

## 6 Times 91

### Chapter 91 Sexy Striptease - Another Blowjob

She stopped massaging his neck and stood up, but then an idea occurred to her. "Wait. Why don't you put on some music? Something sexy. I'll give you a little show. That'll put you in the mood."

Alan rolled his desk chair over to his CD collection. He had a lot of music, but he didn't know what qualified as sexy. It's not like I've got that song with all the horns in it that they always play during stripteases, he thought a little bit grumpily. Hmmm. What about "Legs" by ZZ Top? She could show her legs off nicely to that. Or "Let's Go Crazy" by Prince to, well, go crazy?

Oh, I know, he said to himself a little more brightly. "Let's Get It On" by Marvin Gaye. If that isn't sexy, then nothing is. He put the CD in the player, then went back to his desk chair.

Suzanne liked his choice. She closed her eyes and started to sway around a bit. She looked at his lap and said, "You're not going to stay clothed like that, are you? Whip it out."

Alan duly unzipped his shorts. However, his penis was still stubbornly flaccid.

But then she started to groove.

He'd never seen her dance like that before, and was impressed at just how gracefully and rhythmically she could move.

Her whole body flowed to the music as she made long, slow, fluid movements to the sultry song. She ran her hands slowly up and down her still fully-clothed body. She wore a very stylish, fancy scarlet outfit. Now all that clothing worked to her advantage because she had more items to take off, including a jacket, vest, and blouse underneath.

More into it now, she began correcting the fact that she was so overdressed. Her long-sleeved jacket was the first item to come off. Then a pair of pants that was hindering her movements. One by one her other clothes came off. She'd never done a striptease for him before, but it seemed as if she was born to it.

Alan was beside himself with excitement. Despite his weary state, his erection started to rise.

As more items came off, he was surprised to find her actually wearing both bra and panties; it was the first sight of female underwear for him in days. The underwear was typically sexy: a lacy, partially see-through bra, and a tiny pair of panties made out of little more than gauze that just managed to cover her ass crack and bush. The fact that she was wearing these was purely a lucky accident, as she hadn't been expecting to be stripping later that evening when she'd dressed for dinner.

By this point he had a raging hard-on and his pulse was racing, but she was just getting started.

She worked on removing her bra, ever so slowly. But just as she started doing that, the song ended and another in a wildly different style began. She continued to groove as if Marvin Gaye were still playing, and cooed, "Quick. Something else. Sexy."

Alan was stuck. He had to act fast, but he couldn't think of another sexy song off the top of his head. With more time he would have made a different selection, but he put on "Boombastic" by Shaggy.

It was more of an upbeat song with a reggae-styled beat. That wasn't her normal style, but she liked it. She picked up the pace and switched to a more active and wilder dance. It evolved into a sexy bump and grind that got her sweaty from all the activity.

He found himself getting sweaty too, just from watching. His book was completely forgotten; he was hypnotized by her talented pelvic gyrations.

After a few minutes of heart-stoppingly beautiful, nearly-naked dancing, she fell to her knees and crawled towards him. She purposely had her bra barely clinging to her chest. Both bra straps had fallen from her shoulders, yet the cups somehow managed to cover her nipples and not much more. Her milky boobs hung down, seemingly forever, looking impossibly large. She looked up at him with pleading, dark green eyes.

Then she became playful and giggled. "Ooh! Looks like our little friend here likes the show." She sat back on her knees, reached out for his dick, and started stroking it. "You know what I've been doing lately?"

"No. What?" By this point he was in a great mood, ready for anything. Somehow just watching her had reenergized his entire body.

"Every time I come in here and give you a blowjob or handjob, you know what I do afterwards? I go and tell Susan all about it. Every last little detail. The way my hand slides up and down your cock, over and over. The way you shudder when I blow my breath lightly against it. The feel of your cock sliding in and out of my mouth, the saliva dripping off it. The taste of your delicious cum. The joy at seeing or tasting the first drops of pre-cum dribble out. Everything!"

His jaw practically hit the floor.

"She protests of course, and complains that it's 'so improper,' but she loves it. She can't get enough of my sexy talk. She gets so hot that she has to run back to her room and masturbate herself silly, every time. I thought you should know. I wonder how hot she'll get when she hears about this one."

"Are you serious? Or are you just saying that to arouse me?"

"I'm saying it NOW to arouse you, but it's completely true. We usually talk about it during our morning exercise session, right after you leave for school. You should see the fiery look in her eyes and the way her big tits heave with pure lust for you, her one and only son!"

Suzanne let go of his hard-on after giving it a final squeeze. Then she stood back up and returned to her dance. She knew it was a long song, so she wasn't worried about her tempo.

He was excited beyond all reason, especially after that tidbit of news about his mother. He panted and stroked himself with enthusiasm.

She finally took her bra off completely and twirled it over her head, around and around a finger. Then she let it fly across the room. She laughed at just how much she was acting like a real stripper; she was surprising even herself. She said to him, "Save some for me."

He slowed down his stroking.

Her panties came off a bit faster. She twirled them around and flung them away as well. She was as worked up as she'd ever been and didn't want to waste any time. With the song still playing, she dropped to her knees and brought his stiffness to her mouth.

She said, "Just think: because I tell Susan every last blow-by-blow detail, and I do mean blow by blow" - she blew on the head of his dick - "when I suck your cock, in a way, your mother is sucking it too. It's like she's here with us now, watching and listening!"bender

Then she took his stiffness into her mouth.

Alan was so close to the edge and her words were so hot that he came quickly. He lasted a minute at most before he shot his cum into her mouth. He nearly passed out from all the pleasure. His only regret was that he hadn't had a video camera to record her striptease so that he could treasure it forever.

But Suzanne still wasn't done. Since he was far behind in his daily count, she wanted to get at least one more cum out of him. She simply kept her mouth over his prick and remained sucking on his flaccidness.

Within a few minutes, his penis sprang back to life. Eighteen is the typical peak age of male sexual virility, a fact that was apparent to both Suzanne and Alan. He felt he could do no wrong and his erections would repeat forever.

In the middle of her renewed sucking, he asked, "Is that really, REALLY true? What you said about telling everything to Mom? I just can't believe it."

She switched to stroking and licking the tip of his dick so she could talk. "Believe it, baby."

"But she's so prudish!"

Suzanne pulled his shorts all the way off, so she could easily access his balls. "Ha! Yes, obviously there's that prudish part of her, but I've known for ages that there was a raging inferno of lust burning just beneath the surface. You know about the various affairs that I've had for a few years now, right?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, over time, I got in the habit of telling her all about them. In glorious Technicolor detail. How a man's hand felt on my breast." She brought his hand up to her breast as she said this. "Or how a hard cock drove deeper and deeper into my steaming pussy!" She swallowed his erection and took him deeper and deeper into her mouth with each thrust.

Alan couldn't help but feel that it was him in her box instead. It was all he could do not to cum again immediately.

But then she suddenly withdrew again, as if nothing had happened. She said in a casual tone, "Of course, she tut-tutted and protested all the while, but I could tell how hot she got, every single time. It's like the moralistic preacher who's against pornography, yet repeatedly watches lots of porn just to confirm how wrong it is. Given how little sex she got from Ron, it was obvious to me that she was living vicariously through my affairs. Susan and I don't keep any secrets."

She added to herself, Well, not counting one or two I keep from her. But I do tell her just about everything I do, eventually. I'm more honest with her than I ever was with my parents or husband. It's almost like she's my conscience and I have to go to her for approval.

Blowing lightly on his sweet spot while tugging at his balls, she added in a breathy voice, "So, thanks to that little tradition, it goes without saying that we share almost everything that we do to you. I wasn't completely forthcoming to her at first, but now I can be honest in my blow" - she blew particularly seductively - "by blow" - she did it again - "by bloooooow" - she repeated herself again just so she could blow even more on his sensitive skin - "with her. And she practically doesn't even know how to lie. She tells me everything, even her sexy dreams. It takes her a while to get going, but once she does she could easily spend ten minutes describing a five-minute dream blowjob on your cock; that's how much she loves it."

"Oh man!" He groaned loudly, because Suzanne had resumed her cocksucking as soon as she'd finished talking. Just as she'd done after her "steaming pussy" comment, she went deeper and deeper with each pass until she was practically deep throating him.

It was all too much for him; he blew his load after only a minute or so of such intense lip action.

When it was over, he had an overwhelming desire to take Suzanne in his arms and hold her and kiss her forever. But she was determined not to go any further than a blowjob, and wouldn't even allow a hug.

She was in the driver's seat: she could do whatever she wanted, and he could only play along. He wasn't the type of guy to normally take liberties or push his luck.

Afterward they both sat on the floor, lying against his bed side by side.

Suzanne thought, It's all true. Those were good times, talking about my affairs with my best pal. I swear, I probably got more enjoyment out of telling her about my affairs and watching her busty body squirm around than in the actual affairs themselves. And that sharing tradition was key to inspiring my six-times-a-day scheme in the first place. I could see what a sexual being she really was, and it broke my heart knowing that she didn't even masturbate. I do feel bad lying to her and deceiving her about all this, but I can't feel too bad because I know better than anyone else just how terribly she's been suffering in so many ways.

Someday, she'll thank me, I'm sure. Probably some glorious day after she and I finish taking turns giving Sweetie a nice long cocksucking! Hee!

Turning her attention back to Alan, she commented, "Let's see. That's numbers four and five. We still have one more delectable mouthful of cum to go. But it's better to be a woman."

"What do you mean?"

"Guys are so frustratingly limited in the number of orgasms they can handle. But not women. I just came five times during those two songs alone."

"You did? I didn't even notice."

"You will. Believe me, by the time I'm done with you, you'll know everything there is to know about the female body. Actually I take that back, because I don't plan to ever be done with you. I'm going to be your special cock stroker and cocksucker forever, if you'll have me."

Once again he really wanted to kiss her. Lust was turning into love; he felt he was falling head over heels in love with this remarkable older woman. He'd already loved her as a person since before he could walk, but he'd long suppressed his lusty feelings for her. Now he was totally in love with her body too. He reached out towards her with both arms.

But still she wouldn't let him hug her, since she knew that would lead to a passionate kiss. She gently placed his arms back to where they'd been. "Remember," she said softly, "cocksucking is allowed, but no kissing."

"Why?" he asked, genuinely perplexed.

"Because the goal is your six times a day, Sweetie. You don't want to make me all googly-eyed crazy over you with your undoubtedly excellent and passionate kissing, do you?"

He didn't know how to answer that. For one thing, he'd never really kissed a woman before, so he was hardly excellent at it. He got stuck on "Ummm..."

She pressed on, "Well then, as long as you respect my boundaries, I guess a little snuggle is okay."

He gratefully leaned up against her and put his arms around her. He was beyond happy.

She rested her head on his shoulder and heaved a big sigh of contentment. "Sweetie, I'm glad that you know that I've had a lot of affairs. After all, there aren't a whole lot of secrets between the four of us. Five really, with Amy, even though we don't tell her everything. But this is different than any affair or relationship I've ever had before. Those days are over. With you I feel so different. I don't want it to stop. I really hope we can keep doing this forever."

"I do too." He ran his hands through her long, dark, curly hair. He loved the way it felt silky smooth, and the way it could look red with certain lighting but not that red at all at other times. It was always changing its appearance, like sunlight sparking on the ocean.

They remained like that for about a half hour, talking and enjoying each other's company in a (mostly) non-erotic snuggle. He didn't directly assault her breasts or genitals but he did get to enjoy her naked body in subtle ways as he caressed her almost everywhere.

After a lull in the conversation, she looked at her watch and sighed with frustration.

"What is it?" he asked. He was in the middle of massaging her neck and shoulders just like she'd done to him earlier. The difference this time was that they were both completely naked.

"Well, my husband is-" She interrupted herself and laughed. "Remember him? I barely do. Anyway, Eric is probably expecting me. It's late. I wish I could stay here like this for hours, but I should get going." She stood up and started dressing.

Alan suddenly felt wistfully sad that she was leaving. He shivered at the mention of her husband Eric. In recent days he really had nearly forgotten that she was married. Then he thought, Not to mention my mom! She's married too. I can't believe I'm forgetting my own father. Talk about a bad parent, if he makes such a deep impression on his children. Not! It really is like I've never had a father at all. For years now, Ron has been like some distant relative who comes by for Christmas or Easter sometimes.

#### Chapter 92 "How Did I Lose My Bra? Were You Trying To Undress Me While I Was Sleeping?"

Suzanne stood at the door, but then said something to shake him out of his thoughts, which were drifting towards a glum rumination about adultery. With a twinkle in her eye she said, "Wait a sec. I almost forgot something. Before I go, we still have that pesky sixth time to take care of." She walked back towards him. "You can't get rid of me that easily, mister! Drop those pants already!"

Alan's good mood returned instantly, with all thoughts of his absentee father completely forgotten. Since he was still naked, he had no pants to drop.

She walked right past him and lay down on his bed. She said deviously, "Before we get to some more cocksucking, maybe I'll just get forty winks first to recover my strength. You're going to wear out my jaw. I sure hope you don't try anything while I sleep." She winked, and then closed her eyes.

He clearly understood her meaning. If she was "sleeping," then he could do things to her that she otherwise wouldn't allow him to do. He was very aroused by the pretense of him taking advantage of her as she slept. He climbed on top of her and straddled her waist.

She maintained the pretense of sleeping, even making exaggerated snoring sounds. That made both of them laugh, but she kept her eyes and mouth closed despite her laughter.



She didn't have all her clothes on, although she'd just put back on her vest, skirt, and underwear.

He began unbuttoning the buttons on her vest, one by one.

She grew quiet.

He really felt as if he was doing an incredibly nasty thing to a sleeping woman. It aroused him tremendously. Then he went to work on her bra. He had a hard time getting the bra off, and found himself seriously worrying about "waking her." But by gently lifting her up a bit he eventually managed to get it unhooked and removed from behind her back.

Now, finally, was his big chance to explore her huge tits to his heart's content. He touched them tentatively, and wasn't chastised for it.

She still pretended deep sleep.

Soon, he was vigorously groping her ivory twins.

Her quiet breathing turned to moans, and a soft smile spread across her face. She loved it, even if his touch lacked subtlety. She loved his lusty enthusiasm.

He pinched and pulled at her nipples in every way he could think of. Then he did something he had always wanted to do: he took a nipple in his mouth and suckled it.

She moaned even louder with pleasure.

He alternated between suckling and nibbling on one tit while he groped the other.

He grew increasingly excited at the prospect of just how far she might let him go. He didn't really know how far he himself was ready to go just then, but he was eager to find out. He slid down her body a bit and put his hand on her skirt to take it off. Unfortunately, that broke the spell.

She opened her eyes, sat up, and moved his hand away.

