

6 Times 151

Chapter 151 Ms. Rhymer

Alan played tennis in his P.E. class. Afterwards, he took a shower at the gym, then went to meet Ms. Rhymer in her classroom, since he'd promised earlier to come back to talk to her.

By the time Alan got to Ms. Rhymer's classroom, all of her other students were gone. Glory was at her desk grading some homework when he came in and stood in front of her.

"Hi. You said you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, I did." Instead of motioning for him to sit down, as she normally would have done, she stood up. She walked around her desk to stand right in front of him. "You can probably guess what this is about. I'm very concerned about your recent behavior. On Wednesday you promised me that you'd try harder not to space out during class. But today was just as bad as before your promise."

He dropped his head sadly. "I'm sorry."

"What's the problem?! You said you needed time to adjust to your new medical treatment regimen, but it's been almost a week since we discussed it and nothing seems to have changed."

He recalled that the previous time they'd talked, he'd tried to hint that he could use Glory's sexual assistance. Since then, his confidence had grown by leaps and bounds, along with his sexual fortunes. That led him to try again to promote the idea of her helping him. He wanted to be subtle about it, so that if she rejected his advances it wouldn't damage their friendship.

He sighed. "It's tough. Since we spoke frankly last time, can I be completely frank again?"

"Please. Remember, I'm not just your history teacher, I'm also a concerned friend."

He nodded. "Well, the thing is... I have been getting help with my six-times-a-day problem. Mrs. Pestridge has been a great help. She's a great friend, as you know. But I've gotten some other help as well."

Ms. Rhymer raised a curious eyebrow. "OTHER help?! What does that mean?"

"As I'm sure you'll understand, I can't name names. But anyway, it's weird. This hasn't been going on that long, but it's like my body has already adjusted. I've been cumming steadily, averaging six times a day, so now it's like my body is all geared up to cum every few hours."

She frowned. "So... is that a good thing or a bad thing?"

"A good thing overall, I guess. It makes it easier to meet my daily target. It's like my body has accepted that I need to cum a lot, and so it's getting super ready many times a day to help make that happen. But the problem is... well... It's kind of embarrassing. I shouldn't say."

Needless to say, she couldn't resist. "No, please do say! How can I help if I don't understand what's going on?"

Knowing he had her on the hook, he played coy. "I don't know. This probably isn't the kind of thing a teacher and student should discuss. You could get in trouble."

"Let me worry about that." She reached to the top of her head and pretended to take off one hat and then put on another. "The school day is over. I'm taking off my teacher hat and putting on my friend hat, okay?"

He grinned. "Okay." His frown quickly returned though. "But still, it's weird. But I guess if I explained this much, I might as well tell you the rest. You see, in order to cum six times a day, every day, I have to space things out, 'cos it usually takes time for me to recover after each... well, you know. So I do it in the morning before school, then as soon as I get home after school, and then again late in the afternoon, and after dinner, and so on. But there's this gap in the middle - the seven hours of school - where I can't cum at all!"

Seeing that she was receptive, he pressed on, "But like I said, my body has changed so that it needs to cum every few hours or so. That's why things reach kind of a crisis stage during your class. The timing couldn't be worse! Fourth period seems to be right when my body needs another orgasm the most, and to make matters even worse, YOU teach the class!"

She asked, "So what's so bad about that?"

He blushed, although he was partly acting. "Well..." He looked away in embarrassment. "I don't know how to say this... so I'll just say it. You're... you're very beautiful. Obviously! And during class, what else am I supposed to do but look at you? That makes things hard... er, I mean, difficult..."

His blush deepened and he looked even more abashed. But he wasn't as innocent as he appeared. His word choices were very deliberate, including his "accidental" use of the word "hard" to show that he was thinking about his erection. He knew that once he mentioned that she would inevitably look at his crotch, and even the remote prospect that he might have some sexual success with his hot history teacher meant that he would already have a full erection.

Indeed, she couldn't help but notice the large bulge in his shorts. She had to resist the urge to lick her lips. Since his head was still turned away (and deliberately so), she was able to gawk at his bulge for some time. But the prolonged silence became problematic, causing her to say, "Please continue."

"Yeah, so... Well... since we're talking totally frankly... I can't believe I'm telling you this, but... I... I get the worst case of blue balls! Pretty much every day! In your class!" He looked shyly her way. "You know what that means, don't you?"

She stared at him with a stern frown. "Of course I do. Look, normally I wouldn't recommend this, but why don't you try looking elsewhere while I teach? It's not like you have to stare right at me. Just listen to the words I have to say."

"I've tried that, believe me! Ms. Rhymer, for a long time, I've... Well... Ugh! I can't say!"

"What is it?!" She sensed he was about to confess his love for her. She was very excited, even though she knew she shouldn't be encouraging this sort of thing. She had a special soft spot for him, her favorite (and quite handsome) student.

He was truly tempted to confess his feelings, but he didn't have experience at that kind of thing. Christine had shot him down when he'd asked her out, which made him even more cautious. The fact that Ms. Rhymer was his teacher was also extremely daunting. Simply hinting around the subject seemed to be working well, and it was a hell of a lot less intimidating, so he decided to continue with that approach. "Well, it's like I said. Everybody knows you're the most beautiful teacher in school. It's

just a fact! And we've kind of become good friends these past two years, even though I guess we still have some limits on that, being teacher and student and all. But, my point is, even if I'm not looking right at you, I'm still in your class and hearing your voice, and it's kind of inevitable that I'll still be thinking about you. So I still end up having that problem, you know, kind of no matter what I do or where I look."

"I see." She was secretly thrilled, but at the same time warning bells were going off in her head. She knew she should be discouraging his sexual interest in her, but the truth was she'd also developed a similar interest in him. In the last week, especially, it had become her favorite fantasy to imagine a secret romance between her and her handsome student. Lately, even when she had sex with her boyfriend Garth, she'd generally been imagining that she was getting fucked by Alan instead, which heightened the experience. Something had changed recently that moved Alan from the "nice guy" category to the "sexually interesting" and even "sexually dangerous" category.

Seeing her interest, he pressed on. "What really kills me is that picture I saw of you. When I don't look at you teach, it's actually worse, because I think about that picture, and my mind goes off into weird daydreams from there. I can't believe I'm telling you this, but you told me I should be frank so we can solve this problem."bender

She eagerly asked, "What picture?"

"You know, the one of you with the surf board. Remember? A long time ago, you told me about how you liked to surf as a hobby, and I gave you a hard time about it, saying that I didn't believe you. Then you showed me that picture to prove it, and you even let me keep it. My God! You look so sexy in that! Then, when you add in how my body is basically going haywire right during your class time, it's a recipe for disaster!"

She recalled the picture she'd given him. She'd told herself at the time that there was nothing wrong with her giving him a picture like that since she was wearing a one-piece bathing suit, but the truth was it was a pretty sexually enticing picture. Even back then, she'd had a certain "inappropriate interest" in Alan, though she thought it would never rise above totally harmless light flirting.

She said, "In retrospect, it was a mistake I gave you that. I'm sorry."

He said, with surprising forcefulness, "That was no mistake! I've treasured that picture, believe me."

She looked calm on the outside, but she found her heart pounding hard as she imagined him masturbating to that picture countless times.

In fact, that's exactly what happened, although even now he was too shy to directly admit it. Instead, he said, "How were you to know I'd have to deal with this totally bizarre medical treatment? No, you're not to blame for anything. You've been totally cool. No one is to blame. I've just gotta man up and deal with this. I mean, blue balls is painful, but it's not like it's going to kill me, right?"

She said sympathetically, "I'm really sorry to hear about that. Now, I understand why you're looking so distracted in my classes. I wish there was something I could do to help! May I ask... I know this is none of my business, but you know how curious I get... What happens at lunch? Do you get any, uh, relief then?"

"Unfortunately, no. I mean, I'm just a student in school, after all. It's not like I have some private place to go to. In fact, it's kind of out of the frying pan, into the fire, since I see all the pretty girls milling around in the cafeteria. But then, luckily, I have Mrs. Metzger for my fifth-period calculus class. And I don't mean to be insulting or anything, but she obviously can't hold a candle to you. So eventually my problem subsides, more or less, until I can get home. And then, well, you know."

"I see," Ms. Rhymer said carefully. But in her mind, she was thinking, I should help him out! Sexually! God, just look at his crotch. He's well-hung, for sure! And he's handsome all around. The truth is, I've had a thing for him for a long time now, but lately he has a new edge. It's like a sexual confidence. And that makes sense. He probably was a complete virgin up until a couple of weeks ago, and now he's got Mrs. Pestridge and "others" helping him out.

But of course I can't! It's a beautiful fantasy, but that's all it is or can ever be. I AM his teacher. End of story. But still... the poor guy is suffering!

She said, "I really feel your pain. I wish there was something I could do. If there's any way you think I can help, please let me know." It sounded innocent enough on the surface, but she was practically daring him to suggest that she help him with his orgasms during lunch.

He still wasn't willing to be that bold with his teacher. So he joked, "Stop being so sexy!"

She laughed, and he laughed too. Then, trying to do the responsible thing, she asked, "I can try. Would it help if I were to dress more conservatively?"

"Probably," he admitted. "But you know me, I'm a typical eighteen-year-old guy. So I guess I don't need THAT much help!"

They laughed some more.

He added, "Seriously, don't do that!"

That got more laughs, even though he was getting a message through at the same time.

After some more small talk about some innocuous matters, Alan left.

Glory didn't know what to think. Had she been honest with herself, she would have realized that she was crossing an inappropriate line to even be talking about such things with one of her students. But the more she thought about it, and even fantasized about it, the more she felt tempted to not only talk about fixing his problem, but actually get physical with him. It seemed like she had the perfect excuse to play around with him, since she could tell herself she was helping him with his medical treatment and his blue balls problem.

Had it not been for the fact that she was a teacher and he was a student, she would have done it. She felt on some level that her relationship with Garth was probably coming to an end anyway, so that wasn't her main impediment. But her teacher status was a very great obstacle indeed.

Chapter 152 Do You Mind If I Lick It All Over To Make Sure I Get Every Last Drop?

Alan came home and went straight to his room.

Suzanne was there, standing completely naked.

He didn't even need to see her to get excited, because an attractive smell that was a mixture of perfume and strawberry filled the room.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said with more than a little understatement.

"Sweetie, don't think I came in here for anything sexual," she said. "I just want to talk to you about something."

He noticed that she covered her crotch with her hand and looked very serious. He let the matter slide that she didn't exactly need to be naked to talk about something. He sat down on his bed and said, "Sure. Shoot."

"Sweetie, how are you at acting?"

"What do you mean?"

"Could you, kind of, not exactly lie, but be very vocal in expressing some of your feelings? I'm trying to get Susan to allow this place to get sexed up again, but she's resisting. If you could kind of pout and sigh when you're around her and do it in a way so your father doesn't notice, that could really help speed things along. You know, act like having to cum six times a day is a terrible ordeal for you, and getting worse all the time."

He considered that while trying hard to ignore her nudity. "I don't know... Sounds dicey. But whatever scheme you've got going, I know you're going to talk me into saying yes to it. How could I possibly deny you anything, especially when you're standing there looking like that? I worship the ground you walk on."

Her eyes lit up and she stopped covering up her pussy. Then she began to walk towards him, swaying her naked hips as dramatically as she knew how. "That's my boy! You know how I said, 'Don't think I came in here for anything sexual?'"

"Yeah?"

She smiled. "Now it's okay for you to think that. You need a reward for being so cooperative."

