

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 13 Sex Things Up'?

The whole rest of the school week was like a nightmare for Alan.

Very few females truly attracted him, probably because he had such high standards from living with the likes of his mother Susan and sister Katherine. But when one did, his feelings were powerfully strong. With Christine out of the picture, there seemed to be no one else to help him with his medical treatment difficulties. The fact that he was also in lust for his history teacher, Ms. Rhymer, only increased his frustration, because she was completely unattainable. Not only was she a teacher, but she also had a serious boyfriend named Garth whom she'd been seeing for about a year.

He thought, It's my senior year in high school, and I still haven't even kissed a girl. My friends wonder about me. Now there's this huge pressure to find somebody, anybody, and I can't do it. People say I'm good looking, but I'm such a loser with women! I give up with this whole stupid six-times-a-day treatment thing. It's ridiculous. You just can't ask someone to do something as private as that so damned often!

πανδα Ἰοβὲλ(κὸμ) Day after day passed without him masturbating a single time. Socially, he did little more than come straight home from school and mope. Friday and Saturday nights passed without any social plans on Alan's part. He still felt incredibly depressed and just stayed in his room.

Back when he had first launched into his new six-times-a-day duties, he made a chart so he could check off how many orgasms he had a day. That way he could make sure to keep his average up. But now he threw the chart away and failed to masturbate at all. Even thoughts of Akami couldn't excite him anymore; she seemed like a distant, fading dream.

The first time he got aroused again was on Friday night when Suzanne came by after dinner, like she almost always did. Eager to see how Alan would react, she sat chatting with him wearing a nice business suit, but without any panties.

Alan naturally assumed that she'd made an unprecedented mistake in forgetting to wear any.

She kept her legs closed most of the way so he wouldn't freak out too much, but she could tell by the lump in his shorts that it was enough to have a definite effect.

However, this display made him only more despondent. Alan felt there would be something wrong with masturbating to images of his "Aunt Suzy," so the erotic imagery of her now in his mind only made his situation more agonizing.

Katherine also contributed to his problem. She was dressing a lot more casually around the house, which led to him thinking carnally of her as well, but that filled him with nothing but shame. The only people who sexually excited him now were the very people he was determined not to think about in that way.

By Saturday night, Susan was extremely concerned. It was obvious to her that their pressure on him to ask Christine out had backfired.

Suzanne, however, was secretly pleased that everything was going according to her plan. From what she knew of "Christine, the Ice Queen" and Alan's feelings for her, she had expected this to happen. Now it was time to spring the next part of her plan into action.

Because neither of the mothers had any Saturday night events scheduled, they just sat commiserating together in Susan's bedroom as the evening wore on.

Susan actually cried on Suzanne's shoulder. She sobbed, "I'm a failed mother. Tiger just sits there in his room. I've destroyed his social life altogether, and his medical treatment plan is in tatters!"

Suzanne had her arm around her BFF and consoled her with friendly words. After Susan had vented her feelings, Suzanne spoke encouragingly. "Let's not just wait around. We need to come up with some other plan that will make Sweetie happy and bring back his energy. We have to be clever, and be bold."

Susan tried to think, but nothing came to her. She'd gone over the problem in her mind already plenty of times.

"What about hiring a professional?" Suzanne finally asked. "Have you given that any consideration?"

"That sounds so crude!" Susan answered. "Are you suggesting some kind of prostitute? That would basically be what it is. I'd never have my son sleep with a prostitute. How do you even find such a person? Not to mention, how do we know if such a person will talk or not? You never know: pick the wrong person, and they might even try blackmail. My husband is rich, after all. Anyway, that might help him for a day or two, but Tiger's medical treatment requires him to have a lot of prolonged sexual activity every single day."

"You're right," said Suzanne. "We shouldn't let any strangers know about this problem. And clearly he isn't going to have the nerve to ask someone else out for a long time. But we can't do nothing, because he's lost all interest in doing his thing."

Vague phrases like "doing his thing" had become suddenly popular in the Plummer household, allowing everyone to avoid words like "masturbate".

After a pause, Suzanne added, "So I only see one solution."

"What's that?"

"We have to kind of sex things up a bit so he'll get over Christine and get back on track. Otherwise there's no telling how long he'll mope around like this. You know how sensitive kids are to being rejected. It could be months! We have to undo the damage we did by forcing him to ask her out, and undo it fast."

"Sex things up'? What on earth do you mean by that?"

"What I mean is, we women who know of his problem have to act sexier. That's all. So he'll be distracted. You know, dress more provocatively. Be more open about sexuality, and allow him to be more open. For instance, help him get over this hang-up that masturbation is a horrible thing. And why should we be afraid to even say that word? We should treat it just like a normal thing, like taking out the trash or something. Then he'll be able to do it easily, at any time."

