



SIX TIMES A DAY - Part 5

(MF, FF, inc, slow, reluc, voy)

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This is part of a longer e-novel. It's highly recommended that you start at the [beginning](#) in order to understand the characters and previous events.

These are illustrated stories. If for some reason a picture doesn't open you may need to refresh the page or right click on a particular picture to open it.

CHAPTER 1 (Wednesday, Oct. 16)

Susan lay on her bed and masturbated as she thought about her son Alan. *I've turned into a complete slut, and I don't care! This whole thing about boundaries - that's fine and dandy for Suzanne maybe, but I don't give a flying fuck! I can't wait till he gets back home from school. I suppose I'll have to share since today is supposed to be Suzanne's day to be alone with him... Share his sweet, ripe, full, hard fuck rod! I suppose it's only fair to share. But I'm going to seduce him and get him to fuck me, and soon! I may go to Hell for it, but I don't care! And I know he*

wants it too. He's gonna fuck me in every room of the house, on every piece of furniture! And then we'll do it outside, and in public places. Glass elevators! He'll slam me against the glass in a high building, and everyone will watch from below! And then Suzanne and I will fuck him together! We'll make a fuck sandwich! And then I'll fuck her! I'll go sixty-nine with my best friend! And then we'll all take turns fucking and licking Katherine, and we'll have one big fuckfest! We'll have a fucking orgy, and then we'll serve Amy's sweet fucking pie for desert! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!



She sat up in bed and her hair flew in every direction as she completely abandoned herself in an orgasmic frenzy. She finally vocalized her thoughts, and the cry "Fuuuuck meeeee!" echoed throughout the house as she had a powerful climax. The sight of her huge tits bouncing up into the air would have been enough to turn any gay man straight, had anybody been lucky enough to watch.

After she came down from her orgasmic high, Susan felt quite depressed. *This keeps happening to me*, she thought in a completely different mindset. *I get lost in an erotic fantasy about Alan, and then I completely regret it and take it all back, but only after I orgasm. And then I do it again. Since he left for school today I've masturbated three times already. I'm totally obsessed. These thoughts I'm having are too disturbing. I went way overboard with Alan yesterday and this morning too. If there was any line of moderation, where one could actually dispassionately suck another person's penis, I think I've blown past it already. Yesterday was just the icing on the cake. And I had more sexual dreams of Alan last night. Crazy, weird, extremely erotic dreams. This latest fantasy, even thinking about Katherine - it's way beyond the pale. This has to stop! I feel so dirty I literally should be flogged with whips to punish my evil thoughts. Only problem is, I'd probably enjoy it, ha-ha.* But her laughter was ironic.

She realized that it was as if a dam had broken in her mind. She had been sexually repressed for too long, and now it was all coming out, and Alan was the only target.

She decided, *The only thing I can do, and what I have to do, is take a short*

vacation. I've got to get out of here before Alan gets home in a few hours. I need to spend the rest of the day away somewhere else to give myself a chance to cool down. As it is now, I'm on the verge of losing all control. Actually, I've lost control already and have to get it back. In the state I'm in, if I were to see him again, I don't know if I'd have the control to not just shout out, "Fuck me until I pass out!"

She was trying to decide when and where she should go or if she should just stay home and succumb to her desires when the phone rang.

She picked it up. "Hello?" She recognized the voice on the other line. *Damn, it's my husband!* "Oh, hi darling!" she said in a falsely happy tone. Suddenly a whole wave of emotions washed over her. In the past couple weeks she'd almost completely forgotten that she even had a husband, and now she felt intensely guilty. *How could I be such a bad wife? I've been cheating on him. He didn't do anything to deserve the way I've been behaving!*

They talked for a few minutes. The big news was, Ron would return home in a few days. It was Wednesday, and he would come back from his job in Asia on Saturday morning. He said he would be staying at home for twelve days before he returned. That was longer than usual for this time of year. He usually tried to come home on the Christmas holiday and spend a couple weeks then, plus one or two visits of a week or less at other times of year. But apparently he wasn't sure if he could make the holidays this year, so he chose to take more time now.



Susan hung up the phone and cried. She cried until it seemed she had no more tears to cry. Then she got up and put on her old, conservative clothes - bra, panties, and all. *This is a sign from God, she said to herself. This is God's way of saying I have fallen, and I have to get back on track. I had my fun with Alan, but that's all over now. God is forgiving - he can forgive me for my heinous sins if I truly repent. I just have to hold out for three days, and then once my husband Ron is here, I have two weeks to cool down and straighten out my life. If Suzanne wants to keep pleasuring Alan, that's her business, but not in my house, and not at all while Ron is in town!*

I've just seen the abyss of utter sexual depravity, and I've stepped back from the edge. Yesterday I was so close to going all the way with my own son. I would have gladly spread my legs for him if it weren't for that face he made that scared me and kept me from doing something horrible. I just don't have the self-control to maintain the proper boundaries. So as good as all this has felt, this can't go on! It's just too wrong!

Either that, or I could lay here and masturbate myself again. Maybe just one last time, for old time's sake. It's not like I'd hurt anybody else with a little self-pleasure... No! I have to stop! I need to tell everyone how things are going to be from now on before I change my mind. She picked up the phone and called Suzanne.

When Alan got home that afternoon, he found both Suzanne and Susan waiting for him with their arms crossed, and cross expressions on their faces. Both of them were dressed very conservatively. *Uh-oh - this is not good!* he thought. It was quite a come-down from his expectation of receiving a mind-blowing orgasm or orgasms from either one of two incredibly gorgeous women as soon as he got home.

They both immediately verbally launched into him, as if he was the root of all evil. Suzanne had come over to Susan's as soon as she was called, and Susan told her everything. Normally Suzanne would have gotten off at the hot description of Susan nearly having sex with her son, but the way it was framed, she got righteously angry at Alan instead. Susan was so passionately anguished that Suzanne didn't even try to talk her out of it, but instead found herself swayed. By the time Alan came home, Suzanne was nearly convinced that her entire "six times a day" scheme was completely despicable. She almost felt like confessing her own role in making the whole thing up, but she realized that there was no way she could ever explain that to Susan and keep her friendship, no matter what happened.

By the time the two were done lecturing Alan that afternoon, he felt like total shit as well. He felt like a giant balloon that had been punctured and turned into a tiny, pathetic, and completely worthless little scrap of plastic. He imagined that his penis would feel much like that as well for a good time to come.

Katherine missed most everything because she happened to come home late that day. By the time they got around to lecturing her, most of their furor was gone. Plus, there wasn't much that she'd actually done wrong (that they knew of) they could berate her about, aside from generally acting too provocative around Alan.

She didn't really understand what the hubbub was about, since no one wanted to tell her the details of much of anything. So she said, "But mom, I've kinda liked wearing more casual clothing around the house. It's soooo hot lately! Can't I keep doing that?"

"I suppose you can," Susan conceded, "but only within limits, and only until your father gets home on Saturday. Hopefully it will be cooler by then." *In more ways than one*, Susan thought worriedly. "Is that clear? But don't let me catch you without underwear any more. Our 'no panties' so-called bet is over. Period."

CHAPTER 2 (Wednesday - Thursday, Oct. 16-17)

A new, sober mood settled over the Plummer house. It reflected in what happened when Amy came over that afternoon. Susan and Suzanne were commiserating in the kitchen while Katherine and Alan were reading in the living room when Amy burst in the front door. She was her usual cheery self. "Hi guys!" she said to the Plummer children as she skipped into the room.

Her cheeriness died as she looked at the others. Alan and Katherine looked up at her mournfully, while Susan and Suzanne walked out of the kitchen towards her in the living room and looked at her angrily.

"Gosh, did I miss something?" Amy asked cluelessly. "Did somebody die?"

Her mother Suzanne glared at her and said acidly, "The only thing that's died is your sense of decency. What are you doing wearing that? You look like some kind of streetwalker."

Amy liked to wear shorts and a T-shirt most every day, and that's more or less what she had on. Except her cut off jeans shorts were so skimpy that they exposed a good deal of ass crack in the rear. Plus her shirt was skin-tight and had a large diamond-shaped hole in it to expose her plentiful cleavage. She hadn't learned of Susan's change of heart yet.

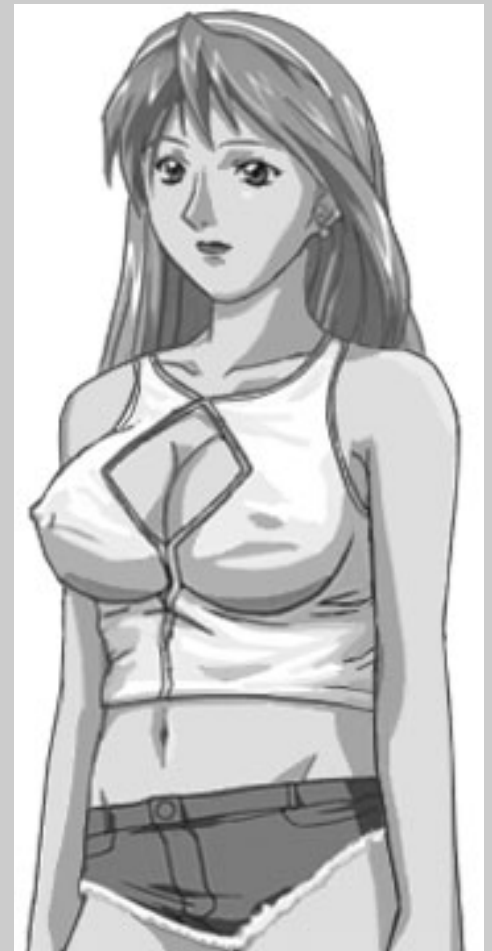
She stammered, "But I thought we had the no undies thingy..."

Suzanne was swept up in a puritan mood, an extremely uncharacteristic mood for her. But it wasn't so unusual for her to be protective of Amy. She barked, "Not any more. We'll explain later. Go home and change out of those clothes this instant!"

Amy bowed her head down sadly. "Yes, mom."

Alan just sighed at the annoying interruption of happiness. Even though half the boys at Alan's high school would have dropped their mouths open in shocked delight to see Amy dress like that, Alan hardly even noticed. His libido appeared to have been killed off completely.

Alan was in a state of total remorse for the next day or two. He was a good, moral kid, and justified his taboo fantasies with the reasoning that they were just fantasies. He couldn't actually imagine having sex with either his mother or sister, and could hardly believe his one moment of weakness where he tried to have sex with his mother. That was the one thing he felt especially guilty about now. He put blowjobs and handjobs in a different category, justified as they were an inevitable consequence of his medical condition anyway. But now all of his ideas and rationales were thrown into doubt.