She got down on her knees, pulled down his shorts and boxers, and swallowed his newly hard dick.

He had to look away, because the sight of her long reddish-brown hair and pale back and butt with her on all fours before him was sexy enough in and of itself to make him cum immediately.

His attempt to stop himself didn't do any good though, since he wasn't practiced enough with his PC muscle exercises. He cried out as his climax overwhelmed his senses.

As his semen started to spurt down her throat, her head bobbed furiously up and down the length of his erection, and she swallowed every drop of his cum.

Suzanne was so sexy in everything she did that he wondered how he could last even a minute in the best of circumstances. She had a way of swaying her ass up and down and all around in circles whenever she sucked him off from this position, which drove him bonkers with unbridled lust.

After he finished cumming, he felt pretty bad for having so little control, and he was physically wiped out as well. He hadn't even lasted a minute.

Had Suzanne been with one of her previous lovers, she might have smirked at the lack of self-control. But with Alan, she wanted to build up his ego and his self-control so he would get better and better. She popped his shrinking shaft out of her mouth, looked up into his eyes, and said, "Thanks for the tasty treat! Do you mind if I lick it all over to make sure I get every last drop?"

"You're kidding, right?"

"No..." She started to lick. "Why would I kid you?"

"Oh man! Too sensitive! Sorry, but can you wait on that?"

She gave him a sexy pout as she stopped. "Why?"

"Seeing your long tongue reaching out like some kind of lizard's, lapping up every last drop... It's just too arousing to take!"

Suzanne chuckled, but she showed off a touch of pride. "As a matter of fact, I've been told that kind of thing here and there." She briefly stuck her tongue out, showing off its length, but she only gave him a brief glimpse.

He shook his head in wonder. "What did I do to deserve you? Don't you mind that I have no control at all?"

"Sweetie, you have tons of control. At times, I've been with you for twenty minutes or more before you popped. Frankly, I'm impressed. But you've been building up at school for hours so of course you've got a quick trigger right now. You'll do better the second time, I'm sure."

Unfortunately for both of them, he'd had too much stimulation at lunch and was pretty sure he wasn't going to get hard again. He said, "Sorry, Aunt Suzy. I don't think there's gonna be a second time this time. Maybe after my nap?"

She was surprised and disappointed, but she nodded with understanding.

Unfortunately for them both, she had things to do at home, so when he woke from his nap he had to take care of his next climax by himself.

Masturbating by himself was almost strange now. But at least getting erect was no problem, because he had so many exciting things to think about. Agreeing to help with Suzanne's latest scheme to trick Susan into thinking he was depressed was a no-brainer for him, since its ultimate goal was to have Susan sexually gratify him more often. He would have felt bad about lying to his mother, but he didn't have to actually say anything; he just had to look down in the dumps from time to time. His conscience could handle that.

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That very evening, he acted secretly pained all throughout dinner, as if the burden of having to cum six times a day weighed him down - a burden that he was trying but not completely succeeding at hiding. It was a good acting job, made easier because his father was at a business dinner, so he could not notice.

Susan definitely took notice, and her heart went out to him in his faked agony.

Otherwise, Katherine and Alan acted like two model children and gave no clue about what had happened between them.

There was no opportunity for Suzanne to have any more secret sexual visits with Alan that evening. Evenings were usually out of the question now that his father was around. In fact, Suzanne and Amy hardly came to the Plummer house at all while Ron was in town, as neither liked him. Besides, it fit Suzanne's "Alan is suffering" scheme if Susan didn't see her stimulating him too often.

But since Ron was at an evening business event, Amy more or less invited herself over to the Plummer house for dinner. She'd been doing that from time to time for years, so it wasn't seen as anything unusual.

After sharing a nice meal together, Amy retired to the living room with Alan and Katherine while Susan did the dishes. Usually, they watched TV or played video games together. "Boy, that was a great meal," Amy said enthusiastically, as she sat on a sofa. "I'm stuffed."

"If you liked it, you should tell that to my mom," Alan pointed out.

Katherine felt naughty. She added, "I'll let you in on another Plummer family secret, since you're practically family. When we Plummer ladies really like a meal, we show that appreciation by opening our shirts all the way in the front. Just like how guys unbutton their belt buckles."

"Gosh! That's neat," Amy said as she opened her shirt and pulled out her tits until her nipples could be seen. "I wish we did that at our house; I just love getting naked."

Katherine gave Alan a secret wink, and he winked back. She also undid her top, but not as far as exposing her nipples as Amy had done, just in case Susan came in. "Mmmm. I agree with Aims. That was good food."

She turned to her brother and asked him, "What about you? Didn't you enjoy the meal?"

"I must say I did." He gleefully unbuttoned his shorts and unzipped his fly. But his boner was still underneath his underwear. He was feeling a bit devilish, and just to get both girls going a bit more, he pushed his erection through his open fly so it made an obscenely huge, though covered, bulge.

"Is that all, Big Brother?" Katherine complained. "Didn't you enjoy your meal any more than that?"

"Yeah, Bo," Amy agreed, very quietly so Susan couldn't hear. "Maybe if we get you some dessert, you'll enjoy the meal just a little bit more?" She stared at him.

Alan thought, If I didn't know better, I'd swear that Amy is staring lustily at my crotch! That can't be right, can it? She's too innocent for that. Although this kind of feels like déjà vu: when I did all that Life Drawing modeling for her in those skimpy briefs, there were lots of times when she stared at my crotch with kind of a hungry look, just like she has right now.

Susan walked in at this point, and saw Amy with her nipples exposed.

Alan quickly dropped his T-shirt down over his shorts zipper before his mother could see the bulge there.

Susan complained, "Amy, didn't Tiger and Angel make it clear that we don't dress like that anymore?"

Amy asked with a clueless expression, "But isn't this what people do after a big meal, kinda loosen their clothing? That's what Katherine was just telling me. Oh, and I wanted to say what a great meal you cooked. Thanks a ton!"

Susan rolled her eyes in frustration. "You're welcome, but please button up. And Angel, no more of these little jokes, okay?"

Katherine replied, "But Mom, we're just having fun. Isn't helping Alan out with some visual stimulation the most important thing lately? He's been suffering so much!"

Susan let out a very loud and frustrated sigh. She didn't know what to say, or what was right or needed anymore. She remembered all that Suzanne had said about how rarely Alan was getting aroused lately, and she noticed that he had a nice hard-on. So she just went upstairs without further comment.

After Susan left, Amy went and brought a tray of strawberries sprinkled with dark chocolate from the kitchen for Alan. He ate some of them, but even before he was done he pronounced it delicious by pulling his underwear down below his erect dick, causing it to flop out through the zipper of his shorts.

That seemed to fascinate Amy, who said, "Oh, wow! Kat, look at that!"

Katherine's pride got the best of her, and she just smiled knowingly. "I know. Pretty cool, huh?"

Katherine and Amy got topless again, and the three of them talked about "checking for bumps" and other sexual things.

Generally, Katherine and Alan told Amy more outrageous sexual lies, just to see how much they could get away with.

For instance, Katherine claimed, "When a woman gets bad breath, there's something that works even better than mouthwash. I just put Alan's penis in my mouth and rub it around. It really works! It's not a sexual thing; it's just what works best."

"Gosh," replied Amy, as she stared blatantly at Alan's exposed hard-on. "I wish I had bad breath right now so I could try that out. Oh no! But Mom says I'm not allowed to touch one of those penises, no matter what. Darn it. It sure looks fun."

Alan lightly stroked himself to keep the two women going.

Amy watched closely from just a few feet away as Alan jacked off. The sight of his naked boner seemed totally natural as they all sat around and talked, but it also made both girls very obviously excited.

According to Alan and Katherine, putting Alan's penis in one's mouth, jacking him off, or drinking his cum could cure many ailments and problems, from nervous tension to hiccups to bad grades.

Amy just nodded enthusiastically. She commented, "Boy, how come I never knew any of this stuff before? Everyone has been keeping me in the dark way too much. Penises sound so necessary for good health - I wonder why Mom won't let me touch them? Maybe I should ask her."

"NOOOO!" Katherine and Alan shouted simultaneously. Then they broke up laughing.

Eventually Amy and Katherine retired to the bathroom for another pussy shaving.

Alan went to his room. In part, his penis was so overtaxed that he worried he was going to hurt it or something. But also, his conscience got the best of him. He reminded himself, Letting Aims see my dick is okay, I suppose. But I don't want to go too far and have Aunt Suzy get mad. Not only do I love her, but she's the one making all the sexual fun happen around here lately, and she's got this weird thing about seeing Amy as her cute "Honey Pie," like she's still a little girl. I need to stay on her good side.

Later on, alone in her room, Katherine wrote in her diary,

Dear Diary,

Today was THE BOMB! Ka-boom! A total explosion of sexual awesomeness! Boy oh boy, where to begin?! Best. Day. Ever!

She practically wrote a tome, because she had so much to say. And the retelling of the day's greatest adventures made her so aroused that she ended up writing with one hand and masturbating with the other until she got herself off. Then, even that deserved commentary, emphasizing to her what a great day it had been.

As she neared the end of her writing spree, she grew a bit more contemplative even as she remained giddy.

I wonder what Kim thinks of me. I know she got off on the fact that Alan and I are siblings, but I don't think she really gets it. This is not just a sex thing; it's a LOVE thing! I'm so totally head over heels in love with my brother!!!!!! I wish I could call up Kim or Amy or somebody and talk about how much I love him. And I'd love to tell someone how much better everything is now that I can physically express that love

with him instead of trying to hide my "secret shame." It's like the colors are brighter and the sounds are clearer and everything even tastes better. Especially Brother's cum! Yum, yum, yum!!!!

How can I convey all that to Kim? And if I did, would she think THAT is weird or wrong? I hope not. At least I can share these things with you, D. And on the subject of Kim, I could tell Bro was feeling a little nervous around her, like, "Hey, why should we trust HER?" God, if she did spill our secret, I would totally go postal on her for screwing everything up. But I think she knows that there's something special going on, some kind of special love, even if she doesn't know just how deep it is, and that's not something to play around with.

Diary, I CAN'T WAIT until one minute after midnight on Wednesday! Ohmigod! No, one second after! I swear, the second that clock ticks to the new day, I want my Big Bro's even bigger cock all the way in me! Oh God! I want him to pump his baby into me, right then and there!!!!

Sigh. There I go again. Sorry, Diary, I'm probably boring you for the zillionth time about how I want him to knock me up, so I'll shut up about it... for now! Tee-hee-hee! But this time it's not just a fantasy, it's for real! He might not actually impregnate me yet, but he could! He's gonna be IN me!!!! Filling me up all the way! Does it get any better than this? Hell no!!!

Sorry, D, once I get going I can't stop, but I'm really stopping now. And it's time to go to sleep anyway. The sooner I go to sleep, the sooner it'll be the end of Wednesday. Or, as I like to think of it, Sister Fucking Time!!! The only problem is, I'm sooooo excited that I doubt I'll be able to sleep a wink!

Chapter 153 Susan

Later that evening, Susan sat alone in her room and thought about Alan's problem as Suzanne had explained it that morning. She felt like she had to do something to help, but she also worried about going too far.

About an hour after that, she called for Alan, making sure it was at a time when her husband was out of the house. "Tiger? Could you come here for a moment, please?"

Alan heard the call down the hallway and walked in. Since his mother had been dressing in nothing but her old, conservative clothes for the past five days, he was rather surprised to find her on her bed, dressed in a maroon bathrobe that exposed more than a little bit of cleavage.

