend who provided continual, fantastic, soul-searing sex anytime she wanted it, but she was smart enough not to say that.

Instead, she stated honestly and calmly, "I know the smart thing would be to be nice, but I don't know how to be nice. Plus, let's face it, my best might not be good enough. I've given this a lot of thought. Let's get the 500-pound gorilla out in the open here and call a spade a spade. There's your relationship with your sister. I can't compete with that. She's beautiful, kind, and to top it all off, a great fuck. I know that last aspect firsthand. And she's your sister, and the two of you are thick as thieves."

He immediately reacted to her accusation of incest. "What are you talking about?!"

She waved his objection off, knowing that she didn't have hard evidence to back up her words. "Whatever. But even forgetting her, Amy's pretty much the same, and you've known her forever too."

He interrupted, "Wait a minute! You can't accuse me of committing incest with my sister and then just brush it off with a 'whatever!'" He did his best to act insulted and indignant.

"Okay, sorry. Okay? Anyway, even if we forget about Katherine, there's still Amy. She may be an airhead, but I have to admit she's a really beautiful and curvy airhead. Plus, there's Glory Rhymer. She's got all kinds of good qualities, and everyone knows you've had a crush on her for years. That's some tough competition! Meanwhile, I know I have my less than good points. Exceptional beauty can't win it for me every single time. So I thought cheating would be my only chance to win."

He was surprised how calm and reasonable he and Heather were acting. He'd originally come into the room expecting a knock out, drag down fight, but the wait with Janice had somehow caused that to blow over. His anger was coming back a bit when he reminded himself what she'd done with her rumor-mongering, but at least the air between them wasn't thick with hostility like it had been before.

He said, also calmly, "I'm glad you're being honest. I'll be honest, too. You're right. The odds of you being my girlfriend are extremely small, especially if you expect some kind of exclusive relationship, in which case the odds are exactly zero. The fact is, you're dead wrong with your guess about my sister, but you're right that Amy is just the tip of the iceberg. I have intimate relationships with about a dozen women."

Heather's heart rose to her throat just from hearing the dozen number. She hated that.

"Most of them are intense and loving. You've got the intense, I'll give you that, but where's the loving? Ever since I really learned how to fuck, women are coming to me like bees to honey. For instance, there was this AMAZING woman I didn't even know a couple months ago who recently declared herself to be my complete and utter sex slave!"

She muttered, "God, and to think that just a few weeks ago, I thought you were just some loser nerd."

She continued to herself, Somehow, I believe him, maybe even about having a sex slave. After all, he's totally rocked my world pretty much every time we've had sex, so why wouldn't he do the same for other women? Still, a sex slave is a bit much, even for him. I admire his chutzpah for making up such lies though. He sure knows how to get what he wants.

He purposely ignored her muttering, and concluded, "You think I'm going to turn all that down just for you, and only you? No chance in hell!"

She had no reply to that. She was also acutely aware that she was buck naked and he was fully clothed, and that fact gave him the upper hand in their talk. But she was so horny that she didn't care. Despite the serious conversation, and the fact that she was standing now, she still was staring at the obvious bulge in his pants a lot more than at his face.

He continued, "However, I think you know that. You know how much I sleep around, but you sleep around nearly as much as I do, if not more, so you're the last one who should complain or make demands as to who else I'm involved with. So, if you accept that I have all that, and you want to publicly be my girlfriend here in school, I might consider that. Maybe. But not unless you did quite A LOT to make it happen."

She didn't take that seriously, because she knew her goal wouldn't be that easy to reach. She stated frankly, "You'd never break up with Amy for me." Inwardly she still devilishly thought, Unless I do something to ruin Amy for you.

He replied, "You're right. Amy's too amazing, and I love her too deeply, which is something you haven't got going for you. But I'd be willing to be boyfriends to both her AND you, but only if you could prove yourself worthy. There are zillions of high school boys who have gone out with more than one girl at a time. Big deal."

He was being sincere, technically, but figured the odds of Heather actually proving herself worthy enough to share official-girlfriend status with Amy were one in a million, at best.

Heather's heart soared upon hearing this great news. She was so thrilled that she longed to drop to her knees and suck his cock as a way of saying thanks. Plus, his bulge looked too tempting to resist in any case. Still, she forced herself to keep talking in an attempt to improve her position. "And I assume, if I was your girlfriend, you'd still be fucking all those other women of yours?"

"Of course." He was surprised at his boldness in stating that so matter-of-factly, but it was true.

She griped, "Do you realize how humiliating that would be for me? To only be a co-girlfriend, and then to have everyone know that you're fucking Simone and Amy and so many more? I'm the queen of the school! Nothing's worth the grief I'd get for that!"

"Your choice," he said coolly, with feigned disinterest. "To be honest, for you to even be co-girlfriend would be a long shot. A very long shot."

She looked at the situation with rose-colored glasses and could see the sharing boyfriends plan as possible. That gave her hope to cooperate with him and work something out. Yet she knew it wouldn't be easy. "What would I have to do?"

"Heather, how can I even begin to count the ways? You need a serious attitude adjustment. You truly are a bitch, with a capital 'B.' That's not just something I say just at the height of sex. I well and truly mean it. There's a picture of you in the dictionary next to that word. I'm not going to be your boyfriend until you change, big time. Sure, we might fuck from time to time, and if that's all you want, then keep doing what you're doing. But otherwise..."

"What?" Heather asked, trying to hide her desperation. She really wanted to know what he wanted from her. It wasn't just the incredible sex, because she was sure there was something more here. Insofar as Heather was capable of love, she loved Alan. She wanted him. She wanted to possess him and be with him all the time. It was vanity, pride, greed, lust, and much more making her this way, while somewhere inside her the chemicals marking love were spilling out of her hormones and had her targeting her desire at him. She wanted him more than anything she'd ever wanted before in her life. The fact that he was making it so difficult for her only fanned the flames of her desire for him even brighter.

He examined her critically before answering.

It made Heather feel strangely insecure to be inspected so dispassionately and clinically while she stood there buck naked. She fidgeted awkwardly under his gaze, and found herself moving her hands several times, uncertain where to put them. Since she was too shy to look him in his eyes, she stared even more intently at his crotch.

He reached out and cupped her pussy. He didn't do it for sexual reasons, but because he knew it would emphasize his power over her.

It might not have been a sexual move for him, but it was a very sexual move for her. Her pussy was creaming like mad, and it was all she could do not to hump herself against his fingers. But at the same time, it registered as a power move on some level for her because she quickly pinned her hands behind her back without even thinking about it.

He said, "I would have to remake you. Completely break you down and then start again when it comes to your bitchiness. You need to learn humility. You need to learn kindness. Those are the two main things."

He wiggled two fingers into her slit just a little bit. "I believe people can change, and I feel a strong desire to change you. You do attract me in a certain way, and not just sexually. Your personality is... intriguing. I've never met anyone even remotely like you. There's a lot about you that's pure Heather and shouldn't change, like your determination and willpower. But you can have those qualities and some frigging modesty too, for Christ's sake! Going on and on about how you're the most beautiful girl in school - it's ridiculous!"

There was a part of Heather that wanted to be a nice, normal person. She figured that she wouldn't ever actually become like that, but she knew it would be better if she could bend more in that direction. And if he wanted her to be that way, she was willing to try.

She straightened her shoulders, met his eyes, and said, "You're right. I'm a bitch. I'm spoiled. I know it. I want you to change me. I really do. Especially if you'll make me your girlfriend as a reward for success. I CAN change. If I want something, I fight hard to get it."

He scratched his chin and struck a thoughtful pose, pulling his hand well away from her pussy in the process. "Hmmm. That is true. You know, I hadn't considered our conversation going like this at all. I thought I'd have to storm this room like soldiers assaulting the beaches of Normandy. But here we are, having a nice, normal conversation like two normal people. I hardly know how to behave myself. I'll have to think about this, and think about how to change you. Is it even possible?"

Some ideas crossed his mind. For instance, his plan to use his friend Sean as a substitute for himself seemed to have a place in this. And keeping Glory stuffed with dildos all day seemed to be working. He imagined doing the same with Heather except somehow making it even more difficult and intense for her. The possibilities were seductively intriguing.

She waited with bated breath.

Finally, he said, "If I take this on, you have to be willing to obey absolutely everything and anything I say. You'll also have to be completely honest and straightforward with me, too. I'm not going to put up with your little manipulative games and brinkmanship. Do you think you can do all that? And do you think you can control your jealousy towards people like Amy and Ms. Rhymer?"

Heather honestly considered that. The idea that he had nearly a dozen women in his life was disturbing to her. Her jealousy flared up, and she couldn't imagine keeping it under control for long. Glory in particular annoyed her. For some reason she didn't mind Amy that much, even though she knew Amy probably was bigger competition in the long run, but with Glory it felt personal. Her hatred of Glory was moving beyond Alan and taking on a life of its own.

She thought, I can take anything he can dish out, but I can't deal with this jealousy thing. Straightforward? Forget it. I can be more straightforward than usual, but fuck me if I'll tell him everything! I'm Heather fucking Morgan, and I do what I want! But I'll try doing what he wants for a while and keep that other stuff hidden. Maybe this really is my best shot for a serious relationship with him.

She stood up even straighter, pinning her arms behind her back again. "Okay. I'll do it," she replied.

"Good. Good. Maybe there's hope for you yet. Meanwhile, we have some unfinished business to attend to." He ostentatiously unzipped his zipper and let his turgid erection flop out. "I want to talk to you about the essay you're arranging for me, and how to deal with the football players. And then there's the little matter of some anal sex that somebody promised." He winked.

Chapter 864 And Since When Did I Give You Permission To Do That?

Heather found herself licking her lips. "Um, you want to talk?" She was staring at his exposed erection. "We can't just talk with that delicious sugar stick waving around like that." I think we need to seal our little deal with a blowjob. Make me suck your tasty cock!

He grinned and stepped right up to her, until his eyes were only a couple of inches from hers.

Her heart went to her throat and her joy soared when she thought he was going to kiss her. The fact that her nipples brushed against his chest set her entire body on fire.

But instead of kissing, he said, "You can talk and stroke at the same time, can't you? Like a good little slut." He nodded down, indicating she should get on her knees.

She was about to say something rude to counter his bossiness, but she realized that she wanted his cock more. Oh, yes! On my knees! Now tell me to shove it in my mouth!

She dropped to her knees, but she shot him a nasty look at the same time, hoping he'd get the message not to be so presumptuous in the future. Her hands shot forward and she began happily stroking his shaft. She sighed with contentment, now that she had him in her hands. "Now, what else do you want to discuss?"

They quickly and amicably made short work of the essay and football player issues. She sincerely promised to do her best with both.

While she was jacking him off, he said, "My one non-negotiable demand is, I don't want you to actually fuck any of them. Just give them handjobs, blowjobs, and titfucks instead."

She smiled from ear to ear when she heard that. "My oh my! Alan Plummer, I think you're jealous!"

He shrugged. "Well, maybe. A little bit. I do feel possessive about you, just like I do all my women. But that's the problem, you see. You're not really one of my women. You sleep with God knows who else. And that's a problem too. What about sexual diseases? Frankly, I shouldn't be fucking you at all."

She complained, "Hey, you made me get tested and I'm clean, so that's that. End of story."

"Hardly. End of story... then. But you could have caught something else since then. And some diseases take a while to show up. Months, even. And you could get tested every week, but that's still a risk to me. The more I think about it, the more I wonder why I fuck you at all."

Concerned, she tried her best to pleasure his cock. She didn't want to suck on it just yet since she needed to talk. But she began licking it and blowing air on it as she said, "It's no wonder. You're the best. I'm the best. We're a natural pair. I'll admit there may be a few other girls in school who are in my league when it comes to beauty, like Christine or Donna or Amy, or even your sister. But none of them have the sex skills to back it up like I do. I don't just look supremely fuckable; I AM supremely fuckable!"

He shrugged, trying not to appear affected by her licking and stroking, or her words. "Maybe so. But that just makes you a big fish in a small pond. To be frank, most of the women I fuck these days don't even go to this school. And they're women, not a mere girl like you. College students, for instance. Incredible beauties with more skills and experience than even you have."

He wasn't actually having sex with any college students, but he said that to throw her off so she wouldn't suspect who he was really having sex with at home.

She was distressed to hear that.

But before she could think up a reply, he continued, "I hate to say this, but today is probably going to be one of the last times we have sex. The sexual disease issue is too concerning for me. My other women, they have sex with me and me alone. But I know you're simply not capable of that. I know you have to have sex pretty much every day, and I'm too busy to come anywhere close to helping you do that."

He was mindful of Simone's advice not to demand that she don't have sex with others but to frame it in a different way.

She quickly scrambled for some kind of reply to satisfy him, because not having sex with him ever again was unthinkable for her. "Wait! You're right that I need a lot of sex, but that doesn't mean that I've been sleeping around. To be honest... God, I hate admitting this, but you've kind of ruined me for other guys. They just don't cut it for me anymore. So I've mostly been having sex with Simone, my best friend. In fact, we do it most every day. And if not with her, then I've been having sex with the other cheerleaders, which is the same as what you've been doing. So that's not a problem, right?"

He looked thoughtfully into the distance while she kept on licking his shaft, and stroking it too. He rubbed his chin. "Hmmm. Maybe the problem isn't as bad as I thought. I'll have to consider this some more. Obviously, the less you have sex with others outside of Simone and a few other girls, the more I'll be willing to take the risk of fucking you. And if you can limit or eliminate what you do with the football players, that'll help."

