

6 Times 39

Chapter 39 Susan's First Handjob.

Akami finally turned back to Alan, spied his turgid erection, and said, "Well! Would you look at that? Looks like we've lucked out and can continue with Alan's treatment."

Of course, Akami had performed the 'breast exam' in front of Alan knowing full well that the sight of such an impressive pair of knockers being probed would make any male hard, even if, or especially if, the knockers in question were his own mother's.

Akami put a finger back into Alan's anus and resumed caressing his meaty rod at the same time. Addressing Susan, she said, "While I'm busy here, why don't you practice the breast exam techniques I just taught you so you'll be sure not to forget them."

"What? Here? Now?!" was all Susan could stutter out. She was nearly speechless watching Akami's hands stroking again. She didn't know if she wanted to scream out for her to have mercy and stop, or shove her aside and take over.

"Why not? Otherwise, you're just going to sit there staring at me rubbing Alan's big penis. Who knows how long I could end up doing that? I'm sure you must be tired of that sight already."

Susan was almost too flustered to answer. "Um? What? Yeah. Of course. Tired. Alan's big penis. Um, big member, I mean. Urm, member... I'll just go ahead then."bender

Akami, seeing that Susan seemed submissive to her suggestions, tried to push her luck a little more, to see just what she could get away with. She said, "You'd better take your blouse all the way off, just to be sure."

Susan nodded and removed her blouse and bra from where they still hung on her shoulders. She had no clue why she had to get completely topless "just to be sure," but Akami was right about Susan naturally following authority figures. Since the nurse suggested it, Susan assumed there had to be a good reason for it.

Alan thought, OH MAN! Friggin' kill me now! This is how I want to die, staring at Mom's fuckin' AWESOME rack! No way! And while Akami is jacking me off, no less! This is Heaven!

Susan began fondling her boobs with both hands. But at the same time she was too transfixed to take her eyes off her son's lengthy tool. A part of her really was trying to obey the instructions and perform a proper breast check. But because she hadn't been paying attention to Akami's "breast check" earlier, she had only a vague notion of what to do. However, she didn't want to admit how she'd been completely spaced out.

She only knew that there was something about checking for bumps, and that if the motions of Akami's hands had been anything to go by, it was extremely important to check the nipples extensively by pulling and twisting them in every direction. She also knew that putting her hands anywhere on her chest right now while closely looking at her son's thick erection made her tremble in a powerfully pleasurable way.

"Hard to believe this is a necessary medical procedure, isn't it?" Akami asked somewhat amusedly to Susan as she stroked and stroked and stroked, trying to get Alan to cum for the third time. "If anyone could see me now, they might assume I'm a hot and horny cum-starved slut in some kind of three-way orgy! Let's hope Dr. Fredrickson doesn't decide to pop his head in. You might find that a bit embarrassing, for him to see you like that."

Susan looked down at her fingers pulling on her nipples and wanted to crawl in a hole and die. But it felt too good to stop. She knew she'd never experienced an orgasm before that day, but she wasn't sure whether that was what was happening at the moment. She'd already felt several thrills race through her body, surges of pleasure that started near her clitoris and made her feel so euphoric that she was light-headed. But she felt something bigger coming on, something so big, intense, and powerful that she was almost afraid to experience it.

Akami continued in her usual calm, clinical voice, "Next time, if we take more care, we'll be able to conclude our appointment quickly without any loss of clothes, except of course for Alan's. I really must apologize. I feel so embarrassed, doing my job in just my panties. I guess that's a consequence of being new at this and dealing with his unusual condition." All the while, her fingers continued to saw in and out of his butt and swirl around his shaft.

"It's really quite all right," replied Susan in a shaky voice. "These things happen." Subconsciously she strongly suspected that all these sexual things happening weren't just coincidence, but she didn't let herself ponder the issue or wonder about Akami's motives. Not thinking about it meant that she didn't have to analyze her own confused feelings. Plus, she was too busy playing with her big melons to really think about anything else at that moment.