In fact, right before Alan had walked in, Susan had carefully arranged the robe to show everything right up to the edges of her nipples. She knew it was a violation of her rules, but figured such sights might help ease his suffering a little.

Alan's dick got hard in a heartbeat. The cleavage she was showing off was simply awe-inspiring, especially since he could see nearly all of both her nipples, due to the way her robe was slightly opening even further.

"Tiger, can you sit here for a minute? I have something to discuss."

Alan sat on the bed next to her, and tried his best to hide his suddenly raging erection.

"What is it, Mom? Is there something you'd like to get off your chest?" He belatedly realized that wasn't exactly the best choice of words at the moment. Her dramatically exposed chest made it extremely hard for him to maintain eye contact.

She held his hand, and asked him, "How are things coming along with your... problem... now that you don't have anyone to help you?"

Alan absolutely hated to lie to his mother. But with the sight of her huge tits jiggling not far from his face, he was tempted. Luckily, he realized that he could take advantage of his rather poor performance in the afternoon and leave the impression Suzanne would want him to leave without lying overtly.

"Gosh, Mom, it's tough sometimes. You know how Amy and Sis were teasing me a little while ago?"

Susan nodded. She lightly stroked his hand.

Even that gesture aroused him greatly, because it seemed to mimic how she'd stroked his hard-on before she'd rediscovered her prudishness again. He had to compose himself before he could reply. "Well, even seeing Amy open up her top didn't do it for me. I went back to my room and... didn't do anything! I just wrote some e-mails. And Aunt Suzy wanted to help earlier, but I practically embarrassed myself with such a disappointing response. You have no idea how tough it is sometimes."

He added, still mostly honestly, "The longer I do this, the more I realize that six times a day is nearly inhuman, over the long term. I don't know how long I can keep doing things like this. I mean, if I slack off

one day and climax 'only' two times, then the next day I'd have to cum TEN times to make up for it. TEN! I really don't even know if cumming so much is humanly possible. It's such a totally weird medical treatment."

"That's what I feared," she said with great concern. "It's very hard for you, isn't it? So very hard." As she spoke, she stared right at his lewd bulge with obvious lusty desire.

Alan gulped. He figured that she didn't consciously realize the double meaning in the way she was talking about things being "very hard" for him. He also doubted she consciously realized the provocative way her fingers were stroking his hand, just like it was a substitute penis. But he certainly realized all that, and more, such as the way her robe was slowly slipping down her shoulders.

She finally managed to resume eye contact with him. "After your father leaves, I promise that we'll reevaluate the situation, okay? Maybe I can help more... with visual stimulation." Her gaze went back to his straining erection. "Plus, then you'll be able to get Suzanne's help more often. So hold out until then."

"Thanks, Mom. I'll try. I hate to say this, but I'm counting the days until he's gone. If it weren't for small kindnesses, like what Amy did after dinner, I wouldn't have made it this far."

She just nodded. "I know. I'm so sorry... I'm sure it's not easy for a virile, energetic, well endowed young man such as yourself." She licked her lips hungrily as she spoke to his crotch. "That's why I let you all have fun teasing each other and didn't put up a big stink. Too bad Suzanne is so protective of Amy or maybe she could directly help you out too."

He pushed his luck, and said boldly, "That would be nice, but I know who I'd like to help the most of all."

She let go of his hand and turned away, both embarrassed and tickled pink. Oh my goodness! If only! Tiger, if only! There's so much I would do with your big dick, Son. I feel like I was just getting warmed up on Tuesday. Gaawwwd! I'd take your fat knob, cram it in my mouth, and SUCK! Good Lord, I'd suck it so much! So long! So deep! Naked and kneeling, like a big-titted mommy should be!

Her thoughts were making her chest heaving up and down a little bit, and that movement in turn caused her robe to slide off her shoulders. She pulled the fabric back up, but only just enough so the robe hung precariously on her. "I wish I could do more, but... I get so confused... There are other things to consider,

like, what would Ron think? Okay, that's all I wanted to ask." But she looked like she was lost in deep thought.

Alan got up to go. He tried his best to hide his raging hard-on as he did so, but there wasn't much he could do, because putting his hands over his crotch would only draw more attention to that area. "By the way, Mom, just seeing you in this robe will give me a lot of stimulation help. That should last for the next few days. Thanks."

She looked up at him and smiled a wide smile. Her eyes lingered at the bulge in his crotch some more, and she found herself salivating. She stood up too, and that caused her robe to slide off both shouldered again. She reluctantly pulled it back into place, more or less, while still leaving her nipples uncovered. She met his eyes, and said, "This darn robe. It has such trouble staying closed." She made a pretense at closing it, but ended up leaving it just as open as before, if not more so.

They both smiled at the charade.

She said, "Don't think this changes anything, Tiger, but sometimes my morals have to make compromises to help you out. I'll try to help with the visual stimulation a little bit here and there, if Ron isn't home. I only hope it's worth it, for your health."

She openly gawked at his bulge as she thought, I'm going to help him, that's for sure! I'll strut around in front of him in sexy clothes, or no clothes at all! Then his penis will get so very thick and full of cum! MMMM! And then, then... he'll squirt it all out! If only Ron wasn't here. If only I wasn't his mother. I'd help him out right now... with my mouth!

"You're the best, Mom!" He started to turn to leave, but then he gathered his courage and asked, "By the way, speaking about sexual things, how are things going between you and Ron these days on that front?"

"Alan!" she exclaimed indignantly. "I don't think that's the kind of question a son should ask his mother!"

He dropped his head. "Sorry, it's just that..." His voice trailed off.

"What?"

"Oh, it's nothing. You said I shouldn't talk about this kind of stuff, so never mind."

"Yes, but you can't leave me hanging like that." She found herself staring at his bulge again, until she forced herself to look away.

With his head still bowed, he said, "Well, when I think about you and him doing those things together, I kind of... Well, I kind of lose my inspiration. You know, to do my thing." That was true - such thoughts certainly were an erection killer for him. "I know it's weird, but I thought you should know that's something that is making my treatment more difficult to carry out."

"Oh. Hmm. That does sound bad... Well, do the best you can, given the circumstances. You know what I say: there's nothing you can't do, if you put your mind to it." She smiled at him proudly.

He looked up and smiled back. "Thanks. You're the best." But his happiness was forced, because her comment wasn't exactly the reply he was looking for. He'd been hoping she'd promise not to be intimate with Ron until Ron left town again. But he realized he was pushing his luck with that idea, and he might scare her off if he pushed that too explicitly. Besides, he was treading on some weird Freudian territory, and that made him uncomfortable.

He finally turned and left the room, making a beeline to his bedroom where he stripped off his clothes and beat his meat once again.

Susan was upset with herself, because she failed to bring up what she really wanted to talk to him about: tomorrow would be another Tuesday, the day he was supposed to have a penis "abnormality check" again. She didn't know what to do about it, especially since Suzanne insisted that it was something only Susan or Akami could do.

He thinks about me when he masturbates. He did last night. Suzanne says thoughts of my body and especially my breasts arouse him when nothing else can. But it works both ways. Why does the idea of him thinking about me make ME so horny? It's wrong. Wrong! I can't touch him when my husband is here, not even a little bit! I'll just have to be strong and say no. I have no choice but to turn to Suzanne in my hour of need. She'll be able to do the check for me, I'm sure.

She slipped her robe off altogether and decided to take a shower. She wasn't really in need of a shower, but it was a good excuse for her to thoroughly "wash" her private parts until she got a big "tingle."

Chapter 154 She Just Had An Orgasm! In Class! In Front Of Everybody!

On the cheerleader front, after all the fun Katherine, Alan, and Kim had in the storage closet, and Kim's generous offer for them to use her house, neither Katherine nor Alan brought up the idea of counter-blackmailing Kim again.

In fact, if anyone was in the driver's seat now in terms of setting rules and an agenda, it was Alan first, Katherine second, and Kim last. The fact that Kim was much younger made it hard for her to stay in control. She could easily have blackmailed both Alan and Katherine over their incestuous relationship, and she did in fact find the idea of dominating Katherine temptingly arousing in terms of possibilities. However, she just wasn't the kind of person who would enjoy actually doing that.

And then there was her horniness. If either of the Plummer siblings suggested a situation that could lead to more sexual fun, Kim was all for it.

The situation with Heather was a bit more prickly and tricky, but Alan assured Katherine that the head cheerleader could be handled. Luckily, Heather didn't know much.

At school on Tuesday, things went pretty well for Alan. He'd managed to get off twice before breakfast, so he was more or less able to concentrate. The only strange thing to happen was in his history class with Ms. Rhymer. He was busy with all the other students taking a test until he came across one particularly difficult question. As he often did on tough questions, he stared out the window as he pondered, as if he could find the answer written in the clouds.

Then he noticed his teacher's reflection in the windowpane. She appeared to be staring in his direction. Since he was looking out the window, she didn't realize that he knew she was looking at him. Alan noticed that even as her gaze remained fixed she also had a strange, far away look in her eyes. She sat on the edge of her desk on the spot where she usually sat when she talked to him after class. She held a ruler with both of her hands, and Alan noticed that she languidly caressed it up and down.

Wait! he suddenly realized. That's exactly like stroking a dick! Still looking at reflections in the window, he scanned the class to see if anyone else had noticed. No, everyone is too busy with their tests.

He continued to watch her reflection in the window as she stroked the ruler. There could be no doubt about it: she was treating the ruler just like an erect prick. One hand held it at the base while her other hand slowly went up and down its upper half. Then, gradually, the pace of her hands on the penis/ruler quickened, and soon reached a furious pace.

Alan could hardly believe his own eyes. While he'd long considered her his most beautiful teacher and lusted after her privately, it had all seemed like a safe fantasy. He could hardly conceive of her actually having sexual desires and actions of her own. He was again shocked to look around the room, through the reflections on the windows, and find that nobody else had noticed anything out of the ordinary. It seemed to him that what she was doing was blatantly obvious, but everyone else was simply too busy with the test to even look up at her.

She began to pant, and despite all the conservative clothes she wore, Alan could detect her pert boobs heaving in time to her vigorous stroking of the ruler. He looked around again, amazed that the jiggling of her breasts still hadn't attracted the attention of any of her many horny young admirers, all of whom would have practically killed to see such a sight. However, he was completely riveted, especially since he could see by her reflection in the window that she was staring right in his direction the entire time.

Finally it seemed like she and the ruler somehow climaxed together. He half expected to see jism shoot from its end, then realized how silly that idea was. However, she WAS panting heavily.

After what seemed to be the climax, it appeared that Ms. Rhymer slowly came back to her senses. She put the ruler down and looked at it a bit shamefully. However, it appeared to him that he could still detect her butt wiggling around a bit, and then realized that she was sitting right on the corner of the desk. Oh my God! Now she must be trying to get herself off with the corner of the desk! Did she have a real orgasm with the ruler?

But then she got up and returned to her seat behind her desk.

Alan tried to return to his test. Did she notice that I saw her through the window? I was looking up and away from my paper for an awfully long time. Certainly she would have noticed that? Was she putting on a show for my benefit?

He looked up at her again, directly this time and not through the reflection. She stared directly and intensely right at him. But when she realized he was returning her gaze, she appeared to get nervous and quickly looked away. He went back to his test, but couldn't think. He looked up again via the window's reflection. She's staring at me again! What gives?

Alan then noticed that if one paid close attention, it appeared that she was moving around slightly in her seat. Her face appeared really flushed as well, even more than it had a few minutes earlier. Then he realized that both of her hands were in her lap. What they were doing there was blocked by the desk, but he could make a good guess, especially since her arms appeared to move in a piston pattern.

