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Chapter 24 Susan's And Suzanne's Wild Desire

After school late the next afternoon, Alan found himself sitting in the living room with Suzanne while Susan was cooking dinner in the kitchen. Suzanne had been reading the newspaper, but Alan took advantage of the chance to be alone with her to ask a question.

"Aunt Suzy?"

"Hmmm." She put the newspaper down and smiled his way.

He dropped his voice. "Um, you know what you said the other night, that I could stare at your boobs? Is that true for anytime, or just when we're checking out the websites together?" He was staring at them even as he spoke, and he had definitely noticed that she wasn't wearing a bra. He wanted to see more.

Suzanne looked at him with slight indignation. "Just in your room, of course. What kind of woman do you think I am?" But even as she said that, the shoulder straps on her dress began to slide down her shoulders.

She continued to protest, "It's not like I'm going to take my clothes off for you any old time. I am a married woman, you know. I have my limits." As she spoke, both shoulder straps slid off simultaneously and the top of her dress fell down, leaving her exposed from the waist up. She pretended to be oblivious and indignant, but she couldn't stop from grinning just a little.

He grinned a lot. "I see."

"I'm sure you do." She was grinning even more, almost laughing. She was especially pleased to see the big bulge that erupted in his shorts.

He asked with genuine curiosity, "How did you do that? It's like the straps moved on their own. Were you wiggling your shoulders slightly or something?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about. Boy, is it just me, or did it get hot in here all of a sudden?" She fanned herself, which set her big boobs swaying.

He smiled some more, but then rushed upstairs to masturbate yet again. He paused on the stairs to exclaim, "Thanks for the help, Aunt Suzy!"

She pulled her dress back up and went back to reading the newspaper. Yep. Things are getting a lot more interesting around here. I can't wait until the time is ripe for him to do more than just look.

Susan came in from the kitchen a few moments later. She asked Suzanne, "Where'd Tiger go? Did I hear his feet clomping up the stairs?"

"You did. He went upstairs to do his thing."

"Oh." She felt a tingle of excitement as she imagined him masturbating just a few feet away, but she pushed the lewd thought away.

Suzanne patted a spot on the sofa next to where she sat. "Come here for a moment, please."

Susan walked over and sat down.

Suzanne said, "I think it's time you told me about your dreams last night."

Susan dropped her head and sighed sadly. "I was afraid you were going to say that." Indeed, Suzanne's suggestion was no surprise because Susan had stayed mum about her latest dreams, and Suzanne had been pestering her about them all day long. Suzanne knew the dreams must have been really outrageous, because Susan normally trusted her with even her most intimate thoughts and feelings.

Suzanne patted her head. "I know it's tough. If it helps you, I'll tell you one of my dreams from last night. I dreamt you and I were sitting right here, in this very room. And Sweetie was with us too. Except, he was the only one sitting on the sofa. You and I, we were both buck naked, kneeling between his legs."

Susan gasped. "NO!"

"Yes, it's true." Actually, it was only partially true. Suzanne's real dreams mostly revolved around Alan fucking her, but she knew Susan wasn't ready to hear that. And those were just her milder dreams. She often dreamt of orgies involving her, Alan, Katherine, and Susan. She actually had dreamt of what she was in the middle of describing, but it was only a small snippet of a much wilder dream scene.

She continued, "Sweetie wasn't wearing any clothes either, and-"

"NO!" Susan gasped again.

Suzanne couldn't help but grin a little at the intensity of Susan's reaction. "Look, I can't get very far if you keep gasping 'no' every few seconds."

"Sorry. But it's just so scandalous. Was his big, uh, member... was it all..." - Susan blushed - "Was it hard? And thick? And just there in the open, for anyone to see?!"

"It was. VERY hard and VERY thick. And totally exposed!"

"NO!" Susan gasped even louder.

Suzanne had to stifle a giggle. "And it was hot too! We both found out just how hot it was because we held it in our hands."

"What, both of us? Holding it at the same time?!"

"Sure. Why not? It certainly is long enough and thick enough for two hands to hold it and caress it."

"But, but... but that's not possible!"

