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Chapter 26 Katherine's Flash

After Suzanne left, Alan went to the living room to watch TV by himself.

Katherine knew when the late show he was watching would end, and knew she could tell exactly when he'd return to his room by the sound of the TV turning off. So she went into the bathroom, took a shower, and waited.

As Alan came down the hallway heading towards his room, Katherine took advantage of the fact that the bathroom was across the hallway from his room and, when she heard his footsteps nearby, burst out into the hallway wearing only a towel.

Her timing was perfect: she bumped right into him. The bump was nothing special, but the towel was barely hanging on to her, so, as she pulled away from him, the towel fell down in a seemingly accidental way.

He watched in what seemed to be slow motion as the towel fell away and her breasts slowly came into view.

However, she wasn't fully comfortable with this kind of behavior, even though she'd initiated it. She grabbed the towel in mid-air and clutched it to her body, preventing it from falling any further. Her face had already looked nervous and guilty before the towel fell, but appeared even more so afterwards; her blush was hardly feigned.

He wasn't looking at her face, but rather at her breasts that were still exposed above the arms now wrapping the towel around her.

She looked down, saw what she was still exposing, and blushed even deeper. She cried, "Alan!" and looked at him in dismay, as if the whole thing was his fault. Then she fled to her room.

No other words were said between them during the whole incident, and they barely made eye contact.

He was far too aroused to question why his sister had come out of the bathroom in just a towel, something he'd never seen her do before.

Despite all the recent nudity around the house, he couldn't imagine that she would ever expose herself on purpose, especially since she seemed perturbed about it. He just assumed that he'd had an incredibly lucky free show.

He hurried back to his room to masturbate for the sixth time that day (which count included two times in bed early that morning). He'd never realized that it was physically possible for a male to masturbate as many times a day as he was now doing.

He was too wiped out for any more that night, but his brain could think of little else but all the excitement he'd had that day. Not only did Katherine flash him with the towel, but she and Suzanne had been dressing sexily and acting provocatively all day. And then there was Aunt Suzy's visit. His mother hadn't worn anything particularly revealing, but he still could easily recall her black cocktail dress from the night before.

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Just down the hallway, Katherine was in her room, lying in her bed, also pleasuring herself. Her chest pounded with excitement from the brief exposure, and it was a long time before her breath returned to normal. She thought, That was so scary! So scary! But so good. I can't help myself - I just have to do it again. Soon!

After she roused herself, she got up and sat down at her desk in the nude. She got out her diary, unlocked it and wrote:

Dear Diary,

It happened again. I was soooo bad! I ambushed Brother and dropped my towel so he could see my boobs. Dammit, I know I'm not a living goddess like Mom and Aunt Suzy, but people say I'm still pretty darn attractive. It's not like I'm some kind of fugly beast. And my boobs aren't super-Mom sized, but

they're still pretty big compared to the other girls in school. The important thing was that Brother seems to like them! He was TOTALLY gawking! I could see him staring like a ravenous wolf! For a second there I thought he might reach up and cup them from underneath. I even saw his arms start to move. But alas, it was not to be. Then I got all chicken and rushed back into my room.

Diary, I'm such a loser! It was the perfect opportunity and I chickened out! I was so horny that I couldn't think straight and I STILL lost my nerve. I listened in on Brother and Aunt Suzy again, and that was so fucking hot that I'm surprised they didn't burn the house down! From what I could hear through the door, Brother came TWICE while she just sat there and watched the whole thing from close up! The first time he came into a towel, but the second time he came into his hands! His bare hands! Geez, I'm getting all hot and wet just thinking about it all over again. Diary, can you picture that, his big strong hands sliding up and down his long fat cock?

What I wouldn't give to be in Aunt Suzy's shoes! She's such a lucky bitch. I swear, life is so unfair. I would totally love to help Bro out with "doing his thing," but Mom would never allow it in a million years. Truth is, she's a big ol' lovable softy, but when she gets mad, she gets really MAD! And I know for sure that she'd get mad if she ever caught me stroking Bro's thick cock.

But who knows what'll happen? Aunt Suzy is definitely breaking down barriers. Mom's starting to dress in sexy clothes and talks openly about Bro "doing his thing." It's like a door has been opened, and I need to squeeze into the gap and help push it open even wider. I dream every night that I'll be called on to help him "do his thing" - in other words, run my hands all over his mighty cock until he squirts all over my face! Or, even better, suck on his meat until he cums right down my throat! Aunt Suzy even said that his cum smells really yummy, and I believe her. Everything about my brother is just a living dream!

God, I love him so much! And the stupid fathead doofus doesn't even have a clue. He can be so frustrating sometimes. GRRR!

Anyway, Diary, I can hardly wait until tomorrow! I'm gonna be right there with my ear to the door the next time Aunt Suzy goes into his room. I only wish I could BE in the room and SEE what was happening! I swear, I'm seriously tempted to hide in his closet or something. But knowing me, I'd make too much noise and get caught and ruin everything.