

## 6 Times 161

### Chapter 161 But... Won't That Leave You Naked?

Just then, there was a knock on the door. "Susan? Sweetie? I can hear you in there. Can I come in?"

The two of them turned and stared at the door. They would have panicked except that they instantly realized the scratchy voice could only belong to Suzanne. And it made sense that she would have come upstairs by now.

After Susan got over her initial shock, she said, "Suzanne?! I'm not decent."

However, her words came too late because Alan was within reach of the doorknob, and as she spoke he unlocked and opened it. "Hi, Aunt Suzy."

Susan's first reaction was to flee and cover herself, but Alan's opening of the door was so quick and unexpected that she realized that, in the time she had, breaking the hug would only expose herself even more. So she pressed herself tighter against him. She hoped that since he was mostly between her and the door, Suzanne wouldn't be able to see much of her, although it was painfully obvious that she was completely naked and hugging her clothed son.

Suzanne walked in. She smiled and teased them playfully, "Well, well, well. I hope I'm not interrupting anything."

"No! Absolutely not!" Susan protested as she squeezed herself closer to her son, inadvertently pressing his boner even tighter against her lower tummy. "Nothing at all! It's not like it looks! Uh... We're just having a little talk."

Suzanne looked down at the way Alan's hand was kneading Susan's bare ass cheeks, and raised a curious eyebrow. "Normally, I would have to snicker about that, but I won't. Besides, I heard a little bit through the door just now. Something about my Sweetie not needing me after all?"

Acting as if it was no big deal that Susan was completely nude and being fondled by her son, Suzanne closed and locked the door behind her. Then she walked past the hugging duo to sit down on the edge of Susan's bed.

Susan, with Alan's happy cooperation, jostled him bit by bit so the two of them could pivot some without breaking their hug. They kept at it until Alan was between Suzanne and Susan again. Susan didn't want Suzanne staring at her naked backside, especially while Alan's hands were holding and caressing her bubble butt.

All the while, Susan's body pressed into Alan's in the most delightful ways. He especially loved how her boobs seemed to cover his entire chest. He could actually feel heat coming from her erect nipples through his thin T-shirt.

As they shuffled around, Susan said to Suzanne while blushing profusely, "I suppose you're wondering why I'm naked..."

"Nah. I got it on the phone. I gather Sweetie burst into your room while you were naked and you haven't had a chance to put your clothes back on. Or something along those lines."

Susan said, "Yes, sadly that's the case. I'm afraid he's been acting in a terribly improper manner. He has to understand I have boundaries."

"Not a problem. We'll just have to take care of the horny bugger." She surreptitiously inhaled deeply, and approvingly noticed the smell of Susan's arousal pervading the room. She beckoned Alan closer with a crook of her finger.

He immediately disengaged and went to Suzanne.

Susan grabbed the towel from the bed, where it had been thrown after Alan dried her, and wrapped it about herself. (She might have worn a robe, but subconsciously she knew that she was sexier in just a towel, which had more potential for naughty accidents.) She hurried into the adjacent vanity area for a moment to check her coverage in a full-length mirror. When she was sure that her 'private parts' were covered and that her hair was OK, she returned to the two of them.

Suzanne had been busy during Susan's brief absence. When Susan walked back in, she found Alan and Suzanne sitting next to each other on her sofa. Suzanne's blouse was completely unbuttoned in the front, with her boobs hanging out. Alan still wore his T-shirt, but his shorts were now off and Suzanne was stroking his stiff boner with both hands.

Susan was still more shocked by Suzanne's arrival than aroused, so she complained, "Suzanne! What do you think you're doing?!" But she wasn't feeling prudish enough to actually leave the room, or even avert her eyes.

Suzanne loved to tease. Her tone was joking but friendly. "Susan, you should know what this is called by now. You can say I'm jacking him off. Or you can call it a handjob."

"I know THAT! But I mean, in my bedroom! And Ron! You can't do it here, 'cos this is his bedroom too!"

"Susan, as for this being his bedroom, come on, look around. Do you see any signs of him except for a picture or two?"

Horrified, Susan noticed a big wedding picture of Ron and herself taken on their wedding day. Feeling like Ron was staring at her through the picture, she walked over to it and placed it face down. She was also reminded of her wedding ring, but she tried hard not to think about that, or its implications.

Meanwhile, Suzanne was saying, "He spends more time sleeping in airports than he does sleeping here. This is YOUR room, decorated just how YOU like it. I'm the one helping Sweetie with his problem at the moment, not you, so what's the problem? And I told you Ron will be busy for a while. The guys'll probably be gabbing for an hour or more about quarterbacks and linebackers and all that stuff."

Even though Suzanne was driving Alan wild with two hands sloshing their way up and down his erection, he felt the need to correct her statement. "Quarterbacks and linebackers, actually, Aunt Suzy."

Suzanne winked. "Whatever! It's true that I hate football, but I knew that much at least. I was just testing ya."

He decided that was probably true, since he believed she was knowledgeable about almost everything.

Susan stood transfixed for long moments, just staring at Suzanne's stroking fingers and only barely hearing the explanation about Ron being busy next door for an hour or more. She licked her lips and her heart beat much faster when she saw pre-cum start to dribble out and wet Suzanne's fingers.

After a while, she asked Suzanne, "Why is your blouse opened in front?"

Suzanne acted as if she could hardly believe she had to answer such an obvious question. "Oh, come on. Surely you know the only way to properly jack off a thick, long, powerful cock like Sweetie's is with your top off. Especially in your case. It's well known how much he loves your big breasts."

With a large towel around her, Susan at least looked covered up, but she didn't feel covered up. The towel was wrapped tightly around the top of her massive melons, but with this talk about how Alan loved her rack, it somehow slid down in her hands until her nipples were barely covered. She felt like she was effectively naked, especially in her lower privates, because the towel hung a few inches off her body and didn't even touch her ass cheeks. Her cunt was throbbing and leaking, and she felt like everyone could see the rivulets of vaginal fluids flowing down her legs. (Actually, this was true, although the others politely pretended not to notice.) She regretted not cleaning her thighs while she'd been in the bathroom.

To add to her consternation, one of the few places where the towel touched her was at her nipples, and the material rubbed against them in agonizingly delightful ways with every move she made.

But she hardly noticed those things because she was so absorbed watching Suzanne's handjob technique. She did just manage to have enough wits left to complain, "Suzanne, this isn't right. Even if Ron's gone, you can't do this here, like that."

Suzanne pretended to misunderstand. "You're right. Alan's big slab of man meat could blow like Mount Vesuvius at any second, and we could make a big mess. God knows that thing squirts like a public fountain. Susan, could you be a dear and take off the rest of my blouse? You know what they say about spilling one's seed on the ground. Thank goodness our faces and chests are here to save him from sin."

Susan walked forward as if in a trance. She stood next to Suzanne, who obligingly turned a little, and unbuttoned her blouse from the backside. That put her in much closer proximity to the handjob. She could hear every last juicy squish as Suzanne's magic fingers worked their way up and down without pause.

Suzanne, still acting as if nothing was out of the ordinary, asked Susan, "Could you take my skirt off too? It's an expensive one, and you know how Sweetie's spermy seed can fly just about anywhere. I don't want it stained like Monica's." (That was a reference to Monica Lewinsky's stained blue dress that had led indirectly to President Bill Clinton's 1999 impeachment trial.)

Susan asked with worry, "But... won't that leave you naked? Completely naked?!" The thought of that tremendously excited her for some reason, especially since her gaze was glued to Suzanne's sliding fingers.

Suzanne smiled. "No worries. In my rush to come over here, I happened to be still wearing panties." She made eye contact with Alan, and winked. "Crazy, I know."

Feeling like a zombie or under some enchantment, Susan finished undoing Suzanne's blouse and then got to work on removing her skirt. Oh God! Tiger, shooting his spermy seed! That's so HOT! I can practically feel his sinful seed shooting onto my skin!

Chapter 162 BJ With Suzanne While Susan Watching?

All of that undressing required Susan to do a lot of bending over. Before long, her towel, which had already been clinging precariously to her body, opened and fell to the floor.

"Oh my goodness! I'm naked!" Susan stood there helplessly, looking down at the towel. Even though she was still slightly peeved at Alan, she was so aroused that she was tempted just to leave the towel there and compete with Suzanne at stroking and even sucking his cock. But some shred of willpower remained, so she reluctantly bent down and picked up the towel.

Suzanne was delighted by Susan's little accident. During Susan's momentary distraction she quickly pulled her own panties off and tossed them aside. Then, as her fingers relentlessly stroked, she casually said to Alan, "You should consider yourself very lucky. How many boys have big-titted mommies like THAT?" She nodded at Susan's bare ass, since Susan was still bent over picking up the towel. "Don't you think her ass is just as impressive as her famous boobs?"

"Suzanne!" Susan complained as she finally stood back up and tried to put the towel back in place.

She quickly tucked the two ends of the towel tightly together at the top of her cleavage, which left a potential gap right down her middle. She was in such an erotic fog that she didn't realize that the way she was standing caused that gap to open.

Alan, however, definitely noticed. Even though he'd just seen and felt a lot of naked Susan a few minutes earlier, his eyes bugged out as he stared at his mother's bush and pussy through the gap in the

towel. Getting sneak peeks was somehow even better than seeing full-on nudity, especially when he was being jacked off by another naked bombshell at the same time.

He couldn't help but notice how wet her pussy was. It made his heart pound like crazy, even more than Suzanne's sliding fingers.

When Suzanne had rushed over to the Plummer house, she'd just expected to meet Alan in his room and give him a blowjob, and that would be it. She hadn't expected that a situation like this would present itself, but since it had she was rolling with the punches. Her goal was to reignite Susan's lust for her son as quickly as possible. Consequently, she now worried that things were moving too quickly, which could cause another setback. However, Susan had already informed her (in clinical terms) of the abnormality check earlier in the day, so Suzanne thought it likely that Susan was already on her way back to loving her son's cock.

With that in mind, she said, "Susan, isn't it just amazing how long it takes for Alan to cum? I mean, here we are, and if you believe all the hype, we're both centerfold material. God knows we have big enough boobs, and boys love that kind of thing. I'm naked, you're flashing your pussy, and I'm stroking his massive log with both hands, and he's STILL managing to hold out on us! How do you do it, Sweetie?"

When Susan heard that she was flashing her pussy, she immediately straightened up and adjusted her towel to close the gap. Once that was done, she didn't know what to do with herself so she just remained there. But kept a hand on the towel to make sure that the gap didn't reopen.

Suzanne had known that Susan would cover up after hearing her description. But she also knew that Susan would get even more aroused when she learned that Alan had been looking at her pussy, and furthermore, that Suzanne had seen him doing so. In fact, by this point Susan was such a raging inferno of lust that rivulets of her pussy juice started to become obvious even below the bottom edge of her big towel, halfway down her thighs.