Alone in bed that evening, he found he couldn't even get aroused to masturbate. He tried especially hard to block out all exciting thoughts of Katherine and Susan and think of safer targets like his teacher Gloria Rhymer, but he was too depressed to be successfully aroused really by anything.

Katherine had a completely different mindset. She had just started to get into acting out her long-held and deeply-forbidden fantasies about her brother, and didn't take well to the new rules. After dinner Wednesday night, Katherine and Alan continued to sit and talk to each other after Susan left the dining room and kitchen area. Katherine thought this was a perfect opportunity to tease Alan, and began doing so. She exposed her chest to Alan again under the thin excuse of asking his opinion about them (again). But then a few minutes later, Susan returned and caught her red-handed.



Susan walked right behind Katherine and commented sarcastically and crossly, "Angel, you're shirt has come undone just a bit."

In fact, Katherine had to burrow down through her conservative, highly covering clothes (worn to appease Susan) to expose herself. First she had to pull her sweater up, then she had to unbutton her blouse beneath it. Finally she was able to expose her tits and was playing with them when Susan walked in. So there was no way her shirt could have come undone by accident, even though she still wasn't wearing any underwear.

"Just a bit?" Katherine said hopefully, praying she wouldn't be punished.

"More than a bit, Angel. I can't believe this! Don't play dumb with me. I know you'll say you're just trying to help stimulate Alan, but these kinds of antics belong in the past. He'll have to get by without our assistance from now on. What if your father was home, for goodness sake? It's my fault for setting a bad example, so I'm not going to get as angry as I should. And please already, it's appreciated if you wear a bra."

Luckily Susan didn't think to check what might be exposed under the table - she

couldn't imagine her daughter going so far as to expose herself there as well. But actually Katherine hadn't worn any panties, and she took full advantage of that fact. Alan had caught on, and had pretended to drop things and look under the table at his sister's hairy pussy all through dinner - he wasn't so distraught and guilty that he didn't mind a nice flash of pussy. But Katherine was properly chastened, and brought the games to an end. She tried to maintain a lower profile for the time being.

That day at school, Alan found that not only was he not distracted by sex as usual, but in fact he threw himself into schoolwork with abandon. And it was a good thing, too, because his grades had been seriously sliding recently, and college applications and big tests were coming up later in the semester.

His favorite teacher Ms. Rhymer pronounced herself pleased at his new demeanor, but secretly she was disappointed. *Has he overcome his horniness? If so, there goes my chance to "help him out." Maybe it's for the best.*

But then things changed a bit for the better later that afternoon. Suzanne had a chance to be alone with him outside by the pool, and said, "You went a little overboard with your mother the day before yesterday, Sweetie. But, on the other hand, I think we all went overboard yesterday in the puritan direction, too. I don't know about your mother, but when your father leaves town again in two weeks, I'd still like to continue where we left off. You still have your same medical problem, and you still need someone to give you relief, and I still want to help. So nothing's changed with me. We just all have to be more careful about boundaries and be respectful of your mother's wishes. And most importantly, be patient. Does that sound good?"

"Yeah, I'm very glad. Do you mean that what we did wasn't wrong?"

"Anything that happens between two adults is fine, as long as both are okay with it, and the actions don't hurt anyone else. And you're already definitely an adult in my book. In fact, if it wasn't for my son and husband, I would take you over to my house right now and suck your penis until it falls off. How would you like that?"

"You mean," he pressed, "anything is okay so long as you don't get caught?"

"I didn't say that! But just as it is sometimes okay to lie, you know, white lies, sometimes even illegal or quote immoral unquote activities can be okay, and even

commendable. Like revolutionaries toppling a corrupt government. It all depends on context. And in this context, your Aunt Suzy says helping you with your problem is very okay."

That helped restore his libido. He felt he could resume his fantasies about Suzanne, Susan, and Katherine, at least in theory. That very night, he tried to masturbate before sleeping and had some pleasure while he thought of Suzanne. But then Susan came up in his mind and a wave of guilt destroyed his ardor.

The next day, life was surprisingly back to normal. By the time dinner rolled around, the only evidence that things had ever changed at all in recent weeks was that Katherine dressed more provocatively than she used to.

Alan tried to masturbate once before his afternoon nap but again couldn't stay hard for long before guilty thoughts overtook his brain. After dinner he finally took up Akami's suggestion and looked up on the Internet what the PC muscle was. He found detailed exercises he could do to strengthen the muscle, which in turn could give him greater control over his orgasms. He started doing the exercises immediately and religiously.

CHAPTER 3 (Thursday, Oct. 17)

After doing his exercises for the first time and not even cumming at the end of it, Alan felt adrift. He didn't want to do his homework - things were too normal. He wandered the house and looked for something to do. He came across his mother in the kitchen, and was so bored he was going to ask her if she needed help cleaning up. But then he noticed she was bent forward as if in pain.

"Hey, Mom. Something you need help with?"

"Oh hi, Tiger. It's just my shoulders are really sore today. It's driving me crazy. The whole back, actually."

Alan walked over and took a closer look at her. Even though she was wearing her old, conservative clothes, including a blouse and big bow that tried to cover her boobs,



Alan got hard seeing her even in that. The fact that she had her arm clenched underneath her rack, making her mountainous tits stick out ever more than usual had something to do with that. As did the fact that her nipples stuck out more obviously than Alan could ever recall seeing them. He wondered if it was just that he'd never paid much attention to that kind of thing until recently.



"Oh here. Let me help you." Alan moved behind her, placed both hands on her shoulders, and began rubbing. "How did you get so sore?"

Her flesh relaxed with his touch. "That feels wonderful. Suzanne and I overdid it exercising today, I'm afraid." This was partly true. Indeed, Susan burned off her sexual frustration by vigorously attacking the exercise machines. However, the reason she was bent over and panting when Alan saw her was because she'd been daydreaming about last Tuesday, and cocksucking Alan. She agreed to a massage mostly just to cover up her state and distract Alan from continuing to stare at her. She felt like her nipples were going to burn right through her blouse if they didn't poke a hole through it first.

Alan hadn't really given a massage before, but he could instantly tell how sore she was. "Mom. Your muscles are tight as knots. Let's do this right. Let me give you a serious massage."

"Well, if you insist. But remember the new rules, okay?"

They moved over to a couch. Alan had Susan take off her stiff and formal blouse before she lay down, but she kept her bra on. He began a deep massage of her entire back. He didn't know what he was doing, but she told him when he did something good, and soon she began to feel a whole lot better. One part of her brain worried that it wasn't the smartest idea to have Alan give a massage when she felt so aroused, but these worries were dissolved as her muscle tension melted in his hands.

As his hands caressed her soft yet muscular flesh, he began to think with his libido. *I know I should be feeling guilty and all, but what if I can use this to get Mom back to giving me blowjobs? I have to at least try!* "Mom, your bra keeps getting in the

way. Don't worry, I'm just going to undo it temporarily."

"Okay, but promise that you'll behave like a gentleman. Can I trust you?"

"Of course." Susan was really sore all over, and soon she took her pants off so he could do her legs.

As the massage went on, she began to feel more and more aroused. Soon she was wishing that she hadn't made him make any promise to behave. In actual fact, behind her new demeanor, a sexual volcano still lay underneath, which waited to be released. So after about fifteen minutes, when Alan suggested she turn over so he could do her front, she just said, "Okay," in a flat voice. She essentially let her mind go blank, so she wouldn't have a conscience nagging at her.

Alan started on the front side of her shoulders and started downward. That brought him into contact with her tits sooner rather than later. He wasn't sure if there were even muscles in her boobs which needed a massage, but he wasn't about to miss such an opportunity.



He put a hand on each, but all Susan said was, "Now, be careful."

Before long, it was obvious to anyone who might have looked that the massage had turned sexual. Alan pinched and twisted her nipples, and lovingly caressed her tits in ways that didn't even make a pretense at a massage. But

Susan kept her eyes closed and her mouth smiling.

She continued to say things like, "Oooh, right there. ... Just like that." But now she was saying it when he did something particularly arousing, instead of when he found a particularly sore muscle.

Alan spent about ten minutes on her tits, and had been massaging for thirty

minutes already. But he wasn't used to such prolonged ministrations, and his hands were getting obviously weary. Finally, Susan said, "Alan, you're getting tired. Why don't I repay the favor and massage you for a bit?"

So Alan took off his shirt and took her place on the couch while she straddled him. Now that she was on top, she began to speak more as she worked down from his shoulders. "Tiger, maybe I've been going a bit too far with my new attitude. Don't you think? Don't you think it would be okay if we do things like give each other massages from time to time? There's nothing wrong with that, right? It's not like it's sexual or anything, right?" But even as she said this, her panties were soaked with the juices from her leaking pussy. And those panties were all she wore now. The sexual aroma of her juicy, dripping pussy began to permeate the room.

Alan said all the right things to put her at ease, and before she knew it, she'd taken off his shorts and underwear so she could continue down his body and massage his butt. Things grew even more sexual as she spent many loving minutes caressing his buttocks. "Alan, you have such a fine ass. You should be proud. It must be all that tennis you play."

She'd spent a long time on his ass already, so Alan said, "Not as fine as yours, Mom. In fact, why don't I get back to massaging you for a while, and see just how fine an ass you have?"

She hopped off of him, and said, "Okay, but are you sure you're done with my, uh, upper chest region?" They both laughed at that euphemism.

"You're right, mom," he conceded. "I'm not quite sure if I'm done there."

Susan lay down on her back and Alan straddled her on the stomach, completely naked now. As Susan lay down she saw that his penis looked very engorged. She commented with a bit of worry, "Tiger, remember your promise now, right? You're not going to do anything you shouldn't, right?"

Alan agreed, even though he had no idea what was or wasn't allowed at this point. He went at her tits with total abandon and dropped his head down to suck at her nipples while he mauled the unoccupied tit with his free hand. His engorged penis pressed into her belly. A drop of pre-cum formed at the tip of his penis and slowly drooled onto her skin.

"That's right," Susan said excitedly. "Suck your mommy's titties. Give them a good suck, just like a little baby!" She moaned loudly and repeatedly.

Alan meanwhile had one hand on his pre-cum slickened penis, and he pressed it into her stomach. It was hot and burned into her skin, though the sensation was more mental than a reflection of its actual temperature and wetness. Since Alan had his face in her chest, he could move the rest of his body further down. Alan pulled Susan's panties off, without any complaint from her. Then his penis slowly worked its way down her stomach and abdomen until it lay right above her bush.

