

6 Times 22

Chapter 22 I'll Die Before I'm Twenty!

"Why Sweetie, you say the nicest things!" Suzanne delightedly reached around him and gave him a big hug, which wasn't hard to do as he was already leaning over close to her amazing rack.

He felt her hardened nipples pressing firmly into his chest. Now she's touching me! Living goddess Aunt Suzy is touching me! Those can't be her nipples, can they? Someone pinch me! Oh God, I'm gonna cum - this is too exciting! He couldn't believe that his erection was exposed under his desk, in addition to everything else. He really did feel like he was about to cum.

She tried her best to get her boobs to rub against his chest without making it look too obvious. She figured she would need to take it one step at a time with him.

She said, "Thank you so much! You've never complimented my looks before, you meanie. Do you really think I'm attractive?" She pulled back from her tight hug so he could get a more complete look at her, even as she remained sitting in the adjacent chair. One of her breasts still hung lewdly out of her dress.

He couldn't believe his luck. This is too weird, too good. I can't possibly be this lucky. Something strange is going on! he thought nervously. I really must be in a Twilight Zone episode. Maybe the one where the guy thinks he's in Heaven, but it turns out to be Hell. This is all a big joke or something. Right?

"Yes. You're gorgeous," he finally said.

"Oh, Sweetie!" She hammed up a dramatic swoon backwards for his benefit. "Oh, I'm so excited. That makes looking at these naughty pictures that much more fun, don't you think?" She turned to the computer and said, "Why don't we get started? But let's pretend I don't realize that my top is falling open. I think it'll be more fun that way."

"Yeah, okay," he somehow mumbled as he watched her begin typing on the keyboard. The breast closest to him still hung out, but as she leaned forward the dress fell forward as well, causing both of her huge tits to be completely exposed to his eyes. Her top did really seem to be completely falling off. Both shoulder straps were in danger of slipping down her arms, which would leave her truly topless.

He wanted to stroke his exposed erection so badly he could cry, but he didn't for fear of disclosing that it was sticking out under the desk.

When she finished typing the web URL, she again put her arm around him and placed her hand on his opposite shoulder. This caused one of her naked tits to press against his own uncovered arm, just below the bottom of his shirtsleeve.

He could feel all the sweaty wetness from her breast on the bare skin of his arm.

He cluelessly thought, I can't believe it! Is she hinting I can touch her too? No way! That would be way more than just sexing things up a little. She'd never go for that. Only in my dreams!

The lamp again illuminated her in such a way that he could see the reflection of her full chest in the monitor.

With her other hand she manipulated the mouse, causing naked pictures to pop up as they had two days earlier.

The website had a generic name but, as before, it was actually the one she had created herself in the prior few days. Thus there were no advertisements or flashy graphics, just lots of picture links to click on. That way she could control exactly what he saw.

She grabbed his hand and guided it over the mouse as if he'd never used a mouse before. Actually, it was just another excuse to touch him. "Two days ago I just showed you some pictures of women, but today I thought I'd show you some pictures of people together. Here, go ahead and click on any of the links."

She asked, "There. Doesn't that just make you hot?" Using his hand, she brought up more pictures, which showed men fucking women, women on women, and much more. "I know it gets me going."

These pictures were much more explicit than the pinup shots from before, although Alan didn't need the extra stimulation to get any more aroused. He was barely even aware there was a computer in front of him. He felt himself drowning in Suzanne's perfume. The previous time she had smelled like vanilla and this time he could swear she smelled vaguely like cinnamon. Whatever it was, he loved it.

Using both her hands, she began caressing her body outside of her clothes while apparently staring intently at the screen. At first she did it very subtly, as if she didn't even realize what she was doing. But she gradually began moving her hands further afield, and more vigorously.

"I get really HOT and bothered looking at these pictures," she said breathlessly.

He turned his head and just stared at her instead of the naked photos. Holy cow! Look at her! Real life is so much better!

One of her hands finally reached an exposed breast, but only after going seemingly everywhere else. Realizing she couldn't keep up the pretense forever that she hadn't noticed that she was hanging out all over, she looked at her boob and exclaimed with surprise, "Oh, would you look at that!" She looked at his face and said with amusement, "Looks like you already are!" Then she giggled.

He got really red in the face and muttered, "Sorry..."

"No reason to be!" she came back quickly. "Your mother, your sister, and I are trying to get you horny so you can jack off more often. Something like an exposed boob or two can only help, right? You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind?" he asked incredulously. "No, that's cool," he said in an unsuccessful attempt to brush it off like he was cool and didn't care one way or another. As if this kind of thing happens all the time. Not!

"Does it get you excited?" she asked, obviously excited herself.

He said, "Yeah," but he was too embarrassed to look her in the eye while admitting that, so he averted his gaze.

"Well if that's the case," she said, "maybe I'll just leave them hanging out for a while then. In fact, maybe I'll just open this dress up a bit more. That might help you out even more." She pushed a strap off one shoulder, and then pushed the other one off as well. That left the skimpy, partly transparent dress crumpled uselessly around her waist.