Her heart soared. He's jealous, which means he has feelings for me!

She actually giggled giddily while slurping all over his sweet spot. God, I love this cock, and I love him! There, I said it. I'm in love! I don't care that he's a nerd and a nobody. Somehow, he knows how to make me happy and VERY sexually satisfied! It's true that he's ruined me for other guys. Why eat Hamburger Helper when you can dine on prime rib? Aaaah, and this is some prime cock-meat, right here!

She didn't say anything during the next few minutes because she was busy feasting on his cock.

At one point, he thought, That went well. Aunt Suzy will be pleased when I tell her about this later. If I can really keep her down to just having sex with Simone and the cheerleaders, that'll be golden. Plus, the issue of the theater room key also didn't come back up, which means the key is now mine to keep. Sweet!

He was doing an impressive job of acting like the school's gorgeous blonde head cheerleader wasn't kneeling naked before him and pleasuring his dick. He talked in a normal voice and hardly ever looked down at her pumping fingers and her busy tongue. But there was no doubt that he was feeling the joy.

She thought, This is fucking ridiculous. Have I ever been MORE humiliated? There he stands way up there, like some kind of fuckin' redwood tree, fully clothed no less, and I'm naked and on my knees, trying my best to make him cum! And he's casually shooting the breeze like we're talking about the fucking weather or some shit. And his big fat cock, his ass-splitting cock, is just staring me in the face, teasing me, tormenting me.

It's like it's saying, "Heather, suck me! Wrap your sweet lips around me. Bob all over that special spot that drives me wild! You know you wanna do it. At the very least, blow on me a little bit." Fuck! Alan has nearly a dozen other women, and one of them is supposedly a "sex slave," whatever the hell that means. That certainly isn't good news for me, no matter how I look at it. I have to do better! I'm not gonna lose to those other girls. I'm a WINNER, and I'm gonna get the best of him! I'll get him in the palm of my hand by doing everything I possibly can to pleasure his cock, at any time!

With that in mind, she engulfed his cockhead and began bobbing on it. God dammit! That's so difficult to do. But that's part of what makes it so good. He's gonna fuckin' break my jaw with his fuckin' thick cock, and I love it!

Everything went so amicably and successfully that Alan hardly knew what to do with himself - aside from let her continue to stroke and suck him, of course. He knew that she was fairly incorrigible and that she'd be up to no good soon enough, but it was nice to enjoy the peace and harmony while it lasted. The only problem was, he wasn't sure if he could get in the right mood for anal sex now. He certainly was horny enough, but he doubted he could get up into the kind of "Bad Alan" mood that they both enjoyed so much.

He thought, It's the intensity of my dislike for her that makes the sex so hot. I pretty much attack her physically and verbally because there's real emotion there. But what will I do if I actually get to like her? Think about some world political problems that piss me off while we fuck? Something like that would never work.

Well, I seriously doubt that'll be a problem. Heather is fundamentally devilish so she isn't going to magically sprout wings and instantly turn into a sweet and loving little angel. A little bit of personality change here and there, maybe, is the best I can hope for in the long term. At least I'm in no danger of ever having to make good on my boyfriend promise.

He looked down at her. She was temporarily overwhelmed by the difficulty of sucking his thickness, so her hands were busily sliding back and forth over his slicked-up erection, and her tongue was flicking at his piss hole while she recovered for another attempt. Dammit, it doesn't help that she's trying really hard to do a good job with her hands and mouth. How can I possibly get mad at her right now?

As if to emphasize that point, she looked up at him with adoration as she continued to slosh her fingers all over his pole, already soaked with pre-cum. She blew her minty breath onto his cockhead in a delightfully spine-tingling way, and then licked her way to his sweet spot. So far, she hadn't touched his balls, but she pulled his pants down some more so she could have total access to his balls and dick.

He thought, Dammit! She's making it really hard for me to get mad at her. This feels too good!

He luxuriated in her stroking and licking for a little bit, and then thought, I just have to think of the right things. There's plenty of material to get me in the right mood. All I have to do is recall certain memories, and then channel the feeling. For instance, I just need to fully recall her rumors against Glory and Aims, and I'll be off and running. Not to mention what she'd do against Sis if she got a chance! I'll bet she was already planning something against her. She was probably going to use her incest suspicions she threw at me as blackmail material if I'd stumbled and admitted she was on to something. Hell, she probably still will.

And if she found out about Mom? Fuck. I can't even think of her messing with Mom. Fucking with Amy and Glory, that's bad. Way bad. But if you fuck with my sister, you've crossed a serious line. And trying to hurt Mom? Forget it, Heather! You are so fucked! I am sooooo pissed off now! If you ever so much as even THINK about my mother, why... God! It makes my blood boil!

Alan smiled a naughty smile. "Bad Alan" has just entered the building! Heather's ass had better watch out, because she's gonna get it! However, his anger was a different type than before. It was less all out hatred, and more a simmering resentment for Heather's evil and bitchy side. He was filled with a resolve to change her.

Just then, Heather leaned forward and resumed bobbing down his cockhead until she had all of it in her mouth. At the same time, she kept on grasping and fondling his balls. She really was going all out to make him as happy and aroused as physically possible.

He was delighted, but he pretended to be annoyed... eventually. He let her lovingly lap her tongue all over his sweet spot, while her lips created a tight seal and slid back and forth over that same super-sensitive spot. She knew that spot was his "weakness," so she often had her tongue and lips working at it at the same time, as much as there was room.

But what she was doing felt so fantastic that he could feel the tingles that signaled a great orgasmic surge was coming soon. He brought a hand down to her chin and pulled it up, forcing her mouth to pull all the way off his erection. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

"I'm sucking you off; what does it look like?" Since he'd had such a delayed reaction before saying that, she added sarcastically, "Didn't you notice?"

He responded, "And since when did I give you permission to do that?"

She thought, What the fuck? Permission? Since when do I need his permission to give HIM a blowjob? He should be getting down on his knees and kissing my feet if I deign to do this for him. It's not like I ever suck off anybody! I hate giving blowjobs! Hell, I don't even know why I'm doing it now! Sure, his cock tastes yummy and I love how it completely fills my mouth. Plus, there's nothing better than hearing him moan with joy when I slather and slobber all over his special spot, but it's the principle of the thing. Blowjobs are for LOSERS who can't control their men. Alan, you can fuck off! Screw this!

But her body betrayed her true feelings. Far from bitching at him, she continued to alternately stare at his dick hungrily and look up at his face beseechingly. His erection was a mere inch or two from the tip of her nose, and every breath she took caused wondrous sensations on the sensitive tip. She started to blow on it more heavily, hoping to convince him to give in and let her suck his turgid rod some more.

But to her disappointment, all he said was, "You may suck on my balls, for now."

bender

An angry look flashed across her face. Suck on your balls?! What is this shit?! Suck on this, you prick! ASSHOLE! Like I'm gonna suck on your balls. I'm Heather fuckin' Morgan, the queen of the school! Head cheerleader. Soon to be the Homecoming Queen! I can do whatever the fuck I want to do...

And, it just so happens... that right now I feel this strong desire to suck on your balls. Not 'cos you ordered me to... I do what I want! But they just look so tasty. Then, once I'm done and you let me suck on your cock some more, uh, I mean, when I FEEL like sucking on your cock some more, I'm gonna make you splooge all over my face! So there! Then I'm going to have to SERIOUSLY straighten out your attitude. I'M the one in charge here!

She leaned forward and took one of his balls in her mouth while tugging on the other one with a hand. She'd licked his balls before, but putting all of one in her mouth was a first for her. Mmmm. Yum. I don't know why the fuck I'm doing this, it's not like I've ever done this for any guy before, but actually it's kind of fun. And if I do a good job, maybe he'll let me suck on his cock some more. That's the mother lode! I mean, er, well...

It may look like I'm following his orders, but looks can be deceiving. Heather Morgan takes orders from no one, and especially no MAN! I'm just following some good suggestions he's making, that's all. It just so happens that he knows what he's talking about. Balls are fun. Mmmm! I actually love doing this!

Alan was really enjoying what she was doing to his scrotum. But unfortunately, just as he was going to give her permission to go back to sucking his cock, he realized that he had to take a piss. He hated piss hard-ons. He said, "Sorry, gotta go take a leak," and disengaged.

That left Heather alone for a little while, and it gave her time to think. All the stroking and licking and sucking had turned her on, but at the same time she was unusually subdued and contemplative. She knew that she'd done wrong to spread those rumors, and so she'd given in. She just didn't have the spirit to fight when she felt so wrong. But the defeat was hard on her. It was a blow to her self-confidence.

She stood up and walked to the back of the theater room's stage, where she knew a full-length mirror was. She stood in front of the mirror and looked at herself uncertainly. What am I? Who am I? Am I strong? Beautiful? Of course I'm beautiful. Just look at this body! I'm incredible. He should be grateful I even let him touch me.

But why do I want him so badly?

Half the reason I was so agreeable just now is because I want him to get on with fucking my ass already! I want him so bad I can barely keep my hands off his cock! I want to make his cock happy because it makes me so happy. I want it long and stiff and thick and hot, so it'll skewer my ass! Deep, deep, DEEP inside my ass! Gaawwwd, I love it! Hell, I can't even keep my mouth off it!

But he so rarely wants me. And now he's saying this might be one of the last times we fuck, due to his stupid obsession about STDs. What bullshit. Look at this body! What can I do to make myself more alluring for him? The fact is, HE'S the one with the problem if he doesn't want me more than anyone else.

Her self-confidence began to surge as she admired herself and vainly stroked her arms and legs. Glory, Amy, Katherine, Donna, and even Christine can't hold a candle to me. I can kick their asses in every possible way. Beauty? Ha! I'd win a beauty contest hands down. Popularity? I'm the queen bee in this school. Strength? I can crush any of them, both mentally and physically. Well, okay maybe not Christine with her martial arts judo crap, but that's hardly playing fair. Alan just has a foolish sentimentality for them because he's known them longer. I must have been joking when I was agreeing with him just now. I can't wait around until he comes to his senses. I've got to show him what losers those others really are!

Coming back from the toilet, Alan went to the lights and dimmed them down a bit. He felt dark, so he thought it would improve the mood to have the room darker as well.

He walked up to Heather and tenderly put his hands on her shoulders, then gave her a little hug from behind.

She continued to stare in the mirror, and he stared with her. He still wore his T-shirt, but he was naked from his waist down. He found his hard dick resting up against her butt cheeks and settling into the crack of her ass.

Chapter 865 Ass Fucking Heather!

That gave Alan an idea. His hand made a quick adjustment, and before Heather knew what was happening, he'd slipped the head of his dick into her ready asshole.

Incredibly, she was so receptive and relaxed that it slid in almost as easily as if it had been sliding into a pussy - a very tight pussy, that is. It helped that he'd just lubed up his dick in the bathroom in anticipation of having anal sex with her.

He was pleased to discover that she'd also lubed her ass as well. That told him a lot about how much she wanted this to happen.

But all he did was slip the head of his erection into her. Her asshole clamped down on him, predictably enough, but he silently waited with her for her muscles to relax enough to accept a deeper intrusion into her rear. When he felt she was ready, he started to apply a gently increasing pressure on her again to carefully start working his way up her butt. The fact that she didn't scream or pull away or otherwise reject his advances gave him the confidence to keep fucking his cock into her ass.

It took a couple minutes of slow but steady pushing before he was deep inside her.

She started panting hard in anticipation of him doing even more, but he simply left his thickness in her without further movement as he eased off the pressure he was putting on her. He even went back to gently hugging her from behind as if nothing had happened.

She let a loud gasp escape from between her luscious lips when she realized he was done thrusting his way deep inside her ass. Her mind was all a jumble as her self-absorption and bitchiness suddenly came crashing down around her as surely as if the mirror in front of her had been completely shattered. She breathed in small gasps as she tried to adjust to the fact that her ass felt so remarkably full. Even though she'd wanted him to do something like what he'd done, she still wasn't really mentally ready to experience the waves of intimately exquisite pleasure that having him sink his boner into her asshole gave her.

He tenderly and patiently waited for her to adjust, riding out her clutching spasms as her asshole randomly throbbed and pulsed around him.

Her euphoria turned to crushing disappointment when she realized that he wasn't about to start thrusting and spearing into her anytime soon. But her spirits revived quite a lot when she realized just how great it was to even have him fill up her ass like this. She repeatedly clenched her anal muscles around his shaft, happy that it was there, and happy to be fully alive.

He idly cupped her ample breasts from behind, sending little shivers through her as he lightly teased her nipples. He gently asked, "How do you feel?"

She thought about this quite seriously, even as a part of her mind was thoroughly enjoying every little twitching movement of the anal invader deep inside her. "I feel... good... Complete... Different. I don't... I can't..."

"What?" He stared intently into her confused face via the reflection in the mirror.

"I don't know who that is in the mirror! It's not me! Or, it is me, but not the same person who was there before. Only moments ago I was a complete and utter bitch. I can see it now. I can't believe I'm telling you this, but just now I was adoring my beauty like a prima donna and thinking up new schemes against your other lovers. But that's wrong! ... The tension... It's gone. The contempt, the superiority - gone! How can I look down on others when I have a... a... massive, thick cock filling my ass so wonderfully?"

Her internal muscles rippled appreciatively, massaging his length inside her, "I feel completely at peace. So at ease. Look at me! Is it just me, or does my whole body look different?" She honestly couldn't believe the change that had come over her, and she looked at herself in the mirror with a sense of wonder.