I think I'll need to perform these breast checks quite often, she thought as she continued to pull at her nipples. I'm at that age where cancer becomes a real concern. What did she say? It's best to be very careful, and it's impossible to do it too much. I wonder if once or twice a day is a good amount. Since it's not actually sexual but just a medical procedure, then it must be okay. Right? True, it does seem a little bit sexual, but she says I have to do this for my health...

"Now," continued Akami, trying to gain Susan's attention, "once again your son is getting close to ejaculation. But it would be better if we could prolong the stimulation a bit more before achieving that end, so this can count as one of his six times today."

She continued to saw with her hands. After a while, she said to no one in particular, "I must admit my hands are getting tired. Perhaps if I switch." She pulled her hand away from his throbbing dick. "Susan, could you lubricate this other finger please?"

"What? Huh? Oh. With what?" The smell of Alan's semen filling the room clouded Susan's brain as if she were deep in a fog bank, hopelessly lost. She could barely hear or process Akami's words; they sounded like they were coming from rooms away.

"That towel on the chair there."

Susan turned around, reached out and picked up the towel. She noticed that it was the one she and Akami had used to wipe off some of Alan's cum. There was cum all over it. Oh dear! She wants me to rub Tiger's cum all over her finger so she can stick it up his anus! That's so very improper! What is she thinking?! Is that some kind of medical procedure? Well, she is the nurse.

As the other two were occupied and facing the other direction, Susan again furtively took a taste of her son's seed from a big gob on the towel. She sucked that finger dry, even as she unconsciously moved it in and out of her mouth as if she were sucking the cum directly from his hard penis. With her other hand, she continued to fondle a bare breast.

Oh no! What am I doing? I can't stop myself! But this is so good! She hungrily ate another gob. Goodness! So improper! But it tastes too yummy...

Akami secretly smiled to herself. She didn't need more lubrication, and if she did want some, Alan's hard-on was continuously oozing pre-cum. But she'd figured it would be one more thing to get Susan

even more excited, and by the length of time it took Susan to return with the towel, she knew she'd been right.

In fact, the only reason Susan gave the towel back at all and didn't just lick the towel completely clean was because a vague voice somewhere in the far reaches of her brain reminded her that Akami was expecting her to do something.

Finally, Akami plunged her finger into a big puddle of cum on the towel as Susan held it, and it came out covered in the stuff. "Excellent. This will provide the lubrication I need." She took one finger out of his anus and immediately stuck the new finger in. She then rubbed his hard-on with the other hand.

Susan gasped yet again as she returned to her seat and began rubbing her naked chest more aggressively. She knew on some level that Alan was watching her and even openly gawking at her, but she didn't let herself think about that because she didn't want to feel obliged to make him stop.

Many more minutes passed. Akami expertly kept him right on the verge of a great climax without letting him go over.

After a while, she said, "As long as we're doing this, let's multi-task. Susan, come closer. Come a lot closer. While you keep up your breast check, I want you to lean in over my shoulder to look at what my fingers are doing."

Susan leaned in. "Like this?"

Alan cried out loudly, like he'd just been stabbed.

Susan pulled back and looked around with worry. "What? What happened?"

Akami said, "I think that he got extremely excited staring at your breasts. You know, when you lean forward like that, they make an especially enticing sight for a horny young man like your son."

"Oh!" Susan put her hands over her erect nipples, causing tit-flesh to bulge out above and below her crossed arms.

"No, it's good," Akami said. "Don't cover up! Remember, the goal is to keep his big dick throbbing with pleasure as long as we can, to stimulate his hormone production."

Alan was so blissed out that he barely knew what was going on. He thought, correctly, that he had started to cum when he saw Susan's big tits swaying over his crotch, but he didn't realize that Akami had squeezed the root of his shaft in a certain way to abort the ejaculation and pull him back. Since she was a nurse with knowledge of human anatomy, she knew little tricks like that.

As Akami stroked, she said to Susan, "Okay, now come here closer."

Susan uncrossed her arms again and leaned forward once more.

"Closer."

Susan moved in until her face was only about a foot from Alan's cockhead, not to mention Akami's stroking fingers.

