

6 Times 141

Chapter 141 Brenda

Katherine ignored the boundaries that Alan and Susan had set, pushing things as far as she could without getting caught.

An example of that occurred that very evening. While Katherine and Alan ate their enchiladas at one end of the table, talking and facing each other, Susan and Ron were engaged in a different conversation at the other end of the table.

Katherine reached out to the bowl of fruit in the middle of the table and grabbed a banana. She peeled it, but instead of biting into it, she started to lick it. Katherine had previously toyed on several occasions with seductively eating phallic-shaped food, but it had stopped after Susan's resurgence of morality. Now, for the first time, she dared to be really seductive even though her father was sitting only one chair away.

That was far too risky for Alan's taste. He kicked her shins underneath the table, at first lightly and then more vigorously, until she stopped.

But rather than give up altogether, she peeled the banana completely and put it on her plate. Periodically throughout the meal, when she thought her parents weren't looking, she would pick up the banana again and lick it just like a prick, even focusing on where the frenulum would be. She would give up in the face of renewed kicking by Alan, and then the process would start all over again.

It kept Alan on edge throughout the meal, in more ways than one.

When Susan and Ron finished eating and went to the kitchen, Katherine and Alan stayed behind.

Katherine picked up the banana again and nearly deep throat it this time, while grinning madly.

But Alan whispered urgently, "Stop that right now! Sis, please! Are you fucking insane?! For the love of God will you please stop and promise me you'll never do it again?"

"Never? Awww, that's no fun. Don't you like it?" She pulled the banana out of her mouth but kept licking.

Had he been truthful, he would have said he loved it but also hated it. But not wanting to encourage her, he avoided the question. "At least never when Ron's at home, okay? Please?"

She paused in her licking, and asked, "And in return I get what?"

"Aside from me not going to prison or getting killed by him, I'll owe you one."

"If you promise to do any favor I say, I'll keep my word."

"Okay, but just one favor."

She stopped and smiled. "Excellent. That means I won't have to just practice on bananas."

"What's that dear? Something about practice?" Susan walked back into the dining room with a plate full of homemade oatmeal raisin cookies for dessert. She had caught Katherine's last few words.

Katherine replied deftly, "Yes. I was just telling Alan here that the way Heather makes the cheerleader practice go on and on drives me bananas."

Susan just smiled a sweet motherly smile. "That Heather," she tut-tutted.

However, Alan nearly had a cardiac arrest from the close call. He thanked the powers that be that his mother was so sexually naïve.

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The two siblings got up and went about cleaning the house, because the Plummer parents had planned a big after-dinner party that very evening. About twenty guests were invited. They typically threw a party like this every time Ron returned home, which meant they had them once or twice a year.

The party had no relevance to Alan's sex life, except for the fact that Suzanne took special note of one particularly cute and surprisingly buxom party attendee named Brenda Hunter, and talked to her for a while. Before speaking to her, she had already found out a few basic facts: Brenda was extremely rich, going through a divorce, and a year or two younger than herself.

Suzanne and Brenda chatted about inconsequential things. But while they were doing so, Suzanne was busy considering Brenda's potential. She thought, It's too bad Sweetie isn't here to see her.

(Like Katherine, Alan had been hiding out upstairs since the party began, because they didn't enjoy mingling with people a generation older than they were.)

Suzanne continued to reflect on Brenda. For a "tit man," Brenda's gotta be some kind of grand slam home run in the last game of the World Series. Not only are her breasts immense - even larger than mine or Susan's! - but they have great round form, high on her chest, with her nipples nicely centered. And, more crucially, the rest of her body is just as fantastic. Cute face too. She's got the whole package.

There aren't a lot of women who I'd put in the same league as Susan or myself. In fact, basically NO other women. I know that's not very modest, but a fact is a fact. Possibly my old college roommate and one or two others. But Brenda, she definitely qualifies!

In fact, beauty as great as hers shouldn't be wasted. Now that I'm well on my way to sexual utopia, shouldn't she have a place in my grand scheme? Okay, granted, I'd like to get my hands on her massive tits too, but once I do, what's the end game? Where would she fit in? She's definitely a MILF, at least in the body department, but what about the rest of her?

The chief question is, what to do with her? For starters, I need to know a LOT more about her. Looks are just a foot in the door. There are many other factors that matter too.

The two of them continued to chat, but Suzanne steered the discussion to subtly probe about Brenda's personality, interests, intelligence, background, and much, much more. She monopolized her for nearly the entire party. By the evening's end, thanks in part to frequently refilling Brenda's wine glass, she was

even able to get Brenda to confide a surprising amount of information about her sexual history and desires. And Suzanne was so clever about it all, with frequent disarming revelations about herself, that Brenda never even knew that she'd just been thoroughly tested.

Suzanne was impressed. She'd found no red flags, and she'd learned much that suggested Brenda had great, and largely untapped, sexual potential. The only possible fly in the ointment was the fact that she had a child, a teenage son named Adrian who was just a couple of years younger than Alan. But while that was likely to limit Brenda's freedom, Suzanne figured it probably wasn't a deal breaker.

Later that evening, when the party had ended and Suzanne and Susan were alone, Suzanne quizzed Susan about Brenda too. Suzanne had crossed paths with Susan's acquaintance Brenda at some Plummer social events in the past, but hadn't seen her in a while, and she'd never talked to her extensively before. She figured Susan might know some things that she'd missed.

Susan explained that Brenda had been going through a painful divorce, and so hadn't been doing much socializing, but she appeared to be on the emotional rebound. Even though the divorce wasn't finalized, she'd largely put it behind her, and she seemed to be on the lookout for a new man in her life.

"Excellent," Suzanne said, rubbing her hands together. She'd heard much the same from Brenda herself, but it was good to get independent confirmation.

"Uh-oh," Susan said suspiciously. "Do you have some scheme in mind? You've been known to dream up a scheme or two in the past, to say the least."

"Not a scheme, exactly. I was just thinking that you should invite Brenda over to a lot more social functions, and we should get to know her a lot better."

"May I ask why? She's all right, but not exactly my close friend, since she has a very unpredictable temper."

"Susan, have you taken a look at her? Talk about a knockout! I've literally never seen such a big chest in my life. She's bigger in that area than you or me, and that's saying something."

Susan passed along some old gossip. "Rumor has it that those boobs of hers were the top two reasons her millionaire husband married her, and that there wasn't a third reason. But what's your point about her?"

"Sweetie still needs to be stimulated, mentally and physically, to make his big daily quota. You're certainly not helping; I've seen that you've even avoided touching him, as if he has the plague. You won't even hug the poor guy!"

Susan suddenly recalled some of her previous hugs with Alan, when she'd rubbed her bare tits over practically every inch of his chest. She blushed profusely and tried to bury the memory.

She leaned forward and whispered, "Suzanne! Please, have mercy! Ron is home. You know that."

Suzanne replied, "I'm only talking about hugs and visual stimulation and things like that. I understand your position, but you don't have to treat him like a leper."

Susan didn't know what to say. She worried that even a motherly hug with her son could lead her down a slippery slope. Her eyes went wide as she imagined first hugging Alan, and then kissing him on the lips. In her vision, the next thing she knew, she was naked and on her knees, happily sucking on Alan's erection.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed out loud as she clutched at her chest.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

Suzanne noted that reaction and had a pretty good guess what Susan was thinking. But she played dumb and continued, "Brenda's the perfect eye candy for him. So cute and so, so, soooo busty! If we have her around a lot, it will reduce the pressure on us just by letting him look at her." She didn't add that her lesbian side was also very excited by the prospect of being able to look at the Brenda eye candy herself more often, and hopefully eventually do more than just look.

So Susan made a mental note to invite Brenda to something soon. However, she was reluctant to do so, because she was concerned that Alan might find Brenda more attractive than herself. Very few women could hope to even come close in matching Susan's looks, but Brenda was one of them. Mostly, Susan loved the way Alan loved her 38G rack, and she was envious of Brenda's even larger one.

Suzanne could sense Susan's reluctance. She was going to make sure that both of them followed through. She still didn't have an exact plan, but she figured something would come to her as she learned more and the situation continued to evolve.

Chapter 142 Dream & Reality

Alan had plenty of reasons to be aroused by Suzanne and Katherine and Amy. And even though Susan continued to be as prudish as ever, his thoughts often returned to her as well.

That night, as everyone was going to bed, Alan lay in his bed and masturbated to visions of his mother. Normally he was very quiet while going about his business, but he thought about the intense Tuesday they'd shared together and that led to some very vivid erotic fantasies.

In his waking dream, Susan was back in her prudish mode in the wake of their wild Tuesday. At least she started that way, but that didn't last for long. Standing in his room while wearing typical soccer mom clothes, it appeared at first that she was giving him a prudish lecture. "Alan, lately I've been very concerned about your behavior."

"Uh-oh. What did I do?"

She looked at him sternly with disapproval. "It's not what you did, it's what you didn't do. You're surrounded by very beautiful women. Do you realize that?"

"Um, yes I do. Between you, Aunt Suzy, Amy, and Sis, I'm pretty damn lucky."

She came closer to where he sat on his bed. "Watch your language there, buster. But it's true that you are. And we all know you have a very special condition. You need a lot of female inspiration and even... stimulation." As she said that, she undid her skirt and let it fall to the ground.

He was shocked, not to mention aroused. He shifted where he sat to hide his suddenly surging erection. "Um, Mom! What are you doing?!"

Still looking stern, she pulled her dark blue top up to her shoulders, revealing that she wore no bra. Her big globes took a long time to bounce back into place. "Tiger, consider the women around you a resource to help you. You need to take advantage. Yes, take FULL advantage!" The speed with which she'd gone from motherly to horny in his fantasy was most impressive.

Even in his dream, he didn't know how to react at first. In real life, he happily stroked his hard-on under his covers.

She sat down on the bed next to him and put a hand on his nearest knee. She continued in a more tender and understanding, not to mention sultry, tone. She hefted her bare orbs up. "Look. You know that you have a big-titted mommy. I love that you love that." She flashed him a winning and loving smile.

She continued with renewed worry, "But I'm concerned. There's so much more to me. To us! It's true we're all busty, but what about the rest of our bodies?" As she spoke, she pulled her panties down and off her legs. "Look, Son! Look between my thighs. I have a pussy too. Sometimes I think you forget that." She moved next to the bed and slowly spread her legs to showcase her bush.

Alan was shocked. Even though he was mostly still awake, his fantasy had taken a life of its own, and he hadn't expected that at all.

With her legs still wide, she took his hand and brought it to her face. "And what about my mouth? Feel my lips!"

Since his hand was there already, he traced a finger around her lips, red with lipstick. He found it surprisingly arousing, especially with the way they trembled with desire.

"Son, these are cocksucking lips. I know now that God gave me these lips to suck your cock and your cock alone. Consider them a resource to use and even abuse. Yes, abuse. In other words, sometimes I want you to fuck my face!"

That floored him, but the surprises were only beginning. She turned around and lay face down on the bed next to him, partially kneeling to keep her now completely bare ass up in the air. "And let's talk about my ass. Yes, let's. Son, this is an ass that needs to be fondled! By your hands, yes! Mmmm! But

even better, by your cock! Yes, you heard me! I want you to rub your great big cock all over my ass cheeks! Smear your pre-cum everywhere as you take claim! Take claim of my ass... and the rest of me! Then I want you to stick your cock BETWEEN my ass cheeks, doggy-style!"

His voice was shaky as he asked, "Mom, are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting?"

"Yes! Fuck me! Fuck your Mommy!" She wiggled and waved her ass cheeks at him.

He'd just been sitting there all the while and he'd never taken his clothes off, but since it was just a semi-waking dream, his clothes had come off on their own at some point. As he got up on his knees behind her, he asked, "But what about Ron?"

"What about him? I just had a little talk with him, and he admitted that he had missed the boat. He's been so remiss in his conjugal duties that he's lost the right to touch me!" She wiggled her ass even more vigorously as she continued, "I belong to you now! He admits it! In fact, he's the one who sent me down here!"