The aroma from her juicy wet pussy made its way to Alan's nostrils and aroused him even more, if that was possible. He moved a little further down and the glans of his penis actually touched the distended and engorged lips of her now incredibly wet pussy.

That suddenly made her nervous. "Alan, just what do you think you're doing? Tiger? Please don't put your big, fat thing in Mommy! That would be so very, very naughty!"

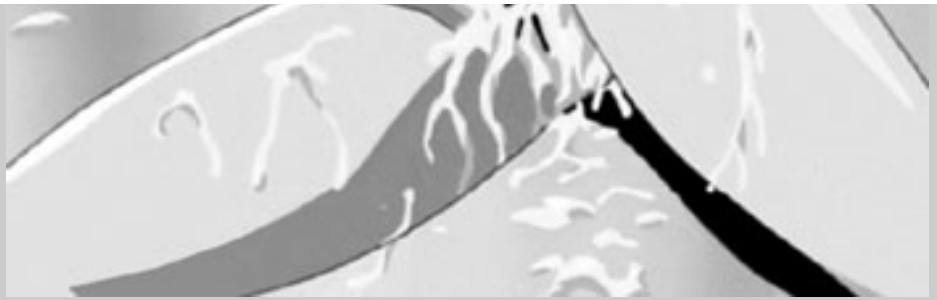
Alan wasn't sure if she was being encouraging or discouraging - her words and demeanor sent out a very mixed message, as she only used terms like "big, fat thing" and "Mommy" to further turn him on. Maybe even she wasn't sure if she wanted him to stop or not.

But it became a moot point, because her words excited Alan so much that he suddenly lost all control. He sat up and put both hands on his penis in a desperate attempt to stop an impending orgasm, but it was no good. His cum shot out in torrents right at her bush from mere inches away. Ropes of cum spurted out with tremendous force and splattered all over Susan's body. This obviously further excited the already very excited Susan, and she had an orgasm of her own.

By the time Alan was done, it seemed as if Susan laid lying in a pool of his cum. His semen was on her stomach, lower abdomen, and thighs from his last ropes as he'd pulled away. But most of it



was on her bush, and in fact he practically couldn't see any of her pubic hair at all for all the semen covering it. Alan was amazed at just how much he'd cum - it must have been a



dozen ropes. He was sure he'd never cum so much in his life. He wondered if it was because he hadn't climaxed at all in nearly two days. Susan certainly looked like she'd just been fucked, if not gang-banged by a whole bunch of men.

But as soon as he finished cumming, both Susan and Alan's moods completely changed. Susan cried, "My God, Alan, what the hell have we done? That was supposed to just be a massage! You nearly... Why, you nearly... You know what you nearly did! Leave me now, before you get any other crazy ideas!"

Alan fled to his room in shame. He lay on his bed and cried. *I guess there's no denying it. I really want to fuck my mother. I just can't stop myself! She's just too fuckable. It's like I have an easily-aroused Cindy Crawford for a mom. How am I supposed to control myself? This is so fucked up! I don't know which is worse, that I feel guilty for wanting to fuck her, or that I feel regretful that I came too soon before I COULD fuck her!*

After a few minutes, Alan dried his eyes and went to find Susan. She was on her bed, also crying. "Mom, I'm really sorry," he said as he knocked on her open door. She was fully dressed and cleaned up now. "I promise that will never happen again."

"You damned well better be sorry!" she said angrily as she looked up. "You took advantage of me, and we're really lucky things didn't go any farther!"

"Mom, I really wasn't going to, you know. I was getting sexually excited and hoping for more, but I really wasn't going to do that. I swear." Alan wasn't really sure if he was lying or not - it all happened so fast and his body had acted on its own as if his brain was on autopilot. But he felt he had no choice but to say it to restore his relationship with his mother.

"Really?" she asked doubtfully. "Are you really being honest?"

"Really. I swear."

She melted and opened her arms in an inviting hug. "Aaaww, I'm sorry to doubt you. Maybe I overreacted. Come here." Alan walked forward, but she suddenly changed her mind and put her arms down. "Wait! Scratch that. Sit down on the edge of the bed instead." He did so.

She continued, "It's not that I don't want to hug you, but I think we should avoid touching each other for a while. I mean, I could tell the massage started off innocently enough - I was really sore, and you were just helping out. But once you start touching me like that, I lose control. You don't know how sensitive my breasts are. Once you start touching me there, I start to think crazy things. So please. It's not your fault, exactly. Let's just forget this ever happened, and go back to how things used to be. No touching! Your father will be here in two days anyway. Okay?"

He hung his head, still ashamed at his behavior. "Okay."

That evening Alan spent a long time on his PC muscle exercises. His shame battled with his lust. *What would have happened if I had more control? I'm not going to blow it like that if another chance comes along. I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't cum right then, but I want my mind to be in control of my penis, not the other way around!*

CHAPTER 4 (Friday, Oct. 18)

Alan woke on Friday morning still numb with embarrassment. He could hardly look at his mother during breakfast. But at least the crushing of his libido allowed him to focus on school that day more than he'd been able to focus for days. He wanted to drive all thoughts of the night before out of his mind and bury his head in schoolwork.

But that same morning, his sister Katherine found herself with a very big problem. She had continued to go without bras and panties, and dressed as scantily as Susan would allow. She'd had so much fun with Alan that she didn't want it to end. That morning she had put on her cheerleader uniform because there was a big football game Friday afternoon, and the cheerleaders wore their uniforms all day long on game days to help build school spirit.

At breakfast, she had tried to flash him a view of her pussy under her very short, red cheerleader skirt. The danger of getting caught by her newly stern mother

cooking breakfast was severe, but that just added to the challenge and the excitement. She did manage to catch Alan's eye with her stunt, and succeeded in getting some reaction out of him, despite his glum face. But the underwear cabinet next to the front door was now gone in anticipation of father coming back, so when she left she forgot to put her panties back on.



It wasn't until she was just about to enter the school building for her first class when she felt a breeze between her legs and realized she wore a short dress and no panties! She immediately snapped her legs shut, and wondered in fear if anyone had noticed. She looked around and decided that no one had, as she'd just stepped out of her mother's car a few minutes earlier. She decided she had no choice but to go to her first

class, and meanwhile try to figure out what to do.

She remained hyperaware of her condition, and kept her legs tightly closed until the class ended. Then she hurried through the halls in search of her brother. She figured, *Alan's the only one I can tell this problem to. And he has to find a solution, because I can't think of anything. What am I supposed to do, just ask a friend if I can wear her panties? No way, and no one would agree to that anyways!*

She found him near the end of the break period, and they quickly made plans to meet again in a quiet place after the end of the next class. So an hour later, she immediately ran up to him and said, "Brother, I've got a big problem! I forgot to wear panties today. And I have cheerleader practice for my last class today, and then we go cheer for the big football game after school! What am I going to do?"

They quickly ruled out possibilities. The school had fences all around it, and no one was allowed to leave the school grounds for lunch. Even if one could escape, there was nowhere to go nearby to buy a pair of panties, as the school was in the middle of very residential area. They talked about her maybe finding some way to fake a sickness and skip out of school when they both had to hurry back to class.

At the next class break, they continued the discussion from where they left off. Alan

immediately said, "I've been thinking, and I have a crazy idea that just might allow you to attend the game. But it's really crazy. I'm sure you'll say no."

"What is it? I'm ready for anything."

"This sounds weird, but what if we painted a pair of panties on? All the cheerleaders wear black undies. I could get some black paint from art class and paint you during lunch. It's quick-drying."

Katherine thought about it. She wasn't big on the idea, but it sounded like something really kinky she could do with her brother. *Alan would have to get really up close and personal with my naked pussy to do the painting, heh-heh. But what if I get caught? I'll be made a laughingstock!*

"What about, you know, my hair down there?" she asked.

"Luckily, your hair is black, and the cheerleader underwear is black. And you keep it closely trimmed. That's why I was thinking it just might work. But you never know. Do you have to do a lot of kicks and stuff like that? I wouldn't worry about the game, 'cos you'll be at least fifty feet from the stands. More like a hundred from where most everyone sits. It's the practice in your last class that you should worry about."

She couldn't resist a tease. She leaned against him and asked: "How do you know my hair down there is black? Have you been peeking?"

"It's pretty much the same color as the dark brown hair on your head, silly."

"How do you know then that I keep it closely trimmed? It sounds like you're pretty intimately familiar with the appearance of my pussy."

Alan tried his best to remain businesslike and ignored the teasing. "You've been flashing it enough! Anyways, if we do this, I'm going to have to get a lot more familiar with it, if I'm going to paint you. We have to be quick: do you want to do this or not?"

She quickly considered the plusses and minuses. Finally she said, "This could be the biggest mistake of my life, but I'll do it. Anything for you, Big Brother!"

"For me?" he asked quizzically. "I'm doing this to help YOU. In any case, meet me

at the start of lunch in the north end of the hallway, upstairs. There's a supply closet we can use there. But hurry. We'll have to use every minute of lunch, and there'll be no time to eat, I'm afraid. If it doesn't work, or if someone starts to suspect, I'll just announce that you're sick, and help you get back home."

So they ran off back to class. Alan was able to secure the black paint and brushes from his art classroom during his next break.

Now he just had to get through Ms. Rhymer's class. Again he gave her the impression of being distracted, but for once it wasn't because of sex. He was thinking about the logistics of the paint job and the odds of the idea succeeding.

Brother and sister both breathlessly ran to the supply closet at the end of fourth period. Katherine of course ran with her hands on the front and back of her groin region, to make sure her very short skirt didn't go flying up. Her skirt only extended about two inches below her pussy.

CHAPTER 5

The both ducked into the supply closet as soon as the coast was clear. Katherine immediately saw why Alan had chosen it. It was like a narrow hallway, and it had a door to a smaller supply closet towards the back. They went into that room and turned on the light. There was so much stuff everywhere that there wasn't much room for two people, but they managed. The back room meant that someone could still open the door from the hallway, and hopefully not have any idea people were in the farther closet.

"Turn around, pull up your skirt, and pin it to your sides with your arms," said Alan in a commanding whisper. "You're going to have to stay in that position for a while."

Alan now squatted only inches from his sister's butt. "We'll do the ass first, 'cos it should be easier. Actually, with the butt it'll be easier if you bend over so you don't have to hold the skirt up." Katherine bent over completely, allowing Alan to not only study her butt in great detail despite the darkness of the room, but also to



examine every intimate nook and cranny of her pussy. The sight took his breath away.