Alan was still very aware of the fact that his Aunt Suzy was a married woman. Even though she'd given him permission to gawk, and had told him that her marriage was effectively over, he still felt like a criminal whenever he did. However, despite all the guilt, his lust won out. He couldn't resist turning around again to see what she'd done. He was thrilled to discover that she was completely naked from the waist up.

She leaned forward towards the computer screen, exciting him even more. Her breasts were very firm and high. Their nipples poked out as if they were trying to reach all the way to the screen, almost as if they were attempting to pull the rest of the boobs outwards in a frustrated attempt to fly away.

She smiled at Alan, then returned to staring at the computer screen as if she were so totally absorbed with the pictures there that she was completely unaware that he was looking only at her and didn't appear to care at all about what was on the screen.

She leaned forward on both arms even further, until she was practically over the desk. This caused her dress to slide down her body until it was barely caught by her hips.

"Oh, I just loooove looking at these pictures! I love it!"

She closed her eyes and wriggled her body slightly back and forth, knowing this would cause her bountiful tits to rock and sway.

"I love it! So good!" she said again even more enthusiastically.

He was beyond shocked, beyond aroused. From the look on her face, he wondered if she was in the throes of an orgasm.

He wasn't far off with his guess. She was putting on an exaggerated show, but in actual fact she really was getting close to an orgasm just from acting as an exhibitionist in front of the young man she loved so deeply and wanted so much.

Suddenly, she sat back and looked at him very casually. "Don't you?" she asked in a perfectly calm voice.

"What was that? Don't I what?" asked the stunned teenager. It occurred to him that he'd never actually seen a completely bare bosom in real life before. He was rapidly approaching the limit of how much excitement he could take without spontaneously cumming. If he dared to touch his erection in any way whatsoever, he knew it would be all over.

"Don't you love the pictures, of course!" she chided him playfully, knowing full well that he had forgotten all about looking at the computer screen. Then she closed her eyes as she sat, and again her face contorted in such a sexy way that it looked like she was being fucked.

She put her hands on her legs and then began rubbing the pale skin there. She quickly reached the edge of her dress, which just barely kept her pussy from being exposed. She reached underneath and began running her hands over the naked skin under her dress.

She moved them towards her flat midriff, continually moving higher until her hands were at the waistband of her dress. The effect of having both hands so far under her dress was that her pussy was very nearly exposed to his eyes. But she stopped an inch or so shy of exposing herself there, without touching her pussy. She figured she'd take his seduction one step at a time.bender

He looked down at where he knew her pussy was. He was on the verge of cumming, just from imagining what was there (not to mention all the other parts of her that he could see very well).

He realized he was building up to an orgasm to end all orgasms, and there was nothing he could do about it. Normally he could just take his hands off his penis to stop or slow down his buildup, but he couldn't do that now because he wasn't touching it in the first place.

Suzanne could read in his face his struggle not to cum. She said, "It feels soooo good to have my breasts bounce free like this. Just like I'm sure it feels good that you're hanging out down below."

"You know?!" He would have been mortified, except that he was too aroused to feel much other than pure lust.

"Of course. Aunt Suzy knows all, hee-hee. Why don't you touch yourself and make it feel better? I think you know what I mean. Isn't that what the doctor ordered? Cum for me!"

That command, plus the fact that she was casually squeezing one of her nipples like she was trying to milk it, caused him to lose it. He couldn't take it anymore, so he reached under the desk to jack off openly, no longer caring about the shame of his "aunt" watching him. But his erection erupted before his hands even reached it. His seed splattered all over the wooden paneling on the back of the desk, just as it had the previous time. The difference was that she was still there, and furthermore what was left of her dress was bunched up around her waist.

Alan was tremendously embarrassed that she'd seen and heard him climax while he was obviously thinking of her. But his embarrassment didn't end there, because it seemed like his erection was a fire hose going off, shooting cum everywhere. It simply would not stop. He'd never cum so much in his life, and was unused to firing into the open air instead of cumming in a towel or tissue. He imagined his balls draining until they were just empty hanging sacks. He grabbed his stiff pole with both hands and held on like he was riding a bucking bronco.

She leaned into him and stared over his shoulder, watching the geyser of cum with wide eyes.

Finally, mercifully, at long last, it ended. He could only take so much pleasure. He groaned and slowly lowered his head to the table, totally spent.

He felt Suzanne's hands patting and rubbing his back through his T-shirt.

She said soothingly, "Felt good, didn't it?" Inwardly she marveled at the amount of cum he'd spewed forth. That's one advantage of being in love with a teenager. Boundless enthusiasm. Well, that and he cums by the bucket-load! Hee-hee! And his penis is as big as I thought it was to boot!

He could only groan again. He was practically unable to speak.

"There, there, I'm sure it felt good, Sweetie," she continued. "That's what it's all about, isn't it? You have to do that six times a day, and then you'll get healthy and strong. I'd like to help out from now on. Do you mind if I help out like this a lot more in the future?"