In his waking dream Alan began rubbing his cock all over her ass cheeks in the exact way she'd been describing, while in real life he was frantically jacking off. In both his dream and reality his pre-cum flowed copiously, but in his dream his pre-cum also managed to turn her ass sticky in the exact way she'd described. He asked incredulously, "Are you serious?"

"As a heart attack! Son, the best way for you to 'do your thing' is to do it deep in my cunt! Fuck me now! Fuck me daily! And not just me. Suzanne, Angel, Amy, we all agree. We want to be your fuck bunnies. But we drew straws and I get to go first!" She wiggled her ass even more insistently, causing his boner to slip and slide against it.

He got so excited that he couldn't help but moan out loud. As he came close to orgasm, he didn't even realize that he shouted in real life and not just in his fantasy. "Mother! Yes! Oh, Mom. Oh my God!"

Susan happened to be in the bathroom right across the hallway as she shaved her legs just before going to bed. She happened to be wearing nothing but her bra and panties as she went through her nightly rituals, which included changing into her nightgown. (Ron was busy using the other bathroom, off their bedroom, at the same time.) Oh no. My son is calling for help, she thought. She immediately dropped the razor and ran to his room. Since it was just across the hallway, she was there in seconds.

He was so preoccupied with his orgasm that he didn't even notice when she opened the door and rushed to his bedside. "Mom! Unnh! Oh God!" he cried again.

To his horror, he heard her answer, "I'm here, Tiger! What's wrong?!" He looked up and saw her in the darkness. Her eyes hadn't adjusted to the darkness yet, so she couldn't see that he was lying in bed jacking himself off. The dream had been so intense that at some point he'd kicked his sheets down his body without realizing it.

She'd rushed right up to the edge of the bed and reached out to him just as he began to cum.

Normally he'd have grabbed a tissue or towel, but the shock of seeing her turned his brain off, and he simply began to shoot his seed up in the air. Since he'd turned towards his mother, she became the main target. Ropes of cum shot towards her before she knew what was happening.

"Oh God, Tiger, NO!" she yelled out as cum began to land on her face, chest, stomach, thighs, arms - everywhere. Some missed her altogether and flew in a high arc onto the carpet, because Alan wasn't thinking or directing it at all.

"Tiger, what are you doing?!" she cried, even though by now the answer was obvious.

For a few seconds it seemed to him that everything was going in slow motion, as if he were watching a car crash but was unable to stop it. But then suddenly his brain clicked into gear, and he placed his hand over his prick and shot the rest of his load into his hand. It was an unusually large load, even for him. At the same time, he cried out, "Sorry! Oh, shit! Mom, I'm so sorry!"

He could see her more clearly in the darkness now. The sight of his cum as it dripped off her skin turned him on, despite his great shock and shame. It didn't help that she was dressed in nothing but a very revealing set of bra and panties. Because she'd been standing so close when he began to cum, most of it had hit her in the stomach, crotch, and upper thighs.

"Mom, please, please forgive me!" he continued while his dick deflated rapidly. "I didn't know you'd come in; I had no idea!"

She was silent, and at first had no response. Her eyes slowly grew used to the darkness, and she finally could clearly see his shrinking dick as his hands now desperately tried to conceal it. Seeing her eyes go to his crotch, he belatedly threw the covers over himself.

She struggled with her emotions. Her wild side wanted to just jump on top of him and do anything and everything to his body. But her prudish side won the internal struggle. She said, "Son, that was so wrong, terribly wrong. You can't keep going on like this! It's over, do you understand?"

"But, Mom, I was just getting some relief. I have to do it some way."

"Yes, but why were you crying my name? You can't be thinking about me when you-"

She stopped because she heard her husband Ron yelling in the hallway: "Darling, you there? Were you calling for me? I thought I heard you calling. Are you coming to bed?"

Both Alan and Susan thought they were caught for sure.

But in her most chipper voice, Susan gamely stated in a loud voice, "I'm in Alan's room, dear. I just stubbed my toe. I'll be along in a minute."

Susan and Alan nervously waited for Ron to open the door. She prayed that in the darkness and with her back to the door, he wouldn't see that she was drenched in her son's cum. Please, God, please! Don't let it end like this! I'll do anything you want! Anything! I'll be good! So good!

Ron stood outside Alan's door, but he merely said through the door, "Oh. Is everything fine with him?" It was highly unusual for her to be in Alan's room this late at night.

"He's fine. He just has a bad muscle cramp and was asking for my advice."

"Try some Ben-Gay, Son," Ron suggested from the other side of the closed door. "That always helps me."

"Th-thanks, Father!" Alan shouted to the door in a nervous voice.

He and Susan waited, still as statues, until they thought Ron was gone. Alan's heart still pounded in his chest; he'd never felt so frightened in his life. He thought, I can't take this. All this sex stuff is so great, but I'm gonna be a heart-attack victim within weeks!

Susan shook with fear and frustration. If anything, she was even more frightened than he was. She leaned forward and whispered in his ear, "That was too close! What the heck were you thinking, calling out my name like that? What if it was Ron who'd been in the bathroom and came rushing in?"

That made Alan feel even more ashamed. "I'm sorry. I didn't think. I was just thinking about how sexy you look, and some of the fun we had on Tuesday. And your promise. Do you remember your promise? Plus, he's so rarely home that I just plain forgot. I didn't even know I was talking out loud."

"Son, this has to stop," she stated more firmly. "Please get yourself a girlfriend, and soon. Tuesday was a big mistake. Forget the promise." They referred obliquely to Susan's pledge on Tuesday to stroke or suck him every single day. "That whole day was my fault. Can we put it behind us, please? Can't we say it never happened? Use some self-control, for crying out loud, or you'll destroy this family!"

"I will. Oh, Mom, I feel so horrible. Please, please forgive me."

"You're forgiven. But don't let it happen again, okay? Now, what the heck am I going to do, covered like this?" She looked down at her cum-soaked and nearly naked body. But she was so shaken up by the close call with Ron that she didn't feel that aroused.

"Here, use a towel," he suggested. He desperately wanted to ask her if she'd had sex with Ron since Ron had come back, but he couldn't figure out how to broach the subject. So he didn't say any more.

bender

She briefly towed herself off before she rushed across the hallway to the bathroom to clean herself more thoroughly.

In the bathroom she cursed Alan and his close call under her breath. She went to turn on the water faucet and rinse herself off, but she thought back to her intense Tuesday and all the blowjobs she'd given him, and the wonderful, unforgettable taste of her son's cum. The adrenaline rush of almost getting caught was wearing off, and the fact that she was covered with incestuous cum was coming to the fore and making her aroused.

There still was a good amount of cum on her, here and there. Against her will, she found herself wiping up his cum with her hand and putting it in her mouth.

Dear Lord, it's like a drug! It's soooo good. I just can't help myself! Thank God Suzanne told me that Alan's cum is extraordinarily unique and delicious, or I'd be tempted to give blowjobs to every man I came across. Well, not really. I'm hardly some kind of common hussy. But still, if all cum was like this, even Ron would get lucky pretty often!

How much of that accident just now was an accident, and how much was I trying to get his cum on me? Or was he trying to get it on me? I'm not sure, but I know that never would have happened before this whole thing started.

She licked up more cum, and moaned with pleasure. Oh God! This is so wrong! Lord, give me strength to stop. Please! It's just too yummy!

In an unexpected burst of resolve, Susan suddenly used both of her hands to splash water all over her face and chest. That washed most of the cum away, and when it was all gone she came to her senses.

She concluded the experience feeling even more determined that she was correct: things had to change. She felt overwhelmingly ashamed of herself and Alan as she went back to bed and lay next to her husband. She had washed herself thoroughly, but had trouble sleeping, petrified that her husband would detect some funny smell, or see a cum gob on her skin that she'd somehow missed.

Chapter 143 Kath+Kim=Danger

When Alan woke up on Monday, the main thing on his mind was the thought of painting Katherine's butt and pussy again, and painting Kim's as well.

Every day for the past week or so, something had put him in close proximity with his sister's pussy. First he'd watched her frig herself, then he'd put suntan lotion on it, then he'd painted it, then he'd rubbed it with a brush and soap and fondled it, then he'd fingered it at the movies, then he'd shaved it and

fingered it some more. And now today he was sure that things would continue, or go even further, even with Kim there.

He stroked himself while he thought about that. It didn't take him long to cum. What mental barriers he still had against incestuous fucking were collapsing rapidly.

Katherine was doing everything she could to help speed that collapse. For instance, after Alan had showered that morning, he'd heard his sister call for him from within her room. So he went in to see what she wanted. She lay nude on the floor, on top of the clothes she had set out to wear to school.

"Brother, I was just changing my clothes, but I suddenly got soooo tired. I need some help putting them on. I've got an energy problem too. With my energy problem, you're going to have to give me six orgasms a day from now on to get my energy back," she joked.

Alan had under-appreciated his sister's body for so long that now every time he saw her in a compromising position, he was staggered as if he were discovering her beauty for the first time. But still, his responsible side forced him to say, "Sis, what's come over you?" He was worried about both their parents, who were milling about elsewhere in the house at that very moment.

Katherine stared him in the eyes intently and replied, "You. You're what's come over me. I love you, Big Brother." She ran her hands all over her freshly shaved pussy. She dropped her seriousness, and giggled, "You could cum over me, but I'd rather you cum inside me." She moaned needfully and suggestively, "I need your love!"

"I love you too, Sis, you know that, but there's a right way and a wrong way to express that. Now please get dressed! There's also a right time and a wrong time to be sexy as hell and this is REALLY the wrong time! I've got to go." He left the room, not waiting to hear her sounds of frustration.

That incident hardly surprised him or freaked him out (although it did give him a hard-on). Strange things were now happening to him on such a regular basis that he was starting to take it all in stride. His heart would still pound wildly at such occurrences, but intellectually his mind was now better at handling such surprises.

Katherine left for school early because Kim had called the night before and told her that she wanted them to meet before school to talk about something important.

Katherine was not looking forward to that meeting, but she really had no choice. As Kim had put it on Friday, she was Kim's "bitch" now because of what Kim knew.

As soon as Katherine left, Alan went back into the bathroom and shot another load while thinking about what she'd just said and shown him.

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Kim saw Katherine walking from the bike racks and intercepted her. "Hey, Katherine. How goes it? Why don't we take a little walk?"

"Okay." Katherine was unhappy. She just wanted to get this over with, whatever it was.

Kim waited until they were headed to one of the grassy sports fields, far from anyone who might overhear. "Relax. Don't look so glum. I'm not out to get you."

"That's what it feels like," Katherine muttered unhappily.

"Look. This isn't your trial or anything. I've been doing some thinking. The other day I said some things like 'You're my bitch. You're my slave.' I'm not too proud of that. I'll admit that I got a rush out of having this power over you. But then I got to thinking: W-W-H-D."

"Huh?"

"'What Would Heather Do?' I realized that if Heather were in my shoes, she'd take full advantage of her secret knowledge and make your life absolutely miserable. So I don't want to do that. I want to be the anti-Heather! If I go the blackmail route, that'll make me into her evil minion or something. I don't want to be that. I hate her! Besides, I'm just not cut out for blackmailing people; I'm too nice. I see how you look at me resentfully and I don't want you to feel that way. I'd like for us to be friends."

Katherine's hopes soared, but she was cautious. She was very mindful of how she'd gotten into this predicament in the first place, by revealing too much about activities between herself and Alan. So she merely said, "I'd like that too."

"Here's the thing. I know that you and Alan have a sexual relationship."

Katherine came to a complete stop, forcing Kim to stop too. She played dumb, very dumb. "Whaaaat?! I have NO idea what you're talking about."

"Oh, come on. The evidence is obvious. First off, there's the painting of the fake panties. That's pretty odd. Then there's him watching you in your fake panties with his binoculars."