She's masturbating right in front of the class! he realized. Not only that, but she's doing it while she's STILL staring at me! God, does she have a thing for me?! Duuuuh. She must! After all this time, three years of lusting, and I finally find out that she likes ME! Dang!

This is just too bizarre. The most beautiful teacher in school is masturbating in my class while thinking of me, and then I've got to go paint the pussies of my sister and her friend for lunch. And today is a Tuesday, so who knows what that'll mean. Is Mom going to do another "abnormality check" of my dick even though Ron is home?

And then there's Aunt Suzy... She could come into my room at any time. And another appointment with Akami is coming up... This is just too weird! It's like I'm having the total harmonic convergence of sexual luck! And really, it all goes back to my "six-times-a-day" treatment. That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. It's hard to believe that that was a legitimate treatment.

He saw his teacher gasp. Her face turned even more red, and she suddenly looked very embarrassed. There's no doubt. She just had an orgasm! In class! In front of everybody! And no one but me noticed! I'll be damned!

After that, Alan's concentration on the assigned test was pretty much shot. Every time he tried to focus, all he could see in his mind's eye was the expression on his teacher's face when she'd climaxed. He had no doubt that his test results would be poor.

He lingered after class to see if Ms. Rhymer wanted to speak with him. But not only did she not say anything, she appeared to be nervous and ignoring him completely. Although he was the last student out the door, she remained quiet. As he left, he noticed that she hadn't even gotten up from her chair, which remained behind her desk.

Chapter 155 Conservative?

There really was no painting to speak of that day.

Katherine and Kim were wearing normal skirts since it wasn't a game day. But underneath they both wore real black panties, just to be on the safe side.

Alan removed their skirts, and then actually had to perform the relatively unfamiliar act of taking off panties to thoroughly check their paint jobs. He found that the paint was so durable from the day before that he didn't need to repaint them, so he had more of a social visit with Kim and Katherine in the supply closet.

They only stayed a few minutes, and their talk was entirely nonsexual. Mostly it was a chance for Alan and Kim to learn more about each other. Katherine was definitely on her best non-teasing behavior because of her promise to cool it until Thursday.

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And so things went relatively normally until Alan got home. Then, once again, his charmed and strange life seemed to get particularly surreal.

He walked inside to find Susan seemingly waiting for him in the kitchen. Just seeing his mother these days, no matter her attitude or what she wore, usually got him hard. At the very least, all he would have to do is see her hands or lips and remember what she had done to him with them, and he'd have an instant boner.

But being alone with her in the kitchen today got him especially hard and horny. He recalled their one wild day together when he came upon her washing the dishes at the kitchen sink and extensively fondled her ass. It was all he could do not to whip his shorts off and climax all over her backside.

Susan was dressed in her usual conservative, around-the-house clothing. But no matter how she dressed, there was no way for her to completely hide her fantastic tits and the rest of her shapely body. In fact, drab clothes had a way of drawing attention to her assets even more, as if those assets rose to the challenge of proving their ability to attract one's eyes no matter what she wore.

Jesus Christ, he thought, Mom's tits look like they're ready to burst through even that heavy fabric! I can totally see how erect her nipples are. And it pains me to think about the rest of her fuckable body, 'cos it's all too huggable and touchable. What an ass! Certainly she must also remember vividly what happened last Tuesday. Is that why she's meeting me in the kitchen? Sis said something about having

somewhere to go with Aims after school. Has Mom manipulated things to make sure we could be alone? She's going to be touching my cock soon, I just know it!

Susan appeared to be very nervous. She said without looking at him, "Tiger, there have been some changes around here lately, changes for the good. We've been able to make this a respectable, Christian household again. I wanted to talk to you about this last night, but, uh..." She paused and struggled over what to say.

Then she continued, "Since your father has returned home, things are more the way they should be. I'm sure you'll agree. But we still have your medical problem, and since today is a Tuesday, I think it's still important that you have your check for abnormalities on your... member. You told me last night how it's getting more difficult for you to achieve satisfaction, and Suzanne warned me that you're suffering soreness and chafing down there. I'm concerned. Do you think that we can forget what happened last week, and do such a check in a much more clinical and dignified manner?"

Alan nodded his head in agreement, even as he gulped in frightened and excited anticipation.

"Good. I'm glad you agree. Why don't we go to your room?"

They began to head in that direction.

Susan really was determined to perform the abnormality check in the most non-sexual manner possible. She told herself repeatedly that she was only doing it because Suzanne had talked her into it and really left her no alternative. She cradled a cup in her hands, and spoke as they walked, "I think it was a mistake to take our clothes off last time. This time, just unzip your fly, move your underwear to the side and let it poke out. Then you can shoot into this cup." She held the cup up for him to see.

Back in his room, she was the epitome of professionalism. She waited for him to sit down and take out his hard-on, which he did. True, she knelt in front of him, which was exciting in and of itself, but then when she began to rub his erection, she did it clinically and dispassionately. She didn't say a word and remained poker-faced, even grim.

This is no fun, thought Alan. I almost have more fun with my own hands.

He was determined that things wouldn't continue like this. He willed his dick to get flaccid, although normally the mere idea of his mother doing an abnormality check would have made it as hard as it could get. He thought of two extremely fat, ugly, pockmarked, and pimply men having sex with each other, and that worked wonders to get and keep his penis down.

Susan tried to stroke his deflated dick, but it continued to soften.

In desperation, he lied to her. "I'm sorry, Mom, but with you all bundled up in your conservative clothes, I just can't get it up. It reminds me of the old, unsexy days. And you're not being very passionate. I need some visual stimulation at the very least. I'm having such trouble sometimes, lately, getting a reaction down there."

"You're really a handful, Alan Plummer!" she said in exasperation. "What am I going to do with you?" She thought, This is not good! I can't allow things to get out of hand. I have to think of my husband! I don't know if he's cheating on me or not, but I am still married. It's not the act of helping with Tiger's medical treatment that bothers me; it's all these depraved, sinful, and decidedly un-wifely thoughts that go through my head when I do it! I'm so weak!

After no response, and a long pause, she said, "Okay, just a little visual stimulation. But none of my clothes are coming off, you understand?"

He asked with deliberate cluelessness, "How can I get visual stimulation if your clothes won't come off? ... Hey, I know! I've got an idea. Stand up and raise your skirt. That might do something."

"Very well," she said, sighing. "At least you didn't focus on my boobs for once, and I don't have to take anything off." She stood and raised her dress, fully exposing her hairy snatch.

Even now, after supposedly "reforming," she still wasn't wearing any underwear, a fact that Alan was quite pleased to discover. To divert her attention away from his delight at this turn of events, he feigned confusion. "I'm a bit surprised, Mom. Didn't you take to wearing a bra and undies again?"

She sighed again, and looked away. "Yes, I did," she answered reluctantly, "but I'm experimenting. Is there anything wrong with that? You heard in the car the other day that Ron and I are having some marital difficulties. Perhaps if I dress a little sexier, maybe that'll help."

In actual fact, though, she was only going without underwear in the mornings and afternoons, when Ron wasn't around but Alan was. She didn't even know why she was doing that, except that it made her feel good somehow. She snapped defensively, "Are you happy now? Does that make me a bad person or something?"

"No. Geez. Nothing to be embarrassed about. I'm just curious, that's all."

"Anyway, Son, are you ready yet?" she asked impatiently. "I can't just stand here like this!" She was worried, because his eyes were focused on her labia like a laser, from only a few feet away, and that was getting her extremely hot and bothered. She had to fight the temptation to spread her legs wider and expose more pink to her son's lustful gaze.

Speaking more to herself than to him, she said, "I shouldn't call you 'Son' at a time like this. It's so embarrassing! It's not right for a son to look at his mother's most intimate places. It's... so very improper!"

Her impatience continued to grow because she was feeling more aroused with each passing second. She was starting to feel tingly all over, especially between her legs, and she worried that he would soon start to see moisture down there.

Then there was Alan's extremely distracting dick, which wasn't helping her effort to keep breathing evenly. She nodded towards where it was hanging out of his shorts, and noted, "I see you're almost there."

In fact, his dick had already gotten rock hard as soon as he took one look at her fully exposed slit. But he still didn't want her to touch him in only a clinical way, so he hoped to sex things up a bit more. He thought again of extremely fat men having sex, which caused his dick to deflate halfway just as she reached out to begin stroking it again.

"Tiger, you're too much!" Susan cried in exasperation as she saw his boner wilt. "What now?!"

Alan quickly thought of an excuse. "Well, the way you were being kind of snippy and resentful at my question, it broke my mood. And now it's not working anymore."

Susan was still holding her skirt up with one hand, but then she let it down in defeat. "Talk about prima donnas!" she griped. She was unusually irritable because her emotions were in a jumble. Expecting the inevitable, she unbuttoned her blouse and then spoke with more than a little frustration in her voice. "Come on! Look at my chest, if that helps! Even look at my... unmentionable area!"

He gladly looked at both areas, and he loved it. But he pretended to be frustrated.

She dropped the skirt again and sighed. "What now, oh Mr.-Suddenly-Can't-Get-It-Up-If-My-Life-Depended-On-It?"

"I dunno, maybe if I could just 'get your attention' - you know - touch you on the rear a little."bender

She was even more exasperated at that, and ruefully recalled his massage the previous Thursday, and how that innocent touching had spun out of control. But with no alternative in sight, she said, "Oh... all right! Go ahead and make it quick. I'm far too lenient with you, you know. It's a miracle you're not more spoiled."

She was frustrated, but she was also secretly pleased. She turned around and let him lift her skirt and play with her ass. She was acutely aware of the fact that she wasn't wearing panties, and she knew he'd get a good look at her labia from behind. She had to force herself to keep her legs close together so he wouldn't get too good a look there.

What's more, he didn't just give her ass a quick fondle, he got on his knees and started to give it a very intimate and prolonged exploration.

As he got into rubbing his hands all over her butt, an unexpectedly strong sexual feeling welled up in her. Despite her intentions to the contrary, she began to intensely enjoy what he was doing to her rear end.

She thought, It's been far too long since I've felt like this. It's been six days since I gave him a blowjob. That's almost a week. I can't go without him that long! God, what the hell is wrong with me? I need some of his yummy sperm in my mouth right now!

No. That's wrong. I'm a good, Christian woman, a married woman. My husband is in town. In theory, he could come home and see this! I have to keep control...

She became so absorbed in her thoughts that she forgot to protest when Alan carefully and gently stuck a covertly-lubricated finger in her anus and began to pump it in and out. Far from being outraged by this invasion of her boundaries, she merely gasped erotically, "Oooh! Tiger!"

She thought, That's my Tiger. You give him an inch, and before you know it you're lying naked on the bed with a big, thick, super-long dick shoved down your throat! I love it! He's so forceful!

In truth, he wasn't really that forceful, since most guys in his shoes would have lost all control around a woman as physically awe-inspiring as Susan, but she didn't see it that way. It was all she could do not to fall on the bed and widely spread her legs and ass cheeks for him to explore. She also had to resist the urge to encourage him to lovingly probe her suddenly sensitive anus even more deeply than he already was.

But then, suddenly, she came to her senses and remembered her vow to be professional and dispassionate. She again reminded herself of her husband and that Alan would have to cool it. She was surprised though to discover a feeling of regret in being so sensible, once she made her decision.

"Okay, buster," she told him. "Enough's enough. You must be hard by now."

