

6 Times 20

Chapter 20 Susan's Dream

Late at night, Susan found herself dreaming. In the dream, she was wearing the same French maid outfit that she'd worn after losing the bet with Suzanne. She was cleaning the dining room table when Alan came in, dressed in his usual T-shirt and shorts, and sat down next to her.

"Nice outfit," he said as he reached out with one hand and caressed her nearest butt cheek. Since in her dream Susan was wearing neither panties nor a bra, his fingers found nothing but firm yet somehow soft flesh there to explore. Within seconds, he had his fingers on her butt crack, sliding their way towards her anus.

She whirled around and started to berate him angrily, "Alan Evan Plummer! Just what do you think..." But her voice died as she looked down and realized that he'd unzipped his fly and his erection was completely exposed.

He said in a cocky tone, "Hey Mom, since you like to clean so much, try cleaning this!" He raised his hard-on, pointing it at her.

She gasped. "I never!" But she somehow found herself dropping to her knees in front of him.

He let go of his boner and grasped her twin globes. Seconds later, he yanked her top down, leaving her huge breasts totally exposed. His hands moved in and started kneading her ample tit-flesh. "Wow, Mom, you really are stacked, you know that? I don't mean you just have big boobs; I mean you are seriously STACKED! A porn star would kill for a pair like these! You're so fucking HOT, I can't believe you're my mom!"

He was so cocky, he went to a nearby sofa and lay down on it, with his erection lewdly pointing up in the air, fully expecting his mother to follow.

She chided him, "Now, Tiger, watch your language!" But even as she said this, she crawled up on top of him until his hands were groping her exposed tits again. She didn't even bother to cover her chest, or protect her ass from his groping back there.

Even so, she sounded upset as she complained with a stern look, "Son, how dare you treat me this way! Don't you know I'm your mother?"

He grinned. "Of course I know that! Everyone in school says I'm the luckiest guy alive to have such a stacked, sexy mom!"

Her harsh tone softened a little. "Well, don't treat me like I'm just a pair of boobs."

"Of course not, Mom. You're a stone cold fox, from head to toe!" He brought a hand down to fondle her still exposed ass to show he appreciated that part of her as well.

She griped, "Son, you need to learn some manners. I suppose you're going to want me to stroke your, um, private parts next."

His grin grew wider. "I certainly hope so. That would be nice."

"Ha! Like that's ever going to happen!" But whatever authority she had over him crumbled as he took one of her hands and guided it to his long shaft. As soon as her fingers were wrapped around it, he did the same to her other hand. Then, with all of her fingers curled around his thick pole, he went back to playing with her massive melons where they dangled above him.

There was total silence while Susan stared intently at his stiffness. She was as surprised as she'd ever been when she saw her fingers start to slide up and down his needy boner. She couldn't think up any morally acceptable justification or excuse for what she was doing, so she just kept her mouth shut and her fingers sliding. In her dream, his dick was considerably bigger than in real life. It was ten inches long, if not more, and much thicker as well. She couldn't even get her long fingers all the way around it as she stroked and stroked and stroked.

She was growing so excited that she was panting hard, which made her heaving tits a bit of a moving target. However, Alan kept on caressing and exploring them, even pulling and twisting her nipples.

Out of the blue, he resumed talking. "You know, Mom, wearing that outfit - that says you're not the leader around here, doesn't it? You're the maid, the servant! So the question is, who IS in charge now?"

She panted in a nearly inaudible whisper, "You are, Son. You are!"

"I'm in charge of what? The house? You? Everything?"

She whispered, "Everything!"

He said confidently, "So that includes you. That includes these." He gave each of her tits a firm squeeze, sinking his fingers deeply into the soft tit-flesh. "And this." He let go, only to bring his hands to her ass and squeeze her ass cheeks just as possessively. "And even this." He let go again, and brought one hand back to her tits while his other hand went to her pussy.

She gasped as his fingers went right into her slit and started exploring. But far from pushing him away, her fingers slid up and down his stiffness with greater speed.

He said, "Mom, if you wanna be a good mom, you've gotta help me. Help me cum! You know I need to cum six times each day. Be a good mom and make me cum! Over and over! Starting right now!"

