

6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 9 Alan's Dream

Buying the pornography went fairly uneventfully. Alan grabbed more or less the first things he came across, so they got out of the store in record time.

When they got home after another mostly silent ride, they found Suzanne and Katherine already at home.

It was almost dinnertime so Suzanne couldn't stay long - she'd have to go back to her own home and cook dinner for her husband and two children. It had gotten to be so that dinner was practically the only time the members of her family ever got together.

After dinner, her husband Eric and her two children, Brad and Amy, would all scurry away to their respective rooms and go back to doing whatever it was they were doing before dinner. Then Suzanne would usually go over to the Plummers' house. Amy would often come over as well, especially since Katherine and Amy were closer than many real sisters.

Suzanne had been sitting in the living room, impatiently waiting for Susan and Alan to return. When the two walked through the door, even before saying their hellos, Suzanne said, "Sweetie, I see now what you mean by 'unusual treatment.' I can't believe it!"

"Hi, Aunt Suzy. I can't believe it either," Alan responded. He was too embarrassed to make eye contact.

They all sat down and began talking.

Susan said it would be better if Katherine attended as well, so she went to find her.

Suzanne meanwhile called a restaurant for take-out food for her own family. She realized this discussion was likely to take a while, given that Katherine was involved.

Alan was fairly shocked that Katherine would be told the secret as well, but he kept silent. When he thought about it, he realized she would soon learn about it one way or another, so it was best to get it all out in the open.

Katherine came into the room still wearing the clothes she'd worn at school, which looked more like a strict, formal boarding-school uniform than the typical attire of a Southern California public high school student. It was almost comical how square and repressed she and the rest of the Plummer family appeared. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

They told the story from the very beginning for Katherine's benefit.

Susan provided an extremely edited version of the appointment, focusing on Alan's diagnosis and unexpected treatment.

Suzanne knew the fuller truth from the hurried accounting that Dr. Fredrickson had given her after Susan and Alan had left, but she didn't let on what she knew.

Alan looked closely at his sister to gauge her reaction to his "six times a day" predicament, but she appeared very poker-faced about the whole thing.

By the end of their conversation, the group grew strangely jovial.

Suzanne in particular made some surprisingly off-color masturbation jokes, which everyone thought were hilarious.

For instance, Susan made the comment, "I'm not worried - I'm sure Tiger will have a girlfriend soon who can help out with this situation. Soon he'll be beating them off with a stick."

Suzanne quipped, "He'll be beating off soon in any case."

Susan cried out, "Suzanne! I'm shocked!" because she was. She blushed deeply. But even as she said that, she couldn't help but laugh along with the others.

Even Suzanne could hardly believe that she'd said that in the presence of the highly prudish Susan. But she thought to herself, It's high time this bunch starts to loosen up sexually in a big way. I need to start chipping away. Even little jokes like that will help.

Naturally, Alan was mortified by any reference to his masturbation needs.

It occurred to him that everyone's nervousness about the whole situation was being relieved through humor. There was a heavy tension hanging in the room - to the extent that just about anything appeared to be funny.

When the group broke up and people started to head to their own rooms, Katherine said, "Bro, we know what you're going to have to do right now in there!"

Everyone laughed some more.

Alan turned red-faced and became glum, though he didn't let them see it.

He pondered momentarily, I wonder what it would be like for Sis to help me with my problem. Dang, I can't believe what I'm thinking! I mean, she is pretty cute. Heck, more than just cute - she's a knockout! And she's a pretty great sister all around; she sure is taking this well. But thinking about her that way is just wrong. To even be thinking what I'm thinking now... Sis would kill me if she knew.

It was almost like Alan and Katherine were twins, because they were born only about a year apart. They were also emotionally close, like many twins. They teased each other a bit, but playfully, and they hardly ever fought. Like Alan, Katherine was in the gifted track in almost all her classes, but she was a grade below him at school because she was slightly younger.

She was both smart and beautiful. Except for her angelic face, it was quite hard to tell how attractive she really was due to the absurdly out-of-date clothing style that she'd learned from her mother. But underneath all those clothes there was a tall, curvy, firm body. It seemed as if she'd inherited her body from Susan as well, even though she was adopted. She felt almost freakishly tall compared to her classmates, though in fact her body wasn't gangly. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

Like her mother, she had long, straight, dark brown hair and brown eyes. She had generous breasts, though they couldn't compare with the behemoths of Suzanne or Susan. She was now five foot eleven, the same as her mother and two inches shorter than Alan, and she was threatening to grow even taller.

