

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 4 P Examination (2)

Dr. Fredrickson came back into the examination room.

Akami put on a pair of gloves as the doctor explained the basics about Alan's condition. The nurse's involvement was not part of Suzanne's original plan. Suzanne had required Dr. Fredrickson to swear to complete secrecy, and no doubt she would be upset to find out that he'd already told someone else.

The doctor knew that Akami could be trusted not to tell anyone else. He thought, She's kept my affair with her completely secret, for one. But what will she do with the information herself? Surely, as a medical professional, she'll have doubts about the treatment plan. Is she going to give me a hard time about this later?

Finally, everything was ready. Alan still sat in the stirrups with his flaccid penis exposed for the three adults to see. This time, Akami sat in the doctor's chair, Susan took the chair next to it, and Dr. Fredrickson stood behind.

"Alan," said the doctor, "before the nurse can proceed, you need to make your penis erect. Can you do that right now?"

Alan thought, Who is he kidding?! How can I do that on command, with three people staring at me, including my own mother? He just frowned and looked desperately around the room, as if he could find a hole to climb out of and escape.

"Can you think of something sexy?" said the doctor encouragingly. But the idea was obviously a no-go, judging from Alan's face. So he suggested, "Perhaps you'd like some privacy? Or we can come back when you're ready?"

"No," said Alan, wincing with embarrassment. "I just can't touch myself... there... in, uh, outside my house. I'm too... Sorry, I just can't!"

"That's okay," the doctor said consolingly. "Would you mind if the nurse stimulates you?"

Alan was too shocked to even respond to that.

The nurse herself raised a curious eyebrow. Dr. Fredrickson had told her a little bit about the situation just before she came in, but she didn't fully understand what was going on.

The doctor took the ensuing silence for a yes. "I'm sorry Alan and Mrs. Plummer, but I see no other solution. Do you see one, Mrs. Plummer?"

Susan was too stunned to speak.

"No? Well then, let's try to hurry this up. Your appointment is already taking much longer than expected. Akami, if you would please?"

Few normal doctors would ask such a thing of their nurses, but Dr. Fredrickson didn't see the situation like most, especially since he was fucking Akami on a regular basis. He enjoyed having her suck his penis almost more than fucking her because she was exceptionally good at doing that. He knew she certainly wouldn't mind the sex act, and he hoped he'd dropped enough hints before they came in for her to understand that this was no ordinary situation.

Akami did give Dr. Fredrickson a queer look, but she knew she couldn't ask questions in front of the others. Without saying anything to anyone, she simply grabbed Alan's penis and began rubbing it. At first, she started rubbing it gently, at the base. Being a bit clueless about why she was doing this, she decided it would be safest to act like this was just another medical procedure.

But Alan's dick initially failed to respond. His mind was too frazzled to fully comprehend what was happening. A minute ago I was just thinking that I was falling in love with Akami, and now she's suddenly holding and rubbing my penis? Unreal! This isn't happening!

Akami saw this as more than a bit demeaning, and wanted to get it over with quickly. She realized her emotionless and clinical approach wasn't going to work.

So she smiled reassuringly and said to Alan in a very soothing voice, "Just close your eyes and relax. Imagine sexy things. Imagine me naked, if you think that will help. Would you like me to get naked? I will, if you want me to. Do you want me to take off my shirt and my bra, and expose my breasts to your eyes? Would you like to-" ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

The doctor interrupted her. "Thank you very much, nurse. It looks like you have been successful."

Sure enough, Alan's dick had reached its full length in a matter of seconds and was sticking straight out, thanks mostly to Akami's suggestive words.

Akami realized that the doctor had purposely cut her off before she got too carried away with her talk. She loved slutty talk during sex, but understood that now wasn't the best time, especially with the obviously prudish Mrs. Plummer sitting next to her. She removed her hands from Alan's erection.

From where Susan was sitting, she could just see Alan's hard-on jutting forth between his leg and the nurse's forward-leaning body. She was beside herself with shock, but also strangely fascinated. It IS bigger than my husband's! she realized. My little boy is all grown up!

"Very good," the doctor said in a passionless voice. "Now we should proceed with the abnormality check. Mrs. Plummer, as you can see, Akami will now start at the base."

Akami took one hand and placed it at the base of Alan's dick, while her other hand resumed rubbing his boner at the sensitive spot near the tip.

The doctor narrated, "She will use her thumb to press against every bit of the surface, and check for polyps or anything else, such as an unusual protrusion. Her other hand, I suppose... is making sure that the erection is steadily maintained."

Akami's other hand was doing just that, repeatedly pressing on the frenulum, the most sensitive and arousing spot for males, on the underside of the hard-on just below the glans, which is the technical name for the bulbous cockhead.

Dr. Fredrickson thought disapprovingly to himself, That isn't really necessary at this point, Akami, but if you ask a horny slut to rub a cock, she's going to do a thorough job of it!

Suzanne had asked the doctor to tell Alan and Susan a story about "checking for abnormalities," to serve as a foot in the door for her helping with Alan's penis in the future. But neither Suzanne nor the doctor had counted on having Akami actually perform it in front of them. please visit panda-:~)noVE1.co)m

Alan thought, This is insanity! Am I going out of my mind, or is this a dream, or a nightmare, or what?! I can't believe my mom is sitting right here. I can't even stand to look at what she's doing. If I cum, I'm gonna die of shame. But how can I not cum this very second, the way the nurse is fondling me?