He sat up on the bed, so she could have a better view of his crotch.

She turned around, forcing his hands away from her butt in the process. Sure enough, his dick was hard again. She knelt back down in front of where he now sat. "Quick now, Tiger, before the moon turns green or you come up with some new weird excuse, let's get this over with already!"

"Don't worry, Mom, I'll be fine now," he said sincerely.

On the surface, everything was done strictly by-the-book. With one hand Susan jerked him off, and with the other she quickly performed the abnormality check. But in fact, she caressed his boner with a passion and intensity which she had not felt even a few minutes earlier.

Even with her being as professional as possible, Alan still greatly enjoyed it. There was no way for her to fondle his dick without it feeling good. Plus, with her blouse mostly unbuttoned, he had a great view of her braless boobs bouncing and swaying in time to her "checking."

She finished the check quickly, saying, "There. Now that's how it should be done. Professionally. Responsibly."

He was crushed. Since she had been doing a serious check, it actually didn't take much time at all.

However, she added, "But now that we're done with that, I think it would be good for you to get one of your daily times over and done with. Since you've been having such difficulty getting and keeping stiff lately, do you need my help to finish yourself off? Or can you handle it on your own?"

He was no fool. He replied, "Um, actually, I could really use your help."

"Oh, very well." She sighed, but she was secretly delighted. In fact, she didn't really keep it very secret, because her face lit up with a big smile.

Chapter 156 Fuckin Harem!

This time, Susan used both hands and really went to town. Her hands flew up and down and around his shaft as she delighted in her first real handjob for what seemed like ages.

She loved it, but what she really longed for was to stick it in her mouth. She loved a blowjob more than just about anything, though she wasn't sure why. Perhaps because it seemed to be the epitome of naughtiness - both her parents would have had heart attacks even thinking about a penis being put in any mouth, much less hers. Even her father was so brainwashed into thinking a penis was inherently filthy and sinful that he would not have found the idea of a blowjob arousing. But Susan had vowed to herself not to allow a blowjob to happen under any circumstances, so she channeled all her passion into the handjob instead.

Alan was loving life. He was feeling so good that he decided to press his luck a little bit. Susan was panting and grinning and generally enjoying herself so much that he was confident she wasn't about to stop no matter what he said.

"Hey Mom? You know, I can feel it starting to go down a little."

She was incredulous. "You're kidding me! You're a very virile young man with a wonderfully thick and powerful, uh, member. Son, this erection is so hard and... good. I don't see a problem here." Her hands slid and sloshed all over, sped along by a growing amount of pre-cum.

But he persisted, "Trust me. Maybe you can't see it yet, but it's definitely going down, mentally. I can't help but think about you and Ron together, and his hands doing sexual things to you."

"Don't think about that!" she protested as she rubbed two fingers against his sweet spot. "I tell you, he's hardly touched me since he's come back."

"Well, that's a relief. But just to be on the safe side, I think it's probably better if you pull your top up to your shoulders. 'Cos you're so bountiful and beautiful up there. That'll take my mind off anything else."

She narrowed her eyes. "You would say that. You expect to just snap your fingers and see your over-endowed mother eagerly bare her chest? Is that what you want? Do you get some kind of sick thrill watching my big boobies bounce all over the place?"

He wasn't thinking too clearly at that point, because it seemed like a no-brainer question. "Um, yes."

She sighed, even though she was secretly delighted. "What if your father were to see us like this? Don't you think my being bare-chested would just make things worse?" She resumed stroking her son's thickness, which accidentally, or not so accidentally, caused her "big boobies to bounce all over the place" even more.

Alan had a clever thought. "Well, it might even help speed things up a little bit, so I think it could actually be safer."

She sighed louder. "You have a point there. Very well. But I'm just opening things up a tad so we can get this done quickly." She frowned, then pulled away and started fiddling with the buttons on her blouse.

He didn't realize it, but Susan was so aroused by that point that he could just as easily have talked her into a blowjob. But he was too far gone to be thinking clearly, and he still tended to take her protests at face value despite the burning fire of passion in her eyes.

She didn't just open her blouse a "tad"; she rearranged her blouse so that it was completely unbuttoned, gaping down to her belly button, giving him a clear view of her mighty rack. She didn't know why, but of all the things that turned her on, having her son stare at or fondle her big bare breasts was at or near the top of her list. Her cunt was getting wetter all the time, making a big damp spot on her skirt.

The downside for Alan was that he was correct in the fact that seeing his mother expose herself like that DID speed things up for him. He'd already been having a heck of a time trying not to cum too soon, and even his recently-begun, regular PC muscle exercises only helped a little.

She leaned in close, so close that he could feel her damp breath on his shaft. I'm so bad! Apparently it's not enough for me to stroke my son's thick member; I have to breathe heavily on it too. It's like I'm some kind of obscene phone caller, panting on him like some kind of sex fiend.

Dear Lord, please give me strength! I have to do this to help my darling son with his problem, but why do I have to enjoy it so much?! It's just... it's just... so hot! Sex with Ron was nothing like this. That felt like a chore. But this... it's so exciting! And so naughty! I'm a naughty, shameless, busty mommy. Just look at my big breasts bouncing around. It's all so sinful. Tiger is probably going to blast my face with a thick load of his creamy, spermy goodness, and I'll deserve it!

She leaned forward even closer to his boner, panting on it in an ever more overt manner. Oh dear! This is bad. If I keep this up much longer, I won't be able to resist cramming it into my mouth. It's just too thick and tempting. We'd better wrap this up, fast!

She stared intently at her fingers moving over his cockhead as she said with great concern, "We have to hurry! Between your huge penis, er, unmentionable, and my excessively large breasts swinging in time to my sliding hands, this scene could be badly misconstrued!"

With a furrowed brow, she continued to concentrate on her stroking. Then she added, "Why, if Ron saw us, he might jump to conclusions that something improper is happening!"

Alan had to hold back from laughing out loud. He also had to restrain himself from reaching out and firmly grasping his mother's steadily swaying tits. Between the tactile stimulation of her fingers and the visual stimulation of her massive tits, he couldn't cope with all the pleasure.

The end came upon him quickly. "I'm losing it, Mom! The cup! The cup!"bender

She fumbled around for the cup and positioned it just in time.

He ejaculated cleanly into the cup. Both were silent until he was done. In retrospect, he was disappointed that he had mentioned the cup because he would have preferred to cum all over her. But on the other hand, he worried that might have been pushing his luck too far. In any case, the whole thing was over in a fantastic but all too short five minutes.

When he had finished, she pushed his flaccid penis back into his underwear, rebuttoned her blouse, and stood up. She was panting a little, but she tried not to show it. "Thank you, Tiger. I really needed that. I needed to make sure that I understood the importance of boundaries myself, and to prove to myself that last week was an aberration. I feel like I've passed a test, and even more so since you made it extra difficult for me. It looks like I'm not going to completely fall apart if you touch me, and for that I thank the Lord."

She straightened out her clothes and hair, but it was hard not to notice that she'd left all but the bottom two buttons of her blouse unbuttoned, leaving her cleavage in clear view. "Next time, hopefully, we'll have better luck getting you aroused, but overall it appears that you have the maturity to deal with your treatment without letting things get out of hand. Otherwise I was going to have to ask Nurse Akami to take care of these checks. I'm sorry about some of these changes, but that's the way it has to be. Do you understand?"

"Yes, of course," he replied. But he thought, If you only knew about what's happening between Sis and me, then what would you think about my ability to maintain boundaries?

"Good. I suppose a little bit of visual stimulation didn't hurt anyone. And if you show that you can behave properly, then maybe next time I'll be willing to use my mouth, like we did before." That made it sound as if a blowjob would be a reward for him, but in fact it would have been just as much of a pleasure for her. However, she acted restrained in her demeanor. "Now, do you think that will hold you for a while?"

"Yeah, definitely. Now I'll be able to take care of myself for at least a day or two," he lied, sure that it was what Suzanne would want him to say. "I'll think about... what we did here."

"A day or two?" Susan asked incredulously. "Is that it? I can't believe it!"

"I'm sorry, Mom. But it's just... you're so arousing. The porn we bought, all that other stuff, it just doesn't compare. Aunt Suzy is great, definitely way great, but somehow I find myself thinking of you sometimes, even when I'm with her. And when you're like, all 1800's and Amish, she has a real uphill battle getting me going at all."

Susan complained, "'All 1800's and Amish.' Come on. I'm not that bad." She leaned forward as if she just wanted closer eye contact, but as a result she showed off great expanses of creamy tit-flesh, since her blouse was still mostly unbuttoned.

He tried hard to maintain eye contact, with limited success. He could easily see her erect nipples. "Well, that's true. Not anymore, at least. I'll think about you not wearing any undies, and that'll at least help a little."

He was playing up his supposed difficulties in getting aroused, when in fact he really was hardly having any trouble at all. In truth, Suzanne alone was endlessly arousing, and he correctly suspected that she had lots of tricks and talents she had yet to use on him. For some reason, he didn't feel that he was lying, but instead just stretching the facts.

Susan thought for a minute, and thought again about Suzanne's plan of taking care of him somewhere outside the house. She still found that strangely disturbing for a reason she couldn't quite put her finger on, and wanted either to be the one to help Alan directly or at least have it happen in her house. The locale was symbolically very important to her; if it took place in her house, she would feel connected to the event even if she wasn't there. "Let me know how it goes, Tiger. Let's have good communication on this. Tell me when it gets unbearable, and we'll do something, though it may not be precisely what you want."

She smiled as he nodded back gratefully. Then she left the room. Curiously, it was only when she was in the hallway that she remembered to button up the rest of the buttons on her blouse.

Alan turned back to his bed after watching Susan leave, and then he noticed the cup of cum was still there. Without thinking, he shouted, "Hey, Mom!"

She'd almost reached her room, but she stopped and loudly replied, "Yes, Tiger?"

"Mom, can you come back for a sec?"

Once she was back at his door, he pointed to the cup of cum. "Um, what are we supposed to do with this?"

Susan stared at it in surprise. Her expression quickly turned lusty and hungry. "Uh, don't worry. I'll take that. I can give it to, uh... Akami. For... uh... analysis."

He thought, Yeah. Right! But he just nodded.

She walked out of the room holding the cup of cum like a hungry teen holding a banana split.

He thought, Man, I don't even wanna know what she does with that. TMI. Too much information!

Putting that issue out of his mind, for the most part, he lay back on his bed and pondered what this latest development meant. I'll bet this event will be very important over the long run. Aunt Suzy told me Mom's return to her prudish ways would only be a temporary thing, and now it looks like she was right. Sweet! Today, Mom was trying to be all proper and clinical, but the fact is she's still jacking me off and she's still digging it, too! Double sweetness!

Given this and what she said last night, after Ron leaves we're bound to slide back to how it was before. If I play my cards right, I bet she'll eventually lose the rest of her repressed attitude, and become hot to trot all over again. I've seen that it's in her, and it has to come out.

Once that happens, the whole facade can finally be torn down. I'll be able to fuck Mom, Sis, and Aunt Suzy to my heart's content, in my own house! Can you imagine that?! Fucking THEM?! But it really could happen! Oh God, I'm so horny already! His penis was starting to grow erect, so he began to masturbate to those exciting thoughts.

I mean, someday soon, I might wind up with my dick fully impaled in my mother's pussy! It really could happen! And why stop there?! Aunt Suzy would totally know and approve. Hell, we could wind up in a

threesome. Wouldn't that be cool, if the two of them kissed and rubbed their gigantic tits together even while I'm balls deep in Mom!