But like a lot of teenage girls her age, she was unsure of herself, lacking self-confidence. Even though she was in the gifted track at school, her grades

were merely adequate because she didn't put much time or effort into her studies.

She worried that she wasn't pretty enough, because not many boys asked her out. Feeling awkward about her body, she tried to hide it. Ironically, this was a vicious circle, because guys generally were put off by her prudish dress and demeanor. Even though it was obvious through her clothes that she was very fit and curvy, the boys assumed she was some kind of religious nut who would never put out.

She'd recently begun to fight this image somewhat. She'd made an effort to join the "in crowd" by joining the cheerleading squad. However, this was a very recent development - she'd become a cheerleader just weeks before, at the start of the school year. About the only time she ever wore anything remotely revealing was when she was cheerleading.

That strategy was starting to work, because boys now were noticing her and asking her out much more frequently. However, she still turned almost all of them down, in large part because she was looking for someone like her 'big brother' and most guys couldn't measure up.

Alan was finding it harder and harder not to take notice of her body, though he had been trying for some time to avoid doing so. His mind continued to slip into thoughts about her, against his will.

As Alan walked upstairs after the group meeting, he thought, Having Sis rub my dick would be just as mind-blowing as having Aunt Suzy or Mom do it. But no way would that ever happen. She's so demure and refined. Even though she is quite a cutie. Those cheerleading outfits are so scandalously revealing! She's in shape, that's for sure. Those legs... I shouldn't even be thinking these thoughts, not even as a fantasy.

Oh my gosh - what am I doing thinking of Mom or Aunt Suzy helping me that way, for that matter?! Sis is always teasing me about being a weirdo because of this or that small thing. I must really BE a weirdo to be thinking like this. I have to get my mind out of the gutter, now!

He went back to his room to find that the porn videos and magazines had already been placed there by his mother. She was off in the kitchen cooking a very late dinner, and Aunt Suzy had gone home.

He thought to himself, It's no joke. I really do have to masturbate tonight, and then six more times tomorrow, and six more every day after that. Six frigging times! No wonder my mom got me all this porno stuff. I mean, I enjoy doing this, but I don't think I've ever actually done it six times in one day in my life! I guess I really am some kind of asexual, hormone-deprived freak. I don't think this is going to work, but I have to give it a try.[please visit panda-:\)\(NOVE1.co\)m](#)

He started looking through the video boxes and the magazines. He couldn't watch the videos in private in his room, since it didn't have a television or player. So he idly flipped through the magazines as he considered how much his life had changed in a matter of mere hours.

Eventually he turned off the lights and got naked under his bed sheets - the only way he was used to masturbating - and began thinking about Akami. He knew that with the memory of her hands so lovingly caressing his dick fresh in his mind, he didn't need porn videos or magazines.

He finally got into it, as a specific fantasy formed in his mind. He imagined himself in his bed, except Akami was with him. They were lying together naked and she was stroking his penis, but nothing she did made him erect.

She sighed, and said, "It's no use. We've been at it for hours. I think it's time to bring in the big guns." Unexpectedly, she clapped her hands, loudly and repeatedly.

A few moments later, his mother and his Aunt Suzy walked in. They were both buck naked, and not ashamed of it. In fact, they struck sexy poses as they stood by the door.

[panda 11ovê1,còm](#) Alan exclaimed, "Mom! Aunt Suzy! What the heck?!"

He normally tried hard not to masturbate about Susan or Suzanne, but they were so very sexy and appealing that he quite often failed to keep that resolve. In this case, the two MILFs snuck into his Akami fantasy unexpectedly, so he didn't have any resistance to that.

Susan spoke as she strode forward, confidently undulating her ass cheeks. "Akami warned us that it would come to this, and it has. Son, you have to cum six times a day, and today you're still three short! Suzanne and I love you. We won't let that happen."

Suzanne also came near, but her walk was so graceful and sexy that it was almost more like a slow dance. She crawled up onto the bed, letting her massive melons dangle down. "Sweetie, let us help you. We both want to help you so much!"

