

6 Times 29

Chapter 29 Dirty Talk

Suzanne asked, "Hey, have I told you what happened to Sweetie and me when I went to his bedroom the day before yesterday?"

Susan replied, "No, you didn't, and I don't know if I want to know. Besides, why are you bringing this up now, of all times?"

She had a good point about timing. It was Saturday morning, and Susan and Suzanne were doing their usual daily morning exercises in the Plummer basement. But rather than talk before they started, or after they finished, or even during a break in between, Suzanne spoke up while they were right in the middle of their exercise routine.

Suzanne shrugged. "I dunno. It just came to my mind." That was a lie. There were a variety of expensive exercise machines in the basement, and Suzanne had waited until Susan was sitting on the one she was on now. One had to ride it much like a bicycle, which meant that Susan's pussy was pressing hard against its narrow seat. Suzanne knew that Susan never masturbated, but in this position it was extremely easy to slide against the seat for an arousing "ride."

Suzanne continued, "I helped Sweetie get hard and stay hard. I even got to see his penis! Totally exposed, right in front of me!"

Susan closed her eyes tightly and even put her hands loosely over her ears. "I don't want to know about any of that. I figure it'll only make me have more weird dreams." Then, after a long pause, she asked with great worry, "You didn't, um, touch it, did you?"

"No, of course not."

"Good! And don't, please!"

Suzanne said in a dreamy voice, "I didn't, but boy did I want to! Susan, his penis is soooo big! But more than its size, it's just so PERFECT! You know what I mean? When I see a smooth, thick penis like that, all I want to do is run my fingers all over it. And kiss it! And run my tongue-"

"SUZANNE!" Susan cried out in exasperation. "Please! I don't need to hear that!" She didn't consciously realize it, but her growing arousal was making her slide back and forth in her seat a little bit, stimulating her clit.

Suzanne was on a less arousing machine; she wanted to avoid acting suspiciously with Susan watching. She had carefully positioned herself so that she didn't have a clear view of Susan's privates, so Susan wouldn't worry about her self-stimulation being seen. Suzanne said playfully, "Tell you what. I won't tell you any more about that if you tell me about your dreams. Now you've got THREE nights' worth of dreams to catch up on telling me. You know I'm gonna get those dreams out of you eventually, even if I have to tickle them out of you."

Susan sighed in defeat. She knew that when Suzanne really wanted something, she didn't stop until she got it. She replied, "Okay, I'll make you a different deal. I'll tell you about the dreams of the past two nights, but not the weird dream I had three nights ago."

Suzanne complained, "But now that's the one I really want to know about the most!"

"Sorry. But everyone should have SOME secrets." The dream she didn't want to talk about involved her waking up in bed with Alan. They were both naked, and somehow she knew that they were husband and wife, even though it wasn't mentioned out loud. They had kissed and caressed like a very happily married couple that were still deeply in love. There wasn't much more to the dream than that, but she was petrified about Suzanne having a field day analyzing the Freudian implications if she ever found out.

Suzanne knew she could coax the truth about that dream out of Susan eventually, but Susan was her best friend, and she didn't want to make her unhappy, so she said, "Okay, fine. Let's talk about your more recent dreams then."

Susan dropped her head in defeat as she recalled those dreams. "Suzanne, it's terrible! My dreams are getting more and more arousing, and more and more improper! They all seem to involve Tiger and his... his... member!"

"Well, that's no big deal," Suzanne said encouragingly. "I told you it's all about burning off your sexual energy while you sleep. Think of it like lancing a boil. And I'm sure your dreams can't compare to mine. Why, last night, I had this dream where-

Susan cut her off. "Please! No! Don't tell me. You'll just give me more bad ideas." She buried her face in her hands.

"What do you mean?"

Susan spoke through her fingers. "Ever since you started talking about blowjobs the other day, they've kind of been on my mind. Last night, and the night before, I was having dreams where I had to help Tiger out with his problem."

"Doing his thing," Suzanne clarified.

"Yes. But not only did I help him with my hands; I helped him with my mouth! It's so wrong! So very, very wrong!" Without realizing it, she resumed rocking on her arousing seat.

"But it's just a dream. It's not real life."

"I know! But I keep thinking about doing it in real life too! Not that I ever would. Never! But he IS sinning six times a day. Masturbation - what the Bible calls 'the sin of Onan.' I feel bad just letting that happen. But I can't just allow myself to help, or even allow you to do it. It's all too arousing. Er, I mean disturbing! Disturbing!" She rocked steadily on her seat, still without being consciously aware of it.

Suzanne couldn't help but smirk a little bit at Susan's verbal fumble. She asked, "Okay, it's obvious why you can't help him directly, or why Angel can't help him, but what's wrong with me helping him that way?"

Susan finally took her hands from her face and said, "You're his aunt! Okay, I know that technically you're not really his aunt, but the truth is, you are. In fact, you're more than that. You're his second mother in all but name. It wouldn't be right. It wouldn't be proper."

Suzanne decided not to press that issue just yet. Instead, she said, "If only we could find someone else. Some other woman. A sexy, beautiful, busty woman who'd take his big erection in her hands and happily stroke it and fondle it, caress it and love it. Run her fingers playfully up and down his thick, strong shaft, like the trunk of a sturdy redwood tree."