Alan noticed that his mother had a growing 'leakage problem'. His heart pounded like a hammer, and he was in no shape to talk. But he still kept his eyes open, even though that put him in even greater danger of overstimulation, because he didn't want to miss any part of what was happening around him.

Susan finally recovered her wits enough to notice that Suzanne had removed her panties as well. She complained to her best friend, "Hey! Where'd your panties go?"

Suzanne didn't even look up from staring at her own stroking fingers. "Yeah, well, they were chafing me. What'cha gonna do?"

"Suzanne! That's no answer. If it weren't for my towel, we'd both be wearing nothing but our red high heels! I mean, that's just outrageous, not to mention downright improper. Is this how married Christian women behave? No! It's more like we're Tiger's personal sluts!"

Still not looking from Alan's crotch, Suzanne replied, "You know, if you want to be one of his personal sluts, I suggest you drop the towel, and for good this time. Help out with some visual stimulation."

Susan gaped in shock. "That's... that's so improper!"

"No it's not. That's just being helpful. Dance around a little bit. Remind him what a hottie he has for a big-titted mommy. His cock is so nice and stiff and HOT in my hands! But it's not throbbing enough. The more quality visual stimulation you can provide, the more it'll help. As one of his personal sluts, it's kind of your responsibility. Remember, Akami said it's not just about the daily total for his orgasms, but the QUALITY and duration too."

"Suzanne!" Susan complained again. "I never said I wanted to be one of my son's personal sluts. Besides-"

Suzanne cut her off. "Actually, you have. For instance, do you remember when you told me the other day-"

Now, it was Susan's turn to interrupt. "No! Please! Don't mention that, please? Am I not humiliated enough here? It's bad enough that my entire body is trembling with desire from watching you stroke and stroke and stroke and stroke my studly son's great big cock! So much stroking! Won't it ever erupt with spermy goodness?! My mouth is watering from this NEED I have to... to... to suck it! God help me! Dear Lord, please! And then you want me to drop my towel and strut around, showing off my big tits to my very own son!"

Susan was in such an insanely horny state that she wasn't sure anymore if she was complaining or fantasizing.

In fact, Suzanne could feel that Alan's dick was pulsing in a most intense and needy manner. She'd said otherwise as a thin excuse to get Susan to fall further into debauchery. But it wasn't only his dick; his entire body was shaking, possibly even more than Susan's. Of the three, only Suzanne appeared to be a relatively cool cucumber, due to her greater experience at disguising and controlling her raging lust. Now worried that Alan was about to blow his load, she asked him, "How are you holding up, Sweetie?"

Alan was so aroused by Susan's words, not to mention Suzanne's continued stroking, that it seemed the room was spinning and he might pass out at any second. He'd heard Suzanne's question and tried to form an answer, but his mind felt like mush. "Um... I, uh... the PC muscle..." He was practically hyperventilating too, making it all the more remarkable that he could say even that much.

Suzanne picked up on what he'd said, and talked on his behalf. "Did you say the PC muscle? So you're doing your exercises. Excellent! Are you practicing right now even as my hands are flying up and down your marvelous, stiff pole?"

He just nodded.

"How delightful. I can tell you must be practicing religiously and it's paying off already, because... look. What if I do this?"

Suzanne knew some special moves where she could place the tips of her fingers on his most sensitive spots, like his piss hole. Her fingers fanned out and covered all of his most erogenous zones with the skill of an acupuncturist. Her fingers danced over his scrotum as well, and even the surprisingly sensitive perineum (the space between the scrotum and anus).

He groaned as her fingers did a bunch of arousing tricks all at once. It was like he'd been slugged in the chest, but by a wave of pure pleasure. Somehow he managed to hold off his cum, but he didn't know how he'd managed to do so.

(In fact, under cover of her rapid hand movements, Suzanne had pinched the base of his dick tightly, cutting off his orgasm just before it started, because she knew her assault would overwhelm him. He was so close to passing out and focused so intently on not losing it that he didn't even notice what she had done.)bender



Suzanne was honestly impressed by his staying power. "Susan, this is remarkable! He's cum so far in such a short time, so to speak! Hee-hee-hee! If we don't watch out, we could be here for hours. We'll probably have to take turns. Can you just picture Ron's face if he came in here and saw my fists sliding up and down your son's big, thick, monster cock with you naked on your knees, masturbating in front of us? Or what if we're jacking and licking him together? Talk about a surprise!"

"Suzanne! That's so improper!" Susan protested. But the visual picture Suzanne presented was so hot that she found herself climaxing without warning, and without even touching her privates. The urge had been building for quite a while, and her body just couldn't take any more.

Caught unaware, her knees buckled and she fell to a squatting position on the floor. As she did, the precariously tucked towel fell open again and dropped to the floor around her. Ironically, and more or less by pure chance, she found herself in almost exactly one of the positions Suzanne had just described. She realized this, and it made her even more insanely aroused as waves of pure orgasmic bliss washed over her.

Alan had already been on the precipice of a great climax when Suzanne started to describe how it would look if Ron found them. That started to push him over the edge. But as he began to lose control, he saw Susan collapse and her towel fall away as if she were kneeling before him to worship his erection. That caused him to truly and completely lose it; the arousing sights and sounds and smells that surrounded him were more than any horny male could endure without cumming hard.

As she sensed he was about to shoot, Suzanne repositioned herself, lying on the sofa to make herself comfy. Then she dropped her face into his lap, engulfing his entire cockhead in one motion.

Susan somehow managed to stand back up, crying out in erotic dismay, "Oh God! What are you doing?!"

But Suzanne had no way to respond, because she was bobbing frantically up and down his stiff pole while he shot his load into her mouth.

She worried that taking it in the mouth right in front of Susan was going too far, but her desire to swallow all of his cum was too strong. Besides, she figured it wouldn't be good if Ron came back and found his bedroom smelling of a strange man's cum. So she swallowed all but the last few drops.

Alan's climax was starting to peter out. Then he looked up at Susan. First, he saw her wet pussy. Then his gaze went higher, up her taut tummy, and he saw her hands clutching at her mountains of tit-flesh and pulling on her nipples. His gaze went higher still and he saw how hungrily she was licking her lips while watching Suzanne's bobbing head guzzle up his cum.

That triggered what was almost a second orgasm, resulting in more thick, creamy ropes of cum rocketing to the back of Suzanne's throat.

Susan watched Suzanne's neck, and saw her best friend repeatedly gulping in a frantic effort to keep up with the flood of cum in her mouth. At that moment, Susan wanted that to be her mouth and her neck so desperately that it was all she could do not to scream at the top of her lungs in frustration. Some lingering sense that Ron was nearby both stifled her scream and fired her lust even more.

While she yanked on her nipples, she realized that she was having another great climax. She found herself falling to her knees again and crying out some, although it wasn't the blood-curdling scream she'd been contemplating mere seconds before. Her breasts and especially her nipples were so sensitive that, once again, she'd orgasmed without any clitoral stimulation at all.

When Alan's double climax finally petered out, he actually passed out briefly. His upper body turned to jelly. He would have collapsed completely and slid off the sofa, but Suzanne caught him and held him in place until he came back to consciousness.

Fortunately, he hadn't missed much, since he'd been out for less than a minute. Waves of pleasure continued reverberating throughout his body for so long that he felt like he'd died and been reborn several times over.

When he returned to the world, he found himself slouched way back on the sofa. Suzanne was still stretched out along most of the sofa with her head in his lap. It dawned on him that this goddess of beauty was cleaning his penis and balls with her tongue. Even though he was in his refractory period, with a flaccid dick, the stimulation felt really great.

He looked around the rest of the room and saw that Susan was on the floor in front of him, sprawled out nude and completely passed out. Her multiple orgasms had hit so relentlessly that she'd really lost consciousness.

After a few minutes, Suzanne decided that Alan's penis was sufficiently clean and wouldn't be rebounding anytime soon, so she sat up. She cuddled into his side and gently stroked his upper arm as the two of them watched Susan's bare breasts rise and fall with each breath. "Having fun, Sweetie?" She laughed, because the answer was so obvious.

She spoke freely to Alan about Susan, knowing that Susan was completely zonked; they could even hear her snoring lightly. "Just look at her. I'd have to say your mother has fallen off the fuddy-duddy wagon in a big way. Most women never have an orgasm like that in their entire lives. I think it's safe to say that she's hooked on orgasms like that now, and her reverting-to-her-old-ways phase is essentially over. Just look at all that naked, big-titted motherly goodness that's going to be yours to play with for years to come. Look at that juicy pussy. Mmmm. Yum."

Alan was still so out of it that he could barely string a sentence together. "Aunt Suzy. Don't say that." He was concerned she'd ramp up his arousal yet again while he was still too non-reactive to really enjoy it. He knew her description would be insanely arousing all over again, but he didn't think his brain and body were in any condition to handle it at that moment.

Suzanne ignored his request to stop talking like that. She readjusted the two of them so his head lay on her pillowy breasts instead of leaning against her side. Even though it was the back of his head resting on her cleavage, it still felt great for both of them. She was even thoughtful enough to position him so that he continued to have a good view of his sprawled out mother.

She said, "I gather you upset her just before I got here, by being too aggressive. I'm surprised at you. Remember: don't push your luck. Trust ol' Aunt Suzy on how and when to proceed. You just have too much cock for me to handle all by my lonesome self and we're going to need her help. Let me bring her along, and before you know it your mother and I will be taking turns blowing and stroking you every hour or two. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

He just moaned affirmatively. There was an incredulous tone to his moaning, because her suggestion sounded too good to even fantasize about. Yet he couldn't deny the reality of seeing Susan lying there naked, her thighs sticky with her own cum and the post-orgasmic bliss still evident on her face.

Suzanne helped him stand up before he was really ready to go anywhere. She playfully swatted him on the butt. "Time to get a move on. This was far too risky, to be honest. Your mom was right about that much. There's really no telling when Ron will come back, and I've got to do some serious damage control first. But boy, was that worth the risk! Don't you agree?"

He nodded his head as he staggered off to take a shower down the hall. He was so orgasmically shattered that he moved without thought. He was asleep by the time he hit the bed.

Chapter 163 Mastermind Suzanne

Suzanne, meanwhile, had a lot of damage control to take care of. After dressing, she woke Susan and assisted her to the private shower adjacent to her bedroom.

In the shower, Susan thought, My goodness! I'm just so darn tired. I can hardly keep my eyes open. What the heck just happened there? Now that I think about it, it all started when I was taking a shower a little while ago, just like this one.

