

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 8 Buying Porno

Susan and Alan got in their car and drove away from the doctor's office. Neither could quite believe what had happened. Both had a lot of thoughts buzzing through their heads; each remained silent for a while.

Susan was mostly thinking about what Suzanne might learn. She hoped that the doctor toned it down and didn't describe how long the nurse stroked her son's penis right in front of her. But images of that stroking kept intruding on her thoughts. She didn't really consciously think of it as her son's penis, per se. She was just so blown away by the idea of a penis being massaged that she couldn't get past that.

It had been a very long time since Susan had had sex. Because her upbringing had been so repressed, and her marital experience with sex so limited and unsatisfying, she honestly didn't think about the act very often. Her husband was home less than a month a year. When he did come home, they might have sex on the night he returned, but sometimes not even then. It had become entirely a matter of going through the motions, the way some people feel obliged to go to church once or twice a year for Easter and Christmas. Their 'intimate relations' were the most vanilla sex imaginable, with lights out and always in the missionary position.

Unlike her best friend Suzanne, Susan had not really considered having an affair. Several years earlier, Suzanne had picked someone as a potential lover for Susan and started pushing her into getting intimate with him, but Susan found she couldn't countenance that - she had been conditioned far too strongly against cheating in marriage. Suzanne had apologized immediately, telling Susan that she just hadn't wanted to see her best friend hurting and alone so much. Susan had accepted the apology and their relationship survived the incident.

What had happened in the doctor's office ignited the first truly intense sexual feelings Susan had felt in a long time. About the only exciting erotic moments she'd had in recent years were when Suzanne would, in the strictest of confidence, share the intimate details of her affairs. But that wasn't the same thing as seeing a real live penis up close.

She was so absorbed by these problems that she hardly gave any thought to the wisdom of choosing one of the doctor's "solutions" for Alan's "problem" over the other, or foregoing the whole thing. She didn't even consider the

possibility that the doctor could have been putting them on. After all, virtually everyone instinctively trusts a doctor, especially when the doctor has a nurse who is in complete agreement with the diagnosis and treatment plan.

Alan also didn't question what had happened, because he was so sexually blown away. All he could think of was Akami. He had a sudden crush on her. That was no surprise, given that he'd never even been kissed on the lips before and suddenly found himself being jacked off by a beautiful woman. Holy Cow. That was beyond my wildest imaginings. Her eyes seem very piercing and pretty wise. True, I couldn't see a whole lot of her body through her nurse's uniform, but I'll bet every inch of her is beautiful just the same. I can't wait until my next appointment already! I just hope Mom doesn't have to go. Well, at least Mom isn't giving me her usual lecture about the evils of sex.

He looked over at her. She seems a bit wiggled out, to be honest. She's probably really going to tear into me later. I'll bet she's gonna give me a lot of grief about my masturbation confession in particular.

παπαδα Ἰοβὲλ(còm) He found himself thinking, over and over, I can't believe it'll be a whole month before I'm with her again! I wonder what I could do to make it happen sooner.

He also felt incredibly embarrassed and ashamed by what had just happened. He thought about his future situation. It occurred to him that he probably had more embarrassing incidents in store. For one thing, he would have to find someone to help him out with his sexual stimulation every single day. Rather than finding this idea exciting, he found it depressing because he foresaw nothing but rejection.

The main reason he had never kissed a girl was because he was only attracted to one girl at his school. Her name was Christine Anderssen, and they were reasonably good acquaintances since they shared most of the same classes. But he hadn't let on at all that he was interested in her, and he was convinced that she wasn't romantically interested in him. She was both extremely beautiful and highly intelligent, so much so that he was convinced she was out of his league.

(Alan actually was also attracted to another woman at his school, one of his teachers, but that's another story.)

No doubt, Mom will insist that I ask someone out immediately. What will I do? How can I get out of it? It'll be a miracle if Christine wants to go out with me in the first place. The idea that she would then ever agree to satisfy my needs sexually three or more times a day is completely laughable!

