

6 Times 30

Chapter 30 Tennis?

As Alan had grown older, especially as a teen, he had concluded that he really wasn't religious, despite the fact that Susan most certainly was. He felt obliged to go to church from time to time to keep her from complaining too much. That Sunday he couldn't wiggle out of attending. Not surprisingly, the entire morning was off limits for any kind of sexual hijinks.bender

But the fun resumed shortly after lunch when Suzanne came over. She carried a tennis racquet and was dressed in her tennis clothes. Not surprisingly, she looked absolutely fantastic.

Alan was reading the New York Times, which he liked to do each Sunday, but he forgot all about that when he looked up and saw Suzanne standing there.

She gave him a saucy grin as she waved her racquet through the air. "What do you say, kid? Think you can beat me?"

He stood up. "You're on!"

Alan was a very good tennis player - he was on the high school team. But Suzanne was even better. After all, she'd been playing since before she was Alan's age, so she'd had about twenty years more practice than he'd had. But they were close enough in skill to make it interesting.

Alan rushed off to put on appropriate shoes and clothes. After he was dressed and had his tennis racquet, he looked for his mother and found her working in the front garden. He let her know where he would be.

It seemed there was some unwritten rule that the Pestrige women were always welcome at the Plummer house, although the Plummers seldom went over to the Pestrige house. This was because there was such a fun, loving environment at the Plummer house, but a divided and emotionally tense environment at the Pestrige house. The one exception was the use of the "fun stuff" in the Pestrige backyard. Both houses had nice pools, but the Pestrige house also had a hot tub and a tennis court.

Both families were quite rich, but the tennis court was an obvious sign that the Pestrldges were wealthier. The court was down a slope from their house, on a large chunk of mostly tree-covered land that easily could have fit another house as large as the big Pestrldge one.

Alan and Suzanne walked gaily through the gate in the high fence between the two families' properties. As they walked, Alan said, "Aunt Suzy, I guess we haven't had much time lately to just talk in a normal kind of way. Have I made clear just how much I love all the help you've been giving me?"

She snickered, thinking about how impossible it would be for any boy his age not to love what she was doing to him. But then she said, "You have. Not so much with words, but when you get excited and your eyes light up, that's all the thanks I need."

"Awww. Aunt Suzy, you're the best!" He leaned into her and pressed their upper arms together, even as they kept walking. He asked, "Um, this is kind of a weird question, but can you tell me where all this is going?"

She played dumb. "What do you mean?"

"I dunno. Things are getting pretty sexual lately, and the way you're helping me out... Could things, I dunno..."

Before he could get his thoughts together, she said, "The answer is 'No.' Don't question where things are going; just enjoy the ride, okay? And don't push, or you could mess things up. Now, I've got a challenge for you."

"What's that?"

"One set. If you win, we'll go straight to your room afterwards and I'll help you look at some more sexy pictures."

"Okay!" he said brightly. "And what if you win?"

She gave him a saucy smile. "Oh, I've got a pretty good feeling you'll win."

"Oh, man!" He thought, Instant boner! because that was exactly what happened to his penis.

They reached the court and started playing tennis. Sure enough, Suzanne made it clear from the start that she was going to let him win. She hit the ball as well as ever, but if he hit a shot where she had to run to get it, she usually just stood there and let him win the point.

However, he had a tough time winning just the same. For one thing, he'd had a very stiff erection even before they started to play. It certainly didn't go away when Suzanne took off her warm-up suit, revealing a skimpy light blue tennis outfit that showed off lots of leg and cleavage. That was boner-inspiring enough, but as soon as she bent over to pick up a stray tennis ball, he realized that she also wasn't wearing any panties under her short skirt. Sometimes when she twirled to hit the ball, her skirt would rise up and show him flashes of either her bare ass or her bare pussy.

Suzanne loved to tease. But at least she had mercy on him, because they only played one set instead of their usual two or three, and she made sure that he won the set rather quickly. In truth, she was nearly as eager to go back to his room as he was.

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Back in his room, events unfolded much the same as they had the previous time. The main difference was that they both made even less of a pretense about looking at Internet porn. They both sat next to Alan's computer, but they only gave token glances to the computer screen.

Meanwhile, Katherine was in her room, just across the hall. She didn't like spending a lot of time there, especially when it was a nice sunny day outside. But she'd been reading on her bed, hoping that Alan and Suzanne would have another one of their "sessions." As soon as she heard them enter Alan's room and settle down, she crept into the hallway to eavesdrop some more.

This time, she was a bit more prepared. Last time, she'd just put her ear to Alan's door, but now she held a glass against the door and put her ear to that. It made a big difference. Previously, she'd only been able to make out occasional snippets of conversation, but now she could hear almost everything that was said.

She heard Alan say, "Oh, Aunt Suzy! Sheesh! I can't believe it! Your boobs are just so..."

"Big?" Katherine could almost hear the amusement in Suzanne's voice.

"Yeah, but that doesn't even begin to cover it. It's not just the size; it's that they're so... perfect! So round, so firm, so natural, so unlike the fake ones in the magazines. And your nipples are just the right size, in the right places. I mean, look at these women on the Internet. They can't compare. Seriously! I can't imagine how much Hugh Hefner would pay you to grace the cover of Playboy."

"Who, me? At my age?"

"Yes, at your age! If anyone out there thinks you're too old, they're mental! The only other woman in the whole wide world as beautiful as you is Mom!"

Katherine sighed as she heard that. Dammit! Mom and Aunt Suzy. How in the hell can I compete with those two?! She looked down sadly at her chest. Especially in the boob department. What more can I do? I've got D-cups, for God's sake, and it seems like they're less than half the size of theirs. If there was some kind of pill I could take, or food I could eat... If I got pregnant, then my boobs would grow! What a dream come true that would be!

Her thoughts were interrupted because she heard Suzanne say, "My LORD, Sweetie, you're really whacking that thing, aren't you?"

"I can't help it! All you're doing is sitting there, but you're so fucking hot that I can't even stand it! I'm gonna cum soon!"

"No! Don't! Hold out! Take your time and enjoy this."

Katherine looked up and down the hallway to make sure the coast was clear. Then she lowered her hand, raised her short skirt, and started playing with her clit. She thought, Yeah, Brother! Take your time! Stroke your big fat cock; give it a good, long wanking! Drive Aunt Suzy wild, and then blast your seed all over her sexy body!

For the next half hour, the three of them continued like that. Katherine kept on masturbating, and she heard just enough discussion every now and then to be able to figure out what Alan and Suzanne were

doing. She was disappointed that Suzanne never appeared to have touched Alan's penis or taken off all her clothes, but it sounded like Alan was having a hell of a great time just the same.

It turned out that Alan was right about having to cum soon, since he came within five minutes of when they'd started. But his penis revived almost immediately, and the next time he lasted the rest of the half hour before cumming a second time.

After that, he made clear he was wiped out, so Katherine beat a retreat back to her room. She'd managed to cum three times herself, and she'd hardly made a peep doing so.

As was her recent habit, once she recovered she got out her diary and wrote down her impressions of the experience.