Although Alan tried not to fantasize about either his mother or his Aunt Suzy too much, it was clear that in this dream the two buxom mothers were not going to take 'no' for an answer. Besides, he was just too horny ever since the doctor's appointment; in the dream he didn't put up even a token resistance.

Less than a minute later, Susan and Suzanne each had one hand on Alan's erection, and there was no doubt it was erect.

Akami sat back and watched with a satisfied smile as the hands from different mothers stroked up and down with a single purpose. "See? I knew bringing in the big guns would work."

Susan asked, "'Big guns?' Is that some kind of reference to our overly large breasts?"

Akami smirked. "Probably."

Alan's fantasy only got better from there. Susan and Suzanne took turns blowing him, and then they licked him together. But soon Akami got involved as well, leading to a full-on orgy.

Alan was all smiles as he vividly imagined the three beautiful women getting wilder and wilder in his bed. His fantasy Susan was very different from his real-life mother in that she had no moral qualms about sex whatsoever, and was just as sexually experienced and skilled as the fantasy Suzanne.

Alan happily stroked his erection, picturing himself the center of attention in his pretend orgy. His mother was busy sucking his cock while Akami and Aunt Suzy passionately French kissed right next to him. ----**Image in the Paragraph Comments**----

He was just about to cum when he heard a knock on the door.

"Hey Big Brother, Mom says it's time for dinner." It was Katherine.

Hearing her voice quickly brought him out of his fantasy world. Dang! Noooo! That was too good!

She waited for a response, but after not getting one quickly, she queried, "Bro, are you in there?"

"Yeah." By the frustrated and resigned tone in his voice, from that one word she instantly realized what he must be doing.

"OH. You're doing THAT." She started giggling on the other side of the door.

"It's not funny!" he said crossly. His dick was rapidly going flaccid, and he wanted her to go away before he lost his momentum. "Please cut me some slack. I'm not having an easy time with this, okay?"

"Okay. I'm sorry," she said in a more serious tone.

"I have to kind of... finish up here. Can you tell Mom I'll be there in a few minutes?"

She giggled some more, but then she realized that was probably making him feel worse. "Sorry, I can't help it. Sure, I'll go tell Mom."

He had to start his masturbating all over again. Recalling Akami jacking him off with Susan watching got him erect again very easily. Then he was able to get back to his vivid orgy fantasy.

Eventually, he was able to cum into one of the towels he kept in his room.

He felt guilty afterwards that Susan and Suzanne had featured in his fantasy, but he was so worked up that he couldn't really stop himself. They were so sexy that this wasn't the first time he'd masturbated while thinking of them, and he knew that it certainly wouldn't be the last.

He washed his hands and then went quickly to dinner. It was very strange sitting down and eating a spring vegetable casserole with his mother and sister, both of whom were obviously aware that he had just finished masturbating mere minutes before. He feared they could in fact smell it on him.

"Tiger," said his mother, "do you want to talk about this new situation any further?"

"No, I've had enough talking for one day. Let's just call it an early night and talk about it tomorrow. Sheesh."

There was an awkward silence, but then his sister thankfully ended it by talking about her day at school. Alan was greatly relieved, and hardly said a word until the meal was done.

He went back to his room and tried to jerk off several more times that night. He achieved three more orgasms, thinking of Akami each time. By the time he went to sleep that night, his penis was somewhat sore and didn't want to respond, but he was still one short of the required six.

He realized, I'll have to pace myself throughout the day, every day, if I'm gonna make my goal. I'll have to masturbate immediately upon waking every morning, and then, ideally, once more before going to school. This is nuts!

School ran from eight in the morning until three in the afternoon, but he foresaw no chance of sexual relief during those hours. So that means I still have to do it four more times in the afternoon and evening after getting home. That's a lot of times! There's just no way, especially since I don't even have a girlfriend.

Normally he got home and immediately took a nap, which meant he could masturbate before falling asleep and again after waking up. That would still leave him needing two or three more times that night. If I wake up in the middle of the night, I should try to masturbate again before returning to sleep. That could help me to save up a "surplus" for days when I'm below average. ... I wonder ... how soon until I become tired of all this masturbating? There's just no way I can do it every single day. No friggin' way!

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