"Alan, what do you think you're doing?" she said with mock indignation. "I'm shocked. Shocked!" But her mood was still playful.

He laughed at the line from the movie 'Casablanca'.

"How did I lose my bra? Were you trying to undress me while I was sleeping?" she asked with false cluelessness. "What were you planning on doing to me? Were you thinking of - oh my God, you weren't going to rape me in my sleep, were you? Bad Alan!" She playfully swatted at him. Imitating Susan's drunken voice, she added, "Sho wery impwoper!"

That really cracked both of them up. It also reminded him of his earlier out-of-control fantasy of fucking (if not even raping) his mother by the pool, which excited him that much further.

"I think you need to be punished. Severely. Forty lashes! Forty lashes of my tongue around your big fat pecker!" She lay down on the bed with her head between his outstretched legs and sucked him off like she'd already done twice earlier.

But, maddeningly for him, she took delight in repeatedly stopping and talking to him. She really wanted to prolong his joy this time.

"You see what I mean?" she asked as she paused with his boner in her hand. "You see what I mean about today at the pool?"

"No. What?"

"What I was saying before about how your mom and your sister both have the hots for you. They're both so hot for your cock that it's not even funny." She went back to licking his shaft.

After a minute of silence from him she stopped long enough to say, "A-ha! You don't deny it!"

He really couldn't deny that fact anymore, but it troubled him. "But Aunt Suzy, isn't that wrong? I don't know what the hell the doctor and nurse are thinking with their suggestions and, for that matter, their whole treatment idea. It's wrong for Mom and Sis to touch my dick. That's incest!"

She stopped licking again. "Alan, Alan, Alan," she said, as if she was losing patience with his ignorance. "That's not incest. Incest is intercourse. A blowjob or handjob is not a big deal; it's just a fun little thing. I know one mother with a hyperactive teenage son. Whenever he gets too wild, she's found that if she gives him a blowjob he calms right down. It's not like they're sleeping with each other - that would be wrong."

He was very skeptical. "I don't know, Aunt Suzy. This is all too weird for me."

He let the topic drop. In truth, his objections weren't really that strong in the first place; it was more of a case of him feeling obliged to say the moral and responsible thing. Deep down, he was totally thrilled by what could happen.

She returned to her cocksucking duties, taking him deeper and deeper. Then, just as she had him on the edge of a great climax, she pulled back and completely stopped once again.

"What is it this time?" he cried out in frustration.

"Promise me one thing." She made several swipes at the tip of his dick with her tongue to keep him half-insane with lust.

"What? What is it?!"

"Promise me you won't forget about me tomorrow." She engulfed him again and resumed a deeper sucking.

He groaned loudly, both at the pleasure she was giving and at her frustratingly cryptic comments. He wanted to remain silent until his impending cum before he continued the conversation, but after just a few moments he had to ask, "What? What's going to happen tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow is a Tuesday, and you know what that means," she said, then returned to sucking. She was loving his frustration, but in a playful way, not with malice.

"Arrgh! What does that mean?"

She stopped again, and lightly rubbed the sensitive spot below his cockhead with her fingers to keep him building to a climax during a longer pause. "Don't you remember? Tuesday is the day the nurse said you need an abnormality check of your penis. Whatever that means. Apparently it's up to your mom to give you one. Remember to keep telling her I have poor eyesight, by the way, or she might try to back out. She's already basically told the rest of us to get lost for the whole day. I want to back off anyway, in the hopes that if it's just you and her together, she'll lose all control."

bender

His heart pounded wildly as he considered that.

"So I'm just asking: tomorrow, when she's the one sucking you off, don't completely forget about me, okay? I'll be back for you with my eager tongue on Wednesday."

"Arrgh!" he cried out again. "Don't say that! You can't be serious!" She resumed sucking him, and this time he could hold out no longer. He shot deep into her mouth. He was so aroused that he grabbed the back of her head and thrust his cock forcefully into her. She just took him in deeper and deeper until his pubic hair tickled her nose - she was deep throating him again.

She sucked in all the cum he could shoot out, as if her mouth was a bottomless vacuum.

As he shot his ropes of cum straight down her throat, he pondered what she'd said. Could she really mean it? My mom? Touching my dick tomorrow? No! It can't be!

Oh God, this feels so good! Fuck! Aunt Suzy, suck me dry! YES!

After Suzanne left, Alan felt completely drained. He took a quick shower and finished his nightly toilet rituals. Then he went straight to bed. As he lay there, he let the entire incredible day pass through his mind.

Let's see if I came six times or not. I masturbated twice in the morning. Then Aunt Suzy jacked me off in the pool. Then she started stroking me, but left me hanging and got out of the pool. I was so damn horny that I had to rush to my room to cum. I wonder if that counted, because I didn't really get the "prolonged stimulation" Akami says I need.

But I suppose it doesn't matter much, since Aunt Suzy blew me THREE more times that evening! Yeay! Go Suzanne; you're so awesome! But still, I wonder if I should put a checkmark on my chart for that possible seventh time or not? Maybe I should ask Akami what "prolonged stimulation" is exactly. At least that way I'll know for sure that my daily count is accurate.

Shortly thereafter, sleep overtook him.

### Chapter 93 Obsessed Over His Cock.

Susan woke up the next morning feeling very conflicted. Yet again, she'd had strange dreams involving her son. This time she'd dreamt that she was Akami and that she had been the one who had jacked off and then sucked off Alan's erection. In the dream there was also a Susan at the appointment, and she had watched this other woman, who was naked and shamelessly frigging herself. It felt very strange, like an out-of-body experience.

She'd had other dreams that were much the same, such as one where she watched Suzanne give Alan a prolonged cocksucking. Those dreams seemed incredibly real, especially since Susan had never personally given a handjob or blowjob. But no doubt they were helped by the way Suzanne had described to Susan, in intimate detail on a daily basis, the recent sexual fun she'd had with Alan.

Susan both wanted and didn't want to experience such things in real life. Her desire was strong, but so was her sense of guilt. She didn't know how she would react when she saw Alan that morning, but the dreams helped make her extremely aroused. She dressed in a robe that had great potential for mischief, to say the least. It was a recent gift from Suzanne, and actually it was more like a sexy nightie than a true robe.

She stood in front of the full-length mirror in her bedroom, trying to gain courage. I'm dressed like some kind of wanton harlot! I'm not wearing any undies! As if that isn't bad enough, I've got a feeling that before long my robe will be wide open, even down below my belly button! But I need to do this. Tiger needs my help! He has all that nasty, evil cum building up in his balls. He needs to squirt it all out!

Besides, it's only visual stimulation. It's not like he's going to touch me. He's not gonna run his hands up and down my body, knocking the straps off my shoulders so he can fully cup my big tits in his manly hands. That is NOT going to happen. No, I'm just going to stand there and look good so his member will grow thick and hard and long. That's not a sin. There's nothing wrong with that. Heck, he saw me completely naked yesterday at the pool, so this is nothing compared to that, right?

And I definitely won't be touching him! That's right out. I'm not about to hold and caress his great big erection with my hand. No, make that two hands. A huge, uh, phallus like that really needs two hands on it at all times. At least that's what Suzanne says. Plus... I wonder... what would it be like... to... my mouth. To use my mouth on him! She says it's the absolute best! The ultimate!

She sighed heavily. But that's a pleasure I'll never know. Never, ever, ever, no matter how much I need it. Er, I mean, how much I'm curious about it. I'm just being a helpful mommy by showing off my body to him in sexy ways!

She ran her hands all over herself, supposedly in an effort to smooth and straighten her robe. But in reality, she was like a volcano of lust on the cusp of eruption.

When Alan came down for breakfast, he not only saw his mother in a robe again, but saw his sister in one too. Until recently, Katherine was always so conservatively dressed around the house that he hadn't even known that she owned a robe. Thanks to all the clothes she'd borrowed from Suzanne, Susan had the more alluring robe of the two, if it could even be called a robe. It was semi-transparent if looked at in the right light. The sashes across their waists, which held the robes closed, hung loosely on each of them.

He was hard even before he'd entered the dining room, just thinking of the possibilities. The reality actually far exceeded his fantasies. Whoa! Damn! It's like she's totally naked! No, it's even sexier than total nudity, somehow. This is gonna be a great day, for sure!

Susan's first reaction to Alan was one of a chastised and sorrowful woman. "Tiger, please forgive me, forgive us, for our behavior at the pool yesterday. As you can guess, I was pretty smashed, but that's no excuse. I should have remained in control. As the mother of this house, it was my responsibility to see

that everyone behaved properly. I don't even remember half of what happened but I imagine I did some improper things. Rest assured that nothing like that will ever happen again."

He shrugged and nodded his head in agreement. He was amazed that she was talking about that without even mentioning the outrageous clothes she was wearing.

But while her mouth was saying one thing, her body and her clothes (or lack thereof) were saying something else entirely. She actually remembered everything that had happened, and she'd had the time of her life between her alcoholic high and her erotic arousal. She couldn't consciously admit it to herself, but unconsciously she was trying to get more to happen even before he left for school.

She continued, "For one, I remember lying naked. And your hands were all over me, touching me, caressing me ... in intimate places. Suzanne and Angel were naked too. And you touched us all. To my shame, I just sat there and watched, letting you have your way with everyone. I have no idea what happened, but it's wrong. So wrong, I tell you. Wrong!"

He just nodded. He was thinking that the way she put it, it actually sounded sexy and arousing, not like a chastisement.

She shyly looked down at her curvaceous body and added, "True, there's nothing wrong with nakedness, per se. After all, you have a serious need for visual stimulation and we're all trying to help with that. But touching in intimate places, that's a completely different matter. There's no excuse for that; don't you agree?"

Again, all he could do was nod his head. It seemed to him that Susan was getting horny from just her own words, and that left him almost speechless. On top of that, there was her jaw-dropping appearance.

Susan's robe was sleeveless, so there was great potential for a strap to fall off a shoulder and expose her chest. There was a zipper in front, but somehow, by the time Susan walked over to the table to serve both her children their breakfast omelettes, the zipper had opened to below her belly button. The robe was so open that, just standing there, one of her nipples was hanging out.

She walked as if she were in a dream and someone else was making her move.

Alan felt sure that his hard-on was going to burst, splattering cum all over the room, just from the sight of his mother standing there. He wondered idly if the robe would fall down altogether if both straps fell off her shoulders.

But Katherine didn't want her mother to take all the attention. "Mom, it looks like your robe is coming undone," she pointed out.

"Oh dear; you're right! Thanks." Susan pulled her robe closed and went back to the kitchen. However, she didn't zip up the front, which meant it opened right back up again as soon as she took her hands away from it.bender

The contradictions of the situation were not addressed - Susan was pretending to be concerned about exposing herself just minutes after explaining that nudity was okay to help with the "visual stimulation." Mostly, logic had gone out the window; her lust was in the driver's seat.

Katherine took advantage of Alan's attention on Susan by surreptitiously opening her own robe wider. Still, she was at a disadvantage compared to her mother, since all she could do was sit and eat breakfast, while Susan was actively walking around and bending over the table much of the time, carrying plates to and fro, bringing fruit, refilling glasses of juice, and so forth. Additionally, the fact that Susan's robe was semi-transparent made it even harder for Katherine to compete.

So Alan would stare at his sister's chest nearby or his mother's body further off. But when Susan came back to the dining table for some reason, he would focus all of his attention on the sight of his mother bending over with her boobs swaying before his eyes. There was an unstated yet growing competition between the two women. Katherine kept opening her robe more and more, until both of her nipples weren't even close to being covered.

Susan bent over near Alan more and more as well, offering him a bottle of molasses, the salt shaker from the table, and so on - any excuse to tease him again. Her gargantuan mammaries were barely contained in her robe even while she was just standing, and her boobs now completely fell out every time she bent over near him. She periodically checked his lap, secretly delighting in the lewd bulge that she saw there.

As if that wasn't arousing enough, she kept talking about the "need" to help him with his visual stimulation. She went on and on about how important it was for him to keep his balls drained dry of "all that nasty, sinful sperm."



Finally both of his mother's straps did fall off at once, revealing all of her huge rack, but she held the robe to her body by pressing her arms to her sides. The sash was undone as well, and her robe very nearly fell all the way off her body. Her pussy somehow managed to stay covered, but her dark bush was easily visible through the semi-transparent fabric. She reluctantly put the straps back into place so she could walk away without having the robe fall to her feet. She broke into a smile as she walked away, because now she was in a mental zone where her guilt had turned off and she was just enjoying herself.

She thought, Tiger's so HARD for me today! He's not even trying to hide that huge penis-shaped bulge in his shorts. I hope I help him have a nice climax before school, though it is a shame about him spilling his seed upon the ground. Suzanne says his cum belongs in a woman's mouth, or on her face or chest. I wonder what it would be like to have his thick member in MY mouth when he cums. Would I taste his cum, or would it go straight down my throat? Would I feel like I'm choking? Would I still be able to breathe through my nose? Would I make lewd gurgling and gagging noises? Mmmm! That must be so exciting!

I can't do that, obviously. But what if I take this robe off and offer him my face and my chest? It doesn't count as touching if he cums all over me, right? In fact, it's practically my RESPONSIBILITY as a mother to save him from sin and make sure all his cum lands on my skin!

She was practically obsessed by thoughts of his boner and his orgasms. She was getting more hot and bothered by the minute.

At first, both women continued to remind the other that their robes were falling open, in an attempt to foil the competition, but since it was hard to do that with a straight face when your own robe was open at the same time, they switched to complaining about how poorly designed their robes were.

"Sorry Tiger, I don't know what's with this robe, but it just won't stay closed," Susan griped as she walked to the table yet again. She didn't even make a pretense at covering up anymore, and walked to him essentially bare-chested. "I hope you don't mind looking at this old cow."

"Old cow? Mom, you're so divine! You're the sexiest mother in the whole school, I'm sure."

"Oh, poo. You're just saying that." She bent over to pour him some more pineapple juice, asking seductively, "Would you like your mother to give you some milk instead?"

It was all he could do not to stretch his head forward and suck on the tit dangling mere inches from his face. The nipple there was fully erect, as were the other three visible nipples in the room.

She stood up, secretly reveling in the idea of breast-feeding her son. "Oh my," she said, looking down at her chest and putting the robe at least somewhat back into place, covering her nipples (though just barely). "I hope you weren't looking at my chest, because that would be terribly naughty. I don't know how to wear this robe of Suzanne's at all." The cleavage that remained on display between her full globes seemed as deep as the Grand Canyon.

"Yeah, it's like, why do they even bother with these sashes, they're so useless," Katherine agreed, given that her own ample chest was completely bared as well. "Looks like you need to fix yours again, Mom."

