

6 Times 201

Chapter 201 Kissing Ms.Rhymers

Finally, Alan's school day ended. He was looking forward to his after-school meeting with Ms. Rhymer, if only to find out what he'd done to upset her. Plus, he was buoyed by the fact that no matter what happened with that, it would be followed by another sexually-charged appointment with Akami.

As everyone else left the school grounds, he went back to his fourth-period classroom, full of curiosity at what his favorite teacher wanted to talk about.

He knew that the sexual tension between them had been building and building, and it seemed like things were reaching some kind of breaking point. He figured that she must have gotten cold feet at the last minute, and that's why she'd cancelled the plans they'd had for lunch. He guessed that she was less upset with him than upset at herself for letting things go so far.

But that was not the case at all. In truth, her mind was a jumble of mixed emotions. She kept wavering between different plans, which led to very different futures for her relationship with him. She'd cancelled her lunch plans with him mostly because she still hadn't made up her mind on what to do. Even now she remained uncertain, but she'd told him to meet her after school, so she had to tell him something. She decided to go with her gut feelings when the time came.

When he got there, she sat alone behind her desk and looked extremely angry. "Come in, young man!" she said sternly.

He walked in, suddenly meek. He was far too anxious to be aroused.

"Young man, I had hoped to discuss how I could possibly help you with the orgasmic urges you have during the school day. But a more urgent and distressing problem has come up. Mr. Jackson told me all about how he caught you in the supply room yesterday."

Now Alan knew he was in deep trouble. Her earlier anger at him suddenly made sense.

"I'm shocked! Shocked to hear that you were in that room with some little hussy." She shot her words at him like bullets. "That cheerleader Kim, I gather."

He didn't confirm or deny it, but just stood still.

Her tone softened a bit. "I'm hurt too, that you didn't even tell me that you had a girlfriend. I thought that you considered me a friend you could confide in, even though I'm also your teacher."

He thought he saw her wipe away a tear, but he wasn't sure.

"You are a friend!" he quickly interjected. "You're my favorite, best teacher I've ever had!"

"Well, some kind of friend you are, then," she continued, now bitter. "What kind of friend would steal my key, make a copy of it and then use that copy to fornicate in a completely forbidden area? I cannot tell you how utterly disappointed I am in you, young man!"

Her upset feelings grew. "This is completely deplorable! Not so much because of what you did in there. I understand that you've been driven to such behavior by your ... medical treatment. But to betray my trust like that! That was completely unnecessary! Why couldn't you have just told me? We could have worked something out. Didn't I show you how far I'm willing to go to help you after school on Wednesday?! How many teachers would let you do something like that?"

She was definitely crying now, feeling both sad and angry.

He felt so bad that he wanted to cry as well. He was too stunned to come up with a good response.

He still tried to figure out what she meant by "worked something out" when she prodded him again, "What do you have to say for yourself, young man?"

"Um, I'm really, really sorry! I never meant to hurt you! It wasn't that I wanted to betray your trust; it's just that I thought you would never understand, that no one would understand. What you did to help me on Wednesday was awesome, but it just goes to show how strong this need to cum every few hours has gotten for me!" That wasn't completely true, but he was trying to minimize the damage.

He continued, "This medical treatment is driving me crazy! It's like my body chemistry has changed. I get horny all the time, and I've gotten used to getting quick relief. Yesterday, I thought that if I didn't get

some relief in the middle of the day during school, I would literally lose my mind. So I did something drastic, and stupid." There was some truth to what he said, but he continued to exaggerate for emotional effect.

"You sure did," she agreed, glaring angrily at him again. "You're just lucky that it was Mr. Jackson who caught you, or you could have gotten in real trouble. You could even have been expelled! I understand that you needed relief, but why did you have to turn to some slutty cheerleader? I'm sure that Kim is a slut who's ready to spread her legs for any guy, or girl more likely, I hear! Do you know enough about sexual diseases? Do you realize the risks you're taking?"

Suddenly her voice changed and became loving and caring. "Why didn't you come to me, your favorite teacher? Especially after what I did for you on Wednesday? I could help you like she did. Don't you like me? Don't you find me attractive?"

He didn't know what to say to that. The implications were astounding. "I could help you like she did?!" Holy fuck! Does that mean what I think it means?

In fact, she didn't know what she meant; she was going with her gut and letting her emotions take control. She was hot for Alan even more than she was angry or jealous. Curiously, the anger and jealousy seemed to only fuel her arousal even more, although she was struggling not to show it.

"I'll tell you one thing, young man," her voice angry again. "That cheerleader is no match for me! I could show her things that would make her blush!"

His mind boggled. What is she saying? I'm so confused; she's changing her mood every few seconds. Is she offering to replace Kim, so I can do things with her sexually? With my super sexy teacher? The one I've been dreaming about for three years? Even after what happened the day before yesterday, I don't believe it. No friggin' way! This is exactly like what Sis was joking about just yesterday!

He answered, "I find you VERY attractive, Ms. Rhymer! Please don't be mad at me! You're the greatest! I've had a crush on you forever!"

"Hrrmph!" she huffed. "You're just saying that to make me feel better! You've always had a cunning tongue. Anyway, having a crush on your teacher is wrong! Very wrong! It's not allowed. And you can't blame that on your medical treatment, either. I know you've felt this way about me almost since the

time you first met me, at least if your constantly erect member is any indication! I think you've been bad. Very bad! Luckily, Mr. Jackson was smart enough to come to me and explain the situation. Since you stole my key, he thought it fitting that I give you the punishment for your misdeeds, and a punishment you will get!"

Alan was already a bit surprised by her appearance, since her blouse was open and underneath it she wore a sporty top that had a lower cut than anything he'd seen her wear before. He doubted she wore a bra. She'd never worn anything like that while teaching class, and yet school had just ended a few minutes earlier.

But now she got up, and he noticed that she wasn't wearing any pants, but merely bathing suit bottoms. That was even stranger. However, he was in no position at the moment to ask why.

She didn't know what she was going to do until she started to do it (although the clothes she'd just changed into were a big clue as to her true intentions, deep down). She walked to the door and locked it. She picked up something off her desk and held it behind her back. Then she came back to him, bent over him with her hands behind her back and got even angrier.

"Since you act like a child, I'm going to treat you like a child!" she raved. "I'm going to give you a spanking, just like a little boy!"

Her tone momentarily changed yet again and grew hesitant. "Now, strictly speaking, this kind of thing is not allowed. Do you plan to complain, or are you man enough to take your proper punishment with dignity and keep your mouth shut?"

"I'll uh, take my proper punishment." His mind spun crazily. Could this be for real? Kind, amazingly nice Ms. Rhymer, "Surfer Girl" Ms. Rhymer, is going to spank me like a little boy? Of all the people in the world!

"Good! At least you're not a complete baby!" she yelled, tough again. "Now take off your shorts and underwear - if you're wearing any - and bend over the desk."

Wait. What?! Oh no! I'll have to get naked in front of her! True, he'd exposed himself to her two days ago, but this felt very different. He stood three feet in front of her, where she now sat on the edge of her desk. His face was blushing red.

He took a step or two back, and then slowly slid his shorts down. He felt like he was the main event in a completely coerced strip show. He would have been just as humiliated if a whole crowd watched him. Yet, in spite of that, he'd just grown an erection because he was feeling a sexy vibe from his teacher as well as the intimidating one. Her mysterious comments about wanting to help him like Kim had really got him going.

He began to remove his underwear watching her apparently angry eyes as they bore into his crotch. His dick sprang free, revealing its completely erect state. He quickly removed his underwear and used his hands to cover his boner.

"Young man, you are completely incorrigible! You stand in front of your teacher with a hard-on! No, don't try to hide it!"

He sheepishly pulled his hands away.

"Is that how you repay all my kindness, with your perverted crush and your uncontrollable erections? That's what you've been doing all this week and last, having blatantly obvious hard-ons all through my class. I won't stand for it! You even had the audacity to masturbate right in front of me! Now come over here and take your punishment!"

He noticed that Ms. Rhymer now held her ruler, and was unconsciously stroking it in the same way he'd spied her doing a few days earlier. God, what the hell does she want? First I thought she's coming on to me, but then she's humiliating me, and now she's stroking that ruler. What the hell? I've never seen her act like this, like... at all!

He nervously walked over to the desk and bent over it. He was tall enough so that his feet still touched the floor, and he was able to push his genitals up and over the desk to give them some cover.

She crouched down behind him so she could have a good look at him between his legs. Dammit! Why does he have to have such a fucking big dick? Nerdy straight-A students aren't supposed to be well-hung too! How am I supposed to resist that?!

"No, that position is too good for you," she finally concluded. "I won't have your disgusting genitals all over my desk."

He suddenly felt terrible for defiling her desk in that way.

She grabbed a chair that had no armrests. "Here, lie down over this and keep your head down."

He did. He knelt on the floor on one side of the chair, pressed his stomach down on the seat, and let his forearms fall to the floor on the other side. His genitals, including his engorged dick, hung down next to the seat. With his head down, it was impossible for him to look up and see what she was doing.

"That's more like it," she said. "Now, get ready to take your punishment. I think ten smacks will be a good start." She still wasn't sure what her plan was, but spanking his bare bottom seemed like a good start.

He felt a smack on his bottom, and realized it must be from the ruler she had just been stroking. It really hurt. Four more times the ruler came down in quick succession. He was already in real agony after the first one and the pain only got worse. He didn't expect it to hurt so much, but it did.

"Now how does that make you feel?" his teacher said through clenched teeth. "That'll teach you to fuck that little tramp! I'll bet that finally cured you of your erection."

To his amazement, he felt her reach under his legs and cup his erection in her hands. If anything, it was harder than before.

She had told herself that she was just checking on the state of his penis, since she was coming from the side and couldn't see it due to his leg being in the way. But when she felt its fullness, it was like her willpower snapped. Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck! I really, really shouldn't be doing this! But this damn thing is twice the size of Garth's. This is the raging beast that makes even the goddess Suzanne Pestridge scream in ecstasy!

Once she had a hold of his hot pole, it was as if she was incapable of letting go. In fact, her fingers curled around it and held it tightly.

She yelled at him, "I can't believe it! You're still hard! Are you so perverted that spanking actually turns you on? Well, we'll see with a few more smacks."

To his ever-increasing surprise, he found that, indeed, the spanking had only gotten him more aroused. That was helped along more than a little bit by the fact that she was still firmly grasping his boner. Dang! This is just TOO WEIRD! Gloria Rhymer is touching my dick! How can I not be hard when the woman of my dreams is holding onto me there?! Now that it's happening, it's almost too scary. Doesn't she know she could get in all kinds of trouble for that?!

"However," she went on with a bit more softness in her voice, "I see that I may have been too hard with the ruler. It's not my intention to hurt you so badly. For the rest of your punishment I'll use my hand so it won't leave marks."

She swatted his naked butt with the palm of her hand. The ass-slaps had become much less painful. Between each swat her hand lingered on his butt and caressed where her hand had just hit.

Meanwhile, he felt her other hand begin to move against his erection, as if she was purposely rubbing it. However, she appeared so angry that he figured it was just his imagination at first.

By the tenth and hopefully last swat, it was clear that there was a lot more stroking of his butt and rubbing and stroking of his hard-on than any spanking going on. In fact, it couldn't be denied that she was giving him a full-on handjob!

But to his surprise, even the painful spanking had aroused him. He felt like he would shoot his load onto the floor at any second, and only fiercely held back because he was afraid of what her reaction would be. If it hadn't been for his PC muscle training, he would have lost it long before.

She stared at her hand sliding up and down his shaft, but it was like she couldn't believe her own eyes. I'll fucking show him! He goes to some fucking cheerleader for help instead of me?! After all I did for him?! Putting my career on the line, just to help him?! Well, I'll show him what a real woman can do to a cock! Even the mighty Suzanne Pestridge might learn a trick or two from me!bender

Although she was jacking him off, she still didn't have an overall plan. But her anger and lust were merging together, making her truly incapable of controlling her own burning hot body.

"Turn over," she said. She slapped his boner and then let go of it.

He turned over and maneuvered himself so he ended up sitting in the chair. He looked into her eyes at last.

She appeared to be panting heavily, and wantonly stared with excitement at his long, thick prick. "Sit down on the edge of the desk and face me," she commanded.

He obeyed. His boner poked up away from his body and into the air. He actually felt the blood pulsing into it, which made him light-headed.

The pace of her breathing slowed. "Good. You're not ashamed of your manhood. Now we can have that discussion of what to do about your medical treatment."

Her voice was much kinder now. "Alan, I didn't actually want to spank you. I've never spanked anyone before in my life. But I've just been so very angry at you! And I didn't realize it until this very instant, but it was as much getting over my mental resistance to touching you as anything else. I could pretend to do it as part of a punishment - you see what I mean?"

She purred, "But now here we are." She reached out and held his balls with one hand and his shaft with her other. Her fingertips ran up and down his erection in a delicate tease. FUCK IT! Fuck, fuck, fuck it! I don't care if I lose my job. I'll get a new one somewhere else if I have to. And I don't care about being true to Garth. He and I are history anyway. I'm going to get completely selfish for once, and completely give in to my lust and my desire! And what I want right now is this god damned thick cock!

Both of them stared at her sliding fingers. Even the thin pretense of the spanking was gone. It was clear their relationship had just taken a dramatic turn, and both of them were literally as well as figuratively breathless about it.

Finally, after a minute of squishing and sliding as the pre-cum flowed down her fingers, she spoke in a knowing, sultry voice. "The question is, what am I going to do with you? What am I going to do to THIS?" She squeezed his shaft somewhat painfully, but then, as if to make up for it, she leaned forward and briefly kissed the top of his cockhead.

She thought, Oh no! I've done it now! It won't be long before this damn thing is crammed deep in my mouth, I can tell! I'm about to become a slut for my favorite student! This is so WRONG! But so fucking right!

He just groaned in response to her kiss. He was greatly relieved that her anger wasn't entirely real, though the pain in his ass was real enough. Now he was so turned on that he couldn't think. He had to devote all his energy and concentration to flexing his PC muscle, because he didn't want to spoil the mood by cumming unexpectedly. He still was in a "pinch me, I'm dreaming" mode, because it didn't seem possible that what was happening really was happening to him.

She continued a little more heatedly, while her fingers kept on slipping and sliding up and down his stiff pole, "Mind you, my anger wasn't all fake. The fact is, what gets me upset is that you haven't asked me to directly help you find relief with your ejaculations! What is it that you need? A handjob? A blowjob? A tiffuck? Lots of them, and more?! I can give you anything that little cheerleader can give you, and twice as well! I'm sure I can do some things for you that even your busty 'auntie' can't do!"

He was pretty sure he'd stopped breathing. He wouldn't have been any more shocked if she'd confessed that she was an alien from another planet.