Katherine cut in. "He was just-"

But Kim raised a hand and interrupted her in turn. "Hold on. That's just for starters. I didn't say more before, because I still didn't know where I wanted to go with this, and I certainly didn't want people like Heather to figure things out. But the fact is, you've been way too careless. Actually, I don't blame you much because you probably don't even realize what you're doing. But ever since this painting-of-panties thing started, whenever his name comes up, you should see your face every time it does. Girl, it's like the words 'I'm in love with my brother' are written in big letters all across your face!"

Katherine decided it was safer not to say anything.

Kim pointed at her face. "A-ha! See? Right there! You didn't say anything, but your face just did. You couldn't look any more guilty. Every time he's mentioned, you look damn horny. There's like this HUNGER in your eyes."

Katherine realized that she'd been caught. She tried to minimize the damage. "So... maybe I have a secret thing for him. Big deal. You knew that already. He's handsome and an all-around great guy. It would be kind of weird NOT to have a little harmless crush on him. Besides, we're not even genetically related, since we're both adopted. Did you know that?"

Kim shook her head 'No'.

"So that's all it is: harmless!"

"Fair enough," Kim said. "But I also had a chance to talk to him on Friday. I wanted to see if my hunch was right. So while I asked him a few questions about some meaningless stuff, I mentioned your name. And guess what? He had that SAME hungry look! Furthermore, he wears those short shorts that don't hide too much, and seconds after I said 'Katherine' he had a full-on boner! The two of you have the hots for each other!"

Katherine realized her face was red with an embarrassed blush. She knew that was another clue; she hated how her body kept giving her away. Still, she was determined to admit as little as possible. "Have you ever heard the word 'unrequited'? He's handsome and I'm beautiful. Okay? I know that's boasting, but it's true. So I've got a crush on him and he has one on me. But that's ALL IT IS! Okay? We're siblings! To do anything about it would be sick!"

Kim said, "Very clever. I have to admit that I can't prove anything beyond that, but I just know. Even a week ago, you weren't like this. It's not like you both just discovered you're attractive people in the last week. Something happened!"

Katherine stayed silent but gave her a withering look.

Kim shook her head in exasperation. "Look, I'm sorry if it seems like I'm accusing you. Let me come at this from another direction. I know the truth, no matter how you try to deny it. But I'm not your enemy! I'm not going to blackmail you or tell anyone about it. I swear! If that was my plan, I'd do things in an entirely different way: I'd keep my mouth shut and wait until I had some really damning evidence. I'd probably even be able to get photos, if I was really devious. Then you'd REALLY be my slave! And Alan would too. But by telling you what I know now, I'm tipping you off so you'll be extra careful around others. Not exactly smart, huh?"

Katherine stood there stone-faced. She was very frightened, fearing that anything she said would be an admission of guilt.

Kim could see Katherine's fear written all over her face and body, so she tried to dispel it. "But I'm NOT trying to blackmail you. Like I said before, I don't want to turn into Heather. I'm not a mean person. I'm going to free you now from any hold I might have had over you. You don't have to do ANYTHING for me, and I really mean that!"

Katherine looked at her through narrowed eyes. "I don't get it."

"That's because I acted like a jerk before, and now you rightly think I can't be trusted. I wish I could somehow prove to you I AM a good person, and I can keep your big secret. You see, the thing is, even though I don't have a brother or sister of my own, I think sibling incest is really HOT!"

Katherine frowned skeptically.

"Maybe because I don't have any real siblings who act like total dipwads all the time, I can idealize it. Let me tell you a little bit about me to help even things out and kind of balance the scales, if only a little bit. It's not easy being a lesbian. I've had a pretty frustrated sex life. It was only relatively recently when I came out, so prior to that I had to go through the motions of dating guys, which didn't do anything for me. So for my sexual excitement I turned to the Internet. Pictures didn't do much for me either, but I really got off on the erotic stories. It didn't take me long before I found that the incest stories were the hottest! I swear, you can take any random crappy story, change it a little so it's between siblings, and suddenly it's hot as FUCK!"

She grinned. "Sorry. I was getting a little carried away there. But just thinking about some of my favorite stories gets me really excited. Naturally, I prefer the sister-sister ones, but to be honest there aren't a lot of those. So I read the brother-sister ones and just change it in my mind so it's between two sisters, because the better brother-sister stories generally are hotter than the run-of-the-mill lesbian stories. My point here is, I get off on incest in a big way. But I didn't know how I'd react to real incest. If you'd have asked me, I would have guessed it probably would have turned me off. But seeing how you and Alan are so hot for each other is just about the hottest thing EVER! I love it!"

Katherine, still trying not to give anything away, just asked skeptically, "Where are you going with this? I still don't get it."

"To be honest, I don't know exactly. But I don't want to be your enemy; I want to be your friend. Your confidante, even. I want to help you and your brother get it on! What I'd love most is to be allowed to watch. You probably don't have anyone you can talk to about this. Well, you can talk to me. I want to earn your trust so you can tell me everything! We could have so much fun! I could help deflect suspicions, help you dress extra sexy for him, and all kinds of other stuff!"

Katherine remained determined not to admit anything. Still attempting her best poker face, she said, "You know what? I think this is all some kind of elaborate trick. I know you're not a bad person like

Heather, and that's why I was surprised when you came up with this 'you're my bitch' crap. But I still don't trust you!"

Kim said, "I figured as much. And that's smart. But don't worry; I'll earn your trust over time. I pretty much know the truth, I think. Just what you've admitted to is pretty damning, if I wanted to use that. But in time you'll see that I haven't told anyone else and I'm not blackmailing you or anything, and you'll start to see I really mean what I say."

Katherine was frustrated. Her gut instinct told her that Kim was being honest, but she'd been burned already with loose talk around Kim. She wracked her brain, trying to think of some test that would show that Kim was being sincere.

Then an idea came to her. "So... you really love those sibling incest stories, do you?"

"I do. Some of the good ones I've read over and over again."

"Have you ever heard of a story called 'Big Sister Is Horny?'"

"Sure! I love that one!"

"Okay, tell me about it."

"Let's see. I think the sister's name is Mindy. Mindy Masters, as a matter of fact. She's home for the summer, it's a small town with nothing to do, so she's bored out of her mind. And she's a sex maniac who's just gotta have it, if you know what I mean. Before long, she happens to see her brother masturbating in the bathroom. I think his name is Eddie. And--"

"Hold it right there," Katherine said in a new, more relaxed tone. "You're for real, aren't you? That story is pretty obscure, and you even got the names right! There's no way you could know that if you weren't..."

"Really into incest," Kim completed her sentence. "I told you, I'm for real. Test me some more. Even now, I spend way more time getting off from Internet stories than actual sex with girls."

Katherine smiled for the first time. "Don't worry, I'll test you. It just so happens that I know those sibling incest stories pretty damn well myself. Do you know a story called 'Reciprocal Needs?'"

"Do I ever! That's one of my favorites. Not only does it have lots of hot sib' sex, it's got love. It ends with Carrie and her brother Darrin getting married. So beautiful!"

Katherine shook her head in disbelief. "My God. This is too bizarre. Reading those stories has been my secret shame. Well, one of them, anyway. What if... God! What if I can trust you?"

Kim stepped forward and hugged Katherine.

Katherine bent down and hugged her back tightly. She said, "Fuck it! You've already figured everything out anyway. I'm going to take a risk and confide in you. We've got a LOT to talk about!"bender

Kim giggled with glee. "Cool! It's a good thing there's still a lot more time before class starts!"

They talked. Katherine actually didn't reveal much in the way of specifics, because she still wasn't sure just how much she could trust Kim. But just confessing her incestuous desires in a general way was a huge relief for her. She literally felt like a heavy weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

Chapter 144 Ron Cheating?

On Monday morning, Suzanne again decided it was time to begin a new effort to push Susan's sexual awakening forward. It had been five days since Susan declared a new resolve to back off from anything sexual with Alan. Susan had been extremely restrained, but even with Suzanne usually restraining herself from trying to further indoctrinate her with her usual sexual spiel, Susan's resolve had slowly weakened. Ron's presence served as a restraint, but not as much as Suzanne had expected it to be.

Suzanne figured that she could nudge Susan along so she'd be primed for action when Ron left. Suzanne still didn't know whether Susan was bisexual or not, since she'd never shown any sign of being so. Nevertheless, Suzanne suspected her best friend had the potential to become bisexual.

Suzanne knew that her own body was extremely sexually sensitive. Furthermore, she knew that Susan's body was very similar to hers, at least from the neck down. So it stood to reason that Susan could be aroused just as easily. In fact, the evidence was that Susan's breasts were even more responsive than

her own. So Suzanne theorized that once Susan's prudish barriers and beliefs fell away, between the great love they had for each other and their easily aroused bodies, it would be surprising if they didn't get physically intimate.

Suzanne could hardly wait, but she knew Susan would have to completely give in to her lust for Alan first. Susan's belief that homosexuality was a sin was so strong that she would need to completely rethink her ideas on sex and sin before Suzanne could make progress on that front.

Susan had told Suzanne that she was going to make another effort to be intimate with Ron on Sunday night.

So as soon as Suzanne came over that morning, after she'd checked to make sure they were in the house alone, she said, "Susan... I take it from your silence that things didn't work out too well in bed between you and Ron last night?"

Susan had seemed happy as could be, but she broke down and started bawling almost immediately. She buried her face in her hands and cried and cried. Between sobs, she said, "No! Not at all! Nothing on Saturday, as I told you. He looked so darn weary, and I couldn't stop thinking about my cutie Tiger! Am I a terrible wife, or what? Then, last night, I psyched myself up to do something with him, but he went to bed as soon as the party ended, saying that he was still very tired and needed to get onto a California time schedule because of jet lag! It's like he's not attracted to me!"

Suzanne let her cry for a while. She figured she didn't need to spell out explicitly any of the conclusions that Susan was reaching on her own.

As Susan's sobs started to diminish, she finally added, "I think he's cheating on me. No, I know it! He was feeling fine enough to play golf yesterday afternoon, but he had no energy for me last night!" That led to a new bout of gut-wrenching sobs.

Once Susan had calmed down, more or less, Suzanne had a long talk with her. Suzanne encouraged Susan to believe that Ron was having an affair. Suzanne had no doubt that Ron was cheating; she had evidence that she didn't want to share at this point in part because it would make Susan feel even more miserable. So she was trying to break things to her best friend slowly.

However, she'd also been delaying sharing the full truth of what she knew about Ron until it served her larger strategic purposes. Now she decided the time was right, so she began setting some more wheels in motion and revealing a little more. She hoped that by getting Susan to see the light about Ron, that would open the door for Susan to have more sexual fun with Alan, which was the key to Suzanne's bigger dream of a new sexually intimate family.

She suggested, "You know, you shouldn't feel bad about your sex life with Ron. Even before he started cheating on you, the problem wasn't with you; it was with him."

"What do you mean exactly?"

Suzanne was tempted to reveal that Ron was secretly homosexual, but she didn't feel Susan was ready to hear that, at least not until after Ron left again. She hinted obscurely, "Well, let's just say I have reason to believe he's the reason for any sex problem you two might have had at any time throughout your entire marriage."

"What? You mean his low sex drive?"

"Yes. Well, that's part of it. But maybe also he's just not the kind of guy who is attracted to someone like you." Suzanne didn't want to reveal the whole story right away, but she wanted Susan to start to realize that something was very wrong, and that it wasn't just simply what she expected.

"Suzanne, are you saying I'm unattractive? I can't see it myself, but everyone says I'm some kind of raving beauty. Even you tell me that from time to time."bender

"You are, you are! You're gorgeous! He couldn't ask for a more beautiful and desirable wife. You should hear how your Tiger raves about you."

She lifted her head with hope. "Really?"

"Really! He rhapsodizes about your breasts in particular in a way that's nearly poetic. And the other day I accidentally caught him masturbating, and I heard him muttering about his 'big-titted mommy.'"

