

## 6 TIMES A DAY

Chapter 16 Alan & Aunt Suzy

Suzanne's plans to 'sex things up' was already showing results. The next morning, Alan found himself dreaming. In his dream, he came home from school to find both his mother and Aunt Suzy waiting for him in the living room, wearing outrageously sexy outfits. They wore matching cocktail dresses showing off their long legs and impressive cleavage.

Once Alan was sitting with them, Suzanne explained that she and Susan had decided not to beat about the bush. In order to help him with his six-times-a-day treatment, they'd decided to go all out and help him sexually in any way necessary. To prove it, they both disrobed and stood naked before him, holding hands for mutual support.

Events in Alan's dream escalated rapidly from there, because he decided he needed a lot of help cumming, starting right away.

Eventually he had them in a "fuck sandwich," with Susan lying on top of Suzanne, while he stood above them stroking his erection and trying to decide which one to fuck first. But before he could choose, he woke up.

At first, he was just frustrated. Dang! What a lousy time to wake up. If only I could have had five more minutes of that wonderful dream. Hell, just two more minutes and I would have been inside one of them. Dammit, I want to fuck somebody!

But then what he'd dreamt about hit him. Whoa. Hold on here. Mom and Aunt Suzy are off limits. I've been having too many sexual dreams about them lately, but dreaming about fucking them both crosses the line. God knows they're impossibly sexy, but they're family. Okay, technically Aunt Suzy isn't really my aunt, but in my heart she is and that's what matters.

But how can I NOT have wet dreams about them? I mean, after what happened yesterday? The way they dressed and everything? It's crazy! I'm only human. Besides, I need this kind of inspiration. Having to cum six times a day is almost impossible. Okay, maybe in reality they're not going no-holds-barred in helping me, but I've got to at least go no-holds-barred in my fantasies if I can even hope to keep up the pace. And that starts right now, because I've still got a nice boner.

Ah. Now, where were we?

Keeping his eyes closed, he began stroking himself, trying to get back into his dream and continue his fantasy. It didn't work fully, but he was able to recapture enough of the sexy vibe to have a nice cum before getting out of bed to start his day.

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Alan thought that it couldn't get any better. However, Suzanne was just getting started. Later in the day, she decided to wear a very revealing blue summer dress when over at the Plummer house. She loved blue because it complemented the highlights in her reddish-brown hair. Even though it was almost October, in Southern California the weather was always warm, and this happened to be the middle of a very hot heat wave.

Suzanne's shoulder straps widened as they went down to partially cover her big tits, but they didn't cover much else. The dress hung fairly loosely, so that she could expose her nipples just by pushing into the sides of her boobs with her upper arms. When she walked, her firm globes jiggled and threatened to fall out the sides of the dress altogether. The fabric extended only a few inches below her crotch.

Soon, Alan would be home from school. Suzanne had a trick up her sleeve to push her sexual teasing of him a lot further. Susan, being so conservative and religious, had always made sure that Alan had a porn filter on his computer, which was in his room. But in light of Alan's medical diagnosis and with some prodding from Suzanne, Susan had decided that he needed to have the porn filter removed. So that day, Suzanne uninstalled the filter program before he got home.

Like a cat waiting to pounce, Suzanne waited for him to get home and head to his room to masturbate. She lurked outside his door a few minutes after she heard him close his drapes to darken the room, then waited a few more minutes until she figured he was masturbating with gusto. Then she knocked on his door.

"Sweetie, you in there? It's me, your Aunt Suzy. Can I come in?"

Alan thought this request was unusual, as she rarely came into his room. Especially lately - everyone had been giving him all the privacy he needed. He figured it must be something important.

"Uh yeah, just a minute!" He quickly threw on some shorts, raced to his computer, and turned on the lamp next to it. He turned on the monitor and the computer came back to life from sleep mode. "Come in!" he said, trying to act like he had been working on the computer the whole time.

"Hi Sweetie, how are you doing in here?" Suzanne asked as she strolled into the room and looked around. "Are you hiding from the heat?" The heavy drapes were closed, so that the only light in the darkened room, other than from his computer screen, came from his table lamp.

He didn't answer, since he was too nervous to come up with a quick response. He hadn't seen her yet, but he had a strong suspicion that she'd be wearing something extremely sexy.

