

6 Times 41

Chapter 41 Both With Their Own Thoughts.

Susan and Alan sat quietly in the car as they rode home together from the appointment with Akami. They were both in a daze. There was little comment aside from Susan occasionally saying things like, "Well that certainly was something, wasn't it?"

She hoped and prayed he wouldn't say a word about how she'd held and even stroked his erection, if only briefly. The mere thought of talking about it was mortifying.

Luckily for her, Alan was just as eager to avoid that embarrassing topic as she was. He tried to be noncommittal and vague in general. He was busy with thoughts of his own.

His second appointment with Akami had turned out to be everything he'd hoped it would be, and then some. He was on the verge of realizing that Akami wasn't just a very dedicated nurse who would do anything to help her patients, but was pushing hard to get sexual with him. He still hadn't quite gotten there, however, simply because it was almost beyond his conception that an older, experienced, and beautiful woman like Akami would ever be interested in a nerdy teenager like him.

But what really puzzled him as he rode home was the behavior of his mother.

Alan kept looking at her as she drove, before returning to his thoughts. He couldn't believe that she didn't seem to have a problem with the appointment they'd just come from. I don't get it. The mom I thought I knew would have been outraged and never returned again. She probably would have sued for extreme emotional distress. I mean, I simply can't believe what happened back there, and that my prudish mom was right in the middle of it! She stroked my dick, for Christ's sake!

Is she actually getting turned on by it all? She seemed to be getting kind of hot and bothered. Hell, I have no clue about understanding women, but even I noticed how her chest was heaving so excitedly. Her BARE chest! Dang! She's so friggin' STACKED! Jesus H. Christ!

It was like she couldn't tear her eyes off my dick. I'm getting too horny all over again just from thinking about it, thinking about her massive knockers bouncing up and down. But she's my mom! ... However, she's totally gorgeous. I never before realized fully just how fucking hot she is. Sure, I knew her curves, and guys I know who see her call her some kind of super MILF. But looking up close, there are no blemishes, no moles, no weird birthmarks, no unsightly wrinkles, nothing. Such smooth, flawless skin!

How cruel is it to have such a smokin' hot mom?! What if she's willing to help me out with my treatment in any way possible, and I do mean in ANY way? Wow! Impossible!

He tried to put those thoughts out of his mind, since his penis couldn't take any more excitement after everything that had just happened. He'd climaxed three times in only an hour or so, and his penis did feel strange as a result.

Susan was thinking along the exact same lines: What has gotten into me? That was the most overwhelming sexual experience I've ever had! I haven't masturbated in like... well, ever, pretty much. My whole body felt so ... GOOD! But it's so wrong. Sinful! Probably the better it feels, the bigger the sin.

I know it's wrong to think about my son's member, but if these appointments mean that I learn to loosen up, isn't that a good thing in general? Suzanne says it is, and she's the smartest person I know. Couldn't this put some spice back into my marriage? I would never think about cheating on my husband, and I certainly would NEVER think about actually ... with my son... To actually...

For starters, to touch his member!

There, I said it. To freely, wantonly, do such an immoral and nasty thing. Just thinking about what I did makes me so tingly that I can hardly drive the car. But Akami says I need to check it for abnormalities. Isn't that kind of a moral loophole, if I'm doing it for medical reasons? In fact, wouldn't I be a BAD mother if I didn't?

True, it's a sin for a mother to touch a son that way, but it's also a sin for him to masturbate. So one sin is as bad as the other, right? That means it's no worse if I help him out. Right? I did it once today and it didn't kill me. Wouldn't it be selfish of me if I don't do everything she asks, for his benefit? ... It's for his benefit, not mine. ... I have to be a good mother. ... But I feel so guilty.

On the outside, she looked calm and collected. But that was only a show, because her thoughts were a bubbling cauldron of confusion. She could barely keep her mind on driving, causing the car to veer all over the road until they finally got home.

Both mother and son immediately rushed to their rooms. Susan did so because she decided she wanted to explore her discovery of masturbation more extensively, and in a "hands on" manner. She

rationalized that if she masturbated immediately, it would still only count as one time. Alan did so because he was completely spent in more ways than one and just wanted to sleep.

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When Alan finally woke from his daily nap, he mentally reviewed his appointment with Akami as he lay on his bed. But that wasn't a good idea because he got yet another erection, and his penis still wasn't feeling much better: it hurt when it got hard. He turned on the light and went to the computer. He figured doing some homework for a change would do him good.

At that very moment, he heard a knock on the door.

Suzanne stepped into his room, holding her arms up on his doorframe. "How are you doing, Sweetie? You ready for some more Internet fun?" She was wearing a shimmering dress he'd never seen before. It was emerald green, which perfectly matched her eyes.

Oh no! he thought. How can I turn down that offer? But I have no choice. Dang!

"Aunt Suzy, I'd love to, but I have a really bad case of... I don't know what to call it. Things are just kind of sore and overworked down there."

"Oh, are they? That must have been some doctor's appointment!" She was very pleased that the doctor's appointments were pushing Alan along sexually, but she tried to hide the satisfaction from her voice.

Alan moaned in frustration. "Ugggghh! Don't even bring that up. It hurts just to think about it! Could we try later tonight, once I've had a chance to recover? I might be feeling better by then."bender

He yanked his eyes back up to her face - they kept drifting down to her crotch because her dress was so short. He was convinced that if she just raised her arms a little more, he'd see her pussy.

Suzanne reluctantly left after chatting with him a bit more. She tried to pry what had happened at the appointment out of him, but he only spoke in vague generalities about the medical aspects.

She figured the soreness of his penis was a natural result of so much activity during the appointment, so she wasn't concerned. She expected that he'd be back to normal within an hour or two, if it took even that long. However, that seeming problem gave her an opportunity to push Susan's comfort zone a little further. She decided to call Akami soon and confer about it.

Chapter 42 Spill His Seed Onto A Woman?

Suzanne went back downstairs, where she was practically accosted by a very upset Susan.

"Suzanne, I need to speak to you. Right away! It's about this appointment with Akami we just came back from. Some very disturbing things happened. Very, very disturbing." She was so distraught that she hardly even noticed Suzanne's super-revealing dress.

They went out back to the pool area so they could talk without being disturbed or overheard.

Suzanne insisted they both change into bikinis first. She figured that might help Susan feel a bit more sexy, which in turn could help her be more sexually forthcoming. Plus, she wanted to get out of the dress before Susan gave it much thought.

Susan was reluctant to wear any kind of bikini. In fact, she didn't even have one of her own to wear. But Suzanne had recently loaned her several, along with lots of other clothes, and Suzanne managed to talk her into wearing one of them.

Once they were settled in, Susan said, "Suzanne, my dearest friend, I have a horrible confession to make. I have sinned in thought AND deed. I'm headed straight to the gates of Hell, that's for sure!"

Susan went on to describe what had happened at the appointment with Akami. She didn't want to reveal everything, since she found some things too embarrassing to even tell her best friend. But Suzanne kept asking probing questions, forcing the strictly honest Susan to reveal more and more. In the end, there was very little she'd left out. She even briefly mentioned how she'd touched her son's penis, emphasizing that Akami had "forced" her to do it.

Suzanne discovered that, in Susan's mind, her main "sin of thought" was her lustful yearning to touch and stroke her son's erection. Her main "sin of deed" was masturbating in the bathroom near the end of the appointment.

Unfortunately for Suzanne's scheming, Susan was feeling so guilty and upset that the mood wasn't one of arousal, despite the bikinis and the topic. Suzanne decided not to push things, instead letting Susan vent her frustrations for a while.

Once Suzanne had gotten most of the story, she thought, Hmmm. This is a bit dicey. Religion is very important to Susan. I need to convince her that having Sweetie masturbate is bad, but that her masturbating is not a sin. Good thing that I've been thinking about this in advance and just waiting for the right moment to give her the religious justifications she needs.

She asked, "Can you hold on a minute? I need to get something that will help us out here." Then she got up and went inside.

She came back a few minutes later with a heavy tome. She put it on the table next to her lounge chair and said, "Susan, I've been thinking about these matters for a while now. The spiritual implications of Sweetie's unorthodox treatment have been troubling me too. As you know, I'm a Christian too, even though I don't go to church nearly as often as you do. The answers to your worries are in the Bible, naturally. Are you familiar with the story of Onan?"

Susan replied, "Certainly. It's in the Book of Genesis, I believe. I've been thinking about that a lot lately, given Tiger's situation. My parents told me that story repeatedly when I was a kid as a way to teach me about the evils of masturbation. Onan was the one who spilled his seed upon the ground. God was so mad at him that he struck him down and killed him on the spot as a warning that the Children of God should never commit that heinous sin."

"Indeed," Suzanne replied (even though she knew that explanation of the story was just one of several). "But think about that famous saying, 'He spilled his seed upon the ground.' Who has seed? Men do. Spend. Semen. Sperm. Women don't have that. Therefore, women cannot spill their seed upon the ground, so what you did today in the doctor's office bathroom was no sin at all."

"But women have their own sexual fluids," Susan pointed out.

"True, but male seed is half of a potential human life. The female half, the egg, is buried deep within us and there's no way to spill it anywhere. Female fluids are just for lubrication; they have no spiritual meaning or potential - no more than saliva does, if I can be blunt about it. If you want to masturbate, there's absolutely nothing wrong or sinful about it. It's only the MALE who can sin that way."

Susan thought about it, and then gasped: "But that means that Tiger... I know he has a medical justification, but still... He's sinning six times a day! I mean, I knew that already, but you just made it sound that much more sinful! He's wasting half of a potential human life!"

Suzanne coolly replied, "True. He does have medical justification, but it would be better if he didn't have to do that at all, right?"

Susan nodded with worry.