But why stop there? I'd blast my load right into the depths of Mom's cunt! Then, right away, I'd pull out and plunge straight into the burning furnace of Aunt Suzy's tight cunt! Jeeeeesus! I can almost feel it! Then I'd fuck the hell out of her too! UNGH!

Holy FUCK! So awesome! It really, really could happen someday soon! He was thrilling to the pleasures of masturbating as he vividly imagined that scene.

But why stop there? Aims is totally in the bag too, if Aunt Suzy is doing it already. Throw in Kim and God knows who else? Ms. Rhymer even? Imagine inviting my teacher over to my house for dinner, followed by a giant orgy! I'll be the only guy, and four, five, maybe six women will all be trying to pleasure me. It'll be like having my own harem! Hell, while I'm at it, why not throw Christine into the picture? Okay, that, at least, is totally unrealistic, but it's so damn hot!

I don't even need to go wild with impossible fantasies though, because the reality is already so mind-blowing. And it's only gonna get better and better! All I have to do is stay on course and not do anything stupid, like getting caught having sex with my sister before Mom can handle that.

He continued to masturbate while reveling in his fantasies, and orgasmed again. Despite what he'd told his mother, these days he had little trouble at all climaxing six times a day. True, his dick wasn't always up for it, but he had no lack of erotic thoughts driving him wild. He would have been inspired enough to cum twenty or thirty times a day if time and his body would have permitted it.

Chapter 157 Ms. Rhymer's Thoughts

bender

That same day, as soon as the bell rang announcing the end of the school day, Glory took off like a rocket to her car in the teacher's parking lot. She'd been planning to go surfing after school, and she already had her surfboard and everything she needed either on or in her car. The problem was that she had to drive a long way to get to any beach not frequented by kids in her school and it got cold and dark early this time of year. From experience, she knew she'd only get about an hour's worth of quality surfing time in, but lately she'd been feeling frazzled and she really needed it.

Surfing wasn't just a sport for her; it had a lot of emotional and even possibly spiritual meaning. Usually, an hour or two of catching waves recharged her completely. She was hoping for something like that to happen to her today, because she'd been in the dumps lately.

The problem was Alan. She rested on the beach after she finished surfing. She peeled off her wetsuit and then roughly dried herself off with a towel. Then she went back to lie on her surfboard near the water's edge. Sometimes she found it comforting to lay there with the sound of the waves lapping the sand right next to her. She closed her eyes and tried to sort out her feelings about him. It was a way of pondering her problems that had worked well for her in the past, because there was something about the sun and the sound of the waves that helped put her in a meditative and contemplative state.

For two years, if not more, I've been fully aware that Alan has a strong crush on me. It was kinda cute, especially since he was so clueless and didn't realize that I knew. Of course I was flattered, but I'd always assumed that nothing would come of it. He was too shy, and I just didn't see him in a sexual way at all. Besides, he's much too young, and one of my students to boot. The whole idea of his crush leading to anything more was downright silly!

Then something happened. I can't figure out exactly what, or when, or how. But in the last week or two, there's been an important change in him. Out of the blue, he exudes sexual experience and even supreme sexual confidence. It was subtle at first, but it seems to grow day by day. Before, when he'd looked at me longingly, I'd only felt a bit sorry for him. I mean, I'm so not a potential girlfriend for him! But now, when he stares, it does things to me. He just looks so HUNGRY. He's like a tiger; you know he's gonna hunt down and eat his meal. And the meal is ME! I swear, when he looks at me in class like that, I have this strong desire to undress then and there!

And hell, let's face it; I've pretty much done just that. I've done some other crazy things lately too, because he's been driving me wild. If he only knew! I just hope I drive him wild too!

She arched her back and raised a hand to her head, as if she was striking a classic cheesecake pose for him on her surfboard.

She relaxed her pose and continued to consider the situation, keeping her eyes closed. But what's worse is that I find myself contemplating doing even more with him. His weird need for "help" that I've found out about could be a golden opportunity. Why the hell not help him? If he kisses with even half of the passion he looks at me lately...

But that's just crazy talk. Right? I mean, I've got a steady boyfriend in Garth. He's a perfectly nice guy. There's nothing wrong with him. He's very dependable. Handsome and strong too. Everyone tells me that he's a great catch.

The problem is, Garth has never rocked my world. I swear, I've gotten more aroused from Alan just LOOKING at me than anything Garth has ever done to me sexually. Not only does Alan have this weird sexual mojo going on all of a sudden, but he's also still the same ol' kind and lovable nerd who somehow became one of my closest friends in this last year or two. Even though, technically, ours is not a 'friends' relationship, so we never see each other out of school, the undeniable truth is that he's gotten under my skin somehow and kinda made me love him. Then, when you add this new sexual spark to that, I just can't resist him!

She sighed, opened her eyes, lifted her head, and looked up and down the beach. Then she stared into the crashing waves while heavily pondering her situation. Surfing here today was supposed to help me, but it didn't. I still feel unsettled. It's like I'm standing at the edge of a cliff. What if I have a sexual relationship with one of my students? That could be about as smart as jumping off a real cliff! What on Earth am I thinking?! Is it just the fantasy of getting it on with a student? That's just a fantasy and a terrible weakness I have; I can't let it affect me. And Garth! I can't cheat on him. I hate cheaters. So why am I so fucking HOT for Alan lately?

I swear, there's something different about him. Something strange. It's like he's gone from clueless virgin to a real Don Juan in a matter of days. That's just not possible. I know he's been doing something sexual with Mrs. Pestridge in that time, but what? It's gotten me so damn curious! What if I help him out just a little bit? Just enough to find out what's going on, and find out why he's having such a strange effect on me?

Would that be so bad? I can't REALLY be thinking about doing something with him, can I?!

The shadows were growing longer and the wind was picking up as she lay there on her board. So she left the beach a short time later, still feeling unsettled and depressed. She wondered why she remained in a relationship with Garth, because he wasn't any help at all for her emotionally. She felt like their relationship had already died some time ago, and she just lacked the guts to tell him that it was over.

Chapter 158 You're Pure Sex, And Pure Evil Too.

That evening, Susan and Ron went to play night tennis with each other. Tennis was one of the few things they actually did together.

Susan felt conflicted being near Ron. On the one hand, she felt guilty for having jacked off her son hours before, but on the other hand she suspected Ron of rampant adultery. She let out her frustrations by playing aggressively.

Not only was she in great shape and playing at the top of her game, but Ron was quite out of shape from sitting behind a desk too much. Her maternal instincts kicked in. She prided herself on being a good wife, so when they were done playing she said to him, "Ron, honey, are you all right?"

He was panting badly as he clutched his side. "I'm just... winded... I'll be... all right... Good game... First time... you beat me."

But Susan said, "You're not all right! Frankly, you haven't looked yourself lately. What have you been doing in Thailand? Whatever it is, it sure isn't exercising."

He griped, "It's called 'getting old.'"

"Nonsense. Look at Suzanne and me. Would you believe I got carded the other day when I bought some wine at Trader Joe's? It's true. When did you have your last physical?" bender

"Uuuh, I don't remember." He was still bent over and gasping.

"You're having one now! I'm going to set one up for you and I don't want to hear you're too busy to go."

Ron just nodded.

Susan thought, AND, when he goes, I'll make sure he gets a blood test. Then we'll be able to test him for STDs too. It's not exactly a Suzanne scheme, but I'll bet Suzanne's gonna be proud of me for my cleverness! It's not even immoral, because he does need a check-up.

Not long after they returned home, Suzanne came over to see if circumstances would allow her to help Alan some more. She noticed Ron watching TV in the living room, then she wandered upstairs. She heard the stereo in Alan's room, which presumably meant he was studying, and she also heard Susan down the hall in the bathroom attached to her bedroom, just starting to take a shower.

An idea came to her and she rushed back downstairs to Ron. She told him, truthfully, that her son Brad had been having trouble with his fantasy football team and needed advice. She knew Ron was a big football fan and she correctly figured he'd volunteer to go over and help Brad. She further knew that when either of them got to talking about football it was nearly impossible to get them to shut up, so that meant Ron was out of the picture for a good while.

Then, giving Ron a minute or two head start, Suzanne rushed back to her own home, went to her private office there, and called the Plummer house on her private line.

Alan's bedroom door was slightly ajar, so he heard the phone ring in Susan's bedroom. Hearing the water running in the shower and the phone still ringing, he rushed over to her room to catch the phone before the answering machine took it. He made it just in time. "Plummer residence?"

Suzanne chuckled. She could tell it was Alan's voice, and there was no mistaking her scratchy voice, so she decided to have a little fun with him. "The Plummer residence? I'm not sure I have the right number. I'm looking for an Alan. I understand he needs to have his cock sucked."

Alan was so shocked by this that he was momentarily rendered speechless, and just muttered, "Uh, ah..."

"Is this Alan?" she continued. "Because this is his friend Christine, and I just wanted to tell him that I'm so sorry about turning him down for a date. I'm just standing here in my opened robe playing with my big breasts and thinking about how I need to make it up to him with blowjobs. Lots and lots of blowjobs!"

Alan was slow on the uptake, especially since his head was filled with an image of Christine playing with herself. It was as if so much blood had suddenly rushed to his cock that there was none left for his brain. He stated the blatantly obvious. "You're not Christine!"

"Oh, but I am. Who am I speaking to? Is this Susan?"

"No, she's in the shower. Aunt Suzy, I know that's you. I mean, come on. You're not even trying to sound like Christine. Heck, you don't even know what she sounds like. What's this all about?"

"But I AM Christine! And I need your help!"

Her plea for help sounded so urgent and sincere that Alan couldn't help but reply, "What's wrong?"

"I don't know! It's my body. You're the only man I can trust, so I'm calling you!"

"But what is it? What's the problem?" Against his will, Alan found himself increasingly drawn into the scenario. His vision of Christine talking on the phone grew more vivid.

Suzanne said in her boner-inducing scratchy yet sultry voice, "It's like cats when they go in heat. It's just like that. I'm in heat! I need your help. I need you to come over here right away! My breasts! They're so... needy! They need a man's touch! I'm standing here in my room, virtually naked, writhing with lust, but when I pull on my nipples and fondle my breasts it just doesn't do it! Alan! Please! I need YOU! I want you to grope and maul them! Pull on my nipples HARD! Touch them all over!"

Alan thought, Shit! If she keeps talking, my dick is gonna rip my shorts to shreds! Christine!

Suzanne paused just to pant for a few moments, then continued, "I think, if you rub your penis all over it, that would help a lot. Can you do that? Can you rub your stiff dick all over my big breasts? If you put it between them, I'll squeeze them together and rub and rub until you squirt all over my face! Can you help me with that? Please? Is that what you call a titfuck?"

He groaned lustily. Oh, man! She's killing me! Christine! Titfucking her is practically my very favorite fantasy!

But Suzanne wasn't done. "And my pussy is even worse. It's on fire! I think the only thing that can cool it down is cum. Lots and lots of sticky man-cum! Alan, I need your help! I need your cum! If you don't come over here and stick your big cock in my tight little blonde cunt, I think I'm gonna die! You just have to come here and fill all my holes, over and over, in and out and in and out with your big hard log, all night long!"

She snickered quietly to herself as she heard Alan breathing heavily and unevenly. Then she upped the ante. She gasped as if attacked, "OH! OH! Oh, my breasts! Oh, GOD! If you can help me with just one

thing, they really do need to get fucked! Please, I'll do anything if you just come over here and fuck my tits! Oh God! Please! And then the blowjobs! I'll suck your cock forever if you just promise to fuck my big tits like they need to be fucked!"