He leaned forward until his face was just inches away from her ass. He deeply inhaled the combination of aromas from her ass and her pussy. All the smells made his penis stir. It took all his willpower not to lean forward and lick the puckered entrance to her anus.

Finally he continued, "Here, you draw with your hands on your butt exactly where the cut of the black underpants you wear with your cheerleader skirt goes." She reached behind and drew two lines with her hands. It was exactly the same as the tan lines from her bathing suit, which made his job easy. Alan was actually fairly amazed at just how revealing the cheerleader outfits were, considering they were for high school teenagers.

Alan immediately began painting and tried to imagine he was just painting a statue. He thought the painting might take the whole lunch period, which would leave no time for it to dry. "This is a special oil-based paint, and it dries fast," he said while he painted. "You're lucky I'm taking art this semester so I have access to these supplies! Because it's oil-based, it won't smear or come off if you get it wet with sweat or whatever."

"When I think about your face only a couple inches from my butt, I'm afraid there might be a lot of leakage of 'whatever' before too long," Katherine giggled.

"Come on!" he urged. "Let's get serious here. There's no time to play around."

"Does that mean you'll play around with me later, when we have more time?" she teased.

"Don't tease or you'll leave here with just half of a black butt!"

He sped on, but he was actually pleasantly surprised at how fast the painting went. Within three minutes, he had pretty much painted all of her ass. He mostly used a wide brush but switched to a narrow brush for the edges.

"I'm almost done with the back," he proudly announced.

"I think you need to pay more attention to the crack," she said seductively. "And I would rather you stick something thicker in there than that skinny little stick you're using. I know just the thing, and you have it in your pants." She laughed.

He laughed too, but was disturbed and nervous. *Would she really want me to fuck her? Especially after Mom's new attitude?* "Katherine, I'm shocked! You never used to talk like that before."

"Well, I've never had my brother paint my butt before!"

They both laughed again. Despite himself Alan found that he was getting over his morose feeling he'd had all day due to his embarrassing incident with Susan the night before.

"Shhh... No more jokes; we have to keep it down. People use this closet, you know. Okay, now we have to do the front."

"Oh, goody! The act we've all been waiting for!" she giggled.

"Come on, Katherine, you're making this very hard."

"There are other parts of you I'd rather make hard. Maybe next time, I can paint YOUR privates? I know what part I'd like to spend a long time on! Then afterwards we can test if the paint's dry enough by sticking it in a certain hole."

"Katherine, do you realize what you're saying?!?"

"Sorry, Bro. It's just that, especially since Mom and Suzanne turned all fuddy-duddy, I thought a little teasing could do you a world of good."

"Thanks, I guess - but we're losing precious time. I'll put the brushes down and hold up your skirt while you draw the cut of your panties in the front. You'll have to stand up for this part." She quickly stood and indicated the area to be painted. It covered the entire V-shaped area between her legs and a little more than her tan lines.



He painted as fast as he could, and went right down to the edge of her bush. Again he traced the outlines first with a small brush, and then quickly filled in the rest with a larger brush.



"I may have to get a little paint on the edge of your bush," he said as he got near to finishing all but her most private region. He actually painted over her pubic hair along all the edges.

'That's okay; you can do anything with my bush that you like.'

"Katherine! Don't talk like that!"

"But it's so fun! It's just teasing."

"I think the new Katherine is dangerous."

"I'm only like this with you."

"Dangerous for me then. In any case, I think I'm done with the painting. Why don't you step back, and I'll try to step back, and I'll see how it looks."

She stepped back, and then whispered in a little girl's voice, "Oh no, old man, don't look at my cute little virgin pussy! The wind has blown my skirt up and I can't get it back down! What ever will I do?"

"Very funny. Ha-ha. Sorry little girl, but I'm afraid of one thing. It's possible to see your pussy lips. Especially if you get excited like you are now, your pink pussy lips will stand out from a mile away."

"Uh-oh," she said now in her normal voice. "Does that mean the whole thing won't work?"

"Well, I could try painting them too, I guess, but I don't know if the paint will stay on."

"Oh goody!" she said again in her little girl's voice. "Now the dirty old man is going to touch my pussy!"

"Only with my paintbrush, you evil little girl. And before you start making lewd comments about my paintbrush and the size thereof, may I remind you that if you get wet down there, I can't paint. So think and say nothing but wholesome thoughts. Better yet, don't say anything at all, 'cos I have the feeling anything you

say today is going to come out horny."

"All right, I'll think completely wholesome thoughts about your penis. And wholesome thoughts about how you're going to stick it in my hole some."

Alan couldn't help but laugh at her pun, and laughed even more than usual to relieve his tension. But he said, "Okay, that's it. Don't talk at all, period. I'm serious."

Using the detail brush, he painted her pussy lips. They actually were already fairly wet. He tried to dry them off as best he could with the back of his hand, and then painted. She kept her mouth shut. To his surprise, the paint stuck even there, on parts of her pussy lips which were normally hidden from sight. It was really the perfect paint to use, he reflected.

"All right, you're lucky," he finally said. "This paint is so amazing, I could probably paint Jell-O with it. Now all we have to do is wait for it to dry."

"Thanks a lot, Big Brother. Can I talk now?"

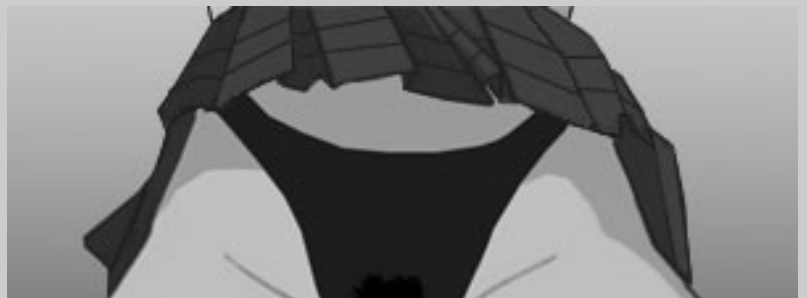
"No! Not unless it's completely nonsexual."

"Then I have nothing to say," she teased.

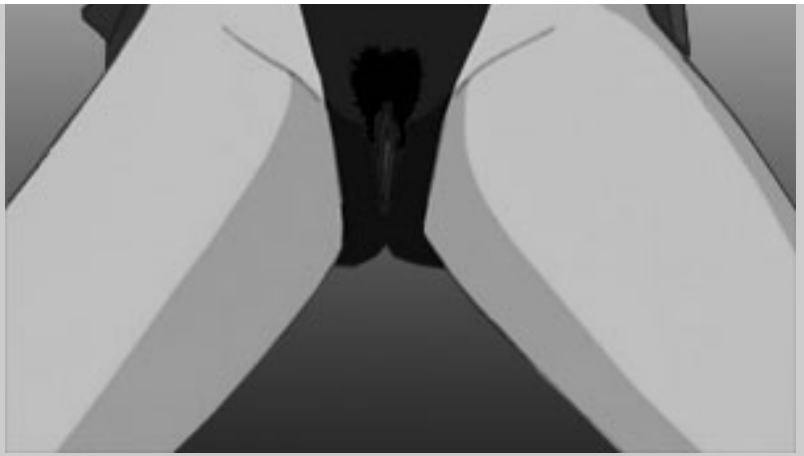
Five minutes went by. Katherine continued to sit there with her skirt bunched up around her waist, and her lower region completely exposed. From a distance, now it really looked like she wore black panties. Alan had even drawn on the sides of her hips to imitate the little stretches of cloth which connected the front of her panties to the back.

The only jarring thing that really gave away the paint job was her pussy hair. Luckily, it was very closely trimmed. Without the hair, he was sure it could fool anybody, given that the paint job was under a skirt, and she was likely to only give brief flashes to a distant crowd. The only problem was if someone like the other cheerleaders got a good view from a few feet away.

Another five minutes went by. He finished the painting about ten minutes after lunch began, and the paint had dried for ten minutes already. The skirt continually slipped



down, but it didn't really matter - he touched the paint and noticed it was already almost dry. There was another twenty minutes before the forty-minute lunch period was over. The paint job looked pretty good. The only problem was some lightness in the pussy lip area and the fact that the bush stood out a bit. But overall it was hard to tell that anything was amiss.



He finally spoke up. "You know, if I would have known we would have had this much time, I would have gotten something so we could have shaved your hair all off. Then it would be completely convincing."

"Don't worry," she replied. "We can do that next time."

"Next time? What are you talking about? There won't be a next time!"

"Don't get your panties in a bunch," she chided.

"If I had panties to get in a bunch, I'd loan them to you..."

"And then we wouldn't have to do this." She finished his sentence. "I know."

"Hey, do you have a bag lunch in your backpack?" he asked.

"I do," she answered.

"We still have about twenty minutes to eat lunch, so why don't we share it?"

They did. Alan held up her skirt while she ate her half of a sandwich. They chatted about things at home.

"You know Alan," Katherine said, suddenly changing the subject, "This room is really perfect. Not just for painting people's privates, but for doing other things with those privates as well. I'm surprised people don't come into here to make out, or to fuck. Or do they?"

"They don't, 'cos you have to be a goody-goody teacher's pet like me to be able to

get a key to come in here in the first place. Did you notice when I unlocked the door?"

"Who did you get it from? No, wait, let me guess. Ms. Rhymer."

"Good guess."

"I have a really nasty thought."

"Those are the only thoughts you're having today!"

"Yeah, well, this is a really erotic experience. Do you know how sexy it is to imagine the hundreds of people in the stands today who will be looking at my completely naked pussy? At any time someone might realize I'm not wearing panties at all, and then they'll tell the next person, and soon the entire crowd will know. And then everyone will forget about the game, and stare only at me. Maybe they'll all decide that..."

"Whoa, whoa, there!" Alan interrupted. "Before you get too carried away in your slutty little fantasy, remember that the paint is still drying."

"All right, party pooper. Anyways, it's good to keep the lips engorged a bit. Trust me, it's really erotic. I wonder how I'm going to stop from leaking like a broken faucet. Everyone will realize what's up when they see all the liquid pouring down my legs, and then I'll..."

"Time for a change of subject!" Alan interrupted again. "I'm afraid to ask, but what's this nasty thought of yours you were going to say earlier?"

"Oh yeah, that. What if you don't return the key to Ms. Rhymer? Just say you forgot. I know a place that'll make a copy of any key, and then return it on Monday. And then you or I, or you AND I, could come in here any time, and do whatever we want!"

"I'm not even gonna go there and ask what we'd be doing in here," Alan said. "Don't you know how much trouble I could get in for doing that with the key? Especially with Ms. Rhymer. She'd never forgive me for breaking her trust."