Then Tiger took over! He's just soooo assertive! He came in here, and he didn't care that I was naked, just like I am now. He's such a kind, mild-mannered boy. It was so unlike him. I'll bet it was his cock driving him on! His huge, sperm-filled cock! That turned him into some kind of ravenous SEX MONSTER! And naturally, he homed in on his big-titted mommy, all naked, wet, and helpless in the shower!

Oh my! It kind of makes me wonder if he'll come in here again. I suppose he's in his bathroom right now, and he's probably as tired as I am. He'll probably just want to wash up and go to bed. But he'll have to wash his privates to get clean. Mmmm... Wash his cock and balls... Rubbing them... Making his cock long and thick! And that just might wake up the monster in him again! And of course he's gonna look to his busty mommy for relief. For... for... cocksucking! MMMM!

Without really thinking about it, Susan found herself washing her pussy. "No, Tiger, you can't! You just can't. I'm too tired. Suzanne's around here somewhere. Why don't you have her help you out? And then I can watch. Mmmm, yes! Oh, God! Like how she was just fondling and stroking and rubbing your big cock for so darn long! And yet, even that wasn't enough, was it? You made her suck and bob on it, even while your naked mommy danced in front of you, waiting for her turn! MMMM!"

Wait a sec. It wasn't quite like that, was it? I'm getting too horny again. Why is it that every single time I get in the shower lately, I just get too darn horny? The problem is, I have to clean my private parts, and that somehow always makes me think of my cutie Tiger...

But not this time. Darn it, I'm gonna show some willpower for once and NOT spend the next ten minutes or more just rubbing my naughty places while dreaming about sucking on his great, big, thick, long, tasty, yummy cock! Mmmm!

But no. I'm NOT going to do that. Really! Dear Lord, please, give me strength!

The problem is, my body is far too easily aroused. The good Lord must be trying to tempt me or something, because pretty much all I have to do is think about my handsome, adorable son these days, and BAM! Tingles and shivers all over! But I will be strong. With faith in God and the power of prayer, I can accomplish anything I set out to do.

She deliberately pinned her hands behind her back, clenching her hands together for good measure. There! That'll stop me. My naughty hands can't do any harm now. Phew!

But then she remembered Suzanne talking about how she was one of Alan's "personal sluts." Oh no! Why did I think of that?! "Personal slut." It sounds totally wanton and depraved. But it's kind of true, isn't it? Am I one of his personal sluts? If I'm frequently helping him with my hands and even my mouth, what does that make me? Oh God! I AM one of his personal sluts! So HOT! But so wrong! Oh no! MMMM! Too hot! I can't control myself! I'm so bad!

At some point while she was thinking that, her hands wound up on her pussy and breasts again. She truly had trouble controlling herself, because there were too many stimulating thoughts in her head.

After a while, and a fair amount of "cleaning" of her pussy and breasts, she felt something more than just water trickling down her thighs. That made her stop before her usual loss of self-control, to look down to see what was happening. To her surprise the trickle was blood.

Oh no! Of all things, my period just started. I wasn't expecting that until tomorrow. I guess it's early. Maybe it's a sign I should stop helping my Tiger. Actually, what else could it be? The Lord is telling me to stop this before it goes too far.

She did manage to stop masturbating after that. She was proud of herself, and decided that this was a key turning point on her path to regaining her willpower and self-control.

While Susan showered, Suzanne cleaned up the bedroom. She opened windows and used copious amounts of air freshener to rid the room of any sexual smells. She even dimmed the lights and lit some candles so the smell of melting wax could serve as an olfactory distraction.

When Susan finally came out of the shower, she again wore the same big white towel as before. The only difference was that she had panties on underneath, due to the start of her period. She dragged herself to her bed and lay down under the bed sheets. She was too tired to even remove the towel.

Suzanne was still there, fully dressed again, ready to work on the mental damage control. She could tell that Susan was somewhat aroused, but too tired to be fully aroused. Still, she appeared aroused enough to be open to at least some of Suzanne's sexual suggestions.

Susan was despondent. "Suzanne, how could I? What happened just now, it was so wrong! So very improper!"

But Suzanne came back with, "Why? What happened? I gave Sweetie a handjob because he really needed one. Doctor's orders. There's nothing wrong with that, and in fact it's a very good thing, a big step to his getting back on track with his daily target."

Susan snorted unhappily, "You did more than just give him a handjob."

Suzanne pretended to be clueless. "What? You mean at the end?"

"That's exactly what I mean!"

"Oh, that. Well, I didn't want to create a big mess. Would you have preferred for his cum to fly all over? Remember, this is where Ron sleeps too. In fact, you were standing right in front of him; he probably would have cum all over you. Would that have made you happier, to have him douse you from head to toe in his sweet, creamy sperm?"

Susan bit her tongue, because she was afraid to speak for fear that she'd readily agree to that. Instead, after a pause, she complained, "Well, okay, but you didn't have to bob so darn long on him."

"Oh but I did! I've read that the average male orgasm lasts about six seconds. But not our studly Tiger! He had some kind of double orgasm, and just when I thought he was all done, he started cumming and cumming and cumming again!" She patted her tummy. "I feel bloated from the cup or two of sperm he pumped down my throat. Yum!"

Susan was more than a little envious, even though she knew Suzanne must be exaggerating wildly with the "cup or two" comment. She complained, "That was nowhere near six seconds of bobbing. It wasn't even twelve seconds. It was much, much longer than that!"

Suzanne shrugged. "True enough. But I guess I mistimed his start and did a little bobbing there first. And afterwards, how was I to know whether his cock would stay hard or not? I figured it was worth another minute or two of bobbing until I was fully certain he'd gone flaccid."

Susan sighed. "Well... okay. I guess. That sounds reasonable. Besides, I suppose I'm more mad at myself than at you. I'm the one who shouldn't be doing naughty things with him!"

"What did you do? So you gave him a heaping helping of visual stimulation. Big deal. Again, that's doctor approved; nothing wrong with that. You didn't touch him improperly. In fact, you didn't do anything wrong at all."

"But I felt it pressed against me when we were hugging," Susan complained. "I mean, I could feel his... you know."

"His cock," Suzanne helpfully suggested.

Susan nodded, embarrassed. "We just kept hugging and hugging, with his rampant..."

"Cock."

"Um, that. Poking into me. My word, it was poking! That definitely counts as inappropriate touching."

Suzanne responded, "But it's so big and thick and hard most of the time, how could you NOT feel it pressing against you? You didn't do anything wrong there. You're completely naked, he's got his usual raging boner, and he's hugging you because he's such a sweet Sweetie. So there's a little grinding going on. Again, big whoop. That's just basic biology. He wouldn't be heterosexual if he didn't take advantage and fondle his busty mommy a little bit."

"But still," Susan grumbled, even as she longingly pictured her son's erection in her mind, remembering exactly how it had pressed into her. "And did you see me at the end? You were probably too busy bobbing all over his delicious cock to notice, but I... I... I had a tingle! A strong tingle! It's so wrong!" She shamefully covered her face with her hands, even though it was a big effort to do so in her noodle-like, completely-drained state.

"Now, now," Suzanne soothed, running a hand along Susan's bare shoulder. She knew that when Susan said "tingle," she didn't mean just a tingle - that was Susan's code for an orgasm when she was in a prudish or regretful mood like at this moment. "There's nothing wrong with that at all. I keep telling you, as long as we have to help him with his treatment, why can't we enjoy it? That's no sin! It would be stupid to force ourselves to suffer. 'Tingles' are nice; why run from them?"

She lied as she continued, "Besides, he was so far gone by that time that he probably didn't notice you falling to the floor. He has no idea that you collapsed in a naked orgasmic heap. In fact, he passed out completely himself. I helped him get up and walk to his own bathroom before he was fully aware. So as far as he knows, you just stayed there watching, dressed like you are now, in that big towel."

"Really?" Susan could have sworn she'd seen Alan staring at her on the floor while Suzanne's head bobbed up and down over his long, stiff prick, but now she wasn't sure if that was a real memory or just her fevered imagination.

"Really."

Susan told herself, I must have been fantasizing. Hallucinating? Maybe I'd passed out already. Yeah, I probably had passed out and was dreaming. Thank goodness, too, because that was so depraved and out of control. And still I feel bad about it, even if he couldn't see everything.

She said, "But Ron! What about Ron? I feel so horrible! If my husband only knew what we're doing here, he'd kill me." She stared at her wedding ring and twisted it on her finger.

Suzanne responded, "Look. There's no point in telling Ron about Alan's medical treatment, because guys can be irrational about sex-related things involving other guys. Not that what you're doing with your son is really sex per se, but we can't expect your husband to understand that. In any case, Ron has no right to be angry about anything you do. Don't forget about all of his cheating when he's overseas. You're just being a good mother, helping your son in his time of need. As you get better at it, you'll be able to control your feelings better too."



"But... But... It just doesn't feel right. Anything that feels that good, it simply HAS to be a sin."

Suzanne laughed. "I really like your parents, generally speaking, but they seriously messed you up about some things." She went to the candles she'd lit and blew them out, leaving the room in near total darkness. "It's late and you're exhausted. Go to sleep and we'll talk about it some more tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay." Susan felt like she was a little girl being tucked in by her mother. Suzanne even went to Susan's dresser, got out her nightgown, handed it to her, and then took her towel away.

Suzanne noticed right away that Susan was wearing panties, but she figured it was just part of Susan's temporary backslide. Susan didn't want to mention that her monthly menses had begun, because her prudish side made her reluctant to ever talk about "yucky" things like menstruation.

Susan worried about Ron coming to bed and finding her naked in just her panties, so she managed to put her nightgown on, again with Suzanne's help. But she was so exhausted that she fell asleep as soon as she lay down and closed her eyes; her soul-shattering multiple orgasms had worn her out completely.

After she was asleep, Suzanne borrowed her shower and removed all traces of their activities.

Suzanne left the Plummer house feeling extremely good about herself. My impromptu scheme worked as well as I could have hoped. True, it was a bit bumpy and risky there for a while - when I'd arrived, it seemed like Susan and Sweetie were having a big setback in their sexual development due to his lust for her and loss of control. But I managed to get everyone to pretty much forget all that. Susan's great multiple orgasms bring my ultimate plans that much closer to fruition. Now I can talk to her openly about sex again, and thus bring her along a lot faster. Plus, I had so much fun! I know we all did.

She chuckled to herself when she got home and saw Ron, Eric, and Brad still hanging out in the living room, arguing about football statistics.

She thought, Ron, poor Ron. If you only knew what goes on in your house right under your nose! But then again, you deserve it all, and then some, for what you've done to Susan. Those chickens will ALL come home to roost. I'll see to that, that's for sure.

But the sexual activity in the Plummer household had one more encore. After Alan woke before midnight with a need to pee, he remembered his daily quota and was able to get off once more while thinking about what had transpired earlier. He couldn't believe his luck.

Chapter 166 Ms. Rhymer Wants To Help Alan?