"Like taking out the trash?" Susan repeated incredulously. "Have you lost your mind? It's not like taking out the trash at all! It's a terrible sin! And anyway, this 'sexing things up' idea, you know where that'll lead. He'll start having sexy thoughts about us. About you. About me! About Angel even, maybe! Is that what you want? Isn't that incest? Maybe we need to get him more pornographic material instead. Otherwise, who knows what he'll do? Do you want him to actually, you know, do his thing while thinking about you?"

"No!" said Suzanne with pretend indignation. "Of course that wouldn't be my first choice. But what is the alternative? When he was doing his thing last week, he was obviously thinking about Christine. But now that won't work. Thinking about a naked woman in a magazine may work every once in a while, but it's completely different than interacting with a real human being. It's also not healthy for him psychologically. Think about that woman Akami actually massaging Sweetie's penis, compared to a photograph or even a video of the same thing. The other two just can't compete."

"I don't know about that," Susan disagreed reflexively, even as she grew uncomfortable recalling what Akami had done right before her eyes. The room suddenly seemed very warm to her.

Suzanne was glad Susan had said that, as it gave her a chance to elaborate. She needed to get Susan aroused to open her up to new possibilities, and she'd found out from Dr. Fredrickson just how unexpectedly sexual things had gotten during Alan's doctor visit.

She prodded, "They can't. You were there. Don't you remember? Don't you remember watching Akami's hands sliding up and down on Sweetie's thick erection, over and over and over? Don't you remember her wet fingers slipping all over his pulsing hardness? Have you forgotten her blowing on it, the smell of sex in the air, the sounds of sexual fluids squishing around?"

For a moment, Susan was transported back to that day. Her arousal level shot sky-high. But then, realizing that Suzanne was just asking a question, she snapped back from her reverie. "I deny everything! I wasn't watching, really! It was all medically necessary, anyway." She blushed furiously.

Suzanne was amused by the denials, but kept that to herself. "I'm not accusing you of anything. I'm just pointing out the power of the live experience, compared to pictures or even movies. It's too bad Akami is going out with someone, 'cos I think he kind of liked her."

"Is she? Shoot," Susan answered. She was grateful for the change of topic.

But Suzanne changed it right back. "Yeah, too bad. Obviously, Sweetie was very excited by her attention. I'll bet he's spent a lot of time since then fantasizing about her hands caressing and stroking his big erection. I'm sure he'd love nothing better than to have her hands on his hot erection, teasing it,

pleasing it, squeezing his warm cum out every day, over and over again. Six times a day, in fact."

"Suzanne, please! Must you use words like that? It's obscene!"

"Words like what? I didn't say cock or even dick. I'm just talking about his big erection. That's a medical term. Is it not true that he had a long, thick, hard erection, all full of semen, or was it flaccid the whole time?"

The last thing Susan wanted to think about was the image of Akami caressing Alan's hard-on. That gave rise to very troubling thoughts. Ever since the doctor's visit, she had been almost completely successful in blocking the medical appointment out of her mind, but it lurked somewhere subconsciously. Now all those thoughts and images were back with a vengeance. please visit panda-:)(NOVE1.co)m

"It's true," she conceded.

"What, that he was flaccid the whole time? That's not what I heard before."

"No, that he was, you know..."

Suzanne played dumb and looked at her quizzically.

"You know!" Susan said with growing frustration. "His member. It was erect. His, uh, big, uh, erection." She didn't realize how much her chest was heaving as she imagined his erection being stroked by the nurse.

Suzanne suddenly changed direction. "Susan, don't misunderstand me. I understand your position. You're his mother, even though you're not his real biological mother. You need to keep a certain distance there. But I'm NOT his mother; I'm just a close friend. You know I love him dearly. I would do anything to help him. If that means being sexier so he can get over Christine, and yes, even have him think about me while he's doing his thing, I'm willing to pay that price. That's how much I love him. Whatever it takes to get him to ejaculate six times a day, that's what I'm willing to do."

Susan was amazed. " 'Ejaculate?' 'Whatever it takes?' Just how far are you willing to go?!" She had trouble saying the word ejaculate at all - it rolled out of her mouth like "child rapist."

"Obviously not that far, in reality. I am a married woman after all!" She hoped Susan wouldn't recall all of her adulterous affairs at that particular moment.

Suzanne continued, "What I mean to say is, if acting coy, maybe showing a little skin here and there, maybe brushing up against him now and then, or letting him accidentally touch me - if maybe doing those kinds of things will get him back on track with his program, I'd be willing to do that. You know I'm good at flirting. I know not only how to use it, but to control it. I'm not worried about things going too far. I don't want to lose my special relationship with my Sweetie; I just want him to be healthy and happy."

Now Suzanne looked like she would be the one to cry as she pondered Alan's so-called medical plight. She buried her face in Susan's shoulder, but it was an act.