"Oh dear." Susan was starting to get aroused hearing that, but the (fictional) mention of catching him masturbating reminded her of how she'd rushed into Alan's room last night after hearing him cry out her name in ecstasy. Thinking about that incident frightened her much more than aroused her. "He's still committing the sin of Onan?"

"He is. Do I need to remind you of that well-known Christian saying, 'It's better-"

Suzanne was cut off, because Susan finished the saying for her. "'It's better to shoot your seed down into the belly of your mother than on the ground.' I know. Believe me, I know; I tell myself that many times a day."

Suzanne secretly smirked, since that wasn't the actual saying, but rather a version she'd altered for Susan's sake. She plowed forward. "Good. Never forget it. He loves your gorgeous face too, and everything about you from head to toe. And think about how often random yahoos on the street shout lewd things at you, or how pushy guys can be to you at parties. You're a total knockout, and you know it deep down. Your looks aren't the problem at all. What I mean is, different people like different things. You know?"

"No, not really."

Suzanne was frustrated because Susan was completely missing her subtle hints. Besides, things were getting too heavy and depressing and her attempts to arouse with talk about Alan seemed to be having no effect at all. So she suggested a break. "Susan, regardless of the situation with Ron, everyone's still counting on you to provide visual stimulation for Sweetie. Look at me and then look at you. Couldn't you try a little harder to let your beauty show?"

"But what about Ron?"

Suzanne grabbed Susan's hand and pulled her up. "Here, let's go upstairs and play dress-up. I'll show you how you can dress conservatively and not show much, but still give off a sexy vibe."

Chapter 145 Again Suzanne's Brainwash

So they went to Susan's bedroom and tried on different outfits for a while. Susan had never cared much about clothes before; for her, deciding what to wear was just another daily chore like brushing her teeth. But Suzanne made dressing up fun and exciting, plus Susan now had the powerful incentive of

trying to get her son to have an erection as frequently and for as long as possible. As a result, Susan's depressed mood slowly passed.

However, after an hour or so of that, the conversation eventually drifted back to Ron. They discussed Susan's future and the possibility of her divorcing him. Susan grew panicky about money because she didn't think she could make it financially without Ron. She had never held a paying job in her life, plus her children were about to start college, which would be very expensive.

Suzanne, however, had the facts behind her. "Susan, first of all, no one is saying that a divorce is a must at this point. We're merely thinking about options. But if you did divorce Ron, you wouldn't have to worry. I know your finances probably better than you do, since I spend so much of my free time managing my investments and helping you with yours. True, almost all of your family's money is in Ron's name, but that doesn't matter because it's a community property state, so you'd get half of it in a divorce. And it's a lot of money - about five million dollars, plus the value of your paid-off house, all of it earned during your marriage. And you'd get alimony. Based on what Ron earns, that would be at least a hundred thousand a year."

Susan asked, "But what if Ron were to stiff me? I know it's not like him; he's basically a nice guy and his parents would never forgive him. But what if?"

"True," Suzanne conceded, "it's good to consider a worst case scenario. But he has an equity interest in his business, and he won't give that up - it's worth a lot more to him if he keeps it than if it was liquidated by sale to his backers. He'd end up screwing himself a lot worse than he would you, so he won't just abandon you and stay in Asia where our courts can't get to him. But more than that, there are things you don't know. Things that would disturb you. Unfortunately, I can't tell you just yet."

"Again, you're being too cryptic. What do you mean?"

"Never mind that for now. I need to confirm some more information before I start making big claims. But the long and the short of the financial picture is that I can guarantee with 100 percent certainty that you and your children won't suffer financially from a divorce, if it comes to that. I swear to God as your best friend I would never lie about something like this."

Susan looked at Suzanne curiously. "Please don't play games with me. Why can't you tell me about these mysterious things you're hinting at? They sound like things I need to know!"

"And you will. Soon. Very soon. But I just need to make sure of a few things first. Can you wait for that? I'd rather avoid telling you something that might turn out to be untrue."

Susan nodded reluctantly.

Suzanne got uncharacteristically sentimental, because she felt she needed to express how much she was willing to help her best friend out if need be. "However, there is another secret I can tell you that'll help your financial future. Susan, I love you. I really do. You know I'm an only child - you're like the sister I never had. Hell, you're closer than that."

"I love you too, Suzanne. I feel the same way. 'Best friends' doesn't even begin to cover it. But how will that save me in a horrible divorce?"

"Do you think I'd leave my best friend twisting in the wind? Not to mention your kids, whom I love almost as much as if they were mine. As successful as Ron is in business, Eric's in a bigger league. You know my family has more than double the fortune yours does. You know I spend hours almost every day researching and wisely managing my investments, Eric's investments, and even yours and Ron's. You know how well I did getting in early with the Yahoo stock, for instance. The bottom line is, the money I have in my own name is worth a very large chunk of change. If you were to divorce Ron and didn't have enough to keep your current lifestyle, I'll make up the difference! I really will. Just the interest on my separate property is about equal to the alimony you'd get from Ron. Sending Tiger and Angel through college and whatever else comes up, we'll tackle it together."

Suzanne had been deceiving Susan a lot recently, but she figured that was okay because she was doing it for Susan's own good. But on this, she meant every word.

Susan was so moved she stood up and smothered Suzanne in a great big hug. "Oh, Suzanne! You're just the best friend I could ever have! What would I do without you?!" But then she stared into Suzanne's eyes aghast. "But I can't accept that offer from you! That would be wrong. A horrible imposition! It just wouldn't be fair to you!"

As they stared into each other's eyes from inches away, their big racks pressing together, Suzanne replied, "Hey, it's my money, and I get to choose how to spend it. Besides, I'm rolling in dough. I'm worth almost as much as you and Ron put together, and that's not even counting my share of my community property with Eric."

She continued, "Face it: both of us are filthy rich. You live the fairly frugal lifestyle that you grew up with, but not me. For instance, I easily have ten times the clothes you do, and I always buy the best of everything, while you shop at Costco and Walmart. The fact is, I have more money than I know what to do with. If I want to spend it to make you, Sweetie, and Angel happy, why can't I do that instead of buying a hundred more pairs of shoes I'll only wear once or twice?"

Suzanne grinned impishly. "You wanna turn me into Imelda Marcos or something? I know Sweetie loves seeing us wobbling around in high heels, but to him one pair of high heels is the same as the next! All that matters is that our calves are shapely, our asses are firm and lifted up, and our big breasts wobble when we walk. You know what happens then, don't you?"

Susan did, since Suzanne had been touting the advantages of wearing high heels so frequently lately. Plus, playing dress-up had put her back in at least a semi-sexy mood, and the way their racks were rubbing together certainly didn't hurt. "Mmmm, I do. Tiger's gonna have a stiffy!"

"That's right. If I had more money, I seriously wouldn't even know what to spend it on. The best things in life, like Tiger's thick and tasty stiffies, can't be bought with money. Come on, let me help you! If the tables were turned, wouldn't you do the same?"

Susan thought about that, then replied, "You know I would. But still, I'd feel horribly guilty accepting your money."

"Well, it's all just a hypothetical anyway - IF you get a divorce, and IF Ron doesn't pay enough alimony. Frankly I don't see how he could stop from splitting the community property no matter what he tried, because my power of attorney to manage it means that I have to sign off on any changes! And then there are other things I'm working on that'll only help the financial situation even more. Trust me! The bottom line is, you have enough worries on your mind; you don't need to worry about money. I won't let you down."

In truth, Suzanne really would be glad to share her fortune with Susan, though she was also confident that she wouldn't be forced to because she expected Ron to remain abroad to avoid paying alimony. She didn't just say Susan was closer than a sister, she meant it. But part of that closeness was the sexual attraction. As she continued to hold Susan in a tight embrace, their lips so close that their noses were nearly touching, Suzanne had a nearly overwhelming urge to kiss her best friend on the lips. Realizing that she wouldn't be able to resist doing that for long, she broke the hug and stood back.

Susan also felt an electric tingle, and also found herself tempted to kiss, but she decided it was just an agape love, plus gratitude for Suzanne's generous offer to help. As close as they were, the two of them had rarely said "I love you" to the other, so this was a big moment. She felt relief that the hug was broken, even while she was so happy that she wanted to fling herself onto Suzanne and squeeze her forever with an even more powerful hug.

Suzanne said, "Look, there's family and then there's family. It's not always a genetic thing. For instance, when Sweetie was diagnosed with his special condition, I didn't hesitate. I knew I'd have to help him in any way I could, even with my hands and lips and tongue, because he means that much to me. Heck, daily if need be. I know you'd do the same for him, because your love for him is that strong. Because that's what real family does: they help each other when they need it most."

Now that Suzanne's self-imposed moratorium on trying to break down Susan's prudish barriers was over, she found all kinds of opportunities like this to subtly and sometimes not so subtly get her themes across.

The two busty mothers continued to talk about Ron. Susan wanted to confront Ron directly about his cheating, but didn't know how to go about it.

Suzanne suggested, "I think it's better you don't say anything to him or let on at all. His visit here is just for a short time, and he's probably been cheating on you for ages, so what's the difference in letting things go another week or two? Then, when he's back in Thailand, I know just who to contact to find out for sure about his cheating."

Suzanne knew that Susan needed some hope to cling to about Ron, at least for the time being. So she added, "Besides, maybe this whole thing is just a terrible mistake. Right now, you should give him the benefit of the doubt and be your normal self until I have hard evidence."

"But you make it seem so certain," Susan whined. "And how can I act normal around him?"

"Just remember, in this country it's innocent until proven guilty. And remember that you've been a cold fish sexually for twenty years. Now that you know what sexual pleasure is really like, can you see how tough it would have been for him to go without that for so long? Many, many husbands would have cheated if they had a wife, who, for all intents and purposes, and I'm sorry how harsh this sounds, but if they had a wife who looks like a porn star but in bed is no better than a blow-up doll."

Susan sniffled. She was still recovering from her earlier crying spell, and was prone to cry again. "You're right. I've been a horrible wife. Horrible!"

"Think of it this way," Suzanne suggested before Susan got too weepy. "Ron obviously is having trouble being sexually attracted to you. It's something that eventually happens in almost all marriages at some point. Maybe he has some screwed-up ideas about sex. Plus, remember that you were brainwashed by your parents and church into thinking that sex is only for procreation. That hasn't helped your situation a bit. I don't know the kind of crazy stuff they teach in the Midwest, but I sure am glad that I didn't grow up there!"

"Hey! That's not very nice."

"No it's not, but neither is the guilt and subjugation of women that that wacked-out church you and Ron grew up with pounded into your heads."

"Okay, I'll admit I did pick up a certain kind of ... fear, I suppose, of sex, but 'wacked-out' is way too unkind. They're good people!"

Suzanne rolled her eyes when Susan wasn't looking, but she realized religion was a personal subject and decided that now wasn't the time to get Susan even more upset after all the previous talk about Ron cheating. So she plowed ahead with her argument. "I'm sure they're well meaning, and I'm sorry for saying 'wacked-out.' In any case, don't give up just yet. Some marriages have survived worse. Maybe you and he could have a sexual revival which could lead to an overall revival of your marriage. But not yet. First, we need more information. Just play dumb for the rest of his time here at home. Don't try anything new with him sexually because that'll set off his alarm bells. Can you do that?"

"I'll try."

Suzanne let that conversation sink in for a while. She was confident things would go just as she wanted them to. The very last thing she wanted was for Susan and Ron to have a strong sexual relationship, but it served her purposes to give Susan that temporary hope. Susan was fully capable of making intelligent decisions on her own, but she was also naturally submissive. If Suzanne took charge and gave strong advice, Susan almost inevitably followed her lead. This was especially true about anything related to sex. Susan knew she was a babe in the woods whereas Suzanne somehow always knew exactly the right thing to do.

Chapter 146 "You Mean He Was Jacking Off?"

