

6 Times 36

Chapter 36 Another Visit To The Doctor.. Part 2

Akami used a sink on a counter behind her to wash the sweet-smelling semen off her face. With her back turned, she gathered and swallowed all the tasty cum near her lips that she could reach with her tongue. Mmmm! That's really tasty! Then she took off most of her clothes. She finally turned towards them, standing in just her underwear.

Both mother and son were more than a little shocked at her new appearance.

Alan privately thought to himself, She's every bit as beautiful as I hoped! Her boobs were more impressive than her stifling, conservative nurse's uniform had made them out to be, and she was very fit and shapely.

Akami lied, "Sorry I had to take those off after he got them, er, messy. But don't worry; I'll have the doctor bring in another uniform for me before we're done." In actual fact, she didn't want the doctor to come in and spoil the mood. She hoped they'd soon forget about her expecting a change of clothes. Her cum-soaked uniform was now sitting in a heap on the counter with the sink.

She said, "Let's make lemonade out of lemons. In fact, if by just wearing less clothing I can help Alan reach orgasm again, that will also be for the better. Don't you agree?"

He just nodded. It seemed like a lot of people were asking him such obvious questions these days, like "Is it okay for me to take my clothes off?" He never knew how to respond in those situations, because he feared that too much enthusiasm might scare the person off.

Susan seemed somewhat mollified, since Akami didn't seem to mind.

Akami again held Alan's penis. She knew that, after such a powerful orgasm, it would take some time for it to re-engage to full size, despite her more revealing appearance.

As she resumed stroking his penis, she made some idle talk to help pass the time. "Alan, can I ask you how you're so tanned all over, even underneath your underwear?"

"I don't know. I guess I'm just naturally dark. The adoption agency wouldn't let us know my parents' true names, but the racial background was given, and there is some Middle Eastern blood in there along with French."

"Ah yes. The adoption. Sorry, but I forgot that Susan isn't your natural mother. You two look similar, except for a few things like your darker skin."

This line of thinking reminded Akami of something she wanted to bring up. "Alan, I want to talk to you about exercise in relation to your condition."

Susan and Alan each immediately became concerned but remained quietly attentive. The nurse continued, "You should avoid certain types of exercise. Tell me, do you know the difference between aerobic and anaerobic exercise?"

He answered, "Sure. Aerobic is like cardio and toning types. Anaerobic is strength training and muscle building."

"Correct." Akami smiled approvingly. "A person with your condition should avoid or severely limit anaerobic exercise. Your body currently is unable to properly produce the muscle fibers which that type of exercise develops."

Susan interrupted. "Alan is on his school tennis team. Does that mean he should quit? And what about swimming?"

"No, that's aerobic exercise, which is very good for him right now. Exercise that builds agility and endurance, while also raising his heart rate and blood pressure, will have a significant positive effect on his condition." Akami felt she could be a little playful, so she added, "That would also include most forms of sexual intercourse. Once Alan is able to find a girlfriend to 'help him out', we may see an even greater improvement in his condition."

That news both comforted and horrified Susan. My tiger is nowhere close to finding a girlfriend. If he does... does that mean... Should I allow... My goodness! What are the options there?! She fought mightily against that train of thought, trying instead to concentrate on Akami's next words.

At that point the nurse stated, "I'll write him a note for school that should keep him out of anaerobic exercise programs."

Akami had continued to stroke Alan's penis throughout the conversation. He remained semi-flaccid, primarily because he was so aware of being jacked off in an examination room in front of his mother, a situation which made him more nervous than excited.

After a few more minutes of fruitless stroking, Akami said, "Since we're short on time, I think I need to take additional measures." She got up again and put some lotion onto her finger. Then, after sitting in front of Alan again, and having him scoot forward to the edge of the examination table, she took her gloved hand and brought it up towards him.

"Alan, if you'll please lean back a little," she said. "Thanks. Now don't be alarmed, but I'm going to stick a finger up your anus."

"What?!" he asked in horror. "Why?"

"This will help with the stiffness of your penis. Don't worry. A little bit of stimulation of the prostate can be very pleasurable and increase arousal. Of course it's necessary to first lubricate the finger, but no doubt you're aware of that already, Susan."

As a matter of fact, Susan had never heard of such a thing, but she didn't doubt a medical professional.

Akami slowly inserted her finger into Alan's anus. "How does that feel?"