"Well, if she's so mad at you, maybe she could take you in here, and give you a proper spanking. Wouldn't you like that? And then when she's done spanking you,

then I could think of some things she and I could do to your sore, red butt that would make it feel all better again," Katherine giggled.

"Sister. Really! Get a grip on reality. Anyways, it's not like that between me and her. I don't think of her that way. She's just a, uh, mentor-type figure."

"Yeah, right! I know what subject you'd like her to mentor you in, and it isn't history. Come on, she's hot. I'd do her!" Then, suddenly changing the topic slightly, Katherine added, "This would be a great room for you to take Christine to, as well. Bring her here on some nerdy pretext, and then whip out that impressive penis of yours, and say, 'worship this, baby!'"

"Katherine, have you completely lost your mind? Do I look like the kind of guy who'd say 'worship this, baby' in a million years? Anyways, she's not interested in me in the slightest!"

She kidded, "So you like the idea, you just don't want to use that phrase?"

"Sis, you're kinda freaking me out, man. It seems like you're thinking really, really unwholesome thoughts about me. You know about mom's rules. That's just not right."

"Sorry, but you don't know how erotic this all is? I mean, you've been staring at my pussy for a good half hour now. I suppose you're just 'checking out the paint job.'" She said the latter part in a mock serious tone. She would have made quote marks in the air if she could have used her hands. "This is even better than that day you rubbed all of our naked bodies with suntan lotion."

Alan didn't need to be reminded of that. It seemed like weeks ago, but it was in fact only four days ago when he applied lotion to the naked backsides of Susan, Suzanne, and Katherine as they sat by the pool.

Alan was already extremely hard and horny, trapped in a tiny space with his even hornier sister. Thinking about the pool incident just made him even more frazzled. He had really unwholesome thoughts about his sister, too, but tried his best to deny that fact to himself. But he couldn't resist asking, "Oh yeah. Whatever happened that day, after I left?"

"We all flipped over to our front sides, but unfortunately you had scampered away.

Suzanne had many more fun ideas to torture you with. But since you'd left, she told Susan and I in great detail what the two of you just did, and how you reached orgasm in the pool just a few feet away from us. The three of us were completely wasted on alcohol by the time you came to the pool, by the way."

"I noticed that."

"Yeah. Well, we all sat there next to each other totally naked, and there was definitely some kind of lesbian buzz in the air, mostly radiating from Suzanne. She definitely has a healthy sex drive!"

"I noticed that too." He chuckled while he fondly remembered some of the things he'd done with Suzanne recently.

"I know you have, Big Bro. You make me jealous just thinking about you and her together. Anyways, as soon as you left, we all wanted to frig ourselves really bad. Especially after hearing Suzanne's story. But we were still too shy to do it with the other two there. Or at least I was. I doubt at least if Suzanne cared. But then Suzanne suggested that we could use the pool just like you did. So Mom jumped in and quickly brought herself off. She was desperate for relief by that point. Then she got out, and I did the same. I stood right where you stood to do it not long before. By the time I got back, Suzanne had already gotten herself off just sitting on the lawn chair. Susan must have watched that from close up, but I'm not sure. You couldn't miss the puddle of cum Suzanne left on her chair, though.

"But getting ourselves off didn't seem to cool us down at all. I think a lot of it had to do with being naked outside for the first time. You know, the thrill that anyone could be watching, and checking each other out, too. We were so fucking hot, all of us. Squirming around in our chairs. Putting on more lotion, constantly. Suzanne kept suggesting that you'd go to the window of my room to spy on us, and we all kept looking up to the second floor, half expecting to see you. But you never spied on us, you dummy."

Alan answered, "No, I honestly didn't. I masturbated and then fell asleep. I hate getting so tired and having to take a nap every day, but I can't help it."

Katherine continued, "That's why you need our help with your cock. That's why you have to have your sister lick it for you and make it all better. Aren't we all so lucky you have that problem?"

She made a move towards him, but he said, "Hey! Remember about keeping it cool?"



She stuck her tongue at him poutily, and continued. "Anyways, I remember laying there by the side of the pool with my feet dangling in the water. Suzanne stood up in the water and looked at me in a really sultry way. We were all so horny, so fucking out of control horny. Speaking for

myself, I was ready to fuck a rock, a carrot, an elephant - anything. So Suzanne was looking pretty good. She asked me if I needed more suntan lotion. I could tell she wanted to put it all over me, even though Susan was sitting right there. But I told her no. I got a little scared. Things broke up not long after that. And then we all left and diddled with ourselves in private. At least, I know I did!

"I'll tell you, Bro, the whole thing was about the hottest, sexiest experience I've ever had. Especially when you were still there and putting lotion on me. If you would have come back later, we would have all been lining up, on our hands and knees, our naked asses wiggling with desperation, begging to be the one fucked first."

Alan dismissed the idea. "You're just saying that. You're exaggerating, just like the comment about the elephant." To himself he thought, *There's a mental image I'm not going to be able to get out of my head for a while!*

"Maybe, Big Brother. Maybe. Or maybe it was just the heat of the moment. Or the alcohol. I think Mom actually got ill later. You know how alcohol affects her so easily. In any case, if you would have come back down it would have been a load of fun, I guarantee you that. ... You don't think Suzanne had lesbian tendencies, do you?"

"Of course not. I can attest first-hand that she very much likes men."

"I'll bet you can!" Katherine giggled.

"She was probably just carried away by the situation, like straight guys being temporarily gay in prison."

"Yeah, I guess that's it," Katherine said, but she wasn't so sure.

"Um, Sister, maybe this isn't the best time to ask this, but you said something earlier in your little girls' voice about your 'little virgin pussy.' Was that just playing, or are you still a virgin?"

"Thanks for asking about my pussy! I'd be happy to tell you all about it, any time!" Katherine giggled. "Honestly, I've given some handjobs, and gone down on some guys, but whenever I get serious with some guy, Mom yanks my chain and makes me dump him. So I'm still technically a virgin. That's okay though, 'cos I'm trying to save myself for my brother."

"Sis, you can't talk that way! It's really disturbing me. Teasing is one thing... but remember the limits! I'll just chalk it down as you getting too excited because of the whole paint job."

"You do that. It's just teasing, anyways. And my hymen broke when I was a kid, so you won't have to worry about the blood when you push your big, thick cock in my tiny, tight, ready and waiting pussy. I'm sure that must be why you asked."

"Katherine! What if someone heard you talking?" She wasn't far off on why he was curious, but he still fiercely resisted crossing over from fantasy into reality.

"You know I'm not really serious, 'cos that would be wrong, wouldn't it? Or am I serious? Wouldn't you like to know!" She laughed again.

All of the sudden Alan remembered the time, and then looked at his watch. "Oh my God! There's only a few minutes left before the end of lunch. Let's check to see if you're dry now."

Ever since he'd stopped painting, both Alan and Katherine had stood, so he couldn't really look at her exposed privates, especially since



he had desperately tried to maintain eye contact. But now he let the skirt down, then got down on his knees behind his sister and stuck his head underneath the skirt. The idea was this would allow him to see and touch the paint job, but really he just



wanted to get his nose within inches of his sister's pussy. It was actually too dark to see that way, but he didn't care. He ran his hands over her butt, ostensibly to check if the paint was dry. It was. He then pried open her pussy lips with his fingers, and took a long time to determine that the paint was dry even there. He deeply inhaled the smell of Katherine's nether regions, and liked it.

He was tempted to put his nose straight into her pussy lips when Katherine finally spoke, playfully suggesting, "You know, if you really want to make sure the paint is dry, it might be more accurate to check with your tongue."

"Ha-ha, Sister," he said humorlessly. "You really are too much to take, do you know that?"

"I know. But seriously, I want to be able to help you too. You know, what Mom and Suzanne are doing. Rubbing your penis. I'm happy to help, too. I want to hold your penis, too. And rub it. And suck it! Why haven't you asked me to help you in that way yet? I've been waiting for it so eagerly! I'm completely serious this time. You can't say it's 'cos I'm your sister, 'cos Mom has been helping you, too. But now that she's gone all moral, it should be my turn to take over."

Alan used his hands to motion Katherine to turn around, and she did. He now used his hands to run all over the front of her crotch. He even ran his hands through her pubic hair, even though there was no paint there. The only reason he did it was because her talk made him so hot.

After thinking for a while of a suitable response to her suggestion, he finally said, "Um, Sis, now's not the time to talk about that. We've got to run to class." He was very conflicted about the idea, and didn't really know what he wanted.

"All right," Katherine sighed. "God, I want to suck it, though." Her whole ass started to shake inches from Alan's nose in response to the movement of his hands, and he watched with fascination as a few drops of cum dripped out of her opened

pussy lips. She continued, "But tell me one thing. Is it that you don't find me attractive? I know I'm not a bombshell like Mom and Suzanne..."

"Katherine, you are too a bombshell. I find you extremely attractive." He spoke directly into her pussy. "That's the problem. God, you're so hot! And too eager. That's the bigger problem. Where would it all lead?" Alan ran his hands over her pussy lips in a most unbrotherly like manner, and "accidentally" tweaked her clit. But realizing the bell for class would ring in a minute or two, he used all of his remaining willpower to stand up and take his hands off of his sister. "See? Look. I can hardly control myself, and you're not telling me to stop like you should."

"Why should you stop, or we stop, when it feels so good?"

Alan ignored the question and instead suggested, "Try not to move around when you sit. Now, let's get out of here! Remember that little thing called class?" He slapped her on the butt playfully.

CHAPTER 6

There were two class periods after lunch. Katherine's paint job got completely dry in fifth period. Sixth period was her cheerleader practice. Since they had a football game to cheer at immediately afterwards, they only had a light practice of stretches, warm ups, and a review of what they would be doing later during the game. They practiced on a little-used lawn that was separated from the football field only by a chain-link fence. The football players could see them about 100 yards away while they also got ready for the game.

Until now, Katherine was almost completely certain that no one would notice her paint job. And the paint job was so convincing, she made it through most of her cheerleader practice before there was any trouble.



The head cheerleader's name was Heather. She was gorgeous. She lived the clichéd life of going out with the star quarterback on the football team, and she was a near-certain lock for both Homecoming Queen and the Most Popular award later in the year. She had long blonde hair that she usually wore in a ponytail, pouty red lips, shining eyes, and a deeply tanned, tall body. It was rare for someone



so blonde to be so tanned, and it was because she worked at it. It was rumored that even her most private places were just as tanned as the rest of her, and it was true. But it was both her tits and perfect facial features which won her fame at school.