The two mothers changed and then did their morning exercises in Susan's nearly professional-quality basement workout room. Suzanne joked around and acted gaily to put Susan back in a decent mood. They were nearly done with their sweaty workout when Suzanne decided to bring up the topic of Ron again.

As Suzanne pedaled on an expensive exercise machine, she said, "Susan, I'm very proud of your decision with Alan. It looks like your new attitude has prevented things from getting out of hand."

"Thanks. I think it's all for the best, too," Susan said happily. "I know you keep saying what I did with him wasn't wrong, but it FELT wrong to me. And regardless of what Ron may or may not have done to me, I had no right helping Tiger out that way without Ron knowing. And there's no way I could bring it up with him - no way. So the only solution is to leave the medical treatment situation in your capable hands."

Suzanne furrowed her brow, dismayed at Susan's conclusions. She thought, I haven't been hyping Sweetie up ever since Ron called to say he was coming back home. I need her to resume obsessing about his cock. She's gone cold. It's gonna take a while to get her back into a sexual heat.

Suzanne pretended to agree. "That's very wise. I'm glad it all worked out." But then she lowered the boom. "Just one problem though. Have you seen Sweetie lately? How he's been behaving?"

"I think I'm aware of my son," Susan said defensively. But then doubt crept in, and she asked, "What do you mean exactly?"

"Have you seen how much he's suffering? I imagine you haven't, 'cos he's been trying to hide it from you, brave soul that he is. It tears me up badly to see him suffer silently like he does."

"Suzanne, what on Earth are you talking about? He seems perfectly fine to me."

"Yes, he can be a good actor, can't he? He looks fine on the outside, but inside he's dying."

"Dying?!"

Suzanne explained as she pedaled, "I've had my suspicions, but he confided in me and now I know how he really feels. Since you changed the atmosphere around here, I'm afraid you may have gone too far. You killed the spirit of sexiness, so now he's demoralized, just like when he tried and failed to go out with Christine. You remember how he gave up trying to do his thing for days. But unlike then, he's still trying to do his thing six times a day. What a brave trooper."

Susan was extremely dismayed. "Haven't you been helping him? Wait! I don't want to know... No, I'd better know - it's my responsibility as his mother. Oh God, tell me, but please don't tell me the details!"

"Have you seen his chart lately?" Suzanne asked, referring to the chart on his door marking the number of times he climaxed in a day.

"No," Susan admitted. "To be honest, I've been keeping out of his room altogether just to avoid having to look at that chart. I want to put all reminders of ... what happened ... out of my life."

Suzanne could tell when Susan was lying or not, because she was a lousy liar. She knew that Susan was telling the truth about not seeing the chart lately, which gave her the freedom to exaggerate about the results. "It's terrible, Susan, just terrible. He barely manages. It's been plummeting down on a six, five, four, three, two, one, zero trajectory."

Susan asked with great alarm, "Haven't you been helping? Everyone calls you the real-life Jessica Rabbit. Certainly you can stop that slide, can't you?"

Suzanne sighed as if the weight of the world was on her. "I've tried, I really have. But to be honest, I haven't been able to help that much. How can I, between Ron being here, and not wanting to offend you, and not wanting to violate the new restrictions you've created?"

That was mostly true, but now she lied blatantly, "It's growing tougher and tougher each day. It takes him forever to get hard, and longer still to ejaculate. He's in his room an hour or more sometimes, just trying to get erect. He tells me the porno videos and magazines you bought have done little for his inspiration, since he feels like he's failed in the real world, first with Christine and then by upsetting you. I stroke and stroke and stroke, but sometimes I can barely keep him stiff."

Susan clutched at her chest for some reason. "Don't you... don't you, use your mouth?"

"Of course! I suck and slurp and lick like his erection is the tastiest ice cream cone in the world. And in a way it is. I engulf his great fat cockhead and bob over his sweet spot so much that my jaw simply can't take it anymore. And naturally I never stop stroking the rest of his shaft at the same time, unless it's to fondle his balls. Remember how I taught you to do that, and the way he really likes it?"

"Um, I do, but I..." Susan was so frazzled by the suddenly highly arousing turn of the conversation that she was having trouble remembering her resolve to put that kind of help behind her.

Suzanne sighed again, perhaps a bit too theatrically. "I bob up and down on his fat, long slab of hot and tasty meat like some kind of horny woodpecker. And you know I have a pretty unique tongue?"

"Yes?"

"I use that in every way I know how, licking from tip to base and back again, over and over, slathering his balls with my love, and just generally acting like some kind of wanton big-titted mommy slut! Of course, I kneel naked before him, letting him know that he has all the power, and I'm helpless but to serve him. But it's no use!"

Susan asked, "Do you wear high heels?"

Suzanne responded indignantly, "I'd be naked without them!" But then she chuckled, and added, "Of course, around Sweetie, I'm usually naked with them."

Susan couldn't help but giggle at that, despite her grave concern.

Suzanne concluded, "Sometimes even I can't get him hard at all, no matter what I try."

"Oh my! I had no idea!" said Susan, who suddenly felt both very horny and very worried. She thought back to her run-in with Alan the night before. She admitted, "But, um, last night, I was in the bathroom just across the way from his room, and I heard him, and even, uh, saw him. And he had no trouble ejaculating, I can tell you that!" She blushed as she recalled his cum squirting all over her body.

"How could you have seen him from inside the bathroom?" Suzanne cried.

Susan blushed a deeper red. "Um, I was, uh, I heard him cry out, and I thought he was in pain, so I rushed in, and, well, he was doing his thing."

"You mean he was jacking off?"

Susan nodded slightly.

"All by himself? That's extraordinary! I can't tell you how difficult it's been for me to arouse him at all lately. He must have been thinking about something incredibly stimulating. What did he yell out exactly?" Suzanne was hyping up her comment because she had a sneaking suspicion that he'd been thinking about Susan, and Susan knew it.

Susan turned away and replied so quietly that it couldn't even be called a whisper.

"What was that?" Suzanne asked.

Susan answered a tiny bit louder. "Something about me."

Suzanne was only able to catch that from watching Susan's lips. "Did you say, 'Something about me'?"

Susan dropped her head in shame and nodded almost imperceptibly.

Bingo! Suzanne thought. I love it! But she maintained a serious face. "Ah. You see? If there's one thing that gets him aroused no matter what, it's thinking about you. That's not terribly surprising. Everyone knows that it's normal for boys to fantasize about their mothers. But when a boy has a mother built like a brick shit house--"

"What does that mean, exactly? I don't understand that expression. Why compare a woman to a, er, commode?"

"It just means a woman who's fit and shapely, like a building put together as solid as a brick wall, and it usually implies having a great rack. But my point is, with you acting sexy and providing visual stimulation, he can easily get in a sexy mood, and I can help him or he can help himself without much problem. But when you act like you have been lately, almost nothing can inspire him. Of course Ron being here just makes it twice as bad. Frankly, we may have to give up on his treatment altogether."

"Oh no!"

"I'm afraid so. Maybe no man is meant to climax six times a day. Certainly that would be an impressive achievement for a married man or someone with a serious girlfriend, but can you imagine how it must be for someone who still hasn't even kissed a girl? To do it every single day? We'll have to talk to Nurse Akami, but I don't know how much longer he'll be able to go on falling far below his daily target. Perhaps he'll have to stop the treatment and take the other option. You know, the pill treatment that will give him breasts like a woman, God forbid."

"Oh no! Anything but that!" Susan moaned in extreme distress. Both of them had long stopped their pedaling, in response to the seriousness of the discussion, but they remained on their exercise machines. "What can we do? We can't very well have things like they were before. I was out of control, Suzanne. Honestly and completely out of control. If Ron knew what I did last Tuesday, I think I would just die! I mean, it went way beyond helping. I really loved it! I'd be lucky if he didn't divorce me. And I'd like to help with some visual stimulation if it's really that important to my cutie Tiger, but how can I? With Ron here, we can't make things even a little bit sexy. He'd find it really bizarre to see me dress up for no reason. I don't want him to start asking questions. I already feel like I've committed a crime and have to cover it up. How horrible!"

"I know, I know. It's bad," Suzanne commiserated. "But there's always a solution. The problem is with you and this house, right? What if I took care of him from time to time some place outside the house? One session where I get really sexy could keep him going for days."

"I don't know," Susan said more than a little bit doubtfully. "I appreciate the offer, I really do. But..." Susan began to fish for objections - "what we really need to do is find him a true girlfriend. You don't want him to think of you as his de facto girlfriend, do you? After all, you're a married woman too, and twice his age!"

"I know. Don't remind me of either of those facts - I don't know which one I dislike more. But Sweetie's on the edge of disaster. We need to get him to climax six or more times a day, and fast! Preferably more, to make up for his recent drought. There's no chance of him finding a girlfriend who can help with something like that in a matter of days. So what can we do?"

"I don't know," Susan replied, still beside herself with worry. "Let me think about it. I'll think about your offer, too. But I hope there's another solution."

"So do I," Suzanne lied. "It's not like I want to be catering to him hand and foot in this weird way. I mean, his great big erection is just so hard to conquer. I lick and suck and suck and lick, and stroke, stroke, stroke. If I'm lucky, I get rewarded by a hot, sticky bath of his creamy cum all over my face and chest. But even then, I feel like his cock has conquered me!"

Susan held her breath, overwhelmed by a surge of arousal.

Suzanne pretended not to notice. "In the meantime, if you could be more supportive, that would help."

Susan nodded gravely. "And bless his soul, he's been trying to hide his suffering from me. What a trooper he really is!"

Suzanne was a bit surprised that Susan didn't accept her suggestion to meet Alan outside the house.

The real reason Susan didn't like that idea was that she felt possessive. In her heart of hearts she still wanted to be the one to whom Alan would turn first for a cocksucking or handjob, and she didn't want him to develop a strong crush on Suzanne.

This clashed completely with her renewed morality, but she unconsciously felt that way just the same. And she had a concern that with Suzanne and Alan getting sexual outside the home and with no one to drop in on them, they'd be fucking before long.

That, in fact, was Suzanne's exact plan. But Susan was now so desperate to find a way to help with Alan's "crisis" that she seriously considered letting Suzanne have her way with him.

Now that the topic had been broached again, Suzanne made it a point to resume mentioning Alan's penis at every possible opportunity. She was still talking about it in mostly non-sexual terms while discussing his "crisis," but at least it had Susan thinking frequently about it again.

Chapter 147 Christine's Thoughts

In class later that morning, Alan found to his surprise that he could temporarily put the recent crazy sexual incidents out of his mind and focus somewhat on his classes.

It helped that he had other things on his mind. For instance, he spent a considerable amount of time thinking about his date with Christine the previous Friday, even though it was supposedly just a meaningless practice date.

The fact that Christine was in some of his classes helped ensure that he couldn't forget about her. Since they both were in the "gifted" or advanced track, they were in most of the same classes. And since they were both "teacher's pet" types, they tended to sit in or near the front row. Due to Alan's long-standing crush on Christine, he'd managed to sit next to her in those classes that they shared.

Because they were friends and had similar schedules, they sometimes walked from class to class together. For instance, they had the same first and second-period classes, so on many days they would chat while they moved to their next classroom in the five minute gap between those classes. In fact, since Alan had almost never seen Christine socially outside of school, these times between classes, as well as sometimes eating together for lunch, were the basis for much of their friendship.

That day was no different, so when their first-period physics class ended, they naturally fell in together as they walked to their next class. But it was different in one important way, because they'd had their first practice date after their previous day together at school.

"Hey," Alan said, trying to sound casual.

"Hey," Christine replied.

"So... what's up? Did you do anything fun Friday evening?"

She laughed, since she'd spent most of the evening with him. She joked back, "Eh. It was okay. You know, the same ol', same ol'."

He was hurt at first, until he realized she was just kidding him. He played along with that too, yawning ostentatiously. "Yep. Same ol', same ol'."