"Yes... Yes..." Susan whispered. She was lost in reverie, rocking on her seat, repeatedly stimulating her clit.

Suzanne went on, "Of course, she'd have to be naked."

"Completely naked?" Susan asked with trepidation.

"But of course! What's wrong with being naked? Doesn't it say in the Bible, 'And they were both naked, man and woman, and they were not ashamed'? I believe that was in Genesis somewhere."

Susan furrowed her brow, trying to recall that passage. It definitely sounded familiar to her. "Yes, I believe you're right."

"So why should we be ashamed? Besides, it's practical to be naked in these situations. After all, his cum could fly anywhere! Absolutely anywhere! You don't want to get your clothes all stained and cummy, do you? I mean, this woman wouldn't, would she?"

"I suppose she wouldn't." Susan was finding it harder and harder to breathe.

Suzanne grinned a little bit. "And while she'd do that, lovingly stroking and caressing Tiger's big, strong erection, he'd play with her breasts! Her big, round, luscious breasts! His thick trunk would grow even thicker, even longer, even HARDER! Oh, so hard and full of cum as he toyed with her nipples. Why, he might even kiss her on the lips, if it helped his dick stay firm and throbbing with pleasure."

"YES!" Susan cried out lustily. But then she caught herself, and said to Suzanne, "Er, what I mean is, yes, I suppose that would be acceptable, if it keeps his member hard."

"Oh, it does! Who knows how long it would take, but after what seemed like hours of stroking and loving his erection, maybe even kissing it a little..."

"NO!" Susan gasped. She was rocking hard, working on her clit now.

"Yes. Just a few kisses, here and there. To show him how much she loves him."

"Well, okay. She loves him a whole lot!"

Suzanne smirked again, because it was ridiculously obvious that Susan was imagining herself as the woman in the story. "After kissing it, and licking it, but mostly just stroking it, his big dick would be full to bursting with delicious, life-giving cum! His seed! His sperm! Suddenly it would BURST forth, a torrent of semen, of love! His cum - no, his LOVE - would splatter and splash all over her naked body, even while he kept on fondling her big tits! Her cum-soaked big tits!"

"YES!" Susan panted, but this time it was in an emphatic whisper.

"It's all too much for the busty mother! She falls to the floor, overwhelmed with orgasmic lust, and yet he stands above her, cumming and cumming and cumming, painting her entire body with his fertile seed!"

"YES! Mmmm, yes, yes, YES!"

Suzanne went on, "And you'd think that would be all, but no! He's a virile, studly young man, and his big dick is powerful and demanding! I know; I've seen it with my own eyes, as have you. He'll be hard again in no time, if he ever gets soft at all. Which he probably won't! This woman will have to keep on stroking and stroking and licking and loving and even sucking on his big fat cock!"

"NO!" Susan gasped, nearly delirious with arousal and excitement.

"Yes, Susan, yes! Especially that! Sucking and licking it! All afternoon if necessary, and into the evening too! Mornings, as well. Because six times a day is so very, very much! He's handsome and full of cum. He has needs! Big needs!"

"Yes, yes, yes! YES!" Susan had a vague notion that she was rocking in her seat, but she tried not to think about it too much. She also knew on some level that she was clutching at her hefty boobs, but she didn't want to think about that either, because if she did, she'd have to stop.

Suzanne concluded, "So that's what that woman would have to do. And not just once, but every day, day after day after day. I dare say pleasuring his penis and saving him from the sin of masturbation would have to be a big part of her life. Maybe even for years to come. Where on Earth could one find a woman like that? That's the question."

Susan was so close to a climax that it was like agony for her, and there was a growing wet spot on the front of her green leotard. But she slowly came down off her erotic high since Suzanne was winding down with her passionate story. She finally said, "Yes. That is the question."

Suzanne looked around and acted like she was surprised to realize she was in their exercise room surrounded by machines. "Hey, you know what? Let's not worry about that right now. I suppose that counts as one of our breaks. We should get back into rhythm before we cool down too much."

"Yes," Susan agreed sadly. She would have loved for Suzanne to talk more along those lines, but then she told herself that it was the devil inside her thinking those thoughts.

Resolving to be a good, responsible Christian mother, she resumed her exercise routine.

— — —bender

When Alan woke that morning, he found another wet spot near his stiff "morning wood." Such wet dreams had been happening to him a lot ever since the appointment with Nurse Akami. He recalled part of his dream. It was something about Katherine and Susan dancing naked while Suzanne gave him a blowjob. Akami was there too, dressed in her nurse's scrubs, giving Suzanne advice on how to ensure that the blowjob was "sufficiently stimulating."

He thought, I'm going crazy. How can they seriously expect me to stay sane with all this sexy stuff, accidental or not, happening around here?

The day was uneventful for Alan. He was so weirded out by the back-to-back nakedness incidents the night before that he decided to spend the day away from the house to give him some time to think. He spent the whole day at the beach with his friends, Sean and Peter.

That evening, he went to the movies with yet another friend. By the end of the day, he felt much more himself, and more at ease.

He also found the time to climax three times, when he woke up and he went to bed at night, and also when he took a late nap after coming home from the beach. But he did that without help from Suzanne or anyone else.