"There, there," Susan consoled. "Don't get upset. I don't mean to imply that I don't appreciate what you're suggesting. It's just so shocking. I'm not used to this kind of thing. I'll tell you what. If that's what you want to do, then it's okay by me. I'll try my best too, to be a little sexier and encouraging to him, but just a little. The burden is going to be on you, okay? Do you think you can handle that?"

"Yes," said Suzanne. This was exactly the answer she'd been trying to steer Susan towards. She raised her face and looked at her best friend very intently. "I've been thinking about this lately, and I have thought it through. I think it's the only way. I feel personally responsible for his failure with Christine, so I want to undo the damage. We pushed him too hard. At the same time, we can continue to keep our radar out there and maybe find him someone else at school he can be interested in. Then he'll transfer his affections and things can return back to normal."

Suzanne fidgeted slightly before she continued, "And in the process, maybe all of us can even gain something. For one, we could get you and your overly-protected daughter to loosen up a bit." (As Suzanne said this, she didn't realize Katherine had already started to think and act along similar lines, but she would have been pleased if she'd known.) "To see you become a little more relaxed about your sexuality wouldn't hurt either. When you go to the beach, you look like some kind of photograph of a Victorian-era woman, covered head to toe and even carrying an umbrella. I'm more fair-skinned than you! It's embarrassing being with you sometimes, you're so prudish. Come on, loosen up a little!"

"I guess livening things up a bit wouldn't hurt," said Susan a bit doubtfully.

"Sure! It'll be fine. Here, I'll show you what I mean." She simply unbuttoned her blouse, revealing a sexy bra. In fact, both her nipples could be seen through the thin, gauzy fabric. "You see? Instant sexy. If Sweetie walked in here and saw me like this, I'll bet that would help him reach his daily quota."

"Suzanne, how could you do that? It's so ... scandalous! Do you wear that kind of bra all the time?!"

As a matter of fact Suzanne didn't, but there was no reason to let Susan know that. "Sure! Why not? It feels good to feel sexy, even if it's only underneath and only for myself. But I think we should wear this kind of clothing around him sometimes. It'll really help him out."

"I don't know. ... Maybe you have the nerve to wear that around Tiger, but I never could. Even if it was just underneath my clothes."

"It's no problem. Here, I'll show you. Let's liven up Sweetie's sad evening a little bit." Cupping her hands to her mouth, she shouted, "Hey, Alan! Can you come here?"

"No!" Susan urgently whispered in dismay. "Quick, button up before he gets here!" But by the time she said this, Alan was already walking the short distance down the hallway from his bedroom to hers.

Just as he walked in, Suzanne said, "Sweetie, don't come in; I'm not decent."

But he'd already taken a good look at Suzanne's chest by the time she said this. He stared for a second or two before averting his eyes, covering them with his hands. He blushed profusely, but still obediently waited by the door to the room to see why he was needed.

Suzanne brushed off his brief glance. "No matter, Sweetie. Good thing you didn't come in a few minutes ago, or you would have seen your mother and me completely naked. In any case, we were just thinking about renting a movie and wondering if you had any suggestions on what to get."

"Um, I don't know." He was too freaked out to think. He was still trying to picture his mother and Aunt Suzy naked and wondering what brought that about. His penis was painfully erect.

"Okay. Think about it, and let us know," Suzanne said casually.

"Okay." He dashed back to his room. His glance had been so brief he wasn't sure what he'd seen. Did I see her nipples through that bra? Naaahhhh...

Susan witnessed the whole thing with a horrified face and immediately chastised Suzanne. "How could you? That's unbelievable!"

Suzanne buttoned her top back up. "No it isn't. Now witness. Let's wait about one minute, then go to the door to Sweetie's room. I'll bet you anything that he's masturbating furiously for the first time in days."

Susan couldn't help but satisfy her curiosity about Suzanne's prediction. They went to the door and listened, but Alan was being too quiet for them to hear much, and his bed didn't have squeaky bed springs.

So Suzanne knocked and said, "Alan, Sweetie, can I come in?"

"Uh, no! Hold on! I'm not decent!" He knew he shouldn't be jacking off while thinking about her, but he just couldn't help himself anymore, not after seeing glimpses of her pussy and then her nipples on succeeding days. He'd been going at it with pent-up abandon when he'd heard the knock on the door.

Turning to Susan, Suzanne whispered, "You see? He got naked in one minute. I just cured his stimulation drought that easily. That's what we have to do."

Susan looked at her friend with a skeptical and worried expression. "I don't know... Are you sure?"

Alan was upset at being interrupted, but not so upset that he didn't finish what he'd started (though it took him a moment to recover his mood). His thoughts returned to Suzanne once again when he masturbated later that night, just before going to sleep.

That same night, Susan had a dream where she relived Alan's medical appointment and Akami's handjob. In it she didn't do anything but watch, just like what had really happened. But when she woke, she felt like she'd committed a horrible sin.

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