On the inside, she actually was a vacuous, stuck up, horny bitch who cheated on her boyfriend all the time. She was demanding and domineering with all the people she knew. Her haughtiness however

seemed to only make her more popular.

There were six cheerleaders on the varsity squad: Heather, Amy, Katherine, Kim, and two others named Janice and Joy. Because of budget cuts which lead to a great teacher shortage and Heather's previous years of experience, there really was no teacher looking after them. As a result, Heather had complete control over them, as she did the year before. Behind her back, they not-so-jokingly called her "Little Hitler" for the way she ran the squad.

Heather faced the other five as she led the exercises, so only she was in a position to notice something odd about Katherine. With the class getting near the end, she finally noticed something odd, but couldn't put her finger on it. Suspicious, she ordered them all to do stretches where they pulled one of their legs all the way up to their heads as they stood.

Heather walked over to Katherine. One of Katherine's legs pointed straight up towards the sky. She put her hand on Katherine's butt, under the skirt, as if to help her stretch even higher. Heather's hand slid up a bit, and then she felt the lack of any underwear. *Whoa! What do we have here?* she thought.

"Katherine, are you having trouble with your stretch?" With her other hand Heather reached straight for Katherine's pussy, and stuck a finger inside it. Katherine silently gasped.

"Um, n-no! I-I-I'm good!" Katherine stammered.

"I don't know," said Heather. "You feel really... tight." She stuck a second finger into Katherine's



pussy as she said that. Heather wasn't lesbian per se, but she was very sexual and couldn't miss a golden opportunity like this with such a beautiful girl as Katherine. She wiggled her two fingers deeper into Katherine's pussy and Katherine gasped in horror. To any distant outside observer, it looked like Heather merely tried to hold Katherine up with both hands to prevent her from falling.



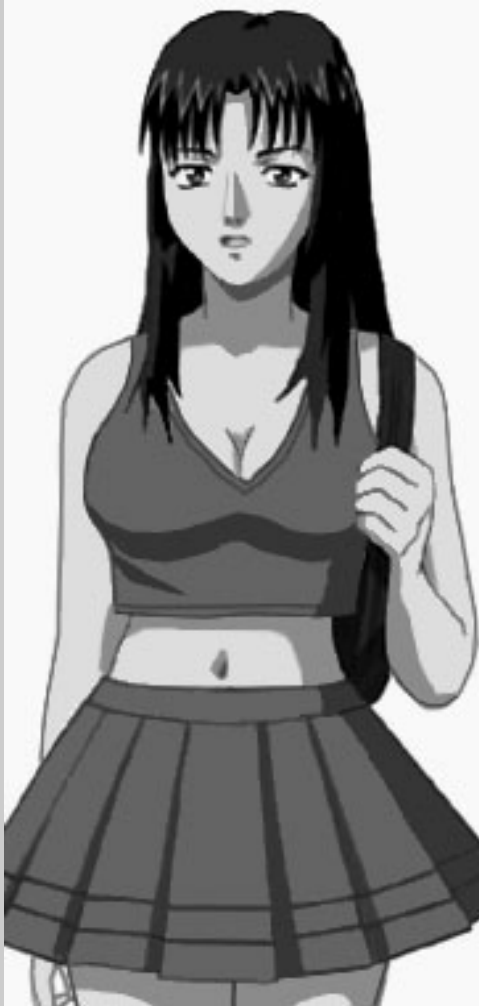
"I think it's good if you loosen up," Heather suggested. "I think you may have a strained muscle or something." She plowed two fingers in and out of Katherine's pussy as discretely as she could manage, given the other cheerleaders stood a few feet away. Heather was not only very sexually active, but she also loved the thrill of danger.

"Um, whatever you say," said Katherine. She was petrified. She looked over towards the other cheerleaders, and luckily they continued their exercises, oblivious. But with a few words, the bitchy Heather could now completely destroy her. Katherine was totally at Heather's mercy.

Heather wanted to have more fun with Katherine, but she knew she couldn't right then because all the other cheerleaders waited for her, especially since it was game day. If she delayed any longer, they would start to look closely at her hold on Katherine, and the gig would be up.

So she thought: *How can I take advantage of this? If I can't enjoy this right now, then I'll hand Katherine over to someone who can and then join in the fun later.* She walked back in front of the group and looked over the other cheerleaders. *What about Kim? She's a total lesbian, I know that. She'll definitely like this, and will owe me one.*

"Kim," said Heather, "I'm worried about Katherine. I think she's got a muscle cramp coming on, but doesn't want to admit it. Can you take her over there" - Heather pointed to a spot on the lawn about 25 yards away - "and help her get limbered up? I think the cramp is right in the front groin area, so don't miss that." She smiled a rare smile. She'd picked a spot in the opposite direction from where all the other cheerleaders faced. That way, she could see what Kim would do as she led the practice, but the other cheerleaders couldn't. But there was always the possibility any of them might turn around, especially if she stared in that direction too much.



Kim and Katherine walked away from the others.

Kim had medium-length, brown hair, and was the shortest person on the team. She was as beautiful as pretty much everyone else on the cheerleading squad, who all looked like stereotypically gorgeous Southern California cheerleaders. She was also the youngest on the squad in both appearance and maturity level. She and Katherine were also the only two new members of the cheerleading squad.

The two of them walked to the spot Heather indicated and stopped. Katherine's heart was beating in fear like a loud drum. With traffic noise and other noise of the outdoors, they were pretty much out of earshot of the other cheerleaders, unless one of them said something loud.

"All righty, let's see what the problem is," said Kim as she flipped up the front of Katherine's skirt. The black paint job and black haired pussy stared back at her.

"Oh my..." was all Kim could say.

"Please have mercy!" whispered Katherine. "Just don't tell anyone! It was an accident!"

Kim suddenly realized the position of power she was in. Katherine trembled in fear. It was one thing to tease her brother, whom she dearly loved. It was another thing altogether to be at the mercy of someone she disliked, like Heather, or didn't know well, like Kim. The two of them hadn't known each other until cheerleading practices began a few weeks before.

Kim put a finger into Katherine's already very wet pussy, and noted that Katherine didn't say or do anything about it. So Kim began to piston in and out of it with her finger.

"An accident, hunh?" Kim finally said. "Somehow you just accidentally got painted-

on underwear? How does that happen by accident?"

"It's a long story. Are you going to tell anyone? Please don't tell anyone!" Katherine pleaded.

"Well, that depends. Are you going to cooperate?"

"Yes. Yes. Anything!"

"Goody! Anything? So you don't mind if I do this?" She took three fingers and stuffed them all in Katherine's pussy. Katherine gasped at the massive intrusion, but didn't say anything.

Kim prodded, "I asked you a question. Do you mind?"

"N-n-no. I don't mind." Katherine shuddered in both fear and horniness.

"Cool. Let's get down on the ground and make it look like we're stretching. Let's sit just the right distance so we're one arm's length from each other when we're all stretched out. Then I'll reach over and put my hands in your pussy, but it'll look like I'm doing a full stretch. Then your reach over and put your fingers in mine. Think you can handle that?"

"Yes," Katherine said weakly.

They both got into position, completely spread-eagled on the ground. From a distance it looked like they sat across from each other and imitated the other's movements, each pulling their heads to the ground as they stretched. But if one were closer and had a good look, one could notice that each woman had a hand under the skirt of the other one. Katherine pulled the thin band of cloth away from Kim's vagina, and stuck her fingers into another woman for the first time.

Much to Katherine's consternation, after a few minutes of this, the other cheerleaders took a short break and another cheerleader named Janice came over to see how Katherine was doing. Kim immediately removed her hands from anywhere near Katherine's pussy, but still Katherine was deathly afraid that Janice would notice the paint job. Even Kim was terribly nervous. She put up a tough



front, but her bravado hid her butterflies.

"How's it coming, Katherine? Muscle cramp, hunh?" Janice knelt right behind Katherine and even put her hands on her shoulders.

"Yep."

"Need any help? I'd be happy to massage your thigh muscles."

"No thanks!" Katherine said far too loudly. "Um, I'm cool. Kim is helping out." Janice walked off after another few moments of chitchat.

Kim immediately had both of them get back into position, fingers in each other's pussies. "Let's just stay like this for a while," said Kim. "I don't know how we're gonna do it, but we're not gonna leave here until you get me off."

"Will you be quiet then?"

"If you do all I say, I will. But I'm not through with you yet! I had no idea you were like this. You seemed like such a prude, to be frank. ... Tell me, are you seriously planning to go to the football game like that?"

"Not planning, exactly. Like I said, this was an accident! I am prudish. I forgot to wear panties this morning, and so this was an emergency solution. I got painted during lunch. It was either that, or wear nothing at all!"

"Good Lord, woman, I thought you were the most frigid of us cheerleaders, and it turns out you were the hottest of us all. That takes some wicked serious guts! And if you're prudish, you finger a pussy pretty well for a prude."

Katherine had no reply to that. They both continued to plunge their fingers into each other's pussies as they talked. They bobbed their bodies to make it look like they were stretching, which caused their fingers to piston in and out.

"Who painted you?" asked Kim after a while.

"Pardon me?"



"You heard me. Who painted you? Don't tell me you painted yourself. Tell me the truth, or I might just show your paint job to the other cheerleaders, and get their opinion on who did it."

"Promise not to tell anyone who it is?"

"You're not in a position to be asking favors. Yeah, I promise, but that means you'll owe me one. Which you already do. You'll have to pleasure me again and more extensively on some other day. Which is something you'll have to do already, so I guess it doesn't matter. I'll have to consult with Heather and figure out just what kind of fun we're going to have with you."

"I'm so ashamed! He would kill me for telling, but it was my brother. Alan."

"Your brother? Kinky! God, even your puffed up pussy lips are painted thoroughly, and by your brother!"

"Who else could I ask to do that favor? It's not like I was going to ask a stranger! I figured with my brother he'd respect, you know, my chastity."

"Not a bad choice. Your brother is pretty cute. All right, that gives me an idea. I think I have a plan on how we can punish you properly. Let's see if your little paint job works in the game, and meanwhile I'll talk it over with Heather. In the meantime, let's switch positions so you can finger me better. I wish I could just rub my hands all over your sweet black butt and your magnificent tits. But that will have to wait for another time."

Katherine's tits were quite a bit bigger than Kim's, and the lesbian cheerleader had fantasized about touching them ever since she'd joined the team (in fact, she had fantasies involving all the other cheerleaders).