Suzanne continued her lecture, "Well, luckily, there's a way out. Think about it. God was mad at Onan because he spilled his seed UPON THE GROUND. Sex is a gift of pleasure between man and woman, and in the story there was a beautiful woman right there with Onan - Tamar was her name - but he spilled his cum onto the floor instead of on her. THAT'S what made God so mad. Onan should have spilled his seed all over Tamar."

"Wait. So you're telling me that it's perfectly okay for a man to spill his seed onto a woman? And not just in her?"

"Absolutely. If the cum lands on a woman or in a woman, that's perfectly fine. Either way. Sexual fun between man and woman is one of God's greatest gifts to his children. Any part of the woman will do. Her vagina, naturally, but her mouth will do just fine. Or her chest, her hands, her stomach - anywhere, really, as long as it at least lands on her skin."

Susan's pussy started to tingle as she imagined holding Alan's erection and letting him shoot all over her fair skin. "Suzanne! So what you're saying is that I should let Tiger cum all over me?! Whenever he wants?"

"Yes. See? The sinful thoughts you thought you had about that are not sinful at all. You naturally long to stroke his big erection and have him cum in your hand or even on your chest or your face, because deep down you find it abhorrent to see all that precious seed wasted on the ground. I feel the same way. I've been holding off on touching him that way so far for fear of upsetting you, but I think it's time we step up and be responsible. We have to put an end to all the morally-questionable masturbating that he's been doing. We need to save him from sin by giving him handjobs."

Suzanne couldn't believe she'd delivered that last line with a straight face. She didn't believe a single word of what she was saying, and in fact wasn't really religious at all. She only went to church every now and then so that Susan would think she was a believer and thus not constantly proselytize, trying to convert her. Even so, from long years of experience, Suzanne knew exactly how to push all of Susan's buttons, so she knew this was precisely the kind of thing that Susan would fall for.

"I don't know. That just seems so ... extreme. My parents never taught me about THAT."

"Well, your parents are simple people. Honest, hard-working, good, God-fearing folk, but simple farmers just the same. They've never studied theology. In the past week or so I've been studying this issue, and all the religious scholars agree. A man's seed belongs on or in a woman, not on the ground. Here, let me point out just one quotation I've found."

She opened up the big book she'd brought. "These are the words of Clement of Alexandria, one of the most important Christian scholars who lived in the third century. He wrote, and I quote, 'Because of its divine institution for the propagation of man, the seed is not to be vainly ejaculated, nor is it to be damaged, nor is it to be wasted.' So you see, right now, Alan's cum is being vainly ejaculated into tissue paper or towels an average of six times a day. We can save him from sin with our hands, our mouths, and the rest of our bodies." Suzanne said this with dead seriousness, though her great earnestness was nothing more than a good acting job.

Susan just sat there with an astonished look on her face. Finally, trying to change the subject and stall for time, she asked, "Do we really have to talk about these things in a bikini? I feel so ... naked. Exposed! It's downright improper."

"Yes we do," Suzanne answered testily. She loved the fact that Susan trusted her so much that she didn't even need to give a justification for that.

After some long moments, Susan seemed no closer to making any kind of decision.

Finally, Suzanne asked, "Well, what do you think?"

Susan replied, "You make a good case. In a way, it's a big relief. If I DON'T give Tiger a handjob, that's actually worse than if I do." The wheels were still turning in her head as she mulled over the

implications. She couldn't forget how good it felt to hold her son's thick, hot, throbbing erection in her hand.

"That's right." Suzanne was pleased to watch Susan's nipples harden in her bathing suit.

But while Susan was greatly aroused by these ideas, they also inflamed her sense of guilt and sin. "Well, Suzanne, that may be the case, in theory, but in reality I just can't bear the thought of doing that. It goes against the grain of everything I've been taught my entire life. Also, what about the incest? He's my son!"

Suzanne knew that the incest issue would be a tougher nut to crack, but she tried to chip away at Susan's beliefs on that too. "Incest is strictly about intercourse, Susan. Everyone knows that. Is it a crime to kiss your son? No. To hug him? No. Handjobs and the like fall in that same category." She had a hard time saying that with a straight face, but she knew how gullible Susan was, and was fairly sure that her 'explanations' on this topic would have at least some effect.

Susan frowned, picked up the tome and read the quote. "I dunno. I'd think a hug is totally different than, well, ... You know. Can you do some more research on that?" bender

"Certainly."

Susan thought some more, and then said, "Suzanne, I really appreciate everything you've done for this family during our trying time. Maybe, maybe... Maybe you should help Tiger out, you know, in that way. With your hands, I mean. It's okay with me. I give you my permission. But I could never do that myself. No matter what Clement of Alexandria says, and I'm sure he was a wise man, it just doesn't sit right with me. Not only that, but if my parents ever found out, or God forbid, one of my sisters, they would never understand. They'd never forgive me. I'm afraid the burden will have to fall on you."

Suzanne looked at Susan gravely. "I understand. But if jacking off Sweetie is going to be my daily burden, I think it's only fair that you make some sacrifice too."

"Like what?"

"I'm going to need more help in the visual stimulation department. For him to climax six times a day, day after day, month after month, he's going to need a non-stop barrage of truly impressive stimulation. It's a lucky break that he has such a sexy, buxom mother, and we have to take advantage of that. You keep only meeting me halfway when it comes to what you wear. I want you to agree to wear anything I say, at any time, for his sake."

Susan blanched. "I dunno. Wow! Is that really necessary? Why can't he just get excited looking at you?"

"Don't you trust me? Don't you respect my sacrifice? I'm willing to let him cum in my hand, or even on my face or chest if need be, to save him from the heinous sin of Onan. What are you willing to do to help him? Aren't we in this as a team, with you, Angel, and me all doing what we can to help someone we love in his time of need? Heck, even Amy is helping out with some visual stimulation, without understanding the why of it. She still tries to do her part, because, even though it's mostly unstated, she loves him like a brother."

Susan let out a big sigh. "Very well. I'll do what I can."

"That's the spirit! Together, we're going to overcome all obstacles and resolve his awful energy condition once and for all. You're my best friend and I love you."

They hugged.

As Suzanne squeezed her, she thought, Hot damn! I think she bought it! Hee-hee, I think that was the biggest line of bullshit I've spun in my entire life. I especially like the part about my "sacrifice" in "suffering" through all those juicy handjobs that I actually can't wait to give. But she bought it! She still has so much prudishness to overcome, but I've planted the seeds and given her the religious justification she so desperately needs. It's amazing. I'll bet it's possible to find quotes in the Bible to justify just about anything, especially with all that weird Old Testament stuff.

The only thing is, I feel bad about tricking my best friend. She's soooo gullible. Normally I'm the one who protects her innocent mind from the sharks and rip-offs, but now I'm betraying her faith in me. She would have rejected these ideas that conflict with her religious upbringing out of hand unless they came from me. She trusts me more than anyone else by far, I'm sure.

The thing is, sometimes the ends DO justify the means. I can't just come out and say, "Susan, I'm in love with your son; I want to spend the rest of my life with him." She'd freak out, especially since I'm still married. This is the only way. There has to be a gradual change in her sexual mores before she can accept what I plan to do with my cute little Sweetie. Or not so little, hee-hee.

I've been so good and honest to Susan for so many years, I know I've earned this one harmless little trick. It's gonna make her life much, much better too. Hopefully, in the end, she can throw off this Christian fundamentalist bullshit that's been holding her down and learn to live and love! Maybe she'll even divorce Ron when she discovers what she's been missing. I never have liked him. I suppose he's a nice guy, but he's a terrible husband for her.

Chapter 43 Practice My Breast Exam..!

Suzanne once again helped the Plummer family prepare dinner. She'd immediately held Susan to her promise to wear whatever Suzanne chose, and then picked out the most outrageous outfit for her yet. She stayed throughout their dinner of pulse stew, in large part so she could make sure that Susan didn't chicken out in wearing the selected outfit for the full meal.

Alan's dick shot straight to attention when he walked into the dining room for dinner. Suzanne wore an outfit that just barely contained her generous breasts, which he found very arousing even though he wasn't too surprised to see it. Katherine wore a similar very revealing outfit, and that was a surprise since he'd never seen her wear such blatantly sexy clothes in front of their mother before. But it was what his mother wore that completely blew his mind.

Susan was wearing a shiny red leather outfit which looked like it had been designed for a high-class prostitute. It was skin tight and hugged her body as if she wasn't wearing anything at all. Contrary to most revealing tops that leave the neck open and then have a plunging gap down a woman's cleavage, this outfit had fabric all around the neck and a plunging gap UP from the tummy nearly to the neck.

As a result, it was obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra, and that the outfit itself didn't give her boobs any support. He could see her nipples as clear as day, and her boobs shook like Jell-O at the slightest movement. His mouth grew dry and he felt dizzy.

Stranger still was how Susan acted. She looked extremely ashamed and subdued, as if the scantily clad body seemingly designed for fucking belonged to a different person and had somehow been mistakenly attached to her wholesome face.

She thought, This is so obscene, so terribly improper! I can see how Tiger is looking at me, and that's not how a son should be looking at his mother. But I can hardly blame him; he's a healthy young man with an active libido. Why did Suzanne make me wear this shameful thing?! That's what I don't understand!

Throughout the meal, she complained to Suzanne for making her wear the outfit.

Yet somehow her bashfulness turned Alan on even more, not only because it appeared that she was willing to do anything to help him, but also that she was being forced to do it like a slave.

At one point, Susan leaned over to Suzanne and whispered in her ear. She'd assumed Alan couldn't hear what she was saying, but he could, mostly because reading her lips while she whispered helped quite a lot.

She whispered, "Suzanne, I can't do this. It's like I'm naked. They won't stop bouncing and jiggling with every move I make. And my nipples! Everyone will be able to see how much this arouses me. It's so improper."

Suzanne whispered back, "'They?'"

Susan hissed with irritation, "You know. My breasts!"

"You have to be strong. Think of all that cum Sweetie is going to shoot tonight, thanks to your sacrifice. Hang in there."