She was getting so worked up that her fingers were practically flying up and down his boner, and her other hand was fondling his balls like she was trying to coax all of his cum out of them. But then she caught herself and slowed way down, because she didn't want him to cum just yet.

She went on, tenderly, "I've had feelings for you too, you know, and for some time. But I've just been too shy and maybe ashamed to act on them. You've changed! You've become such a, such a... sexy young man! I still don't know what to say or do now. That spanking and anger was a way to step outside of myself to get past that barrier, but now I don't know what to do."

"Kiss me," he said. He surprised himself with his confidence, a confidence greatly fueled by lust and his long-standing desire for her. He stood up, forcing her to stand up too. Then he kissed her on the lips.

Chapter 202 Ms.Rhymer's Deepthroating Alan

Ms. Rhymer's mouth parted in anticipation. She was pleasantly surprised by his boldness, and more than a little relieved that he didn't have a hurt reaction to her rather strange behavior. She pushed her worries from her mind and just savored this special moment.

Soon their tongues twirled in a wild dance. Her hands ran to his naked ass and began to caress it while he ran his hands through her hair and down her back.

She was hot for him in general, but extra hot for his cock specifically. She'd had other boyfriends before Garth, but none were quite as endowed as Alan was, especially when it came to thickness. As they French kissed with all the fire of a supernova explosion, her hand found its way back to his boner, and she resumed stroking him.

He was just as hot for her as she was for him. She wasn't wearing a lot of clothes to begin with, so it was easy for him to slip his hands inside her bathing suit bottoms, and he did.

His already great arousal level rose another notch in response. She loved that he was being this bold.

She broke the kiss, and moaned, "I'm so sorry for hurting you. I'll never do it again. Please forgive me. It was just... a necessary deception for me to somehow break through the barrier between us!"

He nodded in understanding, even though he didn't completely understand. It seemed like there must have been other and better ways for her to have accomplished that, but he didn't care much now that they were necking and fondling.

He planted his lips on hers again, and even tilted her head back in his passion, just like they did in the movies. He thought, Holy FUCK! I'm really kissing Ms. Rhymer! We're totally making out! This is the best thing to happen to me ever! Okay, maybe not, but only because there have been some other equally great things that happened lately. So many fucking impossibly great things, especially with Mom, and Sis, and Aunt Suzy! But still, this is EPIC!

And the kiss just feels so GOOD! And her body does too. Gaawwwd, I love her ass! My hands are full of nothing but bare ass! My hot teacher really is, well, HOT! True, she may not have the big boobs I really like, but these are more than a handful!

He brought a hand from her ass and groped at her left boob, and then her right one, kneading them through her clothes. These feel great! But I wouldn't care if she had no boobs at all, because the rest of her is so perfect. She just has such a fit, hard body! But more than that, this is Ms. Rhymer we're talking about here! Holy fucking mother of God!

They kissed some more. He kept groping at her boobs, eventually with both hands, but he was frustrated by her clothes. However, he was so emboldened by this dream come true that he wasn't deterred. As the kiss went on, he managed to take her blouse off, which was already hanging open.

Then he worked on taking off the exercise clothing she wore underneath. He pulled her shirt up to her armpits, exposing to his view for the first time her lovely breasts in all their naked glory. At the same time, he tried to tug her bathing suit bottoms off.

However, he needed her cooperation to get her top off her arms or her bottoms down her legs, but instead of helping she seemed to get frightened by his bold efforts. She thought, FUCK YES! I knew it! I knew it! Alan HAS changed! I used to be flattered by his crush on me, but I never was going to let him do anything because he was just too nice and shy. I already had that with Garth. But this new Alan takes charge! He IS a stud!

Still, I can't let him go too far! Things are veering out of control! If I let him take my clothes off, he'll be fucking me soon thereafter! Not yet. Soon, but not yet!

She pushed him away, saying sadly, "I can't let you do that. You know I have a boyfriend, a serious boyfriend. My feelings for him are ... confused. I'm not ready for that. I'm not ready to, um, you know, have sex. If you have to do that right now, go to that little tramp."

Then her expression turned mischievous, and there was a twinkle in her eyes. "But I can give you something else. The best blowjob you ever had, or are ever going to get!"

That suggestion startled him. "You're willing to blow me but you won't even let me remove your top?"

She considered for a moment, then said, "Well, since you insist, maybe I'll give you a little peek. But hands to yourself." She began to sexily pull her top up.

Alan's eyes were locked on her chest. Her breasts weren't large to him, but that was only because of his very exaggerated standards. By any normal measure, her C-cups were impressive indeed.

She had only intended to pull her top up above her breasts, give him a good look, and then pull them back down. But her lust was in the driver's seat. Somehow, she kept on pulling it up all the way over her head, and then she let it drop to the floor.

He thought, Dang! Nice tits! My teacher's tits! This is so sweet! This isn't happening! He gazed at her like an idiot.

She thought, Shit. Oh well. I really shouldn't have done that, but it's like I've lost my mind and I don't care! I guess we'll be okay as long as I don't let him fuck me. I can't allow that. Probably not at all, but at least not until I break up with Garth!

She knelt down in front of him before her own desk. Aaaaah! It's time for my tasty treat! Somehow, I just know I'm going to be doing this a LOT for him from now on! With one hand still holding and stroking his shaft, she leaned in and began to lick her tongue all around his cockhead.

It felt unbelievably good, for both of them.

But for Alan, it felt too good. He cried out, "Wait-wait-wait-wait-wait!" He was worried he'd embarrass himself by cumming in the first few seconds. "Ms. Rhymer, please! I'm, I'm afraid you're gonna make me cum already!"

She paused. She looked up at him with amusement and an arched eyebrow. "Seeing how I've got my tongue on your cock and I'm about to swallow the whole damn thing, don't you think it's time you start calling me 'Glory?'"

He quickly changed his mind, because the prospect of her taking it all in her mouth was too thrilling to resist. "No, don't wait! Yes! Keep going!" He still felt like he could cum at any moment, but he also had no idea what the future might hold and he didn't want to miss out on this incredible occasion by being too cautious. Besides, he was so very aroused that he figured if he did cum soon, he'd be able to get erect again before long.

Glory engulfed all of his cockhead, plus another inch or two.

"ARGH!" he screamed, because a titanic surge of arousal ran through him and actually made him curl his toes inside his shoes.

She loved it too. She'd never felt so wicked, so naughty, so totally out of control. Plus, the sheer thickness of his erection excited her to no end. She knew right away this was a cock she could easily learn to love to suck.

Her tongue began lapping against his sweet spot in earnest. At the same time, she slid her lips up and down his shaft with an extra tight seal.

"ARGH!" he screamed. Just as he was recovering from the last surge of pleasure, he was hit by an even bigger one. He couldn't explain it, but he felt a sort of electric connection. Perhaps it was a little-understood biological or chemical reaction similar to pheromones, but it felt like something very magical was happening when her lips were wrapped around his shaft. It was a special feeling he hadn't even gotten with Susan or Suzanne and their passionate mouths.

Glory could feel it too, although she wasn't sure at first if it was just the taboo thrill of the situation. Suddenly, it was like she couldn't get enough. She already was tempted to show him her deep throating skills and take him all the way to the root.

She stopped again, but only for a few moments. She realized he was simply overwhelmed with pleasure and trying to adjust. Chuckling in her own mind, she mulled over what she was doing while her lips and tongue resumed their fun but at a slower pace. I've really gone and done it now! I damn well hope I didn't make the biggest mistake of my life, because there's no way to undo this.

I'm sucking on Alan's cock! Good God! I really am! And what a cock it is! It totally fills my mouth, and then some. Just keeping my lips wrapped around it is a constant challenge. But dammit, it feels so good! Just knowing it's Alan's. Mmmm! But it's more than that. I'm getting this constant special buzz. Is that true love? Am I really in love with him or just in lust with him? I don't know, but I know I want to make him feel better than he's ever felt in his life!

She chuckled to herself some more. Yep! I'm definitely going to be doing this a lot from now on! He says he needs to cum every day around lunch. If he wants, he can cum straight down my throat, any time he wants!

With the goal of giving him the best blowjob he'd ever had, even better than Suzanne's, she began a series of devastatingly effective corkscrew moves, taking him surprisingly deep at times.

However, she had to stop again not long after she began because Alan started making sounds like he was being tortured. Upon reflection, she realized he just really, really wanted to delay his orgasm, and his entire body was suffering and straining to that end.

Already, she was impressed. Garth didn't have that kind of determination, which meant he didn't have that kind of staying power. She rarely gave her boyfriend a blowjob because she didn't really enjoy it. But everything seemed different with her new lover.

She took mercy on Alan, and just slid her lips up and down his pole a little while keeping her tongue away, to avoid overstimulating him. As she let him recover, she thought about her boyfriend. Poor Garth. I'm cheating on him and I've never cheated on anyone before. Even if I don't get fucked today, a blowjob is still cheating. He doesn't deserve this. I should have called it off with him before I started doing anything with Alan, but I just can't help myself. I've been fantasizing and fantasizing, but I didn't think I'd REALLY go through with this until I did!

MMMM! God, yes! This cock tastes too good! I'll tell Garth it's over tonight. That's close enough for horseshoes.

Thanks to Glory restraining herself, relatively speaking, Alan calmed down enough for him to attempt to speak between his heavy panting. "Ms. Rhymmer! ... I can't... can't believe it! ... Dream come true!"

There was much he wanted to say, but that was the best he could get out for now, because his "dream come true" comment inspired her to increase her bobbing, and with greater suction. She resumed her talented tongue work too.

She mumbled through her stuffed mouth, "Caaah me Gorree ahheadah."

"Oh... man!" He mentally translated her mumble: "Call me Glory already." That's such a trip! She's can't even talk clearly because she's sucking my cock!

He clutched his hands into fists and tried to hold on during this wild ride. Within seconds of her changing her technique, he was fighting with all he had not to cum. He noticed that of all the blowjobs he'd had, none had involved suction this powerful. Phew! Jesus! Ms. Rhymer is the suction queen! God it feels great, just so long as she doesn't suck my dick clean off!

She grew more excited the more she pondered what she was doing. This is wrong! Dead wrong! If someone were to walk in right now, my career would be over. Hell, my life would practically be over. It would get back to my parents, and I'd just die of shame. But, I must admit, the danger makes everything even twice as arousing!

And what must Alan think of me now? His prim and proper teacher is on her knees, slurping and sucking like her life depends on it! He must think I'm a total slut. And the truth is, I kind of am a slut, his slut! Any teacher who does this for a student has to be pretty damn slutty! In fact, I've never acted so slutty and reckless in my life. And I've never felt so ALIVE!

These ideas made her overheated libido positively flame. She started to whip her tongue around his cock so quickly that he felt as if there were two tongues upon him.

The sensation was so uncanny that he looked down to check whether she actually had two tongues. That turned out to be a mistake. He'd been careful not to look down for fear of being overstimulated by the sexy sight, and that's just what happened. Luckily for him, he cried out with such alarm that Glory sensed his impending crisis and froze all movement.

They stayed like that for some long moments, as if time had been suspended. Finally his close shave passed. He even dared to look down again. What staggered him this time was that not only didn't he see two tongues, or one tongue, he couldn't see much of his teacher's face because she had so much of his erection in her mouth.

Just seeing that made him so giddy that he had to close his eyes and squeeze his PC muscle frantically.

Holy Christ, man! Just so... UGH! Intense! UH! Damn! But I've gotta... phew! I've gotta... gotta... hold out! Can't... don't wanna... I don't wanna be some teenaged, hair trigger... UGH! Dammit, it feels so awesome even when she's not moving! Her lips are latched onto me like a leech! Phew! Just hold on, hold on. It'll pass!

As his heart raced and his body tingled down to his toes, he tried to come to grips with the lip-lock she had on him. He suspected that she had him unusually deep. What he didn't realize was that she had truly great deep-throating skills, and while she wasn't going all the way down on him just yet, she was holding him well past her gag reflex. Part of his cockhead was in her throat, and that felt so good that he was having a hard time not cumming, even now.

But he was desperately eager to prove to her that he was worthy of her by not shooting off like an overly aroused boy with no self-control. He knew that even a week ago he would have been that boy, but his abilities were growing by the day, especially since Suzanne had worked with him on his PC muscle control.

She'd held him deep for a minute, but finally she had to pull up for air. After gasping for breath, she decided she'd given him enough of a break, so went back to bobbing and licking. It would have been easier for him if she'd at least partially deep-throated him again, but instead she focused her efforts on his super-sensitive frenulum, his sweet spot.

Oh MAN! he thought. Good LORD! Just when I thought I had things under control, she has to do THIS! I swear, who would have thought my history teacher would be this good at cocksucking?! And she's nearly naked and her body is just as fit and curvy as I knew it would be! She's a total babe, my Surfer Girl teacher babe, and she has the hots for ME! This is too crazy! But I'm not gonna let her down. I can do this! Hold on! Motherfucking HOLD ON!

He'd had all kinds of sexually arousing thoughts floating through his mind, such as how great it would be to tell his good friends Peter or Sean that their remarkably beautiful history teacher had given him a blowjob just a few feet away from where they sat in her class. (Although, in fact he knew he would never betray her trust by telling them.) But he wiped his mind of such thoughts, somehow managing not to think at all. By slowly counting to ten over and over, he did nothing but luxuriate in the ceaseless waves of pleasure that were flowing through his body.

In fact, it had been only a few minutes since Glory had started blowing him, but even so, she was a bit surprised he'd lasted so long. She had expected him to have no self-control whatsoever, and she also prided herself on her cocksucking skill. So she decided to step things up a notch.

She withdrew until it was just the tip of her tongue playing with the tip of his cockhead. But she was just getting ready while filling her lungs with air. She thought, This is a real deep throat, Suzanne!

Then she engulfed his cockhead and took him deep, deeper than she had anyone before, since she'd never sucked on an erection quite this long before. More than half of his shaft disappeared between her lips, with some of it sliding down her tight throat. Then she pulled all the way off him, then did it again, going even deeper the next time.

Though she breathed through her nose, she eventually had to pause for more air. Then she took him deep again.

It finally dawned on him, Hey! She's deep throating me! No way! She can do that?! Damn! I can feel her tongue working up towards her lips, her super suction lips, but then it's so tight in back! FUUUUUCCK, man!

He tried to pay more attention to what was actually happening to his dick. Thus, on her next pass, he felt his cockhead not only hit the back of her throat but go way down it. He thought for sure her gag reflex would kick in and she would choke or even throw up, but she didn't.

He looked down and saw that her nose was practically bumping against his pubic hair. He concluded, Damn! It totally figures that Aunt Suzy could do this, but not Ms. Rhymer?! Jesus H. Christ! As if Ms. Rhymer blowing me wasn't exciting enough already. I think she's trying to kill me!