It hadn't taken ten seconds for Susan's big tits to fall all the way out of her robe again. She smiled at her daughter in friendly competition and partially closed her robe yet again. Look at how he looks at me. Such LUST in his eyes! He's horny for his big-titted mommy! He definitely is!

Alan had an almost desperate need to masturbate. But sitting there at the dining table, supposedly eating breakfast, he had no privacy at all. Even so, his need was so great that he considered playing "pocket pool," using a hand in a pocket of his shorts to masturbate.

Whenever he wasn't ogling his mother, he was ogling his sister. She looked fantastic, and her robe was opening wider all the time as well. Since she was sitting across the table from him, he couldn't see what was happening below her waist. He wondered just how open her robe was down there.

As he finished his meal, Susan finally sat down next to him to eat her own food. Her robe fell completely open as she sat, giving him a great view of her pussy.

His pulse raced and his breathing grew very heavy. His eyes drifted up to her face, lingering at her bare chest along the way.

She saw where his gaze was going, and felt abashed. Uh-oh! That's my very naughty place. I really shouldn't let him look there. But it's just looking, right? It's not like I'm going to let him finger me while my fingers slide up and down his massive cock! Er, I mean, his enormous member. No, it's just looking. I need to get used to this, because Suzanne says I'm going to be completely nude around him a lot.

With that new attitude in mind, she smiled at him, despite knowing full well what he was looking at. She even encouraged him with her eyes to stare at her pussy some more. She spread her legs even wider for him, even as she complained, "Damn useless robe. I might as well take the whole thing off!" Her entire body felt so hot that she practically worried her robe would burst into flames if she didn't remove it completely, and soon.

Alan didn't have a chance to stop the swell of orgasmic release welling up within him. Without any help from his hands, he began ejaculating into his underwear. He rushed his hands to his crotch and silently groaned, while he hoped desperately and improbably that the large "O" shape he'd made with his surprised face didn't give away what had just happened.

But everyone knew. Katherine was upset yet again that Susan had been able to get away with things that she could not.

Susan watched his eyes roll into his head, and saw a wet spot rapidly growing where his shorts were tented out. YESSSS! Cum hard, Son! Cum for Mommy! MMMM! Just like that! YES! This is what it's all about. You see? He didn't touch me and I didn't touch him, but I was able to give him the help he clearly needed.

"Did you enjoy your breakfast?" Susan asked Alan in an innocent tone, trying to suppress a grin. It was obvious from her face that she knew what had just happened. She felt "tingly" all over, and her pussy throbbed and leaked. She closed her robe up most of the way, now that she wasn't trying to keep his erection stiff.

"Um, yeah. It was very good," he said as innocently as he could. He was too overwhelmed to be clever, or even properly express his appreciation.

"Well then, you'd better get up and take your shower," she said, now seemingly all business. "You've got to be out the door in fifteen minutes."

He had completely forgotten about the need to go to school. That unpleasant reality hit him like a splash of cold water.

Both Susan and Katherine stared at him expectantly, waiting for him to stand.

Alan realized he couldn't, owing to the embarrassingly large wet spot now growing on the front of his shorts.

They were well aware of his problem, which is why they both wanted to see him stand.

Susan hoped to use the need to clean his wet shorts as an excuse to get him out of them altogether. She suddenly had visions of rubbing his penis through his shorts in an effort to "clean" them of the stain he'd made. Or even "cleaning" his cummy dick without his annoying shorts in the way.

Stalling for time, he asked, "Doesn't Sis have to take a shower as well?"

"I suppose she does," Susan conceded reluctantly. "Angel?"

"I already took mine," Katherine lied. "But I think it's very important that Brother takes his now," she said enthusiastically as she giggled. She definitely wanted to see him stand up.

They still both sat there with their robes once again opened to varying degrees.

A bolt of inspiration struck Alan. "Mom, I could use another muffin."

Katherine butted in. "Oh you could? So you want to stuff your mouth on a muffin, and you want your mother to give it to you. Interesting." She giggled some more.

Susan by contrast said, "Sure thing, Tiger. Really I don't understand what the big deal is about a muffin, Angel."

Katherine's sexual innuendo - "stuff ... mouth ... muffin" - went right past Susan. It was one result of the bombshell mother being so sheltered from all things sexual for her entire life. She got up and walked to the kitchen.

Alan, seeing his chance, pulled his chair away and, with both hands still on his crotch, rushed past his mother while she was still walking to the kitchen. He sped upstairs to his room.

Both women were disappointed that he'd escaped, but they let it slide without comment.

Once he had left the kitchen, Susan turned towards Katherine and said, "Angel, a little bit of visual teasing can help Tiger out with his problem. Frankly, I'm very concerned that you're helping him too enthusiastically, but I suppose it's unavoidable. However, under no circumstances are you to touch him in any way, or have him touch you. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Yes, Mom," Katherine said submissively, bowing her head.

"Good. We have to have firm boundaries or we'll all fall into sin. Frankly, I'm surprised at what's come over you!" Susan said indignantly and hypocritically.

Katherine let that slide as well. She could have hit that hypocrisy out of the park, but she didn't want to discourage her mother's sexual awakening in any way, because if she did she figured Susan would apply stricter sexual rules to everyone.

Once Alan was gone, the two of them seemed to have no more difficulty keeping their robes closed. Susan even zipped the front of hers all the way up.

A few minutes later, in the shower, Alan began masturbating to the sexy images of his mother and sister in their robes (and out of them) that were flooding his brain. FUCK ME, man! Everything is so damn arousing! If it's not Mom, it's Sis. If it's not Sis, it's Mom! The way things are going, is it unreasonable to hope that things are going to get overtly physical, even with Mom?! It's so incredible! Unbelievable! But my eyes don't lie. God, that robe! And the way it kept falling off her! UNGH!

But before he could climax, his sister knocked on the bathroom door, saying, "You're late, you big doof! Mom says you've got one minute to get out of there and out the front door!"

He left the shower extremely frustrated, embarrassed, and horny.

#### Chapter 94 "This Is Just An Affectionate Family Hug. It's Not Like This Is Sexual Or Anything, Is It?"

By the time Alan had dressed and come downstairs, Katherine had already left for school. He grabbed his backpack and rushed to the front door.

But before he got there, Susan asked, "Wait. Tiger, aren't you going to give me a goodbye hug?" She was expressing her recently discovered love of hugging. She held her arms out expectantly, which at least held up the straps of the robe.

He walked back and hugged her.

But she had just surreptitiously unzipped the front of her robe, so it immediately opened up enough for her big melons to become exposed yet again. She hadn't consciously wanted to do that, but it seemed her burning hot body had a mind of its own. Suddenly, all that stood between her hard nipples on their round mountains of succulent tit-flesh and his bare skin was his thin white T-shirt.

At first they just held each other, and Alan did little more than absorb the fact that his topless mother was pressing her breasts into him. Holy hell! I can't believe this is happening! Not only is she bare-breasted, but she totally did that on purpose! I think she's hot for me! My super prudish bombshell mom! My God!

But soon he started working his hands over her back, running them up and down. That made him recall applying the suntan lotion to her back (and elsewhere) just the day before, which didn't help calm him down at all.

She thought, Oh dear! This is not good! Why did I just do that?! I've been so naughty lately. It's really bad. But it feels so good! MMMM! Not only are my breasts crushed against his manly chest, but I can totally feel his cock pressing against me just below my tummy! His great big cock! Er, uh, I mean, his, uh, member. But, uh, there's nothing wrong with that, is there? We're just hugging. Mothers and sons hug all the time. Just because I'm topless... it's okay as long as one of us is wearing clothes, right?!

His erection wasn't really poking into her, because he felt shy about that and was trying hard to avoid that form of contact, but she'd lightly brushed against it a few times.bender

It occurred to him that the straps of her robe were just tenuously hanging on her shoulders, and that if he moved his hands a little more strategically he could shake them off her shoulders and move the robe further down. He did, and it worked.

He half-expected her to protest, but instead she actually temporarily let go of him to allow the robe to fall down and become completely free of her arms. Now all that held the robe up was the sash around her waist.

He went back to exploring her back, enjoying it all the more now that it was just bare flesh under his hands. As the seconds passed, his willpower crumbled. It wasn't long before his hard-on was continuously pressing into her, since they were pressed so closely together.

She thought, Mmmm! Yessss! My son is so big and strong and handsome! I know that I'm helping him do his thing, because I can feel his thick member really poking into me now! Oh my goodness, that feels nice! It's so HOT, literally! Like a burning poker. I can feel it pulsing with life! My son is such a STUD!

Out of the blue, she asked, "I meant what I said before about no touching, but hugging is different, don't you think? I mean, what kind of mother wouldn't want to hug her own son?"

"Yep, I totally agree. Hugs are great." He would have agreed that the moon was made out of green cheese if it would have prolonged their intimate hug a little longer.

Their faces were incredibly close to each other the whole time, which he found disconcerting. He tended to keep his head tilted to one side or the other, because he was afraid that if he looked at her straight on he would end up kissing her. He tried to avoid that at all cost. He knew that even if she agreed to a passionate kiss at the time, later she would probably be very hurt that he'd taken advantage of the situation, and that was the one thing in the world he would never want to do - to hurt his mother. Teasing was one thing, but if they kissed there would be no denying they'd crossed a line.

She nuzzled her head into his neck and squeezed him tighter. She knew it was time for her to let go, but she was having great trouble actually doing so. "Have a good day at school, okay?"

"I will, Mom." One of his hands wandered to the edge of her ass.

"Don't forget, your mother loves you," she added, prolonging the hug still more. She rubbed her bare tits all over his chest as if her boobs were looking for some kind of way to get past his shirt. Her hands meanwhile just pawed at his back over and over again, sometimes gripping him.

"I won't." He was very embarrassed by the way his rampant erection was pressing up against her, but he felt there was nothing he could do about it. He knew there was no way she couldn't feel the phallic object pressing into her stomach and know exactly what it was.

She pretended not to notice though. "I'm so glad we have these opportunities to be more affectionate now. Don't you agree? Or do you find this increased familiarity upsetting?" She was clearly stalling for time so the hug could last longer. It was almost absurd the way her huge tits were now insistently exploring his entire chest. She was slowly rubbing her body up and down him repeatedly, as if she had one giant itch that desperately needing scratching. The absurdity of the situation only grew with her description of this just being an ordinary, familial hug.

"Uhhh... Not upsetting," He stammered. Somehow, his hands found themselves fully cupping her luscious ass cheeks through her thin robe.

She mewled with contentment.

They continued to rub up against each other. It was as if they were having an all-out make-out session, except that they weren't actually kissing. Her hard nipples stabbed into him and her breathing grew more labored.

He didn't know why, but he found himself saying, "This is just an affectionate family hug. It's not like this is sexual or anything, is it?"

"Oh no!" she agreed far too loudly, pressing her tummy hard into his throbbing pole. "Certainly not! Don't even think it. We're just being very ... familiar."

He was amazed to realize from her face that, at least on some level, she was sincerely trying to believe that. Even as she said it, she brought her tits to the level of his nipples and then slowly pushed them up his chest all the way to his collar. Her body moved so much that he couldn't keep holding onto her ass cheeks, so his hands generally slid over her lower back instead.



They hugged even longer, if such motions could be called hugging. It was more like she was a cat in heat, trying to relieve herself by rubbing up against a post.

Trying to be a good son, he brought his hands back up to her bare back. He didn't realize it, but with all of the rubbing motion, the only thing still holding her robe up was his hands on her ass, so as soon as he moved his hands away from her waist, her robe finally fell all the way to the floor.

She was so horny that it barely even registered with her, at least not at first. Now his shorts and underwear were all that stood between his rampant cock and her bare skin. A big wet spot was soaking through his shorts, actually wetting her just above her bush. On some level she was aware of that happening, but she was not fully conscious of it.

He didn't know what to do. He felt a desperate desire to bring his hands around and fondle her heavy globes, but he forced himself not to. He just tried to keep his hands on her back, or caressing her long flowing hair.

He had a vision of the class at school for which he would undoubtedly be late. Class was probably starting any minute. That made him want to hold on even longer, so he'd never have to leave this incredible place and return to the real world.

Trying to keep the hug going, he said, "We never used to hug at all, did we?"

She was pressing up against him extremely closely now, trying to subtly rub her body against his raging erection. She was moving in a short circular motion, effectively jacking him off where he was pressed against her hard body. "Well, not since you were a little boy."

He looked into her eyes and saw such a fiery, lusty gleam that he had to turn away. The urge to kiss her lips was almost overwhelming. He muttered inanely, "Good to make up for lost time, huh?"

"Definitely!" She said the word like she was in the throes of passion, crying out "Fuck me!"

Taking advantage of her obviously increasing horniness, he dropped his hands to her ass and groped it freely. He still kept his head turned though, because he didn't trust himself. If he started kissing her,

there was no telling what would happen next, and some part of him still held back out of fear of the unknown and potentially disastrous consequences that action might bring.

A sudden bolt of arousal and alarm shot down her spine. Oh no! His hands are on my ass! My bare ass! Good Lord, I'm completely buck naked! I should stop this right away. But on the other hand, it's nothing he didn't do yesterday by the pool, right? Gaawwwd, did he paw my bare ass then! It felt so fantastic, and it feels even better now! Anyway, he's still clothed. As long as one of us is, it doesn't count, right?

Besides, isn't it time for him to learn more about a woman's body, without the distraction of intercourse? And who better to teach him that than his own mommy? I can help him do his thing, and he can do it all over my face and chest! MMMM! YES!

His hand felt only flesh, not clothes, but he was so overwhelmed by the whole experience that his brain didn't really register what that meant: her robe had fallen to the floor and she was now completely naked. But he definitely was taking full advantage of the resulting exposure: he was vigorously kneading her ass flesh with both hands.

His courage boosted by his arousal, he finally allowed himself to stare directly into her face without flinching. He said, boldly, "I love you, Mom."

"I love you too, Tiger. So much." He drank in the sight of her shimmering brown eyes, so close to his. She raised herself to her full height and leaned in even closer.

He thought, This is it! We're going to kiss on the lips! He no longer had the willpower or desire to resist.

But he was wrong. She kissed him once, but only on the nose. Then she reluctantly pulled away and let him go.

She'd finally "come to her senses" and realized their hug had gone too far. She looked to the floor. "Oh dear me, how embarrassing." Thanks to all of her frantic rubbing against him, her robe now lay in a heap around her feet.

She appeared to be genuinely surprised by that, but now she played it up. "Would you look at that. I'm stark naked! How embarrassing!" She just stood there without using her hands to cover her nipples or

even her pussy. Her great lust was still driving her, despite her semi-restraint. "Tiger, I'm your mother!" She clutched at her bare tits with both hands. "Just because I have these overly large breasts, that doesn't mean I should be rubbing them against your chest! Especially when you have me completely naked and helpless like this!"

