

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 11 Ask A Girl Out?

Suzanne had been waiting for the right time to make her next move. The doctor's appointment had been on a Monday, but it wasn't until nearly a week later that she deemed it time to move forward.

After dinner on Sunday night, Suzanne was over at the Plummers' and her daughter Amy was not, so she decided it was a good opportunity for a talk.

Suzanne's task was made easier when Susan began the discussion. The two mothers sat with Alan and Katherine in the living room, after a TV show that they'd all been watching had ended. Susan and Katherine were dressed normally, but Suzanne was dressed to the nines in a silky dark-blue evening gown. (Suzanne wanted to look especially tempting for Alan, but she dressed so well most of the time that this wasn't thought of as that unusual.)

Susan said, "Suzanne, I think you'll agree with me. Don't you think it's high time that, in light of my son's, er, peculiar situation, that he asks a girl out?"

"Ugggghh!" Alan said with a heavy sigh. "I was afraid you were going to say that eventually." He sighed again. "Look, I've already given this a lot of consideration. A TON of thought. As you all know, since we're such a gossipy family, the only girl at school I'm really interested in is Christine. And she won't have anything to do with me."

"We all know that, Tiger," said his mother. All three females there knew the details of his life nearly as well as he did. She asked, "But how can you be sure she'll say 'no' unless you ask her?"

His sister butted in to defend her brother. "Mom, I see Christine all the time at school, okay? She's so aloof. She's like an ice-queen goddess or something. In fact, that's what everyone calls her, 'Ice Queen Christine.' A lot of guys want to ask her out but nobody's had the guts. Nobody that I know of, at least. She looks like a goddess too. I hate to say this, but she's out of Brother's league. She's out of everyone's league. You're not asking an easy thing here. If I were a guy, I would be waaaaay intimidated!"

Suzanne stood up and began pacing about in front of Alan. She responded, "Yeah, but you have to admit that if she did want to go out with someone, who

else would it be if not Sweetie? And she never dates, and she must want to date someone. I'll bet she's jealous of someone like you, Angel."

Katherine's new status as a varsity cheerleader automatically made her very popular with the guys, so she suddenly had no shortage of guys wanting to date her. But she'd turned down all but the most refined and respectable of suitors.

Alan found himself exceedingly distracted by Suzanne's sexy dress. Still, he answered, "I tell you she'd shoot me down. It's just not happening, okay? It's like she's Ms. Universe or whatever the title is, and I'm Quasimodo. Forget it." He sighed heavily.

Susan piped in, "Then why don't you ask someone else out and work your way up to Christine?"

"Who else?" he asked desperately. "There is nobody else I'm interested in." That wasn't true; he also had a crush on Ms. Rhymer, his attractive history teacher, but he didn't want to mention that, especially since he couldn't ask her out anyway because of their age difference and their student-teacher relationship.

Suzanne preened, with an arm raised up to better show herself off. "Too bad I'm not twenty years younger, or I'd go out with you and I'd definitely make it worth your while. Heck, I'd still be happy to show you a good time, even at my age." She winked as she added, "My husband's just going to have to learn to share."

Alan was floored by that, nearly completely forgetting about his current crisis. "Um, ah..." he stammered. His dick started to grow erect.

Susan insisted, "We could help you find someone, Tiger. We HAVE to find someone. You just can't handle this ... medical situation ... all by yourself."

Suzanne cut in. She stepped forward, bent over, put her hand on Alan's knee, and said to him, "No, you're going to need help reaching your daily six-times-a-day climax quota. A lot of help. But don't worry, I'll lend a hand." Her hand on his knee started to stroke its way up and down Alan's leg, but mostly up.

Alan found himself fully hard as he noticed the way his 'Aunt Suzy' was stroking his thigh, comparing it to the way he'd sometimes dreamt of her

stroking his erection. And with her leaning over him, he couldn't help but notice how hard and protruding her nipples were.

He suddenly found it very difficult to breathe, he was so aroused and excited.

But Susan wrenched him back to his predicament by saying, "See? Everyone here is so eager to help you. Between Suzanne and me, we can put our feelers out there, and find out if there's someone who likes you. Angel, you could help with that too, couldn't you?"

However, what Susan meant by "help" was different than what Suzanne meant by "help." The innocent mother didn't see the sexual meaning in Suzanne's words and gestures.