"No, Aunt Suzy." He was finally speaking. "God no! That was... wow!" I have to do THAT six times a day? he thought. I'll die before I'm twenty! "Help out from now on. A lot more in the future"?! You're kidding me! Holy cow!

She was getting a kick out of maintaining the fiction that the website had done this to him. "Pretty amazing Internet porn, huh? I have to agree. That's why those are my favorite pictures."

He had hardly paid any attention to the pictures, and he knew she knew it. Maybe he'd looked at them for a moment or two. It was all about her.

He thought, Aunt Suzy. Live, in the flesh, in my room. Wow. It's like having a live Playboy Playmate of the Year in my room! She got naked in my room. Naked! She still is, right next to me! No clothes. Well, hardly any to speak of. This is Aunt Suzy we're talking about! She never so much as winked at me until a few days ago.

Suzanne stood up and turned around to look for a towel.

Alan had his arms cradling his face on the desk, but he looked up and saw her ass enticingly near to him. All the wetness of Suzanne's sweat and the water she'd used caused her thin dress to stick to the skin of her ass and make it appear transparent.

Little did he know, but she had also had a powerful orgasm at the same time he did, also without even touching herself. Her own juices were dripping down her legs, which was why she wanted a towel. Alan, though, had been so busy checking out the way the moist fabric clung to her ass cheeks that he didn't notice her leakage.

There were some silky hand towels and tissues next to his bed, which he used when masturbating. She said, "Here we are," and went to grab them.

He immediately jumped up from his chair and shouted, "NO!" He quickly crossed the room.

"Uh, what I mean is," he said more calmly as he reached her, "please let me do it myself. This is really embarrassing."

She had grabbed one of the towels, but he quickly snatched it from her hands. He knew that the one she had picked up, bunched up on top of the others, was the one into which he'd deposited his load when he'd masturbated earlier in the afternoon.

He was petrified that she'd find his cum, dried or maybe still wet, on the towel. It was a bit irrational since he'd just cum like the Old Faithful geyser, but he wasn't anywhere close to thinking straight.

He was so focused on the towel problem that he didn't realize he was now standing opposite her with his penis still hanging out of his shorts. Normally it would have been hard again, given the look at her ass that he'd just had, but it was still only at half-mast because he'd cum three times in the last hour and a half.

She did notice though, and was secretly delighted. Better to not let on that I noticed how he's hangin', or he'll cover up, she thought happily. What a hunk! So fit, and well hung to boot. He's so ripe, just like a succulent fruit ready to be picked. A virgin too, all for little ol' me, hee-hee.

He immediately bent down under his desk and wiped the cum off the wood and carpet using his already soiled towel.

Now it was her turn to gaze at a nice ass, since his was wiggling in the air in his barely sufficient short shorts. Simultaneously she grabbed another towel and used it to wipe the sex juices from her legs, now that he wasn't looking.

She thought, Man, I came a river, didn't I? This is excellent! It's been years since something like that... I must have been dripping all over the floor as I walked around. She realized delightedly, This room is going to smell like a cum-splattered whorehouse for days!

She was getting horny all over again as she moved in for a closer view of his ass. What a beautiful young man. He has it all, in front and in back. And he's just so kind and good-hearted. Gaawwwd, I want to rip those shorts right off him. Rrrr!

But she also realized she had to pace herself. That's enough for today. I probably went too far as it is. He's so shy and naïve - if I don't watch out I'll literally kill him with excitement! Hee-hee. Tomorrow I'll take things just a bit further. It's not just a matter of what he wants. I'm sure I could get him to fuck me if I took the lead, and he'd love it. But I have to think about what Susan and Angel would think, and work them along at the same time. It's impossible to keep a secret for long in this house.

"Okay, Sweetie, I'll leave that to you," she said. He was still under the desk, furiously trying to clean. "Same time tomorrow?" When she didn't get an answer, she added, "Just say yes."

"Yes," she heard him mutter from under the desk. Then, with much more enthusiasm, "Yes! Definitely yes!" He popped his head back out, looked her way and gave her a big grin.

She grinned back. "Okay. Don't tell Susan about any of this, okay, Sweetie?" She opened the door and looked around the hallway.

Looks like no one was eavesdropping... Oops! She looked down and realized her boobs were still hanging out of her dress. She quickly popped them back in, then decided to head for the bathroom to change and make herself more publicly presentable. She was still wet and sweaty.

She had one parting comment. "One last thing. You should really get a fan in here and ventilate your room. It reeks of your cum. Personally I love it, but it might upset your mother. Ta-ta!"

The idea of Suzanne loving the smell of his cum, coupled with the thought of her returning, had gotten him as mentally aroused as he could be, Unfortunately, his penis refused to react.

He managed to get it up again half an hour later, at which point he came quickly by reliving what Suzanne had done in his room. This certainly is going to be a near-record day!