He struggled with all his might to control himself, but he didn't know how that might be done. The best he could do was keep his eyes closed and try to think un-sexy thoughts, but that was nearly impossible because he was simply too aroused. What particularly drove him wild was knowing his mother was watching.

Akami proceeded to press her thumb against every part of Alan's erection, as if she were impressing a pattern on the sides of a clay jar. As she moved up towards the tip, she moved her other hand towards the base and began pumping her fist up and down. The hard-on in her soft hands was growing wet with pre-cum, which allowed her fingers to slide more easily over its length.

Might as well make the most of the opportunity, she thought. This is a nice dick. She'd never touched a penis in her several years of professional duties as Dr. Fredrickson's nurse. She figured that a chance like this might not come again.

Her experience with handjobs was coming in handy, as she was able to keep Alan right on the verge of orgasm without actually pushing him over the edge. At times she had to squeeze the base of his dick to stop him from cumming, but he was so out of it that he didn't even realize that's what had held him back.

The doctor thought that having Alan get a lot of sexual pleasure from this could be advantageous, so he let Akami keep going. He figured that if Alan enjoyed a great handjob, he'd be too frazzled to question the more dubious aspects of the prescribed treatment. Even better, that would make him hope for more such tactile assistance and thus be even less likely to question the doctor.

Alan was in exquisite agony as Akami took her sweet time completing the 'procedure.' He kept his eyes shut tightly to forget all the people staring at him, but the intense feelings her examination caused him to experience soon pushed all sense of embarrassment completely out of his mind.

Before long, Akami had finished exploring every last bit of his erection, which meant that, technically speaking, the procedure was over. But since the doctor didn't tell her or motion for her to stop, she kept stroking. Only now she didn't even make a pretense of performing a medical procedure, and increasingly did it just for Alan's pleasure, and her own. She'd never been in such a situation before, but found it quite arousing. She had to fight to try to keep her breathing at least somewhat normal, if only for appearances.

Susan meanwhile was extremely agitated. She'd never had an incestuous thought in her life. But staring at her son's erection being jacked off only a few feet away was beginning to have the inevitable, natural effect on her libido. She was even more aghast to see all the dripping pre-cum, and hear the sound of Akami's hands sloshing and squishing through all that sexual fluid.---
-**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

Susan was in denial, mentally refusing to even contemplate the thought that she could be turned on by her son's big erection. She ignored the fact that her nipples were painfully hard and her panties were getting moist. Instead, she told herself, I'm merely observing to make sure there's nothing wrong with my son's sexual organs. That's no sin, is it? Isn't it my responsibility as a parent to make sure everything is okay... down there? The fact that it's so... big... and thick... and throbbing. ... Well, that really... Never mind about that. I just need to check on this procedure, which, if I didn't know better, looks awfully sexual.

She kept staring at it, and then turning away. But after a while it became clear no one was paying attention to what she was looking at, least of all Alan, who still had his eyes firmly shut, so she started gawking more openly.

She unconsciously leaned in closer behind Akami to have a better look. She continued to move her head closer and closer, as if she were being a perfectly attentive student of the procedure. The squishy sound of Akami's hands sliding up and down seemed as loud as the roar of a train engine to her. The wet stain on her panties grew larger.

The doctor continued to ramble on about what to look for, unnatural bends and so forth, but in fact, Susan couldn't focus on his words. For all she knew he could have been speaking Swahili. Soon, her mouth was only about a foot from the tip of her son's erection.

She began to idly think, It's so close. I could almost reach out and touch it. Just like what the nurse is doing. ... No, not like that! That's too sexual. But

just to touch it, just to see... Do penises really get this big? I thought my husband's was typical, but this is maybe twice the size of Ron's!

She abruptly noticed that all movement had stopped. She came out of her mental fog enough to hear the doctor say to the nurse, "Thank you, Ms. Fubuki. Sorry for making you go through that."

Akami removed her hand and pulled back a little. She was so excited that she couldn't hide her panting or the flushed look on her face. It wasn't every day she got to play with a teenage boy's privates, let alone in front of an audience like this.

Susan sat back as well. But she was still so completely transfixed by Alan's erection that she didn't even notice how blatantly aroused Akami was.

Alan had kept his eyes closed the entire time. Dang! I have to cum so bad! Why did she have to stop right then? I was so close! ... But on the other hand, there's Mom. It's probably a good thing we stopped. Where would the cum go, for one thing? Why, it would probably just fly in the air and hit Akami in the face, since she's still so close I can feel her breath on me.

He found the idea of that happening intensely arousing and had to steel himself from cumming, even though he wasn't being stroked anymore.

Finally, he regained some semblance of control over his still very excited erection. He opened his eyes and looked around. He noticed Susan was staring intently at the ceiling. Huh, that's funny. Akami and Mom both look like they're, well, bothered or something. Embarrassed? Is that why their faces are red and they're huffing and puffing like that? Did I do something wrong? Maybe my mom is angry with me? But why? I'm just following the doctor's orders.

The doctor seems pretty calm and collected, though. That was weird, though. Was that really some kind of medical procedure? I hope the doctor's not gay.

Dr. Fredrickson had, in fact, stood a ways off and tried to avoid looking in the direction of Alan's penis as much as possible. He was very uncomfortable with the whole situation, but the lure of Suzanne's voluptuous body continued to drive him on.

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