The next day started out like a relatively sex-free day for Alan, by his recent standards. Nothing sexual whatsoever happened at home before school, except for his erotic dreams and what he did in private. He masturbated once before he got out of bed, but it was almost like a chore, done purely to help him reach his daily target. Because Ron was there for breakfast, there was no chance of even enjoying any "visual stimulation."

And his school day was almost like any other school day, but with a few exceptions. For one, he spoke briefly with Ms. Rhymer after their class ended.

"Young man," she said deprecatingly, "I've noticed lately that your concentration is all over the map, and not in a good way. One day you're focused, the next day you're on some other planet." Then she looked embarrassed, and quietly asked, "Are you having trouble with your, uh, medical treatment?"

Not wanting to attract outside attention to this topic, he also kept his voice low. "No, I'm usually making my daily quota, or at least coming close to it now. My only problem is that I get so excited in school. You know, hanging out at lunch with all the pretty girls, and then seeing their cute bodies later in P.E. I'm really hopeless!"

"So I guess what you're saying," she concluded, without looking him in the eye, "is that you could really use some relief right around lunchtime."

"Yeah, I guess. I get, I dunno what you call it, blue balls. I'm so used to relieving myself regularly that it's getting to be a problem." Given what he'd seen her do the day before, he tried to frame his explanation so it could lead to an offer for her to "help him out."

She raised a curious eyebrow. "Hmmm... This seems to be a real problem, young man. I think you and I need to discuss this in more detail. However, it looks like you have to run to lunch, and I do too. I'd like to help you out... in some kind of way. Why don't we meet after school and discuss it in more detail?"

"That sounds great. You're right, I do have to run. But I'll see you later!" He hurried towards the door.

"Okay, see you then," his teacher answered.

The irony of the situation was that she was in no position to chastise Alan for loss of concentration. Ever since she'd heard about Alan's big sexual need to climax many times a day, she'd increasingly begun to drift away into fantasies of her own during his class, thinking about helping him. One part of her brain would teach on autopilot while another part would daydream about having sex with him.

In the past few days she'd even begun to expose herself covertly during Alan's class, but she always did it just out of eyesight of her students. For instance, she would pull up her skirt and pull down her panties while she sat behind her desk or stood behind the lectern. She ran a big risk that she would eventually get found out, but that only drove her erotic feelings even higher. She fantasized about calling Alan up to speak to her so that he alone could see her nakedness, but she dared not actually do so.

Then, yesterday, she'd blatantly stroked a ruler like it was a twelve-inch dick, right in front of all her students. True, they were all looking down while frantically working on a test, but she'd loved the thrill anyway.

She didn't want to actually get caught by any of her other students, but she was rather keen on being noticed by Alan. That's why she would only pull these stunts in her fourth-period class, because it was the idea of Alan seeing her that turned her on.

Nobody realized it, but that very day she had lectured behind the podium for a few minutes with her bush completely exposed and pointed directly at the class.

Only the lectern obstructing the view prevented what would have no doubt been a huge scene with administrators and possibly even security rushing into her class and sending her away. If the lectern were just a few inches lower, she would have been in grave danger.

But she just couldn't help it. The idea of physically helping Alan during lunch with his need to cum every day had taken hold of her and was making her do crazy things. She'd always had no greater fantasy than making it with one of her students, and now that fantasy was close to really happening, if she dared allow it to come to fruition. She had little doubt that Alan would gladly accept her offer to help, now that he was clearly no longer a shy and scared boy, but more of a sexually maturing man.

She fantasized that Alan would come up to the front of the class on some pretext. Perhaps he would be co-teaching a particular lesson. He would see her nakedness and not react at all, except to smile slightly. Then, casually and assuredly, he would stand right next to her and pet her pussy.

The class would be none the wiser as his fingers explored her slit. She would continue to point at the chalkboard and teach without any hint of disturbance. But inside she would be burning up, utterly consumed by lust.

Alan would sense her growing need. Dropping to the floor, he would hide inside and behind the lectern. She would press right up to the edge of it, and below that edge his head would bury itself into her sex and madly lick her. Of course having the students forget that Alan was hidden inside the lectern would never happen in real life, but such things didn't matter in her fevered fantasies.

In fact, with each imagining, such daydreams grew more and more unbelievable. She imagined that she would drop behind the lectern with him, after which the two of them would kiss madly and tear off each other's clothes.

By that point, she would typically lose track of her teaching as she fell further and further into her fantasy world. Suddenly she would snap to, and hastily pull her panties up and her skirt down. So far this had happened three times, and each time she was left frustrated, just short of orgasm.

The only exception was the orgasm she'd had in class the day before after stroking the ruler. She realized she'd gone too far that day, and promised herself not to do it again. She didn't know that Alan had realized what she'd done by watching her reflection in the window. She would have been extremely embarrassed had she realized he'd seen how badly she wanted him.

— — —

Alan was slightly late to his meeting with Kim and Katherine. Once in the supply closet, he finished the touch-up job on their butts within minutes. Despite the no-touching rule, he was obliged to finger Kim briefly until her labia became engorged enough for him to check the paint job there.

Katherine, to her intense frustration, found that she was already so aroused that Alan didn't have to touch her. Everyone was very restrained, but clearly they each intensely anticipated what would happen tomorrow.

Without much touch-up to do, and concerned about not being able to maintain their control, they all hurried off to eat lunch with their friends.

Chapter 167 Would You Like Me To... Squeeze... You... In?"

As Alan walked into the school cafeteria, he saw Christine standing in the food line just a short distance away, already holding an empty tray.

She waved him over. Once he reached her, she said, "Hey, come join me."

He answered with unusual embarrassment, "Um, I can't. That wouldn't be right. You know, cutting in line."

She thought that a bit strange, since there were only two people behind her, who did not seem to mind. But she said, "Fine. Whatever." She took him to the back of the line. "There, is that better?"

He followed her, but looked around nervously. "Um... yeah. Cool. So, uh... what's up?"

His actions made her increasingly suspicious. She felt offended, since it seemed obvious that he didn't want to be with her but couldn't find an excuse to get away. But then she happened to look down and noticed the very obvious bulge in his shorts, which he was clearly trying to hide from her gaze.

A-ha! she thought. He's not trying to avoid me; he's just embarrassed about his erection. "What's up," he asks. THAT! She couldn't help but giggle a little, her cheeks reddening slightly.

Curious, he asked, "What's funny?"

Thinking quickly, she thought of a good dumb-blonde joke she'd heard recently. She said, "Looking at you reminded me of a certain kind of joke you like to torture me with."

He smiled and said, "Hit me with it!"

"Okay, here goes: So this beautiful, buxom blonde walks into a small casino very late at night. There's nobody there except for some bored dealers. She walks up to one of the craps tables and bets ten thousand dollars on a single roll of the dice. But before she plays, she says, 'I hope you don't mind, but I feel much luckier when I'm completely nude.' Now, the dealer is a typically horny male, so he doesn't mind. Another horny male dealer also comes to the table to get a better look. Then, once she's taken off all her clothes, she rolls the dice and yells, 'Come on! Lady Luck be with me!' As soon as the dice come to a stop, she jumps up and down and squeals, 'YES! YES! WOO-HOO! I WON!'"

As Christine got to that part of the story, she squealed and jumped up and down like the blonde in the story.

Alan could hardly believe his eyes as Christine's hefty globes bounced enticingly in her shirt. His erection had no chance of going soft. He was so entranced that he failed to notice how she'd cleverly positioned herself so the other people in the cafeteria couldn't really see what she was doing.

Christine quickly hugged Alan, which she couldn't entirely hide from the view of others, before continuing her story. "She hugs the two dealers at the table, then she picks up the dice, her winnings, and her clothes. The dealers stare at her longingly until she's fully dressed and has walked out of the casino. Finally, one of the dealers asks, 'By the way, what did she roll?' The other one answers, 'I don't know... I thought you were watching.'"

Alan thought that one through for a moment before starting to laugh. He commented, "Hey, a smart 'dumb blonde' joke, and about a smart 'dumb blonde' no less. Clever!"

Christine smiled triumphantly until he asked, "Incidentally, who was the brunette who told you that one?"

That triggered a peeved stare. "Ha-ha."

By this time, they were at the front of the line, so their conversation paused while they both filled their trays with pizza slices, salad and bottles of mineral water. Christine was more than a little surprised at her own behavior. She'd never told a sexual joke before. Even though that hadn't been her original intent this time, that's how it had come out. She didn't quite understand how that had happened.

As they went to sit down, Christine suggested, "Hey, instead of sitting in here, it's such a nice day, let's go outside."

"Okay."

They headed outside, but as they left the cafeteria Kim came up and gave Alan a big hug. Then she stepped back and suggested, "Hey, guy. What's up? You two want to join with me at my table? It's kind of tight over there, but we could squeeze you in." Kim hadn't really meant to deliver such a blunt innuendo, but the way she said it was filled with real sexual promise.

Alan glanced quickly at Christine, hoping that she hadn't noticed, but of course she had. He tried to act oblivious. "Uh, thanks, but I just promised Christine that we'd sit outside. She's keen on sitting in the sun, and I can't leave her alone."

"No, I suppose you can't," Kim replied. Again her words seemed to have two meanings, except that it was she who was chagrined this time. Then she added in a brighter voice, "It looks like you two have things to talk about, so I won't try to invite myself along." She looked at Alan. "But I'll see you later, right?"

"Yeah, sure. See you around."

Kim headed back to her inside table, while Alan and Christine ended up sitting on the grass, away from everyone else.

But Alan quickly rued this choice, because between Christine's gorgeous looks and her surprisingly sexual joke, his dick still had no chance of going flaccid. Furthermore, sitting cross-legged as he was, even the tray resting on his lap didn't completely conceal his boner.

Christine smirked. She was getting such a kick out of seeing how aroused she made him that she'd deliberately chosen where they would sit just so he wouldn't have any way to cover up. But no sooner had he planted his ass on the grass than she asked, "So what was that all about?"

He played dumb. "What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. Kim seemed awfully friendly to you. Until just now I didn't even think you knew her."

"Well, until recently I didn't. I mean, I knew who she was, but we weren't on speaking terms. And now we are."

Christine raised a curious eyebrow. "That's it? End of story?"

"End of story."

"Boy, you must really take me for a dumb blonde." She leaned forward as if to kiss him. With her face close to his, she said in a breathy, exaggeratedly sexy voice, "Alan baby, do you want to join with me? It's kind of tight, but I could squeeze you in!"

Thanks to the way she was leaning forward already, her massive breasts were swelling and swaying just before his eyes. But now she squeezed her upper arms against them, pushing them together, creating a deep line of cleavage that could be seen even through her shirt. "Would you like that? Would you like me to... squeeze... you... in?"

