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Chapter 27 Susan's Shower Tease

Friday afternoon, Alan played a game of basketball with some friends. He came home really needing a shower, but the one across from his room was broken. (No one but Suzanne knew that she had disabled it, in the hope that Alan would be forced to use the shower off Susan's bedroom, which might result in interesting encounters.)

He went into his mother's bedroom and heard the shower running in the adjoining bathroom. He was really sweaty and tired, so he yelled through the bathroom door, "Hello! I could use a shower real soon!"

It was his mother who replied, "Sorry! You'll have to wait. I just got in here!"

Grumbling, he went back to his room and started reading. He removed his shirt because the sweat continued to pour off him. He left his door open to listen for when the shower was free.

Susan's shampoo bottle was empty. She was sure that she'd had plenty of shampoo the last time she'd showered. She didn't know that Suzanne had drained her bottle and made sure Katherine wasn't around to help get another one. She remembered Suzanne's advice, not so coincidentally given just an hour earlier, to take advantage of situations that arose to help sex things up, such as giving Alan a brief glimpse of her in the shower. So she said, "Hey Tiger? Can you come here for a sec?"

He got up and went to the bathroom door so he could hear her better. "Yeah? What is it?"

"I'm out of shampoo. Can you come in here and get another bottle for me?"

"Sure." He screwed up his courage and walked into the bathroom. The shower door was closed, so he could see little of his mother except her vague, fleshy shape through the frosted glass. Yet knowing that his voluptuous mother was completely naked on the other side got his penis hard within seconds.

The shower door opened just enough for her hand to poke out, holding a shampoo bottle. She said, "The bottle here is empty, but you should find another just like it in the bottom right cabinet. It's the only shampoo in there."

He quickly found the right bottle and held it in his hand. He didn't know what to do with it. "Um, how do you want me to give it to you?" he asked, and then realized that wasn't the best way to phrase things, given the circumstances.

Susan had been expecting to just give him a tantalizing, obscured glimpse of her body through the frosted shower door. Frankly, that was all Suzanne expected as well, assuming that her attempt to disrupt the shower even worked. But Susan found herself saying, "Just put it in my hand."

As soon as the words left her mouth, she thought, Why on Earth did I just say that?! Now he's going to have to open the shower door and see me completely naked!

She didn't even realize it consciously, but she'd loved having her son stare at her the past few days when she'd worn sexy outfits. Unconsciously she wanted more, even if her rational brain did not.

He was at a loss over what to do. She'd pulled her hand back, and it didn't look like she was going to reach back out to him. Since the door was only open a crack, he didn't see how he could get the shampoo to her without opening the door. But more than that, he could barely think or breathe, since he had such a great view of her nudity through the slightly opened door. He couldn't believe that his mother, the same mother who had told him that dancing was sinful and bikinis should be illegal, would let him see her in the buff.

After some long moments passed, she still didn't make any move to reach toward him. So, reluctantly and nervously, he reached to open the shower door. He was immediately immobilized by the lusty and lovely vision before him.

Susan stood with her back to him, lathering her body with soap. She seemed to be unaware of his presence. But in fact, her heart was pounding wildly and her face was burning at the realization that he was looking at her completely naked body. She had no idea what she was doing or why, but her intellect seemed helpless to overrule her libido.

A few moments passed where he just stared at her back. He thought, My GOD! I have never seen any woman so scorching hot anywhere in my life! Not even on TV or in movies! Not even Aunt Suzy! Every inch is complete perfection. Father must be absolutely INSANE to be away practically all year. Man, if I had a wife like that, I would never, ever, EVER leave the bedroom! Seriously!

He'd been erect already, but now his erection was so engorged that it seemed like it had swollen to twice its normal size when firm. He just stood and stared.

Finally, she turned her body partly towards him while reaching out to grab the bottle, but then realized that the glass shower door was still mostly closed. She said over her shoulder, "Could you open the door, Tiger?"

