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Chapter 23 Susan And Suzanne's Outfit

That night, Suzanne stayed for dinner, as she sometimes did. (Sometimes she'd even cook and eat dinner with her family, then rush next door and sit with the Plummers during their meal.) She wore yet another revealing outfit and wanted Susan to do the same.

Suzanne thought, Things are coming along nicely with Sweetie. Or should I say cumming, hee-hee. Angel came up with her own sexing-things-up plan, so I don't see much need for intervention there. The biggest obstacle by far is Susan. Getting her to loosen up is my toughest challenge.

So this time when Suzanne pressed Susan to wear a certain dress and Susan said 'No,' Suzanne simply didn't accept that answer. Over the years she had realized that she had a dominant personality while Susan's was submissive. She'd never taken significant advantage of that, since Susan was such a close friend, but now she did. She ended up commanding her, "You WILL wear that dress. Now. Period. Don't give me any excuses! It's for the health of your son. What kind of mother are you, if you won't help him in his time of need?"

Susan held the dress up. "But I can't. Look at it. It's scandalous. He's going to have all kinds of sinful thoughts about me, and I'm his mother!"

"Susan! You don't get it. That's the whole damn point! They're just thoughts. There's no such thing as a thought crime in this country. He needs every bit of visual stimulation he can get. Have mercy on his plight! Put the dress on already!"

So Susan wore the dress. It was an extremely low-cut, black, dinner dress. It showed so much cleavage that one could almost see her belly-button.

Susan had a hard time walking downstairs and into the dining room area where Katherine and Alan were sitting. Suzanne literally had to push her from behind, across the living room and into the dining room.

Susan stood there, blushing furiously. She sat down, took one look at Alan sitting across from her, and then stood up again. "Oh Tiger, I'm sorry. Suzanne is being so mean. She said I have to wear this, but it's really too much, isn't it? First the dorky maid outfit and now this. I'd better go and change."

She turned around, but Suzanne was behind her with her hands on her shoulders again and wouldn't let her escape.

Both Alan and Katherine were stunned, though they tried not to show it.

Katherine was wearing a typical outfit but she thought, Shit! If even Mom is dressing like that, what am I doing in this? Cool! This is a green light to go all out next time!

Alan was desperate to put his mother at ease so she wouldn't stop dressing like that. "No. Wait, Mom. I really appreciate what you're trying to do, helping me with visual stimulation and all. When I see you like that, it makes me proud to have a mom who cares enough to help me out. I feel so loved, so cared for. Please stay."

His words struck the bulls-eye. Suzanne was very pleased and thought. He couldn't have done any better if I'd coached him. Hee-hee! But that's just my Sweetie being the sweet, lovable boy that he really is.

Susan was weakening. She asked, "Are you sure, Son? I don't know." She turned back around and held her arms underneath her boobs, inadvertently causing them to press forward and threaten to spill out of her dress. "Dressed like this, I feel so... so... Oh, I can't say it!"

He asked, "Feel so what? It's just a cocktail dress, Mom."

"I know, but I feel so ... naked." She barely whispered the word "naked," then blushed and closed her eyes.

His dick, already at full attention, tried to escape from his shorts. He had to struggle not to moan out loud, because her innocent sexuality was so extremely arousing.

Katherine spoke up. "Mom, it's no big deal. That kind of dress is way common. Relax. Come on and eat dinner already."

So Susan sat down, but she could hardly look anyone else in the eye during the meal. Such clothing was completely unheard of for her.

With all three women there during dinner, Alan was so transfixed looking from one woman to another that he had a hard time remembering to occasionally put food in his mouth. His erection tented his pants out so obscenely that he was fairly surprised the fabric didn't just rip apart.

Suzanne sat next to him at the table, positioning herself so that she had a private view of his crotch. She delighted in looking furtively at the bulge in his pants, seeing whether she could provoke its extension even further.

Since she was sitting next to him, she sat very close and brushed up against his shoulder and arm whenever she could. At one point she squeezed his knee under the table, as if providing a gesture of support for what he was saying. She saw from his face that her touch had almost caused him to cum in his shorts, so she refrained from moving her hands even more aggressively.

Midway through the meal she thought, He's so overwhelmed with lust that if I provoke him any more, it'll be just plain mean. So she backed off for a while.

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After dinner ended and things settled down a bit, Suzanne again took the lead in pushing further. The four of them retired to the living room to hang out and watch TV. Suzanne wore a low-cut dress without a bra, which was about the third change of clothes she'd made that day for Alan's sake.

Suzanne had adopted a new 'habit' of leaning forward as if deeply engrossed in the conversation. That action didn't just show her nipples if one looked at the right angle; it exposed all of her tits no matter what angle one chose to look from.

Suzanne's tit flashes were so obvious that even Susan noticed them. "Um, Suzanne, don't you think you should be careful about your dress?"

"What? Oh, right." Suzanne pulled herself back and her nipples were once again covered up, though just barely. "That's the problem in wearing this sexy stuff. Sometimes you show more than you realize."

Within minutes, Suzanne was bending forward again and showing off her incredible, creamy breasts. She was more careful not to do it when Susan would notice, though.

At the same time, Susan was still in her black cocktail dress, and that was as arousing to Alan as seeing Suzanne's boobs hanging out. It was all he could do not to cum right in his shorts.

Eventually he could take no more and hurried off to his room to masturbate. When he got back to the living room, he got so excited all over again that within minutes he had to make another trip to his room. He felt like someone with the runs, forced to rush to the bathroom to relieve himself every few minutes, except he was masturbating each time instead.

Suzanne had planned to go back to Alan's room again, but she realized that another visit might be overkill. He'd made two quick exits to his room and Suzanne at least had no doubt what he'd been doing there.

If he gets any more sexually stimulated, he's liable to blow a gasket, she thought with great glee. He must be falling in lust with me. Since he already loves me dearly, we're going to be so happy. So close! My dream is so close to being realized. I don't care if I'm married and he's half my age - true love conquers all.

Susan found herself strangely jealous of all the attention that Suzanne was getting from Alan. As the evening wore on and she wore her revealing dress for hours, she grew more and more comfortable in it.

By the end of the evening, she thought to herself, If Suzanne's showing herself off that much, then maybe this dress isn't such a big deal after all. Besides, you can find this kind of dress at just about any formal party. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad if I show myself off just a little bit more...

Katherine was also taking note of Susan's increasing comfort with wearing the dress. That just emboldened her further about also wearing such outfits.

Susan and Katherine were reaching the conclusion that they wanted to do more to help with Alan's six-times-a-day problem. Meanwhile, Suzanne was one smugly satisfied cougar, happy that her plan was coming along so nicely.