That conundrum occupied most of his thought. The idea of having to orgasm six or more times a day was so bizarre and unreal that Alan couldn't really fathom it, let alone delve into its implications.

His mother, though, was already thinking ahead in at least one respect. Rather than go straight home, she drove to a local adult superstore. As they were getting close, she finally spoke.

"Tiger, are you okay with this? I know it must have been a really strange doctor's visit for you. I know it was for me. But I'm sure Dr. Fredrickson knows what he's doing." She looked shell-shocked as well as concerned while she spoke to him. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

"Yes," answered Alan in a flat tone. He too was still rather shocked.

"Yes, you're okay with this?"please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

"Yes," he said again. "It's just, I dunno, ... so weird. Like what that nurse, Akami, did to me today. I didn't know they did that in doctors' offices!"

"I didn't know that either," said his mother with great understatement. "But when you think about it, what else could be done? They did have to check all those things since your treatment involves your... you-know-what. You're lucky that, as a man, you don't have to go to a gynecologist, because doctors are forced to do extremely intimate things to us women sometimes too. And more often than not it's done by a male doctor. Though luckily I've always managed to avoid that, thank the Lord. So this is the male version of that, I suppose."

"Yeah," he replied, somewhat wistfully, still thinking about how good it all felt. Suddenly he realized they were pulling into a parking lot.

"Why are we stopping here?"

"I was just thinking, Tiger, that you're going to need to stimulate yourself." Even saying that much made the prim woman blush some more. "You may need some, uh, visual aids, to help you out, so I thought we could pick some up here."

At that, he blushed too. Her attitude towards sex had rubbed off on him more than a little, even though their religious beliefs were quite different: Susan remained a devout Christian while Alan had to be dragged to church. Even though he thought he was "cool" about such things, he got easily embarrassed at times.

She reached over, held his hand, and gave it a squeeze. They often held hands to show their closeness and support for each other.

"I know this may be a bit much for you, Son, but let's get it over with already and then let things get back to normal, okay? This is clearly something you're going to need, if not now then down the line, so let's be done with it. You go pick out some magazines, and I'll get some videos for you. No, on second thought, you'd better pick them out too - I'd be too embarrassed. I'm sorry!"

He rubbed her back lovingly. "Hey, that's cool. You're trying to help, and I appreciate it a lot."

She smiled through her distraught face. "Bring the stuff to me and I'll pay for it. I'll be waiting by the cash register."

She continued, "I would normally never be caught dead buying this stuff, but I'll do anything to help you out, Tiger. I'll get embarrassed standing in front of the cashier so you don't have to. We'll both have to help each other out to get through this awkward phase, but I'm sure it will all be back to normal soon enough. Since Suzanne knows, I'm sure she'll do everything she can to help you out too."

Susan had no idea just how ironic that last statement actually was.

Another thought crossed Susan's mind and gave her great concern. What about my Angel?

Katherine (whom Susan had nicknamed "Angel," a nickname Suzanne also used) was not only Alan's sister, but also his very close friend and a junior in the same high school, so she was bound to find out what would be happening before too long. Alan, Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were all as close to each other as could be. Suzanne's daughter Amy was usually right there with them as well.

Susan thought, Angel will find out one way or another. No doubt she'll feel really sorry for him and want to help out, but how can she? I hope and pray

she doesn't offer to help him attain sexual relief somehow. No way! His masturbating is a sin, but that would be a much greater sin! I'll forbid it, and in any case she would never suggest such a thing. I can't believe I'm even having these thoughts. She's his sister - that's totally sick! Even though they're both adopted and not genetically related, it's still sick.

Susan wasn't fertile, so both Alan and Katherine had been adopted about a year after their births. People often noted that, even though they weren't related to each other or to their parents, they all bore a certain physical likeness. For instance, they all had the same dark brown hair and eyes.

She cleared her mind of such thoughts and said, "Come on. It'll be over quickly." They went into the store.

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