She continued, "Sorry to disturb you, but I was thinking about you probably sulking up here in your room, and I thought I'd come in and try to cheer you up. Is that okay?"

"Sure it's okay," he said as he turned around and finally got a good look at her and the light blue dress she was wearing.

Whoa! Holy... WOW! I've seen Aunt Suzy in some revealing clothes before, but nothing like this! Oh my God, her tits are hanging out everywhere! And her cleavage! DANG! On top of that, I think I can see the shape of her nipples through her dress from all the way over here! I really think I can! This is like what Mom wore yesterday, but ten times better.

Alan had spent most of the day at school fantasizing about his mother and Aunt Suzy, but reality made his dreams seem like a cheap, pale fraud. Just the arousing smell of her perfume was enough to make him dizzy. His penis was suddenly fully erect.

Suzanne walked to him and leaned over, on the pretense of seeing what he was doing on the computer. She pressed one of her breasts into his shoulder as she drew nearer to the screen. That was completely unusual too.

He looked back over his shoulder in an attempt to look at her face, but his eyes fixed on her other breast instead. He realized, That loose-hanging dress lets me not only see an entirely naked breast, but I can see clear down to her waist as well! I'm actually seeing an entire boob here. A giant, pale, Aunt Suzy boob, no less!

He just gawked dumbly at her pale breast until she said, "Mind if I have a seat?"

"Uh, sure."

Suzanne grabbed a chair and pulled it up next to him. "What are you working on there, Sweetie? Surfing the web?"

"Yeah." He turned towards the screen, but it was the image of her mammoth boobs that burned deeply into his brain.

She leaned forward. "What page are you reading? I have a hard time reading a computer screen without my glasses."

"Glasses?" he said, "I didn't know you wore glasses."

"I don't usually. Only when I have something hard to read." Not only did she not need reading glasses, she didn't even own any. But it was a good excuse for her to put her face really close to the computer screen. That again caused the front of her dress to open out, revealing all of her huge breasts once more.

Suzanne was sitting next to Alan, and his chair was pulled up under the desk and close to the computer screen, making it awkward for him to look over towards her. But he quickly realized that in the dark room he could see her boobs perfectly in the reflection on the screen, due to the desk lamp illuminating her.

He pondered, Huh. For some reason, Aunt Suzy seems to be completely unaware of what she's showing. Maybe it has to do with her eyesight. He had such a perfect view of her breasts through the screen's reflection that he couldn't believe it. Thank the Lord for summer dresses and this Indian summer heat wave!

Until recently, he had tried his very best not to think about his 'Aunt Suzy' in a sexual way. It was extremely difficult because everything about her oozed sexuality. But he had long ago come to feel as if she were in fact his second mother, so he had a policy never to masturbate about her, just as he never allowed himself to masturbate about his mother or sister. Usually that even extended to Suzanne's daughter Amy next door, whom he thought of as another sister. But lately, his resolve about them was failing.

His mind was filled with nothing but lusty thoughts and fantasies about his "aunt" as he stared into the reflection on the computer screen. The fragrance of her sweet perfume was also fogging his brain. She smelled vaguely like vanilla. His dick grew so hard that it popped through the fly of his quickly-donned shorts. He was really kicking himself now for rushing so much that he had failed to put on underwear as well.

Both his hands were on the keyboard, so he couldn't figure out how he could casually stuff his erection back into his pants without drawing attention to his problem. Then he realized that if he just scooted forward a bit more, he could leave his dick out and it would be too far under the desk for Suzanne to possibly see. He decided that was the best solution.

He happened to have his browser open to a news article. He liked keeping up on the news.

"Interesting article," said Suzanne, as she read it. She figured she'd give him as much time as he wanted to ogle her tits.

He stared at the reflection of her tits for long minutes. He remained excited, but his pounding heart calmed somewhat so at least he didn't feel like he was on the verge of a heart attack. She was so close beside him that he could feel her sweet, minty breath on his arm.

After she appeared to have finished the article, she cleared her throat, causing Alan to twist around in his seat to make eye contact with her. "The reason I came in here is that I was thinking there was something that could cheer you up. I know you've been falling behind on doing your thing lately, so your mom decided it would be okay to remove the porn filter from your computer, as one way to help inspire you. I took the program off while you were at school, and I wanted to show you the kinds of things that you now can see on your computer."