He could only wonder to himself, Where on Earth did all that dick go? It's like sword swallowing!

But it got even better. His cockhead slid up and down her throat, and it occurred to him just how similar the sensations were to when he'd fucked his sister the day before. It's not like I'm metaphorically fucking her face; I'm literally fucking her face!

It was like fucking and then some, because even as his cockhead pistoned in and out of the back of her mouth, her tongue swirled around the middle of his shaft, at the same time that her lips did incredible things to its base while keeping a very tight lip-lock. Suzanne had a much longer tongue, but Glory's had more dexterity; she had moves that even Suzanne couldn't emulate.

But she didn't stop there. With one hand she played with his balls, and did it in a way that gave him incredible sensations there that he'd never felt before. With her other hand she pushed his butt up off the desk and slid a finger that she'd lubricated with her pussy juices up into his anus. He was pleasantly surprised that she knew the anal fingering trick that he'd first learned from Akami.

For some reason, he'd assumed that his teacher had only very vanilla sexual skills. He knew she was only a few years out of college, and she seemed more innocent than slutty. But he realized that as great as Suzanne's deep throating skills were, hers were even better, if only slightly.

Between all these sensations, he knew he couldn't last long. Even his PC muscle exercises couldn't save him from this combined assault.

"I have to cum!" he cried.

She kept on as if she hadn't heard. She was very proud of her cocksucking skills, and it had become a matter of pride for her to get him to cum sooner rather than later.

He shot a powerful load into her mouth. Because he'd cried out, she pulled back just in time, so his cockhead was in her mouth instead of lodged in her throat. She took his eruption in stride and swallowed every last drop of his jism.

When he was done, she gasped for breath as if she were dying, then recovered quickly. (A vital element of her deep throating skill was her excellent breath control.)

Chapter 203 So Soon? I Thought We Were Just Getting Started!

She stood up, satisfied and happy. Alan had shown he had significant sexual stamina, which was very nice, and she felt good from showing off her obviously excellent cocksucking ability. She didn't hate deep throating, but she didn't really enjoy it either, because it had its uncomfortable aspects. Still, she loved the fact that she could wow him with her deep-throating technique. She felt it had been worth the effort just for the look on his astounded post-orgasmic face.

She asked boastfully, "Now tell me, young man, can your girlfriend do that?"

"No," he admitted between heavy, labored breaths. "You were... amazing!" He stared at her bug-eyed while she just smiled and smirked.

He realized that of all his recent blowjobs, the only ones that came close were those of Suzanne's, and even she couldn't compare. It sounded corny, but he felt like her mouth and his dick had some kind of special connection. Deep throating was a completely different thing, and he was astounded at how good

she was at it. His brain reeled as he considered that he might be enjoying her oral skills on a regular basis from now on.

He thought about his teacher's "girlfriend" comment, and concluded that she was referring to Kim. "Actually, she's not my girlfriend. I don't really have a girlfriend. She's more of a lesbian than anything. That was just a weird moment of passion. I don't know what it means for the future, but I don't think of her in that way. That's why I didn't tell you."

She was very glad to hear that. "Good!" She was extremely eager to please him, which was why she'd shown off her deep throating and other cocksucking skills from the very start. She knew it was kind of irrational, since the odds were enormous that he'd be over the moon just doing anything intimate with her whatsoever. But she was feeling conflicted over the wisdom of what she was doing, and she didn't want there to be even the slightest chance that this daring gamble of hers would not succeed.

Besides, she felt like she was in competition with Suzanne Pestrige for his affections. She felt she couldn't compete with Suzanne's outstanding beauty; nobody could. Even comparing herself to Suzanne's great sexual skill was daunting. The redhead looked like she was born to fuck, and his Wednesday description of her blowjob suggested that her talent actually matched her looks, incredibly enough.

So now that she was coming off her erotic high, she more or less put Suzanne out of her mind and concentrated on the more threatening and presumably easier to beat competition at school. That meant Kim, since she didn't know or even suspect he could be involved with more than one girl at a time. "Well then. Since you don't have a girlfriend, I want you here every day after school to get your treatment. And that's a requirement to pass my class, young man!"

She smiled broadly. She was confident after that blowjob that she'd blown Kim out of the water, in more ways than one.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead, and still struggled to get his breathing under control. He was puzzled that Ms. Rhymer was the one who'd been doing all the work and struggling with breathing since her mouth had been stuffed with cock, and yet she wasn't sweating or gasping like he was.

He waited until he could talk more freely, and then he replied, "Ms. Rhymer, please, don't even say that. I think I'm going to die. Seriously!"

"Call me Glory already."

"Glory." He had a minor tingle of pleasure as he recalled her saying those exact words while her mouth was stuffed with cock. "That was like... death, but in a good way, if that makes sense. You show me pleasure I didn't even think was possible, and then you say we're going to do it every day? With you? The woman I've been dreaming about for so long? Do you have any idea how many nights I've fallen asleep after masturbating, thinking about you?" He added with genuine wide-eyed amazement, "I can't believe this is happening!"

She was very happy. He was saying all the right things and making her feel that maybe she wasn't a complete idiot for seducing one of her students. "It's not quite as good as that. Deep throating isn't exactly easy, and it isn't as pleasurable for me as regular cocksucking. I'm afraid we'll have to save that for special occasions." She grinned. "Sorry, you'll just have to put up with my plain old cocksucking on a daily basis. We can meet after school like this. Who will be the wiser?"

"Oh no! How horrible!" he joked. But then, more seriously, he said, "Um, I can't, uh, actually be with you every day after school." Alan thought of his plans to go to Kim's house with his sister every Monday and Thursday, for starters.

She was very surprised.

He scrambled to think of a better excuse than "there are times I'd like to fuck my sister." It was hard to think though, after what he'd just been through, not to mention that she still stood topless in front of him. "God knows I'd love to! Some days I can, but it would be better during lunch, Ms. Rhymer. I don't know if that's possible for you, though."

"Please, don't call me Ms. Rhymer. Didn't I make that clear? Don't you think we know each other well enough now to be on a first-name basis?"

"Sorry, uh, Gloria."

"Call me Glory. That's what my close friends call me."

"Glory." He tried out the new word experimentally, since he was seriously thinking of calling her that from now on. It made him smile, because he began to sing:

"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!bender

Teacher hit me with a ruler

I hid behind the door with a loaded forty-four

Now she ain't my teach no more!"

They both laughed. "Battle Hymn of the Republic, you know," he pointed out. They both were familiar with the kid's variation to the famous song.

"The first two lines are good, but I don't like the last two," she kidded.

"I don't either. Let's see. Maybe we can come up with something better." He sang again:

"Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!

Teacher hit me with a ruler

We did it on the floor of a beat up four-by-four

And now I bang her on the door!"

"Much better," she said with a laugh. "You're so clever. What a shame I don't own a four-by-four. And as for that last line, well..." She thought about her boyfriend Garth, not to mention the huge risk she was taking and all of the things that could go wrong. "We'll have to see how things go. Someday, perhaps."

She grew more serious. "Look. I don't know WHAT I'm doing. This is pretty crazy. I'm a teacher and you're a student, obviously, but that means a normal relationship is out of the question. Frankly, I don't know what's going to happen with us. For now, let me help you with your problem. Let's keep it simple and save questions about what this all means for later."

He was secretly very glad to hear that. Had the two of them become intimate a few months earlier, before everything happened with Suzanne, Susan, Katherine, and the others, he would have leapt at the chance to be exclusive with her. But now that had all changed and he couldn't imagine going back to asexual relationships with his other lovers.

He realized he was lucky in one important respect: the danger inherent in a relationship between teacher and student actually worked in his favor, making it impossible for them to have a normal (and thus presumably exclusive) relationship.

In fact, it dawned on him that while she was giving him a hard time about being with Kim, she knew about his intimacy with Suzanne and wasn't saying anything about that at all. He found that very encouraging indeed, because he didn't want to be forced to choose between his dream-come-true "Surfer Girl" and the other amazing women in his life.

She looked around, and added, "Did you notice this room is actually pretty ideal for fooling around? The door locks and the walls are pretty soundproof. Plus, we're on the second floor, and with the trees in the way, no one can look in from outside. Maybe we should try out your door idea someday when the hallways are full, and see if anyone notices!"

He chuckled gleefully. "And here you won't even let me touch your breasts."

She thought about how he'd given her boobs a good fondle before managing to strip her from the waist up. But she did realize he hadn't really gotten a chance to fondle her there after most of her clothes came off. "Well, since you insist, we can do that... next time."

He pouted, "Aaaaawww. Next time?"

She chuckled. "Give you an inch and you take a mile. Look at you. You're still doubled over, recovering, and you're not even aroused. Let's save that for when we'll both enjoy it more."

He replied, "Not aroused? Believe me, I am VERY aroused! Just because my dick isn't up for more fun, that doesn't mean anything. Just being here with you, like this... wow! It means so much to me. I'm so happy that I really want to cry! And if I were any more aroused, well... I'd be REALLY aroused! My dick would probably fly off and soar up to Heaven!"

She laughed happily at his inability to articulate his feelings, because it showed her effect on him. She particularly loved that her blowjob had blown his mind to such a degree that he still looked dazed and shell-shocked. It was obvious from his reactions that he had very strong feelings for her that included lust but went well beyond that. "We don't want that. I very much want to keep your penis attached to you." She laughed some more.

"Me too, believe me!"

Returning to their earlier topic, she pointed out, "Your lunch idea presents some problems. I realize that's when I could really help you the most, since Suzanne Pestridge helps you before school and when you get home sometimes, I assume. But people could get suspicious if you were in my room during lunch every day with the door locked."

He pointed out, "But everybody already knows that I stay after class and talk to you during lunch anyway."

"That's true, but it's usually only for five to ten minutes at most. The door generally stays open."

Now that he had recovered further, his clever mind was getting back on track. He tried to cover for his earlier faux pas in shooting down her idea to meet every day after school. "Okay, here's what I'm thinking. The reason I'm not so keen on meeting after school isn't because I have somewhere better to be. It's just that it would be super suspicious. You and I already hang out a lot during lunch, even if it is only for ten minutes or so. We should work with that."

Seeing her interest, he continued, "We should vary it up. We can meet after school some days, and during lunch on other days. And maybe not meet at all some days, because that could raise too many suspicions if we meet every day. Thank God the door can be set to lock when it closes."

He thought as he ogled her partially nude body, Dang! Nice tits! My teacher's tits! This is so sweet! This isn't happening! I've gotta be the luckiest kid alive. I'm here with Ms. Rhymer! Oops, I mean Glory. Hell,

even the fact that she finally lets me call her 'Glory' makes me happy and horny! That's proof that our relationship has totally changed.

He gazed at her gorgeous, fit figure like a total idiot, blinded by beauty. It occurred to him that they'd assumed from the start that they'd want to meet every school day if possible. That showed how much they both wanted each other. She wants me! She's, like, got a crush on me or something. ME! That's like Eric Clapton wanting to come to my house to jam, even though I play guitar like crap. It doesn't make any sense. But then again, look what's been happening to me recently with women in general. Maybe I have a lot more sex appeal than I thought?!

Realizing she was expecting him to say more, he said, "Then, on other days, we can hang out and talk during lunch as we always do with the door open, so people will think sometimes the door just happens to close and sometimes it doesn't. On some of those days, hopefully we can meet after school in your room and take more time. 'Cos after all, we both have to still eat lunch, and the lunch period isn't that long."

"I think I have a new item on my menu," said Glory in a saucy tone she'd never used around him before. "It's called a Sperm Shake. Very high in protein, and with a surprisingly sweet flavor. I can still taste it!" She leaned her head back and made lewd gurgling noises.

She was joking around, but she was genuinely impressed with the taste of his cum. Not only did she not mind it, she actually found it delicious.

Alan was shocked, insofar as he paid attention to anything other than her boobs. She'd always acted like a lady; he didn't expect her to be so sexually frank. "Ms. Rhymer! I mean Glory!"

"You thought I was prim and proper, didn't you? Well I have a whole other side." She was completely naked from the waist up, but seemed surprisingly unself-conscious about it. She even thrust her chest out a little bit.

"I kinda guessed, though it's still a surprise to see," said Alan. "When I've seen you on the beach it's like you're a totally different person. You know, we all call you 'Surfer Girl' behind your back."

His thoughts drifted to mental images he had of seeing Glory surf the waves even as his eyes remained locked on her chest, imagining her surfing naked.

"I know, and I don't mind at all." Referring to the nickname of one of the other teachers, she pointed out, "It's much better than calling Mr. Farnburton 'Mr. Farmbottom'!"

They laughed together.

She continued, "Maybe one of these days you'll just have to bump into 'Surfer Girl' accidentally-on-purpose at the beach. I'd like that." She winked. "Who knows, maybe I could help you with your special problem on the beach." She gazed knowingly at his flaccid penis.

"I'd like that very much too." He found himself horny all over again, over and above his already-existing arousal. He mentally pictured himself fucking her on the beach sands, even as he enjoyed the reality of her topless beauty right in front of him. "I've had some pretty amazing fantasies about you, but the reality is soooo much better."

But then he remembered what else he had to do. "Unfortunately, right now I've got to roll," he said ruefully.

"So soon? I thought we were just getting started!" she pouted.

He thought, Oh, man! What a temptation! How can I possibly leave this?! Even though my dick isn't hard, she'll have me going again in a couple of minutes for sure.

She cupped her boobs and thrust them out towards him. "Are you going to run home to Mrs. Pestridge's bigger boobs instead?" Then she pinched her nipples, as if to entice him to suck on them. She knew she shouldn't let herself feel jealous about what he was doing with Suzanne, but she couldn't completely stop herself from making that bitter comment.

He groaned in lusty frustration. "It's not that! I'd love to stay here for hours and hours, but I have no choice. I've got a medical appointment. It's about my treatment." He began to put on his clothes.

"Oh. Well, then. That can't be helped. And sorry again about the spanking. But like I said, it was somehow necessary. In some ways I was tricking myself as much as you, so I wouldn't chicken out. Anyway, I'm sure we can find ways for me to make it up to you."

Her voice turned sultry as she sensuously licked her lips. "I might just need to work on my deep throating some more, for instance. I might just have to suck on your cock quite a lot, as my way to say I'm sorry. Would you like that?"

He shook his head in disbelief. "WOW! You know I'm not brain-damaged. Though I might be if you keep giving me blowjobs like that one. So I'm not even going to dignify that with an answer."

She smiled happily and so did he. "See you on Monday, especially at lunch, if you know what I mean!"

"Definitely! And the spanking wasn't bad at all. In fact, it made me all horny, as you knew it would. But since you were so naughty with me, maybe I'll just have to give YOU the spanking next time!"