There was an awkward silence after that. Neither of them really wanted to talk about their date. Although Alan would have loved to date Christine, after her initial rejection they had agreed to be just friends. He was trying hard to roll with that and not think of her in a way that was too sexual or romantic.

Christine, by contrast, was discovering that her romantic feelings for Alan had been growing steadily ever since he'd asked her out and she'd turned him down. She'd always liked him a lot, and lately he'd developed a new confidence and even a sexual swagger that made him much more desirable as something more than just a friend. She was particularly impressed by his behavior on their practice date. The truth was, she couldn't have imagined a better real first date. But she was trying hard to still think of him as just a friend, so she was as determined as he was to make it seem like the practice date was no big deal.

As a result, she decided to change the topic, even though they had been referring to their practice date in only a very oblique manner. "So... got a lot of homework?"

"Enh. Not so bad. I've got a big test coming up in my history class, but that's about it."

"Oh, yeah. Ms. Rhymer's World History class. How's that coming along? We blondes are curious how the common folk live."

Alan grinned, but he also shook his head. Christine was so smart that she'd even managed to skip ahead of him in some subjects, in order to get college credits while still in high school. That was why their class schedules weren't even more similar. She'd had Ms. Rhymer's class the previous year and was taking an Advanced Placement history class this year. It just so happened that there was a greater percentage of blondes than usual in that class, and she never let Alan forget it. Since he liked to tease her with "dumb blonde" jokes, one way she joked back was to claim he was taking the "remedial" history class for "brunettes."

Knowing all that, he playfully teased, "Yeah, well, it's fascinating. We've been learning that it turns out history is made almost entirely by brown- or black-haired people, and even a few redheads. Pretty much everyone but blondes. Think about how many U.S. presidents were blonde, for instance. There's James Garfield, and... and... oh yeah. That's about it!"

She was all grins, because she loved this kind of bantering with him. "I'll have you know that U.S. presidents are just puppets. The REAL power lies with secret societies. All-BLONDE secret societies!"

"Yeah, right. Then how do you explain that Ms. Rhymer herself is blonde, and she's the one teaching us about all the famous non-blondes?"

Christine shook her head dismissively. "How naïve you are. Of course we blondes have to keep the dark-haired masses from the truth, so naturally Ms. Rhymer plays a role in that part of the plot. This whole 'dumb-blonde joke' thing you love is just another part of the smokescreen, and you're unwittingly helping us by spreading those jokes."

"Oh yeah? If that's true, then why are you telling me all this?"

She was just making up stuff as she went along, and that stumped her. But after only a brief moment she came up with an answer. "The truth is, blonde power is growing, Our fearless leader, Reese Witherspoon, thinks it's time we start to step out of the shadows and reveal our real role to the teeming masses."

He laughed. "Reese Witherspoon? Is she the supreme leader of the planet or something? And I suppose her role in last year's movie 'Legally Blonde' is somehow tied up in this grand unveiling?"

"Hey, pretty smart guesswork, for a brunette."

They continued to joke around like this until they were seated in their second-period English class and the bell rang.

When the teacher, Mr. Randall, started lecturing, Alan thought, Dang. She got me good this time around. But I'll get her next time. The interesting thing is how she deflected the conversation from our practice date, talking about all this hair color silliness until class started. She obviously wants to make it clear that that was no big deal. I was kind of getting my hopes up that she'd reconsider things, but I guess not. She probably doesn't even want to go on a second date. Damn!

Besides, how could we even get romantic now, what with all my sexual stuff going on lately with Mom and Sis and Aunt Suzy and whatnot? It's better just to play it cool with her.

At the same time, Christine thought, Talking to Alan is such fun! We have such a good rapport. I couldn't joke around like that with anyone else. Everyone else is intimidated by me; with him we're just pals on an equal footing. And Friday night was even more fun! If I wanted a real boyfriend, it would definitely be him. But, sadly, that boat has sailed already and I missed my chance. It's best to treat our date like the non-event it was supposed to be. Besides, I wouldn't even know what to say to him about it. "Hey Alan, I had a lovely time Friday evening"? No, that's too cheesy! And he might get the wrong idea. Even though maybe that wouldn't be such a bad thing...

No. What am I thinking? Gaawwwd, I'm terrible at this kind of thing! It's best to stay friends in any case, because otherwise I'd probably just screw it all up. Things would get weird and awkward and we'd lose this special rapport we share.

Chapter 148 I Must Be Committing Some Crime Here

Alan managed to keep his mind off his planned sexual hijinks during the second and third periods. But by the time of his fourth-period class with Ms. Rhymer, his plan to meet with his sister in the supply room just after class ended was getting harder and harder to ignore. The closer it came to the end of class, the harder it was for him to think about anything else. By the time class ended, he was acting like a total space case.

Glory couldn't help but notice how he wasn't paying any attention. It bothered her that this seemed to be becoming a pattern with him, despite his recent promise to be better. When the bell rang, she indicated that she wanted to speak to him after class.

But this time he just said, "Can't today! Gotta run," and hurried to the door.

However, before he could leave the classroom, Glory barked, "Now, hold your horses, young man!" She waited until he paused at the door, then she said, "We have things to talk about! Apparently you're in some big rush right now, so I expect you to see me here when the school day is over. Understood?"

He sighed like a typically oppressed teenager, but then nodded. Then he immediately raced out of her room and down the hall.

He had all the painting supplies he needed already prepared. This time he used his own illicit copy of the key to unlock the door to the supply room.

Katherine and Kim both eyed him from a distance as he entered the room. One at a time, they made their way inside shortly thereafter.

Kim was the last to enter the inner closet within the supply room.

While they were getting settled, Alan couldn't help but notice that they were both wearing their cheerleader outfits. This was unusual, since all cheerleaders only wore their outfits on Friday game days. To wear them on any other day might raise eyebrows, especially by the other cheerleaders, so they'd both put their outfits on just a minute or two earlier, thinking that he would find that look extra sexy.

They were right. There was something about those red outfits that got him very horny. Seeing other cheerleader outfits from other squads didn't do much for him, but those colors had special meaning for him since both Katherine and Amy were on the squad.

As soon as Kim entered the inner closet, Alan said with a big smile, "Hi, Kim. My name is Alan. Now get naked." Of course he didn't have to put it that way, but he was in a good mood. He felt confident, so he decided to let it all hang out, both literally and figuratively.

Katherine had the same attitude. She cuddled up next to him and said, "What about me, Big Brother? Don't you want your sister to get all naked too?"

"It's not necessary yet."

She pouted exaggeratedly, "But would you mind? Wearing all this clothing is chafing my skin! It could cause permanent damage!"

"I think permanent brain damage is more like it." But seeing that she didn't like his joke, he said, "Oh, all right." It occurred to him that Suzanne had delighted in complaining about "chafing" too, which he found arousing and amusing.

He considered their situation and added, "But remember, we have to act quickly, especially since there are two of you to paint. Oh, and Sis, last time we were silly trying to keep the skirt up all the time. It's easier if you both just take the skirts off."

Katherine took off her skirt, and Kim did too. They both had on their form-hugging cheerleader tops, to simultaneously tempt him and remind him that they were cheerleaders.

Kim said, "I just have to say I think this whole thing is really sexy."

Alan nodded. He looked over and was surprised to see that Kim had pulled her top up over her boobs, as well as dropping her skirt, perhaps to ensure he didn't get any paint on her top. Whatever the reason, it turned up the sexual heat in the room.

He noted that she seemed a bit nervous, despite her willingness to bare her body. He saw that she had shaved her pussy. That, plus her slight hips and smallish boobs (by his standards, at least), made her look even younger than she was. He thought, Damn. Talk about robbing the cradle. I must be committing some crime here, for sure.

He looked at his sister and added to himself, Several crimes at once, probably. But he was resolved to do the pussy painting anyway.

Katherine noticed him staring at Kim's crotch and said, "She's already shaved for the paint job. Don't worry. We met before school today and had a nice, long talk. We decided it would be more fun if we both went without underwear for the whole day, in case you're wondering why we didn't need to take them off. I told her all about my unnatural lust for my big brother, and she's perfectly fine with it."

Alan was horrified. "What? You told her that? Kim, it's not true. In fact-"

"Chill out," Katherine interrupted. "I only told her the details 'cos she'd already guessed the rest on Friday. Mostly because she noticed you checking out my pussy with your binoculars."

"Oh... Oops," he said, nearly speechless. His dick went flaccid in a matter of seconds. Fuck, fuck, fuck! We're fucked!

Katherine continued, "But don't worry. She's the only one with a clue about this, 'cos I told her you were the painter. Anyway, judging from just how much her cunt was dripping in the girl's bathroom this

morning, I think it's safe to say that the idea of you and me together gets her quite hot. Wouldn't you agree, Kim?"

"Definitely! Go for it, you two," Kim replied enthusiastically.

"What, you mean like this?" Katherine leaned in and kissed Alan right on the mouth.

He found himself thinking, So maybe Kim is cool with incest, but can she be trusted? That's the big question! But he found himself highly distracted. Soon their tongues were enmeshed, and their hands ran all over each other. Before long, he forgot all about his worries.

Alan's hands quickly found his sister's naked ass. It occurred to him as he kissed and fondled her that, despite all the sexual fun he'd been enjoying lately, he hadn't been able to French kiss much - the only time he'd been able to do it was recently with Katherine. He could understand Susan wanting to stick to her rules limiting intimate contact, but he didn't understand why Suzanne was also reluctant to kiss him.

Thinking about boundaries and rules renewed his worries about the wisdom of kissing like this in front of Kim. "Katherine!" he chided as he gasped for air. "What about boundaries? Don't you remember the boundaries?" By "boundaries," what he meant was that it wasn't prudent to do anything overtly incestuous in front of Kim. It was one thing that Kim had approved in theory, but how would she react if she had direct visual evidence? But he was trying to say that in an oblique way since Kim was right there listening.

"What do you think about boundaries, Kim?" Katherine asked, since Kim was standing there nearly naked.

"I say: 'Fuck the boundaries!'" she replied.

"You hear that, Bro?" Katherine still held him tightly. "I think we have to take her advice very seriously. Especially the suggestion to fuck." She giggled.

"Let's talk about this later," he replied nervously as he pulled away from the hug. He glanced at Kim, which only heightened his worry about her knowing about the incest. He really wished his sister hadn't made things worse by mentioning fucking. Plus, he was well aware that their available time was passing

quickly. "We've got less than forty minutes to paint both of you. Let me start with Kim since I think I can do Katherine pretty quickly."

"I hope that when you 'do me,' you'll take your time," Katherine shot back, and then giggled some more.bender

Facing Kim's butt, Alan began painting. At the same time he asked his sister, "By the way, Sis, speaking of painting, did you paint that top on? Your nipples are soooo noticeable."

"You noticed!" she said, delighted. "Actually, it just looks painted on, 'cause it's so tight. When I see you my nipples always turn into hard little erasers. But I've also been pulling my tops tight in front to stretch the fabric and get you even hornier."

Kim said in response to this, "You two really need to get a room, seriously. Both of you are like dogs in heat. You're so ready to go. Basically, I'm a lesbian, but just thinking about you two is so damn nasty that it gets me all worked up. I've read about incest, but I never thought I'd see it up close like this."

"It's not incest; she's helping me out with a real medical problem," said Alan in a hurt voice.

Kim guffawed out loud. "Medical problem? That's a good one! I have a boner and have to stick it in my sister for relief! That's hilarious. You're not serious, are you?"

Alan wanted to tell her about his medical diagnosis, but remembered that he shouldn't tell anyone else about it. It appeared that his sister had kept his secret; he needed to also. He further realized just how silly it would sound if he did give his medical story. Now that I think about it, the whole thing does sound completely absurd. Was that really my diagnosis, or was it some kind of weird scam?! For what purpose would the doctor lie? How would he gain from it, except for a few more appointments? Or did we take a valid medical thing and turn it into something twisted and sexual? What would Dr. Fredrickson think if he could see me now?