Alan looked at his mother's dangling globes and decided it was just too exciting a sight to handle. He closed his eyes and kept them closed, hoping that would help him stave off his imminent ejaculation just a little longer.

"Okay, see what I'm doing here?" Akami said to Susan. "I'm mostly rubbing this spot right here, on the underside of his penis just below the crown. Now, as a married woman, I'm sure that you're aware that this is by far the most sensitive part of a man's penis. So, naturally, most of my efforts are focused there. But what I bet you didn't know is that area has a name, and it's called the frenulum. Or, as I like to call it, 'the sweet spot.'"

Susan shook her head. In truth, she had a vague idea that the head of the penis was the most sensitive area, but she'd never had any sex education, and she and her husband Ron never spoke of such things. She'd literally been having sex with him only once or twice a year, and that was in the dark, in the missionary position, with almost no foreplay. She hardly even knew what Ron's penis looked like in detail, and about the only times she'd touched it was by necessity to help guide it into her vagina.

Akami continued, "See? I keep rubbing that spot, right there. His sweet spot. But I vary it up. It's more arousing if you continually surprise him. See how I rub it this way, and then I switch it up and do it like this? And just once he starts to get used to that, I slide my fingers down a couple of inches, and back up again. Here, come closer and have a better look."

Susan moved in until her nose was practically bumping against the side of his shaft. She was transfixed by the sexy sight. She noted, "It's all wet! Your fingers are wet too."

Akami looked at Susan as if she were surprised, "Surely, as a married woman, you know that's pre-cum, right? It's not the same as cum, but it helps me do things like this." She suddenly slid her fingers all the way down to the base of his shaft, and then stroked her way all the way back up to the head.

For some reason, that was just about the most arousing sight Susan had ever seen, maybe because it reminded her of just how long and thick her son's erection truly was. She felt that she was about to pass out - she sensed she was extremely close to cumming, but she fought it off with great effort for fear of the things she might scream out and the noise she would make. At the same time, she backed off and sat down on her chair, looking in on the action over Akami's shoulder.

Seeing that both Susan and Alan seemed to like that a lot, Akami kept repeating the move, varying it up sometimes with corkscrew motions.

Alan grunted in agony and ecstasy with every long stroke Akami gave his erection. He was very close to orgasm, and would have cum long ago except that Akami knew just how to manipulate him to prolong his pleasure. (Plus, there was that squeezing trick she'd used that gave him a second wind of sorts.)

Akami was having a grand time. She particularly loved the way that Susan was so breathless that she kept unwittingly panting, so that her moist, hot breath blew against the most sensitive parts of Alan's boner. She continued to offer pointers to Susan, such as, "Now, you'll note that I'm using two hands to stroke his dick right now. That's because stimulating his prostate with my finger in his anus is TOO arousing, so I had to stop. After all, our goal isn't just to make him cum; it's to maximize and prolong his stimulation. There's such a thing as being too effective. I'll probably save that move for later, for right when he's about to blow his load."

Susan again unconsciously stuck two fingers back in her mouth and thrust them in and out, imagining they were the stiff boner right in front of her. It seemed so real to her addled brain that she thought to herself, Oh no! Tiger's big erection is in my mouth! He's filling it up with his hot, hot meat and his

naughty mommy is taking it all in! So this is what a blowjob is. It's so good! Drool dripped from her saliva-covered fingers and down her chin.

However, Susan soon had to pull her fingers away because she was struggling to get enough air to breathe, and she felt embarrassed by what Akami must think of her.

Akami coughed a number of times until she caught Susan's attention and Susan was able to get her panting under control (although her huge bare boobs kept heaving up and down).

Then Akami said, "I think we're just about ready now. Susan, would you position the sample cup for me? I'm counting on you to hold it over the end of his penis and catch as much of the ejaculate as you can."

Susan grabbed the sample cup from the stand beside them, very disappointed that this probably meant the end of her "breast exam," and especially the end of watching Akami's expert handjob.

Akami then turned her attention to the happy patient. "Alan, open your eyes and look at me."

He did look at her, or at least he tried to. He couldn't help but notice Susan sitting beside and slightly behind Akami with a slack-jawed stare focused on his thick rod, as if she were possessed or struck dumb. Her enormous tits were heaving like she'd just run a marathon, and so were Akami's.