"Maybe you will," she agreed gleefully.

He waved and walked out.

He thought, This rocks! Man, having this energy problem is the best thing that ever happened to me, no question! Suddenly everyone wants to help me with my orgasm treatment. Everyone! Heck, maybe I could even get Christine to help? ... Nah, there's a limit to even my luck. But still. Wow! Ms. Rhymer is a real firecracker!

Alone, Glory thought to herself, What have I done? Glory, you are a very, very foolish woman. You're skating on thin ice. Razor-thin ice. There are so many reasons why that was not a smart thing to do, including what my boyfriend would think. Soon to be ex-boyfriend, I suspect. And there's my job. I'm gonna lose my job for sure, with the way things are going. If I don't, it'll be a miracle. But, to be completely honest, I'd do it all over again. My Alan! He's mine! It breaks my heart that he's so active with Mrs. Pestridge, because I could be falling head over heels for him!

Even the very perceptive Glory didn't realize just how many other women she had as competition.

Chapter 204 Medical Inspection By Akami

Less than an hour after Alan left Glory in her classroom, he found himself in the examination room used by his nurse, Akami.

Thanks to the drive to the doctor's office and then having to wait in the waiting room, he'd finally lost the dazed look Glory's surprise "attack" had given him. He even managed to shift his focus to looking forward to what another appointment with Akami might bring, rather than just reliving what had happened in Glory's classroom.

By the way Akami stood in the doorway to greet him with a sultry and excited look in her eyes, Alan figured he'd have a very good appointment indeed. He had a hard-on he could use as a baseball bat just from looking at her face and the way she was staring back at him.

"How are we doing today?" she said brightly as she came in. She was dressed in her usual white lab uniform while he remained dressed in his usual T-shirt and shorts.

"Good. Nice to see you," he said happily and more than a bit nervously. Geez! This is a woman who has totally jacked me off, twice! What's gonna happen today? The hungry way she's looking at me like I'm a steak... Jesus! My heart is about to burst from anticipation!

He said, "But, um, before we go on, I should mention that my mother insisted on driving me here, and even now she is waiting in the car. She told me to restrain myself, and that she might be checking up on me at any time."

"Did she say that?" Akami wasn't terribly surprised. "She said similar things to me on the phone, but I don't think she'll be coming in to check on you. She complained that I was too enthusiastically helpful at our last meeting, and told me that she wouldn't be attending this time. If I didn't know better, I'd almost think she's afraid to come in here, as if I'd molest her or something!"

They both had a laugh at that, but Alan saw a lot of truth in it. Akami was delighted that her scheme - to scare away Susan so she could be alone with Alan - had worked.

She added with a sexy purr, "And maybe she's afraid of what she'd see. For instance, how do you think she'd react if she was forced to watch me slide my lips up and down your stiff erection? To get a good sample, of course."

He practically had to clutch at his chest. JEEEEESUS! She's totally gonna give me a blowjob! And what if Mom did see that?! That's seriously blowing my mind!

The nurse suggested, "Now why don't we go ahead and take your blood sample, to get that unpleasantness out of the way?"

Alan watched as she withdrew a small vial of his blood.

When she was done getting the sample, she squatted on the floor in front of him and said, "Let's take a good look at you."

She stared at him intently, as she usually did.

He couldn't help but notice that, from that position, her short skirt rode up, which caused her panties to show. If she hadn't worn panties, he could have seen her entire pussy.

There was an uncomfortable silence, and then she said, "All right, Alan, as we did last time, I'm going to have to give your penis a good amount of stimulation." She smirked slightly. "That is, if you don't mind?"

He stammered, "Um, no! I'm cool! Uh, I mean, that's cool."

"Good." She was having a hard time keeping a straight face, she was having such fun seducing him. "Please take off your clothes."

Sweet! I knew it! I swear, having to cum six times a day is kind of a curse, but it's also the greatest blessing. But is she really doing this for some valid medical reason, or is she just getting off on it? There's gotta be at least some of the latter going on, but hell, who cares? He asked, "All of them? What about the patient gown? Should I put that on?"

"Yes, all of them. Wear the gown if it makes you feel more comfortable. It's all the same to me."

He began to take off his clothes, item by item. He felt extremely self-conscious as she stared at him. This is what a woman must feel like when she does a striptease. Awkward! However, he felt a lot better than when he'd stripped in front of his teacher a mere hour or so earlier. Then, he had no idea what would occur. Now, he was certain that fun, highly pleasurable things were about to happen.

At the same time, the undressing, coupled with Akami's display of her panties, brought his erection back with a vengeance, so that by the time he'd removed his pants and underwear he was fully engorged. However, he still felt self-conscious about being completely naked, so as he started to raise his shirt, he asked, "Can I keep my T-shirt on? Please?"

"Sure. Why not?" She smiled broadly and scooted closer. Without a word, she grabbed his erection and began to stroke it. She didn't show any hesitation or doubt at all.

He thought, Man oh man, what a day! Feels GOOD! I may not have feelings for Akami like I do for Ms. Rhymer, but she's still quite a hottie. This could turn into a very good regular thing if I can just keep my head in the game.

She asked him as she leaned in closer to his boner, "Tell me, has your penis been receiving enough stimulation in the past two weeks?"

He almost wanted to laugh deliriously at that, since he'd been getting such incredible stimulation. He looked down at the nurse on her knees as her fingers slipped and slid up and down his shaft. "Oh definitely. I'm happy to report that I'm averaging just slightly less than six ejaculations a day, always preceded by prolonged stimulation, and the day-to-day consistency has been pretty good also."

"That's great news," the nurse replied. "You've improved, but you still need to try harder to maintain that average of six or better."

She was actually surprised that anyone could keep up such an intense schedule - six climaxes a day seemed absurd for a male - but she tried not to show it. "Also importantly, have you been getting assistance from others so that your penis isn't treated too roughly?"

He shuddered, because her mouth was so close to the tip of his cockhead that her every breath felt fantastic. He thought she might stick her tongue out and lick it at any moment. "That's really great news, too," he said, trying to sound calm. "I've been getting lots of help lately. Though I still don't, er... have a girlfriend, really." There was a touch of sadness in his voice at that, because he thought about what happened when he'd tried to ask Christine out.

Akami wasn't terribly surprised at that, given what she knew about Susan and Suzanne and their hourglass figures. She figured he wouldn't be in a big hurry to get a girlfriend if he had the likes of those two helping him. "And what about your mother? She told me on the phone about her new strict policy of not having you get overly excited, as she put it. But one issue she dodged was whether she brought you to ejaculation when she performed your abnormality checks this Tuesday and last. Did she?"

His heart was pounding hard, and not just from the handjob. Can I tell her about Mom and me? I mean, she kinda must know already, given everything that happened last time. And she's in the middle of jacking me off, so she's cool, right? But still, it's incest! He asked rather nervously, "Um, is there some kind of assumption of patient confidentiality, like there is with lawyers and preachers?"

She replied, "Of course. And besides, remember that I was here and saw the sexual tension between you and your mother. If I had a problem with it, don't you think I'd try to be discouraging her, instead of encouraging her to help you out?"

He thought about that, and decided to be honest. It felt good to have someone to "confess" to. Plus, he figured that if he lied about all the help he was getting, it could affect his treatment. "The first Tuesday, definitely. In fact, we both kind of went a little wild. She gave me lots of handjobs and blowjobs that day - I don't think she could have checked me any more thoroughly! Does that, uh, shock you?"

"No. I'm not surprised at all. And it's not my job to make moral judgments. Please, continue."

He sighed with relief. "Uh, okay. But, uh, this last Tuesday, there was just one handjob, very quick and clinical. She's really changed her attitude; she now says that's all she can help me out with all week. I think she was kind of freaked out about what happened the week before."

Akami tried hard not to snicker. She thought, as if she were talking to Susan, I know who's getting "overly excited," and it's you, you old cow, and not me! "Lots of handjobs and blowjobs?" Wow! Talk about above and beyond the call of duty!

Then she said to Alan in a bitter voice, "You know, I find it very rich that she would berate me for getting a little friendly with a patient when she herself is sucking off her own son!" She unconsciously let out her anger by rubbing his erection more aggressively.

He groaned lustily. The thrill of being with someone relatively new was bringing him to the edge of climax faster than usual.

After she composed herself a bit, she added, "But don't pay any attention to my ramblings. We need to finish quickly, 'cos I'm sure she's waiting impatiently in the car. I wonder what she's thinking about while she's waiting."

He was enjoying the handjob and didn't feel a need to reply. He could well imagine Susan squirming with arousal in the car, imagining what was happening to him in the doctor's office, and that turbo-charged his arousal.

Akami said as she stroked and deliberately breathed on the sensitive underside of his shaft, "I know this is a controversial stance, but I really couldn't care less about the so-called 'incest' factor. The fact is, you're adopted. Biologically speaking, there's no incest here at all. The whole point of the incest taboo is to prevent birth defects and the like, and that's obviously not an issue here. We just have a very loving and concerned woman trying to help out someone she loves any way she can, even if it contradicts her religious beliefs. I find that touching, and inspiring. So you won't find any disapproval from me."

He felt even more relieved. "Boy, I can't tell you how glad I am to hear you say that. The thing is, I don't feel any guilt at all, even though I'm supposed to, and I think it's because of what you just said. Besides, she's just SOOOO totally gorgeous that I figure it's kind of out of my hands. I mean, I would have to be dead not to be turned on by her, big time."

Akami chuckled. "Well, there is that." She kept on stroking and stroking as they talked, focusing on his frenulum, the sweet spot under the head of his cock. "I'd like to ask you another question. Strictly for medical purposes, of course, but you might find it a bit personal. These women who have been helping you out. Have you had sexual intercourse with any of them?"

He considered, Man! What should I say to that?! Of course I just lost my virginity to my own sister in an amazing fuck-fest yesterday, but can I really tell the nurse that? She doesn't need to know about Sis. When it comes to actual fucking, she might not be so understanding about incest. He thought it might be okay, but decided it was safer to just lie.

"No, I haven't. Just handjobs and blowjobs. But I think that's likely to change soon, probably by our next appointment two weeks from now."

He thought, I wonder if that's true. Aside from his sister, Alan considered his chances with Kim, Glory, Suzanne, and Amy, even if his own mother seemed out of reach. He figured that he might not get lucky with all of them, but there were so many possibilities that he was likely to have intercourse with at least one of them by that time.

He looked at Akami and decided he might even have an outside chance with her. After all, she was jacking him off as they talked.

That led to a question he was very eager to ask. "In fact, that reminds me of a favor I'd like to ask you. Would it be possible for you to prescribe some condoms and birth control pills? I think sex is bound to happen, so it would be much better to have safe sex, but it's difficult for us high schoolers to get those things."

"So this bad boy is getting into some naughty places then." She flicked her tongue out and briefly licked the very tip of his cockhead before taking it in her mouth.

That hit him like an electric shock. He really did feel something powerfully arousing all throughout his body. He clenched his fists and squeezed his PC muscle frantically.

She smirked. With his dick so close for a while now, she just couldn't resist doing that, even if just for a second or two. "Did you like that?"

"WOO YEAH!"

She chuckled. "What about this?" She lapped against his sweet spot.

"OH, HELL YEAH!" He felt a surge of pleasure that literally curled his toes.

She managed to smirk and keep licking at the same time. "Well, it's key to have prolonged stimulation before your orgasms, so we probably should do more of that." She spent the next minute or two licking all around his cockhead while stroking his shaft.

Then, out of the blue, she pulled back slightly and resumed their discussion. "Now, as for birth control, I think I can help you out there. Don't tell your mean ol' mother, though, okay? How many condoms do you need?"bender

"Lots! Hundreds. I dunno, maybe like a year's supply?"

She laughed, and thought, Oh, to be eighteen again. She joked, "For you, that probably means thousands. You can buy those over the counter yourself, but I'll see what I can do to get you started. By the way, always use latex condoms unless you or the girl has an allergy, because latex ones are more reliable."

"And what about birth control pills?"

She shook her head. "I can't give you those; there are different kinds and no one kind works for all girls. In fact, what might keep one from getting pregnant might actually make it more likely that another DOES get pregnant. You wouldn't want that. What you need to do is tell the girl to go to the county health department, or to Planned Parenthood, and get an examination. After that the doctor can decide what kind of birth control will work for her and give her a prescription."

She continued, "Anyway, teenage girls are notorious for not taking their pills reliably, at the same time every day. If they don't do that the pills have a much higher failure rate. So always use a condom anyway. Besides, condoms are the only kind of birth control that can protect against STDs, which are particularly a problem with teenagers because they think they're invulnerable so get infected quite a lot."

She got up and returned with her purse, from which she extracted a tube of something. "Here. You should also use spermicide, particularly since your big cums might break the condom, which will already be stretched to the limit over your big prick. You can buy this in drugstores; this is the brand I prefer 'cos it's not too messy on your hands, and it doesn't taste too bad. You can have this one, but you'll need to buy your own from now on."

She leaned back in and resumed her licking. "Meanwhile, right now you're still just getting blowjobs and handjobs, nothing more?"

"No more. And it's killing me. My mother keeps talking about 'maintaining boundaries' when it comes to women."

"What about a titfuck?" She licked down to his balls and back. "Have you done that yet?"

"Titfuck?" asked a confused Alan. He wasn't thinking too clearly, since what she was doing to him felt so very good.

"Come on! Don't tell me you don't know! I'm sure you've seen that in an X-rated movie or something. You know, it's when a man puts his penis in a woman's cleavage, with her boobs pressed together, and essentially fucks in the resulting crevice as if it were a vagina."

He thought back to some erotic stories he'd read that described titfucks. "Yeah, okay, I know what you mean. But that's not for real, is it? I thought that was just some exaggerated thing in a porn movie that hardly ever happens, like how guys always have impossibly big penises. I mean, a guy would like it, but what woman would find pleasure in that?"

She smiled at his naïveté. "Believe you me, women can and do find it pleasurable. In fact, it's very important that you learn how to titfuck a woman, for your treatment. A woman's soft breasts, especially if properly oiled, can provide you great stimulation without any aggravated rubbing of your penis. Plus, I understand you're surrounded by a bevy of very well endowed women. It seems a no-brainer for you to titfuck them on a regular basis."

That idea sounded so good he nearly swooned and lost his balance. He muttered, "Hot damn!"

She had a hard time keeping a straight face as she continued while licking, "Actually, although your mother wouldn't approve - she seemed to imply that it was improper for a nurse to get naked with a patient - I think I would be remiss in my duties if I don't show you firsthand how a titfuck works. It's important to learn how to do it correctly. But let's do it quickly, in case your mother gets impatient and comes in to check on our progress."

He didn't need to be convinced, so he nodded eagerly.