She panted, "I will! I will!" Her fingers slid up and down his shaft, moving ever faster now that he was steadily leaking pre-cum. After a while she could feel his fingers on her clit as well as in her hot gash. That meant her big tits were unfettered, and they bounced about with wild abandon.

She felt herself right on the brink of a great... something. She'd never really experienced an orgasm before, but she suspected she was about to learn what one was like.

Then, totally unexpectedly, Alan's penis started to shoot. Up until that moment, the dream had been within the bounds of realism, except for the exaggerated size of Alan's erection. But Alan kept on firing cum, more and more, until it was like the steady flow of a small-nozzle high-pressure hose. Generally, his cock was pointed at her, mostly at her tits and abdomen. But cum was flying everywhere, in simply impossible quantities. And as the cum hit her chest, her already large boobs grew even larger, as if his cum was some sort of miracle growth potion.

Unlike a real male orgasm, Alan's climax didn't end after a few seconds, or even after an entire minute. And while Susan didn't have an orgasm per se, her arousal and euphoria kept rising and rising until she

felt better than she'd ever felt before, both in real life and in her dreams. Her face, her hair, her legs, her entire body, all were covered in cum, which he kept blasting at her in a constant, never-ending stream.

She felt extremely humiliated by all the cum. It was as if she were nothing but a cum receptacle for her son. But at the same time, she couldn't get enough! When his climax finally ended, she eagerly gobbled down all the cum her fingers could reach, sucking it into her mouth.

Then she woke up.

Susan was very distraught about the dream, and those feelings of upset wouldn't go away. Her kids spotted at breakfast that something was amiss, but she wouldn't tell them what was upsetting her.

After the kids left for school, she quickly did what had become a daily check of their bedrooms for laundry. Ever since Alan's six-times-a-day diagnosis, his sheets needed to be replaced almost daily. And that was in addition to the towels he used to masturbate into from the previous afternoon until that morning.

He'd been using towels like that for a long time, and Susan had more or less gotten used to it. Somewhere in the back of her mind she'd been aware of what those wet stains must be and what they meant, but she hadn't allowed herself to think about it. She would just grab the towels without touching anywhere near the wet spots and then put them in the washing machine.

It was a daily ritual that, like most such habits, could eventually be done with minimal thought. But things had changed. With each passing day, she found herself thinking about those towels, and their cummy wetness, more and more.

On this particular morning, she carelessly grabbed a towel right in a spot that was still fairly fresh with his cum. (Perhaps it wasn't entirely accidental, due to her deeper desires, but she didn't do it with conscious intent.) Her first idea was to wipe her hand on another towel. But curiosity got the better of her. She brought her covered fingers up to her nose and took a good whiff.

Hmmm. This smells pungent, but good. A little fruity even. Wait! What am I doing?! This is terribly improper! This is my son's sexual spend! And yet... I can't help but be a little bit curious. Its texture almost feels like the moisturizer I use. I'm almost tempted to taste it. Ugh, no! No way!

At that, she had wiped her hand on a clean part of the towel, collected his sheets and remaining dirty towels, and took them into the hallway.

I'd better check on Angel's sheets as well. Over the last week her sheets have been getting suspicious damp spots as well. It seems like everyone in this house is slowly losing their mind. This sexing things up is necessary to help Tiger, but it seems to be affecting Angel as well. I'll have to make sure this doesn't go too far and this becomes a house of sin. I will not have it. Not on my watch!

Sure enough, Katherine's sheets had some suspicious damp spots. So Susan ended up again with a few loads of laundry to deal with that day.

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Later, when she and Suzanne started their daily workout, she tried her best to pretend that everything was normal. But Suzanne could read her best friend like a book, so she started to ask probing questions about Susan's dreams.

In a matter of minutes, Susan broke down and began to cry.

It took another half hour or so, with a lot of crying, but Suzanne was finally able to get a full recounting of what the dream had been about.

She immediately set about trying to reassure Susan and manage her emotions and perceptions. As she held Susan in a comforting hug, she said, "You know, this is good. Dreams like that are good."

Susan had been resting her head against Suzanne's neck, but that statement caused her to jerk up in surprise. "Good?! Are you crazy?! Did you not hear what I said?!"