But he was distracted from further thoughts because Kim added, "You know, I'm getting so horny watching you two that I want to pleasure myself. Would that interfere with your painting?"

Alan worked on the top of Kim's butt. "Not at the moment, but it will later."

"Okay, fine, tell me when I have to stop." She began to slip her fingers in and out of her slit with one hand while rubbing her clit with the other.

Behind him, he heard his sister say, "Big Brother, could you stand up for a second?" She'd always called him "Big Brother," but lately she did it much more than before and usually emphasized the word "big."

He reflexively stood up before thinking to ask why she wanted him to.

Katherine immediately pulled his shorts and underwear down to his knees. "That's better. You can kneel back down now," she said.

He did.

"I think we already need to reward Alan for his work," Katherine said, as she reached around his waist and began to jack him off.

Kim enthused, "You two are so hot!"

He asked her incredulously, "Are you really okay with this?"

"I am!"

Katherine added, "She is. Besides, I know what you're thinking: can she be trusted? She can! It's a long story, but she's already passed that test. If she hadn't I wouldn't be so open in front of her. I may be crazy for you, Bro, but I'm not THAT crazy! Basically, she totally had me over a barrel and could have made me her sex slave or worse, but she didn't. She's cool, and a good friend."

Katherine and Kim shared a smile.

Alan felt a lot better hearing that, even though it didn't completely dispel his worries.

Katherine joked as she stroked, "Besides, if I'm gonna be anyone's sex slave, I wanna be yours, Brother!"

He pretended not to hear that, because he found it far too arousing and didn't know how to respond.

Kim saw the look of concern still in his eyes, so she said, "Look, if you could have some kind of out of body experience, you'd be able to see you and your sister like I do and realize that seeing her stroke you like that is the hottest, sexiest thing in the history of the world! Just looking at you doing that almost makes me want to give a dick a try."

"It's never too late to start," encouraged Katherine as her fingers pumped. "I'm not too picky about sharing his marvelous cock, as long as he knows where to stick it when he gets back home at night."

"Hey, I don't stick it anywhere when I get back home at night!"

"That's your problem, Bro. Are you beginning to get the subtle hint that I wouldn't exactly mind?" She looked at Kim and rolled her eyes. "Alan has certain boundaries he says we shouldn't cross."

Then she looked back at her brother with fierce determination. "Fuck the boundaries already! Don't you know I wouldn't mind if you pushed your meaty schlong up really deep into the very center of my body and pounded me over and over again, every night and every day? Not only that, but you said yesterday that you owe me a big one, that you'd do any favor for me. The big one you owe me is in your pants, very BIG Brother, and I command you to fuck me with it as my favor."

Her hands flew fast over his erection now, and she leaned forward in the very tiny room and rubbed her boobs against his back. When she stopped talking she began to nibble on his ears, only because she couldn't kiss him on the mouth from her position.

He stopped painting (not that he'd gotten a lot accomplished so far), stood up, turned around, and held Katherine's shoulders. "You're making me so horny, I can't stand it anymore." He glanced at Kim, and saw a genuinely sex-crazed look on her face. He thought, Fuck it! She knows this much already; how much worse could it get if she knows a little more?

Then he turned back to Katherine. "Okay, I admit it: I wouldn't exactly mind, either. Fucking, I mean. And you do have me over a barrel on owing you one, dammit. But just 'cos we might want to do it doesn't mean we SHOULD do it. For one thing, we'll get caught. Can't we at least wait until our father goes overseas again before we talk about this?"

Katherine just wanted to fuck, not talk. With a pout, she simply answered, "No." Then she kissed him passionately on the mouth.

He enjoyed the kiss for a while, but eventually he pulled away again. "How can I finish this painting? Cool it down, okay? People might hear. Someone might walk into this room at this very moment! Remember, we're doing this in the middle of the school!"

That thought drastically cooled his passion. He turned around and began painting again. "Sorry Kim," he said, "but my sister is so horny that I think the only solution is to lock her up."

"Given that she's now my sex slave, that can be arranged," Kim responded wryly.

"Oh no, not you too. Don't encourage her!" said Alan.

They all laughed.

Katherine again reached around Alan from behind to fondle his prick some more. "I'm sorry, but I'm just so excited. Big Bro, do you realize what you just said? You admitted that you want to do it. Do the nasty! How sweet!" Her hands slid up and down, sped along by his pre-cum. "You want to drill this big, fat thing deep inside me and pump me full of your baby makers! How can you expect me not to cream all over when you say that? Now we don't have to play games anymore. You're going to deflower me! It's only a matter of finding the right place and not getting caught."

"There's no way," said Alan, still worried, although also extremely aroused, thanks to her words and her busy fingers. "It's too risky. I'm only agreeing 'cos I'm temporarily insane from what you're doing to my prick."

He began to focus more on painting. It wasn't easy, with his sister's hands on his stiff rod and Kim frigging herself mere inches from his face.

"Oh, Alan! Brother!" Katherine said swooningly. "We're going to do it! We're gonna fuck! I can't wait!"

He protested, "Shhhh! Don't call me that in a sexual context at school! What if someone's listening right now? This is total insanity! Please don't say another word, I beg of you!"

She took her hands off his tool momentarily, took her top off, and then took off his T-shirt. Then she leaned into him and rubbed her naked boobs up and down the skin of his back. It was the best she could do from her awkward position behind him, but it still made him feel great, especially as she soon had her hand back stroking his erection.

Alan put the brush down. He whispered, "Kim, I'm done with the butt. Don't ask me how, because certain naughty sisters are being more than a little distracting." He realized he was in danger of shooting his jism all over Kim, but kept trying to focus on the paint job. He was hasty, because it was a race to finish before he came all over a virtual stranger.

Finally, he said to Kim, "You can turn around."

Kim turned.

"Katherine, you have to stop that, or I'm going to... going to... Oh shit! I'm losing it! Let go!"

Alan had to cum, but there was no safe place to dump his load, with Katherine behind him and school supplies from wall to wall. Still worried about what Kim would think, he began to squirt into his hands. He tried his best, but what missed his hands splattered onto one of Kim's legs.

When Katherine realized his cock had started to spurt, she increased the speed of her stroking and gripped his rod even tighter.

"Sorry!" he said to Kim as it all came out. His feelings were so intense that he had little control over where he was shooting and just hoped not to make too big a mess.

Kim had never actually seen a penis cum before, so the sight of Alan's big shaft spurting stream after stream of cum was thrilling for her. As his hot cum splattered onto her leg a tingle of excitement shot through her whole body.

Chapter 149 Three Of Them

When it had all ended and he calmed down a bit, he whispered apologetically again, "Sorry! Normally I'm not like this."

She joked, "What? You mean you don't normally spray your seed all over girls you hardly know while your sister is jacking you off in a supply closet in the middle of school?"

Alan just nodded grimly. He was too worried about getting caught to laugh. He didn't know which frazzled him more: Kim talking about what she knew, or someone outside coming in and finding them. He closed his eyes and thought, I just have to trust that things are gonna be okay. Because what can I do now?

Kim went on, "I hope this isn't normal, 'cos you two are like walking orgasms. Every second I've seen you two together, you've been horny and just getting hornier and hornier. It's too much for a little girl like me to take!" She reached down and scooped some of his cum off her leg.

Alan was embarrassed at being so horny about his sister in Kim's presence, but Katherine wasn't. She just winked and said, "You go, girl! Give it a taste. It's surprisingly sweet."

"So this is what semen is, huh?" Kim said as she put it up to her mouth. "I'll have to try some new things if I have any hope of keeping up with you two. I had a boyfriend or two but I never let them get far. I guess it was just for show as a cover for my liking girls..."

She put the cum in her mouth, and contemplated the taste. "Not bad. Not bad at all. Does all semen taste like this, Katherine?"

"No, his is very special. And I'm not just saying that because I'm hopelessly biased, really. His is the only semen I've tried personally, but a woman who has fucked dozens of men said his was the best she'd ever tasted, hands down."

"Oooh! There's another girl involved? Do I know her? What's she like?" Kim assumed that it was a girl close to Alan's age.

Alan replied vaguely, "She's very pretty. Very sexual. Talented, too." He looked at Katherine and hoped she got the message not to be any more specific than that. As far as Alan was concerned, Kim knew way too much already.

Kim just nodded as she thought about that. She noticed that Katherine didn't disagree with what he was saying. She was intrigued that she didn't seem to react with jealousy while watching Kim eat Alan's cum or by this veiled talk of another woman.

In fact, right then Katherine suggested to Kim, "You've got to try some more. Why don't you drink it straight from the source?"

Alan had been cleaning his hands with a moist towelette he'd had the foresight to bring. He would have offered it to Kim to clean her leg, but she seemed to prefer consuming his cum instead, and of course he loved seeing that. He froze in his cleaning effort as the implications of Katherine's mention of "a woman who has fucked dozens of men said his was the best she'd ever tasted, hands down" finally hit him. He said in an incredulous tone, "Katherine! You've been talking to-"

He was about to say Aunt Suzy, but cut himself off at the last second as he remembered it was better for Kim not to know specific names. He continued less frantically, "You've been talking to her about the taste of my cum?"

"You'd be surprised what we girls talk about sometimes," Katherine replied, sufficiently vaguely. She made a point to say girl to better mislead Kim about who it really was. (In truth, she hadn't really talked to Suzanne about Alan's cum, but she'd overheard Suzanne and Susan discussing how tasty it was.)

"Sounds like Alan is having all sorts of fun," Kim commented. "Was it Amy? I'll bet it's Amy."

Katherine and Alan looked at each other. Alan realized that since Kim and Amy were both cheerleaders, Kim would need to get clued in sooner or later. So he said, "I've seen Amy naked, and touched her and teased her a bit, but that's as far as it goes. She's so innocent, you know? To do more - it just wouldn't feel right. Kind of like stealing candy from a baby."

"Interesting," Kim said. "So who's the other mystery girl, then?"

Alan just answered, "Sorry, I can't kiss and tell."

So Kim changed the subject. "Why don't we get on with the painting, now that you two are done playing around? Or is touching my pussy going to make you lose it again, Alan?"

"No, I'm good. In fact, I can not only paint you..." - he began painting again and started on her front - "I can even do this at the same time." He began to finger Kim's slit with his free hand. "We need to make your pussy lips puff up as much as possible, so I can paint them completely."

After another minute of jilling her, he commented, "I wonder if Michelangelo ever had to do this, to finish one of his paintings." He was more relaxed now and wasn't whispering, though he did keep his voice down.

However, to Katherine's great disappointment, Alan's penis was still down for the count after he'd shot his seed. Since Katherine was already naked, she stood up and repositioned slightly until she was in full view of Alan and Kim in the very claustrophobic space. Then she began to finger herself while pinching one of her nipples as well.

Alan moved out to the way, allowing Kim to squat to see whether he'd gotten all the places that would be exposed by movement. This put Kim's face right in front of Katherine's crotch, to which she had no objection.

Kim said, "God, you two are nonstop sex addicts, and good at your school work to boot! Especially you, Alan. How do you do both?"

"I'm not a good student anymore," he replied ruefully. "I WAS up until a few weeks ago. That's when I began my descent into debauchery. Same with Katherine. If this keeps up, it's just a matter of time until we're both expelled or flunked out. God, just think if someone came into the supply room right now." He started to panic himself again. "Dang! I have no idea how frequently this room is used. It could be used all the time, and then they'd hear us in here! Look at how we look right now. What would we do if someone came in?!"

"Don't worry, Big Bro," Katherine said. "Between the three of us, we've got our bases covered. If it's a man, Kim and I fuck him in return for his silence, and if it's a woman, you do."bender

"Oh yeah, right. You're so sexed up you can't tell fantasy from reality. And what if it's, like, a gay man, or an old person, or something? Or two people? And even if your plan worked, what of the consequences? For starters, I wouldn't want a strange man to have sex with you. We've got to get our act together or we'll be in jail or something before long."