He grimaced. "Strange. Really strange. But I guess... it's not a bad feeling."

"Just hang on. It gets better." She slid her finger in a bit further, then slowly began moving it back and forth and in and out. At the same time, she fondled his penis and balls, trying to revive him from his flaccid condition.

Susan watched with rapt attention. She felt like she couldn't breathe, while her heart continued to hammer. She found herself hoping that Akami's efforts would bring about his swift revival. But at the same time, she felt guilty and dirty for looking, so she lifted her hands to cover her eyes.

"How's that?" Akami asked after another minute had passed.

"Wow... Really weird. But better." He thought, Man, that feels fantastic! Does this make me gay or something? Up the butt - it's so gross! Who would have figured? And my naked butt wriggling on this exam table is kind of turning me on more too.

Akami spoke in an aside to Susan, "So, as you can see, the finger in the anus has made the critical difference: he's re-erecting." She continued to work her gloved finger in his anus, while her other hand worked his engorging dick.

Susan stared in disbelief - her vow to keep her eyes closed had been a miserable failure so far, since she was staring between her fingers. However, she could at least console herself that Alan didn't realize where she was staring since he wasn't looking in her direction. She didn't know why exactly, but it took all her willpower not to grasp her boobs with both hands.

Getting no answer from Susan, Akami continued talking. "That reminds me," she said in a casual tone, as if rubbing someone's erection after they had just come all over one's body was a perfectly normal part of one's nursing duties, "I haven't yet asked the most important question of all. Alan, how are you doing on maintaining the proper number of daily stimulations?"

"Unfortunately, not so good," he said bashfully.

He tried to keep his head down and not stare at the nurse, but that only made him look down to where she was rubbing his shaft. His other options were to look towards his mother or at a blank wall, so he closed his eyes instead.

He confessed, "The first week or so I was right on track. But then the next six days after that, I didn't have any orgasms at all. But in the last week or so I've been working on it, trying to catch up. Yesterday was only six, but the day before that I actually had eight orgasms."

Susan already knew that fact, as she'd been keeping a close eye on the daily progress chart that Alan kept on the inside of his door. But she found herself gasping with surprise anyway. In her current state of arousal, she instantly pictured him jacking off over and over, with his cum repeatedly squirting into the air. That made her heart beat even faster than before. Her panties were starting to get moist. She hated that she couldn't control her response.

Akami, on the other hand, was poker-faced. "Hmmm. That's not good. I hope the doctor stressed last time that it's not just the overall average - consistency is important too. You can't go without doing it one week, and then do twice as much the next. Some slight daily variation is fine. For instance, you may find yourself in a situation where you can't find privacy at all for a day, and so you only cum once or twice. But to go without for six days is very troubling. You may have wasted the entire two-week period."

"I'm really sorry," he said. "But this was a very special circumstance. You see, I asked a girl out who I really liked, and she said 'No', so that really took away all my motivation. But I'm over that now, and I feel confident that kind of thing won't happen in the future."

Susan held her breath, wondering if he was going to mention the visual stimulation help he'd been getting at home. She exhaled with relief when she realized she wasn't going to be implicated in "helping" him.

"Well, that's good to hear at least," said the nurse. "But if we're going to salvage the week, it would help greatly if you could reach orgasm a large number of times today. This is really an emergency situation, to rescue your lost week. Just now, that was how many times today already?"

Akami had been stroking Alan's erection continuously during this discussion, keeping him as hard as marble. She'd been slowing down or stopping as necessary to keep him on edge without letting him ejaculate. She'd finished stimulating his prostate long before, then removed her gloved finger from his anus and discarded her gloves.

"That was my third," he replied, recalling the two times he'd masturbated in bed before school.

"Good. Now, why don't you close your eyes and keep them that way so you can concentrate on what I'm doing?" She said that so Susan would be free to stare at Alan's hard-on.

Then she spoke to Susan, but she made sure to stare at the penis that was less than a foot in front of her face, so that the horny mother would feel even more free to stare at her son's privates, believing that she could do so without detection. "Susan, Alan seems to be a good patient who is taking his responsibilities seriously. How do you see the situation? Are you comfortable with things, and the nature of his admittedly very unusual treatment?"

Susan dropped her hands from her face. "Well, uh, frankly doctor, er, nurse," she stammered, "I'm having some trouble adjusting. Everyone at home has had to cope with the new situation, and we're all finding some aspects of it very trying."