Susan whispered in return, "That's part of the problem. I keep thinking of him cumming. I'm telling you, it's not right."

Suzanne just squeezed her hand. "Be strong."

Susan finally leaned back, inadvertently causing a new series of tit-quakes.

Alan was so aroused that he wanted to cry.

As Suzanne had hoped, Alan's great arousal overwhelmed his defenses, so he ended up explaining some of what had happened with Akami.

Both Katherine and Suzanne listened with intense interest.

Alan's version of events was highly edited and censored. He did explain how he'd climaxed three times during the appointment, but he left the impression that it had been more of a clinical treatment than the mind-blowingly lusty experience it really was. He didn't want to embarrass his mother, so he mentioned next to nothing of what she had done, and said she'd kept her eyes closed the entire time.

But even Katherine, who knew little of what had happened so far between the others, could read between the lines more often than not. She strongly suspected that Susan had done more than just sit there bored with her eyes closed the whole time. Her suspicion was strengthened by watching Susan's nervous reaction to Alan's retelling of the event.

Susan mostly just squirmed and blushed in great embarrassment. She squished about as well, because her pussy got quite wet. It wasn't what Alan said that made her so horny; it was her own memory filling in the gaps of his account that did it. Mostly, she couldn't get out of her mind the image of Akami's hands rhythmically sliding all over Alan's big erection.

She had been on edge, frightened out of her mind that he would mention how she'd been "forced" to hold and even stroke his erection at one point. When he got to that point of the story and failed to say a word about it, her relief couldn't have been more obvious. She breathed a huge sigh of relief and slumped down in her chair, emotionally exhausted.

Since Katherine was the least knowledgeable about the appointment, she kept pressing for many of the very sexual details Alan was trying not to mention. She said things like, "So wait a minute, Big Brother. You're telling me, the whole time you were there, this pretty nurse was massaging your hard-on? And she did this in the nude?!"

"Not exactly the whole time, and she wasn't exactly nude," he replied sheepishly, red as a ripe tomato. "She always kept her panties on."

He answered some questions, but he still tried valiantly to steer the discussion away from anything that might reveal what his mother had done or said, in an attempt to protect her honor.

Despite his mostly successful efforts, Susan was aghast with shame, and the more aroused she grew, the more ashamed she got as well. She thought, What's wrong with me? I can only imagine what I look like in this outfit, with my erect nipples plainly visible for all to see. This top gives no support whatsoever! I might as well be topless. It's like someone just painted a part of my breasts red and called that a top.

Down below is almost worse! I'm all wet, and I don't have any panties to help. I hope no one can smell, well, my sinful aroma. This is just awful! It's some kind of sexual torture!

But what's definitely worse are my naughty thoughts. I don't care what Suzanne says; thinking about my Tiger's big hard member being so lovingly stroked by the good nurse HAS to be some kind of sin. Worse, I can't forget how it felt in MY hand! So hot and alive, filled with his youthful virility! I'll bet it's erect and very hard right now, under the table there. Tiger must be terribly excited right now, thinking about how he splattered his seed all over Akami's face and chest. At least he didn't spill it on the ground! Phew! Thank goodness for small blessings.

She tried to stare through the table at Alan's crotch. I'll bet his member could use some help right now. It must be throbbing in great pain, aching for release. I could be the one to stroke it at this very moment! It's for his own good! And if he cums all over me, I'd be saving him from moral depravity. He could cover my skin with his spend. Suzanne said he could cum on my chest. Or even on my face!

Oh my!

She breathed heavily, trying to calm herself. There must be something wrong with me. Suzanne seems so calm and collected. Angel is her usual giggly self. True, they're both dressed very provocatively, but I'm the only one dressed like a complete whore and thinking terribly naughty thoughts about my own son and his massive erection! I have to get my act together. But I have to do it on my own. I can't let even Suzanne know that I can't stop dreaming when I held Tiger's pulsing, throbbing hardness in my hand, or I'll die of shame!

She was right about one thing: Alan was extremely excited and in great need of release. Despite the sexy outfits Katherine and Suzanne were wearing, he knew it was mostly due to Susan's top. He loved how it was cleverly designed to cause her boobs to jiggle even more than if she'd been completely naked, because of the way it managed to lift them up yet leave them without significant support.

Every move she made, even if it was just to lift a fork from her plate, caused her boobs to bounce around wildly. She was frustrated by all the movement she was making and felt like there was a big spotlight shining right on her chest, with everyone staring at her. But she didn't know what else to do.

Alan skipped dessert. Instead, he rushed upstairs, hopped on his bed, and masturbated. Needless to say, his horny thoughts were focused on his mother. At first, he thought about her stunning red outfit, but that soon switched to memories of her topless during the appointment, and the brief time she'd stroked his erection while he climaxed. When he shot his load into a towel, it was to thoughts of Susan's bare breasts bouncing wildly as she enthusiastically stroked him, not just for less than a minute, but for the entire duration of one long, glorious handjob.

He was emotionally and physically exhausted from receiving so much sexual stimulation in recent days. His penis felt like it had been rubbed raw. He was greatly relieved later that evening to simply go watch a movie with his friends Sean and Peter. It helped too that he took a cold shower before leaving.

But it wasn't so easy to simply shut off all that had happened. He spent most of the evening among his friends, yet not really with them. Instead he thought about things like what his friends would think of his mother if they walked into his house to pick him up to go somewhere and saw her dressed the way she had been at dinner. Even more consuming was the thought that Suzanne was waiting for him to come back and take care of some "unfinished business."

bender

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Once Alan left for the movie, Susan desperately needed her own release as well. While she washed the dishes with Katherine, she debated whether she should masturbate later or not. It wasn't that she distrusted Suzanne, but she wondered if maybe Suzanne only knew one school of thought when it came to the sinfulness of female masturbation. She didn't want to live a life of sin based on a misunderstanding.

But on the other hand, she was so aroused that she felt like falling on her knees and screaming, "Why me, Lord? Why me?" She was reminded of the trials of Job.

After much restless agitation, she came to a compromise solution: I'll just go back to my room and practice my breast exam. Akami did say that one cannot do that enough. Since I didn't have any for years, I probably need a lot of them now, to make up for it. Besides, if I don't practice, I'm going to forget precisely how Akami did it.

So that's what she did. She ended up having an orgasm just by "examining" her breasts. She decided that didn't count as masturbation since she hadn't even touched her pussy.

She tried at first to think of her favorite male movie stars, but failed miserably. Within seconds, her thoughts were filled with nothing but erotic fantasies involving her son. Despite her protestations, she'd loved wearing her scandalous red outfit at dinner, so at first her thoughts involved that.

In her daydream, in the middle of dinner Alan ordered her to sit next to him. Then, without saying anything, he reached over and began fondling her through her top. But soon he had her top completely off and was casually pulling at her nipples while holding a normal conversation with the others. In her mind, it really was her son's fingers pulling on her nipples during her fantasy, rather than her own doing so.

Then, in her fantasy, Suzanne sat on the other side of Alan, took out his erection, and began stroking it. All the while, Alan kept pulling on Susan's nipples.

Mostly, she fantasized about Suzanne jacking Alan off. She could easily imagine it, since she'd seen Akami doing it. She was too ashamed to masturbate to thoughts of doing it all by herself instead.

She never got beyond that in the daydream because it was all so exciting that she came within minutes.

She felt a lot better when it was over; it felt like a fog had lifted from her brain. She decided, This kind of ... activity ... is good because it purges all those nasty, depraved, evil, SINFUL thoughts from my head. It's like Suzanne keeps telling me: it's the lancing of a boil. I feel halfway normal now. What I need to do in the future is to have some more breast exams but think about other things - anything! - than my son's extremely tempting member.

Now that she was calmer and somewhat sated, she recalled her earlier thoughts, such as the idea that she needed to have lots of breast exams to make up for not doing them for years, and wondered how she could have fallen for such illogical thinking.

Chapter 44 Susan Topless?

Suzanne was lurking around the Plummer house after Susan went to her room, like a spy on a secret mission. She wanted to know just how excited Susan was getting. So, once she thought the coast was clear, she snuck up to Susan's bedroom and put her ear to the door. She heard sounds of moaning and bed springs squeaking.

She slipped down the hallway to the guest room, which was on the other side of Alan's room. She pulled out her cell phone and made a call. "Akami? Hi there. This is the perfect time. She's just masturbated, and I'll bet she's naked." After some words from Akami, Suzanne ended the call by saying, "Thanks. I'll be waiting."

Suzanne and Akami had conferred on the phone earlier, and they were on the same page. Akami had already used the soreness of Alan's penis to come up with the idea of pushing Susan into get in another sexual situation with her son. Akami didn't have an exact plan, but she'd told Susan at the end of the appointment that she'd call her later to check about his level of soreness.

When Suzanne had found out, she couldn't have been more delighted. The two of them worked together on just what Akami would say when she called Susan that evening, so Suzanne already knew exactly how the phone call would go.

Susan was startled to hear the phone ring. She was still lying in bed, recovering from her latest orgasm. There was a receiver on the bedstand so she scooted over and picked it up. "Hello? Plummer residence?"

"Susan? Hi there. It's Akami Fubuki."

"Oh, hi Akami. How are you doing?" Susan sat up in bed, careful to cover her breasts, as if she could see through the phone line.

"I'm fine, but I'm worried about your handsome son. As you may recall, I told you I'd call you later and see how things are faring with the soreness he's been feeling in his penis."

"Oh, yes. That." Susan's heart leapt to her throat, because she could sense big trouble coming.

"Have you checked his condition, or asked him about it?"

"I'm afraid I haven't."

"Well, you really should."

"Oh dear!" Her heart was racing. "What should I do?!"

"I think a thorough abnormality check is in order, just to be on the safe side."

"WHAT?! You can't possibly mean that! Who would do it?!"

"You, of course."

"ME?! But I'm his mother!" Susan clutched at her chest defensively with her free hand, inadvertently causing the sheet to slip down in the process.