Suzanne was getting herself increasingly worked up with her rapid-fire sexy talk. She had to pause to catch her breath.

That gave him a chance to finally get a word in. He was extremely aroused, but deadpanned, "Aunt Suzy, shit, man! If you ever need any money, you could make a fortune as a phone sex operator. Jesus! That was like being hit by a truck! A full-on sex truck!"

She laughed. "I don't know what a 'full-on sex truck' is, but it sounds like fun. But you got me. I'm not Christine."

He laughed too. "No, you're not. You're pure sex, and pure evil too."

She chuckled knowingly. "There's maybe some truth in that. However, would you be less mad at me if I said I really am playing with my tits and I really am looking for you so I can help you with a blowjob?" She chuckled again, because she could hear him gulping with shock and arousal.

"Oh, man!" He stammered a bit and then said, "Aunt Suzy, God I'd love for you to help, and that Christine talk got me really worked up, although it would have been just as great if you were you, but you can't. Ron is here."

"No he's not. He's over here. He came over just a few minutes ago and he's gonna be here a while. He and Brad are talking about football, and even my husband has joined in. I'll tell you what. I'll make you a deal."

"What?"

"I'll help you reach your daily target with a handjob or blowjob, but you have to ask your mother for her assistance first. But the offer's only good for the next five minutes. You snooze, you lose."

"But Aunt Suzy! She's taking a shower. How can I even ask? And you know how she is lately, especially since Ron came home. What's this all about?"

"She needs to get more involved, because I can't handle it all by myself. I heard she helped you with an abnormality check earlier today, so you need to strike while the iron is hot. Not only that, but a shower is a perfect time. She's very susceptible to your charms when she's naked, believe me. I've noticed that all her religious morality seems to come off with her clothes."

"But Aunt Suzy. I can't just walk in there when she's naked and ask for help with an orgasm. That's craziness!"

"Think of it this way, Sweetie. It's win-win. If you go in there and she says yes, then you're obviously a very happy camper. If you go in there and she says no, then you still get my help. AND you get to see her naked. The only way you lose is if you're too frightened to go in at all. Fortune favors the brave."

"But... but... Aunt Suzy! Grrr! You ARE evil!"

"Did I mention the five minutes has started already? Your mom and I keep no secrets, so don't try to wriggle through any loopholes. Oh, and you can't mention that I suggested any of this. Good luck!" She hung up the phone.

Standing in Susan's bedroom, he was already quite close to her adjoining shower. In fact, Susan probably could have heard his end of the phone call had the shower water not been running. Thinking about her showering there so close was very tempting. Furthermore, thinking about Suzanne's promises and her talk about Christine helping out had put him in such an excited mood that he was ready for practically anything. His dick was fully erect and throbbing with need.

Still, he thought too much to be naturally assertive, and he found himself pacing back and forth in her room, wondering what to do.

He tried to think of some reason to enter the bathroom while his mother still stood wet and naked. Even as I'm thinking, she's probably close to getting out and toweling herself off. If she does that, it'll be too late. Dang. But I can't go in there as if by accident, since this isn't the bathroom I normally use. Maybe I could say there's some kind of emergency? Nah. At best I'd get a quick look... There's something really

wrong with me to even be standing here in this room, but I'm so horny that it's beyond unbearable. My dick is so stiff and hard, I can barely walk around! Damn Aunt Suzy and her sexy talk!

Before long, the only thing he could think about was how his mother would look under the shower, seeing the water pouring down all over her glistening skin. But still he hesitated because he couldn't think of a good reason to go in there and violate her privacy.

Suddenly, the shower came to a stop.

Shit! Shit, shit, shit! Time is running out! Not to mention Aunt Suzy's five minute window. That could even be over already! I wonder what she's thinking. Today she actually told me she might give me a blowjob sometime soon. And she DID give me a handjob.

Hey. Wait a minute. What did she say earlier today? "Tell me when it gets unbearable, and we'll do something, though it may not be precisely what you want." That's it. I'll just say I can't take it anymore and see how she reacts. If worse comes to worst, she can't be THAT mad at me, can she?

Fortune does favor the brave! What the hell, I just have to do it!

Chapter 159 What An ASS!

Alan knocked on the bathroom door before he could think of any excuse not to act. "Hey Mom, are you in there?"

"Tiger? Is that you? Yes, I just finished showering."

He opened the door, rushed in and hugged her before she had much chance to react.

"Son?! What are you doing? I'm naked!" He was in luck. Her hair was mostly still wet, even though her body had been dried off. She wore nothing except the towel that was wrapped around her long dark-brown hair that was bunched on top of her head.

"Sorry, Mom, I thought you said you were done showering."

"Yeah, but I'm still drying off! You have to leave this instant!"

"But Mom. You said I should tell you when it gets unbearable, and... it, um... got unbearable." He slid his body down until he knelt with one leg so his head rested between her boobs. He regretted the fact that he was wearing shorts and a T-shirt, but there were limits to his daring. Even freshly showered, her scent was intoxicating to him.

"Already? But Tiger! I just helped you out a few hours ago. You said that would last you a while!"

He was delighted. He was having a conversation while literally talking into his mother's ample cleavage, and although she wasn't happy, she wasn't pushing him away. He wrapped his arms around her and held her by her lower back.

By contrast, her arms fluttered in the air because she didn't know what to do or how to get him away.

"Sorry, Mom, I can't help it! These things can't be controlled. I have raging teenage hormones, and there's no telling when they'll strike. I'm really, really sorry!" His words were muffled because his nose was deep in her cleavage.

"Alan Evan Plummer! Listen to me this instant! I am NOT going to give you a blowjob. That is final. Do you understand? Not even a handjob. You'll just have to fend for yourself. Ron is downstairs! Downstairs, I said!" She shivered at that thought, and her voice dropped to a near whisper. "Do you realize what that means? What if he walked up here right now? It would be the end of our marriage! A total disaster! Please peel yourself off me already!"

He was happy to hear his mother talk, because the longer she talked, the longer he could hold on. And he was partly right about the raging hormones - he really was thinking with the wrong head at the moment. "But Mom! He left to go talk football with Brad a few minutes ago. He'll be gone for hours. And I can't help it. Please, Mom! I need some help. Some assistance! Maybe... Can I get your attention?"

His hands dropped to her ass and started sensually stroking her bare butt cheeks. Meanwhile he continued to nuzzle his face between her pillowy breasts.

Susan could already feel her arousal growing. Any contact with her breasts tended to make her weak in the knees, and that was happening now. Plus, the way his hands were vigorously exploring her ass cheeks was practically making her climax already.

Without thinking, she clutched at the outer sides of her breasts, helping to push them in towards his face. But she persisted, "Tiger! Please! Get off me. Don't do that! Particularly not in my ass crack. Now isn't the time. And next door is still too close! He could come back at any moment and I might not even hear it. What about Suzanne? Can't you get her help?"

"But she isn't here," he pointed out. "I have needs right now, big needs! My dick is so hard it hurts!" He licked some drops of water off her left boob. His tongue worked its way towards her nipple.

Susan freaked out; she worried that if his mouth made it to her nipple and he started suckling her there, she'd lose all control. She decided she had to disengage from his greedy grasp before that happened. She tried to wiggle away. "Okay. I'll give her a call, since it's such an emergency. Here. Let me go by."

He was about to let her go, but then a thought came to him. "Hey, wait! You can't go yet. You're all wet. Here, let me dry you off." He grabbed a nearby towel.

She said with uncharacteristic sarcasm, "Thanks." But she held her arms up and let him towel her off, even though she wasn't really wet anymore, except for the hair under her towel.

Not surprisingly, he used this as an opportunity to fondle and explore her entire naked body. It was frustrating that he had to use the towel, but he quickly developed a habit of "checking" her skin after he rubbed the towel against it to make sure it had gotten dry.

He also was frustrated because his erection was still trapped in his shorts. But he knew that she remained reluctant about "helping out," so his main goal was not getting off himself just yet, but lowering her resistance by increasing her arousal. And there was no doubt that his plan was working like a charm, because her lust and passion for him grew by leaps and bounds as he continued drying her off.

The only sign of resistance that she showed was that she kept a hand over her pussy most of the time.

She thought, Typical. Tiger may not realize it, but he's utterly humiliating me! I mean, I just stand here like some kind of sexy nude statue, and he's using this drying process as an excuse to explore every last inch of my body! But what's really shameful is that we both know that there's no good reason why I can't towel myself off, or why I even need to be "dried" in the first place. And yet I just keep standing here silent, letting him do it, I might as well say, "Tiger, play with your busty mommy as long as you like. Treat her as your sex toy, if that makes you happy."

Oh God! I can't think that! It's too hot! And as if that isn't bad enough, he's taking full advantage. My body was pretty much dry to begin with, and it's definitely completely dry now, but does he stop? No! And what is he getting driest of all? My big boobs, of course. Damn that rough towel. Doesn't he know how sensitive my breasts are? If he keeps doing that, he might even make me cum!

bender

And just look at that big dick of his, cruelly trapped in his shorts like that. That's not right! He must be suffering. What kind of uncaring mother am I? Shouldn't I be helping him... with my mouth?!

Sensing that her resistance was in tatters, she abruptly said, "Okay, that's enough." She grabbed the towel from him and put it aside. (Interestingly enough, she could have wrapped it around her torso, especially since it wasn't really wet, but she didn't.) Then she pushed out of the bathroom like she desperately needed to get fresh air.

He reluctantly let go and watched her walk naked to the telephone that was beside her bed. Man! That's my friggin' mom! What an ASS!

Chapter 160 You're Such A BIG Boy....!

He went to her bedroom door and locked it. Then he went to her closet, found a pair of red high-heeled shoes, and gave them to her.

She stood there with one hand over her pussy, with her other arm crossed over her nipples. She looked at the heels in confusion. "What am I supposed to do with these?"

He handed her the heels, forcing her to uncover her privates. He gave her his best sad, needy-puppy-dog look.

She couldn't help but shake her head and grin a little. "Oh, very well. I suppose it's better than being COMPLETELY naked."

She took a step towards her bed so she could put her high heels on, but stopped when she felt his hands on her ankles and realized he was down on his knees. Then it dawned on her that he wanted to be the one who put her heels on her feet.

Even though she was fully aware that she was still in her birthday suit, she couldn't resist having her son pamper her like this. She spread her stiff, straight legs, but kept a hand over her pussy, and let him put the high heels on her feet.

Not too surprisingly, he made a production out of this too. He spent as much or more time simply caressing her feet and her lower legs as putting her feet in the heels.

Susan loved it. My goodness! Why am I letting him do this?! I'm so bad! If only it wasn't high heels. I don't know what it is, but lately high heels have gotten strangely thrilling for me. It's like he knows all my weaknesses. I really should at least get him to give me a towel. My pussy is tingling too much, and I have goose bumps all over!

She kept a hand covering her pussy, but that was it. I'm a terrible mother. At the very least, I should be covering my breasts. But I get so very tingly knowing that he's looking at them, and loving them. Lord, help me! And he picked the red heels. Those are my favorites!

Her only concern was that her hand over her pussy could feel a growing wetness. She didn't want him to see rivulets of her arousal flowing down her thighs, so she finally said, "Okay, Tiger. I think that's enough. Is there anything else I need to do, or can I make the call already?"

For some reason he was enjoying remaining silent now that that had started, so he just smiled and shook his head. Then he stood up, stepped back, and returned to his blatant gawking of her backside.

