

6 Times 32

Chapter 32 Naked Amy

But Suzanne was not expecting what happened next.

The others had begun turning back towards the TV, since the commercials had ended and they thought that the excitement was over. But Amy immediately took their words to heart. She undid her bra under her T-shirt and pulled it out and off through her sleeves in that way women sometimes do. Then she grabbed the T-shirt and quickly pulled it over and behind her head, then down her arms, letting it fall to the floor behind her. It wasn't exactly the most logical sequence of events, but everyone was too shocked to pay attention to the details.

Suzanne cried out angrily, "Amy Pestrige! What the heck are you doing?! Stop that!"

Susan looked over towards Amy and did a double-take. "AMY! Wh-what ARE you doing?!"

"I want to get dressed just like all of you. Didn't you just say that was okay?" As Amy talked, she pulled her shorts off, and then reached to take off her panties.

Alan was completely enraptured. Amy was the only person in the room he'd allowed himself to have naughty fantasies about before this had all started. With all the recent excitement she'd gotten lost in the shuffle, but now his lust for her came surging back, stronger than ever. Sweet Amy? I've never seen her like this!

"But, but, your panties!" Susan blurted out to Amy in dismay.

"Didn't you all say to not talk about it, but just do it?" Amy responded. "I thought we weren't even supposed to say the word 'panties.'" With that, she grabbed her own panties and pulled them down her legs and completely off.

In so doing, her boobs bounced all over, much to the delight of Alan and the horror of Susan, Katherine, and Suzanne.

Suzanne was the most perturbed, because she still thought of Amy as her little girl, rather than as a teen verging on full-fledged womanhood. But even Suzanne conceded, "That's what we said. Quick, Honey Pie, put your shirt and shorts back on as fast as you can, and sit back down for the show." She hoped that Amy's getting nude would distract her from asking awkward questions about why her mother had been showing off her own pussy just a short time earlier.

But Amy didn't seem to be in any hurry. She stood there in all her naked glory, happy as could be.

Alan's heart leapt into his throat as he waited impatiently to see what their reaction would be. Whoa! Amy is SEXY! Dang! Instant boner, he said to himself, even though he was already hard from Suzanne showing off her pussy. But she's just standing there in her birthday suit! Are they gonna allow her to stay like that?!

"M'kay. Just a sec," said a completely unperturbed Amy, while turning around to grab her shirt. It had fallen to the floor, so she bent down to pick it up, bending stiffly at the waist. That put her big, wide butt on perfect display for Alan, and allowed him to see her pussy lips peeking between her legs as well, as she didn't keep her legs closed.

Alan was so excited that he almost impulsively scrambled over the arm of his chair to get closer to Amy.

She turned around again and put on the shirt, and then finally the shorts.

He felt really bummed when the shorts eventually covered her bush and the surprise striptease finally ended. Wow, I've never seen a completely naked woman in my life, and then I see two in just a few days! And Mom and Aims, of all people.

Amy exuberantly hurried over to the sofa and sat next to her mother. Then she said to Susan, "You're right, Aunt Susan; it is fun to dress like this! Thanks, everyone, for letting me play too. Doing it in front of Alan makes it even more fun, I think. Thanks a lot!" She flashed a big smile in Alan's direction.

"Uhhh, you're welcome," he said.

Suzanne looked at Alan and rolled her eyes in amusement, trying to nonverbally communicate her thoughts to him: You're welcome, my ass! As if you suffered a lot!

He thought to himself, I can't BELIEVE how surreal things have gotten around here lately!

But it still wasn't over. He looked over at Suzanne and Amy, both sitting on the solid sofa that was built for two or even three. The others finally turned back to the TV, allowing him to notice that in the position he was in, he STILL had a good view of Suzanne's pussy, though he could only see a bit of it and not the massive, lewd display of her entire crotch that she'd been giving him only a few minutes earlier.

But right next to her sat Amy in shorts about as short as shorts can be. She sat with one leg propped up on the sofa, allowing him to see some of her pussy too. The snatches of mother and daughter being accidentally - or maybe not so accidentally - displayed right next to each other got him turned on all over again.

He waited a few excruciating minutes until "Friends" was finally over, and then hightailed it back to his room. He promptly jacked off. Then he did it again.

Back in the living room, after Amy and Katherine left, Susan wanted to have a word with Suzanne. Susan's worries were getting the best of her, especially when she remembered the shower incident. "Suzanne, I appreciate what you're trying to do for Tiger, but don't you think it's gone too far? Shouldn't we call this off, this crazy 'sexing things up' idea?"

Suzanne said, "You're concerned about what happened with Amy."

"Yes, but not only that. At least she's not related to him, and you're not either. But what about my daughter and me? How can I forgive myself before God for all of these sinful acts? At some point I have to put my foot down and say 'No.' No more craziness. When I think about some of the things I've been thinking and dreaming lately..." She shuddered. "What if our innocent Angel starts feeling the same way? Or Amy? I can't allow that!"