"True, but that's a good thing in this instance. Who would do a better, more conscientious job than you? Nobody!" bender

"But... but I can't! I really can't! That would mean I'd have to touch his... his member! Akami, you can't ask me to do that! It's terribly improper! It's just not done!"

Akami said patiently, "Of course it's done. You already did it earlier today, didn't you? How else can you check the condition of his penis if you don't touch it?"

Susan was completely dismayed and alarmed. What worried her was that she was also greatly aroused. She stammered, "C-c-can't... can't I just, just... can't I just look at it?"

"Well, I don't know. I'm not sure if that'll do the job. What if you miss some bumps that aren't readily visible?"

The two of them went back and forth for a while. Susan remained adamant that she couldn't touch her son's penis under any circumstance. She was determined to draw a line in the sand over that. In desperation, she ended the call and called Suzanne, hoping against hope that Suzanne could perform the required check.

But Suzanne had foreseen that. She had slipped out of the house unnoticed and then deliberately failed to answer her cell phone, so Susan would have no alternative.

Frustrated, Susan called Akami back and they resumed their negotiations of sorts. Akami had been hoping to get Susan to stroke Alan to climax under the guise of an abnormality check, but she could see that would be pushing her too far too soon. So in the end, she conceded that Susan could simply visually check Alan's penis for soreness.

She gave some detailed instructions on how to do that. Actually, it was very simple and boiled down to checking for redness, pain, and swelling. But she wrapped her explanation up in technical terms to make it sound like Susan would now have some special soreness-detecting ability, thus forcing her to be the one to do the checking.

However, Akami insisted that Susan then remain on hand to watch him masturbate himself "to completion." Akami stated that she was fairly confident that Alan's penis would feel fine when flaccid or even erect, but it was his actions during and just after an orgasm that needed to be monitored closely for evidence of soreness.

After a few minutes of cajoling, Susan reluctantly agreed. Her heart still beat fast and hard, because she was just as aroused as she was frightened.

Akami added a kicker. "By the way, there's one more problem."

"Oh no. What's that?"

"It's only natural that your son is going to have a very, very difficult time getting aroused. It can't be denied that you're a truly extraordinarily beautiful woman, Susan, but this is almost certainly going to be awkward and embarrassing for you both, and that's a mood killer. So you'll need to create a welcoming,

sexy vibe. I suggest you simply go topless. That'll help ensure he'll get erect and stay that way for the duration."

"Nurse! What are you suggesting?! I can't do that!"

"Why not? He saw you like that today."

After some more back and forth, Susan compromised. She refused to go topless, but she agreed to wear something "extremely sexy." When prodded if she had any clothes she'd worn lately that got a big reaction from him, she grudgingly confessed to the red outfit she'd worn at dinner and how that had gone over. She immediately regretted mentioning that, because Akami insisted that she wear it.

Akami concluded the call by saying, "I recommend you act fast, before you get cold feet and start to worry too much. Do it now, as soon as you get off the phone!"

Susan fretted, "I probably would, but there's just one thing: Alan is off watching a movie with some friends."

"Shoot." Akami had been unaware of that, since Suzanne hadn't mentioned it. "Do it as soon as he comes home then. I'd like for you to call me once he cums, so I can get an immediate report on whether he's still sore or not. If he is, we might have to schedule another appointment for as soon as tomorrow, depending on how bad the soreness is. But I don't want to stay up late; I've got to be at work early tomorrow. Therefore, I'd like for you to call me as soon as possible. Will you do that?"

Susan was still very fretful. "I suppose so. But, nurse, is this REALLY necessary? It all just seems so... well... unusual. I can't believe what you're making me do!"

"Susan, let me assure you that I don't like this any more than you do. But need I remind you how he answered when I asked him just after his last orgasm whether his penis was sore? I remember his exact words: 'Yes, sore, very sore! Arrgh!' Don't you remember that, and his tortured moans and groans?"

"I do," Susan replied, more worried than ever.

"Now, imagine that, only getting worse and worse with each new orgasm he has! If that's the case, we'll have to suspend this treatment right away, and then I don't know what we might do instead. So a lot is riding on this. You need to be there for him, as the loving mother you so clearly are, and see with your own eyes if he's really sore or not. It would be even better if you could touch it, and examine with your fingers if-"

Susan interrupted, "Nurse, please! I told you already that I can't do that! I just can't! I'm a good Christian woman! I believe that's clearly a sin."

"Suit yourself. I understand your issues. But if you do get a chance to touch him-"

"That's not going to happen! I'm sorry!"

"Okay, if you insist. But remember that you almost certainly will need to perform abnormality checks on him in the future. So how would this be different?"

"It's just... I'm not ready, okay? I'm not ready!"

The phone call ended a short time later, after the usual goodbye pleasantries.

Susan sat there in her bed, beside herself with lust and fear. She wished Alan was home so she could get it over with. She tried calling Suzanne again, but Suzanne still wasn't answering.

Frustrated, Susan put on her typical frumpy, conservative clothes and went next door to find her best friend. She was still holding out hope that Suzanne could perform the required check instead.

But Suzanne knew Susan almost better than she knew herself, and she'd anticipated that move. She'd already left her house to take a long walk, to make absolutely sure that she couldn't be found.

Dejected and stressed out, Susan went back home to wait. She changed into the sexy red outfit she'd worn for dinner. But then she regretted doing so, because it aroused her so very much. Every move she made seemed to make her nipples and pussy tingle. She knew that Alan was likely to come home very

soon, so she just forced herself to grin and bear it. Besides, she feared that if she took the outfit off, she'd just wind up masturbating again.

Chapter 45 Cumshot On Susan's Breast..!!

Susan was relieved that Alan got home about ten minutes after she'd changed into her sexy red outfit, because she seemed to be getting more aroused and more anxious with each passing minute.

She waited until he was back in his room, then she knocked on his door. "Tiger? Can I come in?"

"Sure thing." He took a seat at the edge of his bed, assuming she wanted to talk to him about something for a while.

She came in and closed the door. Her face was blushing red with embarrassment, and she just whispered shyly, "Hi."

He'd been feeling relaxed and content. It had been hard for him to get into the mood of watching a movie, but he'd eventually managed to do so. While he wasn't about to forget the thrilling appointment earlier in the day, it wasn't occupying most of his thoughts, like it had prior to the movie. But that changed as soon as he saw his mother in her red outfit. His eyes bugged out and his jaw dropped open. He couldn't have exaggerated his expression any more if he tried.

Susan was shy to directly explain why she was dressed like that, and merely asked, "How was the movie?"

He played along, even as he continued to shamelessly gape. "Good, good."

"What did you see?"

That forced him to actually think, so he had to shake himself out of his horny stupor. Needless to say, his penis got fully erect in a flash. "Um... uh... 'The Tuxedo.' It's uh... it's kind of an action comedy starring Jackie Chan."

"I see. That's nice." There was a long awkward pause while Susan just stood there by the door. It took all her willpower not to cover her pussy mound and nipples with her hands. She truly felt more exposed than if she'd been completely naked.

Thinking about the movie got him to thinking about the movie's co-star, Jennifer Love Hewitt. You know, Jennifer looked pretty hot in the movie. But the funny thing is, even though she's known for her big boobs, she's got nothing on Mom. I hear she's a 36C. That's nothing! Mom is a 38G! Friggin' G! That's like, triple the size, I'm sure! C, D, E, F, G... That's waaaay larger! Mom is a BABE! And I swear her face is movie-star sexy too!

Susan finally decided to address the elephant in the room. "I'll bet you're wondering why I'm wearing this."

"Uh... yeah! I totally love that you wore that at dinner. You look so incredibly sexy that I can't even believe it! But you didn't look that keen on wearing it. I kinda gathered Aunt Suzy put you up to it."

"She did." Susan started to walk across the room, heading towards the chair in front of his desk. But once she started walking, her big breasts began bouncing wildly. She'd been extremely aroused before she'd even entered his room, and she almost had to stop for fear that she wouldn't make it to the chair before cumming loudly and noisily. Still, she gritted her teeth and steeled her willpower and managed to sit down in it.

Alan had been just starting to recover from seeing her in that outfit when watching her walk blew his mind all over again. He stared with mouth agape like a character in a comic book.

Prior to earlier that day, she would have been nothing but embarrassed to have her son ogle her like that. But something had changed after the appointment with Akami. She was still very embarrassed, but she was also highly aroused and even proud that her body was causing such a reaction.

She forced herself to press on. "To be honest, I'm kind of wondering why I'm wearing it too." She chuckled nervously. "Especially because this time, Suzanne didn't twist my arm to wear it."

"She didn't?!"

"No. Nurse Akami did."

"Akami?!"

"That's right. She called me while you were at the movie. Remember how she said she was going to call later and check up on the soreness of your, uh... your... member?" Susan had already been looking away, but saying that caused her to close her eyes for good measure.

"Oh yeah."

"Well... she wants me to check you now. She was quite insistent about it, actually. She told me I had to wear something sexy so you'd get, uh, well... you know."

"Erect?"

She opened her eyes and nodded. Her face reddened even more.

He was so very aroused that he was a bit reckless and just spoke his mind. "You don't have to worry about that! I'm so erect right now that it almost hurts!" He shifted his seating position, enabling her to see the large bulge in the pants that he'd worn to the movie.

"Oh my goodness!" Now it was Susan's turn to gawk shamelessly. She recalled the orgasms she'd experienced at the doctor's office, and she wondered if it was possible for her to climax spontaneously right then and there.

She tried to control her lusty thoughts and pressed on. "That's, uh... that's good. But, uh... Gosh, there's no easy way to say this, so I'm just going to up and say it." She shut her eyes tightly again. "Akami says you need to show me your member, your erect member! And not only that, but... well, she wants you to masturbate too! All the way to completion. So, so I can see if you're sore or not afterward!"

