

## 6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 14 That's Too Revealing!

Suzanne launched into this new phase of her overall plan, now that she had begrudging acquiescence from Susan.

The next evening, Suzanne came back to the Plummer house with a garment bag full of sexy clothes for Susan to try on. They were both big-busted Amazon types, just one inch short of six feet, and they wore the same sizes in everything.

Unlike Susan, who didn't have any revealing clothes at all, Suzanne liked to dress sexily on occasion. But she did it only when it wasn't a situation where she'd be overly annoyed by horny guys. Unfortunately, because she was so beautiful, that occurred almost every time she was in public. So she had a lot of clothes that she'd hardly ever worn except during her affairs.

Following up on Susan's agreement the day before to, as Suzanne liked to put it, "sex things up a bit," Suzanne convinced Susan to try on some of her dressier clothes. Back in the master bedroom, which was effectively Susan's private bedroom since her husband was never around, the two of them sat on the edge of Susan's big bed and looked through the garment bag. In front of them was a large floor-to-ceiling mirror.

Suzanne broke the ice by picking out something not too daring and trying it out. The first thing she did was to stand up and casually take off all her clothes.

"Suzanne!" Susan chided, "What do you think you're doing? Have some decency. I've never seen you naked! It's so ... not done!"

"Susan, these clothes we're trying on, they're really meant to be worn without any underwear. For instance, look at this top." She pulled a top down over her head and put it on. There was so much cleavage showing that it was clear no bra could be worn with it. "You see? This top just won't work with a bra. Even a strapless bra won't help."

Suzanne was still naked from the waist down, which Susan found extremely disconcerting. "I don't care about that," said a blushing Susan, "so much as it bothers me you're not wearing anything ... a little lower. Won't you please put the rest of the outfit on?"

"Oh, right," Suzanne said, as if she'd just forgotten to do so. "But really, Susan, lighten up a bit. This is what people do when they change clothes - they take their clothing off, and then put other clothing on. Really!"

Suzanne was secretly delighting in her friend's discomfort about showing off her body. Susan's body was so deliciously curvy that Suzanne was keen on seeing her friend completely naked, but she'd never had a chance in all the years they'd been best friends, even though they often worked out together.

"Sorry, I'm just not used to this. I know I dress more modestly than most other people, but I just can't help it."

"Susan, you CAN help it. You have to step out of your old habits already! Here, try something on." She handed Susan the garment bag.

Susan looked for the item that would cover her the most completely. Then she went to the bathroom to change.

After taking off all her clothes except her panties, she put the item on - a brown top which nearly covered her entire upper torso. However, there was a large strip running right down the middle of the front without any fabric at all, except a few thin strings running back and forth through the strip, making X's in a shoelace pattern. Worse, the strip was even wider in the middle, reaching right to the edge of her nipples. Her deep cavernous cleavage stood out from a mile away, as did her cute belly button.

"Oh no! This is horrible! I could never wear this. Let's try another one, fast."

They began trying on outfit after outfit. Actually it was nearly always Susan trying all the outfits, since Suzanne already knew her own clothes. However, there were a few outfits of Susan's that Suzanne wanted to try on.

Suzanne generally sat naked or in her underwear, watching, making encouraging comments as Susan rejected item after item.

Suzanne tried to touch her friend as much as possible under the guise of helping to put on the clothes, straightening out the fabric, and so on. This was an attempt to get Susan into a more erotic mood, and more accustomed to nakedness and touching. Suzanne was at least gratified that Susan eventually gave up about always needing to go to the bathroom to change.

panda Ўovêl(còm) They went on changing clothes for over an hour, with Susan trying some items on several times, because she just couldn't find anything in which she felt comfortable in. please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

Finally, Susan went to her own drawers and got out the most revealing clothes she owned, which consisted of short white tennis shorts that came down only an inch below her crotch, and a white tennis top that left her arms open and revealed some of her ample cleavage.

"Is that sexy enough? I think it's all I can handle," said Susan while looking doubtfully in the mirror.

"No way!" Suzanne responded emphatically. "The stuff I'm wearing is waaaaay more revealing than that!"

Suzanne had chosen a strapless silky black dress. From her bust on down it covered things thoroughly. But there was just a straight line of fabric cutting across her breasts a fraction of an inch above her nipples, exposing the narrow, deep valley between her tits. There was little to hold it up, and in fact, unless she pulled it up constantly, it was likely to eventually fall off her chest all together.

"I can't wear something like you're wearing," Susan whined. "I'd die! Please, just for today, please just let me wear this." She tried to show off the tennis outfit sexily.

"You wear that all the time, whenever you play tennis. But I'll be willing to concede if you wear it without a bra or panties."

"What? No way! I'd never do that!"

"You see, that's your problem. Why do you think you and your husband have no love life? You need to learn how to be sexy, if only for your marriage. I've been bugging you for years. If I'm going this far" - she waved a hand over her dress - "you've got to go at least that far." She waved her other hand over the tennis shirt and shorts.

Suzanne certainly didn't want Susan and Ron's love life to improve, since that would ruin her larger plan. In fact, she knew there was little to no chance of that happening, no matter how sexily Susan dressed. However, she knew that an argument like that would be the best way to manipulate Susan right at that moment toward the endpoint that Suzanne really wanted so much.

Susan fidgeted. "I don't know. I know I'm not perfect, but that's just the way I am. And what does it matter? I'm more likely to spot Bigfoot than to see my husband in this house."

Suzanne was relentless. "Susan, how can you be so selfish? Don't you care about your son's poor health? I know it's unorthodox, but this is a medical procedure. Look at the extremes I'm willing to go to in order to help him out. I'm not going to wear a bra or panties with this, I'll have you know."

Susan had already realized that Suzanne wasn't wearing a bra, but she thought, Not wearing panties in a summer dress that comes down only about three inches below her crotch? That's too revealing! I had no idea just how outrageous she could get.

But she kept such thoughts to herself. "No, I'm sorry, but I just can't. I feel so guilty not helping... I almost could, but your skirt is just too short! Can't we get one that's less scandalous?"

"All right. Here's my compromise. You just wear a T-shirt and shorts, but no underwear."

"Okay, okay, you win. But go easy on my son, okay? We just want to stir things up a little so his libido will get going again. We don't want to give him a heart attack!"

"Fine. But you also have to tie your T-shirt in a way that exposes your firm, cute midriff."

Susan sighed with exasperation. "If you insist."

Suzanne was pleased. Susan didn't seem to realize that a T-shirt and shorts without underwear would be even more arousing for Alan than the tennis outfit, which showed more skin overall but hid her best parts all too thoroughly.

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