Alan's mouth hung open as he stared blatantly at Christine's swaying rack. He'd forgotten to breathe while his heart pounded wildly. She sure seemed to be inviting him to stick his boner in her cleavage.

Then Christine sat back and laughed, breaking the sexual tension that she had created. "Give me a break! Could she have been any more obvious?"

Alan laughed too, but he was floored by Christine's behavior. Geez! Forget Kim; could Christine have been any more obvious?! Damn, she's too sexy to be believed! Thank God we're sitting alone out here or the whole school would be talking. If people saw that...! As it is, I'll bet some people saw the way she hugged me earlier, and there's gonna be gossip about that. She's not exactly the hugging type.

Christine was also marveling at her own behavior. Phew! I guess I overdid it a bit there. It's weird. I feel unusually aroused right now. It's like I'm just acting before thinking. What's with me? Could it be THAT?



When she thought 'THAT', she looked again at Alan's erection. If anything, it was even more on display than before, straining against his shorts so mightily that the entire shape of his cockhead could easily be seen. No way! I'm not gonna let that faze me. Heck, he's like that around me more often than not, so what's the big deal now? Although... I must admit that it is flattering to know that he's still that attracted to me. In fact, looking at things, he's very, VERY attracted to me at the moment!

Christine realized that she'd been staring, so she tore her eyes away. Luckily, Alan hadn't noticed, because he was ogling her body at the same time. Now that the sexual tension was rising again, she attempted to ease it by laughing some more. Then she asked, "I take it there's something going on between you two?"

He managed to look up at her face while replying, "Sorry, I don't kiss and tell."

"A-ha! So there IS kissing involved!"

He stammered, "I never said that! It's just an expression. It doesn't literally mean there has to be kissing."

"No, but there almost always is."

Frustrated, he asked, "What's it to you? So what if we are? Why would you care?"

She became sad, ruing again how she'd turned him down when he'd asked her out.

Realizing he'd said the wrong thing, he quickly added, "Sorry. Of course you're my friend and you should care. It's just that... well, it's kind of a touchy subject for me right now. Can we please talk about something else?"

"Sure." She realized that she'd been pushing too hard, so it was prudent to change the topic. She started discussing the homework assignments from some of their shared classes.

As Alan listened to her, he belatedly realized just how obvious his bulge had become. He lifted his plate from his tray and positioned it strategically over his crotch. Oh, man! I can't believe I'm having to do this,

but Christine is way too hot! And what's with the way she's been behaving today? That dumb-blonde joke was too sexy to be real, especially coming from her! All that talk about getting completely naked and then jumping up and down. Shit! Is she trying to give me a heart attack?! And then her va-va-voom impression of Kim, except that her body is a zillion times curvier than Kim's. Jesus H. Christ! What a day!

I wish I could brag to Sean or Peter or somebody, but no way in Hell am I gonna tell a soul. Somehow it'll get back to her and then she won't feel so uninhibited around me.

Alan focused on the rather boring homework talk, which finally allowed his penis to deflate. The rest of their lunch passed without incident.

Christine had actually surprised herself with her uncharacteristic behavior, so she was careful to keep things cool and collected for the rest of their time together.

After he left, she thought, What's with me today? I never act like that. I was downright... flirty! I guess I'm feeling emboldened by our practice date. I know he must have things going on with Kim and probably others, and the practice dates are supposed to just be practice, but if I were to really get my act together and make a serious play for him, could he really resist me? I know he really likes me as a person, and my body... well, everyone says I'm one of the most beautiful girls in school. I don't mean to sound full of myself, but if he had to choose between me or Kim, he'd drop Kim like a hot potato. Right?

So it's down to me. His ease with girls is growing daily; I can tell. I need to do MORE flirting like that, before time runs out! Kim is one thing, but if he hooks up with someone like Amy I could be in real trouble! She's tough competition in the looks department, and they're already super close to each other.

That is... if I want to go after him for real. Do I?

Once his fifth-period calculus class began, Alan started focusing on his promising future. As he daydreamed in class, he thought, I have to get my mind off visions of Christine bouncing around in the nude. I've got plenty of other really great things going on that are a lot more than just wishful fantasies. Tomorrow, not only am I going to have sex for the first time, and with my sister no less, but I'm also guessing something kinky will happen while doing the painting during lunch. On top of that, I've got a special meeting with Ms. Rhymer right after school today. And then there's my appointment with Akami at five on Friday afternoon! Plus, who knows what could happen with Aunt Suzy, or even with Mom? Sweetness. Could life get any better?

-- -- --

Cheerleading practice later that day went as usual for Katherine and Kim. Heather kept her promise to Kim to wait until Thursday, so she played no special tricks on either of them.

Both girls were still very much in danger of discovery by the other cheerleaders. They couldn't help but look at each other's paint jobs much more than they should have. They tried not to bend over around others; however sometimes they got too excited. Doing cheerleading routines while "commando" was a huge turn-on, and the sight of beautiful cheerleaders bending and stretching all around them only fueled their lust. (Kim already considered herself a lesbian and Katherine was rapidly discovering bisexual desires, especially towards Amy.) Both of them purposely flashed each other when they guessed they could get away with it. It became a secret and very dangerous game, given that Heather was there. But again their luck held.

Kim and Katherine both assumed that the next cheerleader practice would become increasingly sexual, since on Thursday Heather could finally do whatever she wanted with Katherine.

#### Chapter 168 Brenda's Friendship With Susan & Suzanne

Wednesday was also the day Susan and Suzanne held the first of what they hoped would be a regular weekly card game with Brenda. The two best friends liked playing cards, but usually only with each other, because it was more of an excuse for them to talk and gossip.

But Suzanne wanted to have the buxom divorcée Brenda around the house more, for Alan's sake, and she also thought it would be good to have more formal card games. So, in a series of phone calls since Susan and Suzanne had seen Brenda at the party on Saturday, they made plans with her for the three of them to get together every Wednesday and play bridge, poker, hearts, and the like.

Susan wasn't thrilled by this, but she figured that playing cards with a foursome was better than with a twosome, and she hoped to make a new friend with Brenda. Katherine potentially rounded out the group. Susan and Suzanne figured that if she wasn't available, Amy could also be the fourth.

Suzanne privately commented to Susan, "No matter which one is the fourth, our card game will represent the greatest collection of boobs since Hugh Hefner opened the Playboy Mansion." She hadn't exaggerated much with that boast.

Susan wasn't pleased by that, because she was envious of Brenda's proportionately-larger bust. "Why do you have to bring that up?"

Suzanne responded, "May I remind you, visual stimulation is a crucial part of Sweetie's treatment and recovery. We could use women like Brenda."

Grumbling, Susan crossed her arms under her spectacular rack. She felt very possessive of her son. "Don't you think your boobs are nice enough for him? Or mine, for that matter?" Despite asking about Suzanne's first, she was mostly interested in Alan's feelings about her own.

"Sure," Suzanne replied. "Just the other day, he told me that he loves nothing better than fondling your tits while he hugs your naked body."

"Really?" Susan asked hopefully. But then she remembered propriety, and said, "Um, not that he's allowed to do that. But I guess it's happened once or twice, kind of by accident." She looked away in embarrassment.

Suzanne privately smirked at Susan's attempt to hide her true feelings, even from herself. "Would I lie to you? Why, he's told me that, over the years, he's ejaculated literally GALLONS of cum masturbating to thoughts about your fantastic body, and especially your rack." Alan hadn't actually told Suzanne that, and she wasn't sure if it was true, although she guessed that it was. But she felt telling it to Susan would help weaken her resolve.

Susan brightened upon hearing that, but then she turned sad. "Oh. That's such a shame. I mean... All that seed spilled on the ground. So much sin!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes at Susan's obsession about the "sin of Onan," but Susan was looking forlornly in another direction and didn't notice. "True, but that's pretty much over with now. I mean, what if your Tiger is jacking off in his room, and you happen to hear him? Do you just walk on by and let him spill his seed 'upon the ground,' or do you rush into his room, rip your top off, and let him shoot his creamy load all over your face and chest?"

Susan looked blindsided, almost like her son had started firing his cum at her that very moment. "Um... I mean... I don't know! I guess it would depend... For instance, what about Ron?"

Suzanne shook her head derisively, making sure that Susan saw it. "Ron will be back overseas again soon. And then what? I guess you have to ask yourself what's more important: your sense of what's 'proper' or letting your son continue to live in sin with his Onanistic crimes?" She was secretly amused at that kind of over the top language, but she knew Susan would take it to heart.

Susan pondered that for some long moments. She didn't really wish to answer that conundrum, so she asked, "What about Brenda? How does she fit into this?"

Suzanne replied, "Good question. Let's not underestimate how difficult it is for him to cum six times a day. Six times! Why, it's nearly asking the impossible. He needs ALL the inspiration he can get. I doubt he'll get intimate with Brenda in any way. After all, he's practically half her age, she's a multi-millionaire, and he may not seem like such a catch if you haven't known and loved him for years and years like you and I have. Brenda's probably running around with movie stars."

Susan nodded. She was very glad to hear that.

"But let's not overlook any chance to help him with visual stimulation. If he sees Brenda with her oversized breasts while she's wearing some kind of sexy outfit, you know what he's going to do? His balls will fill with sperm, and he'll get a nice stiffy! Then, when Brenda goes home, he'll rush upstairs to take care of that boner. But chances are he's gonna need help! Brenda may provide the initial inspiration, but you'll be the one bobbing your head on his sweet meat later that night. He'll be shooting his cum down YOUR throat, not hers!"

Susan clutched her arms to her chest for some reason. "Oh... my! Well, if you put it that way... Not that I'm allowed to suck on his, er, member... But... sometimes, emergencies do arise, don't they?"

Suzanne grinned. "That they do. Creamy, spermy emergencies."

Susan smiled from ear to ear as she thought about that. She decided that having Brenda "inspire" Alan wasn't such a bad idea after all.

Actually, Suzanne wasn't entirely sure what would happen with Brenda. She'd gotten the feeling from talking to Brenda that Brenda was very sexually unsatisfied. If Suzanne's grand plan came to fruition, then all kinds of exciting sexual things would be happening at the Plummer house on a daily basis. If that in fact happened, perhaps Brenda would get involved. And if she did, and even though Brenda was very

clear that she was strictly heterosexual, there was at least a chance Suzanne could get sexually intimate with Brenda too.

Brenda came over right on time, shortly after lunch.

Brenda wore formal clothes that were unusually conservative for her. Her long-sleeved blouse was buttoned up her neck and held there by a large bow. This was because she had gotten to know Susan a little at various parties of mutual friends, and she had gotten the impression that Susan was an exceptionally prudish and religiously conservative woman, and dressed as such. So she had done the same to fit in.

