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Chapter 19 Victoria's Secret?

Susan and Suzanne met regularly each morning after their kids left for school. With a lot of free time on their hands, they worked diligently to keep their bodies in peak condition. They worked out in private in Susan's basement because they were tired of all the gawking at their perfect bodies (from both men and women) whenever one or both of them went to a public gym. They had split the cost and bought an entire range of professional-level exercise machines.

They also used their morning workouts as an opportunity to socialize with each other.

Susan was very anxious, because she told Suzanne just about anything of any importance that happened to her, and now there was something she didn't want to talk about at all. But she was compelled to. It was as if talking to her best friend was her religious confessional. While they were just standing around, about to do their stretching exercises, she said, "Last night, I had, um, a pretty weird dream."

"Oh?" Suzanne raised a curious eyebrow. "What happened?" They talked about dreams fairly frequently, since they talked to each other extensively each morning.

Susan looked down, feeling very shy. "I... I don't know if I want to talk about it."

Her closest friend said with some irritation, "Come on. You can't say that after bringing it up."

Susan's face turned red. "But... but... it's really personal! It's so... shameful!"

"Let me guess. You had dreams of a sexual nature involving Sweetie."

Susan looked up and gasped. "Oh my! My goodness! How did you know?!"

"Elementary. Dreams are a way of processing what happens to us during the day. You wore a sexy French maid outfit yesterday to help his visual stimulation, so I'll bet dollars to donuts that you had dreams about that. It's only natural."

Susan whispered, as if confessing a murder, "I did. I did! Oh God! It was horrible!"

"Tell me what happened."

Susan buried her face in her hands. "I can't! It's all too scandalous and... awful!"

Suzanne said calmly, "Look. Dreams are dreams. They're no reflection on your morality. If you go see a horror movie featuring a big one-eyed green monster, it's almost inevitable that you'll dream of a big one-eyed green monster attacking you. That's just human nature and it doesn't say anything about you or your morality. So tell me about the sexy dream about you and Alan. I may be able to provide some insight on it."

"Very well." Susan sat down in a nearby chair. She spoke while keeping her eyes tightly shut. "I dreamed I... I was wearing a sexy French maid outfit. In fact, it was basically the exact same one I wore yesterday. Except that... well... I was... I was shameless! Tiger was in the room, and instead of covering up, I showed him, well... everything! All my naughty places!"

She buried her face in her hands again. There was a pause during which it seemed as if she was about to cry, but then she went on, "I bent and stretched and carried on like... like some kind of wanton hussy! I was sinful and terrible! I even let him touch me!"

Suzanne was intrigued, and secretly very pleased. "Really? Where?"

"He... he... his shorts were pulled down, and I could see... I could see... his THING! His member! Oh, Suzanne!"

Suzanne rushed over and gave Susan a comforting hug, just as Susan began to cry.

It took quite a while for Suzanne to get the rest of the story out of Susan, but she eventually found out that Susan's dream was less about the maid outfit and more about Alan's penis. Susan had dreamt that she had stared at it from mere inches away, blown air on it, and even held it and stroked it. Obviously, this was heavily influenced by what she'd seen Akami do.

Suzanne did her best to be consoling and tell Susan that such dreams were perfectly normal and didn't indicate any kind of incestuous feelings whatsoever. She even put forth a theory that the dreams were a way to expunge such inappropriate feelings so they wouldn't be a bother in daily life.

Susan would have found that comforting except that she knew she was also thinking about Alan and his penis frequently during the day when she was awake. In fact, it seemed to her that she rarely thought of anything else anymore. What made it even worse was that this wasn't the first such erotic dream for her; she'd been having them almost every night, ever since the doctor's visit where she saw Akami stroke Alan's huge erection.

The situation didn't improve at all that day (or night). Suzanne frequently showed her incredible body off to Alan, and made a lot of progress in getting Susan to do the same. Not surprisingly, Suzanne dressed more daringly than Susan did, but Susan was at least making an effort to "sex things up" to help her son reach his daily target.

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Katherine was also busy with her own plans to "sex things up." Because of her longstanding secret desire for her brother, she could hardly believe she had a green light of sorts to act sexy around him too. She plotted just what she should do and when, analyzing how far she dared push things.

For example, when Alan arrived home that afternoon, he'd been surprised to find Katherine standing in the living room wearing the sexiest and most revealing casual clothes he'd ever seen her wear. She had on a tight white top that left her midriff exposed, and an extremely short pair of blue shorts. It was a not-so-subtle imitation of what Susan had worn two nights earlier.

Katherine, feeling his eyes upon her, asked shyly, "Hey Bro! How do you like my clothes? I bought these things last year but could never wear 'em. Now Mom will finally let me."

He thought, You know what? I don't think she's wearing a bra. Just like Mom and Aunt Suzy. True, her boobs aren't Wonders of the World like theirs are, but they're still plenty big enough to get my heart racing, and that's a fact! Especially since she's bouncing all over. I guess she's excited that she's allowed to wear these clothes? I dunno. Women.

"They're very nice," he admitted honestly. He joked, "They're, like, from this century!"

She was very pleased and laughed heartily. She bounced around some more, breaking into some of her cheerleader routines.

He left the room but realized he'd left his backpack behind and returned a minute later. He was surprised to find Katherine still there, but now standing still with her eyes closed and an intent look on her face. She had two hands down below her waist, and was making strange motions with them.

He thought, If I didn't know better, it almost looks like her hands are making the motions of someone stroking a dick, but obviously it must be something else. He was too shy to ask her what she was doing, so he tried to leave the room unnoticed.

