

## 6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 15 Now My Plan Is Really Kicking Into Gear.

At about eight thirty, shortly after the two women finished choosing their clothes, Alan left his room to forage in the kitchen for food. That's where he encountered his mother.

She turned around rapidly to greet him.

He noticed that her breasts bounced far more than usual as she did so. They finally jiggled to a stop, as if someone had shaken a bowl of Jell-O. Holy crap! Why is my mom so bouncy all of a sudden?

Her outfit is nothing unusual... Wait a minute. This is my mom we're talking about here. She never wears just a plain white T-shirt, much less one tied up to expose her midriff. And she CERTAINLY never goes without a bra! I can totally see her nipples! It's like they're fighting to burst through the fabric. And as for the white shorts, well, she's worn those before, but only for sports activities. Together with the shirt, she looks so ... casual! Mom?! Casual? And no bra?! Calm down! What's going on here? There must be a good explanation.

He cleared his throat and said, "Hey, Mom." His voice picked a bad time to crack, as it still did every now and then. "Um, are you off to play some sports or something?"

Susan's face was red. "No Tiger, it's too late at night for that. You're wondering about my clothing, I guess. Suzanne is making me wear these crazy things."

At the mention of Suzanne, Susan turned further around to face her best friend who was standing nearby. That set her breasts in motion again; they crashed into each other like two water balloons bouncing on independent journeys. The gentle friction from them moving against her T-shirt was rather disconcertingly new to her.

"Mom, I, uh..." Alan wanted to say something, but didn't know what to say. His penis was suddenly almost painfully erect. Should I say she's sexy? Hot? No, that would scare her.

"Yes, Tiger?" Susan lowered her head shyly, causing more earthquakes of movement on her chest. The longer Alan delayed speaking, the redder her

face became. She was particularly embarrassed over how erect her nipples had become. She prayed that it wasn't noticeable.

"Mom, you look... young." He unconsciously heaved a big sigh of relief at finding a diplomatic word. More confidently, he continued, "Seriously! You could practically be a high-school student. Your other clothes make you look older, but this makes you look ten years younger!" He looked down at his crotch and noticed a huge bulge there. He quickly adjusted his shorts while Susan was looking down and away.

πανδα Ἰοβὲλ(còm) Susan blushed even more furiously, but now she was pleasantly embarrassed at the compliment instead of apprehensive about his reaction. "No. You're just saying that, Son."

"No, really. It's true! Dang. If my friends saw you right now, they'd totally want to ask you out to the prom. But what's the special occasion?"

She smiled a big smile with her head still bowed. "Why don't you ask Suzanne about it? It was her crazy idea. Would you like something to eat? I could make you some cookies."

"That would be great. Thanks a ton, Mom." He walked over to Suzanne after delighting in the sight of his mother turning and thus initiating another tit-quake on her chest.

Susan was immensely pleased at his reaction. Her husband had never really complimented her, leaving her emotionally starved for praise. But at the same time, she was glad that Alan had seemingly diverted his attention to Suzanne.

Alan's eyes had been focused on Susan's chest, but Susan was mostly thinking about her shorts. It was impossible for Alan to see that she wasn't wearing panties, but Susan could feel the difference very acutely. The shorts were so tight that they rubbed her crotch maddeningly. That, the unfamiliar feel of her boobs bouncing freely inside her shirt, and Alan's eyes boring into her combined to get her surprisingly aroused.

She felt tingly all over, but most especially jolts of pleasure as her erect nipples constantly rubbed against the fabric of her T-shirt. That only increased her agitation and horniness, as she knew Alan would be able to see the shape of her nipples. She found herself getting wet, just standing in the kitchen and thinking of Alan looking at her. She blamed her moistness on the rubbing of the fabric, when in fact that was only a small part of the cause.

She suddenly attacked the task of making oatmeal cookies with a passion, to take her mind off everything else.

Alan meanwhile walked over to the dining room table where Suzanne was sitting, taking a chair across the table from her. The kitchen and dining room were essentially one room separated by a kitchen counter, so he could still hear and partially see Susan in the kitchen. He took a good look at his Aunt Suzy for the first time since he'd walked in, and dropped his jaw in surprise.

She was wearing a business-like dress shirt as she sometimes did, but it was unbuttoned and opened. Beneath it was something Alan mistakenly assumed to be a tight *négligée*. In fact, some daring people wore the combination out in public, but few let it ride as low as Suzanne was doing. It exposed her boobs more completely than he'd ever seen them. As he had walked over to her, she'd unobtrusively lowered the edge of her dress on her rack until the pink edges of her nipples were barely showing.

"Wow, Aunt Suzy, you look really pretty today."

Suzanne leaned forward.

Alan's heart began to race.

"Why thank you, Sweetie! You noticed I'm not wearing my usual dress. About the clothes your mom and I are wearing - she and I were talking earlier and decided that one way we could break you out of your funk was to make everything around here a bit sexier, so that you could get in more of a sexy mood. And that could help you get over your frustration from asking out Christine."

"Wow, thanks, you two!" He was really touched, not to mention shocked. I can see they're really trying to help me out. But what a strange way to do it. I can hardly believe this is Mom and Aunt Suzy we're talking about here!