But to her surprise, both Susan and Suzanne were dressed in casual yet stylish and slightly sexy clothes. For instance, their tops revealed a "tasteful" amount of cleavage.

Seeing Brenda's discomfort and confusion, Suzanne said reassuringly, "Next time, don't feel like you have to dress up like you're going to some kind of Bible class. I know you were trying to conform to what you figured Susan would think is respectable. But, luckily, and with my help, Susan has been loosening up lately."

Brenda looked to Susan, and guardedly asked, "Oh?"

Susan nodded. "It's true. Mind you, I still firmly believe in following the Lord's ways in all we do. But Suzanne has convinced me that a lot of people have tried to put words into the Bible that aren't actually there. For instance, nowhere does it state that I have to wear, well, the kind of thing you're wearing. In fact, in Biblical Times, the women probably wore shepherd's robes and things of that nature. Heck, they probably bathed naked in the river if they got a chance."

Suzanne nodded approvingly at her best friend. "Good point. In fact, if I can quote from the Book of Job, 'Naked I came from my mother's womb, and naked shall I return.' In other words, wear what you want, or nothing at all. Clothes don't matter. What matters is in your heart." She had memorized certain Biblical passages like this to support her attempts to shift Susan's attitude. They were a big help.

Brenda relaxed a little bit. "Well, I certainly can appreciate that sentiment."

Suzanne said, "It's not easy for Susan to change her old habits, but I'm proud of how she's trying. Brenda, I'm already hoping and assuming we'll want to make a weekly tradition out of our card game. So I hope you can be an influence on her and help her loosen up."

Brenda smiled. "Sure. I'd be glad to."

Later on, after they were more comfortable with each other, Suzanne got Brenda to essentially have a contest next time to see who could wear the most "daring" outfit. Supposedly that was to help Susan change her ways, but in fact Suzanne had more ambitious long-term strategies at work. She knew Brenda's outfit wouldn't be that daring next week, since Brenda was still feeling her way in this new social setting, but at least it would be very different from what she wore this time.

After some more small talk, they began the card game. Since they didn't have a fourth with Katherine and Amy still in school, they played poker against each other.

As they played, the obvious fact that all three of them were so well-endowed came up, and they spent a lot of time talking about the pluses and minuses of having extremely large boobs.

The issue was especially pertinent to Brenda. Even though Brenda was a good six inches shorter than the nearly six-foot-tall Susan and Suzanne, her boobs were bigger than either of theirs - both relatively for her height and absolutely by inches on the tape measure. Brenda's tits were so big that they dominated her life in many ways. For instance, she'd never had to hold a job, as she'd been able to coast through life getting everything she wanted from men who were enamored with her body. With her recent divorce settlement, she in fact was now a multimillionaire, trying to figure out what she would do with her life once the divorce went through.

Brenda loved to talk to Susan and Suzanne about boobs and related issues, because she'd never before had friends stacked enough to be able to relate to her own situation in any meaningful way.

Brenda's tits were a great boon for her, but also sometimes a great curse. For instance, she could never really trust any relationships with men, even platonic ones. Were they just interested in her cute, busty look and not her personality? She could never really know. And that was not even counting her highly attractive financial situation. She had virtually no women friends at all due to jealousy and envy.

Her huge boobs also caused her physical problems: she couldn't move rapidly without a full-coverage bra, and her back sometimes hurt. She was forced to exercise regularly because, if she didn't, her back pain would be much more frequent and severe.

She was amazed at how much Suzanne and Susan avoided some of her relationship problems, though admittedly it was mostly because they stuck together for friendship and didn't get out much. Brenda loved this new card game tradition, because it gave her a rare opportunity to just be "one of the girls" and not worry about her overwhelming appearance. The others seemed not to be intimidated by or jealous of her voluptuous figure, which was almost unprecedented for her.

Although Brenda didn't realize it herself, the truth was that she was desperately lonely. Most of her friends had been her husband's friends, or wives of her husband's friends, so in divorcing him she was also pretty much divorcing them. In fact, she was nearly completely bereft of real friends at the moment, aside from her long-time head maid, Anika, and her only son, Adrian. So finding other nice women so similar to her and willing to accept her in their circle without any pretenses (as far as she knew), was a real godsend.

Chapter 169 Ms. Gloria Rhymer

Gloria Rhymer felt like crying with frustration. The school day had just ended, and she was waiting for Alan to show up for their meeting. She didn't even know what she wanted to say to him exactly, although she'd contemplated various options. Mostly, she just wanted to see him again. What's wrong with me?! It's like I'm falling in love and in lust with one of my students! How can this be happening? WHY is it happening?! I've been friends with him for a long time now; he's much more than just another student to me. So why, all of a sudden, are my feelings changing so dramatically?!

Is it just this medical treatment issue of his? That is encouraging a major fantasy: that I could assist him and help out. Helping him would even provide me with a semi-legitimate excuse to get frisky with him. But really, there can be no excuse. I'm his teacher! I can't touch him in an intimate way, no matter what! Not even if our lives depend on it!bender

But it's more than just his apparent bizarre need to cum a lot, if that even is a real thing. It's like he's a new man. He's gone from boy to man in just a couple of weeks. He's no longer just a cute kid. He's SEXY! But I have to remember Garth. I'm taken. Wait, what am I thinking?! That's irrelevant because I'm his teacher!

She still didn't know what she'd say to him when he walked into her room after knocking a few minutes later. She was feeling both very nervous and very horny, and she hoped it didn't show.



After some small talk, she gathered her courage, and said, "So. You're probably wondering why I've asked to see you again."

He nodded.

"I remember what you told me on Monday, and earlier today you basically repeated yourself. Having to reach climax so many times a day every single day has to be very difficult. I get that. And you've emphasized that you need to space those out through the day, and having to go the entire school day without relief makes things extra difficult on you. Correct?"

He nodded again. His heart was starting to beat fast and his penis had gone erect and was lewdly tenting his shorts, because it sounded like his teacher might offer to help him out.

However, she continued, "You realize, of course, that as one of your teachers, I could never, ever directly help you out with that. That would be beyond inappropriate. Inconceivable! I'm glad you never asked me to do that, because even asking could throw our friendship into disarray."

He gulped and nodded yet again. He was crushed. All of his hopes were dashed. He tried hard not to let his disappointment show on his face, but he was sure that he failed with that. Dammit! That SUCKS! But then again, what was I thinking to even have a wild hope? She is my teacher. She'd be risking her job. And she has a serious boyfriend. I must be crazy. Not even my recent sexual luck is THAT good!

Indeed, she noticed his obvious disappointment, but she acted like she didn't. She went on, "That said, I have an idea, a kind of wild and crazy idea, that just may help you out with your no-orgasms-at-school problem, even though I won't be involved. But before I get to that, I need more information. You keep alluding to the help that Mrs. Pestridge and others are giving you. What exactly is the nature of that help?"

He stammered, "Uh, you want me to tell you, um, what they do to me?!"

"Yes. Look, I understand that's not an appropriate question for me to ask. I could get in trouble just for asking it. But I'm sticking my neck out for you not as your teacher, but as a concerned friend. Remember, school is over. I've taken my teacher hat off again, and this is just me, Glory, your friend. You'll see why I'm asking this when I get to my proposal."

He had no clue what her proposal was, but he began to think that not all hope was lost when it came to sexual success with her. Despite her formal wear, he could see her erect nipples pushing through her clothes. And, upon closer inspection, her face was slightly flushed and she was breathing heavily. Plus, he figured her interest in how the others were helping him was more than purely informational in nature.

But still, he was confused. He was so horny just from the slightest possibility Ms. Rhymer might be sexually interested in him that he was having trouble thinking straight. He asked, "You want me to, uh, describe just what they do to me, to help me... climax?!"

"Exactly. Since the only name you mentioned is Suzanne Pestrige, why don't you give an example of what she does to help you? Does she help you directly, or just inspire you with what she wears or doesn't wear, or what?"

He thought, Are you kidding me?! That is so not an appropriate thing for her to ask! Especially as a teacher in her classroom! But hey, if she's horny and curious, how can I not tell her?! But then again, I'm not allowed to kiss and tell. That's uncool. He said, "Uh, ah... I can't... I can't do that. You know, when she helps me, it's assumed that's totally private."

Ms. Rhymer seemed undeterred. "I understand. But it doesn't have to be her. Somebody like her will do. You said you're getting help from more than one woman. So don't name names."

He nodded. "Okay." However, he could tell that she had a particular interest in Suzanne. Not only could she put an actual face to his description, but Suzanne was an extraordinarily beautiful and sexy woman by any measure. The thought of Suzanne helping him out was at least twice as arousing as any generic woman.

So he decided to go for broke and give her a detailed description of being helped, with Suzanne very specifically on his mind, even if he didn't mention her by name. His heart was racing fast and his own breathing was heavy as he started, "Ah, well, you see... Just getting aroused is the first thing. It's not easy for a guy, you know, to be in a ready state when the time is right. Luckily, she spends a lot of time at our house. This unnamed woman, I mean."

Ms. Rhymer nodded slowly, trying to hide her eagerness. Her heart skipped a beat, because she knew that Suzanne Pestrige spent a lot of time at the Plummer house, since her own house was next door and she was best friends with Alan's mother Susan. So even though Alan said "unnamed woman," Ms. Rhymer was already vividly picturing Suzanne.

He continued, "So... it's like how I said, that I need to space my orgasms out. So every few hours, it kind of gets to be time, if you know what I mean. And if I'm not in a ready state, then she, well, she helps me get ready, just by the way she looks. Luckily, she's just, well... really hot! That's not just my opinion, that's a truth nobody can deny. She is, as you know, very voluptuous, very curvy, and she's like an expert on wearing sexy clothes and acting and moving in a sultry manner."

He went on, "So, usually, she doesn't have to do anything special at all. Just the fact that she's there will get me going, if you know what I mean. But if I'm kind of worn out... dang! She could peel all the paint off a billboard, if you know what I mean."

Ms. Rhymer chuckled. "No, I don't. But I kind of do. Continue."

They both laughed at that, which helped ease the tension. He didn't really know what he meant either, but it seemed to fit somehow. "Anyway, usually, she starts clothed and ends up naked. And by then, my God, I'm so aroused that it's not even funny! Every single time!"

She breathlessly asked, "Then what? Do you ever masturbate at that point? Or does she help you directly?"

"Oh, directly! Every single time!"

"What, what does she do?!"

He was getting extremely worked up, and his boner was straining with urgent need against his shorts. It wasn't what he was saying, in and of itself, but the fact that he was saying it to Gloria Rhymer, of all people. That was so incredible that he barely believed it was happening, even as it was undeniably happening. "She does... Oh God! She does everything! So good! Her hands. She starts with her hands. She takes my, uh, you know... my dick..."

She nodded, indicating it was okay if he said that.