Katherine made it to the game without anyone else noticing the paint job. When the game finally started not many minutes later, she stood on the sidelines and literally trembled in anticipation. She wasn't a lesbian, but she had to admit that being fingered by Heather briefly and then more extensively by Kim really got her hot. The feeling of stretching her pussy over the fresh green grass while Kim's lithe little fingers played around inside of her pussy in direct sight of the knowing Heather and within possible sight of the other cheerleaders and even the football players was nearly too much for her. In the fifteen or so minutes Kim and Katherine

fingering each other right on the lawn, their positions became increasingly less plausible as stretching exercises. Kim even considered ordering Katherine to lick her, but couldn't think of a remotely plausible cover exercise for that, and worried about drawing the attention of the football players.

Meanwhile, Heather had to go out of her way to avoid any exercises which involved the cheerleaders turning around, or they all would have been instantly exposed. Kim and Katherine both came buckets of cum, it seemed.

CHAPTER 7

When practice ended, Katherine had to ask Kim to take a close look at her paint job, to make sure all the frigging and leaking hadn't ruined it. Kim gladly did so. She laid on the ground, and looked up between Katherine's legs as Katherine "accidentally" walked over her. Kim had the bad news that unfortunately the pink of her pussy lips, now engorged, were fairly visible. That just made both of them hotter, because it was too late to turn back now.


Alan, meanwhile, had managed to borrow a pair of binoculars. He sat himself in the front row of the stands to get the closest view of his sister that he could. He also made a point of avoiding his friends so he could sit alone, completely away from everyone else. Luckily, the stands were only half-filled and few wanted to sit in the front row, since the view of the game was better from higher up.

He told himself that he was merely interested in making sure the paint job worked well.



The game began, and the cheerleaders started to cheer. Alan couldn't see much of Katherine's privates with the naked eye. He didn't get many chances, because Katherine jumped around as little as possible. When he did get his chances he thought he could see some pink, and he realized with a twinge in his penis that that must be her pussy. But he wondered, *Did I notice it only because I'm looking for it? Can others see?*

However, with the high-powered binoculars he had borrowed, everything was clear as day. Instead of



being fifty or more feet away, it seemed to him like he was only five feet from her. He felt he could reach out and touch the clearly visible hairy mound of her pussy. He quickly stopped and looked around at the crowd to see if anyone else had binoculars.

Luckily, it was just a game between two crappy high school teams, and no one else seemed to care enough to bother with binoculars. Alan felt relieved, and went back to staring at his sister.

Down on the field, Kim stood next to Katherine as they jumped about. Heather was on Katherine's other side. Kim whispered to Katherine, "I can see your brother. He's in the audience."

"Where?" Katherine asked excitedly.

"There," Kim pointed. "He's in the very first row. And it looks like he has some serious binoculars and isn't pointing them at the game. Is that what you call 'brotherly love?'"

"I told you already it's not like that," said Katherine resentfully. But knowing that her brother was watching and with binoculars to boot, she began to jump around more enthusiastically. It made her hot to think that in fact, already three other people knew she wore no panties: Alan, Kim, and Heather.

Back in the stands, Alan's reverie was broken when he heard the voice of his friend and former love interest Christine. "Hi Alan. Whatcha looking at?"

"Oh hi, Christine. What are you doing here?" he said relatively calmly, but inside, he thought, *Christine, of all people! Oh shit! She hasn't spoken to me in a week. Why now, of all times?*

"I was looking for you. What are you doing here? I thought you didn't like football."

He realized that it was clear he was looking at the cheerleaders and not the game, anyway. "I was... looking at my sister doing her cheerleading. She asked me to watch. They've got a whole bunch of new moves, and she wanted to get my opinion about them."

"Oh really? Can I take a look?" Christine asked as she reached for the binoculars.

"No! ... Um, I mean, these binoculars are not mine. The guy I borrowed them from gave them to me very reluctantly. He said I could only use them if I didn't let anyone else touch them. So I really have to respect that."

"Okay. Geez. Not a big deal."

Phew! That was a close one. God, what if she saw me staring at my sister's pussy, flashing in the sun? She'd think I'm a total pervert and worse. She'd never speak to me again!

"Actually, Christine, I think I've seen enough," Alan said. "It's almost the end of the first half, and the cheerleaders just do the same stuff over and over after a while. Since you don't like football either, why don't we go get some ice cream?"

"That sounds great!"

Down on the field, Katherine saw Alan walk off with Christine. She jumped even more enthusiastically ever since she saw Alan watching. She began to flash her pussy and her ass to the crowd more and more. But as soon as he left, her behavior changed again, and she hardly moved much at all. She was jealous of Christine. *I thought she wasn't interested in him? And now they're going off together somewhere?*

When half time came, Kim came up to Katherine, grabbed her by the arm, and whispered in her ear, "I think I know one cheerleader who has very unnatural feelings for her brother! The evidence keeps piling up. I saw how you were putting on a show for him, and then stopped and got all bummed out. You can't deny it. I think Heather will find that most interesting!"

"No! You can't tell!" whispered Katherine back.

"For such a smart cheerleader, you're not very smart. So you confirmed it! To think that until today I thought you were all conservative! Okay, I'll keep it a secret, but now you REALLY owe me. In fact, I think that basically, you're my bitch. You're my slave. What do you think about that?"

"What are you going to make me do?" said Katherine in fright. She had images of being tied by ropes in a



dungeon.

"Nothing too much, and I'm sure you'll enjoy yourself thoroughly, if today on the grass was any indication. For starters, I want you to wear the same painted-on panties to cheerleader practice all next week."

"What?"



"That's the idea that Heather and I came up with. That's your punishment from her. But to get even with me, there's more. I also want to wear the same thing next week. I think it's totally hot. I'm waaay jealous! I wish I was you right now, flashing my cunny to hundreds of strangers! So you'll get your brother to paint me up too. How do you two do it, anyways?"

"He painted me during lunch, in a supply closet." Katherine was in a state of shock.

"Perfect. Sounds delicious. On top of that, any time I want your body, you come running. What are you doing tonight?"

"I have a date."

"With your brother, I'm sure," Kim snickered. "I want you to cancel it. You're cumming with me. Spelled C U M. You'll find I'm really not mean, and I'm not into anything weird. I just like to get off."

"I-I-I can't! My father is coming home, and he's been away for months! I'm going to be really busy this weekend!"

Kim remembered that Katherine had in fact previously mentioned her father coming home over the weekend so she figured it wasn't a lie. "I'm sure we'll find some time. Starting after the game."

CHAPTER 8

After the game, Katherine hurried back home and immediately found her brother in his room. She decided she had to tell him everything. She included the details about how she was repeatedly finger-fucked by Heather and Kim. And not only

during the practice before the game. When the game ended, Heather and Kim took Katherine to a nearby supply shed and made her put her fingers in both of their pussies. Katherine frigged first one and then the other and back again while they talked to her in greater detail about her new situation.

Katherine protested that she had to leave immediately because her mother was coming in a car to pick her up, but they didn't let her off that easy. Heather, naturally in charge, said, "Katherine, since you're in such a rush we'll let you go, just as soon as you lick my pussy. Kim, you'll be getting plenty of this treatment from her in days to come, so be patient." Kim just stayed silent and intently watched to see what Katherine would do.



Katherine pushed aside Heather's panties yet again and noticed that the two girls seemed to mock her lack of panties by keeping their own on. As she stared at Heather's pussy, she thought to herself, *This morning I'd never even imagined touching a woman, and now I'm getting intimate with two pussies already, at the same time! How crazy is that?* To Heather she said, "Look, later, but right now..."

"Stuff it," Heather interrupted. "If you argue, I'll make you spend more time arguing than just doing it, and in the end I'm going to make you do it anyways. Just do a few licks to show me you're capable and understand your position. If you're really in a hurry, you'll just get it over with."

Katherine could see no way out. She looked intently at Heather's pussy. She had to admit that it was a really pretty one with nicely-formed lips and a cute little clit that poked out just below a furry patch of blonde pubic hair.

She bent down and gave a few perfunctory licks. She was surprised by the taste and smell, both of which she found very arousing. She found herself thinking she

might get off on having her tongue slide into Heather's pussy, if it weren't for the humiliation she'd been put through.

Heather mercifully let her go, knowing that she'd have more chances later. Katherine felt extremely weirded-out by the humiliation of the whole episode and was grateful for it to be over.

If pressed, Katherine had to admit that theoretically she didn't terribly mind the idea of getting pleased by beautiful women, but she adamantly didn't want to be anyone's slave. She figured that situation could only go from bad to much worse. So that's why she told everything that happened to Alan, hoping he could get her out of this mess.

Actually, there was one little detail she left out. She mentioned the part about how Kim claimed that she had a thing for Alan because of all that happened with the painting and binoculars, but she left out the part where she admitted that it was true. She was so concerned about all these problems that she didn't even try to tease or flirt with him as she told her story, although the details created a perfect opportunity.

When she was done, Alan suggested, "First, keep stalling for time. Kim has too many plans for you down the line to actually rat you out at this point if you don't see her this weekend. Just stall as much as you can.

"Meanwhile, I'm thinking the only way to get out of blackmail is counter blackmail. We have to get Kim in some compromising situation so that she has to be the one to cry uncle. When that happens, her power over you will immediately fall apart. We may have to do something with Heather too, but it sounds like she's a tough one. However, with Kim out of the picture it will be your word against Heather's, which is infinitely better than two against one.

"And," he continued, "since Kim is so set on doing this painted underwear thing, we should have a lot of chances to get her back. I'm thinking on game day next Friday, I switch the paint that I paint her with to something very water-soluble. Then all we have to do is threaten to get her wet, like splash some water on her in the middle of the game, and she'll be totally ruined! She'll have to agree to anything we say."

"Big Brother," cooed Katherine, "you're so smart! That's why I had to tell you everything. I feel soooo much better now. I couldn't stand to think of having to be a

slave to a couple of lesbo bitches for the rest of the year. But I still have this paint all over my butt. Can you help me get it off?"

"How am I supposed to do that? I hadn't really thought about that."

Katherine was suddenly felt randy again, now that she had solutions to her concerns. She flashed her butt up at him and said, "Does it come off by licking?"

In actual fact, because Alan used a very hard-to-remove oil-based paint, Alan did have to help get the paint off, and it wasn't easy. They both got in a bathtub in the bathroom near Alan's room. Katherine went in totally naked, while Alan wore his swimsuit. He was much more concerned than her about taking teasing and touching too far. Especially because of his mother's new mood: it was very possible Susan could get nosy and figure out the two of them were in the bathroom together. At least the door was lockable though.