Alan groaned inwardly as she turned away from him, no doubt to give him another chance to visually explore her entire body. He took full advantage of the opportunity to devour her with his eyes. The air was redolent with the fragrance of her aroused pussy.

After she could delay no longer, she bent over to pick up the robe, but in doing so she turned away from him and kept her knees ramrod straight so that her bending was entirely at the waist. That left her ass hanging in the air only a foot in front of him.

It was all he could do not to grab her there. He worried that if he did, he would lose control, take his erection out, and soon be plowing into her cunt. Even so, he toyed with the idea, not ruling it out completely. After all, he was a teenage boy, unable to process so much outrageous stimulation and temptation.

Her hands lingered on the floor for a few moments while she slowly gathered the robe together. She seemed to be daring him to rub his pulsing bulge against her exposed ass cheeks. She knew he could see her slit and just how wet it was, but that only thrilled her even more.

His skin was burning all over from the intensity and excitement; he literally felt so hot that he half expected steam to start pouring out of his ears.

Her actions were torturing him and they both knew it. Apparently she felt guilty about the torture, because she stood back up, turned around, and slowly put her robe back on. Then, with her face blushing as shame and guilt returned, she said, "Tiger, in the future, I think it's best if we only hug when, uh, when we're both dressed a little more properly. ... It's not that there's anything wrong with a friendly hug, but... Just so people don't get the wrong impression, you know."

"That's true." He looked around, wondering how and where he'd be able to cum, given that he was running late for school. He knew he had a wet spot on the front of his shorts, and an even bigger one on his underwear. That gave him an idea. "Um, Mom, I was just thinking... I think I'm gonna wear brown shorts today."

She looked at his shorts and saw the wet spot she'd helped make. She felt shivers as she recalled her own wetness, which in fact was still there. "Oh! Good idea!"

He rushed upstairs (although he couldn't move that fast because he had such a raging erection). His plan was not to just change his shorts and underwear, but to get the relief he so desperately craved by jacking off first. He figured he could do that in less than a minute, he was so insanely aroused.

Once he was in his room, he stripped his clothes off below the waist and sat on the edge of his bed. He sighed with relief as he held his erection and started to stroke it.

But just then, Susan walked in. He'd been in such a hurry that he'd left his door wide open. She had changed to a different, less-transparent robe that was barely clinging to her. One shoulder strap had fallen down, leaving nearly all of her huge rack exposed before his eyes.

She started to say, "Tiger, you're already late for-" But her words trailed off, and she just gawked shamelessly at the hot, pulsing boner that was now fully exposed in his eager hands. OH MY GOD! Dear Lord, have mercy! Have mercy! Just look at all that hot, thick... COCK!

He just sat there frozen, uncertain of what to do. He felt too freaked out to keep jacking off with her staring at him. Besides, he realized that he'd been in such a frantic rush that he didn't even have a towel or anything else to cum into.

He whimpered helplessly. His need to cum was so great that he wanted to cry.

She stepped forward, thinking, This is my time, my chance! I need to help him do his thing! I should jack off his big fat cock!

The fact that she was thinking the word "cock" was an indication of just how far gone she was. But she still retained some shreds of restraint. She slowed down, and even stumbled in confusion. When she came to a stop, she stood in a way that offered a profile view, holding the robe in a way that showed off her breasts and her butt while also both frowning and blushing. To call her confused would have been an understatement.

Alan made a snap decision. Knowing the clock was ticking, he got up, went to his dresser, and put on different underwear and shorts. He decided to do the responsible thing and go to school; he would have to deal later with his urgent need to cum.

That took the wind out of Susan's sails, which forced her to return to "mothering" mode. She helped him get his things and get out the door without further incident. But, because they were in a hurry, she continued to wear the semi-transparent robe, keeping his dick in a state of constant stiffness.

She was still so relentlessly horny that she didn't trust herself to drive her car. As a result, he had to ride his bike to school.

He had an intense case of blue balls, so riding to school sitting on the narrow bike seat was complete torture.

As soon as Susan heard the door close, she had his wet underwear in one hand and his shorts in the other. She couldn't help herself. While sniffing on one wet spot, she rubbed the other all over her chest, kneading her breasts as she did so. Her excitement skyrocketed. Look at me! This is terrible! I'm so baaaad!

Within minutes, Susan was in her bathroom, pretending to take a shower. In fact, she was masturbating to thoughts of what she'd done to Alan that morning and at the pool the day before.

Gaawwwd! That was close! It was all I could do not to drop to my knees and rip those shorts off his clear off. I'm obsessed! Sexually obsessed with my son! And I'm a married, Christian woman.

Oh dear. And that penis of his, that big fat erection! It's all I can think about now. I can still feel it burning into my skin. So hot! But it's wrong. Wrong, wrong, wrong, wrong! That hug was crazy. I should be deeply ashamed. I AM ashamed. I stood there naked, rubbing my bare skin against him, like some kind of shameless hussy! What if my parents or sisters had seen that? I would die of shame!

Thank goodness for Suzanne. Without her advice and help, I don't know what I'd do. She told me that lust is okay, as long as it's not romantic. I just have to think of 'the penis in the abstract.; It's not my son's penis that was poking into me, so big and full and round and long and hot! MMMM! So good! It's just a generic penis. It's just a biological organ that happens to need to spill its seed six times a day all over me.

I mean, uh, all over. It doesn't have to be MY face and chest that gets splattered in yummy cum, not necessarily.

Oh goodness! His abnormality check is today! How will I ever get through that, after my wanton behavior just now? Dear Lord, please give me strength.

Torn between lust and reason, she agonized over what she should do, even as she continued to finger her clit and slit under the pretense of getting clean in the shower.

#### Chapter 95 Ms. Rhymer Found Out?

With so many sexual thoughts and images floating through Alan's head, it was no surprise that he spaced out in school once again. One thought that consumed him was the likelihood that Suzanne would come over in the morning and tell Susan every last detail about the three blowjobs she'd given him the night before. He imagined the two of them sitting around the dining room table talking, robes falling open all over the place, with his mother getting so excited that she would end up surreptitiously frigging herself under the table.

The fact that, in real life, she hadn't actually done something like that yet in front of Suzanne was somewhat surprising, because her self-control was so low once she became really excited.

The second and even more consuming thought for Alan was Suzanne's comment that his mother would be performing an abnormality check on his dick later that day. He was dying of curiosity to find out if that was true, but he'd been too shy, and also otherwise occupied with drool-inducing views of his sister and mother, to ask her about it that morning.

He wasn't entirely sure what an abnormality check even was, although he remembered that, technically speaking, Akami had given him one during his last appointment. He didn't see much difference between what she'd done and a handjob, except that her thumb had pressed into the sides of his erection in a systematic way.

He thought, But really, it's almost exactly the same as a handjob. In fact, it basically IS a handjob, because while Akami's thumb was doing all that pressing, her other hand was stroking me and making me feel exquisitely good. Is Mom going to do that, two hands and all?!

The possibility that Susan would jack him off when he came home from school drove him nearly senseless with distraction. Even if Suzanne's comment turned out not to be true, he was certain that more exciting things would happen later that day one way or another, given what had happened at breakfast. He couldn't help but notice how Susan's willpower was crumbling right before his eyes, seemingly by the minute.

He was so out of it that he was barely able to navigate his way from one class to the next.

At the end of his fourth-period class, his teacher, Ms. Rhymer, called him over to talk about his absent-mindedness. After everyone else had left, she said to him, "Young man, I'm worried about you. Your attention in my class has been bad for days; today things seem to be even worse. If I didn't know what a fine and upstanding young man you are, I'd assume you're on drugs. Just what is the problem?"

"Um, I've got a lot of things on my mind," he said bashfully.

Even as he said that, his mind was somewhere else. He'd managed to temporarily banish thoughts of his mother for part of the time during Ms. Rhymer's class, but only because he'd fantasized about his teacher instead. It was like trying to forget the pain of stubbing a toe by purposely stubbing a different toe: it worked temporarily but it wasn't exactly smart.

As she spoke, he didn't see his real teacher standing in front of him; instead his head was filled with the image of how he imagined she looked naked. He'd fantasized an image of her standing in front of the class naked so often in the last three years that it seemed etched in his brain.

"I'll bet you do," she said disapprovingly. "You know, young man, given what you told me last week, I think I can guess what your problem is."

"You can?" That forced him to focus more. Uh-oh! That can't be. She knows about me and Mom? Aunt Suzy? Sis? What?!

"Yes, I think that you're taking some kind of medicine to boost your energy level, and it's having the side effect of boosting your sex drive."

She judged from his suddenly panicky facial expression that her guess was a good one. She didn't notice his relief in realizing that she didn't understand everything.

"Um, what makes you say that?"

The big give-away for her had been his obvious erection throughout the class. She tried to say that more euphemistically. "It's not so much what you told me, but your behavior in this class. In recent days, it seems like you've been walking into my class in a state of high arousal, and you stay that way until you leave it. Am I wrong?"

There was no way to wiggle out that he could see. "No, you're not wrong. I'm so sorry. But I've never felt like this before."

A horrific thought occurred to him: Oh no! She's been noticing my boners! Even as he worried about that, most of his brain was off in la-la land with the image of her nakedness, fueling the boner he had at that very moment.

"Can't you just ask the doctor to cut down on the number of pills?"

"It's not a matter of pills." There was a prolonged silence. He considered letting her in on the six-times-a-day secret. He finally decided he would, if only because he figured that, once she was on the scent, keeping a secret from her was hopeless.

bender

He was a clever guy, so normally he would have been able to come up with some cover story to deflect her curiosity. However, he'd been in a lusty daze all day, unable to think about much except what had happened that morning and what could happen when he got home. As a result, he took the easy way out and decided to tell her most of the truth without thinking through the risks of doing so.

He asked, "Can you really, honestly, keep a secret?" He tried to focus on the problem at hand and push his lusty thoughts aside.



"Of course, Alan! You know me. You can trust me completely."

"Good, because this is really embarrassing. If people in school found out, I'd probably have to transfer, I'd be so embarrassed. I really shouldn't tell you this, so for the love of God don't tell a soul, but I figure you won't be satisfied until you find out, so we might as well cut to the chase. You see, the tests show I'm severely lacking in certain hormones, like testosterone. I know it sounds strange, but the best way, the natural way, to get those levels back to normal is if I achieve orgasm frequently. That's what the doctor says."

He went on to explain more details of his medical diagnosis.

She let him talk without interruption. When he was all done, she asked him, "So you're telling me that you masturbate six times a day?"

"Um, well, not exactly. The doctor thought that much masturbation isn't healthy. He recommends that it's better if someone else can help me out. But I don't have a girlfriend. As you seem to know, I tried to ask Christine out ... but that didn't work out so well."

"But you said 'not exactly.' So you're getting help after all, even without a girlfriend?"

He was really blushing now. "Um, sometimes I'm helped out in the morning before school. Or, more often, after I get back home."

She thought for a minute. To help him out in the morning and afternoon, it would have to be someone extremely close. Probably someone he's living with. He has a really beautiful mother and sister. Could one of them... and he...?! Naaahhhh... Get real! They're like a nineteen-fifties sitcom, white-bread conservative family. But what about his next door neighbor, Suzanne Pestrige? She's extremely attractive, and practically lives at Alan's house, from what he tells me. He talks about her a lot, and I know he even calls her his aunt, although she really isn't. It must be her. Or maybe her daughter Amy, but then she would be his girlfriend. It must be the married mother; that would explain the need for secrecy.

The teacher immediately tested out her theory. "That's very considerate of Mrs. Pestrige to help you out like that."

"Yeah, well, she's very... Hey! Wait a minute! How did you... You tricked me!" Normally, he wouldn't have fallen for that, but he was still in an erotic fog, thinking with the wrong head.

"Sorry about that, but you know that 'I always get my man' when it comes to the pursuit of knowledge. Frankly, I'm surprised at you. Suzanne Pestridge? Really? She's practically like a member of your family. Somehow, she even usually has an excuse to 'tag along' with your mother to your parent-teacher conferences with me."

He gave her a pleading look. "I know! I know! But I can't help it. She did all the initiating. And she was practically forced to, because of the situation: after a week, and my disaster with Christine, I'd given up on the treatment. She was the one that inspired me to keep going."

"Just how does she inspire you?" She was increasingly amazed at the subject of this discussion. Aren't I crossing a line in talking to a student about this? Her conscience momentarily nagged her, but curiosity - and more than a little sexual desire - drove her on.

He shuffled his feet before her desk. "Ahhh... She stimulates my ... er, private member ... with her hands, and, uh, other things. ... Her mouth, if you must know. ... But she doesn't go any further than that! That wouldn't be right! She hasn't even kissed me!" He couldn't look his teacher in the eye and literally wished he could crawl into a hole and die.

"Hmmm. Interesting. I'm not going to make any moral judgments. It seems like she's trying to help you out, and that should be commended. But what does any of this have to do with your problems in my class? If you're not taking any pills, then your libido, your sexual level, is just the same as always, right?"

"Yes, but I keep having all these thoughts. Aunt Suzy, er, Mrs. Pestridge, has been very... I don't know how to put it ... suggestive, I guess. Sexually suggestive. She's so sexy, it's incredible! So now all I can do is think about sex!"

He added in his mind, And if you only knew how suggestive Mom, Sis, and even Aims are being as well! I want to fuck them all, and it's so wrong!

Her face was hard to read as she said, "I can see your problem. Mrs. Pestridge is an incredibly beautiful woman; there's no question about it. In fact, I dare say she just might be the most gorgeous woman I've ever met in the flesh. Hmmm. So you walk around in a daze all day, thinking about nothing but sex?"

"Well, no. I've been getting relief, like, a lot. And then I'm okay, afterwards. For a while. It's weird: I haven't been doing this treatment for very long, but once you start getting relief so often it's like your body comes to expect it. But for half the day I'm at school, and I can't get any relief at all while I'm here. So the frustration builds up. And your class is the worst."

"My class? Why my class?"

He realized he'd stuck his foot in his mouth yet again. Her class was the worst because he would get hard just in anticipation of the class coming up. And then he'd see her in person and it would get even worse.

There were few thoughts so arousing that they could make him temporarily forget his arousing thoughts about his mother; the fact that thinking of his beautiful teacher was one of them spoke to just how long he'd had a deep crush on her. But such feelings only led to more frustration, since she was his teacher and thus unobtainable.

That frustration, and the fact that his raging boner might be noticed at almost any time by the other students, would somehow make him even hornier. But I can't exactly say all that to you! he thought.

"Um, it just is," he finally responded. He was already about as red and embarrassed as he thought he could get, but he got several shades redder. "Uh, maybe because ... it's just before lunch," he added, completely unconvincingly.