She felt relieved, having said all that. She belatedly remembered to ask, "That reminds me: are you feeling sore? You know... down there?"

He continued to ogle his voluptuous, gorgeous mother. The fact that she had her eyes shut meant he could enjoy the sight of her massive rack without getting embarrassed. That sight was made even more impressive by the fact that she was so worked up that she was breathing heavily. Her scandalous blazing-red outfit magnified and amplified every move of her big tits, so much so that she was forced to hold them from below to stop them from swinging around wildly. But that didn't stop their heaving; instead it made it look as if she was offering them to him on a platter.

He was panting and his heart was thumping hard and fast just like hers was. But he retained enough sense to realize that he needed to be careful in answering her questions about the soreness of his penis to avoid ruining the fun. In fact, his penis hadn't given him any trouble in the last few hours, other than that it had seemed to stay erect most of the time due to his memories of the appointment. He said, "Well, I don't really know. It feels okay, I guess. But what about when I cum? That's the big question."

Susan nodded. "That's what Nurse Akami said also. That's why she wants me to, uh, watch the whole thing. So... can we just... get this over with quickly? Please?"

"Okay, if you insist. I'll just... uh... take my pants off now. Is that okay?"

She silently nodded again.

Hot damn! He stood up, but found that his legs were feeling shaky and weak. He hastily pulled his pants and underwear off before his legs gave way altogether. He breathed a huge sigh of relief as he plopped back down on the edge of the bed.

Knowing that his mother's eyes were still closed, he closed his eyes as well. He needed a moment to at least try to calm himself somewhat. Oh my Lord! This is too much! It's like we're right back there at the appointment with Nurse Akami, except it's just Mom and me at home, and that's even MORE exciting! Anything could happen! She's going to watch me jack off while wearing THAT outfit! Fuck me!bender

Shit! This isn't helping! I'm seriously worried I'm going to cum before I can even start! I can't stand it!

He tried to clear his mind and take some slow, deep breaths. That didn't help much though, because there was simply no way for him to clear his mind of his horny thoughts about his super-stacked mother.

Also, he didn't have much time. Before he could do much slow breathing, Susan asked shyly, "Son? Are you ready?"

"Um, sure." He held his boner and pointed it up at her. Then he braced for impact when she opened her eyes.

She didn't realize how she looked, but she was staring at his erection with undisguised lusty desire. Furthermore, she was still holding her massive breasts from below, even as they kept surging up and down in time to her heavy breathing.

Her mouth hung open in the same way his had when she first came into the room. Oh my goodness! It's so BIG! So stiff! I'll bet it's HOT too! Gaawwwd, I can almost still feel the heat of it in my hand when I was stroking him earlier today and he was shooting into that cup! So hot!

As if she wasn't horny enough already, she remembered something else Akami had told her. "Um, Tiger? It just occurred to me... Nurse Akami said I needed to get up close, and I do mean really, really close, in order to check for soreness. She gave me a little lecture on what signs to look for. Is that okay with you?"

"Uh... sure." He hesitated to give permission, only because he worried that he was getting too aroused already. He had no idea how he'd manage to masturbate for very long if his mother was watching from close range. But he was willing to give it a try.

Alan's desk chair had rollers and it could roll even on the thick carpet. So Susan scooted herself and the chair up close, so close that he had to open his legs wide to make room. Then she leaned in for good measure.

Susan was still surprisingly clueless about how titillating moving her body in certain ways could be, and this was one such case. She didn't think to realize that if she bent way forward in her seat, her big tits would dangle down and appear even larger than they already were.

That was the final straw for Alan. He was simply holding his boner while thinking about stroking it. However, he was afraid to get started doing that because he didn't know how he could masturbate without cumming immediately. It turned out that even touching his penis was too much, with his mother leaning in close like that.

He was taken by surprise. By the time he shouted, "AAAH! Watch out!" his cum was already shooting out of his cock.

Funnily enough, both Alan and Susan had been so preoccupied by other highly distracting sights and thoughts that they hadn't given any consideration to where Alan's cum would go when it was time for him to blow his load. Susan hadn't thought about it during her phone call with Akami or in all the time she'd had to ruminate afterwards.

As a result, nature simply took its course. Since Susan was right in front of him and she was leaning in, there was no other option but for the cum to fly towards her, directly at her very large breasts.

Alan cried out again, "MOM! Watch out!" He was extremely distressed that he was cumming on his mother, but he couldn't think of what else to do. There was no way to stop the torrent urgently blasting out of his pulsing cock.

Susan quickly leaned back in her seat, but that didn't help much. His cum was still shooting in the same direction, only instead of flying just inches to get there, instead it was flying two or three feet. The only effect that had was to cause his cum to splatter over her in a wider area. Nearly all the cum still hit her tits, usually centered on her deep cleavage because that had been the focus of his attention, but a few stray strands reached her tummy or up towards her shoulders and neck.

She held her hands up helplessly and uselessly, and squealed just as helplessly, like a damsel in distress. "AAAIIIIIEEE! Tiger! What are you doing?!"

By the time she'd said that, his orgasm was already petering out. He'd shot out a lot of cum, but like all male orgasms, it was over in a matter of seconds.

His orgasm came to an end, but his arousal most certainly did not. In fact, seeing his cum all over his mother's immense rack kept a mental orgasm of sorts still going for him. He was so aroused that he was downright dizzy. He hardly knew up from down.

Chapter 46 Cumshot On Susan's Breast..Again!!

However, he was well trained to be polite, and he at least remembered his manners. "Oh, Mom! I'm so sorry! So, so sorry!"

Susan made a sour face as she looked down at her body. She didn't know what to think. A part of her was disgusted, which was the reason for the sour face. But another part of her was highly aroused and energized. Having anyone cum on her, much less her own son, was so taboo and wild that it was almost beyond her understanding.

After much heavy panting and unfettered tit heaving, she remembered to reply. "That's quite alright. These things happen."

"So you're not mad?"

She was still looking down at herself in sheer disbelief. She kept her hands up in the air like she'd been splattered by mayonnaise or mustard and she didn't want to touch the mess. "Um... no. You're a virile, healthy young man. It's what we wanted. But... oh no!" She suddenly remembered the whole ostensible point of the exercise. "What about your soreness?! Is your penis okay?"

He looked down at his crotch. His hand still held his dick, which had remained erect. In fact, it was throbbing most urgently. Without thinking, he started stroking it. "Um... it uh... it seems okay."

"That's a relief!" She breathed a very sincere sigh of relief. The heavy sigh caused her already wildly bouncing tits to soar just a couple of inches below her chin. She grasped them firmly with both hands and tried to still them, but she was so extremely aroused, and her tits were so naturally sensitive, that she very nearly climaxed from the contact. She was dizzy with lust, just like him.

He looked at his mother's bouncy titty show and then back down at his crotch. It seemed like it was happening to someone else, but he was openly jacking himself off with his cum-splattered mother sitting right in front of him. He knew his dick was supposed to go flaccid after an orgasm, especially a powerful one like the one he'd just had, but the opposite seemed to be happening: his erection was stiffer than ever, and his hand seemed to have a mind of its own. His fingers slid up and down, with new squirts of pre-cum helping to lubricate the surface.

She leaned in closer. She was so fascinated by the sight of him jacking off that she put the issue of the cum on her tits on the back burner, at least for the moment. She forgot that her sexy pose with her huge melons dangling down like that had helped cause his cum explosion in the first place. She asked, "Be honest with me, Son: does it hurt?"

Trying to belatedly get permission for what he was already doing, he asked, "Mom, uh... it's hard to tell. I mean... that happened so unexpectedly! I don't think that was a fair test. I didn't even get a chance to get going. Don't you think I should masturbate properly? Then we can check for soreness."

"You're right," she quickly and eagerly agreed. She scooted her chair up even closer, so her face was nearly directly over his crotch.

bender

She thought, as she unthinkingly clutched and even fondled her cummy tits from below, My goodness! Just look at him go! His hand, pumping up and down - that was my hand earlier today! I did that to him! I'm such a naughty, slutty mother! Even if it was for a good cause, even if I was forced to do it, the truth is I loved it! Just like I love watching him now! It's SO HOT! Nurse Akami says I'm going to have to help with the abnormality checks. Which means I'll soon be stroking him for real, just like he's doing right now! Oh God! So hot! So very, very hot!

He watched some of his cum gobs sliding down her curvy slopes, and genuinely came close to fainting. He didn't think anything could be more arousing than what had happened at the earlier appointment in the doctor's office, but this was. He had to close his eyes before he had some kind of emotional freakout.

However, after just a few moments, he tempted fate and opened his eyes again, because he couldn't resist the sexy sight. He thought, Hot damn! Mom is so sexy! She's a total BABE! So STACKED! Good God! I can't believe it! I'm actually jacking off while she's kind of feeling herself up right in front of me! I could reach out and fondle those shiny red tits myself! Damn! This is crazy! So horny! I'm too horny!

Susan's lust was getting out of hand. She was huffing and puffing like she'd just run a race, and that pretty much forced her to continue to hold her bouncy boobs. But with all of her attention on the way her son was stroking himself, she didn't consciously realize that she had begun to wantonly slide her fingers through the cum on her round tits. She even tried to pinch her nipples through her sexy red top.

Then, somehow, she did realize what she was doing. She forced herself to stop playing with her nipples, but she couldn't stop sliding her fingers through the pearly mess. Oh dear! This is my son's cum! There's so MUCH of it! She inhaled deeply. Mmmm! It smells good! Yummy! I know from earlier that it tastes

good too! Gaawwwd! I should just... just... lick some up and eat it! Ewww! Gross! And yet... I want to! But I can't! I can't! He's watching me!

She turned her attention to his boner as she continued to slide her fingers through his cum. Oh God! God! Dear Lord, look at him go! Such a BIG penis! So BIG! Much bigger than his father's! I'll bet my son has the thickest penis of any boy in town. The longest too. I'm so proud of him. What a sexually virile young man he is. Look at him stroke and stroke! Soon, that'll be me! It'll be MY turn! I'm going to have to stroke my son's big penis until he cums all over me again! And again and again! SO HOT!

