

6 Times 21

Chapter 21 I'm Soooo Hot

After school, Alan hurried home, masturbated, took a nap, and then woke up and masturbated again. This was becoming his daily routine, and it served to provide two dependable checkmarks on his chart that tracked of the six times he needed to cum each day. He'd also masturbated once in the morning. Each time, he mostly thought about Suzanne, each time trying to push lustful thoughts of his sister and mother out of his head. He was a bit more successful with that this time, mostly because dreaming of Suzanne visiting him again was more than enough fodder for his fantasy.

Just after he finished masturbating twice in a row, the object of his latest fantasies knocked on his door. This time, Suzanne was smarter about her arrival than she'd been the previous time. Rather than come in before he'd masturbated, she decided it was better to come in immediately afterwards. That would make it harder to get him aroused, but it also meant that he could stay hard a lot longer. Besides, she didn't figure getting him hard again would be much of a problem, not with her looks.

She actually waited outside with an ear and a cup to his door until she heard the quiet noises from his bed finally stop. Then she knocked. "Sweetie? It's your Aunt Suzy."

"Come in," yelled Alan.

He had thrown on a T-shirt and shorts, again with no underwear, but this time he did so deliberately in the hopes that she would grace him with another visit.

He was sitting up in his bed, pretending to read a science fiction novel, trying to act casual. But in fact, his heart had started pounding with excitement the moment he'd heard her voice.

He thought she'd be wearing the same outfit that she'd had on earlier, which he was eagerly looking forward to seeing again. But to his surprise, she was wearing something even sexier. She now wore a skimpy summer dress that was partly see-through. Or perhaps it was lingerie; he wasn't sure. His heart beat even faster. Oh man! Sweet! I just know something good is gonna happen.

Suzanne walked right over to his bed and said, "I thought we could do more of what we did the day before yesterday. I've got some more Internet porn to show you. Does that sound like fun?"

"Very," he said enthusiastically. He was somewhat skittish, but more confident than the nervous wreck he'd been two days earlier since he had a better sense of what would happen.

"Great. But why the dungeon look to your room? I thought you were over your depression." The heavy drapes were drawn, making the room nearly dark as night.

Alan tried to think. He didn't want to open the drapes because he was hoping the same lighting effect from the lamp would allow him to glimpse the reflections of her breasts again, but of course he couldn't say that. So instead he claimed, "I just woke up from a nap, and when I open the drapes it hurts my eyes. Besides, it keeps the room cool. It's so hot lately."

"Just wondering," she said. With the double meaning evident in her voice, she noted, "Things are getting pretty hot." More playfully, she added, "Although I was rather hoping you'd claim to be a vampire who wanted to bite my neck."

Her comment went unnoticed because he realized that he had a problem. His dick was already hard as iron, sticking out through the zipper fly of his tight short shorts. To stuff it back into the shorts would be like putting an elephant into a breadbox. He wanted to look at the porn with his erection secretly hanging out, as he had done during her prior visit. That had made things a lot more fun and a lot less painful than they otherwise would have been. But now he was sitting on his bed with his dick under the covers, rather than in front of the computer. How can I get from here to there without her noticing?
bender

"Maybe it's better if you open them a crack," he suggested, hoping the same lighting effect would again allow him to glimpse the reflection of her breasts.

"Okay. I take it you mean the drapes and not my clothes," she responded playfully (not that her clothes had any cracks to open, as they were already barely clinging to her body).

When she faced away from him and walked towards the window a few feet away, he leapt from his bed and made it to his computer chair in record time. He immediately scooted the chair forward as much as he could, to make sure his exposed erection went far under the desk just as it had during her previous visit, then reached up to turn on the desk lamp.

However, the lightning-fast action of a supposedly sleepy boy immediately roused Suzanne's suspicion. She took a good look at him from across the room. At first she couldn't see much of anything, as his back was now turned to her, but as she walked closer towards his desk she found an angle that showed his exposed hard-on.

Oh joy!, she thought, clasping her hands together in glee. Just look at that big boy! This is going to be even more fun than I thought! How many more days will it take for my scheme to unfold before he's pounding me silly with that thing? I can't wait!

She went to his stereo to put on some music. She looked at his CD collection with a frown. "I don't suppose you have anything classical, do you? Ravel, maybe?" It was obvious he didn't, even though he was too excited to answer. So she put on The Pretenders' second album instead. She knew that album well from her college days. She figured that with songs like "Bad Boys Get Spanked" and "The Adulteress," it could help set a sexy mood.

She sat down right at his side as she had two days before, and judged it time to discuss the weather some more, to open up further teasing possibilities.

"So you call this cool, huh?" She grabbed a part of her dress that was in front of her boobs and began pulling it out and away from her cleavage, then back towards her, slowly and repeatedly, as if she were fanning herself. Each time she pulled the dress away, she completely exposed her breasts to Alan's helplessly gawking eyes. By the time she was done, she had left one boob totally naked.

"I don't know about you, but I'm soooo hot!" she added.

Luckily for her ploy, the air conditioning in the Plummer house wasn't working. (Actually it wasn't a matter of luck, since she'd fiddled with the controls to make sure the air conditioner was temporarily "broken.") But she had gone further and, using the bathroom across the hall, had dabbed herself with water all over before coming to him. The effect was that her clothes were sticking to her in many places and rivulets of water were running down her skin everywhere. She looked like she was sweating profusely, as if she'd just run a long race. She finally pulled the top of the dress away from her and used one hand to keep it open, allowing him an unrestricted view of her naked boobs, glistening with dripping water.

Before, he might have thought that her exposure was an accident, as it obviously had been with Susan. But she was acting so blatantly now that there could be no mistaking that what she was doing was

intentional. He realized that, and was staggered by the implications. God, I've never seen anything so sexy!

"You are HOT!" he abruptly said out loud, in pure amazement. Then he blushed at his brashness.

"Why, Sweetie," she replied coyly, "are you saying I look unusually warm, or are you saying that I'm an attractive woman?"

Tough question, he thought. Am I allowed to call Aunt Suzy "hot" or did I really make a blunder? He looked at her again, with her exposed breasts just a foot from his face. He had a strong urge to simply bury his face in them. Damn, if I can't call her hot, then nothing is hot! Holy fucking Christ, she's sitting there with both boobs just... OUT THERE! DAMN!

"Uh, urm, both, actually." There was a long pause as he built up to say something. He finally spit it out. "Um, Aunt Suzy? I should warn you that your, uh, your top, well, it's kind of come undone."

She beamed. She loved that he'd been honest about it. She'd never known another man who would have said that to her. "Sweetie! You're just too sweet! Thanks for the warning, but don't you think I know what I'm showing?"

Alan was having a hard time figuring out where to look. He still couldn't believe she wouldn't mind if he stared at her chest. "You mean...? But, what about, what about your husband? I have to respect your marriage." His eyes bounced back and forth from her face to her chest as he battled his lustful urges.

She shook her head in disbelief, which set her twin orbs lightly swaying. "Sweetie, you're too nice. Let me worry about that, okay? Let's just say that there's no love left between Eric and me. You should know that by now, don't you?"

He did, but he still protested, "But I can't just stare at you."

"Why not? That's the whole idea of sexing things up."

He said with complete sincerity, "Because once I start staring, I won't be able to stop, probably not until my eyeballs fall out. You're just too beautiful!"