"What aspects would those be, Mrs. Plummer?" Akami hadn't even started the abnormality check; she was just blatantly jacking him off. No one seemed to mind though.

Susan decided that to reveal her true feelings wouldn't be very prudent. She wished to say, "I've shocked myself that I'm walking around without a bra or panties every day now, and I don't care. I feel really good when I see Tiger looking at my body. Sometimes I feel like a hussy and just want to throw off all my clothes and stand before him in the altogether. I just can't stop thinking about my handsome son or his big member!"

Instead, as she stared at Akami's hand sliding up and down Alan's pre-cum-soaked shaft, she said, "There are many troubling aspects. For one thing, we're all having the difficulty of telling some people, or maybe not telling them. We don't want this to be widely known, but we also have trouble keeping this secret from close friends."

"I see," said Akami, while also intently watching her handjob. Her expert hands were already bringing Alan close to orgasm again. She now had him where she could gauge if he was getting too close, and back off as necessary, keeping him in a state of near-constant bliss. "That's only natural. Might I inquire whom you've told?"

"That's all right. So far, just Katherine, my daughter, and Suzanne, my close friend and next-door neighbor, whom you may recall meeting briefly at the end of our last appointment. She's almost like family. We haven't told my husband yet, because he's out of touch, overseas."

"It sounds like you're being very selective in whom you tell. That's very wise. I was afraid you would hire a professional to assist Alan. That's a dangerous roll of the dice. You never know what will happen there."bender

"I agree completely!" Now Susan was finally conversing about something that she was more comfortable discussing, at least as comfortable as she could be, considering that she was sitting right next to the nearly naked Akami and staring at Alan's erection being jacked off while they talked.

But for some reason it felt far less strange to her than she could ever have imagined when his treatment had started three weeks earlier. She felt too good at the moment to think about all the reasons why this might be morally wrong, if not outright sinful.

Her attitude towards masturbation had changed completely in recent days, at least in regard to Alan's need to do so. She still thought of masturbation as a sin, but Suzanne had convinced her that an exception could be made on the grounds of medical necessity. Now every time Alan reached orgasm, it felt like a small victory to her, like the baseball team one is rooting for scoring another run. And she judged each day as a success or failure partially based on whether he reached orgasm six times or not. She (and Suzanne and Katherine) now frequently found excuses to go into Alan's room so they could keep an eye on the chart on which Alan recorded the number of times that day that he had climaxed.

Still, it was unnerving watching him actually getting stroked, not to mention her having seen Akami fingerfucking his anus. Her nipples ached to be touched; her entire body tingled with desire. Her fingers desperately wanted to take over from Akami's, but her conscience told her that would be wrong.

The nurse asked her, "So, since there's no professional help, and he failed to get anyone to go out with him, does that mean that all of his gratification is self-gratification?"

"I'm afraid so," Susan responded sadly. She thought again about the "sin of Onan," the Old Testament story against masturbation.

Akami said, "I will repeat what the doctor said last time. It is much more preferable if he can get help for at least three of the six times a day, on average. So much self-gratification can be extremely taxing for his penis; he may end up rubbing it raw." This was something Dr. Fredrickson had coached her to repeat, to assist the unfolding of Suzanne's scheme. "He may, for instance, have lengthy periods where he is unable to achieve orgasm because his penis is so sore. Has that occurred already, Alan?"

"No, fortunately not," he replied. He still had his eyes closed, both out of sheer embarrassment and because Akami had requested it. He had no idea that Susan was staring with avid attention at every last

little move Akami's fingers were making up and down his shaft; he just assumed that his mother was so prudish that she'd be looking anywhere but there.

Akami continued for Susan's benefit, although without looking her way, "That's good to hear, but it's just a matter of time, perhaps days or at most weeks, before he has that kind of problem. So please redouble your effort to find someone to fulfill that role."

"I understand completely. We'll do our best," Susan replied resolutely.

Akami's hand slid up and down, up and down, up and down. "I hope you do. There are many medical problems where a helping hand, so to speak, is completely necessary. That's why so many people have personal nurses or live in an assisted-living situation. The unusual nature of his treatment doesn't reduce the fact that he needs assistance."

"One way or another, we'll find someone to help him before our next appointment with you," Susan promised.

"That's the spirit!" Akami enthused.