"She takes my dick, and, well, she starts to stroke it. Usually with both hands at once! She'll get a good rhythm going with one hand, and rub my most sensitive spot with the other. But that's just for starters.

She's really into, ah, oral help, and of course I totally love that. She'll brush her curly reddish hair out of the way, lean in, and, well... she just kind of... takes it in her mouth!"

Ms. Rhymer was so horny at this point that she was gasping for air. She'd nearly gasped at his mention of "curly reddish hair," because it confirmed for her that he was talking about no one but Suzanne Petridge. She'd talked to Suzanne at various school functions over the past couple of years, such as parent-teacher night, and she believed that Suzanne was the most beautiful woman she'd ever seen in person, without a doubt. To imagine such a woman engulfing Alan's stiff hard-on was almost too hot for her to handle.

Alan continued between heavy pants, "She... she... she's kind of a genius when it comes to oral sex. So good! She's got an extra long tongue that's unbelievable, but even without that, it's incredible what she can do with her mouth! She keeps me going for ages, taking me right to the brink and back, over and over again! And she never stops using her hands either. And her breasts! Oh my God! I hope I'm not getting too graphic, but sometimes she takes me between her big breasts, and kind of, uh, stimulates me there. And she'll reach down with her tongue and lick me at the same time!"

He had to stop for a bit to recover his breath. He was getting as worked up describing a sex session with Suzanne to his teacher as if Suzanne was actually doing all that to him.

Ms. Rhymer was gasping for air too. She said, "No, you're not too graphic. Please continue." But she knew that was untrue. Everything said and done in this meeting could get her in deep trouble, and she knew it. But she told herself that as long as she didn't touch him in an intimate way, it wasn't so bad.

He could see the lusty look on her face. There might have been a doubt earlier, but not anymore. Dang! It's like... Ms. Rhymer is in heat! She's totally horny! This is so unbelievable! My story is really getting to her. But how far can I push my luck?!

He tried to go on. "Uh, she, she... She just... UH!" He exhaled heavily several times, and wiped the sweat that had somehow started trickling down his forehead.

She asked with concern, "What's wrong?!"

He said honestly, "Sorry, just gotta... catch my breath still..."

She was very frustrated, because she couldn't wait to hear what else Suzanne did to him, now that she had his hard-on in her mouth. She'd had the "wild and crazy" plan that she'd alluded to in mind, but she didn't know if she could actually go through with it. But she was so hot and bothered, and with Alan being temporarily unable to speak, she decided to go for it.

She was having some trouble talking too, due to her own panting. But she managed to say, "While you're waiting, I mentioned a plan I was thinking about earlier. I'm going to tell it to you right now, while I'm still feeling brave about it. But what I'm about to propose, it's completely illegal! You and I could get in deep, deep trouble if anyone even heard a rumor about it! Even though I won't be touching you, it's not something a teacher can ever do with a student. So you can't tell anyone anything, is that clear?"

He nodded eagerly.

"The only reason I'm doing this is because you have this serious problem. Although, it sounds like you're being VERY well taken care of at home. So do you even need any more help?"

"Definitely! It's true I'm getting help at home, but that's at home. Here at school, it's like my body needs to cum, and it can't! It's like, it's like... it's like women who are breast-feeding. They need to release the milk every few hours, and if they don't, it hurts! Maybe that sounds ridiculous, but that's really how I feel!" Actually, his urge to cum at school wasn't nearly that bad, but he was hyping things up in hopes that she'd go through with her plan. He didn't know what it was, but he already knew it had to be something good.

His comments were the final push for her to decide to explain. She nodded, gravely. "Indeed. That's why I'm willing to risk even losing my job to help you out. But you must promise not to say a word to anyone about this! Is that clear, young man?" She wagged a finger at him.

"Crystal clear! You know me. A lot of guys my age are reckless and stupid, but I'm not like that. I would never say a WORD to anyone, if there was even a chance it could get you in trouble!"

She found herself staring at the obscene bulge in his shorts, and not for the first time. But she managed to pull her gaze away and nod at him. "Right. So, here's what I'm thinking. Like I said, I can't help you directly with your problem. No way! But it sounds like you have a pretty severe need to cum around lunchtime. So, what if you were to use my classroom to masturbate in?" She bit her lip nervously, wondering if she'd just made a huge mistake.

"Are you serious?!" He couldn't believe his good fortune. If he couldn't get sexually intimate with his gorgeous teacher, this was the next best thing. And he hoped it was the start of a slippery slope that could lead to her getting more involved.

She nodded, looking shy and uncertain. Her face, already flushed red from arousal, turned redder still.

Chapter 170 Coolest Teacher Ever!

He exclaimed boisterously, "COOL! Awesome! That's so great! THANK YOU! I'm all over that!" Even as he said that, he suddenly stood up and unzipped his shorts. In a flash, he had his erection in his hand.

She stared at his crotch in sheer disbelief. Her jaw hung open and her eyes bugged out. "YOUNG MAN! Just what do you think you're doing?!"

"Um... didn't you just say I could masturbate here?"

"Yes, but I didn't mean NOW! I meant at lunch, when I'm not around! I thought I'd go off to eat and leave you alone in my room for a while so you could take care of your business. Not this!"

"Oh. Sorry. Geez." He covered his cock and balls with both hands. But he was still so very aroused that he was in no danger of going flaccid, at least not yet. "Should I... should I... stop?!"

She closed her eyes and covered them with a hand, in exasperation. "Of course you should stop! This kind of behavior is completely inappropriate! I'm your teacher!"

"Oh. Shoot! I'm so sorry! I... I... I misunderstood." Now, his arousal level was starting to crash.

She sighed very heavily. She knew she needed to get him to stop or she would be getting into very dangerous waters, if she wasn't half-drowning already. But she was so worked up that she didn't want him to stop. "You really do have a problem with having to orgasm so much, don't you? This is a real medical thing and not just some bullshit excuse, isn't it?"

His hopes started to rebound. "I swear, it's totally for real! Can't you see the change in me lately? I feel like I'm totally transformed. Can't you see how I can't stop smiling? There's no way to fake that."

She grumbled, "If I were you, I wouldn't stop smiling either, if Mrs. Pestrige is helping you like you say she is. But, uh... I'll tell you what. I don't want to be...I don't want to stop you when you're in this position. What if I... I'll just go and stand out of sight, and then you can finish what you started? Is that... Can you, can you finish quickly?"

He nodded with near frantic eagerness. "Oh man! Definitely! Thank you SO MUCH! You won't even notice I'm here!" Feeling emboldened, he let his shorts sag down his thighs, so his balls were fully exposed too. He was glad that he wasn't wearing underwear.

She chuckled wryly. "Somehow, I very much doubt that! But... do what you've gotta do!" She took her hand from her face, opened her eyes, and stood up.

However, before she moved out of sight, she couldn't resist taking a look at his erection. She hadn't gotten a good look at first, because she was so shocked that he'd exposed himself that she wasn't paying attention to details. But now he was looking away in embarrassment and his hands weren't actually covering that much, since one hand was cupping his balls, so she dared to stare.

Holy FUCK! My young man is seriously well-hung! I always knew he was endowed since he's erect around me so much, but I wasn't expecting THAT! True, he's not hung like a porn star, but that'll do most nicely, thank you very much! Garth is hardly small, but Alan puts him to shame! WOW!

Although it was true that Alan's eight-inch length and his extra thickness was much more than most, her impression was exaggerated by the taboo danger of the situation. In her mind, it looked even bigger than it actually was.

She finally realized she couldn't stare forever, and she staggered off to the side. She muttered, "Okay. I'm... I'm good. You can, uh, continue." She sounded relatively calm, except for her heavy panting, but she was so worked up that she actually clutched at her chest. She didn't move all the way out of sight at all, because she had to sit on the edge of her desk. She literally felt weak in the knees.

Alan's eyes were shut tight. He could sense the direction from where she was speaking, and he made a point of turning his head the other way, for good measure. He strongly suspected that his stunning teacher was a highly sexual woman, as well as an extremely curious one, and now that she was this aroused, she wouldn't be able to resist peeking. So he was making it easy for her to do that without the fear of getting caught.

He said, "Right. Continue. Let's see, where was I? Oh yeah. I was telling you about how Suz- er, I mean the unnamed woman, what she does to me with her mouth. Like I said, she's really great at that! She knows, like, a million different moves. She gets bobbing on me, with great suction, and then her tongue gets busy too. The combination is absolutely insane! And she uses her hands on my shaft and balls at the same time! It's like an all-out sex attack!"

Ms. Rhymer was flabbergasted. When she'd told him to continue, she meant to continue masturbating, not tell his story. But she could see that he was doing both. He boldly slid his fingers up and down his shaft while he described what Suzanne did to him.

She sat on the desk at an angle where she could easily see everything he was doing to his erection. Even his balls were in view, due to the way he spread his legs wide. She simply couldn't believe what was happening. When she'd come up with her plan to help him, she really imagined she would be out of the room while he masturbated. But events had spun out of control and she felt helpless to stop them.

In truth, she didn't really want to stop them. Simply watching Alan masturbate was more arousing than anything she could ever remember doing with her boyfriend Garth. Then, with his description of what Suzanne did to him on top of it, she was so hot that she couldn't believe it. The only trouble was, she felt like she couldn't do anything about it. She wanted to rip her clothes off to relieve herself of the suffering heat, but she couldn't. She wanted to touch her private places even more, but she couldn't do that either.

She was trying to maintain that she was simply helping a friend with his "medical" treatment. She felt that as long as she didn't touch him or do anything overtly sexual herself, she wasn't really violating her teacher ethics. She knew, without a doubt, that she would lose her job if an authority were to walk in on her and Alan like this, but she felt that at least she was keeping to the spirit of just being a helpful friend and not a teacher having an affair with a student.

Since Alan was keeping his eyes closed and his head turned, she forgot about getting up to move all the way out of sight. She squirmed erotically as she tried with all her might to keep her lust contained. She knew that her panties were soaked and her juices were leaking down her inner thighs, but that couldn't be helped. What she had to fight was the urge to touch herself down there and have an orgasm of her own. It felt like a losing battle, but she was fighting with all her might.

Meanwhile, Alan continued, "I understand that a lot of women, maybe most women, they're not into blowjobs. But Suz- this woman, she's just the opposite. It's like she can't get enough!" (He was being deliberately careless in letting Suzanne's name slip.) "Not only does she always help me with that, gladly,



but she does it for so long! Her goal isn't to make me cum, it's to make sure I DON'T cum, so the pleasure can go on forever! I swear... it's just... so great! It's not my stamina; it's all her talent!"

As he spoke, he continued to jack off. He was mindful to do it in a way that put on a good show for his teacher. He let his erection poke out in her general direction, and only held it in place with a few strategically located fingers, so she could see his shaft from tip to base, except for where he was rubbing himself.