She ostentatiously stretched and preened a little bit before she even thought about picking up the phone. She was fully in her horny mode now, and ready for most anything. Her attitude had changed so much that she was irritated she had to make a call, and she had to think back to figure out who she was supposed to call and for what.

She felt a great sadness when she remembered she was supposed to ask Suzanne to help Alan and his stiff boner. He'd worked her up so much that she thought, Maybe... maybe I should just help him myself. Somehow, I feel he's going to trick me into choking on his member, no matter what I do. He's just too clever and well hung. But... oh no! Ron is nearby! I don't care how thick and delicious my son's erection looks. I need to use my willpower and let Suzanne handle things, if only this one time.

Her backside alone was a very impressive sight. Alan rarely got to see all of her back because her long brown hair was usually covering most of it, but since her hair was still up from her shower, he could marvel at her shoulder blades and long, shapely neck. He was so out-of-control horny that the urge to explore her body was almost overwhelming.

She finally picked up the receiver and started dialing Suzanne's number, but then she realized she felt self-conscious calling her best friend while Alan was still ogling her nude form. So she sat on the opposite side of the bed from him. That limited his view of her, but there still was plenty of bare skin for him to enjoy.

"Hello? Suzanne?"

"Yes?"

"We have a problem here. It's about Tiger. He says he needs assistance right away. It's urgent! Can you come over here and lend him a hand?" She blushed as her words sank in, and then corrected herself. "Um, I didn't mean that literally. Well, actually, that is kind of what I do mean, but I didn't mean to say... Uh, anyway, the point is, you're needed over here. Okay?"

Part of Suzanne's motive for her on-the-fly scheme was to push Alan into becoming more assertive, so she was delighted that he'd done as she had hoped. But of course she acted as if she didn't know anything about it, saying, "Just a second. Call me back on my cell phone."

"But-" Susan found herself listening to a disconnect signal. She glanced over at her son, and saw him still staring at her. She frowned, but didn't say anything to discourage him (since she secretly loved it). Then she rapidly dialed the other number and got Suzanne again. "Suzanne, is that you? What was that about?"

Suzanne replied, "I can't talk about tending to Alan when Brad is in the same room. It's too weird, not to mention dangerous. Anyway, I'm in a safe spot now, so what's up?"

Alan meanwhile had walked around so he could see his favorite part of Susan: her front side.

The way that he blatantly gawked at her made her a little uncomfortable. So she crossed her legs to cover her pussy and put an arm back across her chest. Luckily for Alan, she needed her other hand and arm to hold the phone, and there was far too much tit-flesh for one arm to cover effectively.

She said to Suzanne, "It's Tiger. It's like he's gone crazy. He's standing here with me in my bedroom, and I'm naked and he's not! He's staring at me like he's a starving dog and I'm a raw steak. You have to help!"

Suzanne cooed, "Oooh! That sounds hot."

Susan exclaimed, "He's just taken the towel off my head and he's running a hand through my hair, and he's drying it with his fingers!"

Suzanne said, "Ooooh! Even better! What a considerate boy."

"Considerate? I think it's just an excuse for him to play with my body."

"Sounds sexy! Are you excited?"

Susan was hot as a furnace. The way Alan was devouring her with his eyes was almost unbearable. Her legs kept trying to spread themselves apart. She wanted to thrust her chest out and scream, "Suck on these!" But instead she cried into the phone, "SuzaaaaAAAAanne! That's irrelevant. By the way, is Ron over there right now?"

"As a matter of fact, he is. I think he's going to be here for quite a while. The men are having a big football pow-wow. Why do you ask?"

"Look, can you come over here right away and take care of my Tiger's big problem?"

Suzanne was having fun teasing Susan a little bit. She could picture Alan standing and staring while Susan squirmed and blushed as she sat while talking naked on the phone, and she figured the longer she could draw that out, the more aroused everyone would get. So she asked, "When you say big problem, are you referring to his big erection?"

Susan winced. "Yes."

"Are you sure he's erect right now?"

Alan was standing right next to Susan by now, so he could just manage to make out what Suzanne was saying to her. Inspired by the question, he adjusted his shorts, causing his erection to poke out the bottom. Because they were short shorts, about half of its length stuck out.

Susan stared and panted, "God, yes!" Her pussy was throbbing and leaking, and she couldn't stop staring at his exposed boner.

"How do you know?" Suzanne prodded. "Are you staring at his fat thickness right in front of you?"

"Yes! YES! I can see a good three or four inches of magnificent man-mea-" She interrupted herself. "But that's not the point! I need your help right away!"

Suzanne wanted to tease Susan a lot more, but she had to be careful when speaking on the phone in her own house, even if she was sure she was in a secure location. So she merely replied, "Okay, sure. But what's the big rush?"

Susan didn't want to admit the real reason: she was so aroused that she feared she wouldn't be able to control herself much longer. She had visions of dropping the phone and lunging forward, tackling Alan to the bed in a mad frenzy to get his shorts off. She nearly screamed, "Please come over NOW!"

Alan meanwhile, had adjusted his shorts so that nearly all of his erection was poking out the bottom edge of his shorts. He was so eager for Susan to "play" that he started stroking it and looking at her expectantly.

He thought this would get her even more aroused, but for once, he misread her. She felt like he was being too pushy and was taking her for granted. She calmed herself, and glared at her son as she said to Suzanne, "You can't wait because Alan is being insistent and demanding like some kind of prima donna."

Suzanne quietly sighed. She could tell that Susan's mood had just taken a turn for the worse. "All right. I'll be right over." bender

Blaming all her conflicted emotions and raging desires on her son, Susan vented at him in the guise of speaking to Suzanne. "Thanks. Thanks a million. Isn't he something else? You should've seen his impetuous and spoiled behavior today. Frankly I'm disappointed in him. He needs to learn how to control himself and respect others."

The words hit him like a bucket of ice water. Suddenly shamed, he hung his head as if all the spirit had been sucked out of him. No longer listening closely, he couldn't hear Suzanne, but he heard Susan say, "I know. I know... Okay... Well, I'll see you soon."

Then she hung up.

Now she could finally cover her ample chest with both arms, and did so. She chided, "Okay, Son, Suzanne will be over soon. Are you happy? We're lucky she happens to be available on such short notice. You've been rude to both of us and, had your father been here, it could have been disastrous for us all. This is exactly the sort of unthinking, selfish, reckless behavior which I was afraid of, so I hope you feel proud of yourself. Can you please give me some privacy now?"

He dropped his head even lower. His erection could no longer be seen because it had shriveled up, retracting back into his shorts. "Sorry, Mom. I'm really sorry. Please tell her she doesn't have to come over. Really. Please. She can't help now, 'cos whatever mood I was in, it died for good."

He started to walk off to his room with his body slumped down and head bowed like he was headed to his own execution. But he paused, turned, and said with sincere anguish, "Mom, I'm sorry for being

pushy and invading your privacy. But having to do it six times a day, it's not easy! I wish you wouldn't hate me and say such hurtful things. I can't help my condition." He turned and kept walking.

Now Susan felt bad. "Wait!"

He froze just as he was about to reach her bedroom door.

She stood up and walked towards him while still attempting to keep her pussy and nipples covered. "I'm sorry I was so harsh, Tiger. But you have to understand, there's a time and a place for everything. What were you thinking? All I can help you with are the abnormality checks, once a week. The rest of the time, Suzanne may be able to help here and there, but let's have some perspective. Your problem is hardly the most important thing in the world. You're forgetting about other people and what's important to them."

He hated disappointing his mother more than just about anything. He couldn't bear to even look her way and had to fight the urge not to break down and cry. "I'm sorry, Mom. I don't know what came over me. It's just that I love you so much. And I look at you and get so aroused, I really don't know what to do! I mean, how many boys have gorgeous mothers with big G-cup breasts?" Since she'd just put her glasses back on, he added, "Or your unbelievably beautiful face behind those sexy glasses?"

She put her hands on her hips, (mostly) forgetting she was buck naked, and exposing both her pussy and nipples in the process. "Wait a minute. You're really laying it on thick. My glasses are not sexy!"

"They are to me!" he exclaimed with obvious sincerity. "Because they're YOUR glasses. And I don't know how they measure asses, or backs, or feet, or smiles, but whatever part of your body they'd measure, it would get a perfect score! How can I handle that?! You're just too hot for me not to want you!" Yet, even though he was obviously appraising her perfect nude body, he wasn't that horny. He made a few sobbing sounds as it became more difficult for him not to burst into tears. He again started to walk away.

Susan rushed to him. Coming at him from behind, she covered him in a big hug. "Awww, my cutie Tiger. That's so sweet. Mommy isn't mad at you. Don't cry." She gently rocked his body with hers as if she were rocking a baby crib. "Don't cry," she purred as her voice grew softer.

His urge to cry did in fact fade as he felt her love pouring into him via her tender hug. He started to feel a lot better all over. In fact, in less than half a minute his erection sprang back to life, thanks to the way

her naked body was all over his like an octopus, and in particular how her huge, soft boobs pressed into his back.

Then things got much, much better when she turned him around while continuing the hug so she could make eye contact with him. Her big globes continued to press into him, but against his chest now. She admitted, "I'm sorry for being so harsh. I meant what I said, but I have to admit that I expressed my feelings too harshly because I was afraid I couldn't control myself around you, and I wanted to scare you off. So don't feel too bad, okay?"

He nodded. He also casually brought his hands to her ass cheeks and lightly rested them there.

She continued to lecture him, but in soothing tones. "Tiger, I love you, but don't forget the boundaries, okay? If you really need some visual stimulation from me, I suppose that's okay, but you can't just wander into my private bathroom and ask for assistance any time you like, like you're some kind of lord! Especially not when Ron is nearby. That's insanity. If he's anywhere in California, that's far too close for me, because he could never understand the complexities of why you need certain highly unusual types of help. And to start touching yourself while I'm talking on the phone, expecting me to take over, that's not right either. I don't mean to be rude, and I love hugging you like this, but you really need to go now. I'm afraid, even when he's next door. That's too close!"

"That's okay, Mom. I understand. I'll go."

"Do you still want me to send Suzanne over?"

"No thanks. Tell her sorry, but-"

With perfect timing, they heard the front door open and close. They realized that it must be Suzanne since Katherine and Amy had left a few minutes earlier to go meet friends at the mall, and Ron usually used the back door and gate to visit the Petridge home.

"There she is," Susan said. Her hard nipples continued to poke into Alan's T-shirt. "She's interrupted her time with her son just to help you out, so can't you at least try to be accommodating? It would be good if she could stroke or suck you a nice long time, since Akami says that's medically necessary. But more importantly, she can help you have a lovely, spermy climax."

His arousal was growing, despite the fact that his mood was conflicted. He found his erection pressed hotly and firmly against Susan's thigh, just as if his shorts weren't there at all. "I don't know, Mom. I can't just turn it on and off at will, you know."

She giggled. "But it's definitely 'on' right now, isn't it? You're such a BIG boy," she purred sexily and pulled him in a little closer, causing his boner to slip up her skin.

He said honestly, "That's all 'cos of you, Mom. When I leave this room, I don't know... I'll probably lose it. I still feel bummed about what I did."

"Well, don't feel too bad. Just respect the boundaries and everything will be fine. I'll tell you what: if you're good in the next day or two, I promise I'll help you out with my hands even before next Tuesday's abnormality check. How's that for inspiration?"

His face lit up with a big smile. "Wow, Mom! Awesome! You're so great." He hugged her tighter, freely running his hands over her bare ass in the process.