

6 Times 28

Chapter 28 Katherine's Sexy Sleepwear

Alan was very disturbed that he found himself so turned on by his own mother. He'd tried to take a nap after he'd masturbated but found he couldn't sleep, even though he'd barely slept the night before. Images of Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine were filling his head. When he'd woken up in the morning his masturbatory fantasies had involved all three of them, and he'd masturbated to thoughts of them as well after he roused himself from his nap. Visions of them had been dominating his mind throughout the day, almost from the moment that the new policy to "sex things up" was announced.

He got up and paced around and around. What he really wanted to do was talk about all of this with someone, but he felt he couldn't reveal his wicked thoughts to any of those three, because the three people he most closely confided in were the very people he wanted to talk about. He decided that he could talk to his sister about the overall situation, at least in a general way, and get some feedback. He went to her room and knocked on the door.

"Hey Sis?"

"Yes?" she answered through the door.

He waited after hearing this, and hearing nothing more, finally decided to open the door. When he did, the resulting sight gave him quite a shock: Katherine was lying in bed with her satin sheets mostly off, wearing just the skimpiest of nightwear.

She cried out, "Alan, I'm nearly naked!" as if he needed that pointed out to him. She pulled herself up from the bed, which had the effect of allowing him to see her rack much better.

He stood with his mouth agape and face blushing. "Um, uh, sorry! I'll leave." He started to shut the door.

"No. Wait!" she cried out.

He stopped, but didn't turn around. That gave her just enough privacy to make herself more presentable.

She continued more calmly. "It looks like you want to talk about something important. This is really no different than if I was wearing a bathing suit; it's just that you surprised me. What is it?"bender

He reluctantly re-opened the door and tried to look anywhere in the room except at his sister's body. He asked, "What are you doing, dressed like that at this hour?!"

"Oh, I was just taking a nap."

"Oh." He thought that was odd, since she didn't take frequent naps like he did, but he didn't have any reason to doubt her. (In fact, she was dressed like that precisely so he could walk in on her.)

She asked, "What's up?"

The first thing that came to his mind was how similar his stumbling into a nearly naked Katherine was to his stumbling into a completely naked Susan only a few hours earlier. So he started with that. "Weird things are happening lately, Sis. Earlier I accidentally walked in on Mom taking a shower. But she didn't immediately shoo me away, so I kind of looked at her. Naked. Can you imagine that? Our mom, letting me see her naked? And now I see you like... this."

He looked at her body again, and saw how she was leaning forward as if in rapt attention, with her big tits nearly spilling out of her bikini-styled top. One shoulder strap was slowly sliding down her arm.

He went on, with greater agitation and more difficulty in concentrating, "And, uh, anyway, these things never ever happened before, and now they're suddenly happening all the time. Is it all connected to the new 'sexing things up' effort? Does that explain it all?"

Katherine lied, "I dunno. I'm not really sexing things up; I'm just finally wearing the clothes I want to, now that Mom'll let me. Like, look at this nightgown. It's so silky and comfy. If you ran your hand all over it, you'd know just how comfy it is."

He fell for that. He imagined himself running his hands over it. Since there wasn't much to it, he would have quickly wound up touching her breasts or pussy.

Using the excuse of her comment, she ran her hands all over herself like a femme fatale. She caressed her bare hips and tummy repeatedly.

He suddenly found himself wishing there was a way he could adjust his shorts.

But he focused instead on the conversation, finally continuing, "Well, whatever the cause, I'm finding myself very, um, attracted to you all lately. And distracted. And even aroused sometimes." He shifted nervously on his feet while his face only seemed to get redder.

"You are?" she asked excitedly. She clapped her hands in delight, causing her bikini to nearly slide completely off a boob. Only her nipple, which appeared to be protruding and very hard, stopped it from sliding off. She forced herself to calm her voice, then asked, "When you say 'you all,' does that include me?"

He winced, and then closed his eyes completely in embarrassment. "Of course it includes you. I'm really sorry. But you're just so beautiful."

Her heart soared upon hearing that. Seeing that his eyes were closed, she repeatedly punched her fist in the air. But fearing that he'd open his eyes again, she calmed herself down and said, "That's cool. I don't mind. In fact, I'm really happy that you're finding so much inspiration. Isn't that great? Soon you'll be back on schedule with doing your thing."

"Uh, yeah. That's great. I guess," he said not very convincingly. He was conflicted and wanted to talk more, but looking at his sister with her clothes so close to falling off was making any attempt at serious conversation impossible for him. So he gave up the effort. "That's all I wanted to say, that things are weird. I'll go now."

But she kept talking, trying to keep him in the room. "I'm sure you'll get used to it. We're trying to sex things up a little, remember? By the way, how do you like my new pajamas?"

He looked around for pajamas and then realized she was referring to the silk bikini she was wearing. "Wait. I thought you just said you weren't sexing things up."

She sat up on the edge of the bed and put herself on display, posing like a model. She even put both hands behind her head, knowing that was a pose which would arouse any guy. Flashing him a sultry look, she said, "Okay, maybe I am... just a little."

He was relieved that at least she'd finally adjusted her shoulder strap. He took a quick glance at his crotch to make sure his erection wasn't making an obvious bulge. It was, so he had to adjust himself a little bit.

"Um, nice," he stammered.

"Cool! He likes it!" she answered as if talking to herself more than him. "I bought it yesterday just for you, you know, to help make things sexier. But do you think it's TOO sexy? You're not just my brother; you're like my best friend too. I don't want you to be all weirded out."

He was "all weirded out," but he didn't want her to stop wearing it so he lied: "No, it's cool." He hastily added, "Uuuuhhh, I gotta go. Thanks for talking." His heart was pounding and his brain was fogging. He felt he had to go before he reached sensory overload.

"Is that all you wanted to say? Well then, I'm going back to sleep." She immediately dropped her head and closed her eyes. But she added, "Thanks a lot, Bro."

He just stood and stared at the vision of loveliness. He couldn't fail to miss that the strap had fallen again, causing one nipple to partially poke out of her bikini pajamas.

Dang! I've never seen so much of her chest. That's a nipple, right there! My sister actually has an amazing body hiding under all that clothing! She's pretty stacked too.

Then it occurred to him that her thanking him seemed incongruous, so he said, "Thanks for what?"

Still lying there with her eyes closed, she mumbled, "Just thanks for being such a great brother. I don't mind looking sexy for you, 'cos I know you'd never overstep the bounds. I think helping you get hard is going to be a lot of fun." She didn't open her eyes, but she smiled for him.

He stared some more, then staggered out of the room. He left feeling even more confused than before. He thought in frustration, Great. My cure for getting a hard-on thinking about my mother is getting a hard-on thinking about my sister. That's crazy!

Back in his room, Alan masturbated twice. He told himself he wouldn't think about his sister while he was doing it, but failed utterly - she was all he could think about, as she had intended.