She loved the pretense that she was doing this for medically justifiable reasons. She knew that at any time she could have said, "Hey, let's drop the crap and just have sex," but she was having a lot more fun with this elaborate, if borderline ridiculous, charade. Besides, she was mindful that Suzanne needed her to maintain the cover story provided by the questionable diagnosis.

She quickly took off her nurse's uniform and bra, which left her wearing nothing but sexy black panties. She had him take his shirt off so she could stimulate more of his erogenous zones. Looking for ways to have even more sexual fun with him, she knelt between his legs and again took his boner in her hand. As she resumed stroking, she said, "Alan, I'm very keen on showing you how a titfuck goes, but there's a problem. I'm not nearly as endowed as someone like your mother, so the best way to make this work is if I lie down and you sit on top of me. But then what happens if you cum unexpectedly? We still need a sperm sample, and that might be our only chance."

"Oh." He was seriously bummed, because a titfuck sounded fantastic.

But she continued, "So what I propose is I suck you off now. You need to hold the cup nearby, and when you feel the time is near, warn me, and we'll make sure you shoot into it. Then, once we're done, if you've got another bullet in your gun, so to speak, we'll give a titfuck a try."

He enthused, "Okay! What a plan!"

Chapter 205 Blowjob And Tit Fuck With Akami

Alan watched as Akami knelt in front of him. He might have preferred to be sitting, to be more comfortable, but he was too stunned by recent developments to think of it. Man oh man! I had a damn good feeling that some great things would happen at this appointment, given what happened last time, but I didn't expect THIS! I thought she'd just jack me off again. Wow!

She couldn't resist teasing him a little more. "I'm going to stimulate you orally now. That is, if you don't mind."

"What? No! Please!"

Akami could see the sheer excitement in his eyes, which inspired her to give him the best hummer she could manage. She'd already been licking him for a few minutes and was eager for more. So she suddenly engulfed his cockhead and part of his shaft.

"Aarraraack!" he squealed, taken by surprise. He abruptly clutched at her hair with both hands, trying to cope with the intense surge of pleasure.

She thought, Phew! That's quite a thick one. I have a hard time imagining someone like Susan managing to get this beast in her mouth, but I guess stranger things have happened. Damn. I've gotta figure out how to breathe with my jaw wedged open like this!

For the next minute or so she didn't do much else, while she tried to get used to having his wide cockhead in her mouth. She just wasn't used to such a big dick. Dr. Fredrickson's penis was about as long as Alan's but considerably thinner; it was the thickness that made sucking Alan such a challenge.

That gave him a lucky break, because it gave him time to calm down a bit. He was finding that closing his eyes and slowly counting to ten helped his stamina, so he did that. But he also found himself thinking, First Ms. Rhymer blew me not an hour ago, and now Nurse Akami! Man, today is a GOOD day! Heh-heh! But what's interesting is that both of those things happened because of this weird treatment. I swear, every boy in America should have my problem!

Akami had been doing a little bit of licking here and there as she figured out how to cope with such a mouth-filling cock. Eventually she decided she was ready to continue, so she began bobbing on him in earnest while licking at the same time.

He had just relaxed enough to drop his grasp on her head, but that caused him to frantically clutch it again. Uh-oh! Hold on to your hats! Here we go!

Since she'd been stroking, licking, and blowing air on his dick for many minutes, he was already close to climax before she started bobbing on him. As a result, he had to flex his PC muscle from the start in a frantic effort to not cum. But even though it was a struggle, he was in heaven.

She didn't get much pleasure out of giving blowjobs, so she typically didn't give it her all when she blew Dr. Fredrickson. But just being with Alan was new and exciting for her, and the fact that she was supposedly doing this as part of her legitimate nursing duties doubled the thrill. As a result, she bobbed back and forth on him quickly and applied a lot of suction at the same time.

He groaned helplessly, knowing that he wouldn't be able to stave off his orgasm if she continued for much longer.

She could sense he was slowly losing control, so she thought ahead to the moment he would start to cum in her mouth. Then she realized with a start that they were supposed to collect his sperm sample. Even though these appointments were really a charade, she felt obliged to keep up the pretense for Suzanne's sake, and the blood and sperm samples were practically the only "real" thing they had to do.

So she pulled her lips off with a loud smack, looked up and said. "Hey! What about the cup?"

He'd been clutching her head with both hands off and on, and had forgotten all about the cup. He looked around in a daze and saw it resting on a nearby countertop. He had to move and step over to get it, so he did so. But when he got there, he more or less collapsed against the counter. He didn't fall, but he clutched at it as if he were drowning and it was his life preserver.

She immediately switched into concerned-nurse mode, standing up and saying "Alan? Is something wrong?"

"No. It's just that... I need a moment." After a pause, he said with his eyes still clenched tightly shut, "Sorry. I'm overwhelmed. I was doing great, and then all of a sudden it hit me. I mean, you here, and what happened earlier at school, and Mom waiting in the car, probably getting all horny thinking about what we're doing in here... It's just... too wild!"

Akami didn't know what he meant by "what happened earlier at school," but she could guess well enough. She drew close to him and put her arms around him. "Hey, relax. It's good. It's all good, isn't it?"

He opened his eyes and looked at her with renewed appreciation for her thoughtful comforting gesture. "Yeah. It's not just good; it's fantastic. But still, sometimes I want to shout 'Stop the roller-coaster ride for a minute so I can catch my breath.' I mean, a few weeks ago I was just a nerd with no sexual experience at all. It's just... I'm good now, actually. I just needed a breather."

She smiled as she continued to hug him. "I can imagine. You are on a wild ride. And admittedly I hardly know you at all, but there's something about you that makes me confident you're not only gonna handle all this wildness, you're gonna master it. You strike me as a good, smart kid with a lot of common sense,

especially for someone your age. Besides, there's nothing to be afraid of. So go out there and kick some ass!"

Her words snapped him out of his fugue. He smiled widely. "Yeah." His confidence grew by the second. "Yeah! Damn straight!" Inspired and reenergized, he kissed her lips. (He didn't even stop to think that her lips had just been wrapped around his boner.)

She kissed back. But the kiss wasn't a passionate barn-burner. Instead, he felt a closer link to Akami after her supportive hug and kind words, and this was reflected in a kiss that was appreciative and tender rather than just lusty.

Or at least that's how it started. Soon, his hands drifted down to clutch at her firm ass, while she wound up with one hand on his ass and the other jacking off his still very erect cock. As that hand began pumping faster and faster, their continued necking turned very lusty indeed.

She found herself getting just as worked up as he obviously was. Even though she wasn't normally fond of giving blowjobs to Dr. Fredrickson, she found herself sliding down his body, because the craving to have his cock back in her mouth was overwhelming.

He clutched at her head again when she engulfed his shaft once more.

Their hug had given his hard-on a short respite, but the way she began bobbing and licking and sucking all at once made him realize that he wouldn't last much longer. As if that wasn't enough, she brought a hand up and resumed stroking the inches of his cock that didn't fit in her mouth.

He tried his counting-to-ten technique and his PC-muscle-squeezing technique at the same time, but they just weren't able to delay his impending orgasm any longer.

Just as he reached the point of no return, he remembered the cup. Luckily, he was leaning against the counter where the cup sat, so by shouting "The cup!" he gave her the needed warning.

He started shooting while they worked to get the cup into position. Since she had just pulled her lips off his dick, he ended up firing right into her face. But that was only for a second or two, after which he managed to aim for and hit the cup with the rest of his load.

When he was done, she looked at the cup and started laughing. "Phew! That was a close call!"

He found himself laughing too. "Yeah! Oops!"

He slumped down to the floor once that his energy level started crashing.

Akami was all smiles. That was FUN! I wish it could be like that with... Well, what's the point of making comparisons? But still, Alan just has something special going on. He gets this look of pure joy on his face when he's in ecstasy, and it brings joy to MY face! Shit. I wanna do that again already!

Hmmm. How should I do this? I wanna get it on with this lucky kid and have a climax or two of my own, and I've already promised him a titfuck. Yet I do need to keep up pretenses. Will he buy it if I go back into officious nurse mode, or will that seem too cheesy and improbable by this point?

She decided to resume her nurse role. Standing above him, she gazed at his exposed crotch. "Hmmm. Your penis is down for the count. We'll have to use every measure to revive it quickly, even if it might not be standard behavior for a nurse."

He thought, That's the understatement of the year! He wondered about her change of demeanor, but it never occurred to him to question whether the whole diagnosis was legitimate. Even if it had, he had every reason not to rock the boat when everything was going so well.

She looked down at herself, wearing just her panties, which had become visibly wet in front. Then she looked over at him, slumped against the side of the counter. She thought, What's the point of even pretending at this point? Let's just have fun! Still, I suppose it wouldn't hurt to give him a veneer of "official" justification.

So she said, "Alan, this is my last appointment of the day. Still, I figure we don't want to keep your considerate mother waiting in the car too long. I promised to show you how a titfuck works, and it would be nice if you could have another climax before you go. I don't mind at all helping you reach your daily target. But that means we need to get this show on the road, and that means getting your penis erect again. Is there anything I can do to help there?"

As she finished saying that, she stood back and struck a sexy pose with her hands just above her boobs.

Alan was agog. Wow, she's hot! My nurse is some kind of horny, dirty slut, and I love it! But the sight and thought weren't enough to get his penis hard again, since he was still in the refractory period after his previous climax.

She told him to lie on the examination table. When he did, she climbed on top of him and began to feverishly kiss all over his face.

Soon their lips met and they tongued each other while his hands ran all over her near-naked body. She resumed stroking his dick while they kissed and he ran his hands all over her backside. Despite the fact that the only item of clothing she still wore were her panties, he pushed those aside to probe deep into her ass crack.

But all her extra attention and effort wasn't really necessary, as his penis would have been hard in another minute anyway just from her near nakedness, not to mention the prospect of enjoying his first titfuck. Far from getting burned out from all his sexual fun, he was finding it easier and easier to get aroused the more that sex occupied his life.

The helpful nurse, when she saw that the situation was literally well in hand, had him change places so that he was now on top.

He straddled her, with his knees on each side of her stomach while his stiff prick poked at her breasts.

She grabbed the sides of her breasts and pushed them together, which exaggerated her modest cleavage. "Now take that penis and stick it right in there." She was trying to sound dispassionate but not succeeding very well, because she was just as worked up as he was. "Imagine that it's my vagina, and that you're fucking me. You may have some trouble imagining that, so maybe next time you can give me a good fuck, so that, uh, you can make a better comparison between these methods. Would you like that?"

Her efforts to appear professional were increasingly absurd. Alan could see right through her, and that she obviously just wanted to fuck.

She knew her excuse was silly; she couldn't help but smile as she said this.

Alan already had his dick in position between her tits, so he began to stroke with it. "Yes, I think that would be most ... educational," he snickered. He was amazed at what a wonderfully soft channel her boobs made for him.

"Yes, very educational..." she moaned. "It would be even better if you could fuck my pussy as soon as we were done with this, to help you, you know, more directly compare and contrast."

They both laughed at the charade.

She went on, "However, I'm worried about your mother, who's waiting in the car. What if she gets tired of waiting and comes in to check on you, only to find you balls-deep in my pussy?"

He moaned extra loudly after hearing that.

"Unfortunately, we'll have to make this quick. When we do it, I want us to do it properly." She added a bit more considerately, "And your first time should be really special, with someone you love deeply."

He thought about his first time, just a day earlier. He smiled broadly, happy that it had been with someone he did love deeply.

He continued to pound his erection through her velvety soft tunnel. He used his hands to push her boobs together and create a better path to plow. As a bonus, that made her breasts seem much bigger than they really were. Rather than just hold them there, he stroked them, mashed them, and even managed to pinch her nipples from time to time.

When he needed to pause to prevent ejaculating too soon, he would remove his cock for a spell and suck on her breasts. They were the complete focus of attention now for both of them.

Akami felt obliged to refrain from sexy talk, since she was trying to maintain at least some plausible cover of this being a professional nurse's duty. But the sultry "fuck me" look in her eyes showed how aroused and excited she truly felt.

Within a few minutes, she could sense that he was ready to shoot. "If I might make a medical observation..." she said between heaving breaths. Her body squirmed beneath him and she seemed ready to climax.

"Yes, of course. Will there be a test on this later?" he giggled.

"Note the proximity between my cleavage and my mouth," she pointed out. "It's almost as if the body is designed so that when you're done fucking a woman's breasts, you can scoot up a bit and shoot your load into her mouth. And since we already have your sperm sample..." Her calm words belied the wild look in her eye and the excitement and energy flowing from her.

"Penetrating analysis, nurse! Let me test your hypothesis!" He almost shouted as he grew more excited with every second. "Watch out! It's coming... Get ready!" He got his prick positioned over her mouth and began to shoot into it from only an inch or two away.

She closed her eyes, raised her head, and braced for the cum-blast. She took it all in, like a baby chick begging for food from its mother bird. At the same time, she lifted her butt into the air and clenched her body as a great orgasm coursed through her.

As soon as she'd sucked the last drop dry, she said, "Very... therapeutic."

By this time, he could see that her pretense to be a nurse just doing her duty had become a parody. That gave him a good laugh.

"But I keep thinking about your mother," she said more seriously. "You'd better get off me and get cleaned up right away."

He did so, but that comment made him think of his mother too. Jesus Christ! Titfucking Akami was great, but just imagine titfucking MOM! Wow! Or Aunt Suzy! Double wow! Or even Sis or Aims! My God, man! This is like a whole new sex act!

While they washed up and started to put their clothes back on, the nurse began to speak again. "You asked jokingly if there would be a test. As a matter of fact, there will be. I want you to practice what we

learned here today frequently over the next two weeks. When you come back for your next appointment, I expect a hands-on demonstration. Of titfucking, and a few other things."

"Wow, nurse," he replied, "you really go the extra mile for your patients!"

They both enjoyed the absurdity of their conversation.

But at the same time, she could tell that he was starting to really wonder what was a joke and what was real. So she replied, "Actually, more like the extra inch. Or eight inches. But only for you, Alan. You're about sixty years younger than our other patients. Keep in mind that your diagnosis is very real, and your treatment is very real. It just so happens that your nurse also happens to like sex a lot. So why can't we both benefit from your need to cum so often?"

"Indeed." Again, he didn't really think things through since this set-up benefited him so much.

"Remember though, other people might not be so understanding. Heck, it's probably better if even Dr. Fredrickson is kept in the dark about just how helpful I've been to you. If you boast at school or tell anyone anything, I could be in a world of trouble, and all your fun might come to an end."

He nodded. "Believe me, I get it. I mean, my mom is helping me out, for crying out loud. I already know how saying anything to anyone would be a disaster. My lips are shut so tight, I have to inhale all my food through my nose."