He had a good slow look at her from her toes all the way to the top of her blonde head. "You're right. Your body language is completely different now. Ironically, when you have a real stick up your butt, you no longer have a metaphorical stick up your butt."

He embraced her tenderly and left a trail of kisses along her neck and cheek, kisses that made her heart race. He whispered in her ear, "I like you better this way."

She answered with surprise, "I do too! I feel humbled. You know what? I'm actually quite insecure, deep down. I can't believe I'm telling you that, but I can't hide anything from you while you possess me like this. I need you, Alan. I need you to straighten me out."

She leaned back against his tall and muscular frame, closing her eyes with a happy sigh. "I'm only a bitch when my ass isn't full."

Suddenly, her eyes widened and her jaw dropped in great surprise as she realized just how true that last statement was. But then her mouth and eyes opened even wider, because he chose that moment to pull his thick erection back and then push into her all the way, going in even deeper than he had been before. She'd thought that he'd been in her up to the hilt already, but she was wrong.

As he pushed a couple more inches into her, she really felt as if he was splitting her in two. This created a feeling so incredible that she thought her insides were melting. In fact, she seemed to melt all over, but luckily he was in a position to hold her up.

Her whole body started vibrating as an uncontrollably intense and deep anal orgasm rose up from the depths of her body and shattered its way through her very being for the first time in her life, sending shivers up and down her spine and everywhere else.

Her eyes unfocused and rolled back in her head as she came and came and came, while remaining helplessly impaled on hard cock. Oh GAAAAWWWD! He's doing it to me AAAAGAAAAIINNN! UGH! So good! Dammit! Can't take it! UUUUGGGGHH!

The only muscles still active in her body were the ones in her ass. Her asshole throbbed and clutched powerfully, almost painfully, at the root of his erection, while her strong internal muscles rippled up and down the length he had inside her, alternately crushing and massaging him. It seemed that her anal clenching had a mind of its own and wouldn't stop for anything.

He was gripped so tightly that he couldn't even stroke his thick pole in and out of her, as he'd planned to do. He'd never felt anything like it. It felt as if her ass was trying to suck his entire body all the way up inside her butt. He briefly wondered if he might pass out from the intense pleasure.

He could see that Heather was totally overwhelmed by her anal climaxes, so he gave up his plans to stroke for the moment. He just held onto her tightly with his hot boner still pulsing deep inside her ass.

Strange sensations rocketed and surged through her body, igniting pleasures and feelings previously unknown and unimagined. As the tremors of her orgasmic earthquake tailed off and she rode out the aftershocks, she remained completely limp in his arms. But even as the rumblings and reverberations of her response died away, she found herself becoming more and more sensitive and attuned to the intense sensations arising from her thoroughly impaled rear end, almost to the exclusion of everything else.

She hardly even noticed the way he was playing with her breasts, even though in normal circumstances his deft touch there would have nearly been enough to give her a climax.

As her heart raced, she thought, He did it to me again, he really did! He just DESTROYED me! Why even bother with sex with anyone else, after that? He really did ruin me for all other guys, dammit! Oh! And he's STILL HARD! Holy FUCK! But I need to rest and recover. Phew!

He lowered his head until his lips were beside her ear. He could smell the fragrant perfume of her hair and the dampness of her brow. He could even smell the sexual sweat that had broken out on her skin the instant he had completely impaled her. He brushed her blonde bangs aside with his chin and gently kissed the edges of her ear.

She gasped in shock at his tenderness. She tensed up in surprise, and her ass especially clenched even tighter around his fully imbedded erection, but then she relaxed utterly. She felt completely safe and at peace. His hands were all over her, holding her, possessing her, controlling her. It felt divine. Her asshole throbbed with happiness in time to her heartbeat.

He whispered directly into her ear, "So that's your secret. You're only a bitch when your ass ISN'T full."

She sighed. She felt defeated. What's happening to me? I've been completely conquered. Conquered by his anger, by his kindness, and conquered by that giant, hard, meaty presence throbbing so insistently inside me. Where it belongs! Hnnng! Mmmm! This shouldn't be happening, but I can't fight what he does to me! His fucking cock RULES me!bender

She thought back to the way he'd stuffed her mouth with the panties from some other girl and then made her wait for twenty minutes. That was awful at the time, but it was so worth it! The fact is, I deserved it. God, I love it! I love THIS! Jesus Christ, I feel such a profound love for Alan and his cock. I wanna lick and suck it clean for the next fucking HOUR! Except I need him in my ass! Anal sex is so fuckin' GOOD!

Suddenly she complained in her normal bitchy voice, "What the fuck did you just do to me? What was that?! You were just standing there with your cock up my butt and then all of a sudden the walls are melting! What kind of trick was that?" Her voice quickly mellowed into breathless awe. "You rocked my world!"

He replied sincerely, "That was no trick. That was just you. I didn't plan that." He lightly nibbled her ear, making her gasp.

Her anus desperately clutched at him again. She realized a new and powerful need to feel his cum filling her ass, even as she longed to keep his dick inside her for hours. She felt that if he could plant his seed in her, it would bond them closer together. Suddenly, the fact that the inside of her ass wasn't coated with his spermy cream was a horrific tragedy. That needed to be fixed, and right away.

"Obviously you have a very sensitive ass." He flexed his deeply imbedded hard-on, pushing Heather towards hyperventilation as she felt the beginnings of another anal orgasm starting to build within her. "One with very special needs!"

She growled demandingly, "Well, you might not have planned it, but do it again!"

He reached upwards, his fingers caressing her jaw and throat. He turned her face up so he could kiss her trembling lips.

That sent more shivers up and down her spine. She moaned and purred like a happy kitten. She cooed, "Oh Alan!" in a completely different voice, an utterly defenseless and honest voice.

She thought back to the fantasies she'd been having while waiting for him earlier. It was fun at the time to imagine her tying him up, spanking him, and making him kiss her feet. But now those fantasies seemed unsatisfying and hollow somehow. This reality was much better. Still, she was a long way from

admitting to herself what she really wanted. She tried to convince herself that she'd be having an even better time if their roles were reversed, but her heart wasn't really in it.

He said between kisses, "I like this Heather, the one who said 'Oh Alan!' to me. I don't like the one who was demanding I 'do it again' to her. That's the selfish, empty-assed Heather still talking. The bitchy Heather. I don't want her. I don't like her."

He hugged her lovingly and flexed inside her once again, making her groan with unrestrained pleasure. "I want you. Not her. I like you. I don't like her at all."

She felt herself starting to cry. "I don't either! Alan, don't leave me! I feel so vulnerable, but I love it! No one has ever made me feel like this before! Please! You know exactly what to do!"

He thought, Pure luck strikes again, but she doesn't need to know that. I knew her weakness was her ass, but it looks like I literally struck a nerve. I'll just have to carry on like I know what I'm doing.

"Heather, it's like I said before. You have to be completely willing to do what I say." He thought about what he'd been doing to Glory all day, and how well keeping her stuffed with vibrators seemed to be working.

He continued, "It looks like you really need your ass constantly stuffed. Am I right? How would you like to have something big up HERE all day long?"

He flexed his boner again to drive his point home. Then, reminded of his stiffness, he began the long, slow in and out strokes he so very much wanted to do.

She gasped, and then gasped again in mid-gasp as the double whammy of his words and his thrusting registered. She was so flummoxed and amazed by the idea that she didn't know how to respond. "You mean? ... My ass? Filled? ... How?"

He gave her several more long strokes while he kept her waiting for an answer.

She grunted with lusty desire each time he bottomed out, but otherwise she held her breath to hear what he'd have to say.

"We're going to tame you with vibrators." He pushed in deep again and held there. "Big ones." He leaned in close and wrapped himself around her tighter than before. "VERY big ones."

He whispered with simultaneous tenderness and aggressiveness, "Your ass will have to stay filled until your inner bitch learns her place."

She panted breathlessly. Yes! Yes! Teach me my place! This is my place. This is where I belong, with your cock creaming in my ass! Coat it with your pearly seed! NOW!

Despite her desperate need for air, she tried her best to squeeze his shaft with her anal muscles, in a frantic attempt to get him to shoot his load right away. But she couldn't manage much. She felt as weak as a rag doll.

Shifting his hold on her, he French kissed her deeply as he wrapped his arms just underneath her boobs and thrust upwards with his hips.

She could barely believe what was happening to her as she felt her feet rise up until they completely left the ground. As she remained suspended in mid-air, the weight of her body pulled her asshole down around his cock while he squeezed her tightly to him and his tongue groped at her tonsils. She couldn't breathe from the squeezing and the excitement, but she didn't care much about that. If one had to die, this was a great way to die.

She could feel another climax coming on.

But he couldn't hold her off the ground for too long, and when she settled back down, their lips parted and they both gasped for air.

Chapter 866 Train This Bitch Right Now!

Alan reached down and grasped Heather's limp hands where they hung at her sides, drawing them up with his own as he enfolded her shoulders in his arms again. He gently pinched and played with her rock-hard nipples while she just shuddered in response.

He stated as fact, "You're going to be filled up all day long. Your asshole, of course. Maybe your cunt too, if I feel like it. Maybe if you're really bad I'll even have to run a strap around your head and keep a big plastic cock firmly planted in your mouth all day long as well. I wonder what your friends and teachers would think of that?"

"You wouldn't!" She loved his tough talk. She felt as if she was a kind of soft goo, to be molded and shaped by his strong hands. She loved the way he'd picked her entire body up, and she still thrilled from that.

"Maybe not. Maybe not at first. Of course, we'll have to concentrate on your ass." He recalled the way Glory strutted around during lunch, flaunting her ass when she expertly mimicked Heather's walking style. He said, "You really love to flaunt your ass when you walk, don't you?"

She answered breathlessly, "Yes!" She felt like it was impossible to lie to him when he had her so thoroughly filled with thick inches of fuckmeat.

"Especially lately, you've really got quite a saucy walk. Well, now your ass is mine. Now you're going to dress just like I want you to dress. You're gonna walk like I want you to walk. You're my Barbie Doll, and I'm taking total control over what you wear and what you don't. What do you think of that?"

She just gasped at his audacity, and wiggled her ass around his stiffness more than before. Yes! Oh God! Alan totally controls me! I'm his BITCH!

"No more skirts or dresses for you. No. You're only going to wear extremely thin and tight shorts and pants. Clothes that you have to paint on. Clothes that are so tight you'll need help to get them on and off."

She was eating this up eagerly, and merely asked for clarification, "Blue jeans?" She owned some very tight blue jeans.

He stirred his erection around inside her ass while considering her request. "No. Too thick. Everyone needs to be able to see your panty lines as clear as day. Except you won't have any panty lines, because you won't be wearing panties. Not normal panties, anyways. From now on, you'll only wear dental floss. You're going to wear strings up your ass crack so thin that they'll make dental floss look thick in comparison. Butt floss, we'll call it. I want you to wear tight thongs that cover up just enough of your cunt so you don't get kicked out of school, but leave absolutely nothing to the imagination in the back. Your tight shorts or pants will have to cleave deeply between your butt cheeks and ride high and tight in the crotch, leaving your ass cheeks completely exposed to everyone from now on. You need clothes that say, 'I love my ass and I need to keep it well fucked!'"

She let out a throaty growl that showed how much the idea turned her on. "Butt floss!" I'm his Barbie Doll! Shit, I'm gonna cum so hard that I'm gonna DIE!

He had paused in his fucking for a bit to get that wordy idea out of his mouth, but now he picked up the pace again. He moved steadily in and out of her anal channel.

She moaned, "Yes! Yes! More! More! More!" She referred to both his words and his thrusting.

He went on, "Luckily, you've got a very strong ass. It's good that you're a muscular cheerleader, because you're going to need that strength. I want you to work your butt, and constantly exercise it. I know you already have a fine ass, but I want your glutes to be stronger, firmer, better toned, more muscular, and better defined. I want your ass to flaunt that you're an anal addict second to none. You know how some homeless people have signs that read 'Will Work for Food?' Well, I want your ass to say to me from across the room, 'Will Crush Cocks For Cum.'"

She was in heaven. "Harder! More! Hurry!"

He huffed between labored breaths and deep thrusts, "And when I say, 'for me,' that's just what I mean! I know you're an insatiable slut, but now you're MY insatiable slut! Enjoy playing with the football players this weekend, because it'll be the last time you'll have sexual freedom. I can't possibly keep a slutty whore like you completely satisfied. I realize that. But from now on, I'M" - he gave her a particularly deep thrust with that word - "going to tell YOU," - that was punctuated by another huge push - "just who you can FUCK" - another thrust - "and WHEN ... and WHERE!"

She couldn't lie to him, not with the way he was treating her and making her feel so good. She confessed, "I can't! I'm sorry, I can't, Alan! I have to be honest. I know what I said before, about having

sex with just you, Simone, and the other cheerleaders. But I don't know if I can do it for long. I need cocks! Even though I love yours the best!"

She blushed as she realized what she was admitting, and qualified that. "I love your cock the most, I mean. But you're so busy with all your other women. I need to get fucked daily, preferably with real cocks. Playing with girls has been tiding me over, but that can't last for long. I'm sorry, but that's the truth!"

He stopped thrusting momentarily, because he had to thrash this issue out. He waited until his breath caught up to him. Then he said, "Don't worry. I'll give you cocks."