"Hmmm. I see." Suzanne was at a bit of a loss on how to get Susan to continue with her scheme. She decided a limited, tactical retreat was best. "Susan, I think you're right. It would be good to tone things down just a bit. But certainly not stop. Look what's happened to Sweetie lately. He was so down last week, he dragged himself around like a slug. And now, have you ever seen him happier?"

"I don't know if happy is the right word," Susan pointed out.

"Let's say walking on air then." That was a more accurate description. So was "bewildered" or "stunned," but Suzanne tactfully refrained from going there. She continued, "In any case, it's done him a world of good already. Sweetie's energy problem is still there, whether we like it or not. We have to deal with it. But now with his confidence surging, I'm sure it'll be just a matter of days before he asks someone out at school." It was a blatant lie.

Susan looked at her skeptically.

Suzanne said more honestly, "Until that happens, what's the problem? It's doing all of us a world of good. You're finally breaking out of your conservative shell and loosening up a little. I never thought I'd see the day. So is Angel. Do you know how much the other girls at school have snickered at her for the old-fashioned way she was dressing? But she takes after you completely. She adores you. So with you coming to terms with your own body and starting to dress like a normal person, so is she. You can't stop that now, if only for her good."

"But what feels good isn't always good in the eyes of the Lord," Susan said sanctimoniously.

Suzanne rolled her eyes with disdain. "Susan, there's nothing in the Bible about nudity being a sin. Where in the Bible does it say that you wearing the black cocktail dress that your Tiger loved so much is a sin? Don't you want to make him happy and help him out at the same time?"

Susan was very doubtful, but she was too ashamed to reveal her deeply concealed worry that she was becoming sexually attracted to her own son. And she was no match in arguing with the silver-tongued Suzanne. "I guess. If you say so..."

Suzanne didn't stop there, but kept arguing her point of view for a long time. By the time she was done with Susan that evening, Susan was convinced it was her moral duty and even her responsibility to walk around the house half naked to help Alan out. Suzanne was a great and dear friend to Susan, but she almost always got her way in the rare times when she really wanted something.

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Back in his room, Alan was happy to stay there for the rest of the evening, doing little more than alternating between masturbating and homework. But about an hour after he'd retired to his room, his sister knocked on the door and asked to come in.

Alan was a bit perturbed, since he was naked under the sheets and in the middle of masturbating yet again. Doing it six times a day really did take up a lot of his time. In addition, he figured the smell of his cum had to be at least somewhat obvious. But he didn't have an excuse to turn her away, so he grabbed a book from his bedside and said, "Uh, yeah, I was just lying in bed reading. Come on in."

Katherine came in wearing a revealing yellow dress that he'd never seen before. "I just bought some new clothes today, and I wanted to show them just to you. Can I get your opinion? What do you think?" She leaned up against a wall and struck a sexy pose for him.

"It looks great on you. No kidding. What a totally new look you've got. I like!" He wasn't just saying that either: the strapless dress was so tight it looked like it was painted on. She would never have worn anything like it even a few days earlier, even just inside the house.

She beamed. "Thanks! You're too kind. But I've got a favor to ask. Can you help me out with something in my room?"

He was concerned by the fact that he was naked under the sheets and sporting a big hard-on to boot. "Sure. Give me just a minute." He hoped she'd leave and give him a chance to put on some clothes. He noticed too that she was sniffing the air curiously.

Guessing that he was naked under the sheets, aside from his T-shirt, she suddenly rushed towards his bed, acting playful. "Just a minute? Come on lazy bones! I need help now." She started tugging at the bed sheets, while he frantically grabbed hold of them so she couldn't pull them off.

They had a frenetic tug of war with the bed sheets, but for Alan it was no game - he had to keep them on or face grave embarrassment. Unfortunately for him, he was winning in keeping the sheets on, but in so doing he was unable to simultaneously hide his raging hard-on. The sheets tented up over his crotch after he moved his hands away.

Her eyes grew wide, then her hands stopped tugging on the sheets. "Oh my! What do we have here?" She giggled profusely as she stared at the tented sheets.

"Hey, it's not funny," said a hurt and shamed Alan.

"What is that thing in there?" she asked, pointing right at the bulge. "Did they move the Eiffel Tower under your sheets, or are you just happy to see me?" She giggled some more.

"Ha ha," he said without laughing. He tried to act annoyed, but he was more aroused than anything. Part of him didn't really mind getting caught.

"All right. Sorry about that, Bro. Never mind about the help, and have fun doing your thing. You sure are hiding something big under there though. I wonder what it could be." She blew him a kiss and left the room.

By the time he went to sleep that night, he realized that he'd cum eight times over the course of the entire day, including twice before he got out of bed that morning. He'd been so excited by Susan, Suzanne, Amy, and Katherine that he'd wanted to do nothing but masturbate all day.

Furthermore, he thought, Now I've got so many new and different erotic memories that I'll be a walking hard-on for a long time to come. Not to mention the fact that tomorrow looks to be an even more promising day! I can't even imagine what all four of them are going to wear! Sweetness.