She chuckled at that, but she was also relieved, since the danger of her getting in trouble was very real. She helped him straighten his shirt, like a fussy mother. "Don't forget what we've learned today. I'm not just having fun with you - there was a real point there."

"Yes, there is a point," he quipped, "and it's starting to poke into my shorts."

She looked and saw that his dick was still flaccid, but she went along with the joke. "Oh dear! Not again! I feel a new round of important tests coming on for your next appointment, so I might have to schedule you for two hours next time! We'll have to test your penis in many different ways."

"That sounds great." He gave her a hug.bender

When they disengaged, she stood back and pouted. She was genuinely raring to go for more. "Are you really sure you have to go already?"

She had some "trouble" putting her own clothes on, since she was busy fingering her pussy in an attempt to entice him to stay for yet more fun. She'd just put her lab coat back on, but with nothing under it, to make herself look more seductive since she could tell he enjoyed the whole nurse fantasy.

"God, I wish I could stay," he said. "But there'll be a next time."

As she continued to masturbate, she said, "Okay. But seriously, I meant it when I said there was something to learn here. Don't overlook the titfuck any longer. I may not have the biggest boobs in the world, but that doesn't seem to be a problem with your mother or that woman I saw briefly. Suzanne, I believe. With women like that, you'll find a titfuck very pleasant indeed. You may think that chafing your penis is some kind of joke, but it's not. A well-lubed titfuck will keep that chafing at bay."

He realized she really was serious about that point, at least. "Thanks for the advice. And everything else!"

She said, "My pleasure. Literally." Just as she said this, her fingers caused her to orgasm. She laughed at the timing.

When she was more composed a few moments later, she added, "Remember that many women often enjoy a good titfuck, and it's not just some pose for the camera in a porn film. I certainly just enjoyed it! In fact, I had a very nice climax at the end there, probably because you used your hands like you did."

He nodded.

"Oh, and by the way, I see you took my advice to work on your PC muscle. Your stamina and control are really improved since last time! Good show. I had the hardest time preventing you from ejaculating too soon, before. Now, it's like you're the Energizer Bunny."

"Yeah. That PC muscle thing has been helping a lot. I owe everything to you."

"We'll phone with your test results on Monday, and remember, study hard for your next appointment!" She gave him a wink and now made a more sincere effort to get cleaned up and clothed.

He thought, Man! She actually gave me serious advice to enjoy more titfucks! Talk about crazy! Speaking of porn films, I feel like I'm living in one. Is this how older people behave, with wild sex going on behind closed doors? I guess it must be, because it's happening to me.

Chapter 206 And Did She... Take Any Samples? Sperm Samples?

While Alan had been in the doctor's office, Susan had been sitting in her car trying to read a copy of People magazine. But her thoughts kept returning to what Alan might be doing with Akami.

Ever since that last appointment, she'd tried to block out the memories of that hour of witnessing constant penis manipulation, but she found herself unable to forget it. Thinking about that got her nearly as horny as thinking about the previous Tuesday when she lost all control.

As she sat in her car, she had visions of Akami sucking her son off, but that was just for starters. Her mind was mostly filled with the idea of Alan and Akami fucking.

These ideas literally made her hot and bothered, but very upset and jealous too. She was a frazzled jumble of emotion. She wasn't about to masturbate in the car, so that made her even more bothered. She repeatedly tried to return to the magazine, but found she couldn't get the meaning of the words.

She was fidgeting and frowning when Suzanne called her on her cell phone. Suzanne knew that Susan would be just sitting in her car, trying unsuccessfully not to think about what Alan and Akami were doing nearby. She figured that gave her a perfect opportunity to fire up Susan's lust for Alan a little more, simply by vividly describing all the things Akami could be doing to Alan's dick.

She started off the conversation on a light and cheery note. "Hey Susan! How's it going?"

But Susan was practically on the verge of tears. "Oh, Suzanne. Thank the Lord you called. It's awful! Just AWFUL!"

"What's wrong?"

"Everything's wrong! My cutie Tiger... Oh God! I can't even think about it!"

Suzanne had been practically licking her chops because of all the potential for sexy mischief. She'd been hoping to get Susan so hot and horny that Susan would be all over Alan as soon as his appointment ended.

But Susan's voice sounded heart-breakingly sad, and before Suzanne could really get going with her usual lusty spiel Susan pleaded, "Suzanne, I beg you. Please! Don't talk about Tiger right now. Please! Not a word. That's the last thing I need to hear. Not even anything slightly related to him. You're my best friend and I really need you now. Please talk about anything else so I can get my mind off of... you-know-what. What's going on in there!"

Suzanne knew that she had a more domineering personality than Susan, and if she really pushed she could get Susan to go along with her planned discussion, continuing until Susan was so horny that she couldn't tell up from down. But Suzanne's heart went out to her suffering friend.

Sometimes I just push too hard, too fast. Susan's going through a major life change now; she needs time to adjust. It's not all about seeing my sexual scheme come to fruition as fast as possible. I keep telling myself that it's just as much for her benefit as it is for mine, or my Sweetie's, or Angel's. Not everything has to happen TODAY. Susan's my best friend. Hell, she's closer than that: I'd take a bullet for her. Right now, she needs me as a friend and that comes first.

She sighed quietly, so Susan couldn't hear. Then she forced herself to sound enthusiastic. "Sure. It would be my pleasure to talk to you for as long as you like. I'll bet you brought a magazine to keep yourself occupied. I hope it's something with actual news in it."

"Um, it's People magazine, actually."

Suzanne sighed again in distaste at Susan's reading selection, but she did it out loud this time and with theatrical exaggeration. "Susan, Susan, Susan."

Susan smiled a little bit, causing her mood to begin to lighten.

As requested, Suzanne kept Susan's mind occupied with talk about a whole variety of mundane things. It was a challenge not to talk about anything related to Alan or sex, because so much of Susan's life revolved around her children and sex was on her brain so much lately. But Suzanne was careful to redirect the conversation whenever it drifted too close to those areas.

The two mothers kept talking until Susan saw Alan walking through the parking lot towards her car.

Susan was tremendously relieved, and thanked Suzanne profusely for being so helpful.

Suzanne hung up the phone, feeling good about herself. That was... refreshing. Susan is just such a GOOD person, so filled with boundless love. Just being around her makes me want to be a better person too, and I feel good helping her out. I'm convinced that the best thing I can ever do to help her is to open her eyes so she'll see that she can love her children and me in an entirely new way, a sexual way. But sometimes the best way to go from point A to point B is not a straight line, and today just goes to show that.bender

As Alan got in the car, Susan looked at the clock on the car dashboard. She consoled herself that at least his appointment lasted less than an hour, instead of the hour plus of the previous one.

As she drove away she asked, "So... How did things go?" She tensed up as she waited for his response.

"Oh, good, good." He was trying very hard to say as little as possible. He could see that the idea of him doing sexual things with Akami upset her, just from the tension in her voice and the look on her face. He found that curious, because she obviously was much more bothered by that than if he did the exact same things with Suzanne. But it occurred to him that Susan viewed Suzanne as close family, almost like an extension of herself, whereas Akami was seen as an outsider and a potential threat.

Susan gripped the steering wheel tightly as she asked, "So... did she... uh... check your, uh, member, for abnormalities?"

"She did."

"I see." Susan gritted her teeth. But she managed to keep her cool, more or less. "And did she... take any samples? Sperm samples, I mean."

He grudgingly admitted, "She did that too."

"I see." There was a long silence while Susan continued driving. Finally she gathered up the resolve to ask, "And may I ask how she took those samples? Did she assist you... orally?"

He winced. "As a matter of fact, she did."

Susan showed no visible response, but just kept on driving. On the inside, though, she was a churning cauldron of emotion. After a minute or more she calmed herself somewhat, telling herself, I am not going to let this bother me. This is a medical treatment, nothing more, nothing less. After all, it makes sense that checking for abnormalities is a good opportunity to help him do his thing, so he can check off one of his six times for today.

She asked, "Did she do a good job... with it?"

"Um, yeah. I guess you could say that. She definitely spent a lot of time, uh, helping with, ah, stimulating it."

GRRR! But I can't be mad about that. After all, Akami was the very one who pointed out that it's not just the quantity of his daily orgasms but the quality too, so of course she follows her own advice. He needs prolonged, talented stimulation or his testosterone won't kick into gear, or whatever it is that happens there to help fix his energy problem.

She felt a flash of jealousy as she let her thoughts wander. So, I suppose that for most of the appointment Tiger just sat there while Akami licked and slurped and sucked on his rampant... member. Most other people, when they go into the doctor's, they get a painful shot or bad news, or even something awful like chemotherapy. But not my Tiger. No, he gets his cock sucked for a long time by a cute nurse!

Susan gripped the steering wheel so hard she practically crushed it in her hands. Calm down. Calm down. Calm... Okay. So what? That's what his treatment is. And if she took most of her clothes off - and

I'm sure she did, since she did last time - that makes sense because she doesn't want to get cum on her work clothes. And although she's very professional, I'm sure she enjoyed it. And why wouldn't she? I mean, sucking on Tiger's big, fat cock? Er, I mean, his rather large member? How could she NOT enjoy that? It's just about the greatest fun in the whole wide world!

She sighed with longing. Oh, that Tuesday! What a day! I'll never forget that day. Kneeling naked below my strong, handsome son, my mouth stretched as wide as can be with his thick meat filling me, bobbing on it like some kind of common hussy, hearing the beautiful music of his lusty groans as I flicked my tongue all over his sweet, sweet spot, feeling naughty tingles all the way down to my... to my...

NO! I can't think like this, especially when I'm driving. Besides, that's what SHE was doing to him just a few minutes ago. ARGH! Why does that get to me so much? I have to remember the wise words Suzanne tells me pretty much every single day. Tiger is a remarkable young man with a very special problem. It's inevitable that a lot of very beautiful women will end up helping him. It's not my place to question that. Especially if I'm unable or unwilling to step up to the plate and suck his yummy cock a couple of times a day, at least, every single day...

She glanced over at Alan in the passenger seat next to her, and found herself staring at his crotch. For once, there wasn't any sign of a bulge there. She licked her lips longingly, but then turned her attention back to the road.

She didn't even ask any more questions about the appointment, so the rest of the ride home was fairly quiet. She was frankly a little scared of Akami, whom she blamed as the root cause of all of her own sinful urges and temptations. So she didn't want to know, and didn't want to think about, whatever they had done.

Chapter 207 On The Verge Of Going Crazy - Susan

That evening Amy, Suzanne, and Suzanne's husband Eric came over to the Plummer house for dinner, because they were all going to a party afterward. There were no sexual hijinks whatsoever during dinner, no doubt due to Eric's presence.

After the meal was over and the plates were being taken away, Amy said, "Thank you, Aunt Susan. That was really good."

Susan smiled benignly and walked off to the kitchen with some of the dirty dishes.

Alan, though, kept his eyes on Amy. She wore a surprisingly daring top, perhaps because she'd never fully gotten the message on how things had changed around the house. It exposed a lot of cleavage, below which there were a few clasps down the middle which held it together. He watched in horror as she started to undo the first clasp.

There wasn't much holding the skimpy top together. Within seconds it was undone to her belly button, though luckily gravity still held her boobs inside the fabric (since she also wasn't wearing a bra). He realized that this was her way of saying that she'd enjoyed the meal, thanks to what he'd told her before about unbuttoning and so forth.

Before anyone else had really noticed what she'd done, Alan got up, grabbed her, and pulled her away from the table. Her top flew open a bit more, but no one saw it as he'd spun her away from the others. Meanwhile he asked out loud so the others could hear, "Amy, could I speak to you for a minute?"

A safe distance from the table, he was able to whisper to her and get her to cover up.

But the incident made him wonder just how much he could trust Amy not to screw things up. He realized that the further they initiated her into sex, the more chance there would be for her to say or do something that could ruin everything. He decided to take things slower with her for a while, especially when it came to three-way activities involving her with Katherine and him that could be seen as incestuous. He also decided that they'd have to be more careful in the ways they teased her.

As it was, Alan had reached his mental limits. He'd had so much sexual excitement in the previous two days that he felt he couldn't take any more. Thus he was very relieved to go to the party and mingle with grown-ups in a completely sex-free environment. He needed time to absorb all the changes in his life, and in particular that of sex with his sister.

Katherine, on the other hand, seemed completely unfazed by the enormity of what they'd done; all she wanted was more sex.

Alan could understand how she felt; it reminded him of when he first got a computer - for days afterwards he was so excited he could think or do little else but focus on the computer.

But somehow all the sexual contact with multiple females made him more wary than his sister, as well as a lot more sexually satiated. He wanted to be in this for the long haul, so he had to be very careful, while she relied completely on him to be the careful one.

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With Alan and the others leaving for the party, Susan found herself at home alone. Ron had his own work-related party to go to, and didn't like her to go to parties without him. Ironically, he worried that she might be sexually vulnerable if she left the house.

It was a real let-down for her, after all the excitement of recent days, to spend a Friday night all by herself. To keep from getting depressed, she kept herself busy doing household chores.

She held out for a while, but eventually she made her way to Alan's room. There was one chore she had come to both love and hate in the past couple of weeks. She formerly had tried to live in denial that her son masturbated, at least as much as she humanly could before the whole six times a day procedure started, but now she felt like she was practically forcing him to sin by not helping him. On the other hand, it felt like a sin to help him too, as it went against her conviction that these acts be reserved for her husband.

It had been hours since Alan had been in his bedroom. It was clear that he had been masturbating earlier, because there were big cum stains on his towel and a spare pillow case. She was delighted when she took a closer look and discovered that the stains on both were still wet and relatively fresh - sometimes it didn't dry out for a long time when the fabric was all bunched up.

She carefully took all the linens downstairs to the laundry room without touching his wet stains. Her mind was still torn between her renewed moralistic sense and her new found desire for his cum. She thought, I have to stick to my vow. I'm going to drop them right into the washer and that's that. Simple. To do anything else would be sinful and depraved, and far too improper. There's NO WAY I'm going to so much as touch that wet spot, much less taste it. I've made that delicious mistake before, several times lately, in fact, but I'm not going to make it again! What would my parents think of me, that I'm even thinking such wicked thoughts?

She put all the laundry she'd collected into the washing machine, piece by piece, including his bed sheets. Eventually, the only two items left were the towel and the pillowcase. Maybe if I just have a little sniff...

She felt confused and conflicted, so she decided to do what Suzanne had recently taught her to do in such situations: expose her breasts. She immediately felt better and more liberated once she was topless. Aaaaah! That feels better. Suzanne is proven right yet again. It's as if the day changed from wet and cold to sunny and warm. Even though Tiger isn't here, I feel like he is, and that he's staring right at me. His big penis is getting stiff. Mmmm!