She realized that this line of questioning was making him want to die of shame. "All right, Alan. Thank you very much for your honesty, young man. Let me think about this for a while. I don't want you failing all of your classes. I'll try to think of some kind of solution. And I won't tell anyone under any circumstance - not your mother, or Mrs. Pestridge, or anyone else. I know I can be a gossip sometimes, but I swear my complete silence on this. You're a good friend, and I would never betray your trust. It'll be just between you and me, okay?"

"Thanks. Thank you so much! You're the best."

He walked off, but he was very dejected. He felt really stupid about having given up his secret. My brain is out to lunch today. What if that happened with someone less understanding than my favorite teacher?

Chapter 96 Suzanne Brainwashing Again.

Back at home, Susan fretted over what to do about the abnormality check that Akami said needed to be done that day.

Susan wound up "cleaning" her privates in the shower until she "accidentally" had an orgasm.

Then, with Suzanne due to come over soon for their daily exercise session, Susan went to Alan's bedroom to check on his dirty laundry. She brought her laundry basket with her, as she always did. But unlike her prior long-standing habit, she still hadn't put on any clothes after showering.

She went straight to his bed and threw his covers back. A-ha! Another wet spot! I knew it! Isn't it incredible? He's so virile! He cums and cums all day long, and then he cums in his sleep too! I hope he was thinking about me. To think that not that many minutes ago, he sat on his bed, jacking off his great big erection! Then I interrupted him. That was wrong of me! If I'd let him finish, there would have been a fresh, spermy towel for me to smell and maybe even lick! I could have stood there and posed for him, since my robe wasn't really hiding anything. Then he would have shot out a really BIG load! I noticed he didn't have a towel, so his cum probably would have arced high in the air and then landed all over me! MMMM! YES!

Or better yet, I should have shucked my robe, dropped to my knees, and done the duty of a good mommy: I could have taken him in my mouth and SUCKED! UNGH! HNNG! Maybe that would have made him a little bit late for school, because Suzanne's made clear to me that it takes a long, long time to suck off a big, powerful penis like his, but so be it. His health is at stake!

She snapped out of her fantasy, realizing that she was getting too carried away. She had to be careful with Suzanne coming over soon. Suzanne typically let herself in and then went looking for Susan, and she didn't want to be found like this.

Susan quickly proceeded to change the sheets so she could check under the bed, where he usually tossed the towels into which he masturbated. To her disappointment, there weren't any wet ones this time. Oh, poo! That's the downside of teaching him to not commit the sin of Onan.

But at least I have this. She picked up the soiled sheet, brought the wet spot to her face, and inhaled deeply. Aaaaah! YES!

The mere smell of his cum sent shivers throughout her body. What an aroma! What a sweet, MANLY smell! MMMM! I love how he held me naked in his arms, even as he was already fully dressed for school. I felt so deliciously naughty and wicked, rubbing my bare skin against his cock, although unfortunately it was trapped in his shorts. I'm so baaaad!

She inhaled deeply of the wet spot, and then again. Aaaaah! That's what I need. Except I want it fresh, like his shorts and underwear were earlier! Sadly, this cum has been drying for hours. Otherwise, I'd be sorely tempted to lick it. Heck, I know I'd lick it! What I need is sperm that's fresh AND straight from the source! He needs to shoot it directly to the back of my mouth after I've spent an EXTREMELY long time bobbing and slurping and sucking! That's what good mommies do, especially big-titted mommies!

Oh God! She realized that she'd dropped the sheets, in order to paw at her breasts with both hands. She closed her eyes and fantasized that those hands belonged to Alan.

Realizing that she was simply too horny to stop herself, she picked up the soiled sheet and raced back to her bedroom. Knowing the time was short, she frantically masturbated on her bed with the sheet's wet spot strategically placed close to her face. That way, she could periodically sniff it, which added some olfactory realism to her fantasy that she'd posed for him and then stroked and sucked him after catching him masturbating in his room.

However, when she climaxed and her masturbation ended, she got the post-orgasmic blues. When will it ever end? All I can do is think about my son, and his penis, and how much he needs me to help him take proper care of it. Even after he's gone to school, I can't stop myself! The shame!

She forced herself to get out of bed and put on her exercise outfit. Then she resumed actually gathering up all the dirty laundry in the house. She had just started the washing machine when Suzanne arrived.

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Susan felt bad about having masturbated in the shower and then again with the laundry, as well as for what she'd been thinking and doing before Alan left for school. So she was in an unusually subdued mood during her exercises with Suzanne.

Suzanne could see Susan was anxious about something, which she figured would be the abnormality check. She purposely kept the conversation on sexual, Alan-centric dreams she'd had.

Susan wanted to ask Suzanne for advice on how to handle the abnormality check looming later in the day. However, she still felt shy and anxious talking about it. It was so much easier to enjoy Suzanne's dream stories.

By the end of their exercises, Susan still hadn't been able to bring up her question. And before she could, Suzanne said her goodbyes and left because she had some important things to do.

The abnormality-check issue continued to bother Susan. In fact, it was practically all she could think about. So, about an hour after Suzanne had left, she called her for advice on what to do. She hoped against hope that Suzanne could come up with a solution to get her out of having to do it altogether.

But Suzanne just made things worse - much worse. She said things like, "You know, I'd love to do the check myself because Sweetie's penis is so big and thick and full of tasty cum. It makes me so hot just thinking about touching it! But unfortunately I can't because I don't know the proper procedures, not to mention my poor eyesight. So I guess it's all up to you, you lucky dog."

Susan grew more hot and bothered as Suzanne went on and on in this vein. In fact, Susan began rubbing her privates through her clothes. The fact that she was wearing a robe meant her clothes were very little impediment. She was glad she was on the phone and not speaking in person so she could scratch her itch.

Suzanne was doing everything she could to weaken Susan's resolve. She'd even called Akami and convinced her to decline Susan's suggestion that Akami could be paid to do the check. And contrary to what she'd told Alan the night before, Suzanne was the one who'd arranged that Katherine, Amy, and she would all be gone for the whole afternoon later that day. She made sure that Susan knew that, to further box her in.

Suzanne had been relatively restrained with her sexual talk during their exercise session, since she'd sensed Susan was feeling moody. But now that Suzanne had Susan on the phone, she sensed Susan was in a more receptive frame of mind. So she took the opportunity to describe all of the blowjobs she'd given Alan the night before in exquisite and loving detail.

Susan was so hot and bothered that she continued to masturbate while Suzanne raved on the phone for nearly an hour about the joys of pleasuring Alan. It wasn't long before her robe was in a heap on the floor. She stood near the kitchen counter freely running a hand over her nude body. She was frustrated that she had to use one hand to hold the phone.

Suzanne said things like, "Can you just imagine having such a hot and tasty slab of meat in your mouth, going in and out, in and out, in and out? Sliding between your lips over and over and over?"

Susan tried to be disapproving. "Okay, enough with the 'over and over' descriptions already. Besides, how do I know it would even fit in my mouth? The way you describe it, isn't it too big?"

"Oh, it's big all right. It might be a bit of a struggle to fit such a thick dick in between your lips, but you will. Believe me, you will. And the sense of achievement in fitting such a monster in, it can't be beat!"

"Don't you mean I could? Fit it in, that is? I mean, we're just talking hypothetically, right?"

"Oh, right. Hypothetically. Imagine, though, hypothetically getting Sweetie so worked up that he isn't content to just let you suck on it, but he starts thrusting his hips, forcing his thickness deeper and deeper into your throat!"

"Oh my God! What would I do, Suzanne?! That sounds painful!"bender

Suzanne could tell by the way that Susan was panting into the phone that her friend had completely abandoned herself to all-out masturbation. "No, it's not. It's the best! Your Tiger is such an assertive beast! There's just no resisting a real man like him. He'll use your mouth for his pleasure, but trust me, you'll love it too when he does. And when he shoots off, then you'll get your sticky sweet reward!"

She'd already pretty much confirmed that Susan was a natural submissive, so she was playing up that aspect for her. "Can you imagine your strong Tiger standing above you, while you kneel helplessly below

him, naked and panting, with his great big cock crammed deep inside your sweet lips?" She was using words like "cock" now because she knew Susan was too aroused to object much.

"Oh God! So HOT!" Susan panted like an overexcited obscene phone caller as she played with her clit. But then she remembered she wasn't supposed to react like that, so she said, "I mean, oh dear! It sounds scary. But it sounds like you're practically trying to talk me into allowing him to use me like that. To have him willfully and wantonly control his own mother's body!" Her own words were exciting her nearly as much as Suzanne's.

"Ha ha. Of course I'm not; I'm just speaking hypothetically. You know, I'm just imagining what it would be like for you if you decided to help me save him from sin."

"Goodness! All that precious seed... All that creamy, yummy sperm..." She'd only tasted a little bit of his cum, but it was enough for her to know that it was delicious.

"Falling uselessly onto the ground," Suzanne finished for her. "It's tragic, I know. Just like poor Onan. You don't want Tiger to be like Onan, do you? Suffering the wrath of God?"

"Of course not!" Susan increased the intensity of her masturbation as she recalled the sight of Alan masturbating when she'd rushed into his room just before he left for school.

Suzanne said, "I'm doing my part, dropping to my knees and opening my mouth so he can insert his giant hot stick between my rosy red lips every chance he gets. But I'm only at your house at the same time that he is for an hour or two a day. What about all the rest of the time? Who will help him then?"

Susan switched over to speakerphone so she could use both hands to rub herself all over. She whispered breathlessly, as if she were confessing to a murder, "Maybe... maybe I should!"

"Maybe you should. It's something to consider, if you dearly love him."

"I do! I do!"

Suzanne went back to describing the previous evening's three blowjobs.



Before long, about the only coherent things Susan could say into the phone were, "You didn't!," "He didn't!," and "Oh my God!" Her desire to touch her son's erection was so great that she thought she would literally lose her mind. One hand played with her nipples while the other one worked her clit and slit.

Suzanne was also masturbating (but with more self-control) as she continued to goad her best friend over the phone. She was home alone, so she'd completely unbuttoned her blouse, taken off her bra, and pulled down her skirt and panties. She mostly played with her tits instead of her pussy, which allowed her voice to remain relatively calm. (Susan's super-sensitive "weak point" was her breasts, but for Suzanne it was her pussy.)

As the call progressed, Suzanne spoke less about her actions with Alan and began focusing more on suggestions for things Susan could do to him. For instance, she asked, "You know how I called myself Sweetie's favorite cocksucker the other day?"

"Yeah?" Susan answered in between her panting.

"Well, I'd better enjoy that title while I still can, because as soon as you wrap your mouth around his hot, meaty stick, he's going to love it! You're gonna give me a good run for my money as we take turns draining all of his love juices out of him. Can you imagine that: the two of us taking turns on licking his stick?"

"No!" Susan's mind was filled with naughty thoughts of that very thing. She stared at the ceiling with a blank gaze because her thoughts were somewhere else.

"Can you picture the ecstatic look on his face as he blows his load across your face and mine?"

"No!"

"Well, I can. You know how much he loves big breasts. What a lucky boy he will be to have the two hottest, bustiest moms in town fighting over his sweet meat. Jacking him off, stroking and blowing, licking his sticky seed-"

Susan knew Suzanne could hear just how labored her breathing had become, but she couldn't stop herself from interjecting, "That's so wrong!"

"But we're saving him from sin with handjobs. And blowjobs. Remember that, Susan; when you're having your sexy hunk of a son ravage your body, it's all about helping his medical condition. But believe me, this isn't just a good thing for that reason alone. And never mind how incredible it will make you feel. This will really strengthen the mother-son bond between you two."

"You think so?" Susan asked hesitantly and breathlessly.

"Oh yeah. Haven't you noticed how much closer he and I have become this last week or so? Why do you think that is?"

"Well, I have noticed, but I hadn't thought about it."

"I feel so close to him after I take his slippery dick in my mouth and let it slide around, running my tongue all over his shaft. And the big load of cum he shoots into my mouth - it's heaven! But what's really great is that afterwards we feel so tender towards each other. I told you how, last night, we cuddled up and just held each other tightly as he told me how much he loved me. If that's not bonding I don't know what is. I literally have never felt as close to my husband as I felt close to my Sweetie last night." Suzanne realized that she wasn't lying or exaggerating at all; she really did feel that way.

Susan was lost in a dreamy cloud as she contemplated all that. "Mmmm! ... Mmmm! So close..."

Suzanne added, "Yes, I know he's like your best friend already, just like he's mine, but think how much closer you'll be once you start lapping on his sweet spot every day! Think of how much more time you'll spend together! Time with his bulbous cockhead in your mouth, and your fingers tickling his balls! He's going to love you even MORE!"

"MMMM!" was all Susan could say to that. Her eyes were shut tight and her fingers were bringing her close to climax.

"Soon that'll be you cuddling up to your cuddly little Tiger in the afterglow of sticky, hot sex."

"Oh my God!"

"Of course, I'm speaking hypothetically. You may decide that your fear of the unknown can't be overcome. If so, that'll just mean more hot cock for me!"

"Suzanne, really! Watch your language. Please call it a member. Or staff, perhaps. Or maybe an erection if it's in that state."

Knowing that Susan couldn't see her, Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Sorry. I meant to say that'll mean more of his hot staff sliding in my hands and between my lips. Is that better?"

"Um, yeah, I think so." Susan was so aroused that she didn't know what to think.

Suzanne said, "Remember, helping him out with your hands and lips and tongue isn't morally wrong. Just so long as you're doing it to help him with his medical treatment. The one thing you do NOT want to do is get lost in your own pleasure."

Susan was startled by that. "What do you mean?"

"If you start drowning in your own lust, that's when you're in danger. I hope you're not masturbating to thoughts of helping him out. That's not a good attitude."

Susan was just moments away from climax, but her hands froze. "It's not?! Uh, I mean, no, of course it's not. I'm definitely NOT doing that right now!"

Suzanne had a hard time not laughing out loud, because Susan was such a bad liar. She'd previously encouraged Susan to masturbate, but today she was taking the opposite tack so Susan wouldn't waste most of her pent-up sexual arousal on herself before Alan came home.

Susan very reluctantly stopped masturbating, at least for the moment. She sat on her hands to force them to keep still.

Suzanne was ready to end the call, but before she hung up, she made Susan promise that she would take care of the abnormality check "problem" herself.

Susan readily agreed, but said, "However, I'm only going to use my hands. To do any more, I just don't know. It seems wrong. I mean, what if my parents saw me with that giant shaft of manhood of his stuffing my face? Or my sisters? What about Cindy? What would she think?!" (Cindy was one of Susan's sisters who still lived in the Midwest.)

"She'd probably be jealous," Suzanne teased.