"Au contraire! It may not be possible with many normal-sized penises, but our Sweetie has an extraordinary penis! In fact, not only was there room for your hand and my hand to be stroking his thick, tree-trunk-like shaft and head, but we both had our other hand on his balls and we were fondling down there as well."

"No!" But this time, Susan spoke in a quiet, awed whisper instead of a disbelieving shout.

"It's true," Suzanne replied. "Because a wonderful penis like his requires a lot of special, tender loving care. And not just his penis, but his balls too. Guys love having their balls fondled if you do it in the right way. Never forget that. The next time you're jacking him off and you find yourself with a hand free, try playing gently with his balls. I can teach you the right method."

"The next time?! There won't be any such thing! Suzanne, there wasn't even a first time!"

Suzanne cleverly replied, "Of course there is... in dreams. And in this dream, you and I worked together to treat this kingly cock the way it needed to be treated. Stroking and sliding, and sliding and stroking, and stroking and stroking and stroking all those HOT inches of thick, manly meat! Our fingers making obscene slurpy sounds as we slip and slide up and down his soaked, stiff snake!"

Susan felt as if the temperature in the room had just risen twenty degrees. She found her ample chest heaving as she struggled for air. "But... but why... why is it so wet? His, uh, member, I mean?"

Suzanne acted incredulous that Susan didn't know these things. "It's soaked because he's leaking so much pre-cum! And a mighty erection like his takes a lot of stroking before it shoots its prize reward of creamy cum, even with four talented female hands working on it and his balls, so everything gets wetter and wetter all the time. Naturally, our hands will be wet and sticky too, from sloshing our way through all the cummy goodness."

Susan had a vivid imagination, so she could clearly picture and hear, and even smell, what Suzanne was describing. She felt faint. She put her hands over her ears like a petulant little child, even as her chest was heaving from how that made her feel. "I've heard enough! That sounds gross. In fact, this whole dream is far too obscene! I can't take any more. Why, just listening to this filthy talk is probably a sin!"

Suzanne shook her head a little bit in secret amusement. Knowing that Susan could still hear her, she said, "Suit yourself. But then you'll never find out about all the sexy things he said to us in the dream, or about the blowjobs."

Susan looked into Suzanne's eyes with increased alarm, but also with a great deal of curiosity. "Blowjobs? You told me about that before, when you talked about your affairs. Isn't that when a woman puts a man's, uh, member, er... in her mouth and, uh... she kind of..."

Seeing that Susan was having trouble, Suzanne said, "She sucks on it like a lollipop. Yes."

Susan shivered all over. She hoped it looked like a shiver of disgust, and it was, but it was also a shiver of arousal. She dropped her hands finally. "Yuck! How can a woman do THAT?! It's so disgusting!"

"On the contrary. It's divine. The pleasure for the man is immense, and contrary to popular belief, a woman can get a lot of pleasure from it too. You really should try it sometime."

"With my Tiger?! Suzanne, what are you suggesting?!"

"Hey, I didn't say him specifically. I was speaking in general. But anyway, before you get in a big huff about that, I was trying to be helpful and share my dreams with you so you wouldn't think yours are so strange. Since all of this has started, you haven't even asked me once about my dreams. As you can see, they're a lot like yours."

Susan crossed her arms under her huge rack in a huff. "Well, hardly a lot alike. I've dreamed a lot of weird things lately, but at least I don't dream of putting his thing in my MOUTH! That's just... it's so improper, I can't even begin to say!"

"Whatever," Suzanne replied a bit testily. "In any case, my point is, what I was saying about having sexual dreams to burn off sexual urges, that goes for me as well as you. I've been having a lot of dreams. In fact, some are even more sexual than that. I'd rather not go into it all for fear that it would shock your delicate sensibilities."

"Thank you, although I'm afraid you're a bit too late on that one." After a pause, she asked shyly, "Um, about this blowjob activity... What exactly happened there?"

Suzanne replied casually, as if she were detailing a shopping trip, "Well, I held his big erection by the base and licked and lapped all around its head. That's the most sensitive part, you know. Then I put my mouth around the whole head-"

Susan cut in, "What, you took that entire... thing... in your mouth?! Just like that?!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes. "Have I not told you about this many times before, when I detailed some of my affairs?"

"Well yeah, but that was different. That was just, I dunno, some unreal fantasies. This is real! You're talking about a very real Alan and his very real member! You can't just put that in your mouth!"