She'd figured he would come back for his backpack and wanted him to discover her like that. When she heard him leave she thought, Gotcha!

He was so surprised at her behavior that about a minute later he had to go back to look at her again. She was still making the strange hand motions, but this time curiosity got the best of her and she looked up as he came in. She immediately stopped her hand motions and even put her hands behind her back in embarrassment.

There was no hiding the fact that he'd seen her doing something, so he asked, "Hey Sis, how's it going? What were you doing there?"

"Oh, nothing!" she said, acting flustered. "Nothing at all! I wasn't thinking about you, really!" She gawked at his crotch. "It was, uh, this other guy. Actually, I wasn't thinking of anybody. Um, that reminds me, Mom asked me to go do something." She fled the room.

That only amazed Alan even more. What the heck was that about? I mean, that totally looks like she was fantasizing about stroking a guy's penis! She acted so guilty, too. And was she staring at my shorts for a moment there? Dang, that was bizarre. I hope she didn't see my erection.

Then he walked into the dining room and found Susan and Suzanne chatting and drinking coffee. His eyes went to his mother first.

Susan wore a reddish-brown silk top that didn't particularly reveal her big breasts, but it left her midriff completely uncovered. That was pretty sexy by itself, because she had the firm abdominals of an athlete from her daily workouts with Suzanne, and also because even showing off her belly button was a very rare event. She wore shorts, shorter than any she'd worn around him before. In the back, the shorts reached only as far down as the fold of skin at the edge of her ass cheeks. He didn't recognize either item, which was because they were both Suzanne's clothes, which even Suzanne had never been bold enough to wear.

When they saw him they both got up and bounded towards him.

With all the bouncing that ensued, he knew that, again, neither of them was wearing a bra.

They both hugged him at the same time, pressing into him from either side.

He realized, I can feel four nipples pressing against me! All at once! Somehow I could believe this kind of thing coming from Aunt Suzy, but it just doesn't seem possible that my mom would dress like this as well. I feel like I've entered the Twilight Zone. Someone wake me from this weird dream. I'm having totally unthinkable feelings about both of them. Constantly!

He hadn't gotten a good look at Suzanne yet, but when the arousing hug ended he took the opportunity to scope out her outfit. She wore a red dress that impressively showed off her curvy body.

Alan loved the red dress, as it matched the bright red highlights in her dark reddish-brown hair and went with her pale creamy skin so effectively. The dress put her cleavage on exceptionally fine display.

"What do you think, Sweetie?" Suzanne asked, knowing full well he was checking her out. "Va-va-voom!" She stepped back and positioned herself like the famous scene of Marilyn Monroe standing above an air exhaust grate. Unfortunately there was no wind to blow her dress up, but the pose was a big hit with him just the same. She brushed a hand through her hair and stared at him with hungry eyes.

She suddenly leaned forward, giving him a great chance to see her boobs hanging down dramatically inside her dress. He'd already been hard from seeing Katherine's revealing outfit and suggestive hand gestures, but now his dick seemed to become a rigid rod.

Susan laughed happily but nervously, then said, "Our neighbor is so shameless, isn't she? Suzanne, you really go too far." She began walking towards the kitchen, saying, "Come on, Tiger; you must be thirsty. What would you like to drink?"

As Susan poured Alan one of his favorite drinks, orange juice, Suzanne added, "I dressed your mother up in some of my clothes today, because all of hers are so totally square."

Susan leaned back over the counter that separated the kitchen and dining room, playfully sticking her tongue out at Suzanne. In the process, she bent over and revealed to Alan nearly as much of her equally considerable cleavage as Suzanne had just done. The difference was, she didn't realize what she was showing, whereas Suzanne almost certainly had gauged the impact of every flirty move she made.

Susan just had no clue that she was an incredibly gorgeous woman. Because she'd always worn conservative clothes, she was inexperienced at the art of revealing and teasing. But in a way, her innocence was even more arousing than Suzanne's deliberate posing.

Suzanne continued, "Starting tomorrow, she and I are going shopping to get her some new clothes. She's been the fashion torchbearer for the Victorian Era for far too long! I have a news flash: Victoria's Secret has nothing to do with Queen Victoria."

Susan laughed, flicked her wrist, and said "Oh, you!" like some silly schoolgirl. She giggled nervously, which was very atypical behavior for her. She was uncomfortable about the whole "sexing things up" policy.

Soon the situation was back to normal, with the two of them again sitting at the dining room table.

Alan made up an excuse to leave and went back to his room to beat off. After the unprecedented sexy display of the three women closest to him, he had no trouble at all getting quick relief. He tried to think of Suzanne, since she was the least forbidden fantasy object of the three, but he ended up thinking about all three of them.

He felt guilty about that when his climax was over, but that guilt didn't stop him from thinking about all three of them the next time. And the time after that as well.

He spent much of the evening in his room masturbating, or if he wasn't up for that, then thinking about all that he'd seen lately. He ended up climaxing four times. But most of all he was dying from anticipation, because of Suzanne's visit the night before. He expected her to come in and do a repeat scene at any moment.

But he was disappointed. Susan had started complaining about the "sexing things up" plan and it took a long time for Suzanne to overcome her objections. By the time that fire had been doused, it was too late for Suzanne to get time alone with Alan that evening.

He ended the day one climax short of equaling his previous day's all-time record of eight, even without his hoped-for private inspiration from Suzanne. He was concerned, though, about whether what had happened had been a freak event. But he needn't have worried; Suzanne was very determined to give him much more assistance very soon.