Between the two of them sitting there bare-chested, Alan thought to himself, Lord, if you're going to take me young, do it now, because I'm in heaven already!

Akami stared him straight in the eyes with a sultry look and said, "I want to take my tongue and lick your cock all over. I'm going to put your cock in my mouth and suck it dry!"

"Oh my God!" he cried out. His balls tightened up and his erection began to buck.

Susan rushed to position the cup. She was delirious with anticipation, overjoyed to see his cum gush forth. Her hands were shaking.

In the last seconds before Akami knew he would start to cum, she came up with an idea to further sexually corrupt Susan. She snatched the cup from her with both hands. "Here, I have to hold that. You hold his penis so his aim is true!"

"WHAT?! Excuse me?!" Susan thought her heart would thump right out of her chest.

Akami yelled, "Quick! There's no time!"

Without thinking, Susan grabbed her son's erection. It was the first time she'd touched his penis directly since he was a toddler. She didn't want to do it, even with her great arousal, but she feared his cum would fly off in every direction if she didn't (and she was trained to follow instructions given by people in an official capacity).

Susan gasped in amazement, stunned at its heat, its unusual thickness, and how it seemed to be throbbing with life.

But she didn't have more than a second or two to think about that, because he began shooting ropes of cum into the cup. Her hands were shaking, inadvertently increasing Alan's pleasure, but she made sure to hold his boner in position so that not a drop was spilled. She was so turned-on and excited that it was a near thing she didn't faint.

Susan's eyes were as wide as saucers as she watched rope after rope of hot cum blast into the cup. In actual fact, the amount of ejaculate was normal for a man, which meant it wouldn't even fill a shot glass. But to Susan's inexperienced and over-excited mind, it seemed like he was in danger of filling the entire cup that Akami was holding.

Akami climaxed at the same time as Alan, but the other two were so busy they didn't realize this. In fact, the whole building could have caved in at that moment and they wouldn't have realized it.

Not that many seconds later, Alan's ejaculation petered out. Akami had to move the cup still closer to the tip of his dick to catch the last couple of weak spurts. But that gave her another idea. She shouted urgently, "Susan, stroke it! He's running out! We've gotta catch all the cum we can!"

Susan couldn't believe it. "Stroke it?!"

"You heard me! Hurry!"

Susan was so aroused that she thought she would truly lose her mind. She deferred to authority again and started to tentatively stroke. Her son's shaft was wet from pre-cum, so her fingers slid back and forth with surprising ease.

Even though Alan had just climaxed, his dick remained stiff. Knowing that his mother was effectively giving him a handjob helped make sure he stayed that way for at least a little longer. He even shot out a couple more weak spurts, providing seeming justification for Akami's instruction to stroke it, after all.

However, Susan was so embarrassed and shy about what she was doing that her fingers didn't move that much. The mere fact that she was touching his dick at all was extremely arousing, much more so than the actual tactile sensations she was causing. In fact, her fingers soon came to a standstill after she saw no more cum was going to dribble out. She didn't want Akami or Alan to think she was eager to do this.

She asked the nurse, "Um... is it okay if I... if I... let go? I think it's, uh... done..."

Akami could see that Alan's erection was starting to subside. She didn't see much point in pushing Susan any further. She knew that what had already occurred was a very big step, so she said, "Yes, you can. Thanks for the help there. Sorry about putting you on the spot like that. I didn't think ahead."

"That's quite all right," Susan said politely as she finally let go. "These things happen, I guess." But while she tried to appear relatively normal, except for her blushing face, her mind was racing and her heart was too. "These things happen?!" No they don't! I just touched my son's member! I even, er, massaged it a little bit! That's terribly, terribly improper! How on Earth...?! I'm in shock!

With his penis completely flaccid again, Alan just closed his eyes and rested. He was actually afraid to look at his mother's continually heaving and jiggling chest for fear of getting erect yet again. Furthermore, he refused to think about the fact that she'd held his erection and even jacked him off a little bit. It was simply too much excitement to take.