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Chapter 25 Internet P**N Viewing Session

Suzanne had to go home to cook dinner for her own family, but she returned to the Plummer house after dinner and went straight to Alan's room.

She and Alan had another 'Internet porn viewing' session, which really meant another 'staring at Suzanne nearly naked' session.

At first, events unfolded almost identically to the night before, but Alan wasn't complaining. He could only dream that things would go on like that every night. Suzanne had even told him to keep his penis hanging out of his shorts beneath the desk, just as he had the two times before.

But then it got even better. Suzanne still insisted on the pretense that they were looking at Internet porn, though Alan ended up facing her, with only token glances at the screen. While she pretended to be busy viewing the porn, not only had her top fallen off again, but her pleated skirt slowly rode up her thighs until the hem of it reached her pussy. Then, ever so slowly, she slumped forward in her chair. But by some clever manipulation, she went forward while her dress did not, causing the hem to ride up over her pussy, exposing some of her bush.

Alan was absolutely beside himself. It was the first time he'd seen her pussy from so close. He was so excited that he forgot to breathe for quite a long time.

The fact that her skirt was a lot like a cheerleader skirt only increased his excitement. (Suzanne had made sure it was the same shade of red as his school's cheerleading uniforms, like the one that Amy wore.)

But then, only a minute or two later, Suzanne acted as if she were uncomfortable and shifted positions, which completely covered her pussy again.

She quelled his disappointment by saying, "Sweetie, the whole purpose of me being here is to help you have lots of nice climaxes, so why don't you start now?"

"You mean...?"

She grinned, picked up a towel, and handed it to him. "Let's not give that board under your desk any more messy grief."

He took the towel and put it down near him, but then said, "I dunno. I'd like to, but I'm having such a good time. And I'm so excited that I know if I touch it, it'll all be over in seconds. I really wanna keep having fun."

She suggested, "Then touch it and shoot off. I'm in no big rush to go anywhere, so get hard again. When you recover, you'll last a lot longer and we'll have even more fun."

He couldn't turn down that offer. So, as predicted, he came into the towel more or less instantly.

He was terribly embarrassed about cumming with Suzanne right there. She didn't even turn away to give him a moment of privacy. He consoled himself that at least the towel allowed him to keep his erection hidden as he squirted.

His penis started to go flaccid, but that only lasted a few seconds because he happened to look up and saw her staring at his towel-covered boner with a ravenous hunger. She even licked her lips.

Just like that, his dick was once again as stiff as a board. He bashfully removed the towel so he could resume stroking himself.

Suzanne shook her head and muttered something about the resilience of youth.

He thought, Jesus H. Christ on a pogo stick! I'm sitting here with my hot, hard dick in my hands, and Aunt Suzy is sitting within arms' reach, wearing nothing but a short skirt! Holy hell! And I did my best to clean up with the towel, but everything's still sticky and cummy. I would be way too embarrassed to go on, but she's just so fucking hot that I can't help but stroke myself some more! Dang! If only I could touch her, and then kiss her...

He resumed stroking, but he was self-conscious about it, so he mostly hid what he was doing under the desk.

She reached out and patted his knee. "Are you okay, Sweetie?"

"Um, yeah."

"Did that feel good?"

"Hell yeah! You have no friggin' idea!"

She chuckled. "Actually, I do. Women have big orgasms too, you know, and we can have them repeatedly without fading."

"I know that. It's just that... It's not just the physical pleasure. I mean, I'm sitting here talking to you, and I'm openly jacking off at the same time! And you're this topless bombshell knockout, and yet you're still my lovable Aunt Suzy. It's all too much! It feels so great that my brain is gonna explode!"

She snickered, "Warn me before that happens, okay? I don't want pieces of you splattered all over me." Her scratchy voice dropped into an extra sexy purr. "Unless it's your pearly cum."

He whimpered with insane arousal.