"No, you don't know her. She'd have a hissy fit and I'd never hear the end of her lectures about going to Hell. But if I did it in the most detached and clinical way possible with just my hands, well, at least they'd just disown me and wouldn't try to kill me if they found out. Isn't that a good compromise?"

"Suit yourself. But don't be afraid to enjoy it. As long as it needs to be done, why can't you enjoy yourself in the process? Besides, who's going to tell them? Please don't ask me to."

"I don't know. ... Somehow I'd feel better if I had to suffer while doing it. Then I wouldn't feel all those disapproving eyes staring at me."

Suzanne complained, "Stop it with the staring eyes already. If your family knew what a good, caring mother you were to take care of this problem of his, they'd be cheering you on! Now, let's review again the right ways and wrong ways to play with your son's balls." She went on to lecture Susan in extremely graphic detail.

While it was true that Susan felt guilty, she also was very excited about what she'd "have" to do. The phone calls, plus many other recent similar conversations between Susan and Suzanne, had broken much of Susan's resistance.

Suzanne said, "By the way, I could really use your help. Could you come over here in a few minutes?"

"What? You want ME to come over THERE? NOW?!"

Suzanne chuckled. "Yes. Why is that so astonishing?"

In truth, even though at that moment Susan felt bad about her own masturbating, given Suzanne's admonishment, she had a strong feeling that she'd rush upstairs once the phone call was over and masturbate a whole lot more. She certainly didn't want to leave the house before she could do that.

But Suzanne was persistent and Susan was too much of a softy to say no. Suzanne said that she was leaving on some errands in less than five minutes and needed Susan to come with her. She supposedly was making some important decisions about redecorating her home and wanted Susan's advice - which was actually true, but Suzanne was being manipulative in scheduling it for just that time.

So Susan had to leave before she could get the orgasmic relief she craved. She remained as sexually worked up as she had been before the call began, if not more so.

#### Chapter 97 Susan's First Touch @ Alan's Cock Pt 1

School ended a few hours later, and Alan returned home. He'd never before been so happy and excited to come home.

He was surprised to find the house seemingly empty, especially since his sister usually beat him home. That appeared to confirm Suzanne's statement that everyone would be sent away. His heart was already pounding with worry and anticipation, but not finding anyone doubled the intensity of his feelings.

He was torn between wanting the "abnormality check" to happen and not wanting it to happen, mostly because it was just such a big, scary step to actually take and not just fantasize about. A part of him clung to the hope that someone other than his mother would be home, because the idea of her touching his dick became so real that it frightened him.

He wandered the house until he had nowhere left to search except his mother's bedroom. As he expected, he found Susan there. The mere sight of her practically made his heart stop beating, even though her dress and appearance looked normal at first glance. "Howdy Mom. Have you seen Aunt Suzy? Or Sis?"

Susan was folding laundry, seemingly calm. She'd always been happy to greet him when he came home, but when she turned to him, she seemed strangely overly-pleased to see him. It seemed like she was trying to cover up something.

She said, "Suzanne's busy today. I don't think you'll see her until tomorrow. And your sister and Amy have gone shopping. I think it's just you and me. All afternoon."

"Oh!" He gulped and his throat went dry. The only reason his penis wasn't stiff already was because he was so nervous.

Susan stopped folding the laundry and sat down on her bed. She was dressed in her ordinary housecleaning clothes, except that Alan figured she probably wasn't wearing any bra or panties since Suzanne had recently "forced" her to stop wearing them (not to mention the fact that her nipples were so hard it seemed as if they would be visible from miles away).

But her casual demeanor was feigned; internally she was a complete basket case, with her heart beating like a drum. In fact, she'd spent over half an hour just considering which perfume to wear. (She'd picked a strawberry scent, knowing it was one of his favorite foods.) Suzanne had kept her distracted and unable to masturbate most of the day, leaving her even more keyed up.

She asked him, "Do you know what day it is?"

"It's Tuesday."

"That's right. And do you know what's special about Tuesday?"

"Uh, it comes right after Monday?" he lamely tried to joke. He could see exactly where she was going with this, and realized that Suzanne was completely correct about everything.

He got another jolt as he looked at her feet and saw that she was wearing high heels. That was highly unusual, to say the least. (Suzanne was the one who'd all but insisted that she wear them.)

Susan had rehearsed this next bit, so it came out quickly. "What's special about this Tuesday, if you'll remember, is that it's the day your nurse said you need to have your private member checked for abnormalities. Every week. And since Suzanne says that she doesn't have great vision, it's left up to me."

"Oh." There was a big pause from him. "Well." His nervousness doubled, and then doubled again. He felt faint. But somehow he transcended his fear and reached an acceptance of what was about to happen, calming down enough to go on.

She wrinkled her eyebrows. "Do you mind, Tiger? If you mind, we don't have to do it. At least not right now. You seem very nervous. Does the thought of your own mother ... massaging ... your, uh, private member... Does that make you uncomfortable?"

"Well, yeah, it kind of does. Because, I mean, you're my mom, right? But Aunt Suzy has been talking to me about boundaries, and being dispassionate. If you and I are very clear about boundaries, and this is required by the doctor, then there's nothing wrong, right?"

Alan was talking for himself as much as his mother, trying to rationalize this. Fantasizing was one thing, but reality was quite different. He had a very strong suspicion that this was wrong or even illegal, despite what Akami and Suzanne had said.

Susan reminded herself, "The penis in the abstract." That's Suzanne's wise advice. I have to remain calm too, and just think of it as A penis, not HIS penis!

After taking some deep breaths, she said, "That's right, Tiger. It's vital that we both have the right mental attitude or we shouldn't do this. But since you do, and I do, is it okay if we begin?"

"What? Here? Now?" He looked around as if searching for an escape route. He wanted her to do this more than anything, but the reality of it really happening was very scary. This was an order of magnitude more nerve-wracking for him than anything that had happened with Suzanne, because it was happening with his own mother. Besides, Suzanne was always cool and in charge, but he was starting to realize that his mother was just as scared as he was.

Susan faked a reassuring smile. "I'll admit I'm nervous too. So we might as well get it over with, don't you think?"

Another gulp. "Yeah." He was amazed when she seemingly calmed herself right before his eyes. He didn't realize that she was entering a zone where her superego mostly shut down and her id was free to run wild.

"Good," she said with more determination. Alan was standing and she was sitting on the bed, but she got up and motioned that he should sit down.

He sat on the bed where she had just been. He tried not to show just how nervous he was, because he didn't want to scare her off. The truth was, he was absolutely terrified.

She continued, "I was thinking that, given the accidents you had with Akami the other day, it would be safer if I took off my blouse before we start. Don't you think?"

He was suddenly reminded of when he'd shot his cum all over the face and bra-clad tits of Nurse Akami. He imagined that it was his mother in that role instead. He'd still been flaccid from fear, but with that memory his dick grew rock hard in seconds.

Susan's eyes darted to his crotch. She had a hard time not licking her lips when she saw the great swelling in his shorts. Suzanne's hour-long description of sucking and stroking hard erections that morning was at the forefront of her thoughts.

"Um, yeah, if you think so." He didn't want to appear too eager, again for fear of scaring her off. He was still torn between eagerly wanting her "assistance" and running away to handle it himself.

The mention of Akami's name also reminded him that he wanted to call her. He wanted to get that out of the way before things got too exciting, so he said, "But, uh, before you do, speaking of Akami, is it okay if I call her and ask her something?"

"Certainly." Susan was a bit put off by that, but she could hardly refuse.

There was a phone extension in the room, and Susan knew Akami's number well since her son's treatment was so near and dear to her heart. So Alan called her up, even though his dick was so stiff and erect that it almost hurt.



Luckily, Akami wasn't busy and she had a few minutes to talk.

With Susan sitting next to him and listening in, he said to the nurse, "Uh, this is kind of a weird question, but... Well, I'm here with my mother, and she's about to help me with, uh, the abnormality check. I'm just wondering... when it comes to having orgasms six times a day, you mentioned the need for prolonged stimulation, in order for it to count as one of those times. My question is, well, just, uh, how long does the stimulation have to be in order for it to qualify as 'prolonged?'"

Akami was surprised and amused by the question. She thought, I can't believe he's taking this seriously! He seems like a smart guy. Doesn't he realize it's all bullshit? But heck, if his mother is about to jack him off, I suppose he has very good reason not to question how they got there. The question is, what should I tell him? Hmmm...

After a pause, she said, "That's a difficult question. I wish I could tell you 'fifteen minutes' or something specific like that. But the truth is, each person is different. What might be considered prolonged for one person wouldn't be for someone else. Also, there's the matter of intensity. It's not just the quantity; it's the quality. You need both. One might be stimulated at a low level for a long, long time, and that wouldn't do much. Whereas five or ten minutes of very intense, talented stimulation might end up being better. So you see what I mean? It's complicated. Ultimately, YOU need to be the judge. Does that help?"

Alan replied, "Well... I guess so."

He glanced over at his mother, who had been listening to and hanging on every word that Akami had said. She was even more aroused than before. Her chest was heaving as she contemplated stimulating her son's stiff erection intensely and for a very prolonged time. It had occurred to her that, if she was going to be performing the check anyway, she might want to keep going until he had an orgasm. But still, she wasn't sure if she'd be bold enough to do that.

He grinned as he registered his mother's reaction, and said to Akami, "Actually, yeah. That helps a lot. I think I get it now. Thanks."

"Very good," Akami said. "Is there anything else I can help you with? Or does Susan want to ask me anything?"

He looked to Susan, and saw her shake her head 'No.' Clearly, she was eager to get to the abnormality check. Besides, he correctly surmised that she would be embarrassed to talk to the nurse just before doing that, so he told Akami, "No, we're good."

"Okay, then." Akami thought, I can't believe Susan is really going to play with her son's penis when this call is over. Oops, I mean "perform an abnormality check." Ha! What a riot that is! Boy, I wish I could be a fly on the wall for THAT!

bender

After just a little more small talk, Alan ended the call.

Then he turned his full attention back to Susan, who stood up in front of him. He said, "So, um... I guess we should get on with it then."

"I think that would be best," Susan said softly, as she began unbuttoning her blouse. "I think that would be very nice, in fact," she continued, mostly to herself.

He realized that her hands were still trembling, although her face seemed strangely serene. He also realized that, as she stood there a few feet in front of him, Mom is about to do a striptease for me! True, it's not a professional striptease with sultry music blaring in the background like the one Aunt Suzy gave me last night, but she's taking her clothes off for me all the same. And this is my prudish and square MOM! He gulped again and his heart pounded like a hammer in his chest.

Of course, most stripteases were to music, but Susan's room was almost deathly quiet.

Susan unbuttoned her red blouse slowly, one button after another. She was taking her time, drawing out the process. Her thoughts were still wildly conflicted. Goodness gracious, what's wrong with me? I'm getting NAKED for my SON! I don't care what Suzanne says, this just has to be wrong. Some sort of demon must be taking control of me, because I feel terribly naughty and I don't even care. He's so hard and hungry for me and I love it!

When she finished with the buttons on her blouse, she left the blouse hanging loosely and then pulled her skirt down her legs. That caused her blouse to open, revealing all of her creamy left breast for some

tantalizingly long moments. She felt shivers of excitement raging through her from being gawked at, which were so powerful that she nearly fell over.

She stood back up, regaining her balance on her high heels, and positioned her hands to open her blouse so she could take it off altogether. But then she froze and asked, "Tiger, be honest. Before your, uh, medical treatment began, did you ever think of me in, well, you know, ... that way?"

He was so aroused that the room seemed to be spinning around. To say anything coherent was a huge undertaking. But he gathered his wits together enough to realize that if he said the wrong thing, she might stop undressing.

The truth was, he had thought of her sexually sometimes. He'd tried his best not to, and consciously fought not to masturbate while thinking of her, but she was just so gorgeous that it was humanly impossible not to lust after her. But he also hated lying to his mother, so he dodged the question entirely and said, "Mom, I'm soooo grateful for what you're doing. I know it can't be easy. I love you so much, my heart is about to burst."

Susan beamed with joy. She didn't press the question because she could see in his current agitated state that it was an accomplishment for him to say even that much. But it had been just the right thing to say. She could feel the genuine love coming from him, along with plenty of lust, and that gave her the confidence to pull her blouse off all the way.

She smiled shyly now that she was topless, letting him soak up a good look at the giant, round monsters that were her breasts. It took a lot of willpower for her to keep her arms at her sides. She muttered, "God, this is so embarrassing."

Alan, seeing that she needed encouragement, said, "Why? Mom, you're so beautiful, you should never, EVER be embarrassed about your body."

She covered her chest with both arms. "But these things - they're just too big. They're nothing but unwanted attention and back pain for me."

"Well, I love them. Just like I love all of you. You have GREAT tits, Mom! You're so lucky to be so stacked!"

Susan beamed some more. She was still shy, but there was now an extra spring in her step. She bared her rack again, even thrusting out her chest. He likes them! He is going to have to climax before we're done, and his cum will have to go somewhere. Who knows, maybe he'll shoot it all over me! All over my chest! All over my "great tits," hee-hee!

She immediately corrected herself, though. I can't think such thoughts! I'm the adult here, I have to keep my moral grounding or there's no telling WHAT might happen! She shivered all over as she briefly fantasized about some of the things that could happen. Mostly, she imagined her legs spread wide and her son's erection pounding in and out of her slit. With another shiver of excitement, she forcibly banished the thought.

She was down to just her panties and high heels - both a different shade of red from her blouse but still his favorite color - but didn't make any move to undress further. "I thought I'd leave these on," she explained as she looked at them. "You wouldn't want your mother to be completely naked, would you?"

Just agree with the questioner, he thought. "No," he squeaked out.

"All right." She got down on her knees in front of him. Just getting in that submissive position made her entire body tingle with arousal. "If you don't mind, I'll undress you now." She pulled his shorts off, and then his underwear. Strangely, she chose not to remove his T-shirt, leaving them each with a modicum of dress.

He noticed that she now had a look of great hunger and anticipation in her eyes, mixed with a look of anguish.

She looked down at his turgid erection, bobbing in the air, and then up at his face. She asked imploringly, "Are you sure we're doing the right thing here? Maybe we should wait for Suzanne to do this, even with her poor eyesight?"

At first, he had a hard time responding, given the way that she was inadvertently pushing her breasts together with her arms. Additionally, there was the mind-blowing fact that she was kneeling between his legs wearing just panties and high heels.

But finally he said with surprising decisiveness, "Mom, I love you so much. And I love you even more for doing this. I know how uncomfortable it must make you feel, but I practically want to cry when I think about all your love for me and what you're willing to do for me to get better."