"Why not?"

"It's too big, for one!" Susan didn't realize it, but her nipples had become quite visibly erect. bender

"It is not," Suzanne said defensively. "I've had bigger. And in the dream, you and I were taking turns and handling its size quite well."

"TAKING TURNS?! Suzanne, what are you saying here?! Do you mean to say that I was sucking on it too?"

"But of course. We both have to do all we can to help him do his thing six times a day, right? It's just that, in the dream, we were even more willing to help than in real life."

Susan spaced out. Oh my goodness! Licking his... member! It's true I've thought of that a little here and there, in my most wicked and wanton thoughts. I may never have given a "blowjob" myself, if that's the right lingo these days, but I've heard it talked about in some rather improper movies and TV shows. But still, to do it! That would be too weird to even contemplate.

And then to do it with Suzanne licking it at the same time! Oh my! That's just too naughty! Just thinking about it is probably some kind of sin. I mean, how would that work, anyway? True, Tiger has an exceedingly large member, but wouldn't our heads bump together all the time just the same? And what about Suzanne's long tongue? She tries to hide it, but over the years I've noticed that she has easily the longest tongue I've ever seen! I hate to say this, but it's almost something you'd see in a circus. How in Heaven could we both lick him at the same time if I have to share him with THAT?! Wouldn't our

tongues touch from time to time, if only by accident? Ewww! I don't want my tongue to touch that long slug of hers! Eeeewww!

But then again, Tiger would love it, wouldn't he? I can just imagine how hot and horny he'd get, enjoying both his mother and his aunt lapping and licking all over his big dick! Er, I mean big member. I can practically hear him moaning with delight. He'd be the luckiest kid in his entire high school, that's for sure! Everyone says Suzanne is like some kind of goddess, and the truth is, I look an awful lot like her. People say I look pretty darn good too, as a matter of fact.

Boy, wouldn't that be a special treat for my cutie Tiger, for him to wake up one morning and find his busty mommy and busty auntie BOTH lovingly lapping all over his oh-so-thick and oh-so-long member? We could take turns stroking it too! Oh, I wish I could see his face if we did all that! Mmmm... So hot!

Of course, that's just a wild flight of my imagination. We couldn't! Ever! It would be so wrong! Yet... somehow... so right! Doesn't a special boy like him deserve a special tongue bath by his two most favorite ladies? Mmmm! Suzanne could teach me just what to do, and before long he'd get so excited that he'd just have to squirt his cum all over the place! But it's a sin! Why am I thinking these thoughts?!

Suzanne waited patiently, watching unobtrusively while Susan seemed to bliss out and go to some distant place for about a minute. She correctly figured Susan was having an erotic fantasy, which Suzanne was keen to encourage.

But then, Susan snapped back with surprising speed, as if there hadn't been any pause at all. "Suzanne! These ideas of yours, they're just... unacceptable! Even for a dream, you just can't go there! I'm his MOTHER! And the thought of sucking on it, well... it's just too..." She suddenly stood up. "It's too... it's too... something! This is just not the kind of conversation a good Christian woman should be having!" Once again she crossed her arms defiantly under her ample bust.

Suzanne grinned. "Okay, fine. Never mind about that then." She knew ideas had been planted that hopefully would flourish and grow over time. She patted the seat next to her on the sofa again. "Sit back down and tell me all about your dream."

Susan got a panicky look. "NO! Uh, that is to say, no thank you."

Suzanne stood up. "Susan, I just told you a very personal, very embarrassing dream. We're best friends! Can't you do the same for me?"

Susan pretended to be distracted. "What was that? Did you just hear a buzzing sound? I think that was the washer going off. I'd better go check."

Suzanne sighed quietly as she watched Susan scurry off. She knew there hadn't been any buzzing sound, but she didn't want to push her friend too hard.

She picked up the newspaper she'd been reading before Alan had come into the room. As she resumed her reading, she thought, That went pretty well, all things considered. I'm still dying to find out what her dream was, but talking about my dreams is an excellent idea. I need to do more of that. I can introduce or re-familiarize her with all kinds of sexual ideas. She's so naïve about these things that it blows my mind sometimes.