Suzanne asked him, "How do you like my dress? Is it too much? Do you think it's too revealing?" But just as she said the word "revealing," she flexed her muscles and stuck out her chest. The red dress slipped down an inch, entirely revealing both her nipples.

He gasped aloud. His heart literally skipped a beat. "Um, ah, no," he finally said. She could have had a giant red X painted on her face and he would never have known, because his eyes never left her chest.

"Oh, good, 'cos I was worried it's a little too loose on me." She leaned back in her chair, which caused the dress to ride up over her nipples again. She looked away so he would feel more uninhibited about checking her out.

He assumed she simply didn't know how revealing her dress was, when in fact she knew exactly what she was doing and delighted in it.

For the next few minutes while she talked to him, her nipples played a constant game of hide and seek.

He felt like his stiff rod would punch a hole through his shorts at any moment. Nervous sweat even appeared on his forehead.

Pushing her luck even further, Suzanne took off her white dress blouse, so all she had left was the precarious red dress. It immediately slipped down an inch or two, revealing both her nipples yet again. please visit panda-: )NOVE1.co)m

She seemed completely unaware of what she was showing. She looked into the kitchen as she talked to Susan, giving him free reign to gawk.

His mouth gaped open and closed like a gasping fish, but eventually he got swept up into the conversation.

Suzanne turned back towards him and stared intently into his face as she said something to him - he had no idea what it was - forcing him to turn away and play it cool for a while. Then she turned away again.

He sat there with his mouth hanging open like a drooling idiot.

The whole while, her nipples and areolae were clearly on view from just a few feet away. He could practically count all the little bumps on them.

Susan had her back turned, so she had no idea what was going on. But finally she said to Alan, "Tiger, can you help me here?"

Alan was forced to get up and head to the kitchen.

Suzanne relaxed, breaking into an unsuppressible, slight grin. But before he could walk away, she gave him a "come hither" gesture with her finger.

As if piloted by remote control, he crossed to where she was sitting, fighting to keep his eyes on her face.

She motioned him still closer and kept on until he bent forward so she could whisper directly into his ear.

"Sweetie, you may have noticed your mother isn't wearing a bra. She isn't wearing any panties either, for that matter. She's trying to be sexy for you."

Alan stood up. He felt like he'd been run over by a train, and more than once. Between his Aunt Suzy sexily whispering with that huskily breathy voice of hers and her top hanging out again, plus the idea of his incredibly repressed mother "going commando," he thought for sure he'd cum right in his shorts. But he managed to hold out.

Finally, he waddled to the kitchen somewhat like a penguin. He tried to prevent his erection from bouncing around wildly by putting a hand in his pocket to hold it. But that caused its own problems and delights.

"I've looked all over, but I can't find the baking soda," his mother said to him. "Can you help?"

Alan gasped again, because now she was bent over and sticking her head into a cabinet near the floor. Her ass was poking up high into the air, and Alan could see from the lack of lines in the fabric straining against her behind that Suzanne was right: his mother wasn't wearing any panties. He stared intently at the strip of fabric between her legs, trying to make out the dark shape of her bush as a bulging mound.

With his hand still in his pocket and on his dick, he began playing "pocket pool," masturbating slowly. He never consciously made the decision to do so; it was as if his hand had a mind of its own.

"Tiger, did you hear me?" Susan asked again.

"Um, sure Mom," he said, but he stood frozen in place, staring and rubbing himself. He was too far gone to stop. He was right on the verge of making a big mess in his shorts.

"Can I help?" It was Suzanne's voice.

Alan turned and saw the sexy redhead now standing on the other side of the counter that divided the kitchen from the dining room. Her dress hung down a good inch below her nipples now and she still seemed unaware of that fact.

She was playing with fire, standing like this so close to Susan, but she didn't intend to pull her dress up until Susan began standing up.

Alan immediately stopped rubbing himself through his shorts, afraid she could see what he was doing.

Susan answered, "Sure. Check around for the baking soda." She spoke into the cabinet as she was still bending over lewdly. She was oblivious to Suzanne's display and even the effect of her own accidental display of her fantastic legs and ass. Her main concern was to hide her erect nipples from Alan's eyes, and she figured she was doing that.

Alan's mouth hung open as he stood there with both hands over his crotch, looking like he desperately had to pee. The one-two punch of seeing both his mother and Aunt Suzy like this was too much for him. His knees began to buckle as he started to cum into the front of his shorts.

Suzanne asked knowingly, "Something wrong there, Sweetie? You seem ... antsy."

He stood there, mouth agape, while his cock spasmed visibly in his shorts. Suzanne saw it, despite his best efforts to cover it with his hands. He finally recovered enough to say, "Thanks for helping Mom, Aunt Suzy, 'cos I just remembered something. I gotta go!"

He rushed off to his room in shame, never taking his hand out of his shorts or off his now wet dick. He couldn't, because his hand was covered with cum that had leaked into the pocket.

Susan was still bent over, totally unaware of what had just transpired.

Suzanne pulled her dress back up over her nipples and chuckled inwardly. We were just too much for the poor guy. Now my plan is really kicking into gear. This is going to be so much fun!

Alan had already climaxed twice earlier in the day. After what he'd seen in the kitchen, he had three more orgasms before he fell asleep. His long-standing rule not to masturbate about his mother or his "Aunt Suzy" was left in tatters.

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