She started to feel tingly down below as she imagined her son walking in on her with her bare chest heaving and bouncing.

She brought the wet spot on the towel to her nose to smell it, testing just how fresh it was. Hmmm. Pungent. That's very pungent. And of course it's so sweet. All that juice he drinks sure does wonders. You can almost smell just how virile he is! But I'll bet it's not REALLY fresh. After all, it's been hours since he was in his room. It just looks fresh.

She couldn't help herself and ran a finger through the wet spot. She brought her wet finger to her nose as if to make sure. Hmmm. It's wet alright. But how does it taste? That's the real test of freshness.

She pulled her head back and brought the towel down to put it in the washer. NO! I'm NOT going to eat any of it. That's completely depraved and disgusting. Furthermore, it's downright sad. I'm not going to be some pathetic and lonely loser. It's bad enough that I'm doing the laundry on a Friday night while thinking the most naughty and sinful thoughts about my son and his wonderfully suckable erection!

But while she had moved the towel away from her face, her wet finger was still right in front of her nose. Somehow, while she was admonishing herself, her finger found a way into her mouth without her consciously thinking about it. She sucked on her finger. She loved the wicked taste so much that she grew weak in the knees.

With that, all restraint flew out the window. She brought the towel's wet spot to her mouth and began sucking on the wetness. This is wrong! So wrong! This is NOT happening! I can't believe what I'm doing!

She continued to berate herself until she sucked all the cum she could get out of the abused towel. However, her berating came out in such a way as to be more arousing to her than discouraging. For instance, she said, This is NOT how a proper Christian lady behaves. This is how a wanton big-titted mommy slut behaves! One who simply can't get enough of her son's naughty, incestuous, oversized cock-meat!

Why, if he were here right now, I might very well drop to my knees and take his great thickness into my mouth and suck on it! And not just one or two polite little bobs on it either. No! I'm so far gone that I'd create a tight seal with my lips and use tremendous suction right over his sweet spot, because I know how much he loves that. And I'd use my tongue on it too, and stroke the rest with my fingers, because I'm so very, very naughty!

She quickly moved on to the pillowcase until she got most of that wet spot as well.bender

Once the cum was gone, her horny mood vanished in the air. She broke down and cried. Her one consolation was that no one else knew of her secret struggle with the laundry.

It was a battle she fought silently, and generally lost, almost every time she did the laundry these days. No one else, not even Suzanne, knew just how frequently she struggled with her urges at times like this.

To Susan's great despair, it seemed like the only times in a day she was happy nowadays was when her chest was bared and her son's erection or cum filled her mouth.

She concluded, It's hopeless. I can't deny reality. I need to help Tiger with his problem and soon, or I'm going to lose my mind! I don't even care if Ron is still here; I'm not going to fight it anymore. I need his love! I need that cum! It's the liquid proof of his everlasting love. God help me!

Chapter 208 Alan's Dream

A dreaming Alan found himself in a strange place. All was dark, except for a spotlighted area centered on him and the big bed he was sitting on. He was wearing just an old Chargers T-shirt, and Suzanne was on her knees between his legs, sucking his cock.

Interestingly, he found this situation both familiar and comforting. But the locale was bizarre. The lit area was quite large, but he couldn't see any furniture or walls beyond the bed he was on, or any distinguishing features besides a blue floor fading into darker blue and finally pitch black.

He was about to ask Suzanne where they were when his mother walked into the light. She was dressed in her usual "old Susan" clothes that completely covered her up, while Suzanne was naked except for the always-present high heels.

Yet this obviously wasn't the old Susan, because as soon as she saw what was going on, her eyes lit up and a big smile appeared on her face. She walked up and said, "Suzanne, you meanie! All this yummy cocksucking going on and you didn't tell me about it! Can I join in?"

Suzanne wasn't just bobbing lightly; she was deep-throating Alan fully in a way that only Glory had done to him previously. Since she couldn't answer very well with her mouth full, she moaned a loud "Mmmm-hmmm!"

Susan took this as agreement, even though Suzanne had been making many similar moans.

Alan forgot to ask where he was, because Susan started a sexy striptease. Between that and Suzanne's fantastic deep throating, he was totally overcome by lust.

Susan hurried through the striptease because she wanted to get in on the action. She knelt next to Suzanne and tapped her friend on the shoulder.

Suzanne moved over, stopped her deep throating momentarily so Susan could join in the fun.

Alan stared down in disbelief as Susan and Suzanne began taking turns working on his dick. One of them would hold and stroke the base of his shaft while the other bobbed or licked around his cockhead for half a minute or so. Then their hands and mouths would swap positions. That way, the one waiting for her turn to suck would get to jack him off for a while.

He felt very strange. Sure, they were rocking his world with overwhelming pleasure, but something seemed amiss. (He was dreaming, but didn't realize it.) He scanned his memories but couldn't actually figure out what was wrong, so he shrugged it off and went back to enjoying all their lapping and fondling and stroking.

However, they'd only managed to pass his cock back and forth a few times before Katherine entered from the shadows.

He figured that spelled trouble. Surely Susan would get upset, stand up, and insist that Katherine shouldn't get near such a lewd scene.

But all that happened was that Katherine giggled in delight, saying, "Cool! Hey, Bro! How are things these days for you? I'll bet they suck." She'd walked straight up to where he stood, then pointed down at the two buxom mothers. "They suck. Get it?"

She too started taking off her clothes in a sexy way. Mere moments later, she was nude except for the high heels she was wearing, just like the two voluptuous mothers. She didn't even ask permission, but just knelt next to Susan and tapped her hip.

Susan obligingly moved over. Now all three women were sucking him off at the same time! Instead of taking orderly turns, the scene turned into a free-for-all, with tongues and lips and fingers seemingly everywhere at once. It helped that his dream dick was a good deal wider and longer than his real one, giving the three of them lots of extra surface area to work on.

But he had hardly begun to enjoy that when someone else walked in from the shadows. He'd been expecting another beautiful woman wanting to join in, but instead it was his best friend Sean.

"Whoa, dude!" Sean was dressed in his typical school clothes, even to the backpack slung over his shoulder. He walked closer, into the light, but maintained some distance from the triple blowjob that was still in progress. "What the Hell is going on?!"

Alan spoke for the first time since his dream had begun. "I don't know, dude! I really don't know. It's bizarre!"

Sean drew a little closer, until he was about ten feet away. "Dude, is that your MOM? It is! Dude! And that's Katherine! Your sister!" He turned his head this way and that, trying to get a good look at the third woman and figure out who she was. "And that's Mrs. Pestridge, Amy's hot mom! DUDE!"

Another voice was heard off to the side. "Room for one more?"

Alan and Sean looked over and saw that it was Glory. She was already naked except for high heels.

Sean exclaimed, "DUDE! No! That's impossible! The sexiest teacher in school too?!"

Susan paused in her licking to look up at Glory and smile. "Son! I'm so proud of you! You've turned your favorite teacher into another one of your sex toys? Come over here, Ms. Rhymer. Four tongues are better than three."

Glory walked over and knelt next to Suzanne. "Please. Call me Glory. No need for formality when we're all enslaved to this young man's cock."

There were so many women now that Alan got off the bed and stood next to it, making it easier for them to all kneel up close to his crotch.

As Suzanne shifted positions, making room for Glory, she said, "Glory it is then. Here, you want to bob on his cockhead for a bit?"

Glory replied, "I don't want to impose. Let's just all lick it together."

Sean was too stunned to even speak. He made some incredulous gasping sounds.

"I know, it's weird, huh?" Alan said in response. But he didn't feel particularly embarrassed or shocked to have Sean see him like this. It was as if this were the new normal, and not having his cock sucked would be the strange thing. "This has been happening to me a lot lately. Kinda cool, huh?"

Sean put his hands on his head. "Dude! I can't believe what I'm seeing! This is like... unreal!"

"I know," Alan nodded. "Welcome to my life."

As if to confirm Sean's "unreal" notion, just then Amy came walking into the light. She was already buck naked, again except for high heels. Other than that, she was her usual smiling self. "Cool beans! Super cocksuck fun!" She bee-lined towards the action centered on Alan.

Then she noticed Sean, but she only gave him passing interest. "Oh, hi Sean. What's up?"

Sean just pointed incredulously at the naked pile of bodies.

Amy beamed, and giggled. "I know! It's superficially orgasmotastic, isn't it? Personally, I'm gonna take his ass for a while." She knelt behind Alan, but before she started licking his ass crack, she leaned over to look at Sean (who by this time was standing in front of Alan). She wagged a naughty finger at Sean and tsk-tsked, "Sorry, Sean, but no touching, m'kay? We belong to Alan, and Alan only." Then she spread Alan's ass cheeks wide and buried her nose in his ass crack.

Sean complained loudly, as if he'd just been told that his entire family had been killed. "Oh man! That sucks! I was just about to ask if you could spare one or two for me!"

Alan said with surprising calm, given the sheer number of tongues and lips working on him, "Sorry, man. No can do. I know that makes me a greedy asshole, but I love them all, and they all love me."

"Man! I have such a boner! It literally hurts. But at least please tell me what's going on. Dude! You're doing it with your mom and sister! You're fucking them!"

Alan explained, "I wish that were true, but they're pretty much just jacking me off and sucking me too. Mostly sucking, actually. I don't know why me, or how, or anything. It just happened."

"That is soooo weird," Sean said. He was starting to calm down somewhat, but he still looked floored by what he was seeing. He appeared too aroused to be bothered very much by the apparent incest. "But that's not even the strangest part. I mean, they're like five of the sexiest women in the universe! They all could be, like, centerfolds! Seriously! How did they all fall for you?"

Alan raised his hands in a gesture that expressed his puzzlement. "I don't know, man! I really don't know! Sometimes, I think this must be a dream." Which was ironic, since he still didn't realize that it was in fact a dream (although his real life wasn't that much less incredible).

Sean was transfixed, watching five different heads bobbing up and down. He was too captivated by the sight to say any more at that moment.

So Alan continued, "I think about this all the time. It kinda bothers me. All this great sexual joy came so easily, so improbably, that it makes me think it could disappear in the blink of an eye."

"Just look at their asses!" Sean exclaimed. The tushes of Glory, Suzanne, Susan, and Katherine were lined up in a row, rising up and down in a steady rhythm like interlocked parts of a pistoning machine.

Alan was in a downright philosophical mood, so Sean's comment didn't exactly help. Then Sean asked, "And what's with their heels?"

"I don't know!" Alan wailed. "They wear high heels all the time, and I never even asked them to. Everything is too weird!"

He persisted, "I'm scared! What if all this love and sex around me disappears tomorrow? I'd be crushed! It would be like going from the gates of Heaven to the pits of Hell. I can't do ordinary anymore, man. What if I don't deserve this? What if there's some kind of karma, or payback? Are there gods or Fates at work? Could the whole thing be some sort of cruel 'brain in a jar' joke? I need answers! Do you have any?"

Sean tore his gaze away from all the bouncy rear ends to make eye contact. "Dude, if I had answers, I'd be where you are, and you'd be standing here. Why don't you ask THEM?" He nodded down towards the bobbing and licking heads. "What makes them so psyched to suck you off so much? What do they see in you? What do they want from you? Where are they going with this?"

"Yeah!" Alan exclaimed with passion. "I'm in the dark. They need to tell me what's going on! There has to be SOME kind of guiding hand. This just can't all be coincidence, can it? Is there some sort of deeper meaning to all this? Or some kind of lesson? Sean, there's some sort of secret mystery here, and I can't put my finger on it."

To Alan's great shock, Sean said matter-of-factly, "Oh, that? The secret? Yeah, I know that."

bender

"Then tell me!" Alan exclaimed above the din of slurping and sucking.

"Okay. What you want to know... The secret... The answer to your question is..."

Alan could feel the dream slipping away from him. He reached out towards Sean with both hands, but in vain, since Sean was well out of reach. "Nooooo! Sean! Tell me! Quick!"

It was at that moment that Alan awoke. He sat up in his bed, totally disoriented for a few moments. It was still pitch dark, so there wasn't much to see. He flopped back down on his pillow in frustration. Shit! That was just a dream? But it was so real! Even the pleasure was so real, so intense! I could feel tongues, and lips, and...

His morning wood was throbbing and tingling with pleasure, so much so that he pulled the sheets down and looked at his crotch to understand what was happening. But there was no Katherine secretly blowing him under the covers or any other pleasant surprise like that.

Was that a wet dream fantasy? Or some kind of nightmare? I was soooo close to getting the answer! If that was a nightmare, it has to have been the most sexually arousing one in history!

Or is maybe my mind playing tricks on me? Of course there's no easy answer to my question; that's just a wish-fulfillment fantasy. And the real life Sean certainly isn't gonna know anything at all. I don't think I was really talking to him, even in the dream - I was talking to me. And I don't know any more than I already do, if that makes sense.

Damn. I just need to have the confidence that this isn't gonna all disappear on me like some kind of cruel Twilight Zone twist. They all love me, and I love them. No one's going anywhere. Even Mom is loving this sex stuff too much to go all the way back to her old ways. Plus, there's all the fun stuff happening at school, especially given what happened with my hot teacher Glory yesterday. That's probably what triggered the dream.

There's no big mystery here, no secret guiding hand. It's just that beautiful, busty women tend to stick together, and they tend to have beautiful children. True, Sis was adopted, but maybe she was selected because Aunt Suzy found a beautiful mother. Why can't they love me and be attracted to me just like I am to them? I need to have the confidence that I'm a worthy, good person. I AM worthy of them. It's not impossible that they love me, just because they're all so gorgeous. We're family, so that's different.

He sighed heavily. But I'm not really worthy! No one is, not of all this! He sighed again.

He had a hard time going back to sleep, especially since his dick wouldn't go flaccid. He kept thinking about double and even triple or quadruple blowjobs, and all kinds of other possible permutations. Each one seemed more enticing than the last.

Forget the five in the dream; I've dreamed about them so many times before, in all kinds of combinations. Although I would kill just to get Mom and Aunt Suzy together in reality, never mind the others too! And what about Christine, and Heather... and maybe even Simone, Heather's busty girlfriend?! Wow! I'd better include Aunt Suzy in that group too, if only so she can show Christine what do to. Sweetness! Man, what if it was the whole cheerleading squad at once? Six tongues on my cock at the same time! Why stop at four?!

Man, this is not helping me go back to sleep. Grrr! I'm just too aroused all the time.

He tossed and turned for a while before exhaustion finally overtook him.

Chapter 209 Again Towel Slip

Alan slept in that Saturday morning. When he finally woke up again, he shook off the doubts and worries his dream had highlighted, trying instead to focus on the immediate positives. The day's sexual possibilities seemed endless.