"No!" Alan interrupted. "I can't ask someone out if I don't really like them. I just don't work that way. I have to feel very strongly about the person."

Katherine responded, "Well then, we know there is one other person at school that fits that description. A certain older woman." She giggled.

Alan blushed. He knew his sister was alluding to his crush on his teacher, Ms. Rhymer. He'd had a crush on her for three years, ever since he'd had a class with her in the ninth grade.

"Hey, I thought I told you that in complete secrecy!" he wailed. please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

"I'm soooo jealous," Suzanne cooed in a sensual moan while she continued to stroke Alan's thigh. "Although it does turn me on that you're attracted to older women. Ms. Rhymer doesn't know how lucky she is."

"Aaaargh!" he exclaimed as his teacher's name was mentioned. Between what was being discussed and the way Suzanne was practically coming on to him, he hardly knew up from down.

Susan spoke up, "We all know, Tiger. You know that, I'm sure. Suzanne and I were talking about it just the other day, in fact. I'm afraid your heart is an open book around here."

"Rrrrrrrggh!" He shook his fists in frustration. "As if things aren't embarrassing enough, you have to bring that up. I know you know, but I thought it was something not to talk about openly. I feel really embarrassed about it. Alan's

silly teacher crush. Alan, the lovestruck teacher's pet. Nyah nyah nyah. I feel so exposed, I might as well just walk around completely naked!"

Suzanne inwardly chuckled with glee, imagining him literally doing just that. Excellent! If only! Hold your horses, Suzanne. You'll see this young hunk parading around naked soon enough if you play your cards right. She said in her sexy growl, "That sounds delicious. All in favor, raise their hands." She chuckled as she raised her hand.

Alan was both relieved and disappointed that Suzanne stopped stroking his leg to raise her hand. She partly made up for it, though, by striking another sexy pose.

"Sorry, Bro," Katherine started to say.

But Alan cut her off. "Look. What you're asking for is impossible. Impossible!"

Suzanne bent over him again, practically touching his face with her dangling, barely-contained breasts. She put a hand on his shoulder and another on his thigh. "Sweetie, please? Pretty please? Won't you try, for me?"

Alan couldn't think straight. Suzanne's hands seemed to be all over him, gently coaxing and stroking. Her perfume was fogging his brain and she was staring right into his eyes. He worried that her wandering hands would soon come across his bulging erection. If she touched him there, he was liable to cum on the spot, and that would be the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to him. To his great alarm, one of her hands was just inches away from his bulge and slowly getting closer.

Suddenly he blurted out, "All right, all right! I know that you're all going to keep pressuring me until I give in and ask someone out. So I'd better do it sooner rather than later and get it over with. I'll ask Christine out tomorrow."

"Great!" All the women gathered round. Somehow he found himself standing up, and they began hugging him, all talking rapidly, and even high-fiving each other. They were a very spirited family.

A short time later, Susan cornered Suzanne in the kitchen for a private chat. "Um, Suzanne, I, uh... I couldn't help but notice that you're wearing a fancy evening gown... and, uh, you're not going to any kind of charity ball or something like that later, are you?"

"No."

"And, uh, you seemed to be, um, around Tiger earlier, well..." Susan was blushing profusely and was too embarrassed to get to the point.

Suzanne saw her friend's plight and helped out with straight talk. "Susan, yes, I'm dressing this way on purpose around Sweetie, to help him reach his daily target. But it's not only that. I've told you many times before that if you want to get a man to do something, you need to use your feminine wiles and attributes. He was adamant about not asking out Christine until I turned on the charm. Then he crumbled like a cookie. Did you see?"

"I did. But is that, uh..."

"Susan, that's a form of helping out, too. When you know what you want, you just have to go out and make it happen. Besides, I killed two birds with one stone. Did you see him rush to his room right after we finished talking? What do you suppose he's doing up there?"

Susan blushed a deep red as she formed a mental image of her son masturbating. Now that she'd seen Akami jacking him off, she could envision it very clearly indeed.

Alan did climax quickly, this time by thinking about Suzanne. But all too soon his depression returned as he realized he'd made a commitment to ask out the feared "Christine, the Ice Queen." He went back downstairs because it seemed better than ruminating about that problem on his own.

The others spent the rest of the evening giving him advice and building up his confidence.

He acted optimistic around the three women, but it was just an act. He felt like someone who had already been sentenced to the gallows at dawn.

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