He thought of Sean and hoped Sean would prove himself worthy. "Not many, true, but then it's a question of quality versus quantity. You've tried quantity, and that doesn't work. I'm halfway tempted to allow any of those football players this weekend to fuck your ass. I'll bet you none of them would even want to try. They're all squeamish about it, thinking it's gay."

He thought to himself, In fact, they're just like I used to be. What a painful reminder of how immature I was. God, so much has changed since then. Hell, it wasn't long ago when I wouldn't have been able to say "Boo" to Heather. And now look at me! I'm boning and owning her ass! Heh!

He pulled back a bit and pounded into her once, hard, just to hear her grunt as he knocked the wind out of her lungs. He held himself deep as she gasped for air, while her asshole clenched spasmodically around him.

Leaning in closer to her, he spoke directly into her ear. "No, I take that back. Knowing you, you'll talk or force someone into it. But see how good it is. Anyone spineless enough to get pushed around by you is not going to give you the kind of assfucking that you really crave. Only I know what you need - me and the guys I'll choose and train for you. And of course women. We're gonna have to teach some of them how to keep your favorite hole happy with a nice, big strap-on. Now, you can either stick with my plan and have your ass constantly humming with happiness, or you can sleep around far and wide and have a lot of clumsy oaf athletes unload into your pussy and pull out before you get a chance to cum."

He teasingly flicked the outside of her ear with his tongue, making her shiver and whimper with desire. He whispered to her while sexily blowing into her ear, "It's your choice."

She was struck by how much sense that all made. What he said seemed like a no-brainer. Her asshole obviously loved the idea, and seemed to throb and squeeze even more than before. Alan's cock! That's the one I need. Screw all those other guys! I don't even want one of those clumsy oafs to sully my ass with their pathetic dicks! Alan is the only one who understands me, and gives me exactly what I want!

She excitedly and repeatedly clenched her anal muscles around his hot boner.

That felt so good that he worried he would cum at a most inopportune time. He drew back before continuing, pulling out until he had only an inch or so still inside her.

She felt the emptiness within her and wanted him to fill her up again so badly that she focused her attention even more on what he was saying. At the same time she wriggled her hips to express her increasingly great need.

He said, "But here's the key point. If you go sleeping around with just anybody, you're a sexual disease just waiting to happen. I hope to God that you don't have something already and that I won't catch it if you do. But assuming you're still clean, you'll have to reduce yourself to just a select few or I'm not going to fuck you ever again. Period. And they'll have to keep their partners in a closed circle for the whole thing to stay clean. The cheerleaders might be the right group, if they'll all agree to the same idea."

She thought about this. It made a lot of sense. "What about Simone? I can't go without Simone! I was telling you earlier that I have sex with her pretty much every day." Her anus clutched desperately around his cockhead as she practically begged, communicating her fear to him that she might be denied her best friend and lover.

He answered, "Same deal. I know she's another complete slut, but if she limits her partners to an approved group and you trust her with that, then maybe. Maybe she needs some training too. But first I have to train you. I haven't finished explaining what's going to happen to you."

bender

She thought, I can't go without Simone! I just can't! I couldn't imagine life without her. But dammit, I'm gonna make this work so I have Alan AND Simone! I don't care if I have to burn the whole fucking school down to do it. I'm Heather Morgan, and I always get my way!

She thought back to how they'd been earlier, with him standing fully clothed and her naked on her knees and stroking and licking his erection. Even now, she felt tremendous embarrassment. Well, maybe not always... lately... Damn. How did I let that happen?!

He resumed his slow, rhythmic thrusting, as he wanted her properly breathless and mewling for his explanation. "First, remember my butt floss idea. Oh yeah. And high heels. You're going to be the only girl in this school to walk around in really high heels, five-inch heels at least. They'll be essential to hoisting your ass up high and keeping it there for the proper 'knock me down and fuck me' look. I want you, and everyone around you, to be fully aware of your ass at all times. I want classes to come to a complete and sudden stunned halt whenever you get up and swish your slutty ass around."

"God!" she panted. She pictured herself strutting up and down the school halls in extremely high "fuck me" pumps, wearing a scandalously short miniskirt with nothing but "butt floss" underneath. She loved all the people gawking at her, but she knew she'd be dressing that way just for Alan. Ultimately, nothing mattered but what he thought. She could feel the mother of all orgasms coming on.

He continued in a commanding tone, "Remember the butt floss idea. Your butt cheeks are going to be trapped inside your sprayed on short shorts, rolling around inside your painfully stretched, tighter than tight clothes, fighting each other to escape! Your butt floss thong will be pulled up into your crotch so tight that it'll rub your ass crack and pussy lips maddeningly whenever you walk around. I want you to be completely unable to walk any long distance without cumming in your shorts from all the incessant rubbing. Running should be completely out of the question. If you were foolish enough to try and run somewhere, you'd have to fall on the ground, rip open your paper-thin shorts, pull aside your butt floss, and shout to anyone and everyone, 'My ass is on fire! Someone come here and douse it with your cum to put out the flames!'"

"Alan! Stop! No more! My ass IS on fire! I need it now! The way you're teasing me with your words and your painfully slow fucking is too much! You're destroying me! Fill me with your cum! Your magnificent cum! Hurry! Please!"

He had gotten so carried away with his description that his thrusts had nearly completely stopped. He resumed his in and out pistoning, but he continued with his description. "But that's not all. Don't forget the anal vibrator. Only we're not going to call it a vibrator. We're gonna call it a Bitch Trainer, complete with capital letters."

"YES! Bitch Trainers!" She growled in triumph. "Train this bitch right now!"

She felt an itchy hot heat of need take root and bloom outwards from within her asshole, even as Alan continued to fuck her there. The idea of training carried with it the promise of many assfucks to come. She imagined that once her ass was fully trained, and it was a perfect vessel for his cock, he'd fuck her there every single day. I'm gonna be his ultimate cum dump! The insides of my ass will be constantly coated with his sweet cream!

Just the thought of that nearly made her pass out.

He had to pause again to catch his breath. But then he said with renewed vigor, "I will! But an ass like yours needs constant control and supervision! I'm going to have to look into which Bitch Trainers are best for you, but I'm envisioning one that'll make a small bulge so your butt will be that much more eye-catching. If you're lax in your self-discipline and let your backside backslide on keeping it in, everyone will look at you and whisper to each other, 'Hey, what's that big round thing falling out of Heather's ass crack?'"

He gave her ass a hard swat to enforce the idea of "discipline" in her.

"WAAOOOWWEEEEIIIAAEE!" She let out an ear-piercing scream like that of a cat being dropped onto hot coals. Shivers of excitement ran up and down her spine and her body trembled all over. Her anus and insides spastically clenched and throbbed around his penis in ecstatic response as well.

She couldn't understand why a mere smack set her off so much. What the fuck is up with THAT?! After all, I'm the real dominant one here and I'm just letting him play around with a temporary role reversal, right? I want to train my ass to be his ultimate cum dump because it makes ME happy! But she was too far gone to give it much thought.

He was surprised at the intensity of her reaction, and he made a mental note to spank her more in the future. He also noticed that the physical sensation upon impact was quite different from when he'd spanked Susan while fucking her ass. There was a louder sound, like the crack of a whip, and less give. He figured that Heather's stronger, harder buttocks and her firmer, tighter grip on his boner explained the difference, even though his mother had an extremely fit ass as well.

Reaching up, he grabbed hold of Heather's blonde ponytail and pulled her head back, forcing her to arch her back and offer her ass to him at a better angle.

He hotly whispered into her ear, "You'll be parading around school with pants so tight and thin that you might as well be naked. Everyone will be able to see the bump of your clitoris, and they'll probably rub it too. And your butt will be so full of plastic cock that it'll seem like I'm clinging to you like a monkey on your back all day, constantly riding your ass and fucking you wherever you go! Everyone who sees you will drool! Their hands will fly to their crotches, both boys AND girls! Even though your body will now be off limits to all but a select few that I choose, no one will be able to resist reaching out and groping your perfect butt as you shamelessly parade it around."

He kneaded her ass cheeks so she could feel as well as hear what he was saying while his dick continued to pump her. "Your ass will be handed off from one groper to the next. Dozens of people - teachers and students, boys and girls - will feel you up before you can make it from one end of the hall to the other. You'll just have to hope that when you're constantly fondled, not too many fingers will find their way between your butt cheeks and probe their way on up into your asshole, because then they'll find out just how full you already are!"

She was panting hard, but she somehow managed to say, "Oh God, that sounds so hot! When can we start? Tomorrow! Oh no! I wish I, I could start tomorrow... OH! But I, I've got to... Have to wear my regu- my cheer- my cheerleader uniform all day... For, for, for the GAME! UGH!" She pushed back against his hips and ground her ass down onto the root of his penis in frustration. "I already HATE the idea of wearing skirts!"

Chapter 867 Fucking Heather

He resolved to quit talking so much and really fuck her in earnest. He was having so much fun with the talk that he was forgetting the even greater fun of fucking. He said, "Get down on all fours like the doggy bitch you are."

"Yes!" She quickly moved into the humiliating pose. She clamped her anus down hard on his stiff rod to make sure he couldn't pull out while they shifted positions. He had no choice but to kneel down behind her.

He was once again amazed at the raw strength of her ass muscles. His PC muscle squeezing was getting frantic as he fought against the rising urge to cum.

He waited until she was relaxed enough for him to start fucking her again. But once she was ready, he decided to wait a little longer for a strategic break.

"Hurry up already!" she panted, moving her hips in circles like her ass was a butter churn, relentlessly grinding his boner.

That wasn't helping him get his second wind at all. To stall for more time, he said, "So, you admit that I have total say over what you wear or don't wear?"

"Yes!"

"If I told you to show up in school tomorrow wearing nothing but my cum, would you do it?"

"Yes!"

"Do I have the right to spank you at any time, for any reason, or no reason at all?"

"Yes!"

"You agree that your body belongs to me and you'll only fuck who I let you fuck?"

"YES!" Oh Please! Fuck me some more! Fuck my ASS!

He had gotten his wind back so he could breathe easier, but he still hadn't had a proper strategic break for his cock yet. Still, the conversation, plus her continued hip churning was more than he could take, and he was unable to hold still any longer. He really started pounding into her.

But he couldn't help but continue talking too, as new thoughts kept coming to him.

He thought back to her comment about already hating to wear skirts, and said, "Don't worry, you'll still love skirts. Maybe I'll let you wear miniskirts sometimes too. Imagine sitting in the cafeteria at your usual table, holding court while wearing nothing but a miniskirt. You'd have nothing on underneath! Then imagine me sitting next to you and flipping up what little skirt you've got and playing with your

pussy for all your friends to see. Imagine the looks on their faces when I pull your shirt up around your shoulders so I can play with your tits too. You think you'd like that?"

"YES! GOD, YES!"

"Phew. Hold on, I really need to take a break here. I'm getting too excited."

"Okay, but hurry! Pleeeeasse! I need your cock NOW!" She would have said more, except that she was even more winded than he was.

He closed his eyes and tried some deep breathing exercises. He wasn't breathing hard since her hips were doing nearly all the work, but still, he was on a razor's edge. He slowly counted up to ten several times until he felt the orgasmic crisis pass.

Amazingly, his need for a strategic break only increased her desire for him. She wanted him to resume thrusting so badly that she had to fight not to scream out loud in frustration.

Opening his eyes, but still not thrusting, he continued, "On Fridays we'll have a different regimen. We can build on the painted on panties tradition that your cheerleader squad has been happily developing so that when you get felt up on Fridays everyone will be able to put their fingers straight up your drooling cunt and explore your naked butt without obstruction."

She was huffing and puffing like never before, aroused out of her mind.

He went on, "I imagine that once the Friday tradition gets fully developed and everyone knows that your privates are open to the public, you won't have to wear a skirt at all. Can you just imagine that, being the only girl in school to walk around with nothing below the waist but painted on black panties? Hell, maybe we should go all the way and just paint on your cheerleader top too, so the school can officially make Fridays 'Grobe Naked Heather Day.' That'll raise the team spirit!"

"AH! OH! UGGH!" She knew on some rational level that his ideas were getting increasingly outlandish and some were simply impossible, but she was so far gone with her lust that she didn't really know what was fantasy and what was practical at this point, and she didn't really care. She felt another small climax shudder through her. She felt as if Alan didn't even have to thrust into her; just his words and the

delicious feeling of anal fullness was enough to push her over the edge at any given moment. Her own hip gyrations were just the icing on the cake.

"Do you like the idea of many strange people groping your ass?"

"Yes! Love it!"

"But who are you doing it for?"

"You!"

"Who owns your ass?"

"YOU! Only you! My bitch tamer! My ass trainer! My ass master! I'm your anal slave! I'm your slut! I'm your cum dump! Show me how you own my ass right now! Please! Do it, do it, do it! Finish me off! Hard! HARDER! Hurry!"

He teased, "What do you want me to do, again?"

"You know, dammit! Ram me hard! Tame me! Tame my ass! Defeat me! I want to lose! I want your big fucking cock to conquer me completely! Motherfuckin' OWN my ass with your unstoppable COCK!"

Her thoughts briefly flashed back to the fantasies of dominating him she'd been having while waiting for him earlier, and how she'd been having those kinds of fantasies about him in general lately. The irony was not lost on her even in her current delirious state. Fuck! This is not good. When am I gonna get the best of him? But it's all too arousing! I'm totally helpless and hopeless. He's playing me like a violin and I fucking LOVE IT!