He reached out to do so, but his hands seemed to move as slowly as molasses. He wanted to prolong this once-in-a-lifetime experience as long as he could. His eyes devoured her firm ass, shapely back, and the side view of one tremendous boob while her eyes watched the progress of his hands opening the door.

Finally the door opened. Her vision wasn't that bad without glasses, so she could see him fine except that he looked somewhat blurry. She was surprised to see him without a top, and for a second she feared that he had stripped naked. She looked down and realized with great relief that he was still wearing his shorts, but in so doing she couldn't help but notice the pulsing monster threatening to rip them in two. They both realized there was nothing between their private parts but air and Alan's shorts. That both excited and frightened her.

Susan started to freak out as she thought about it. She reached out, grabbed the bottle, and turned her back on him. "Thanks a ton!" She was too embarrassed to make further eye contact.

She thought her little dare of sorts was over, so breathed a big sigh of relief. Phew! Thank goodness! What's gotten into me? He probably saw all of my bouncing boobs when I reached out. Heck, what am I talking about; he's certainly staring at my butt this very instant! That's so... improper!

Alan stood there transfixed. He mumbled, "Um... Sure." He tried to drink in as much of her naked body as he could, hoping to burn the image permanently into his brain. It was the first time in his teen life that he'd ever seen a woman fully naked, since Suzanne hadn't completely taken her skirt off the day before.

"I'll just be going then," he said after a few more seconds. His eyes focused mostly on her sudsy buttocks, but they roamed everywhere. Even her toned, muscular legs and the gentle curves of her back somehow seemed to be demanding his urgent attention.

Susan closed her eyes tightly. She was sure he was still there, still staring. Her thoughts drifted to the big bulge she'd seen in his shorts, and then drifted back to the memory of Akami stroking it in the doctor's office. She couldn't consciously admit to herself just how proud it made her that her body had gotten him so hard, but the feeling was good enough that she couldn't muster the resolve to ensure that he left.

In fact, she stepped back and turned a bit, giving him a better side view of her glistening wet body. She brought her hands to her breasts, though it was unclear, even to herself, whether she was making a feeble effort to cover them, or cupping them and thrusting them out and upwards to give him a better view.

She was barely able to control the excitement in her voice as she said, "You know, Tiger, things have been a bit strange lately. To say the least! I hope you don't mind me being more open, like asking you to help with the shampoo. I figure it can only help you out with your treatment. Are you okay with stuff like that? I'm a bit confused about it, but Suzanne thinks it's the right thing to do. I'm just trying to follow her advice about what's best for you." Then she turned away again.

He thought, Jesus H. Christ! I saw a bit of her bush. And a nipple, too! I had no idea Mom is so, so... well, just plain hot!

He tried to speak, stuttered on air, and then cleared his throat. "Yeah, um, yeah. Sure. Um, thanks, too. I'll be going now."

But her hands were now repeatedly sliding over her ass in what looked to be a very sexual way. There was no way he could tear his eyes away from such a sexy sight, even though he was sure he'd cum in his shorts in a matter of moments.

She thought, This has to stop! I'm acting like some kind of porn star performing a striptease. I'm putting on a private sex show for my very own son! This has to stop, and now! But if it's so wrong, why do I feel so good, so alive?

She transferred her weight from one butt cheek to the other, knowing that movement made a very arousing sight for her son. Then, squeezing some shampoo into her hands, she raised both arms in the air and began rubbing the shampoo into her wet hair. She arched her back, a pose that made her look remarkably like she was in the throes of sexual ecstasy.

He continued to stand there for another minute or more, losing all track of time. If I were a braver man, I'd reach out and touch her. Maybe ask if she needs help washing her back. But I could never do that! It's just the same as if she were a million miles away from me right now, because there's no way I could ever get up the courage to touch her. I think I'd die of fright, even if she asked me to do it. Especially if she asked me to!

"Okay, good to hear you're okay with that," she said after another long pause.

"Thanks for the help with the shampoo. I'm all set now," she added after yet more moments passed.

Her one-sided conversation continued in slow motion. After more time had passed, Alan finally responded with, "Okay, I'll just be going then... I'll, I'll see you later." That was the third time he'd announced he was leaving.