Alan was loving life. The only problem was that Susan was right, things were very hot. Too hot, in fact. He'd only been masturbating for a couple of minutes since his orgasm when out of the blue he realized he'd passed the point of no return once again. He shouted out, "MOM! Gonna cum! Again!"

Susan was so far gone that she didn't try to get out of the way. She didn't even pull back. In fact, she pushed her tits together from their outer sides and exclaimed, "CUM! Cum, Son! Cum on me!"

He came. It was much the same experience as the previous time, except his arousal and erotic euphoria was even more intense. He actually saw stars while his eyes were still open, something he didn't know was possible. He kept his eyes open no matter what because he didn't want to miss even a second of the sight of his cum blasting all over his mother's huge tits.

Had he been a little more aware, he might have aimed his cock this way and that to paint her thoroughly. He might even have dared to aim at her face. But his brain was in total orgasmic overload, and it was all he could do to fire right at her cleavage. He loved aiming there since her lewd top left her cleavage exposed from below. He loved the sight of his cum landing directly on her bare skin.

Susan had been near the cusp of climax pretty much since she'd walked into his room. She could have gone over the edge at any time if she'd so much as touched her clit, but she hadn't. However, things got to be so much when he started cumming on her enormous tits for the second time that she climaxed anyway. She wasn't even touching her highly sensitive nipples, although the way she was squeezing her tits together from the sides certainly helped.

She was determined not to let him know that she had lost control, so she gritted her teeth and forced herself to just keep on panting heavily, even though the urge to scream at the top of her lungs was nearly impossible to resist.

His climax came to a quick end. He slumped back unthinkingly. He'd been assuming that he was sitting forward in a chair, just like his gorgeous mother was, except that he wasn't. So he fell all the way back to the bed. He lay there, gasping for air with his eyes closed, with his feet still on the floor.

Susan's orgasm lasted significantly longer, but eventually that ended as well. However, she remained fully aware and energized. She looked down at her chest in amazement. SO MUCH CUM! My Lord! So much! Tiger just... unloaded on me! He's such a STUD!

Seeing that he was effectively lying down on his bed and almost certainly out of it for a while, she reached behind her back and undid her red top. She let it slide all the way to the floor. That left her completely topless but still very cummy. Much of his cum had landed on her red top, but even more of it had hit her bare skin. With his second climax in particular, nearly all of it had landed right on her exposed cleavage.

She was like a kid in a candy store. Her attitude about his cum had changed dramatically since his last orgasm just minutes earlier. A part of her still thought cum was disgusting, but that part wasn't being listened to while she was so insanely horny. She gleefully ran her fingers through his cum and then scooped a big cum gob up and took it in her mouth. MMMM! So yummy! My oh my! That IS downright delicious!

She somehow forced herself to stop doing that, out of a lingering sense that it was too "improper," but after checking to make sure he still wasn't watching, she pressed her tits together again and slid them back and forth against each other. It was an entirely new experience for her, because so much of his cum was now lubricating their movement. Oh my goodness! Just look at me! This is so naughty! Too naughty. I really shouldn't be doing this, but I can't stop! I'm so darn horny! It's like my body is in control of my mind, not the other way around! I just hope Tiger doesn't open his eyes, or my goose will be cooked!

She continued to revel in the joy of running her fingers through the cum streaks, smearing them into her skin. When she wasn't doing that, she loved to rub her cummy massive melons together. And when she wasn't doing that, she sometimes dared to eat a little more of his cum. But she tried hard not to do that last thing that often, for fear that it was truly too depraved.

Eventually, she realized that she was in danger of Alan reviving and opening his eyes at any moment. She decided she had to be proactive in removing that danger before she made a complete fool of herself. She said, "Tiger, please don't open your eyes, okay?"

He was feeling totally exhausted, yet in a completely sexually-satiated way. It was bliss. He stirred enough to answer, "Okay. But why?"

"Just trust me on this, okay? I get embarrassed." She pulled her chair back and dropped to her knees. She realized that if she was kneeling, she'd be out of his sight where he couldn't sneak a peek. "I just, uh, I want to check on the state of your... uh... member. How are you feeling? Sore?"

Despite his exhaustion, he wanted to shout, "Awesome! I feel friggin' awesome!" But he didn't. However, he was so out of it that he didn't use his cleverness to exploit her concern about his soreness. Instead, he answered honestly, "I feel fine. Just fine. No soreness at all."

"Really? NO soreness?" She was very disappointed to hear that. Somehow, she correctly sensed that his soreness wasn't that major an issue, but if he continued to complain of soreness, Akami might "force" her to check on the state of his penis more often.

He was still so far gone, floating on a cloud of lusty bliss, that he didn't pick up on the disappointment in her voice.

She thought, Oh, poo! Drat! Why did he have to say that? I wouldn't mind checking him tomorrow too! But wait. Listen to me. His health is the most important thing. In fact, it's the only thing. What happened here is just... Well, let's not even think about it! This didn't even happen. I've got to pretend this didn't happen. And I have to get out of here before he opens his eyes!

She forced herself to say, "That's good to hear, Son. So you're not feeling any pain? No problem, even after ejaculating twice?"

"Nope. I'm good." He still wasn't thinking.

"I'm very glad to hear that." She picked up her red top and stood up. She was quiet and careful not to touch him so he wouldn't wonder what was going on and open his eyes. Then she silently snuck to the door and opened it. She peered up and down the hall to make sure the coast was clear.

She stood in the hallway, outside the door to his room with it mostly closed. That way, if he did look around, he wouldn't see that she was topless, with his cum smeared all over her in a very deliberate

manner. She spoke loudly through the crack. "I've got to go now. Akami asked me to call her right away, to give her the news. Is there anything else you want me to tell her?"

"Um, no. I think I'll just lie here for a while before getting ready for bed."

"Sounds good. Good night, Son. I love you."

That perked him up. He opened his eyes and sat up, hoping to make eye contact. "I love you too, mom! You're the best!"

But Susan carefully closed the door before he could look her way. She quickly hurried down the hall to her room before he could see her, or worse, before Katherine happened upon her. She clutched her red top to her massive globes as she went.

Alan flopped back down on his bed to rest some more.

Susan did call Akami and shared what she now felt was both good and bad news. She was glad that her son didn't have a serious soreness problem, but she kind of wished he at least had a little problem that would necessitate more checking. However, she gave Akami an honest, though highly abbreviated, account.

It was very abbreviated indeed, because she didn't want to go into what an extremely arousing experience it had been for her, and how she'd ended up having a powerful orgasm.

She was quick to get off the phone because she hadn't come off her erotic high just yet, and she had a lot of cum on her tits to play with. She ended up masturbating through another orgasm as she alternately smeared her son's cum into her skin and gobbled more of it into her mouth.

It was only after she came down from that last orgasm and cleaned up in the bathroom that the guilt and regret hit her. She felt terrible. She simply couldn't believe what she'd done when she'd let her lust take control. Lust had never been a problem for her, ever. These were entirely new feelings. Compared to how she'd felt with Ron, it was as if she'd never experienced lust at all.

She at least consoled herself that what she'd done was medically necessary, as strange as that seemed. She promised herself that she'd never let herself do something like that again. She consoled herself that at least she'd saved him from the "sin of Onan" by having him cum on her body instead of "spilling his seed upon the ground."

Alan remained in a state of joyous disbelief for some time. His orgasms left him too exhausted to move, but thoughts of what had just happened left him too excited to go to sleep, so he just savored the wildly arousing memories for a while.

He remained totally unaware that she'd taken her top all the way off and eaten and played with his cum. But had he known, he hardly could have been any more shocked and awed than he already was.

Chapter 47 Suzanne Masturbating.!

Suzanne's husband Eric was working late, so she was alone as she stood before her bedroom closet and started to undress for bed. She had just gotten off the phone with Akami. Akami in turn had gotten off the phone with Susan a couple of minutes earlier, and she'd passed on Susan's account of how she had watched Alan masturbate himself to two orgasms.

Suzanne thought, Success! Today's been a grand-slam success. I knew it! I'm shocked, but not completely so. Susan has been so repressed that she's a volcano of passion, and now she's starting to erupt. She can't control herself even slightly. She's so fucking horny for her cutie Tiger! It's obvious.

I wish I knew more. I have so many questions. So Sweetie came twice. But what did he say? What did she say? Where did all his cum go?! That's a big one, right there. I'll have to wheedle more answers out of Susan tomorrow. It's all too exciting!

This certainly changes things. My main goal with her was to weaken her moral stance enough so that she'd accept my relationship with my Sweetie. The thing is, I think she's sliding down a slippery slope and there's no way to stop her just halfway down. She's resisting, but deep down she wants some of his cock. I could see the way her eyes were practically boring a hole through the table at dinner; it was as if she were praying for X-ray vision. What she did tonight with him and his two orgasms is just further proof.

So I've kind of unleashed a powerful and unpredictable force. that could be bad. That definitely opens up a whole can of worms. But on the other hand, maybe, just maybe, I can realize my ultimate, impossible sexual fantasy: seduce not just Sweetie, but Susan and Angel too! It seems too good to be true that I'm getting this far with him, but I never would have expected the other two would react the

way they have as well. It's like they're total, repressed nymphomaniacs, exploding into lust at the first opportunity.

Well, actually, I'm not completely surprised. For years now, I strongly suspected that Susan could be a very passionate, sexual woman. I've long suspected she's sexually submissive too. It's just that her sexuality has been completely repressed by all that religious crap she grew up with. I never could figure out how to unleash her inner tigress. It turns out her boundless love for her son is the key to unlock her door.

She finished undressing while continuing to ruminate.