He really liked her answer. He decided to finally give her the anal filling she so desperately needed, so he completely shut up and focused entirely on slam fucking her.

She loved that, and fucked back as best she could.

But for him to simply unload into her ass wasn't enough. He wanted to show her his control over his dick and the sheer stamina he could conjure. He reached forward and grabbed her boobs, in part to stimulate and enjoy for his own pleasure, but more importantly to serve as steady handholds. Then, like a canine going at it doggy style with complete animal abandon, his hips and ass nearly became a blur as he fucked and fucked her ass as hard and fast as he could. It was as if he'd had a blender on the lowest setting, and then suddenly hit "puree."

She could hardly believe it. As soon as he started seriously hammering her, she started cumming, and then kept right on cumming, hard, and to her own astonishment she just kept cumming and cumming some more. She simply couldn't stop. Her cries of "Hard!" and "Hurry!" would have turned into cries of "Stop!" as it all became too much to take, but she was too overwhelmed by then to even form coherent words.

As if that wasn't enough, he reached down and began fingering her clit. It was simply too much pleasure for her to take. She hadn't even known that sex could possibly feel so good. With a long guttural cry she completely spent all her energy and flopped down from her position on all fours all the way to the floor.

But he wasn't done with her yet. He kept right on slam-fucking her ass into the floor. Everything else in the world fell away from her awareness until the only thing she knew and felt was the enormous cock pumping away with incredible force and authority in her orgasmically over-sensitized ass. In her mind's eye, his dick seemed to grow and grow within her until it filled her universe and took possession of her very soul. She was already cumming non-stop, but when he started to cum, her climax rose to a yet higher level.

It was so intense for her that she overloaded on pleasure and passed out completely.

When he finally woke her some time later, she found that he was already dressed, washed up, and ready to leave. She was still helplessly sprawled out on the floor, naked, sweaty, tired, and both physically and emotionally wasted. She was still stunned by what had been, bar none, the most profound and arousing fuck of her life.

She opened her eyes and looked around. Holy fuck! I'm barely alive! She closed her eyes again, because she really did feel barely alive.

But he was getting used to powerful sexual experiences like this and he'd already mostly recovered.

He shook her gently by the shoulders and spoke in a normal tone. "I have to go. Don't leave anything behind, because you can't get back in now that I have the key."

She forced herself to open her eyes again. She saw him holding the key out and dangling it like the precious prize it was. Then she saw him wink at her.

She was still so amazed by everything that had transpired that these new developments took time to register in her brain. But even she in her half-dead state could understand the symbolism of him standing fully dressed over her nude, cum-stained body with the key. SHIT! Alan is triumphant. He's utterly defeated me. But I never lose! But... fuck... I just lost. Shit!

It galled her, yet strangely, she didn't mind nearly as much as she usually would have. She had vague thoughts of getting revenge somehow, but much more vivid thoughts of rewarding his victory by sucking his cock. Just look at me. I know I've looked more ravaged before. Hell, I've been in some pretty wild orgies. But I've never felt so thoroughly FUCKED! What a MAN! What a STUD! His cock needs to be properly rewarded!

She started to roll over to better face him, and maybe even suckle on his dick, if she could somehow find the energy (a very big if at this point).

But he stopped her with a hand.

He waited until she was slightly lucid again, and said, "I hope you'll remember everything I told you. But there's one thing you got wrong, though. When I asked who you're training your ass for, you said me, only me. Not true. You're doing this mostly for you, Heather, not me. Chances are that you and I will go our separate ways sooner or later. Probably sooner, since we're both wild spirits."

"Don't say that!" she protested, growing more alert every second. "I want you to be my boyfriend! This doesn't change that, does it? If you can tame my inner bitch, won't you keep your promise to be my boyfriend?"

He sighed. It's more likely I'll be hit by lightning than Heather'll ever defeat her inner bitch. But of course I can't tell her that. She's just too wild to ever be tamed. Look at her now, seemingly tamed, but I'll bet she starts scheming against my girlfriends before the day is even over. This whole thing probably made

her want to completely possess me even more than before. But win or lose, the battle against her inner bitch sure as hell will be lots of fun for us both!

He merely smiled encouragingly at her, and said, "We'll see. We'll see. Take some time and see if you're really serious about all this, and really willing to try to be good with the partners you have and everything else. You know I'm pretty busy tomorrow with tests and everything, and you have the football game, but we'll talk on Monday, at the latest. See ya."

He got up and went a couple steps before turning back, as if suddenly remembering some minor thing. "Oh. By the way. There's a reason why I held you back from rolling over. If you look at your ass, you'll see that I managed to pull out at the last second and deposit most of my cum on your ass cheeks. You're not worthy of taking my load inside your bitchy ass just yet. It's your choice whether you do or not, of course, but if you want my advice, don't just sit up and wastefully rub my cum off your ass. I want you to put your clothes on very carefully and wear that cum against your skin until you go to bed."

Her eyes shot open wide as she imagined sitting at dinner with her stern parents with Alan's squishy cum covering her ass, filling her crack, and dripping down the front and back of her thighs. She had no doubt that she would go ahead and do what he said.

She looked back down at the sticky cum liberally splattered all over her ass and hips, and then up at him looking refreshed and fully dressed. Damn, he got me good. Between the strange panties on my face, the way he took control of my wardrobe, telling me to wear his cum, the way he plunged into my ass before the mirror, the insanely hot talk that'll keep my fantasies exciting for weeks... And speaking of insane, that insane endurance! God, it's so great! It's true - losing never felt so good!bender

She just had one thought as she watched him leave. Hooooooly fuck, how I LOVE him! And he wonders why I'd resort to any tactic to get him to be mine and only mine.

Chapter 868 Next Is Glory

When Alan got out of the theater room, he once again stopped and rested up against the door.

He sighed. What a day. That was really intense and... weird. But I guess that's par for the course. Tender moments with Heather? REALLY weird! I think that was a pretty good performance on my part, if I do

say so myself. Kind of a tag team "Good Alan" and "Bad Alan" effort. If only I could somehow combine these two sides of my personality...

Man, I swear though, I feel like my dick has been pounded by a meat tenderizer. It's okay, but it'll take a couple of hours for it to feel normal. She just has the most insane dick crushing ass!

He was about to head back to his locker to get his books and go home, but then he remembered that he still wasn't done with Glory. He picked up his phone. Guess I'll dial her in and let her know I'm coming.

He turned the settings on both vibrators to six. He knew that was her favorite setting, at least for the vaginal vibrator. That ought to hold her for a while, heh-heh. Maybe she'll even take the six setting as a sign that I have good news for her.

He waited about five minutes, sitting on a curb outside between the theater room area and the main school building. He may have looked refreshed, and he'd rested a while before he woke Heather up, but his body was still exhausted from the sexual marathon with her. He wasn't ready for more sexual hijinks just yet. But every now and then he dialed in different settings to Glory's Televibe.

Eventually, he began to feel like himself again. He walked up to the second floor where Glory's classroom was. He knocked on her door.

After a delay, she let him in.

She looked like a complete wreck.

It had been a major effort for her to merely make it to the door. She immediately hurried back to the chair behind her desk on very wobbly legs, happy to be sitting down again.

"Finally!" she said in an exhausted tone. "I've been waiting SO long!" Her eyelids fluttered as she shivered in the aftermath of another orgasm brought on by her relentless Televibe vibrators. "How, how did it g-go with He-Heather?" she panted.

Alan looked at her eyes and saw they were slightly unfocused. Most of her mind was absorbed by the incredible sensations relentlessly throbbing through her vagina and rectum. He figured the students in fifth and sixth periods had been given and believed the same sickness excuse she'd used in fourth period, but that excuse could only work so many times.

He looked at the clock and saw it was almost four o'clock. Fudge. I have a mountain of homework tonight.

He turned back to Glory as he took his phone out. "It went well. Surprisingly well. She agreed to everything I said, and in a good way. I could hardly believe how good she was about everything. And, in a major coup, I got the key to the theater room. As you may have guessed, that's where all the cheerleader hanky-panky has been going down. Now, you and I can go in there and we'd be even safer than in here."

"Did you have sex with her?"

He looked at her unfocused eyes and heaving chest. If there ever was a time when she was so relentlessly horny that she wouldn't terribly mind hearing that he'd had sex with Heather, this was it.

"Yeah." He stared at the ground sheepishly while admitting that.

"Bitch!" Yet Glory was too spaced out to show the expected fire in her eyes when she usually got angry at Heather. If anything, she seemed to drift even further into some erotic la-la land. She wanted to say, "You really have some gall, coming in here with the stink of Heather's skanky sex on you," but she just couldn't conjure up the energy and willpower to do it.

He just stood there, not sure what she needed. He found it interesting that she put all the blame on Heather, when it takes two to have consensual sex. bender

But then, out of the blue, she screamed, "Take it out! Please! Can't you take it out already? I can't wait another second!" She closed her eyes and drifted off into a rather tortured sexy whimpering.

He took a good look at her and saw that she was leaking so much that some was even dripping down to the floor. Her skirt was hiked up, so he could see her pussy quite clearly. Even from the distance he

stood at, he could easily see the base of the Televibe between her pussy lips, and he could even see the vibrating going on. "Oh. Sorry." He'd forgotten that he'd had her at full blast on both holes for nearly five minutes while he'd wandered back to her classroom.

She pulled her chair away from the desk.

He got between her knees. The musky scent of her arousal between her thighs was incredibly pungent. That was no big surprise since she was literally dripping wet. He pulled the still active vibrator out of her swampy pussy, and as he did so, gave her clit a small tweak.

That set her off. She grabbed at him and clutched at his arms with a death grip while her eyes rolled back into her head. Then she let out a long, "Aaaaaahhhhhh..."

Yet, as soon as she came down again, she still seemed agitated. "The ass! The ass! Please take the anal one out. I've been cumming all day. It's so good, but I can't take it anymore! Too much. Too sensitive." She whimpered even more.

She was limp and out of it, but he managed to lift her up onto the desk and bend her over it so he could get the anal vibrator out of her trembling ass. Only after that came out did she let out a big sigh of relief. "Thank the Lord. Yes! Oh. Too much. Why did I ever let you put something up my ass? My virgin ass! I'll never be the same. I can't even walk anymore. No. Can't walk..."

He left her bent over the desk, panting, until she recovered a bit. He sized her situation up, then announced, "Your skirt is no good. You've got evidence of your cum puddle all over you. Here, let me take it off you."

She lifted up a bit to let him do that.

He took her jacket and blouse off too. "I assume you have spare clothes in your closet?"

She nodded weakly.

He got a change of clothes for her, and also brought out a rag. He wiped her chair clean with it, and generally cleaned things up. He pondered telling her about how she'd very nearly stood in front of her class with her bush visible for all to see during her fourth-period class, but then he decided against it. He figured the Heather news was enough for one day. Plus, if she knew how reckless she'd been, she might not be so reckless again (and especially might not want to use the Televibe anymore). He figured he could tell her some time later, once she'd become more used to wearing the Televibe and better able to use it "responsibly."

Instead, he sat down in her chair, and said, "Glory, you've had a tough day. Very tough. Why don't you come here and sit down in my lap. Tell me all about it."

She managed to pull herself up from where she was flopped over on her desk, but then she immediately turned and flopped herself down all over him. She clung to him as if she was drowning and he was the life raft.

He realized that she was crying. "Why are you crying, my lovely lady?" The loving concern in his voice only made her tears flow more freely.

"I don't know! Tears of relief, tears of joy, even sadness. Jealousy! My pussy actually feels horribly empty now that that demon thing is gone. Can you believe that? Part of me actually misses it even while my butt feels so sore that I can barely sit."

"Don't worry, we can take care of that empty feeling." He opened the fly of his pants and fished out his dick. Somehow he was hard again, even though he was still a bit sensitive and sore from what he'd recently done to Heather. He figured it had something to do with the fact that he was with a different woman than the last time he'd cum. That always seemed to give him an extra oomph.

They were two very sore and tired people, but there was arousal in the air too. He lifted Glory up a bit and then impaled her drenched pussy down onto his stiffness. He did it all within seconds, before she could react in her semi-dazed state.

"No, Alan, no! Don't fuck me! You can't. I just can't take it anymore. My pussy needs a rest. Although... It does feel good. Sooooo fucking good..." She sighed in exhausted happiness as her resistance to being filled again crumbled. "So full... Oh yes... So much better than empty. But no fucking, please."

"If you don't want me to, we don't have to. Let's just stay like this." He held her close to him with all the warmth and tender love he felt for her. He was actually relieved that she didn't want to fuck, as he was still recovering, both mentally and physically.

She seemed quite satisfied to just feel the fullness of his erect dick inside her. She cooed, "Mmmm. Feels so good... It's ALWAYS so good with you..."

But then, managing her normal voice for the first time since he'd entered the room, she chided, "Young man, you're a sexual beast, you know that? How can you even be erect after no doubt fucking Heather's pussy good and hard? You're not human!"

He smiled wryly. "How do you know I fucked Heather's pussy? I said I had sex with her, but that could mean a lot of things."

"Young man, you can't fool me. You have some kind of homing device between your legs. If it gets within twenty feet of a pussy, it finds a way in. Though in her case I'll bet you did her ass. God, that's so nasty! How can you put your thing up there? ... I hope at least you really gave it to her good and made her suffer."

He playfully flexed his erection repeatedly while deep inside Glory.

That caused her to whimper even more as her tired vaginal muscles woke up again and started fluttering around his manhood.