Ms. Rhymer found his description of Suzanne's oral talents exciting, but hearing that also made her jealous. Without thinking, she blurted out, "She's not so great! I can do all that, and more! Can she deep throat you too?"

He replied, also unthinkingly, "Actually, she can! She's the only one of my helpers who can do that."

The sexy teacher groaned with lust and frustration. Dammit! Fucking Suzanne Pestrige! Fucking goddess. She thinks she's so great! And she is, I'm sure. But I'm even better! I wish I could show him! As good as she is, I could blow her out of the water! My deep throating skills are second to none!

And what's with all these other helpers?! FUCK! What the fuck has happened to my sweet Alan?! It's like he's turned into some kind of sex stud overnight! Just look at him, stroking that massive cock! Is that what it is? Is that why all these women are helping him so much, because they found out he's packing all that heat?!

I'm sure his medical whatever is the best thing that's ever happened to him, and maybe to them too. If you ask me, it sounds like bullshit that any medical problem can be solved with lots of orgasms. But so what? Clearly, he IS cumming like six guys combined every single day, and that's really HOT! God, just look at that COCK! I want it!

He was already dangerously close to cumming. The shock and strangeness of the situation had put him off for a while, but now he was getting into a groove. He briefly peeked with his eyes mostly closed, and saw that his teacher was in clear view and staring right at his cock, and that sent his already sky-high arousal levels way up into the stratosphere.

In fact, he was so turned on that he knew he wouldn't be able to continue his story for much longer. He decided to try to bring it to an end before he climaxed. "So, uh, anyway... she... she... it's like she's,

she's... a succubus! Like a, like a sex demon! She just oozes pure sex! Pure lust! She can't get enough! She totally loves sucking my cock, and we do it every day, more than once!"

He was so carried away that he was no longer editing himself from saying words like cock. Ms. Rhymer was too far gone to care.

He was having a hard time talking, but he gasped out, "To show what I mean, she's really into facials! She loves it when I cum on her face! She wants it! She begs for it, even! And her tits! She loves that too, when I squirt all over her big tits! She'll rub 'em together, smearing the cum all over, and crane down and lick it up off her skin! And, and... and down her throat! Sometimes I fuck her face and cum right down her throat! OH GOD! I'm gonna... gonna cum now!"

Indeed, just as he'd lost all control over editing the language and content of his story, he'd lost all control over his urge to cum. But, as he felt his balls tightening, he realized that, for once, he didn't have a beautiful woman to cum on or in. To simply shoot his cum willy nilly all over the classroom seemed unthinkable, so he resorted to the only other option he could think of: he cupped his hand over the top of his cockhead and started shooting right into the palm of his hand.

Because he was in class with his teacher there, he was still trying to restrain himself somewhat, even now, with a great orgasm surging through him. It was far too late to stop himself from cumming, but he at least managed not to scream out loud. He made do with a series of loud gasps and grunts through clenched teeth.

Ms. Rhymer was even more restrained. It was a nearly Herculean effort, but her fear that Alan could open his eyes and look at her at any moment prevented her from touching herself. She wanted to orgasm more than ever in her life, but she felt that if she did, she would pass some point of no return. She still was trying to tell herself that she wasn't getting sexually involved with her student.

She was a ball of needy sexual energy. She stood up and clenched her entire body, including her fists and her teeth, as if she was bracing herself for a full-frontal assault. Somehow, that helped. Her pussy was gushing and throbbing inside her drenched panties, and her erect nipples ached with need, but she just clenched and gasped, flexing all her muscles, until she heard and saw that Alan's orgasm was coming to an end. Her own orgasmic need subsided, ever so slightly, but she still felt like she could explode into a cummy puddle with just a strategically placed puff of air.

A minute passed, and then another. Both teacher and student were slowly coming down from their erotic peaks.

As Alan returned to Earth, he realized he had an awkward problem: his penis had gone flaccid, but he was still standing near his teacher, with his shorts down his thighs and his hands soaked with cum. One hand was much wetter than the other, but both hands had been sloshing up and down his soaked erection. He felt he couldn't even open his eyes, because Ms. Rhymer was still standing where she wasn't supposed to be, within view of his crotch.

Finally, he said, "Um... Ms. Rhymer? I have kind of a problem. A kind of a... cleanliness problem."

She had continued to stare longingly at his crotch, long after he'd gone flaccid. But those words caused her to snap into action. "Oh! Right! Let me get you some handi-wipes." That had been embarrassing for her to say, especially since the reason she had handi-wipes on hand was because she'd been getting so wet while thinking about him in recent days.

Once she had several of the wipes in hand, she walked over to Alan and said, "Here."

He was forced to open his eyes so he could take the wipes from her. He smiled at her and tried to act normal, despite the obviously bizarre situation. "Thanks."

Her nostrils flared because of the smell of his cum. She could smell it from where she leaned against her desk once he began cumming copiously. But now that she was right next to him, the pungent smell was nearly overwhelming. She thought she was recovering, but it made her weak in the knees all over again. She quickly turned around and walked back to her desk, muttering, "Ah, I'll, uh, leave you to that."

He realized that things were getting very awkward, now that both of them were coming down from their sexual highs. So, as he used the wipes to clean his crotch, he said, "Ms. Rhymer, thank you SO MUCH for letting me do that. I really needed that release. You're not just a great teacher, you're a really great friend. And, I gotta say, definitely 'coolest teacher ever!'"

She turned back to him and grinned. But then she saw his shorts were still pulled down, so she quickly turned away again. "Yeah, well, add to that 'stupidest teacher ever.' This has got to be the most reckless, harebrained thing I've ever done!"

As he wiped his penis clean, he said, "I don't think so. Who's going to know? Just you and me. I sure as heck won't tell a soul, not even someone in the know, like a certain unnamed woman we shall not

name." He grinned at that, but she still had her back turned. "Seriously, I know this is such a bizarre thing that it hardly even seems real, but this is like medicine for me. Just like with that breast-feeding example I gave. And it's doubly so because when I get home, sometimes the situation is not good."

He paused after that, causing the always curious teacher to ask, "What do you mean?"

"You've met my mother Susan. You know how she's super religious, super conservative about sexual stuff. When I get helped by, ah, certain unnamed women, it's kind of behind her back. And she's home a lot, since she doesn't have an office-type job. So, when I get home, usually she's there and this unnamed woman or my helpers aren't. Often, I can't even masturbate in private, for fear that she'll find out. So being able to do it here today is like a lifesaver."

Ms. Rhymer crossed her arms defiantly while continuing to face the other way. "Well, I'm glad that was good for something, at least. But don't expect to make a habit out of it! I'm going to have to think on this hard and long to decide if I really want to risk everything just so you can relieve yourself. By the way, are you clean yet?"

"Just a sec." He finished with the wipes and pulled his shorts back into place. "Okay, I'm good."

She turned around with trepidation, but breathed a sigh of relief when she saw he was presentable again.

He waved the soiled wipes in his hand. "What should I do with these?"

She sighed. "See? This is the kind of problem we have to face now. You can't just put them in my trash can, because they'll smell. Here." She walked to him with more wipes. "Wrap them in these, and then put them in the bathroom trash or some place like that."

She sniffed the air suspiciously. "But we've still got a smell problem. Help me open all the windows. We need to air this room out."

As they worked on the windows, she continued, "You know and I know that we're not sexually involved. I'm just giving you a chance to relieve yourself, since you have this extremely strange condition that kind of necessitates that. Other people wouldn't understand, AT ALL! Because I'm an adult, they would

accuse me of molesting you or something. I'd lose my job for sure. So I'm going to have to do a big rethink here. Now that I think about it, I don't know what came over me, to even allow this much!"

He asked, "What if I were to masturbate at lunch, while you're not there? Then all the blame could fall on me, if someone did find out."

"Not necessarily. For instance, what about the smell? Young man, I don't know how to say this, so I'll just say it: you have a very pungent smell, a sweet smell. A classroom should never smell like that! And the lunch period isn't that long. I would have to be there to help clean up. I'm going to need to buy lots of air freshener, for starters!" She sighed.

Her air freshener comment made him hopeful that she'd allow this to happen some more. Still, now that his lusty mood was over, he felt worried for her. "But I can't let you take such a big risk for me."

She growled unhappily, "Let me be the judge of that. Don't expect anything tomorrow, young man. That's for sure. I'm going to have to think this through carefully, and prepare. Maybe we can reduce the danger, if we're clever. For instance, if you're facing away from the door, and I'm in another part of the room, and you're sitting with just your fly unzipped, you could make yourself presentable in a few seconds if someone burst through the door, couldn't you?"

"Sure I could," he said brightly. "And then nobody would be the wiser."

They continued to discuss the practicalities of such a situation while airing out the room.

Two things became clear to Alan as they talked, although neither of them were plainly stated. One, Ms. Rhymer already seemed resolved to let him masturbate in her classroom in the future, and was just thinking through the details. And two, she seemed determined to be in the room while he did it.

This gave him great hope that he might have a realistic shot at getting intimate with the teacher he'd lusted after and even loved for more than two years. He could scarcely believe it, but so many other incredible things had happened to him lately that he was starting to believe the unbelievable.

He knew that what had just happened went far beyond a teacher simply trying to help a student with a difficult medical situation. Her lust had been clearly written on her face, and he'd been unusually bold to

set a new norm of masturbating while she was right there, and all the while saying arousing things to her. He was optimistic that they'd reached a pivotal point from which there was no way back to normal.

He left her classroom about ten minutes later, after helping her clean up far beyond what was called for due just to his cum. She wasn't consciously aware of it, but she delayed his leaving until it seemed their interaction was back on a normal, non-sexual level. But of course he was right and their relationship had changed permanently, no matter what happened in the future.

Once he was gone, she went to her seat behind her desk and held her head in her hand. She sighed with the weight of the world on her shoulders. Fuck! I think I just fucked up in a big way. Things were not supposed to go like that, at all! I just wanted to help him out, and now I end up lusting after him twice as much as before! Why does he have to be so well endowed and studly all of a sudden?! I don't think I'll ever be able to get the image of him stroking himself out of my head!

And where are we supposed to go from here?! Now that I've let him do this much once, I can't fairly prohibit him from doing it again. And I don't want to. In fact, I must admit that I can't wait to see him do that some more! But am I just setting myself up for torture? I am his teacher, period, end of story, so I can't touch him under any circumstance! God knows I wish that was me he was talking about, not Mrs. Pestrige! I wish I could show him my deep throating skills, and so much more! But that's simply impossible!

Although, if I'm in this much danger, why not take that next step? As long as I could get fired either way... NO! I can't think like that! Besides, it's not just the danger of getting caught. There are so many reasons why a teacher and a student should never get involved. Especially since I already have a serious boyfriend. This is madness!