"I heard. But the thing is, this is all natural and healthy. Like I told you yesterday, dreams are a way we have of processing things that happen to us in real life. For instance, if you lose your purse, maybe you have a dream about your purse. Maybe you dream you find it, or maybe you have a bad dream where you lose it all over again. Whatever. The details aren't important. What matters is that you're blowing off steam, blowing off the anxiousness and worry you have about the purse in your dream so you won't be so worried about it in real life."

Susan frowned. "Well, okay. But this isn't a dream we're talking about here. We're talking about SIN! Terrible sin! Things that should never happen between mother and son!"

"Susan," Suzanne said in a calm and even voice, "that's all the more reason it's good to let out that energy in a dream instead of in reality. Let's face it: you saw Sweetie's penis by accident, and it turned out to be a very big and really impressive one. Long and thick and smooth, the kind of penis we women long for and adore. That left a big impact on you. Furthermore, your handsome son is now forced to climax six times a day. The fact that he can even manage to do that at all shows what a virile, sexually potent boy he is."

Suzanne was deliberately using provocative language, as part of a general policy of constantly hyping Alan and his sexual prowess. She continued, "You've been obliged to dress provocatively around him to help him out."

Susan cut in, "Maybe I should stop doing that."

"Nonsense! And let down your Tiger in his time of need? I think not!"

Susan pleaded, "But can you promise me at least that I won't have to wear a French maid outfit again? That's having a weird effect on me. Ever since I wore one of those sans underwear, it shows up in all my dreams! And worse, always without underwear!"

Suzanne replied, "Excellent! Just think: if it's having that kind of effect on you, what kind of effect will it have on your Tiger? He'll be horny and hard all the time, thanks to his busty French-maid mother."

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Susan groaned, but it was a groan of frustration, not of lust. She really did find the French-maid outfit too much to take.

Suzanne saw that, instantly concluding that maybe she was pushing too hard. "Okay, fine. We'll put that outfit away for a good while."

Susan smiled in grateful relief. "Thank you!"

Suzanne smiled too. "But in any case, add to that the fact that you're extremely sexually frustrated. You know a woman's sexual peak is in her late thirties, and yet your husband is gone for eleven months of the year. You're STARVED for sexual excitement, and then you see your well-hung, handsome son. Of COURSE your body is going to react to that. You can't be blamed for that! That's human nature."

Susan asked shyly and very quietly, "But, hypothetically, what if I have dreams like that at night... AND I have naughty thoughts during the day?"

"Then, I say, you need MORE dreams like that one. Then you can burn off your sexual agitation while you sleep."

Susan frowned unhappily.

Suzanne said, "I'm not just saying that. You know, a person can influence how often they dream, and how vividly they dream. The more you try to remember your dreams, the more you will dream. There're lots of books about this kind of stuff. What you need to do is try to remember all the details of your dreams as soon as you wake up, before your memories fade. Write them down in a dream journal. Then, talk them over with me. That way, we'll burn off all or almost all of your inappropriate sexual energy, and you'll still be able to give your Tiger the visual stimulation that he so desperately needs."

Susan still looked unhappy. "But I can't write those things down. They're obscene! Positively obscene! Just writing them would be another sin probably, like creating pornography."

"Okay, you don't have to write them down. That was just a suggestion. That probably isn't necessary, as long as you replay them vividly in your mind and then tell them to me while your memories are still fresh. I can be a kind of judge or analyst, to make sure you burn off enough sexual energy in your dreams."

Susan didn't like that idea at all. She considered her dreams about Alan highly personal, as well as extremely embarrassing. But Suzanne's words made sense, so she decided to follow her best friend's advice.

She thought, I hope Suzanne's right, because I have far too much unhealthy and sinful sexual energy right now. I can't let her know how much my sinful thoughts about my son are haunting me. All I can think about is his, his... member! I'm gonna need to dream three, four, or five times a night just to burn all of these evil feelings out of me.

The terrible secret I can never tell anyone, not even Suzanne, is how much I LIKE these sinful feelings! When I think about stroking his member, just like in that dream, it makes me so hot! Oh God! What a terrible, terrible, wicked thought!

Later in the day, Suzanne brought Susan a book about dreams that detailed how one could remember one's dreams better. It reinforced everything Suzanne had said earlier, which reassured Susan considerably.