He fondly recalled the way he'd anally pounded Heather. He knew better than to say his thoughts out loud though.

Glory went completely limp in his arms and all the tension drained out of her.

He could feel the urge to properly fuck her welling up inside of him, especially given the way her pussy muscles were practically suckling on his cock, but he knew that wouldn't be wise for either of them at the moment. Simply filling her was what was needed right now.

He focused on talking instead. "Oh, she got it good, all right. But let's not talk about her. Let's talk about you."

But Glory wasn't ready to drop the topic. Gritting her teeth even as her hips settled lower to take another inch more of him inside her, she said, "I can't believe this cock that's balls-deep in me now was balls-deep in Heather mere minutes ago. That's so wrong. Much less her ass."

Her eyes opened wide with alarm. "Jesus! I hope you washed up thoroughly!"

"I did." That was true, luckily enough, since there was a sink in the theater room.

He tapped her on the shoulder, so she slowly lifted her head enough to see his face. He kissed her in tender small kisses, starting from her ear and going across her face until he ended at the tip of her nose.

He flexed his erection, which instigated a gasping groan of delight and a series of strong answering vaginal twitches from his teacher. But then the two of them just sat there for a while, joined but without any more physical movement.

Then he winked at her, eyes sparkling with mischief, and said in his best deep, loving, suburban husband voice, "So honey, how was your day?"

"Uh-oh. Young man, why do I get the feeling that another one of your crazy role-plays is about to begin?"

He laughed and kissed her on the nose again, even as he felt her vagina flutter around his buried length. "I dunno. Pretty crazy. So anyways, honey, how was your day at the office?" His intention was to launch into a husband and wife skit while starting to thrust into her ever so slowly and gently.

She grinned, and her energy level picked up a little bit, as she realized what he was trying to do. She gamely responded, "Oh, good. You know, the usual: lots of paperwork, hassles, and bullshit. How was your day? Did anything interesting happen to you?"

He didn't see much erotic potential in this scenario they'd kind of fallen into, so he boldly shook things up. "As a matter of fact, yes. You know that beautiful new secretary, Heather?"

Glory tensed up. "Yes?"

"I fucked her."

"WHAT?!"

Of course, he had just told her that he'd really fucked Heather a short time earlier, and now he was basically confessing that again, only inside the role-play.

But Glory nonetheless got really upset about it all over again. Still, she kept to the scenario. "Honey! How could you do that?! I'm your wife! How do you think that makes me feel?!"

"I'm sorry, dear. I didn't mean to, honestly. It's just that, well, she came into my office to deliver some papers and my personal secretary Amy, well, she was being very personal. She was on her knees sucking my cock."

Glory chortled. She was doubly amazed at his chutzpah. For one, he was going over the top as far as being a husband in a role-play talking about his day, and for another, in so doing that, he reminded her of the fact that he really was fucking other women, including Amy and Heather.

But Glory also was increasingly aroused, thanks to the fact that he was fully impaled inside her, plus her long Televibe stimulation, so she gamely pretended distress, but only mild distress. "Honey! If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times - why do you always have to have your secretary suck your cock so much?"

"I'm sorry, dear. I must admit, I'm terribly weak about that. I keep trying to cut down, but she's just so good at it."

Glory replied, "I know, but really! She even comes to our house on the weekends just to suck your cock and get fucked. Heck, I've lost track of all the times she's slept in our bed with us. It seems to me like

you're not trying very hard to cut back." She figured that she could cope with Alan's promiscuity by exaggerating it to absurd levels (although that was a bit difficult in his case, since the reality was pretty hard to believe already).

He could see that she was picking up on his intention, and he ran with it. "I know, dear. I'm so sorry. I guess I'm not trying that hard. In fact, I have to admit that I kinda fucked Amy a little bit today too."

Glory snorted. "Is that all? When do you NOT fuck her at least 'a little bit?' My God, she was at our house all weekend, and she didn't wear a stitch of clothing the entire time."

"Hmmm. That's true." Seeing that Glory was having fun with this, and was feeling better all the time, he started churning his boner around in her pussy as best he could. Meanwhile, he tried to raise the absurdity level. "It's just that, well, it's kind of surprising that I managed to fuck both her and Heather today, considering that the secretaries were having another one of their blowjob contests. And, as usual, they all wanted to practice exclusively on me."

Glory snickered. "ANOTHER one? What's that, the third one this week? Not to mention the ones you have at our house."

He asked with faked innocence, "How can they get really good if they don't practice a lot?"

"I know, I know. But it's amazing you don't lose your job, since you do so little work!"

He smirked. "Yeah, well, you know, Jane owns the company, and as long as she wins the blowjob contest more than the rest, she's happy."

Glory teasingly said, "Too bad she's seventy-eight years old." Ha-ha! Gotcha on that one!

He shook his head with chagrin and amusement at that unexpected turn. Then he gamely replied, "True. So it sure is a lucky break that we've perfected that anti-aging drug. You'd be amazed - she doesn't look a day over thirty. We're gonna make billions!"

Glory rolled her eyes. "Touché." She shook her head. "I'm tempted to give her and you an incurable venereal disease, but I'll play nice."

"Thank you," he replied. "Besides, I just found out that they've found a cure for that disease, whatever it is."

She laughed. But then she grew a bit more thoughtful. "If only we could control real life events so easily. 'Blowjob contest!' Yeah, right!" She snorted. "Of course, in your case, that's probably happened. Or it will."

"Nah. Not even I am that lucky." That was technically true, but he was also sure that he could make one happen this very evening at home if he wanted to. He wanted Glory to get used to the fact that he had other lovers, but he didn't want her to know just how wild his sex life really was.

She said, "Okay, young man. Your twisted role-play ideas got me fully aroused somehow, which wasn't too hard since I was already out-of-my-mind horny when you came in. But, more impressive, I'm reasonably energized too. I think we've had enough of this silly talking. Why don't you just shut up and fuck me? Fuck me good!"

He saluted. "Yes, ma'am!" Then he started thrusting in earnest.

Chapter 869 Susan X Brenda

Brenda was sitting on her bed, fully dressed and typing on her laptop computer, when the phone rang. She picked it up after the first ring and asked eagerly, "Hello?"

"Hi, Brenda, it's Susan."

"Oh, thank GOD! I'm so glad to hear from you! I've been waiting all day for this. I tried calling several times, but never got an answer. I figured you were busy with Xania. So I thought, 'Okay, Brenda, calm down, girl. Don't be too needy. Let Susan call first.' And now you did!"

Susan chuckled at Brenda's enthusiasm. "So... it was that good last night, was it? I'll bet you have a lot to say about what my son did to you."

"I do! Oh, boy, do I ever! But, you know what? It would be soooo much better if we could talk in person. Besides, I can't wait to see the photos you took!"

"Photos?"

"Sure! Don't you remember when you came into Alan's bedroom last night, even as he was balls-deep in me, and then tenderly held my hand? I was so touched! Somehow, I feel that brought us even closer than before. And then you took the photos of him spearing me and pounding me! I'm going to treasure those forever, I'm sure!"

Susan smiled in fond memory. "Oh, yes. Those pictures. I forgot for a moment, sorry. So much has happened since then. You won't believe what a crazy morning I've had, especially with Xania. It's been non-stop excitement!"

"I'll bet! And I can't wait to find out. But please, before we get started, can we talk in person? It's soooo much better that way, and hopefully I can see those photos too!"

Susan seriously considered that. "Well... my only concern is that I'm kind of tired. I've had a LOT of orgasms today. Less than an hour ago, Suzanne and I were in my bed, celebrating, and that's just the most recent of a long series of sexually taxing events. My pussy is really weary."

"I promise I'll be good. I promise!"

Susan chuckled. "What does that mean? We know that we'll both be naked within five minutes of you arriving, and masturbating and cumming over and over again not long after that. There are too many highly arousing things to talk about to stay calm."

"That's true," Brenda admitted. "But please! I'm dying here! I've been holding out all day, just waiting to talk to you. Did you know that Alan not only gave me the fucking of my life, he even called me 'slave?!'"

"NO!"

"YES!"

"NO!"

"YES!" Brenda giggled, because they were doing the "no" and "yes" back-and-forth again. "I tell you, it's true! And he let me call him 'master' many times without complaint. That pretty much makes it official: he IS my master! He even said that I could call him that from now on!"

Susan gasped. That was an even bigger surprise. "NO!"

"YES!" Brenda explained, "It's true, he limited it to sexual situations, but the way I figure, every time I'm with him is a sexual situation! We're slowly wearing him down. If he gets used to me calling him 'master,' it won't be long until he accepts you calling him that too. And then we'll both be his sex pets, even his sex SLAVES! And not just in our eyes, but in his eyes, which is what matters most! Then we'll be able to live our mutual dream of pleasuring and worshipping his cock, for decades to come!"

Susan was already panting with lust. "Oh, gosh! This is too exciting! Okay, Brenda, come over. Meanwhile, I'm going to take a bath to at least try to give my pussy a chance to recover, if only for a short while. I'll leave the front door unlocked. Let yourself in, lock it behind you, and then meet me upstairs... naked!"

Brenda pumped a fist in the air. "YEESSSS! Great! That sounds like a plan! I'll see you soon!" She hung up the phone and shot off to get ready.

About twenty minutes later, Brenda found herself at the Plummer front door. Following Susan's instructions, she let herself in, locked the door behind her, then removed all her clothes. She even left her feet bare, since Alan wasn't there to appreciate high heels.

Her heart pumped wildly as she walked naked up the stairs. Wow! This is too exciting! Even though Master is at school, just being completely naked in his house gives me such a strong, warm 'sex pet' feeling. It's like he doesn't even have to be nearby to control me!

Soon, she reached the door to Alan's bedroom. She had to stop and stare at the door. Wow again! WOW! Right there, right beyond that door is where it happened. Where my master took me and tamed me and made me want to devote my life to serving his cock! Oh Gaawwwd! I'm sorely tempted to open the door and peek inside, just to savor more completely what happened there last night. But that would be wrong. My life is all about service and obedience now, and I don't have his permission. Besides, I can't wait to see Susan and the photos!

With that thought in mind, she continued on down the hall. But merely passing by Alan's door had made her extremely giddy and energized. After taking a few more steps, she shouted, "Susan? It's me, Brenda!"

She heard Susan shout back, "Oh, hi there! Just a minute!"

Brenda paused at the door to Susan's bedroom. She figured Susan wanted to get out of the bathtub and dry herself off, at least. She slid a hand down her curvaceous body and reached back to explore her bare ass cheeks. God, this is so bizarre, standing naked like this in someone else's house. But it's good. As Susan has pointed out, frequent humiliation is a big part of our new lifestyle. Sex pets can't expect any dignity.

She heard Susan call out, "Brenda, are you... presentable?"

Brenda replied, "If by 'presentable' you mean buck naked from head to toe, then yes, I am."

She heard Susan giggle, then say, "Good! Same here!" Then there were the sounds of someone walking to the door, quickly followed by its opening.

Brenda gasped in genuine awe as she saw Susan standing there in all her naked glory. Of course she'd seen her naked before, but she was astonished all over again just the same. "Good... GRIEF, woman! You're a total BABE!"

Susan smiled widely and grinned. "Why, thank you. And so are you."

Brenda continued, "If I EVER have ANY doubt about why a woman like me has found myself living a lifestyle like this, all I have to do is look at you, or Suzanne, or one of our master's other lovers. Anyway..."

She stepped forward and wrapped her arms around Susan while Susan did the same to her. Then they locked lips.

They stood there in Susan's doorway for several minutes, making out. They fondled each other freely, although Brenda generally avoided Susan's pussy due to Susan's concerns about her pussy being worn out from earlier action that day.

There was a great deal of tit rubbing and tit fondling.

After a while, Brenda broke the kissing to say, "You know what's extra fun?"

"What's that?"

"Rubbing my breasts against yours. Or, more accurately, our tits. BIG tits! It makes me think about how beautiful and busty all of our master's sex pets are. He only picks the best of the best! I like to think about him watching our breasts sliding against each other, and how much he enjoys that. It's like he's standing right over there." She nodded towards an empty spot in the room.

Susan moaned lustily. "Oh God! Don't even say that!" She didn't say more, and instead French kissed Brenda yet again.

Even more tit rubbing and sliding ensued, as both of them imagined Alan watching.

The two of them wound up on Susan's bed minutes later, with Susan lying on top. She had both hands on the outer sides of Brenda's massive boobs, and she was playfully pushing them together. "Okay, Mrs. J-Cups, let's talk! You know what I want to hear the most: how did it feel..." - she paused to crane her head down and kiss her way down to the top of Brenda's cleavage - "...to be fucked..." - she kept on kissing down the line of Brenda's pressed-together tits - "by our... our master?"

Brenda laughed with pure glee. "It feels great to say that, doesn't it? 'Master.' 'Our master.'"

"It does! It's so liberating! For the longest time, I was afraid to say that, or even think it. But at least I can with you." Susan was slowly kissing and licking her way towards Brenda's left nipple. She muttered between kisses, "Mmmm... Our master... my son, my master... MMMM!"

Brenda asked, "You know one great thing about last night? Up until then, I'd had this nagging, niggling voice in my head, telling me that this submissive path I've been pursuing is wrong. Making me feel guilty. Usually I could ignore it, but it was almost always there. But after what he did to me, the way he fucked me... it's gone! I woke up this morning, and it was still gone! UNGH!"