He took one last look at his mother, who was naked from head to toe only a few feet in front of him. She still had her back turned to him, but even from the back he could see the sides of her orgasm-inducing tits well enough.

He was amazed to realize from what he'd seen just how long, shapely, and toned her legs were. It was all he could do not to whip out his dick and masturbate openly right there in front of her. Many guys would have been driven to aggressiveness or even rape by such a sexy scene, but he literally was overwhelmed even by the idea of touching her.

She had her back arched dramatically, and her head was bent back even further, so the water pouring from the showerhead hit the top of her head directly and then sent the shampoo behind her and down her back instead of down her face. Had her eyes been open, she would have been staring directly up at the ceiling. Her arms again reached up so she could rub the shampoo into her hair.

He found the sight of the musculature around her bare armpits surprisingly captivating. And since her eyes were closed, he felt even more emboldened to stare and try to memorize every last inch of her perfect body.

Her butt cheeks were clenched, and much of the shampoo suds were running down her back and onto them. Her legs were slightly spread, but the view through her legs of her pussy was obstructed by a large accumulation of suds between her thighs.

She turned the water down, then paused. Suddenly she turned her head and looked over her shoulder down towards his waist, to make sure he wasn't doing anything untoward with his rampant erection.

He was merely clenching his hands on the crotch of his shorts, as if trying to prevent his boner from escaping. He also hoped that would somehow help him hold back from climaxing, or at least mask it a bit if he did.

She covered her boobs and crotch as she turned, acting as if it was only a problem if he saw her front side. But her tits were so large that her hand stood no chance of covering them completely; she didn't even succeed in completely hiding both her nipples. She gazed at his crotch for far too long to be subtle about it, then looked up into his face. Her face was one of concern, indicating that things had gone too far and that he had to go.

It occurred to him that she was trembling. That finally broke his spell long enough for him to turn around and walk away. The shower door was still wide open, as was the door to the bathroom. He walked out of the bathroom in a daze, shaking his head in wonder.

He hurried back to his room so he could masturbate to thoughts of his mother, even as he was consumed by guilt for doing so. He also chastised himself severely for being so rude and staring at her for so long. He felt as if he was a pinball being bounced around until he didn't know which way was up.

Susan thought to herself, Why the heck did I just do that? Why didn't I just tell him to go? Why couldn't I have gotten the shampoo myself in the first place? I'm turning into a complete exhibitionist ... and worse!

Why does he have to have such a BIG bulge there? And his bare, manly chest... I'm thinking such sinful thoughts about my own son. I can't! I can't! It's wrong, it's sinful, and it's improper!

But her guilt didn't last long after she began thinking about Alan watching her naked in the shower. She imagined him aggressively walking into the shower with her, putting his hands on her shoulders, and then calling her an exhibitionist slut. Then she imagined him pinning her against the shower wall and slamming his powerfully hard erection into her burning cunt.

Unconsciously she found herself cleaning her breasts, ass, and crotch very thoroughly with a bar of soap, but she still didn't dare masturbate openly. Masturbating was something she had literally never done in her life and she didn't really even know how to do it.

As a result, she ended up feeling very frustrated. After the shower ended she felt tremendous guilt, as she tried to banish the unwanted erotic thoughts completely from her mind. She even cried.bender

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Susan went downstairs and called Suzanne to come over. She poured out what she called "the whole, sordid, horrible story" of what she'd done in the shower.

Suzanne was surprised and pleased, especially since Susan was still not revealing her dream of a few nights earlier, or that of the previous night either.

Suzanne was careful to show only sympathy and concern. They talked about it for a long time.

In the end, Suzanne more or less convinced Susan that she'd performed a noble deed in assisting in her son's medical treatment. If her body felt strange or tingly, that was just an inconsequential and perfectly harmless side effect.

Susan was glad to find any excuse to explain away her behavior. She felt a lot better, so much so that only hours after the shower she changed into a more provocative dress than any she'd worn before. This time Suzanne didn't even have to tell her exactly what to wear.