He went down to the kitchen for breakfast, but no one was around. He was more than a bit spoiled, in that he expected his mother to always cook for him. But then again, cooking for the family was a big part of her self-identity, and she got upset if anyone else cooked anything without her at least taking part. He went back upstairs to find her.

Susan was in her bedroom, wearing just a towel. Nonetheless, she said, "Come in."

Alan was surprised by her scanty garb, but not very much. It seemed that half the time he'd seen her around the house in the past couple of days, she was wearing nothing but a towel. Furthermore, this one was smaller than the rest: wrapped around her torso, it just managed to cover her nipples and her bush, and there was barely an inch to spare on either top or bottom.

She sat on the edge of her bed brushing her hair, seemingly not bothered by his presence despite her near nudity. However, her heart was racing fast as she contemplated helping him with his orgasm "problem." "Good morning! What is it, Tiger?"

"Oh, nothing much. Just feeling a bit hungry is all." His penis was engorging fast in his shorts.

She glanced at his crotch and noticed the emerging bulge there. "Let me help you with that. I'll cook you some nice pancakes." Actually, I really want to help him with his big, thick, spermy problem! But I can't! Just because Ron isn't at home right now, I'm still a married woman!

She forced herself to maintain eye contact with him. "Would you like that? Or would you prefer French toast and some fruit?"

"French toast with fruit on top sounds good."

She found the idea of breakfast startlingly arousing, because it reminded her of her wild wet dream from the day before. A large part of her mind wanted to make that dream world an immediate reality, but her more prudent side held back. "Okay. ... Um, before you go, Son, I have a question."

"Shoot." He tried to appear casual, but in fact he folded his hands together in front of his crotch to block the view of his raging, throbbing boner.

She was very frustrated at his hands being in the way, not to mention the fact he was wearing shorts in the first place. She could practically taste his cum on her tongue. Still, she was trying hard to not show or act on her lusty desire. "Tiger, I'm a bit concerned about your... you know. Reaching your daily target. I know how tortured you must be lately; Suzanne and I have been talking about it a lot. I'm concerned that without getting a lot of help, uh, manual help from others, your member may be getting, you know, uh, worn out a little."

"Yeah, you could say that." If his dick was stiff before, it was doubly so now.

"That's why I thought it would be a good idea to give you this." Susan stood up to get something, but as she stood, the towel fell completely away from her body. She grabbed it as it fell and pulled it back towards her.

He lurched forward to try to help with the towel, but as he did so his erection sprang out from under his shorts and bounced forward. It didn't just peek out of his shorts partly or a little bit; it came out completely and nearly carried his balls out with it.

She pulled the towel up to her chest, which effectively covered her crotch, but she just held it with one hand over her cleavage and left almost all of her tits still uncovered. She stared down in shock at his fully exposed manhood.

She thought, There it is! It looks soooo good! So tasty! There must be something wrong with me, because my desire for my son's penis is so strong! Too strong! I can't! I can't! But look at it. Mmmm! So thick and long and manly!

After a few long moments, he covered it with both hands. He was very embarrassed too, and his heart was beating wildly just like hers.

Susan continued to silently stare at his crotch even after his hands pretty much covered all of his hard-on. Her face was turning red with embarrassment, and she continued to show little concern for covering her nude body.

Time seemed to stand still. Nobody moved or said a word. The sound of their heavy breathing filled the room.

Finally, he stuffed his boner back into his shorts. He didn't want to, but he felt strangely obliged to, out of politeness.

She continued to watch intently. She stared at his shorts even after his hard-on was put away, especially since he removed his hands.

"Um, sorry about that," he finally said.

She seemed to snap out of her reverie, and looked up into his eyes. "No, it's my fault. Never mind! It's nothing you and I haven't seen before, ha-ha."

The laughter was forced, so he made himself laugh back. But it helped to defuse the highly charged situation.

He noticed she still wasn't covering up her nipples with the towel. He strongly suspected that she was very aroused, tempted by the sight of his arousal. He wanted to encourage her to help him out, but he was shy about doing so. At least he managed to ask, "Do you remember the other day when I was in your room and you didn't even have a towel?"

She nodded. Without consciously realizing it, she rubbed her bare thighs together while reveling in the now pleasant and arousing memory. But she said, "Let's not even think about that, Tiger. Remember: that's in the past. Ancient history."

He nodded, though he wondered why she still held the towel with only one hand, doing a bad job of covering her nudity. He didn't really believe her "ancient history" line.

bender

She found herself thinking, Why doesn't Ron's penis make me shiver and tingle all over, like the sight of my son's does?! He's in town, right now! I should give my husband a blowjob tonight. Today, even. That's what a good wife would do. But why does that thought not inspire me? In fact, it almost makes me feel... disloyal. Disgusted, even. Strange.

She said a bit nervously, "Anyway, I was about to give you something. Since I'm a bit indisposed, can you get it for me? It's a jar I've put in the drawer with all my bras." She turned sideways and pointed towards her clothes cabinet, which allowed him a great side view of her body. She didn't quite reveal all of her ass, but she certainly showed off her shapely hips and incredibly toned, long legs.

He reluctantly tore his eyes away and followed her outstretched arm that was pointing towards the cabinet. He walked over to the drawer where he knew she kept her underwear.

"That's the one," she said with a strange gleam in her eyes.

He opened the drawer she'd indicated and found a jar there. He picked it up and looked at the label. It read, "KY Jelly." Then he turned back towards her.

She still held the towel in such a way that he could see nearly all of her huge tits. "Tiger, you don't use any lubricant when you do your thing, so I'm concerned about, you know, damage. It'll be better if you use that."

He was genuinely doubtful. He'd masturbated a certain way for a long time, and wasn't keen on changing. "I don't know, Mom. This stuff looks really weird."

"It's not weird." She walked towards him until she stood right next to him, with the towel still precariously covering her pussy and little else. She held the jar with her free hand, so both of them now held it. She opened it and the lid came off easily; it was clear it had been opened already. "Look. It's cherry flavored. It feels good and it tastes really nice. Try it. You'll get used to it."

He inhaling deeply. He pretended he was sniffing the jar, but he was actually interested in her smell. He loved her natural aroma, plus the shampoo and perfume she favored. He sniffed again, and realized he could also smell her arousal. He asked, "How do you know what it tastes like? And why should I care about the taste?"

She blushed. "The taste is, uh, in case a nice young lady wants to help you out with her mouth. ... But please, let's not discuss this. This is very embarrassing, especially with the way I'm dressed. Or not dressed!" She coughed nervously. "It's a good thing your father is off playing golf."

He had totally forgotten about Ron. The mere mention of Ron freaked him out. He felt like a disloyal son, cheating on his own father. And even though she just said he was playing golf, he was filled with dread that they'd get caught.

Suddenly Alan wanted to be out of the room, and fast. He grabbed the jar with both hands and said, "Thanks, Mom. You're so sweet and thoughtful. I'll uh, I'll try this out later." He left the room, his head swimming as he pondered her conflicting signals.

When he left, Susan thought, Oh, poo! I was so close. Why didn't he ask me to try it out? That would have given me a perfectly legitimate reason to suck him off, saving him from the sin of Onan. But maybe it's for the best. Maybe it's a sign that I have to persevere and hold out until Ron is gone. Perhaps God is testing me. Ron IS my husband, after all. In theory, I should be thinking about sexually pleasing him. ... In theory.

Darn it!

Chapter 210 Heather And Simone At The Beach

Not long after that, Alan went to the beach with his friends Peter and Sean. He'd been too embarrassed to see Susan again before leaving, but he left a note telling her of his plans, and that he intended to return home in time for lunch. He looked forward to many restful hours free of anything more sexually involved than ogling beautiful babes on the beach. And while he greatly enjoyed all the great sexual pleasures at home lately, he was also glad to get away from the moral issues brought forth by Ron's presence.

The blandly-named White Sands Beach was the closest beach to the high school, and since the way there was not well marked, it was virtually unknown to tourists. As a result, it was "the" place to see and be seen by kids in the school. It was also why Glory, who definitely did not want to be seen by the school crowd, never surfed there.

Alan hadn't spent time at that beach before, because he knew that it was used by the school's "cool kids" and thus socially off-limits to nerds like himself. But with the newfound confidence brought on by his recent sexual success, he decided that there was no reason to avoid that beach. After all, it was the closest beach to his house and one of the nicest beaches in the area. Peter and Sean weren't keen on going to that beach because of its reputation, but Alan talked them into it.

Heather absolutely loved being the reigning social queen of the school. So when she wasn't busy lording over "her subjects" during the school week, she spent most of her free days at White Sands Beach lording over largely the same bunch of kids there.

She also liked to flaunt her perfect body at every opportunity, so she relished wearing scandalously small bikinis to show everyone just how hot she was. She reveled in her ability to turn heads and even drop jaws just by strutting her stuff.

Since Heather liked to walk up and down the beach, patrolling her turf and showing off for the crowd, it was inevitable that she would eventually come across Alan, Peter, and Sean.

Although the three of them were socially labeled as nerds, they didn't physically look that far out of place at the beach. It was true that Peter was quite short and chubby and didn't really fit in with the "beautiful people" who liked to show off at the beach, but Alan and Sean were both handsome and muscular, thanks to their love of playing tennis and other sports. All three of the boys were also sufficiently tanned, and didn't have embarrassing "farmer's tan" lines, due to spending time in their own backyard swimming pools.

Heather was walking along the water's edge with Simone, her best friend and sort of "right hand girl" in almost everything she did (except cheerleading - Simone was too involved in school sports to be on the squad).

Simone happened to be ethnically black, but culturally she'd been raised in a very "white bread" upper class environment as one of Heather's close neighbors. Simone was arguably as beautiful as Heather, and similarly endowed physically, including having a similar impressive bra size. That was one reason why they were best friends. Both were bisexual and frequent sex partners with each other, but that wasn't the main attraction between them, since they both preferred guys and had a series of boyfriends and other male lovers.

Mainly, they were close because they had known each other since they were little kids, and Simone had learned over the years how to handle Heather: very carefully. As a result, Heather was kinder to Simone than anyone else, and Simone was the only person able to criticize Heather without pissing her off overly much.

While Heather liked to be surrounded with toadies and "yes men" types, there was something ultimately more satisfying about being friends with someone who would share their honest opinion. Her ego couldn't stand too much of it, but having one bold and fairly independent friend was good for her.

So it wasn't at all surprising that Simone and Heather were walking along the beach together, surveying the crowd like the beach's queen and her chief minister.

It always delighted Heather to hear conversations quiet and see heads turn towards her as she strolled along the water's edge. The effect was almost like the bow wave of a ship unsettling the waters as it passed by. She loved the feeling of almost every eye, male and female, silently roaming over and caressing every inch of her body in unspoken lustful desire or jealousy.

But she loved even more what happened in the wake of her passing. For instance, the low buzz of hushed whispers, talking about her. Or the grunt and crash of a guy walking into something and falling over because he'd been so distracted by her. Sweetest of all to her ears was the sound of a sharp smack by a bitterly envious girl slapping her boyfriend's face to get him to stop gawking at Heather's magnificent ass as it swayed its way into the distance.

Heather gloated to herself as she walked,

Gaze upon perfection, o ye puny mortals,

for I am a goddess made flesh.

All who look upon me

shall love me and despair.

She had no idea where she'd heard that bit of poetry, but she felt as if it was written just for her. She smiled with the confidence of someone sitting on top of the world.

Then Heather's eye caught sight of Alan, Sean, and Peter. She knew the usual crowd at the beach by sight, if not always by name, but at first these three were not familiar to her. She frowned at the sight of chubby Peter "spoiling" her beach, but she was mainly interested in Alan. There was something about him, something that tugged at her memory, but she couldn't quite figure out what it was.

"Hey," she asked Simone, "see those guys over there? Aren't they nerds?"

Simone replied, "I suppose you could say that." She wasn't as arrogant as Heather or as hung up on the school's social hierarchy. Perhaps because she was from an ethnic minority, she had more sympathy for other minorities and out groups, even though she sat at the top of the school's elite next to Heather. But more often than not, she played along with Heather's conceits since Heather could only tolerate so much disagreement, even from her best friend.

Heather frowned. "What are those losers doing on MY beach? I think we should have a little talk and show them what's what. They don't belong!" Although they were a long way off, she began to move directly towards them.

Simone cautioned, "Heather, it's a public beach. It's not a crime for them to be here."

Heather pointed at Sean and Alan. "Okay, maybe not those two. They pass." Although Sean and Alan were "nerds," they were reasonably handsome and muscular. Then she pointed at Peter. "But that tub of lard? No way."

Simone rolled her eyes when Heather wasn't looking her way. She did that a lot. She knew when it was pointless to disagree with her.

As they got a bit closer, but were still out of earshot, Heather pointed in Alan's direction. "That one. The tall guy. He looks familiar."

"He should. He's not in any class with you this year, but he was in fourth period with both of us last year. In fact, he sat kitty corner to you. And he was in a class with you the year before that. Hell, you've been classmates with all three of those guys from time to time since the start of middle school. Are you saying you don't know his name?"

Heather sniffed contemptuously. "Should I?"

Simone rolled her eyes again. "Well, aside from having only seen him a couple thousand times at school already, there's the fact that he's Katherine's older brother." She added sarcastically, "You DO know Katherine, your fellow cheerleader, don't you? By the way, what's MY name?" Simone had a good sense of humor, but many of her jokes were just for herself, since Heather often failed to pick up on her sarcasm and irony.

Heather replied testily, "Don't mock me." But then she said more thoughtfully, "Hmmm. Katherine's older brother?" Something clicked for her as she realized that he was the painter of the faux panties that some of the cheerleaders had 'worn' during the previous week. That was certainly intriguing, putting him in a whole different category in her mind. She clicked her fingers. "Alan. That's his name. He's the one who painted fake panties on Katherine and Kim. Definite nerd. He doesn't LOOK like a nerd, though. I wonder what's up with that."

Simone confirmed, "Yes. Alan. And the guy on the right is Sean. The 'tub of lard' as you call him on the left is Peter. The three of them are good friends, as you can see. I often see them together."

As the two girls talked, they continued to get closer to where Alan and his friends were sitting. Heather had plans to tell them off in no uncertain terms so that Peter at least would leave the beach and never come back. She assumed that if one went, the others would follow, which was perfectly fine with her.

But now that she realized that Alan was Katherine's brother and had painted some of the cheerleaders, it put things in a very different light. She figured that if he continued in his painter role, it was not unlikely that he would even end up painting her privates one day. She liked the idea of having a secret thrill doing her cheerleading with painted panties instead of real ones. But the thought of having her pussy and ass fondled by a nerd was unsettling and broke all her social rules. As a result, she didn't exactly know what to do with his group.

But it was too late to turn back. She had been bee-lining towards them and even pointing at them, so she had to say something.