Again, she couldn't help but smile when he said that he loved her. She thought to herself, I just have to get this out of my system. Akami put this evil urge into my brain. Or was it Suzanne? In any case, I just have to satisfy my curiosity.

And help him. That's what this is REALLY about. This is to help him. Then we can go back to normal. Just this one time, and then maybe Suzanne can do it next week and then keep doing it after that. ... Or maybe I could. Once a week isn't so bad, is it? God, I'm so weak!

Alan sat there dressed in nothing but his T-shirt, looking at his mother dressed only in her panties. His urge to flee had faded and his anticipation had grown to an almost unbearable level. Please. Please. Dear Lord, don't let her stop now! Please, do it, Mom! Do it!

## Chapter 98 Susan's First Touch @ Alan's Cock Pt 2

Without saying any more, Susan reached out with trembling hands and touched his penis of her own free will for the very first time. She had touched it during her recent medical appointment, but only because Akami had her grab it during his orgasm in the examination room.

She was panting heavily by this point, and so was he. Her massive boobs heaved like two rocking ships on a stormy sea. She just held his penis for a minute, doing nothing more. She tried to calm her breath, but it was ragged and growing more so all the time. She felt light-headed and wondered whether she would faint if she couldn't bring her breathing under control.

Alan felt much the same. Fuck, man! Mom is actually holding my dick! Mom! My perfect-ten, bombshell, centerfold mom!

He was struggling mightily not to cum, or possibly pass out from nervous overload, even though she was doing nothing more than just holding his erection. Then he thought he heard her mutter, "Remember: the penis. The penis in the abstract."

Mumbling that repeatedly like a mantra seemed to calm her down somewhat. Finally, she began moving her fingers over his shaft. She acted as if she'd never touched a penis before, which was true in a sense since she'd never allowed herself to just examine her husband's erection up close in the light. The old Susan had always had sex in the dark, and then only in the missionary position.

She wrapped a fist around the base of his dick and then experimentally began poking near the crown, at the ridge at the base of his cockhead.

She was curious about the frenulum, the special spot below the head of a penis that Suzanne had told her about. (The fact that she needed to be told was an indication of just how little she'd touched her husband's erection with her hands over the years.) She found herself repeatedly probing that spot with her fingertips. Soon, she was all but tickling it as she ran her fingertips back and forth.

Alan couldn't help but groan loudly. Through gritted teeth, he managed to say, "Mom, not there! Too-ugh! Too sensitive!" He sensed that just the sight of his topless mother with her hands on his dick was already going to push him over the edge.

As he stared at her moving fingers, he noticed her wedding ring, and that fact alone nearly made him cum. He closed his eyes to try to delay his explosion.

"It's so wet already," she commented, running her fingers through his leaking pre-cum. She stopped tickling him near the head, but her other hand was starting to stroke near the base without her really consciously thinking about it.

"That's 'cos you've got me so excited, Mom," he gasped.

She began stroking his shaft more firmly, going nearly from top to bottom. She spoke so quietly it was nearly inaudible. "I like how smooth it is. Smooth and wet. That makes stroking it fun and easy."

He thought he was going to lose it for sure. His PC muscle squeezing didn't seem to be enough to stop him from blasting his load at her. Only the shame of premature ejaculation gave him the strength to hold out somehow.

Susan looked at the struggle playing out on his face. She realized that she'd mostly just been stroking his sweet spot, and remembered that she needed to do the abnormality check before anything else. So she began at the base and started pressing her thumb into his penis just as Nurse Akami had shown her how to do. She slowly attempted to cover every inch. She calmed herself by really seriously attempting to do the check.

That calmed him a lot as well because, although it felt great, it wasn't overwhelmingly pleasurable. His immediate urge to cum slowly subsided.

Meanwhile, her other hand began working at the tip, slowly massaging it. She soon got over her initial awkwardness, and both she and Alan began to grow more comfortable, especially once she found a rubbing rhythm.

He relaxed a bit, realizing that he could hold out longer if she kept doing only what she was doing for a while.

Then she grew bolder, affirming in her mind a decision that she'd made. My Tiger has to cum. He needs to cum so very much! I can't let him leave here with blue balls; it wouldn't be right.

She said to him, "The more times you can achieve ejaculation at the hands of others, the better, right? That's what the nurse says. So I thought we could do double-duty here, just like she does."

Her fingers went back to stimulating his sweet spot most of the time, even while she continued with the "abnormality check" with her other hand. But before long, she seemed to forget all about doing the check, and that other hand started pumping up and down his shaft.

They continued in silence. His erection was dripping copious amounts of pre-cum, so the only sound in the room was their combined panting and the squish, squish, squish of her hands sliding around his slick shaft.

She thought, This is so weird. I can't believe I'm actually going through with this. It feels so strange to slide my fingers up and down this ... thing. This member. Erection, I suppose. Dick or cock even, some say. Doing this may not be the greatest thing since sliced bread, like Suzanne has been claiming, but it's ... nice. I could even get used to this, I think.

That was a drastic understatement as she tried to pretend even to herself that she was staying calm and collected. In reality, she was so horny she could hardly tell up from down. The smell of aroused pussy filled the room.

Alan was having an increasingly difficult time not cumming, especially because Susan didn't know that she needed to pause or slow down when he was almost ready to reach orgasm, as Akami and Suzanne usually did. In fact, she started to go faster and faster. It didn't help either that her face was now so close to his lap that he could feel her cool breath on the tip of his dick.

"Mom, watch out - I can't hold on!" he said, but it was already too late. "I'm going to do it!" he yelled.

She looked up briefly in surprise, and then closed her eyes. She was high on lust, more than she cared to admit. She could feel her own urge to cum within her as she thrilled at thoughts of him cumming. She would have climaxed then, too, had there been any tactile stimulation of her nipples or clit.

He began shooting his cum right into her face, as a supernova of orgasmic pleasure exploded within him.

She was afraid of getting it in her eyes, even though she was wearing glasses. Just as she'd seen Akami do, she leaned back and took some of it on her chest instead. Besides, she loved the idea of getting painted with his pearly cream on her face and chest, since she'd been dreaming about it and talking about it with Suzanne for so many days.

But while her eyes stayed closed, Alan was busy watching everything. He noticed that she had the most curious facial expression. It reminded him of when a person goes out in the rain, but instead of trying to avoid the water they expose themselves to it and luxuriate in the feeling of raindrops hitting all over their body, much like Gene Kelly when he danced and sang in "Singing in the Rain." Mom's doing exactly that, except with my cum instead of rain. She loves it!

Susan did love it, even though she was trying to deny her wildly swirling emotions and pretend it was just a clinical procedure.

Attempting to remain professional, she remembered some of Suzanne's detailed instructions on what to do. She recalled that it was extremely important to keep stroking at all times, so she did (though she didn't remember why it was so crucial). She felt the pulsing of his cum in the warm erection in her hands



and also felt his squirts landing on her chest. She recalled from the all too rare times she'd had sex with her husband that a man squirted like that just a few times, maybe three or four at the most.

But Alan just kept cumming and cumming, spurting at least ten ropes of cum. The jets of semen shooting from the tip of his dick seemed never-ending and the accompanying rush of orgasmic pleasure seemed to go on forever as well.

Finally Susan opened her eyes in shock and stared as the last few ropes shot from the tip of his dick.bender

He cried out a deep guttural moan.

She cried out too, but her voice was higher pitched and expressed more shock.

Chapter 99 Cumshot @ Susan's Face And Tits.

Alan was spent. He came down slowly from his erotic high. Dang! I can't believe it. That was AWESOME! INCREDIBLE! It was even better than with Aunt Suzy, if such a thing is possible, just 'cos it was with Mom!

Susan though took longer to recover. She just stared at Alan in stunned silence for a minute or more. Cum covered her chest, but there was more of it on her face.

As her mind started to function better, she thought, Wow! That was REALLY strange. But not so bad. In fact, I kind of liked it. I wonder why my hubby never insisted that I do this to him. Or did he, and I was too hung up with my religious inhibitions to agree? But Ron could never cum that much with his little pecker. My son though, he just kept shooting and shooting and shooting! He must have been really excited. And I made him that way. That makes me feel great!

Tiger is just so virile! Like Suzanne keeps telling me, he's a total stud! Now I know what that means. So much sperm everywhere!bender

As she looked at the cum on her hands, she noticed her wedding ring. There wasn't any cum right on her ring, but there was all around it, and that gave her a spasm of guilt. Am I cheating on Ron? Suzanne says it's not cheating, but I just don't know. He hasn't been the best of husbands, but I still feel uneasy about doing this behind his back, just the same.

Finally she said to Alan, "Well, that's that. I guess. What a strange world we live in, with mothers having to do this for their sons. Are you okay, Tiger?"

"I'm more than okay, Mom. You made me feel fantastic." The sight of his cum-covered busty mother was such a turn-on to him that he never really lost his hardness. He was ready to go again nearly instantly.

Only then did she seem to notice all of the cum on her heaving tits. Look at me. I'm covered in this ... white goo. Oooh. Gross! She asked no one in particular, "Oh my. What are we going to do with all of this sticky stuff?"

Then she thought, But really, what's so gross about it? Suzanne's right; I need to get over my hang-ups. What did she call cum? That's right: "A tasty treat and a reward for a job well done." She's even called it a sticky, delicious sign of his love. It would be unseemly for me to give any of this a taste, no matter how yummy it might be. But Suzanne also said that him cumming so much and so often is a sign of his great virility. My Tiger could be a real tiger in bed! Heck, I'm sure that he would be!

She looked at him with a new attitude and a face full of bliss. It struck her that he was exceptionally sexually potent and talented, a true prize for any woman. She suddenly felt as if the cum that covered her was the greatest thing ever. It seemed as if she could just smile and gaze into his eyes for all eternity.

But then she began examining her chest more closely, running her fingers around and through the gobs of cum. She knew that was a bit naughty, but she couldn't help herself.

"Would you just look at me?!" she said in a delighted tone. "I'm a complete mess! It's a good thing I took my blouse off first."

Some of his cum had landed on her lower lip. She waited until he was looking elsewhere (which wasn't hard to do since his eyes were plastered on her chest and all points further down). Then she quickly used her tongue to bring it into her mouth.

Darn it, that IS a tasty treat! She already knew his cum tasted great, from her surreptitious taste when she'd been with him and Akami. She also loved its smell. The fresh taste confirmed her opinion and fed her hunger for more. MMMM! So good! I can't believe I'm saying that about my own son's cum! What have I turned into? Some kind of shameless hussy? But it's just a fact. Why does his spermy spend have to taste so darn good?!

One of her hands found a particularly large gob of cum on her chest, so she scooped it up. She put it on the tip of her finger and then sucked it into her mouth. Her desire was so great that she forgot to make sure he didn't catch her in the act.

When she did remember, she looked up to see him staring at the finger in her mouth with an astonished face. Busted! Damn. But the thing is, it's just too delicious to stop. Mmmm.

Alan imagined that the finger in her mouth was his dick. It wasn't hard to imagine, given the way she was treating it. She was pushing it in and out of her lips, making audible sucking noises on it as if trying to recover the very last remnants of cum so she could get it all. Even though he'd just cum, he could feel that his dick was still rock hard and ready for more.

Susan thought back to Suzanne's cocksucking 'instructions,' given on several occasions but mostly during their long morning phone call. While she hadn't sucked him off, Suzanne's advice seemed apt at that moment. "A good cocksucker always swallows. Cum can be very messy, and the best way to clean up is to eat it all. It's a sign of love to swallow. It's what good mommies do."

Susan was so aroused thinking about Suzanne's words that she couldn't stop herself. Closing her eyes in embarrassment, she said to him as she swiped up another gob with a finger, "Tiger, I hope you don't mind, but Suzanne said this is how I'm supposed to clean things up."

She brought the gob up to her lips but held it there and waited for his reaction, half-fearing that he'd call her a freak.

He was still recovering, and thus hardly able to talk, or even think much, but his eyes lit up and he said, "Mind? Are you kidding me? I love it! Mom, you're the best!"

With a big sigh of relief, she pushed the cummy finger into her mouth. She found herself rolling it around over her tongue to savor the taste. Mmmm. MMMM! Thank goodness he said that, because this stuff is better than chocolate. Better than ice cream! Heck, it's better than chocolate ice cream, hee-hee. I've heard that cum is supposed to taste bad, but Suzanne was so right that that's just not true. At least not with my cutie Tiger. Mmmm... Such a special man...

She closed her eyes and seemed to drift into a mellow ecstasy as she savored it even more.

Alan was already aroused beyond belief as it was, so the sight of his cum all over her tremendous breasts was almost too much to take. The added sight of her openly eating some of his cum pushed him even further, especially when she licked her fingers clean.

She scooped up even more cum from her chest, smearing her fingers with the sticky stuff. Then she sucked up another big gob with a loud and nearly orgasmic "Mmmm!"

She noticed that a small gob had dripped down to her wedding ring, which was a simple platinum band. But she was off in such a happy erotic la-la land that that only pleased her even more. She purposely and lovingly licked the ring clean.

Alan thought momentarily that he would faint when he saw that, but he held his breath until the feeling passed. He was starting to wonder when his mother would notice that his dick was still stiff.

Susan's boobs were so large and so perfectly shaped that her cum-covered chest was a completely different sight to behold than when he'd splattered Akami's average-size boobs. Susan's chest seemed to Alan like two mighty mountains with a deep valley between them. His cum gobs couldn't keep their elevation on those mountains, so they began sliding down into her valley, especially as more of them fell from her face. It occurred to him that her cleavage would be so perfectly lubricated with his cum that he could slip his boner into that valley and fuck her there.

"I have no idea what to do with all this stuff," she said to him. "There's just so much sperm! Is this much ... discharge ... normal? Suzanne said that I should eat it all because, uh, otherwise..."

She tried to remember the reason Suzanne had given, but came up blank. (In fact, Suzanne hadn't given any reason, but at that time the two of them were too horny to notice or care.) So she ad-libbed, "Uh, or else it'll fall and stain the carpet." Her face turned red as she said this, because she was aware that it was a pretty thin excuse to do something so blatantly obscene. So she added, "I hope Suzanne warned you about the evils of letting your seed spill upon the ground."

Alan didn't know what that meant, but he remembered Suzanne had recently and cryptically used the exact same wording. He guessed it had something to do with making a mess and staining things, though he couldn't figure out why she said "ground" instead of "floor."

Susan loved the taste of Alan's cum so much that she couldn't stop herself from eating the rest of it. Pretending not to notice that her son was continuing to stare, she soon began devoting her full attention to finding cum gobs with her fingers and sucking them into her mouth.