Susan's reaction has been wild enough. But there's Angel's reaction too. Like the way she was pumping him at dinner with questions about how Akami had stroked his penis. "Pumping" is the perfect word. She looked like she could barely restrain herself from reaching over and jacking him off right at the dinner table!

Once Suzanne stood naked, she began fingering her pussy in front of her mirror. I had her pegged all wrong. I thought she was another prude just like her mother, at least on the surface. How many years did I try to get Susan to have an affair to spice up her life, and it was the one thing I could never make her do. I couldn't even get her to dress more sexily. But no, BOTH mother and daughter are total hotties! In fact, I'd almost suspect Angel had a thing for him even before I put my scheme in motion. Maybe she does! It's so hot - sister and brother together! I can't stand it!

By this time, Suzanne was really assaulting her cunt. Her whole body bucked with every thrust. Her other hand worked furiously on her clit. But unlike Susan, whose brain fogged over with lusty passion so easily, Suzanne was much better at keeping her wits about her, even though her own lust and passion could be just as strong. She continued to simultaneously fantasize and scheme even as she grew more and more aroused.

Sweetie could be the key to all three of them. I need to develop and cultivate their lustful feelings for each other. Then, one day, we'll all be in bed together, all four of us! If we're all on him, it'll be natural for the touching between everyone to develop until we women are all madly fucking each other as well. It'll be glorious! I could move in with them, and... Oh God! Oh, too much! Too much! It's my dream of sexual utopia!

I can move in with them and maybe, maybe even... Oh, yes! Maybe even marry my Sweetie! Oh Lord God! Yes! Only I can marry him. I'm the only one not related! Fuck! They'll have to agree. Fuck yeah! Oh!

Good God! The fucking hunky Alan, my fucking husband! And Susan and Angel my partners in bed! Oh Lord! One giant orgy, every day! God yes! Oh! Aaaaaiieeee!

Suzanne arched her back and let out a loud wail as she had the best orgasm she could remember in years. As it went on, visions of all three Plummers flashed in her head, one after another. Mostly it was Alan, and then Susan. Suzanne had held a slight crush on Susan for years, but she'd never pursued it because she considered Susan just a tad less prudish than a nun with a vow of lifelong chastity.

She'd never had strong sexual feelings for Katherine until very recently, since she had no interest in underage girls. But there was no denying that Katherine was reaching legal age, and she already had the body of an adult. In fact, Katherine was turning out to be an extremely stunning young woman with a voluptuous, busty body. That left Suzanne amenable to the idea of seducing her as well. Suddenly she was very amenable.

She lay back on her bed in the nude. If I had a REAL man as a husband, he would be here for me now. He'd fuck me right here, right now! I never would have started wandering. But let's face it, I need a lot of fucking. AND love! It's been so many years since Eric and I made love. It's like both Susan and I aren't married at all. I don't know which is worse: Susan's husband being overseas all the time, or my husband being here but not here at the same time.

Well, Sweetie's a real man, and a good man too. He's no mere boy. He'd never neglect me or leave me alone. I know that his love is pure and not based on just lust, because he loved me dearly before he even hit puberty. He's the one man I think I can truly love! Even if that means sharing him with Susan, and maybe Angel too.

She looked around the empty bedroom and sighed. Ah, well. Tomorrow's another day. I can't wait to see what tomorrow will bring!

Occasionally missing content, please report errors in time.

Chapter 50 Suzanne In A Kimono - A Handjob?

The next day, everything seemed perfectly normal again for Alan. He masturbated twice before school, once while still in bed and the second time while in the shower. Both times, his thoughts were entirely focused on his sexy, buxom mother. After what had happened during the appointment with Susan and Akami, and then in the evening with just Susan, he knew he'd never view his mother the same way again.

He still had a hard time believing that what had happened had really occurred. He decided, I give up! It's futile to try and stop myself from masturbating to thoughts of her. That was never easy to do before, but after yesterday? Forget it! That would be like trying to stop the sun from rising! Mom is just too hot, and too stacked! Hell, she's as hot as the sun itself!

But he had another day of school to attend, so life necessarily had to return to normal. Then he had his usual day at home. except that Susan and Katherine dressed more sexily. Admittedly, a lot more sexily. He overheard Susan chastising Katherine over her outfit, but Katherine pointed out that Susan had no right to complain, given what she herself had been wearing lately.

After school, Alan masturbated before and after his nap, as usual. The outfits he saw helped, but he certainly wasn't lacking mental stimulation material. All he had to do was remember the sight of his mother's bare breasts and lusty face during his doctor's appointment and his penis was guaranteed to get stiff in a flash. And if that didn't do it, he knew he could just remember his cum all splattered and shining on her sexy red outfit. That was one sight he would never, ever forget.

However, Suzanne was very much on his mind as well. He hadn't seen her at all that day, and he worried that he'd miss her altogether. But when he got back from a quick trip to the grocery store after dinner, Susan told him that Suzanne was in his room waiting for him and had something she wanted to talk about.bender

He had a good feeling that Suzanne wanted to do more than just talk. As he walked up the stairs towards his room, he felt scared and apprehensive. She was so sexual and physically perfect that just being near her could be intimidating. One part of his brain said, Don't let me go in there! But on the other hand, a team of wild horses couldn't have kept him out.

Suzanne looked absolutely ravishing. She now wore an elaborately designed blue silk kimono, not for a love of Japanese style but strictly for the potential it had to open in the front.

It was already about nine in the evening. Alan reflected that this was probably the type of thing Suzanne wore just before climbing into bed. Just the thought of her getting into a bed was enough to get him horny. Yet he reminded himself that only days earlier he hadn't allowed himself to have any sexual thoughts about her at all.

No sooner had they sat down than Suzanne took advantage of how the kimono opened in the front. She leaned back on his bed and allowed one of her large boobs to fall all the way out of the kimono. She closed her eyes to make sure he wouldn't be too shy to take a good, long look.

His dick had been flaccid due to his nervousness, but it got fully erect in a hurry.

There was a wide sash across her midsection which kept the kimono rather bound up, but she quickly worked to make sure that it "accidentally" came undone as well. Without saying anything, her hands began roaming over the kimono, and wherever they went, the kimono opened up more and more.

As she seemingly explored her own body, she opened her eyes and spoke in her scratchy yet sexy purr. "I'm so glad you're here. I've been getting so hot and bothered just thinking about you."

He'd been incredibly aroused even before she said that, but those words sent actual shivers down his spine. "You? About me?!"

"Sure! You think I'm helping you out just for you? Sweetie, believe me, I would if I had to because I love you, but I'm enjoying this just as much as you are." By the time she said that, her robe had opened enough to completely expose both of her breasts. She reached up to an erect nipple and moaned loudly as she pinched it.

"Really?" He said with heartfelt modesty, "But I don't deserve you. You're like a Playboy centerfold. In fact, you're actually hotter than a Playboy centerfold. I mean, just look at you! Jesus! And I'm just some guy, some random teenager."

She smiled as she played with her big breasts with both hands. "Don't sell yourself short. You're not just some random teenager; you're my Sweetie! You're the most kind and good man I've ever met, and you're turning into a total hunk to boot. Note that I say 'man' and not 'boy'. Now, are you going to release the beast from its cage or are you going to leave me suffering?"

He looked at her in confusion and saw her eyebrows wiggling as she stared at the obvious bulge in his shorts. He was slowly realizing, Aunt Suzy actually sees ME as a sex object of some sort? She finds me "hunky?" Wow. No one's ever called me that, much less HER!

She added impatiently, "Are you going to unzip your shorts so we can get down to some nasty porn watching, or am I going to do it for you?"

He was learning fast. He grinned. "I'm afraid you're going to have to do it yourself."

She said wryly, "Now I know why you're in the gifted classes." She let the kimono fall off her shoulders. It was stopped from falling all the way off by the large red sash around her waist. She knelt in front of him, reached out, and unzipped his shorts.

He held his breath. He couldn't believe what was happening. Is she gonna touch it?! No way! I think she's gonna touch it!

She took her time just staring at his bulge, letting the anticipation grow. Finally, she reached in through the fly on his underwear and firmly grasped his erection.

He exhaled and then sucked in another big breath. His heart was pounding. Oh man! Man oh man oh man! Aunt Suzy! Touching my dick?! It's unreal! This is even better than what happened with Mom last night!

She pulled his erection out and left it sticking straight out, pointing right at her. "Did I really just grab your cock?" she asked rhetorically. "I'm such a naughty girl. If I'm not careful, I might end up grabbing it, and stroking it, a lot more. That would be bad. Very improper." She winked.

He felt dizzy. It was as if every last drop of blood in his body had rushed to engorge his erection, leaving nothing to keep his brain working. He was seriously worried that he'd hyperventilate. He tried taking deep breaths to calm himself.

She was tempted to lean forward and suck on his meaty rod, but she also wanted to draw out his seduction as much as she could. She looked up and playfully asked him, "So, a penny for your thoughts. Is something arousing you? What could it be?"

He was going to burst out, "You!" But he thought, I have to be clever. And cool. I'm not just some random teenager. I have to live up to Aunt Suzy's high expectations. After a long pause, he grinned and said, "I'm just looking at the porn pictures."

Suzanne was amused, not to mention impressed by his attempt to be witty despite the fact that he was gasping like a fish out of water. "Oh, the porn pictures, eh?" She pretended to pout, then flicked a finger

at his erection, causing it to sway from side to side. She brought her face closer to his hard-on, allowing her breath to fall on it.

Then she said in a very breathy voice, "JUST the pictures? Having your Aunt Suzy nearly totally naked and on her knees before your cock, thinking about how good it would feel to touch and fondle it, doesn't have anything to do with it?"

He felt assaulted with erotic sensations, even though she wasn't touching him. For one thing, she was breathing quite heavily on his stiffness. He could actually sense the minty flavor in her mouth as she puffed on it. He also loved her lavender-scented perfume and her scratchy voice. Add the words she was saying to the way that she was showing off her naked upper body, and he was in serious danger of cumming without any skin-to-skin contact at all.