While he kept on stroking, Suzanne periodically looked at the Internet porn and gave running commentaries about what she wanted to do with the attractive women pictured there.

She said things like, "Ooh, Sweetie, look at this one. She's a hottie. Look at that rack; wouldn't you just love to play with those zeppelins? You think they're real? Mine are all real, you know." She raised her twin globes and let them bounce freely. "And look at those lips. So full, so kissable. Lips like those belong wrapped around a cock, don't you think? Who would you rather have suck your cock, me or Ms. Zeppelin here?"

Alan squeaked out as he masturbated, "You!"

She laughed. "Good answer. But I'd hate for Ms. Zeppelin to miss out on that tree trunk you're trying to hide beneath the desk. Maybe she and I can take turns blowing you." She leaned forward and whispered into his ear, "You know, from this angle I can see everything. I think I'll just stay here with my head perched on your shoulder and watch you spank your salami. I can't wait to see that volcano of teenage lust explode." She cooed into his ear, "Next time, don't use a towel and cover up all the good stuff, okay? I want to see you cum into your hand!"

She switched back to her regular voice while keeping her head in a position where she could easily see what he was doing to his boner. She resumed her picture narration. "Ms. Zeppelin has a mighty fine pussy too. Mmmm. Look at those nether lips, all puffed up and meaty. I wouldn't mind a taste of that. Can you just imagine her and me locked in a sixty-nine?"

She went on and on in this manner, describing in intimate detail all of the things that she and he could do to the pictured porn models. All the while, she leaned forward toward him, keeping her big tits swaying and jiggling. The more excited she got the more she leaned his way, until it practically felt like her boobs were resting against his face.

He would have been unable to resist reaching out to touch them, except that both his hands were busy under the desk masturbating.

Needless to say, Alan's second climax with her present wasn't too long in arriving. He panted, "Aunt... Suzy... gonna cum!"

She somehow leaned over even more. Her head was actually directly over his crotch as she breathed excitedly, "Do it! Do it! Cum into your hands!"

One of his hands kept stroking his length while the other one cupped the tip and caught the full force of his cum rocketing out. Had he not done that, he would have thoroughly splattered Suzanne's face.

Suzanne was so delighted that she actually clapped when he finished. "Excellent! Sweetie, that was really HOT! Oooh, this is such fun! Don't you think? We're gonna have so much fun together!"

He was left completely exhausted, slumping in his chair. He felt that even talking was an effort, but nevertheless he asked, "We're gonna do this again?"

"Oh, certainly. Now that we're this intimate, I want to see you cum over and over again. That is, unless you're too shy about it...?"

"No, no, I'm cool. It's just that... geez!"

bender

"What?"

"For one thing, what am I supposed to do with my hands?" He held them up. There was so much cum that there were gobs stretched between his fingers like spider webs.

Suzanne ostentatiously licked her lips. "Mmmm! Yummy. Is that all for me? Do you want me to lick you clean, or would you rather use the towel?"

His eyes bugged out and he felt like he was going to have a heart attack.

Smirking a bit she said, "You're right. We'd better use the towel... this time." She picked up the towel and handed it to him.

But her teasing never stopped. As he wiped his hands clean, she made a point of inhaling his aroma deeply. She said, "Mmmm! Yesssss! Sweetie, your cum smells so sweet. I really love the smell. I can hardly wait to taste it."

He shook his head in disbelief.

Alan loved the whole encounter, but it was the brief sight of his Aunt Suzy's pussy that he vowed to never forget.

He wrongly assumed that all her sexy talk was just that: talk. He didn't even really believe Suzanne was bisexual, since he'd never observed the slightest hint of that in all the many years that he'd known her. In addition, he was so inexperienced sexually that the idea of actually having full-blown intercourse with

her seemed beyond impossible. He felt that she was the living embodiment of Jessica Rabbit, and he was just a nerd who'd never been kissed whom she was helping with his weird medical treatment. So, for him, her pussy was merely some far-off wonder that one could only admire and never touch.