Before long, she was not only putting his cum into her mouth, she was practically fucking her mouth with her fingers as she was doing it. She was fantasizing about sucking him off. She had been aware that he was still erect for a while, so when he was obviously staring at her mouth and chest she unashamedly stared right back at his waving erection. Oooh goody! Look at that thing! Soooo big. I wonder how Ron would feel, knowing how much bigger his son's member is. And not just bigger, but superior in every way. This is a penis I want to get to know intimately. My son is a stud! Mmmm. MMMM! More!

She scooped up more gobs of cum and took her time savoring them, one by one. I don't really remember why I'm supposed to eat all of this, but I don't care. As for stroking him, who am I kidding? It wasn't just okay, it wasn't just fun, it was GREAT! I could play with it all day! I felt soooo good making him squirm and wiggle and practically burst with joy. And then when he DID burst, with his blast of gooey cum, what a rush!

If this is wrong, I don't wanna be right.

She continued to scoop and lick while Alan just stared at her. Mmmm. More cum. Yum. This is soooo yummy, but I'll bet it tastes even better coming straight from the source. I've got a naughty little feeling that it won't be too many days until I have the real thing inside my mouth, pulsing with life and sperm, rather than just my own cummy finger. Oooh! That's a nasty thought, hee-hee.

The sight of her devouring his cum with such obvious enjoyment and lust again made him giddy to the point of nearly passing out. Even so, he was very deliberately not touching his new erection. In fact, he was so turned on that he was already again worried about premature ejaculation. Dang! I really need to

work on my PC muscle exercises so I won't keep embarrassing myself. He had to close his eyes and concentrate on not cumming as best he could.

Finally, Susan finished devouring his cum, ending up looking surprisingly clean as a result. She immediately focused her attention on the "source" for more. Using a voice dripping with lust, she said, "Oh, but look at you. Goodness! You're hard again. I forgot to slow down, and got you off too quickly. I'm afraid I forgot to finish our examination. We may just have to do it all over again."

She smiled a wicked smile after saying that. What's happening to me? she thought idly, as if she were on the outside of her body looking in. Why am I acting like this, and why can't I stop? I'm supposed to be acting detached and clinical, but no one warned me how much FUN this would be!

Okay, true, Suzanne did warn me, and in spades, and she was so right! As usual! How I love her. And she said it's perfectly okay to enjoy it. As long as it has to happen, why not have a little fun? She keeps telling me that too.

"No, it's my fault!" Alan suddenly said, surprising her. "I'm sorry I came that quickly. I just couldn't hold out. You're just too damn sexy! Mom, you're so beautiful. You're too much. It's just amazing. And the way you did the, uh, abnormality check, well... Wow!"

"No, you're just saying that," she said dismissively, but secretly she was more pleased by his compliments than she'd been by any others in years. "And you must think your mother is weird, tasting your, uh, discharge, but I don't know what else to do with it. I mean, this is a damn awkward situation, but... Is this okay? Are you sure we should continue?" There was anticipation in her voice, and she was speaking to his jutting erection, not to his face.

"Yeah, it's okay," he replied. "It's way more than okay."

She gave a heavy and very audible sigh of relief.

"We'll have to do this at least once a week," Susan said excitedly as she grabbed her son's erection again. "Maybe more!" She frowned, and then asked with complete seriousness, "Could you ask Akami if maybe sometimes more than one abnormality check a week is necessary? You can't be too careful."

Alan grinned. "I'll ask. But I agree that more often wouldn't hurt. In fact, it's good to play it safe."

Susan smiled. "I agree whole-heartedly. So I'm sure that, since we're going to be doing this a lot from now on, we can become more professional about it. Do you mind your frumpy old mother jacking you off at least once a week and then eating up all your, uh, discharge? Could you live with that?" She resumed the abnormality check as she talked.

He knew that she was fishing for compliments, and he was very happy to give them sincerely. "Live with it? Mom, I'd love it! You're no frump; you're the sweetest, kindest, greatest, sexiest mom in the history of the world! I could easily 'live' with you doing that once a day. Heck, once an hour!"

She blushed, immensely pleased. "Shucks. You're just saying that. I'm sure you'd prefer Suzanne's help much more." She seemed keen on "checking" his sweet spot, as she kept on rubbing him there.

"Mom, Aunt Suzy is amazing, but you're totally amazing too. Of course she has years of experience, but you'll learn to be just as good as her, I'm sure."

"You think?" A determined look crossed her face. "Well, I'll try."

His mind nearly overloaded with pleasure as he imagined Susan giving him handjobs for years on end, all the while competing with Suzanne to see who was best at it.

As she talked, she was already "examining" every inch of his erection with her fingers, but she'd moved on from rubbing his sweet spot after trying to "check" that spot for a minute or two. The rest of her abnormality check wasn't the same as a full-on handjob and it didn't feel nearly as good to him.

A light bulb went off in his head. "Mom, why don't you practice giving me a handjob right now? Then I can better compare how you do it to Aunt Suzy's style. We can get back to the abnormality check after you practice that for a while."

Her whole face lit up with delight, even though logically his idea didn't make much sense. "What a good idea!" Both her hands began pumping up and down his shaft.

Alan had to stifle a loud groan, both over what she was doing and at her obvious joy in doing it. He was glad that at least this time he was able to hold out and enjoy it longer, now that he'd already cum once.

After a few minutes, she said as she stroked happily, "I must admit, I'm not very good at giving your member a ... massage. Your father and I, we've never really been into that kind of thing, so I've never even given a blowjob before. Everything we did... it was fumbling around in the dark. I feel kind of inadequate, especially knowing how talented our next door neighbor, 'Jessica Rabbit', is at it. I really want to be good at these handjobs, but I just don't know what to do."

"Mom, don't talk like that, or I'm going to lose it already. And slow down or stop rubbing from time to time, if you want me to hold out longer. I'm hoping we can practice for a long time."

She grinned. "Me too. Besides, Akami said that you need to be stimulated for a long time or it doesn't count for your daily total."

She began going more slowly. Mmmm. It's so warm. I know I'm going to be damned to Hell for this, but I have to admit that it's such a pleasure just to hold it. In a way I almost wish that guys didn't have orgasms, just so I could hold it and stroke it forever. But what did Suzanne say? "Don't just stroke it; love it." Suzanne gives the BEST advice! Tiger, I love you baby! And I love holding your coc- ... uh, your member.

I can't let myself get too excited. I'm all but naked, with my big tits constantly bouncing around, and if things get totally out of control my own son could end up fucking me! That's one reason why I have to know how to tame this hot, throbbing wild beast with just my hands.

A minute or so later, she asked, "How is this, Tiger? Do you like this? Is this what Suzanne does?"

He suggested, "It's beyond great. But if you put your whole body into it, then your chest shakes in the most delightful way in time with the stroking and I absolutely love that." Wondering if he'd pushed too far, he added, "You know, visual stimulation and all that; it, uh, helps with my cure."



Susan seemed to like that idea too. Her boobs were already constantly on the move, but now she sat forward with her chest thrust out while he sat right at the edge of her bed, to give him an even better show. She immediately began stroking in a way that caused her upper arms to move, not just her lower arms. That in turn set her rack lightly jiggling.

She asked, "Is that good? Is that how Suzanne does it?"

He went on, "Mom, it's great. But as for Aunt Suzy... Um... You don't have to do exactly what she does. I'm sure you can be just as good as her, but using your own style. Just watch my face and listen to my groans to find out what I like the most. It just takes a little practice." It was a hard question to think of an encouraging answer to, especially while he was being stroked so pleasurably. But he seemed to say exactly the right thing.

Susan had definitely found her cock-stroking rhythm by this time. Her hands pistoned up and down over his pre-cum soaked shaft ever more excitedly with each passing minute. All thoughts of eventually resuming the abnormality check were completely forgotten. Sometimes she used both hands on his dick, and sometimes she dropped a hand to her sopping wet panties to touch her clit. She was on fire.

"Oh, yes, Tiger! Practice! We need more practice! A lot of practice. A lot... So much stroking... Practice!" She said this between heavy, heaving breaths as she reached a crescendo of excitement. Once again her chest swayed and bounced in ways that caused nearly as much excitement for him as what her hands were doing.

She continued to stroke him with gusto, but she began to pay more attention to his reaction and vary her technique to determine what worked best. For his first climax, she had been uncontrollably excited and stroked madly and passionately. But this time around she took a bit more time, exploring every inch with slower movements to better prolong his joy. She tried to remember some of the practical tips Suzanne had mentioned during their many recent handjob discussions. Most especially, she focused more on rubbing his sweet spot and the other most sensitive spots Suzanne had told her about, generally around his cockhead.

Occasionally she asked him if he liked this or that technique, but his answers weren't that helpful since he loved everything.

That is, until he groaned particularly loudly with undisguised lust.

"What is it? What did I do?" she asked eagerly.

He was almost afraid to say, but he told her. "Um, Mom, that spot on the underside of the penis, below the head, where your fingers are pressing right now? That's the most sensitive spot. When you stroke me there like you were just doing, I practically see stars."

"Oh reeeeeeally?!" She was all smiles. She remembered how much importance Suzanne had given to that spot, the one that both Suzanne and Akami had called the "sweet spot." Susan was already rubbing there a lot, but from that point on, at least one of her hands seemed to be focusing there at all times.

Time passed in a blur. Alan was hardly aware of where he was or even who he was. He had been entranced by her slow rhythms, and was drifting in some alternate space where nothing existed but pleasure and arousal. His eyes were glassy and his face was filled with a great mindless grin.

Suddenly he came to, finding himself again shooting his cum all over his mother's face and chest. He'd been enjoying himself so much that he'd forgotten to struggle to delay his climax.

Susan had enjoyed his climax the first time, but she'd been more shocked than anything. This time she could fully appreciate the experience. Luckily, she'd been holding and fondling his balls with one hand, and she'd felt them tighten and lift, so she wasn't that surprised when his cum started to fly. She was in seventh heaven as his cum shot towards her face and chest.

The previous time, she'd been a bit afraid of the "gross" cum, but now she treated it like manna from Heaven. "Yes! Yes! YES!" she cried at the top of her lungs as she leaned forward to make sure all his cum landed on her.

Alan noticed she was shaking wildly and correctly concluded that she must be climaxing.

Remarkably, she hadn't been playing with her clit through her panties at the time, although she certainly had been minutes earlier, so what pushed her over the edge was that she was so excited from his cumming.

As successive ropes were flying shorter distances when his climax started to peter out, she shook his erection more vigorously, coaxing out more and more cum until it just dripped, and then stopped altogether. Then she fell back onto the floor, emotionally and mentally drained.

For the first time, it occurred to Alan that Susan might have been enjoying the experience as much as, or even more than, he had himself, which was saying quite a lot.

"Look at all your cum, Tiger!" she finally said, as she writhed about slowly on the floor. "You just about covered me in cum! God, it's SO HOT! Mommy loves it! Mommy needs MORE CUM!"

She was still in the throes of an extraordinary orgasm. When she'd had sex with her husband, she'd never had even one orgasm, and now she was having a whole series, which kept on long after she stopped touching him.

Eventually she settled down, but her body still occasionally bucked from the intensity of it all, like the aftershocks of a big earthquake. She thought, I had no idea that a person could feel this good! I must be multi-orgasmic. To think that I was married all these years and I never once experienced THAT.

Her breathing finally began to calm, but her erotic mood only heightened. She was like a drug addict who'd just had her all-time greatest high, and was now ready to do anything for another hit. She took a hand and began rubbing his cum into the skin of her chest. "It feels soooo good!"

Suddenly the thought occurred to her, We never did quite finish that abnormality check, did we? I guess we'll just have to do it all over again later, hee-hee!

With her other hand, she resumed rubbing her wet crotch through the thin fabric of her panties. Her pussy was totally soaked, with rivulets of her juices running down her thighs. Then she pushed her panties aside and plunged her fingers directly into her dripping slit, fingering her clit at the same time. She knew that masturbating in front of her son was extremely wrong and far outside the bounds of his abnormality check, but she couldn't control herself.

However, her pussy was still sensitive from her recent series of climaxes, so she had to stop and let her body recover. Her panties more or less fell back into place.

Alan was disappointed by that, since he had been too preoccupied to get a clear view of her pussy while she'd been playing with it. But he too was in recovery mode and in no mood to complain about anything, given the incredible experience he'd just had.

"Look at me, Tiger," she cooed as she ran two of her fingers down her cleavage, scooping up some cum along the way. "You cum soooo much. It's just too much. Good Lord, I must look like some kind of big-titted, sperm-covered mommy! Mmmm! What am I supposed to do with all this cum?"

He surprised himself by saying in a very matter-of-fact tone, "Why, Mom, I think you're going to eat it all."

"Oh Tiger, that's so nasty! You're just such a nasty, sexy, cum-filled boy. Is that an order?"

Despite his lack of sexual experience, he could tell what she wanted to hear. "Yes. Yes it is. Mom, I want you to eat up all my cum. Every last bit."

She loved being ordered what to do (though she didn't consciously know that yet), so his command caused chills of excitement to run up and down her spine. "Oh my! What a naughty boy! I guess if that's what you want, I'll have to do it. The only thing is ..." - she paused to suck a cum gob off her fingers - "I kind of like having it on my skin too. It's like you're ... marking me. ... Claiming me, even!" She ate more of his cum, repeatedly sucking it off her fingers. "Geez, listen to me. That sounds crazy! We're supposed to just be having an abnormality check here, and look at me!"

He did look at her. The sight of her rocking gently back and forth on the floor to some unheard rhythm while eagerly finding and eating his cum was blowing his mind. Even though he'd just cum twice in a short interval, he was a bit surprised that his penis didn't immediately lurch back into action yet again, because every move she made and every word she said was just too arousing to take. Mom is such a sexual dynamo! Who would have ever figured?!

Being "ordered" to clean up his cum took her to even greater heights of excitement (even though she'd all but told him to order her to do it). She simply couldn't help her urges and resumed frigging her clit despite a lingering sensitivity there. At the same time, it appeared that her other hand was out of control, running through his jism and scooping it up to consume it as fast as she could, instead of pausing to savor the taste. While she did all this, she apologized profusely and sincerely, "Oh no! Forgive me! I'm so sorry, Tiger. Please don't look, but I just can't control my hands! I'm too worked up! So improper! Oh my God! So very... Yes!"bender

Somehow she managed to continue her search for cum even as her body bucked more wildly.

He completely ignored her feeble request to not look at her, because her eyes told him a different story.

He thought, I've seen a lot of sexy things in the past few weeks, but this is the most out-of-control sexy thing I've ever seen! Just look at my mom, my so-called prudish mom. She's writhing on the floor with gobs of my cum all over her face and smeared all over her massive tits, even as they sway all around her chest. But that's not all! She's got a hand under her panties, plunging into the depths of her snatch while her legs buck and kick in the air. It's like she's being royally fucked by an invisible man!