"All right, I admit we have to get our act together a bit," she conceded. "But today's been such a unique day. You know, you admitting that you're going to fuck me and all. And it's so cute that you're possessive of me!" she gushed happily.

He ignored her last comment, and said, "I haven't exactly agreed to that! I'm just saying..." He wasn't sure what he was saying, or what he'd agreed to. He felt like he was on a wild roller coaster ride, and he both hoped the ride would last forever and wanted to get off right away.

After a long pause, he said, "I'm thinking about the idea, okay? That's it." Deliberately and rapidly changing topics, he turned to Kim and said, "By the way, I'm done with the front now. Sorry, I'm going to have to stop fingering you. I like how you shaved, by the way. Is that new, for today?"

Kim answered, "I've shaved it before, a while back, but it's newly done for today. Hurry up and do that part so I can get my fingers back in there!"

"Sorry, bad news," he said. "You'll have to let it dry for at least the next twenty minutes."

Kim couldn't believe what she'd heard. "Oh yeah, like that'll ever happen, with you two carrying on just inches away from me!"

He said commandingly, "All right, we have to stop the hijinks, both of you. We're running out of time. I haven't even started painting my sister yet, and Kim's paint job has to dry."

Chapter 150 Kim's House?

Alan finally finished painting Kim, and then turned towards Katherine.

She stood less than a foot behind him, totally naked now and touching herself all over. She was lost in the throes of erotic ecstasy as she dug deep into her pussy with two fingers.

Alan tried to get his sister's attention. "HellooOOOooo! Anyone there? Did you hear what I said about you having to stop? Could you take your hand out of your pussy for one minute?"

"I'm sorry," said Katherine as she slowly came back to the here-and-now. "It's just that I was thinking about the different ways and places you're going to fuck me. Maybe we can even do it this afternoon!"

"I've got to paint you, okay? Turn around and calm down. Put your hands up behind your head, and keep them away from your body!"

Alan began with her butt. Rivers of her juices rolled down her legs, distracting him. With her butt right in his face, he noticed all over again just what a beautiful, well-shaped bottom his sister had. He could smell her pussy too, and the combination of her beautiful ass, flowing pussy juices, and the aroma of sex which exuded from between her legs made his dick begin to twitch again.

He thought, Sis is so totally fuckable; why does she have to be my sister? ... On the other hand, if she wasn't my sister I probably wouldn't even know her. Heck, no way would girls like Aims or Sis even associate with me if it wasn't for the proximity and knowing each other for so long. I wish there was some way I could undo the sister label though, so she could be my girlfriend.

Seeing her hands still roaming over her breasts, he barked, "I said, put your hands behind your head already!"

Katherine finally obeyed his command. "I'm trying to calm down, but it's hard when I'm in a vulnerable position like this with my hands behind my head. I feel like I'm under arrest."

That gave her an idea, and she continued in a helpless voice, "Officer Alan, please don't hurt me! ... What's that? You have to do a full body cavity search because I was driving over the speed limit? With me naked like this by the side of a busy highway? ... Don't you trust your own sister? ... Well okay, if you have to, but why are you taking off your pants? ... You're going to probe my cavities with THAT?! It's so big! That's not like any kind of Breathalyzer test I've ever heard about, but if you say so!"

"Okay, okay, enough already," Alan grumbled, turned on by her scenario though he was. His penis had been getting a much needed break, until she started talking that way. "How can I work with you saying that kind of stuff?"

Katherine grumbled too. "Shucks. I was just getting to the good part in the story, officer. Please continue with your probing, anyway. After my blowjob proves to you that I'm not drunk, then you'll probably need to stick your thing back in my mouth as part of the cavity search. Well, one of them, anyway. Hee-hee!"

"And I'm supposed to keep calm when you two are like this?!" said Kim in exasperation.

"Are you? Calm? Dry?" Alan asked.

"For now, but barely." Kim replied.

He thought, It's strange, but I'm feeling more comfortable around Kim, even though I still don't know her from Adam. I guess playing with a girl's pussy is one way to bond. Besides, it does seem obvious that her only reaction to all this incest stuff is to get super horny. And Sis does say we can trust her...bender

After having Katherine calm down for a few minutes, Alan found that he was nearly done painting her butt. (His penis also sincerely appreciated the break.) He finally turned her around and started to work on her other side.

"Alan," Katherine said softly, "I'm pretty mellow now and I promise not to tease. Have you given any thought to my afternoon idea? Seriously?"

"If we were to do it, and that's a big if, where would we find a safe place? We can't begin to think about it until our you-know-who is gone."

She understood his veiled reference to Ron, and nodded. "What about this room? Hey! We could come here after school just a few hours from now!"

Alan considered that for a moment, but concluded, "This room isn't good enough. For one thing, with all the shelves and supplies there's barely room for three people to stand up. There's no room to lie down properly at all, on the cold, dirty floor. You don't want to do it standing up, do you?"

"I don't care! I'll do it with you standing, sitting, lying, swinging from the light fixtures, whatever. All of the above! I know... We could get out of this closet and do it on the floor of the next room! In fact, why even wait until after school? We still have at least twenty minutes, and I'm sure Kim would like to watch."

Alan momentarily addressed Kim. "Don't mind my sister. She's gone totally insane. Yeah, getting caught doing my sister on the cold concrete floor during lunch sounds really enticing. I can just imagine being led away in handcuffs through crowds of our friends."

He turned to Katherine and said sarcastically, "Why don't we just do it out in the hallway to make sure we'll get caught?"

"Okay, so maybe that's not the best idea," she conceded. "I guess we're screwed for now. Or not screwed yet, as the case may be," she giggled. "Our first time should be special and not done furtively in the back seat of a car or something like that. But I'll think of something."

Kim volunteered, "I know the perfect place."

"You do?" both Katherine and Alan said to her at the same time. Alan swiveled his head around to face her.

"Yes. Perfect privacy and security. My house!"

"Your house?" He was so shocked that it was all he could say. He was pleased, but also scared that the incestuous idea had so suddenly become increasingly real and possible. He also still worried if he could trust her. The blackmail possibilities in doing it there... We could be so screwed! But then she already knows everything anyway. How much worse could it be?

Kim explained, "Yeah, you two are, like... I dunno, inspiring or something... Both of you are like sexual desire in its purest form. Nothing can stop you! It's so sexy... I wanna help. Katherine, I wish I could find

someone I was half that excited about, guy OR girl. Anyway, I live with just my mom, and she's ALWAYS at work at least until six, usually seven. I mean she's never come home before that, and even if she did, I'm on the upper floor and we would hear her car coming up the driveway."

Alan resumed painting again. He was absolutely determined to finish, no matter what.

Katherine, on the other hand, bounced up and down in excitement, which forced him to pause.

Kim smiled kindly. "Given that I'm supposed to treat you like a sex slave, Katherine, I'm being way too nice. Maybe I'm just not cut out to be the cruel master type. Anyway, I do have one condition. Your first time should be special with just the two of you alone. But after that, you can keep using my house, but only if I can join in."

"Join in?" Katherine asked in surprise. "Even with Alan?"

"Hrm. I don't know about me being with him, but I figure that if I'll ever have the perfect opportunity to give an exciting man a try, this is my chance. I have to admit his finger felt pretty good in me just now, even if he was just doing it as part of the painting job. I guess a finger is a finger, and I've always liked strap-on dildos, too. So trying a dick might be... interesting. If I'm not into it, I still have you, Katherine, and Alan and I can keep you busy at both ends."

Alan had stopped painting again, while his mind just boggled. "How can anybody turn down that offer?" he thought out loud.

"I accept!" Katherine said. "Big Brother? This afternoon?"

"Hmmm..." he pondered, and then replied to his sister, "No, we have to wait. I'm seriously worried that you're turning into an uncontrollable sex maniac. If you can hold yourself off until Wednesday, then maybe that shows we have enough self-control to do this and possibly not get caught. Then we can make the arrangements for Thursday." In addition to that, he had an unspoken worry about Kim. He figured if a few days passed and she still hadn't told anyone anything, that would go a long way to proving that she could be trusted.

He added, "But between now and then, you have to act totally one-hundred percent like your old self. No touching, nothing. I've gotta maintain control too. If we can't do that, then we need to cool off some more."

"Deal!" she said excitedly. "That's why I love you so much, Brother: you're so smart and wise and prudent. I wish I could reach down and hug you!"

He warned her, "If you did that, then Thursday would be off. We have to maintain total control. Don't even call me 'Very Big Brother.' You never added the 'very' until a couple of days ago."

"That's because, all these years, I never really knew just how big it was until I put it in my mouth."

Alan's penis twitched with new life at that thought. As an afterthought to their plans, he asked Kim, "Does Thursday work for you? And can you maintain complete secrecy?"

Kim answered, "I'm also with Katherine in that I hope you two can hurry it up a bit so I can get in on the action! But I can wait. And I swear no one will know except us three. Not even my mom will ever have a clue, if we plan this carefully. The only other person who might suspect you two is Heather, because she knows more about the painting project than the other cheerleaders. But I can help steer her away by using some subtlety."

Alan was happy to hear all that. It seemed that Kim had some prudence. "Good. Heather is a bit scary, don't you think? She intimidates me, anyway. All right, let's finish this paint job and get out of here. I don't even want to know what time it is right now, and I'm still not done. Sis, you may have to be late to your fifth-period class, if this is gonna dry. You two behave yourselves and put your tops back on. When I'm done painting, I'll go see if I can finagle a hall pass for you. And Sis, remember that you're not allowed to get yourself off with Kim either, or anyone else, until Thursday. You wouldn't prove your control if you did that."

"Damn!" both girls said in unison.

Katherine got Alan to agree that the ban on her behavior would end at exactly midnight Wednesday. She planned on being with him as soon as the minute hand ticked over to Thursday.

Alan was able to get the hall pass for his sister. That was one of the perks of his having such a goody-goody reputation.

When he returned to the supply closet just before the end of lunch, he also had a can of air freshener. Both girls stood naked from the waist down and had a normal conversation with each other when he stepped back into the closet. He'd used a special knock first, so they weren't worried.

"What's with the air freshener, and where did you get it?" asked Kim while she helped clean up.

"When I walked out of here and into the main supply closet, I realized this room smelled totally like sex. It still does, obviously. There's absolutely no air circulation in here. Even if someone were to come in here hours from now, they're still going to suspect, no, they'll know, that people have been fooling around in here. Look at you, Kim. You STILL have my dry cum on your leg! Good thing I thought of every eventuality - I brought some moist towelettes, too."

"Katherine, your brother IS pretty resourceful," said an impressed Kim. "There's definitely something to this guy. No wonder you, maybe Amy, and this other mystery girl are all over him. If I were to have a secret affair with a guy, I'd want it to be with him."

Katherine pretended to be passing her hands over a crystal ball while telling a fortune. "You WILL have such an affair very soon, and it WILL be with him." She giggled. Like bees to honey, she started to rub his boner through his shorts.

He gave her a discouraging look, since she was supposed to behave for the rest of the day. He had to push her hand away so he could get something done in the little time left for lunch.

"Good point," said Kim, surprised, as she hadn't thought of herself and Alan as having an "affair."

They practically sprayed half the bottle of air freshener into the room before they left, just to be on the safe side. It smelled like one giant flower by the time they were done, which in itself would be very suspicious for a supply closet, but it couldn't be helped.

Alan decided that the next time the need arose, he would get something that smelled like a powerful cleaning agent to mask any smell.

Katherine was late to class, but it didn't matter much.

Kim spoke to Heather before practice. The two of them had previously thought up some devious plans for what they would do with Katherine during practice that day, but Kim begged that they delay until Thursday, even though she wouldn't tell Heather why.

Heather gave in to Kim's pleading and agreed, though reluctantly, telling Kim "You owe me one." She had really been looking forward to Katherine's punishment.