Whoa! He was really surprised at this turn of events. Where is she going with this?

"As you probably know," she continued, "I don't get a lot of romance from my husband. I hate to admit it, but one way I compensate is by looking at Internet porn. There's a lot of crap out there, but I have some sites I've found that are really good and I wanted to show them to you, now that you can access them from your computer. Is that okay?"please visit panda-:)NOVE1.co)m

"S-s-sure." He (rightfully) found it hard to believe that a perfect centerfold like Suzanne would ever need to look at Internet porn to get her sexual fun. But he wasn't about to try to stop her.

Suzanne grabbed the mouse and began clicking. "Yesterday, you wouldn't have been able to check out this site, but I talked to your mom about it and today... voilà!" The DSL connection allowed a bunch of pictures to pop up instantly.

Suzanne had spent recent days finding the best pictures she could find, and she began going through them. She actually had put them all onto a web page she'd just created. "Can I just bookmark this page? That way you can find them later."

He was still too stunned to speak, so he just nodded.

She had some pictures of beautiful naked women that filled the screen. She'd especially tried to find pictures that at least somewhat resembled her. A large percentage had dark reddish-brown hair and green eyes, just as she did. Alabaster skin was another common theme.

As she went through them, Alan felt a sense of pure exhilaration. The feeling of his dick resting in the open air, yet hidden from Suzanne who was sitting right next to him, was almost more than he could handle.

She came to one picture that was nothing but two enormous tits. By happy coincidence, the size and location of the tits roughly fit the image of her own tits shown in the reflection on the monitor's screen. They too were hanging out of a very openly revealing dress, in the same way hers were at that very moment.

He gasped out loud, thinking, If she only knew! My heart is beating so fast - can a teenager die from overtaxing his heart? Seriously!

In fact, she knew. She'd had the reflection and everything else planned out in advance. But she didn't let on what she knew, especially that she knew his erection was hanging out beneath the desk. "You like that one, eh? As a matter of fact, I like that one too. Of course I like men, but I must admit looking at a sexy woman turns me on just as much. That's why I'm showing you my favorite pictures of women. I thought you'd like them just a bit more than my favorite pictures of men, right?" She nudged his shoulder with her own and

they both laughed. She remained near him afterwards, her arm resting against his while the heat from her body warmed his own.

Alan was so nervous that he laughed far too loud and long.

She continued, "Nothing beats looking at a pair of round, firm, BIG bare breasts, don't you think? There's just something about them. Even as a woman, I find them strangely captivating."

He nodded. He was so excited, he could hardly breathe.

Suddenly she got serious, and turned to look him in the face with a very concerned look. "You don't think there's something wrong with me if I get horny looking at women, do you?"

"Oh, no... No! That's okay." At least being asked easy questions was giving him a chance to regain his voice.

"You don't think it's wrong if sometimes I want to rub my hands all over a woman's boobs, and even lick her pussy? Does that make me a lesbian?"

In actual fact, she wasn't just acting. She really did find herself attracted to women, and had even had a few girlfriends in college, her roommate in particular. But she hadn't done that kind of thing in years, for fear of social scandal in a neighborhood where tongues wagged.

"Nuhhh, no," said an increasingly incoherent Alan. I've hardly ever heard her even speak a curse word, and now she's talking like this!

"Thanks!" She put her arm around him and patted him on his opposite shoulder. Then she left her hand there. "I don't think it does either, especially if you knew how much I love having a real penis inside me. Even just holding one or sucking on a fat boner is such a hoot. But then again, I love kissing a soft pair of female lips while hefting the woman's big breasts in my hands. I guess that makes me bisexual. Do you mind? That I'm bisexual?"

He was suddenly very conscious of how close she was to him, enveloping him with her leg pressed against his, her arm holding him, and her side and tit pressed against his bare torso. He kept smelling her fragrant perfume and feeling her fingers moving slightly on his shoulder. His heart was beating even more irregularly, and he was perspiring heavily.

"Alan? ... Sweetie?"

"Um..." He was so flustered he'd forgotten the question.