She grunted loudly, because Susan finally reached her nipple and started suckling. She put her hands on Susan's head, as if to push her away, except that she didn't. "Oh no! What are you doing to me?! Don't do that! It feels too good!"

Susan just chuckled and kept right on sucking, while pinching Brenda's other nipple at the same time.

Brenda was panting hard, but she soon was able to cope with her great pleasure enough to resume talking. "You meanie! You never listen to what I say." She slapped at the top of Susan's head, but it was a playful love tap. "Anyway, Master fucked me soooo good, soooo deep, and soooo long! His cock is so big and my cunt is so small... It makes such a wonderful squeeze! Honestly, looking back now, I STILL can't believe it! I thought he'd tamed me already, but I was wrong. In a way he had, but last night he tamed me to an entirely new level that blows away how I felt before."

Susan paused in her nipple play long enough to ask, "So is that why the nagging voice is gone?"

"Yes! He kept on fucking and fucking me! Even when I told him to stop, he didn't! It was sooooo intense! It was like I died a thousand times, but in the best possible way! I came so many times! Heck, the entire thing was like one endless orgasm! Nothing else compares! Not even blowing him!"

Susan was having a grand time suckling on Brenda's nipples while listening. She'd just switched to the right nipple, to give them equal time. But upon hearing that last comment, she stopped and lifted her head up to make eye contact. "NO! Are you serious?!"

"Of course! I mean every word!"

Susan sat all the way up, suddenly much more interested in the conversation than Brenda's nipples. "Yes, I know you mean the gist of it, but we're all guilty of getting a little carried away with our colorful language from time to time. Do you really, truly mean that being fucked by him is even BETTER than sucking his cock?!"

Brenda sat up too, raising a hand as if taking a solemn oath. That set her great globes bouncing. "I do! Absolutely. And I say that feeling the exact same way that you do, that I'd rather be sucking his cock than doing anything else! Except for this!"

Susan gave her a skeptical look.

Brenda continued sincerely, "Maybe not every time; I don't know. He's only fucked me once, after all. But last night was the best sexual experience of my life, bar none! Even better than any blowjob or titfuck with him!"

Susan stared off into space, trying to process that. She muttered doubtfully, "Hmmm..."

Brenda tenderly put a hand on Susan's shoulder, resuming eye contact with her friend. "Is that such a big surprise? After all, he's fucked your ass. Wasn't that at least as good as blowing him?"

Susan frowned and fretted as she considered that. "Well, I don't know. It's so hard to say. It's like comparing apples and oranges. I love both things a great deal, and titfucks are right up there too. But none of those are heads and shoulders above the others to the point that there's absolutely no question about it. Yet that's exactly how you're making it sound!"

Brenda said excitedly, "Because that's exactly how I feel!" She gripped Susan's hand. "Susan, your time is coming soon. You know it, he knows it, everyone knows it. You seem to have mentally readied yourself for that. He's going to fuck you! And not just once or twice. Once he gets started, he's going to want to do it all the time! And he will! So soon enough, you'll know exactly what I mean. Then you can judge for yourself."

Susan sighed in frustration. "Oh, Brenda! Your words are like torture to me. A kind of pleasurable torture, if that's at all possible. I want him to fuck me so very, very much, and after what you said I want it even more! But it can't possibly be as good as you say! I mean... even better than blowjobs?! Sucking his cock holds a VERY special place in my heart and in my life, as you know. I love it more than words can say! Other things might come close, or maybe even equal it, but nothing can surpass it!"

Brenda shrugged. "Well, to each her own. Maybe you're more orally fixated and it'll be different for you. But I doubt it."

Susan asked, "What about the sheer joy of just kneeling naked between his legs? I get such a thrill from being so helpless and dominated, before I even put my lips to his shaft."

Brenda's eyes lit up with renewed excitement. "I know exactly what you mean, but those feelings are even stronger when he fucks you! The thing is, I've never felt so helpless! So utterly helpless! I've been fucked many times before, by my two husbands. That was good, and sometimes even great, but this was completely off the charts by comparison! Master fucked me until I had some really great orgasms, and that was awesome. But this was the clincher!"

She grasped Susan's hand again, as if to make sure Susan had braced herself for what would be said next. "He didn't stop there! In fact, he was just getting started! My husbands would have tired out or climaxed long before then, but our master, he seems able to last just as long as he wants! He just KEPT! ON! GOING! Like I said, I felt completely helpless. I was like a limp rag, completely wiped out. Half dead, practically! But he kept on fucking and fucking until it became kind of a transformative experience for me. I can't even explain it!"

She let go of Susan's hand to wave her hands in the air, gesticulating in frustration. That set her massive tits swaying. "It's like... some kind of 'join or die' experience. I had to completely give myself over to being fucked to death. To DEATH! That's practically what it felt like! Life, death - it didn't matter. I had no choice. I was being fucked to some other zone, some other world. Like I said, it was one endless orgasm, but it was beyond mere orgasms. I kept on rising higher and higher, like, like... some kind of religious epiphany! Except it was a sexual epiphany! You and I, we've talk a lot about being tamed. But this was TRULY being tamed! Totally fucking TAMED!"

She concluded dramatically, "I belong to him now, whether he knows it or not, whether he accepts it or not! I have no say in the matter, not after last night! Mind you, I love sucking his cock. I'll drop to my knees and worship his great big cock with my tongue, lips and fingers anytime, anywhere! But what happened last night was something else altogether. It makes me damn proud to call myself one of his many sex pets!"

Susan stared at Brenda in wonder. She looked up and down Brenda's nude body, which appeared even more impressive than usual due to the way her friend was proudly arching her back and thrusting her tits forward. "Wow! You... you really mean all that, don't you?!"

"I do! And it's troubling, because he doesn't feel the same way about me. I find myself falling in love with him more and more every day. I do truly mean that: I'm falling in love with him! How could I not, after an experience like last night? I think there's some kind of chemical thing that goes on in our bodies that bonds us to men who take total possession of our hearts and minds with so many powerful orgasms. But, even so, it's clear that he doesn't feel nearly the same way about me. Heck, I'm still not even one of his official personal cocksuckers."

Susan asked, "Surely you are by now, no?"

"No. We talked about it last night, actually. He said almost, but not quite. He was fucking me at the time, which was great, except that he said he can't make it official unless my lips are sliding up and down his thick shaft at the time, preferably with you and Suzanne watching."

(Alan hadn't actually said that the two mothers needed to be watching, but that's how Brenda recalled it, because that's how she envisioned her ideal scenario.)

Susan clutched at her ample bare chest with both hands. "Oh my goodness! That's... SO HOT!" Upon reflection, she added, "You have to admit, it's harsh but fair. Plus, it's VERY appropriate. It puts you in your place both symbolically and literally."

"I know! I know! Things like that make me want him even more!"

Susan raised an eyebrow due to the mention of love.

Brenda saw that, and hastened to add, "Don't worry. You may be concerned to hear that I'm falling in love with him, but I would never want him all for my very own. I love being part of a harem. I love having to share him. It's an integral part of the whole experience. I find my feelings growing for you, Suzanne, and everyone else here pretty much on a daily basis. Everything is so great, and only getting better! Like I told you on the phone, he actually called me his 'slave!'"

Susan leaned forward and gave Brenda a hug. She felt shivers down her spine, seemingly down to her very soul. "Congratulations on that! That is a major victory for you. For all of us!"

"Thank you!" They shared another French kiss, but only a short one since their bodies weren't well positioned for prolonged necking.

Susan sat back, and said, "Thanks for being honest about your feelings for him. I must admit I'm a little concerned that your feelings for him are growing so strong, so fast, but it's understandable after things like what he did to you last night. As long as you accept certain limits, such as how much time you can be with him, and that Suzanne and I call the shots about your access to him, everything will be okay."

Brenda nodded. "It's tough, but it is what it is. Things like this help a lot - being able to talk at length with you. I really mean it when I say that sharing him is a big part of why I love all of this so much. Not only does talking to you and the others help me process what's happening, but it's darn fun! It's like a multiplier effect: every time I have some sexual fun with him, I know I'm going to have yet more fun sharing it with you later, and masturbating by myself about it too."

Susan beamed. "Amen to that. I feel exactly the same way."

Brenda suddenly perked up. "Hey! Speaking of sharing, where's your camera? Let's download those pictures you took last night and share them together. You do have the capability of looking at them on your computer, don't you?"

"Of course. In fact, to be honest, I've already downloaded them. Just after you called, I went downstairs and loaded them up. Then I took a sneak peek."

Brenda was beyond eager. "And? And?!"

"And... it was too much! Too hot! I took one look at a photo of him well and truly balls-deep in you, and I couldn't stand it! I had to look away. I rushed upstairs and started my bath instead."

bender

Brenda wasn't dissuaded. "That's great! This time, we can look at ALL of them, together! Then, while we look, I can tell you in great detail the whole story of how he fucked me, thrust by glorious thrust! After that, you can tell me about what happened with Xania this morning. I take it he fucked her good too?"

"He did. Outside." Susan grinned slyly, knowing that would make a big impact.

"WHAT?!" Brenda's arms flopped up and down in agitation. "How?! Where?! And when? Didn't he have to go to school?"

"That was before school. He woke up extra early to give her a long fucking... in the backyard! Right by the pool! And the whole time, she was still bound tightly with rope!"

"NO! NO WAY!" Brenda pushed both hands against Susan's shoulders, as if she wanted to get away from such a blatant liar.

"YES!"

"NO!"

"I tell you, it's true! It was soooo hot! I can't wait to tell you all about it. Not to mention everything that happened even after he left. Suzanne, Xania, and I had a lot of good times. But... but... there's just one problem."

"What's that?" Brenda was lightly caressing her huge knockers from underneath.

Susan stared shyly down into the bed. "Well, it's just... my desire, my need, for my son to fuck me is sky-high already. I used to be able to put that off by thinking entirely about blowjobs and titfucks, but that doesn't work anymore. I think about getting fucked constantly! My gosh, I want to be fucked so very, very badly! But the time still isn't right, not if we're gonna do it right. If I hear you go on and on about how great it is, I know it's gonna frustrate me to no end."

Brenda flashed her a naughty grin. "So be it. Tell me you don't want to look at the photos, and I'll look at them by myself. You can go back to taking a bath. Give yourself a nice rest."

There was a long pause. Then Susan sighed. "You know I can't do that. How can I resist?!"

Brenda abruptly stood up. Then she took Susan's hand and started to pull her to her feet. "Then let's do it! Come on; it'll be fun! What's better than a couple of naked big-titted sex pets talking about getting fucked by their master? You're gonna get so hot and horny that you won't even believe it!"

Susan sighed again. "I know. That's what I worry about. But... okay!" She smiled, and let herself be pulled erect. They shared another passionate kiss while rubbing their massive racks together.

Chapter 870 Continued

Sure enough, the two voluptuous MILFs climaxed many times as they masturbated, talked, and perused the photos. But Brenda kept her story relatively short in consideration of Susan's frustration and extreme anticipation.

Susan then talked at great length about all the exciting events with Xania earlier that morning, which resulted in even more kissing, fondling, and orgasms.

After about an hour of such fun, Brenda was ready to go home. She knew that Susan needed a sexual respite before Alan returned from school, since there would almost certainly be many more orgasms to come.

However, before Brenda left, and while the two were still sitting naked in front of the computer, Susan asked her, "Before you go, could I ask you a favor?"

"Certainly. Anything."

Susan looked at her shyly. "Can you show me how to do the Google? There's something I want to look up."

Brenda chuckled. "'Do the Google?' You make it sound like a dance. But sure, I can help you. Do you really not know how to use the Internet to conduct a simple search?"

"No. I know this may seem hard for you to believe, with both of us sitting here naked and smelling of the cum freely drooling out of us, but not that long ago, I was extremely prudish. It's rather upsetting for me to think about, actually. I used to think of the Internet as, well, almost a tool of the Devil, kind of a necessary evil. The media reports all sorts of disturbing things, like how half or more of it is filled with pornography. Besides, whenever I needed to look up something, my kids or Suzanne would do it for me."

Brenda said, "You're REALLY missing out then. You can find everything under the sun on the Internet, good and bad. Just avoid the parts you don't like. It's an incredibly powerful tool that you won't be able to live without, once you get the hang of it. Let me show you the basics, and then I'll help you with your search, okay?"

Susan nodded.

Brenda took about ten minutes to teach Susan the basics, including pointing her to popular informational websites, such as CNN, Weather.com, and Wikipedia. Susan wasn't completely clueless, since she'd looked over the shoulder while Alan, Katherine, or Suzanne had been searching for information on her behalf, but she didn't know how to do any of it herself.

Once Brenda felt Susan understood the gist, she let Susan take control of the keyboard. She said, "Okay, I think it's time for you to do your search. I'll help you to make sure you'll be able to do it on your own next time. What would you like to look up?"

Susan bowed her head shyly. "It's... kind of embarrassing. Maybe... maybe I know enough to look it up on my own? I can just Google to the Wikipedia, right?"

"Not exactly." Brenda was secretly frustrated by Susan's last question, because it indicated she wasn't catching on quickly. "No offense, but for someone like you who's not used to using computers at all, it can be tricky. It's better if I guide you the first time or two. Besides, what could you possibly look up that would embarrass me at this point? Think of all we've done together, today alone. Why I even told you how delighted I was that your son let me call him 'Master.' How could it be more embarrassing than that?"