He answered her question, "Maybe a little."

Her grin widened. "Just a little, eh? What am I going to do with you?" She cupped a tit as she said this, then with the fingers of her other hand traced the outline of the nipple on that tit.

He wasn't sure if he was meant to respond, and he was enjoying his erotic high too much to want to speak in any case.

So she suggested, "You know what the problem is? I think your beast is still too confined. Let it roam free. We want to see you pull your shorts off. We want to see that very much." Her fingers were now pulling her nipple out towards him, making her tit look even more massive than it already was.

Alan momentarily wondered what she meant by "we," but he was too frazzled to really think. He gathered his wits and prepared to drop his shorts. "Good idea. Best to be safe. They were cutting off my circulation anyway." He slowly brought the shorts down his legs.

Suzanne laughed. He's a natural. Sure, he's nervous, but he's not completely intimidated. Most of the men I've been with are twice his age and never get over being intimidated by my looks. Maybe it's because he grew up with his Aunt Suzy - he knows I don't bite. Well, not much, hee-hee.

He finished removing his shorts, leaving him wearing only a T-shirt. He wasn't used to standing with an unhindered erection and he felt awkward about it.

As he tried to move back into the same position in front of her as before, she deliberately moved her face forward a little, causing his hard-on to bounce off her cheek.

"Sorry!" he nearly yelled, thinking that he'd been the one to bump into her. He staggered backwards and nearly fell over, but managed to remain on his feet.

She just replied wryly, "Be careful where you poke that big thing." She caressed the spot on her cheek where his dick had touched her and then shuddered, acting as if the mere touch had nearly given her an orgasm.

She reached out and started stroking his thick hard-on.

However, after less than a minute, he yelped in distress. The problem was, he realized he was on a razor's edge. One more slight touch or sexy thought or word was going to bring on an orgasm.

Trying to help him with his problem, she let go of his boner.

Without explaining why, he sat down in his computer chair, closed his eyes and tried to block out all thoughts of her. He concentrated on his breathing until the worst of the orgasmic surge had passed.

She smiled as she saw him finally open his eyes after a minute or more. "Looks like someone around here is getting too much stimulation." She made a pretense at pulling her kimono up over her shoulders and closing it, as if trying to calm things a little, but then she let it fall off her shoulders and down to her waist again as soon as she'd finished closing it.

She giggled. "Oopsies. Looks like you're stuck with Aunt Suzy's big ol' blinding-white boobs. Think you can handle that?"

He was feeling much more able to go on now that the ejaculatory impulse had passed. He said, "I can handle it. And not only that, they're not blindingly white. I prefer to think of them as ivory. And they

certainly don't look old. However, I'm afraid I'm definitely going to have to agree with you about them being big."

Suzanne reached out and flicked his erection with a finger, causing it to sway again. "Oooh, looks like we've got a cheeky one here. Very well... Since what the doctor wants is prolonged sexual stimulation, wouldn't it be better if you stimulated yourself again while you look at the 'pictures?'" She made quote marks in the air as she said pictures, knowing full well he was going to be staring at her instead.

He brought both hands to his erection while asking, "You sure you won't mind?" He was so excited that he started stroking himself before she'd had a chance to respond.

"Why should I mind? I'm just here to help you achieve your daily target." She grasped at her ample melons with both hands, adding, "Don't mind me at all. My chest is sore and needs a little massage. I think I'll just work on that."

He laughed.

On the inside, she was nearly delirious with delight. This is like a dream come true! Sure, he's kinda freaking out, but in a way he's almost calm, since we know each other so well. I can tell my Sweetie is going to be such fun in bed. And since we've come this far, it's just a matter of time before we go all the way. I only have to break down Susan's barriers and then I'll be able to play with this monster any time I want.

Despite his great desire to stroke himself, he felt self-conscious with Suzanne on her knees, her nose practically touching the top of his cockhead. His hands were covering his erection as much as stroking it. He was more squeezing than stroking.

She noticed this and said, "Stroke it for me, Sweetie! Think about my tits, my pussy, my face. Do it for me!"

He began rubbing his cock more overtly, but still slowly at first. Although he was sitting at the desk with his computer, needless to say, there wasn't even a pretense of looking at the computer screen.

No way! I just can't imagine how perfect Aunt Suzy looks! And her boobs are absolutely unreal! It would be like trying to hold a watermelon or a basketball. No one has boobs like that ... except for Mom. To his surprise, the thought of his mother's boobs and the jiggly red leather dress she'd worn at dinner and for his later masturbation session suddenly greatly increased his horniness. He was surprised because he hadn't thought it possible to get any more aroused than he already had been.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Suzanne asked as she slowly jiggled her massive hooters. She knelt at his feet, shoving her boobs forward until they were inches from his erection.

He was tempted to reach out and touch them, but didn't know what to do and was afraid of being chastised by her. The pace of his rubbing increased.

"Whoa, boy, slow down and enjoy it," she said, as she grabbed the hand pumping his dick. "You know what would feel even better? Someone else's hand. The doctor said you need assistance to prevent chafing and what not. Are you feeling chafed?"

"Very." He laughed. "Very chafed." The notion of chafing sounded absurd, but he recalled that the doctor had actually warned it could happen to him.

She brought both of her hands to his erection. One hand held onto his and slowly pulled it away. That left her other hand wrapped around his shaft.

As she sat there with his throbbing hardness in her hand, she looked deeply into his eyes and asked, "Do you mind if I help you with your problem like this, now and always?"

That comment and the feeling of her cool, soft hand replacing his own was so arousing that he was sure he was going to lose his load. He grimaced and braced for the climax to come.

But she could see what was happening and brought her other hand back to his erection. She squeezed the base of it hard, staving off the surge. "Not so fast, cutie," she cooed. "You don't want to miss out on a lot of good stroking."

It was the same delaying technique that Akami had used on him the day before.

He didn't understand what was happening, and thought he'd somehow gotten lucky with his frantic efforts to clench and resist the urge to climax. However, even though Alan hadn't quite cum, he was overwhelmed by the close call. It was all he could do to hang on and keep his wits about him.

Suzanne realized this and was patient. She continued to just gently hold his erection with one hand. She knew she had to be careful to make this first handjob experience last, as his control was nearly nonexistent and he was right on the verge, even after her squeezing trick.

"Aunt Suzy? You mean you're gonna give me a handjob?!" He was so excited that his voice cracked as he said the word "handjob." His voice hadn't cracked in a long time, but lately it was doing it at the most embarrassing moments. He suddenly felt as if he were twelve years old again.

She had to suppress a laugh from his cracking voice, but then she broke into a wry smile. This is so much fun! Like taking candy from a baby. "Yes, I'm giving you a handjob. I'm going to jack you off."

"Mom ... I mean Aunt Suzy! That feels so good. Please help me. Help me every day," he moaned. "I could really use your help."

She thought, I love that he confuses my name with Susan's sometimes, especially at times like this. It shows that his lust and love for his mother and his "aunt" are tangled together. I'd love to see all three of us tangled together in a sexual way, permanently! Rrrawwr!

Initially she merely fondled his penis lightly, but the sensation of another person's hands on his prick was so new that any touch felt amazing to him. Then she placed a finger under the frenulum, the base of the head where he was most sensitive (which Akami had called his "sweet spot" during his appointment), and began pressing and rubbing.

Belatedly responding to his moaning comment, she cooed as she rubbed, "Oh yes. Every day. Aunt Suzy's gonna help you every day. In fact, I can tell your Johnson and I are going to become very good friends. How would you like me to play with your cock every single day, for years and years to come?"

He let out a wordless moan of great delight.

She kept stroking, lightly and slowly.

But even though she was taking it easy on him, the things she did with her hands still brought him indescribable joy.

After a few more minutes of such wonderful pleasure, he couldn't help but say, "Aunt Suzy, your hands. They're so good. So soft. So smooth. What you're doing... Oh MAN! It feels so great!"

"That's why the doctor wants nice, soft female hands wrapped around your hot erection at all times, caressing it, stroking it, loving it. Not your own rough, calloused ones. We can't have any chafing, God forbid." She had a twinkle in her eye, barely suppressing a laugh over the whole chafing idea.

The pace built up slowly until eventually he was ready to blow his load. His eyes lingered on her swaying tits, although sometimes he would watch her fingers playing up and down his dick. But every now and then he would look away from these mesmerizing sights and see her face staring lovingly into his, and then nearly lose it all over again.

Her face was always close to the tip of his boner. Sometimes she would breathe on it, sending shivers up and down his spine, while at other times she would judge him to be overstimulated and she'd pull back a little bit. She was sorely tempted to swallow his pulsing pole deep into her mouth, but she held back on that for now. She wanted to bring him along slowly, to better savor the entire experience, so this day was a day only for handjobs.

She took complete control since he had little mastery over his own urges. She finally decided the time was right to bring his first handjob to a literal climax.

"You're almost ready," she cooed as her hands suddenly started pumping faster, squeezing his most sensitive spots. She let go and let him take aim. "Do it all over my big boobs!"

The cum began spewing forth as soon as she said that. He wasn't paying attention to anything but the incredible sensations coursing through his body, so he didn't realize at first that he was shooting his seed directly into her face.

That didn't slow her down though; in fact it inspired her. She squeezed her boobs together, creating an even more tempting target.

They sat back in post-orgasmic bliss a minute or two later, with Alan resting in his chair and Suzanne still sitting on the floor, leaning up against his desk. In actual fact the handjob had lasted no more than ten minutes, but to Alan it seemed like an eternity of bliss.

When she saw that he'd recovered somewhat, she asked, "Wow, that was some Internet porn, wasn't it?"

They both had a good laugh. He exclaimed, "Like I give a flying fuck about the pictures! You're the most arousing sight in the world!"

He wanted to blurt out, "I love you!" but once again decided silence was the safest path. They each loved the other deeply, but they'd always been shy about expressing it verbally.