"Don't worry," she continued, "Going down on a woman, sticking my tongue deep into her pussy and rubbing my hands all over a pair of big hooters is, of course, a lot of fun. Yes! Don't be surprised. I've made love to women many times. I've fingered pussies and licked them. But I still think nothing beats a good, hard cock! So please don't be calling Aunt Suzy a 'carpet muncher' any time soon, okay? But I have to admit that a naked woman is more beautiful than a naked man. Don't you agree?"

He was still so blown away by what she'd just said that he was incapable of speech.

Suzanne plowed on. "So I just love these pictures. It looks like we have similar tastes in women, don't you think? We obviously both like big D-cups like your sister's, and even bigger G-cups such as your mother's. Bigger than that, I don't know. I say there's too much of a good thing sometimes."

"Yeah... Um, Aunt Suzy, I'm so surprised to hear you speaking so ... frankly," he replied shakily. If she doesn't stop with all this sexy bisexual talk, I'm gonna pass out for sure! And I'm gonna cum under this desk even sooner than that!

"Oh, don't mind me. I'm just trying to help you with your problem. Remember what I said about trying to sex things up a bit? Just like these pictures. Now that I see how much you like them, this is something we can do together more often. I'll show you more of the pictures I like, and you can show me the favorites you find, too. Okay? We can be hot together looking at the same women. Right?"

He somehow managed a nod.

"There are some great stories on the web too, that I can show you later as well. They're really hot. Before long you won't have any trouble doing your thing. Is it a deal?"

One of her hands was still on his shoulder, but she took her other hand off the mouse and held it out in front of him, implying that she wanted him to shake it.

He shook her hand, more by automatic reflex than anything else. His mind was completely blown away.



"Deal?" she asked again.

He finally responded, "Deal." They shook hands firmly, which caused her large melons to jiggle enticingly, making one of them slide directly against his arm.

Suzanne began to get up. "I gotta run, but maybe we can do more of this later tonight, okay?" She stood and walked to the door.

She glanced at his daily count chart which she had retrieved from the trash the day Alan had discarded it. She had returned it to its position that morning, after she and Susan had heard him break his week-long funk the night before. She smiled to herself at his count so far that day, then turned and blew him a kiss before she walked out the door.

Shucks, she thought, I didn't get a chance to do half the things I'd planned to do with this dress, but I guess I've gotta take it slow. There's no doubt he was right on the verge. Not only of orgasm, but of a heart attack! Ha! So much fun! I love my cute, innocent little Sweetie so much.

Immediately after she walked out the door, Alan put his hand on his exposed boner under the desk. As soon as he touched it, he blew a large load of cum into the wooden paneling of the back of the desk. He'd almost never masturbated anywhere other than his bed before, and always cleanly into a towel or tissues.

Aghast, he looked under the desk and saw his cum dripping slowly down the wood and onto the carpet. He immediately jumped up and went to grab a towel.

Gross! But what a mind-blowing experience - I've never felt anything like that before - not even with Akami when she put her hands around my dick. And I did that thinking of Aunt Suzy? My Aunt Suzy? What's wrong with me? Why does she have to be a totally busty bisexual vixen? It's almost cruel. Look but don't touch. Ugh!

He stayed in his room, lying on his bed. He came three more times that afternoon, just thinking about his experience with Suzanne. For a guy completely inexperienced in all matters sexual, what she'd done and said seemed far beyond the realm of possibility.

She's never looked like that, talked dirty like that, or acted like that before! What's going on? Is she coming on to me? Oh my God - what if she actually wants to kiss me? What would I do? Was it just the heat wave that had her dress like that? She and Mom talked about being a bit sexier, but this is just beyond belief.

Get a grip, Alan. She's married. She's twice your age. She's way, way, WAY out of your league. She's like some Playboy centerfold, except even MORE busty and curvy! No way would she want to kiss you or anything like that. She's just sexing things up, like she said. But I don't think she realizes how good at it she is. Jesus H. Christ! That's like deadly lethal sexiness. I couldn't take that again; I just wouldn't be able to handle it.

Eventually he got up to leave, but couldn't resist turning on the computer again and looking at the picture of the tremendous boobs that had so closely matched Suzanne's reflection. Just a short glimpse caused him to cum yet again, relatively quickly. He'd been one-for-six that day until she came into his room. Hey, I'm gonna set an all-time record before I go to sleep tonight. Oh my God! She said she wanted to come back later tonight to look at more pictures!

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