Susan mustered her courage, and said, "That's the thing. That's exactly what I want to do a search for. You see, for a long time now, it's been a fantasy of mine to be my son's sex slave. I want to call him 'Master' too! As you know."

"Sure. We've talked a lot about how you want to be his 'big-titted sex slave mommy.'"

Susan winced. She kept her head down to avoid eye contact. "True. But it was supposed to be just talk, just a fantasy. I tried not to get carried away with those ideas because I knew he wouldn't approve. My desire to serve him, to totally devote myself to pleasuring his cock, has been growing day by day. But still, I've fought the whole sex slave aspect and tried not to think about it too much. I've tried harder never to talk about it, except with you sometimes."

She suddenly lifted her head and stared pleadingly into Brenda's eyes. "But... but what you told me today changes everything! Hearing that he actually called you 'slave,' and let you call him 'master,' and furthermore that he'll let you call him that more in the future... that's HUGE! You have no idea what that means to me! If that's true for you, then it's not impossible to hope that he'll allow the same for me!"

Brenda smiled widely. "No, of course not. Just look at you. You are an official 'babe.' A bombshell. A MILF. A certified centerfold-worthy sex bomb!" She reached out with two hands and lifted Susan's round melons from below. "Your tits are absolutely enormous, and you've got a face and a body that are just as impressive. Any son with a libido at all is going to LOVE to make a sex slave out of you!"

Susan asked bashfully, "Really? You think?"

"I know! Trust me. He loves you so much that he tries hard to treat you respectfully. That's commendable, for sure, though frustrating for you too. But you're right: the way he's started treating me is a major development. Once he has one sex slave, he's not going to stop there. Why should he? Just keep pushing for your dream. It won't be long before you're naked and kneeling, bobbing on his cock... BUT! With a twist! You'll be doing it with an iron slave collar around your neck too!"

"NO!" Susan was amazed.

"Yes!"

"NO!"

"Yes! I'm telling you, yes!" Brenda was still holding Susan's breasts, but she was subtly fondling them too.

Susan was still incredulous. "A collar? Really?!"

"Yes, already!"

Susan leaned closer and whispered conspiratorially, "You know, wearing a collar has been kind of a fantasy of mine, ever since you and I read some of those erotic stories where some of the women were collared."

Brenda smiled tolerantly. "It's a very common fantasy for submissive women like us. It sometimes happens in real life, with real masters. Who knows? If you're lucky, he might even attach a chain or a leash to it. That's why it's good to have a strong metal one."

Susan was dizzy with delight. She let her thoughts roam wild, and pictured herself kneeling naked in a green park somewhere, staring up at her son and his jutting erection. She was completely nude, except for iron collars around her neck, wrists, and ankles. She even had a pillory just above her elbows keeping her arms behind her back.

She thought, I used to try hard not to "cross the line" with fantasies like that, but what line? Screw the line! If Brenda doesn't have a line, why should I? Anything is possible. Mmmm! That would be so extra tasty, sucking on Tiger's big cock if I were fully chained and bound like that! Such delicious humiliation! And I wouldn't have to worry about anything bad happening, because he loves me so much. He'll always take care of me.

She finally said, "A chain? A leash? WOW! I love talking to you, because you dare to dream big."

Brenda chuckled at that as she let go of Susan's massive globes. "Why don't you dream big too? I can see how much he loves you. Right now, sure, he's uncomfortable with such terms, but these are very early days. If you make clear how much that means to you, how can he continually deny you? Especially since I'm sure it's what he really desires deep down too."

"Oh, Brenda!" Susan leaned forward in her seat and gave Brenda a firm hug. "You have no idea how much I've needed to hear that! Tell me you really mean it! Please!"

Brenda broke the hug, pulling back so they could resume eye contact. Somehow her hands ended up back on Susan's tits, while Susan's hands were on her tits. "Susan, I can out and out guarantee it, that's how confident I am. You're in this for the long haul, aren't you? You'll still be worshipping his cock with your mouth, your cunt, and the rest of your voluptuous body ten or twenty years from now, won't you?"

"If he'll still have me," Susan replied in a small, shy voice.

"Oh, he will, believe me. It's cute that you have no idea how truly sexy and beautiful you are, and age seems to have no effect on you. Anyway, if you're in it for the long haul, then it's not a matter of 'if,' it's a matter of 'when.' That's if it's what you really want to do."

"Oh, it is! Except..." She looked away in embarrassment, even while she subtly squeezed Brenda's huge knockers.

"What?" Brenda was doing a little squeezing back.

"Well, the 'except'... that's what my Internet search is about. I know you're not religious, but you know I am. I try not to discuss religion when we talk, because I don't want you to think I'm trying to convert you. That said, it's very important for me to live my life in accord with God's will and His commandments. So I'm curious to find out what the Bible has to say about sexual slavery. I know slavery is mentioned frequently, since that was part of the custom of the times. But I must admit that I'm not too familiar with those passages, since they're mostly from some of the more obscure Old Testament books."

Brenda asked, "So, you want to use the power of the Internet to look up relevant Biblical passages? We can do that easily."

"Can we? Oh goody! Please!" Susan clapped her hands like a little kid, causing her massive tits to wobble enticingly.

Over the next few minutes, and with Susan at the keyboard, Brenda guided Susan through the search. It was frustratingly slow because Susan typed with the "hunt and peck" style, so Brenda used the time to try to explain how there was a lot of inaccurate information on the Internet and how to use common sense to sort the good from the bad.

Finally, Susan came to a webpage that neatly listed many Biblical quotes relating to slavery.

Susan was amazed and delighted. She was so far gone into her sexual mindset that she saw all the passages through the framework of her willing sexual slavery rather than the abject and cruel slavery common in Biblical times.

She exclaimed as she stared at the screen, "Brenda! This is incredible! Look! Just look at this one! Ephesians 6:5-6: 'Slaves, obey your earthly masters with respect and fear, and with sincerity of heart, just as you would obey Christ. Obey them not only to win their favor when their eye is on you, but like slaves of Christ, doing the will of God from your heart.' It's like it was written just for me and my Tiger!"

Brenda disliked what she privately thought of as "religious mumbo-jumbo," but she knew how important Christianity was to Susan's belief system, so she had been careful to never say anything critical about Susan's faith. In this case, she wanted to be especially supportive, because she hoped she and Susan could soon be sex slaves together. Thus, it was easy for her to turn on her enthusiasm. "Oooh! Nice! You're right. What about this one, from Psalms? 'As the eyes of slaves look to the hand of their master, as the eyes of a maid look to the hand of her mistress, so our eyes look to the Lord our God, till he shows us his mercy.' That seems even more relevant."

"You think?"

"Oh, definitely! If you're looking to the hand of your master, you're bowed down, if not kneeling. If you read between the lines, that's a sex slave sucking on her master's cock from the kneeling position. I'll bet he's totally humiliating her too. Probably, he's making her suck in front of some of his other sexy slaves, and he won't let her cum yet either. Not until he's ready to shoot a big, creamy load. Then he finally gives permission, and she cums explosively!"

Susan examined Brenda's face in confusion. "Are you serious or are you toying with me?! How can you read that much into so few words?"

Brenda raised a hand, as if giving an oath. "I'm serious, I swear! I may not be religious like you, but I can look at this in a scholarly way. It says the slave looks at the hand of her master until he shows her his mercy. Does that not sound exactly like a sexy humiliation blowjob, probably with orgasm denial, the exact kind that Alan excels in making us do? Remember, the Bible was written for everybody, including children and innocents. Some of the more graphic stuff had to be toned down, and you have to read between the lines."

Susan sat back and stared at Brenda, feeling even more astounded. "That's true. That's definitely true! Which means you're right! Wow! Can you analyze some more for me, please?"

"Sure thing. How about this one, from Titus? 'Teach slaves to be submissive to their masters, to be pleasing and give satisfaction in every way.' I don't think that needs much interpretation. How could the Bible more clearly state that you need to totally devote yourself to sexually serving your son, your master, and pleasure him with your entire body, with every sex act?!"bender

Susan was struck speechless. There was a long pause where the only sound was her heaving chest gasping for air. "Holy... Toledo! Brenda! I can't believe it! I'm feeling shivers down my spine! Goose bumps and tingles everywhere! Why didn't I know about this before?! This changes everything!"

Brenda nodded sagely. "Indeed it does."

She thought to herself, It's silly to live one's life according to rules written by superstitious shepherds from back in the Bronze Age. And I think it's terrible that there really are Biblical passages like these justifying slavery, the real, awful kind that even I would loathe. But on the other hand, if these old sayings give Susan happiness and peace of mind, then what's the problem? It's as harmless as reading your fortune from a horoscope or fortune cookie.

Actually, finding such fitting quotes IS kind of exciting. Maybe some of these quotes really do refer to sexual slavery. Maybe Susan's Big Tits Theory is right, and women like us have been genetically selected for eons to serve naturally superior men like Alan. In which case, these words WOULD be relevant to her and me today!

Then Brenda's natural skepticism kicked in, and she added, Well, that's one remote possibility, anyway.

Susan was so excited that she let Brenda read most of the list out loud.

Brenda did so, but she was careful to skip what she called the "boring bits." Some passages were boring, but others touched on more disturbing aspects of real slavery. Brenda made sure to only quote the passages that jibed with Susan's rosy, idealized view of her sex slavery fantasy.

As a result, Susan was too excited to contain herself, and soon wound up kissing and fondling Brenda. Eventually, they found themselves on the floor with Susan on top and acting unusually aggressive, due to her burst of inspiration and energy. Their make-out session only ended after both of them had nice orgasms.

With the buxom, naked women lying side by side on the floor, Brenda gently ran a hand across Susan's face, and asked her, "So... that's what we call a productive Internet search!"

Susan laughed. "Well, if that's how it's going to be, I need to use the Internet a lot more often!"

They both laughed at that. Then Brenda asked more seriously, "Now that you know all that, what are you going to do? Maybe you should write down some of your favorite quotes and share them with your cutie Tiger?"

After carefully thinking that over, Susan said, "No. It's tempting, but I'd better not. He's in kind of rebellious phase right now when it comes to religion. I can barely drag him to church every now and then. It might actually backfire on me if I make my sex slave argument in religious terms. And I don't think Suzanne would be happy to hear those passages either, since she's not so keen on the sex slave idea in the first place. I suppose I'll just sleep on it for a while, mull it over. If nothing else, maybe it'll give me more confidence to tell Tiger that he should treat me more the way he's starting to treat you."

Brenda nodded. "Yeah, I can see that the others might not understand. The important thing is that you do. And this should give you more confidence that getting fucked by your son isn't a sin either."

Susan stared hard into Brenda's eyes. "How do you figure?"

"Remember that passage from Titus, how slaves are supposed to be submissive and 'be pleasing and give satisfaction in every way?' It says 'every way,' not 'every way but intercourse.' Which means that if you're a sex slave, motherfucking is totally allowed, if your son is your master! It's kind of a loophole.

And I happen to know that the Epistle to Titus is one of the Apostle Paul's letters to an early church leader, so that's New Testament stuff. That makes it harder to dismiss."

Susan was impressed, since she knew that was true. "How did you know that? The webpage just said 'Titus' and then the passage."

Brenda was slightly chagrined. "Everyone assumes that because I'm so curvy, I'm all tits and ass and no brains. But I got a degree from U.C. Berkeley, which is one of the top ten universities in the country. I may not be religious, but I've definitely studied the Bible from time to time. I don't agree with everything in it, but the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount and other parables, stories, and such provide good moral guidelines to live by."

Susan beamed, and sat up. Then she pulled Brenda up and gave her another hug. "I'm glad to hear that! I don't want to push my beliefs on you, but I'm definitely very glad to hear that! Somehow, I feel even closer to you now, because that tells me we have so much more in common."

Brenda smiled with genuine happiness and friendship. "I feel the same. And soon, we'll be twice as close, once we're both Alan's official sex slaves!"

"Oh! Brenda! Dare I dream?! Should I let my forbidden fantasy run wild?"

"You should! Make your fantasy your reality. Just think: soon, the two of us will be kneeling in front of our master, side by side! But we won't be sucking him off together this time. Oh no!"

"No?" Susan frowned.

"No. Katherine and Amy will be doing that already, while Suzanne is across him up higher, rubbing her bare tits against his chest and kissing all over his face. Instead, you and I will be forced to get up and dance, and kiss, and generally get naughty with each other for his titillation and amusement! We could even be chained together!"

Susan asked, "Chained together? While we're dancing? Could that really work?"

"Sure! Just make it a long and flexible chain from collar to collar. Don't you think that would be highly symbolic?"

"Oh my goodness! So much! It's so wanton! And depraved, even! But I love it! Meanwhile, what will he be doing?"

Brenda excitedly explained, "He'll kick back in his easy chair with some of his other naked, sexy, and VERY busty sluts draped all over him like the naturally superior lord and master that he is, making us totally humiliate ourselves until it's our turn to choke and gag on his fat horse cock! It'll just go round and round, endless sucking and fucking, and sexy, humiliating servitude. That'll be just another 'boring' day at the Plummer house. And the best part of all is that we'll constantly have those iron collars around our necks, making it clear for all to see that we truly are his sex slaves!"

Susan gushed, "Oh, Brenda! You have the BEST fantasies! That's SO HOT!" She planted a supernova kiss on Brenda's eager lips.

Brenda left a short time later, feeling very satisfied and sexually satiated. She was also feeling particularly happy for Susan. Although she knew that she'd distorted Susan's understanding of slavery in the Bible, she figured it was for a very good cause.