Katherine lay across his lap. They were as quiet as could be, so their mother wouldn't hear. Katherine was frustrated that she wanted to say things like, "Your cock would feel so much nicer than that brush sliding up my ass," but Alan wouldn't let her moan or even whisper any comments.

Alan used a rough, Brillo pad-type brush to repeatedly scrape her butt. Then he used the remote shower nozzle to wash away the loose paint, and then they repeated the process over and over. Eventually he got the butt cleared of every last speck of paint, but it took at least twenty minutes.

Then she turned over, and he did the same to the front. It finally came down just her pussy that needed cleaning. Their bathtub was quite big, big enough for two, but even so she spread her legs so wide that one leg hung over the side of the tub and the other rode up on the wall as far as it could go. She was spread so wide it looked like she was ready to give birth. Alan was secretly highly aroused to see her in such a subservient and fuckable position. They couldn't talk, but Katherine could read his feelings via the giant lump in his swimsuit.

The pussy area was the hardest to get clean, because of the hair and the pussy lips. Luckily, her lips became as engorged as they could be whenever Alan brought his hands near them, so that helped expose all the areas which needed to be cleaned. He tried to gently rub this sensitive area, but even so, the rough brush hurt her pussy lips very much. But intense pleasure was mixed with pain. Her clit

was fully erect, and Alan couldn't help but rub it each time he passed the brush back and forth. Actually, he could have helped it if he wanted to, but he secretly delighted in hitting it each time.

Soon her body was rocked with a series of powerful orgasms. She leaked profusely as he cleaned her pussy for a good fifteen minutes.

Finally, it was done. Once again he methodically washed off the remaining flecks of paint using the remote shower nozzle. This time however, he set the nozzle on its highest setting, and used the jet of powerful water as another way to please her pussy.

But when everyone was cleaned at last, Katherine didn't move from her splayed-out position. She simply and silently reached out and grabbed a bar of soap, then handed it to Alan. He used the nozzle to make her completely wet from head to toe. Then he doused himself, and turned off the water. Starting at her feet, he worked the bar of soap up her legs and created a thick lather of soap everywhere his hands went. He lathered up her crotch thoroughly, and then began to move higher.

Katherine grabbed his hands and tried to keep him on her pussy as long as she could. Now that he used his hands and not a brush, she was delighted to find him experimenting with her clit as he rubbed it and stretched it. She silently and demonstratively said the word "Yes" over and over, to make sure he got the signal that he was doing very well.

She then tried to guide his fingers into her pussy, but he seemed unwilling. So, when he finally moved on to other parts of the body (after making her repeatedly cum several more times), she took the plunge and began fingering herself. However, he was willing to plunge a finger into her tight little anus, and soon he was sawing away in that puckered hole while she worked on her pussy.

But Alan continually moved his hands to



explore every inch of his sister, and a few minutes later he reached her boobs. Katherine took the occasion to reach out and free his straining penis from his swimsuit. She whispered, "You've been so nice, but it is I who should be helping you."

He was expecting this by now, but still managed to be surprised when it really happened. Once her hands were on his penis, they didn't let go. She began to jack him off even as he lathered up her tits. In order for him to reach her tits he had to scoot forward, which placed his penis head just inches from her soapy pussy. Katherine was tempted to grab his back with one hand and the penis with the other and pull him into her fuck hole, but she held back. Vestiges of restraint still held her, not to mention the fear of being caught.

Alan's penis had been at attention so long by this point that it didn't take long for him to start cumming. He shot his seed all over her stomach shortly after she started rubbing it. His penis pulsed and throbbed as shot after shot of hot semen splattered over Katherine. She continued to stroke his hard rod and coaxed out the final spurts of cum.

After squeezing out every last drop, Katherine rubbed his hot seed in with the cool soapy suds, and soon all that could be seen was white suds which practically covered her from her toes to her boobs. Alan was totally spent though, and finally stepped out of the shower. He never did get any higher than her boobs with the soap, but Katherine didn't mind that. She silently mouthed the words, "Thank you, Brother," and stood up.



Alan stayed for a few minutes and dried himself as he watched his sister rinse off her sexy body with a sponge. *God, she's too young, but I'm so ready to fuck her*, he thought as he watched. *She may not have an inhumanly perfect body like Suzanne or my mom, but she still would be as good a fuck as anyone in school, I'm sure. And being with her would probably be just as fun as with the other two, but in a different way. I'll bet she's got a much tighter pussy for one thing, and I hear that's something really worth fucking. ... Shit! I'm not a bad man, but how could anyone in my position*



turn down such beautiful women? If Mother Teresa or the Dalai Lama were here right now, they'd be sticking something into her pussy right

now, I swear. I shouldn't feel bad. There's just no way any person can resist a display like this!

In the shower, his sister spent much more time with her hands in her pussy and roamed her breasts than she did to rinse the soap off. Alan was amazed her pussy could take so much rough stimulation in such a short time, and still demand more. As if reading his thoughts, she turned towards him and winked invitingly. Alan left before another round of fun could begin. They'd already spent an outrageous amount of time in the bathroom. With Susan home and in the kitchen, it was a near miracle that their experience hadn't led to trouble yet.

The day with Katherine erased Alan's depression over what had happened with his mother. Although Susan and Suzanne no longer helped Alan climax, at least for now he found in his sister someone else to temporarily occupy his thoughts and keep him horny, even while his father was home. He looked forward with great anticipation to what would happen next week in school, having to secretly paint Katherine and Kim five days in a row.

CHAPTER 9

An hour after the brushing, Katherine came up to Alan in his room and said, "I really want to thank you for all you did to help me today, Bro. I really mean it. I don't know what would have happened without you. I don't want to just tease you either - I'm sorry if I went too far. You know what Mom says about boundaries. What if I treat you to a movie tonight, as a small way of saying thanks, and to ask forgiveness for being so over the top?"

"That sounds nice, Sis, but I already have plans with Christine tonight. How about tomorrow night? I imagine we'll be having dinner with Dad and Mom, and then after that I'm sure we could get away for a late movie."

"Tomorrow sounds great!" said Katherine enthusiastically. But, in a much more subdued and concerned tone, she added, "But what's this about you and Christine? I thought that went down in flames."

"It did. I think she's just trying to show that there's no hard feelings, and that she

still wants to be friends. I think she's noticed that I'm not thinking of her in, you know, that way, anymore. Maybe that'll allow us to become even closer friends than we were."

"Cool. That's great," said Katherine. However, secretly she was pissed that Alan was seeing Christine again, for any reason. Over the course of the day she unconsciously decided that Kim was right, and it was futile to deny her desire for her brother. She wanted to go all the way. For her, helping Alan with his "problem" would just be a step on the road leading to sex with him. She wasn't sure exactly when it happened, but certainly by the time he drove her insensate with desire with the Brillo-type brush, she very consciously decided that she wanted to be fucked by her brother, and soon.

The fact that he would go on a date of sorts with Christine made Katherine very concerned. She knew Christine was beautiful, intelligent, and fun to be with. *Perhaps Christine doesn't like how Alan's not acting like a pathetically attracted puppy dog around her now that she's turned him down? Maybe she's changed her mind? If so, I'd better act fast before she makes a move. I don't need any more tough competition! I'll have to come up with some sort of plan to seduce my own brother.*

Actually, such a plan wouldn't be hard to do, given this whole situation of Alan painting my privates. That'll give me many opportunities in the next week to wear down his resistance and get very close and personal. If all goes well, it'll only be a matter of days before I can wear down his resistance completely. Suzanne and Mom have both been giving him blowjobs but nothing more. And now they seem to have even stopped that, so he must be desperately frustrated to go all the way. That'll give me a chance to get an edge on those two. Anyways, if I don't go all the way, I can't compete with the attractiveness of those women and then he's gonna forget all about me.

Katherine didn't waste any time. Just as Alan made to get up from his bed and go to his computer, she added, "By the way, you know about teasing and boundaries, I realize we need to take it easy a bit. But don't you think what we did in the bathroom earlier was okay? Can't we do that again without Mom knowing?"

"What, you mean when you... with your hands..." Alan was too embarrassed to talk about getting a handjob in front of his sister.

"Cat got your tongue?" Katherine said, delighted by his bashfulness. "I'm talking about this here in your pants." She put her hands on his penis through his shorts. His only reaction was to get red in the face, so, emboldened, she undid his zipper and knelt in front of him.

She flashed a big smile at the long penis that sprung out of his shorts. She thought: *I'm going to get to know this thing very, very well. Yes indeed! I can almost imagine what it would feel like to have it pushing in and out of me.* But to Alan she merely asked, "If I give your penis some relief from time to time, isn't that just what the doctor ordered? Mom doesn't need to know."

"I don't like going behind Mom's back, I don't think we should do that," Alan said weakly, and seemed to forget about everything else he secretly did with Katherine earlier in the day.

"Well, think about it. In the meantime, let me thank you for your help in another way. It's not like I haven't done this to you already, same as Mom and Suzanne. Or have you forgotten what happened in the bathroom? We can just draw the line here..." She opened his knees, then took his penis in her hands and began rubbing.

Despite all of her aggressiveness and bravado, she was still incredibly nervous in these kinds of situations. She was excited but scared, like parachuting out of an airplane for the first time. And she was worried that she wouldn't please Alan as much as a more experienced woman like Suzanne. But she did her best, and slowly relaxed in the face of Alan's silent encouragement and acceptance.

The two continued quietly for fear of being caught, but communicated by making faces at each other. She could see by his expression what worked best, and soon had him reach orgasm. As both were inexperienced in this kind of thing and both were fully dressed except for Alan's unzipped shorts, they weren't sure what to do when Alan was about to cum. But Katherine resourcefully placed one of Alan's nearby towels onto his penis and let him cum into that.



She looked down at her hand while she stroked his rigid penis as spurt after spurt of hot jism burst out onto the towel. The smell of cum was overpowering. The mere sight and smell of Alan's cum caused her pussy to get wet. Even when he was finished cumming she didn't want to let go of his penis. She continued to slide her hand up and down his now slimy cum-coated penis as it slowly lost its turgidness. He finally pulled away as the rubbing of her fingers on the head of his penis created sensations which were too intense.

Alan's evening with Christine went okay. It seemed like they were patching things up and moving on from his awkward advance on her. He secretly marveled at how he could rub his sister's dripping pussy with a brush one hour, and then innocently chat away with Christine a couple of hours later. It all seemed so unreal. But he knew now that he had no romantic interest in Christine any more. He suddenly had more females than he could handle already, and his sister would have been glad to know that she was foremost in his mind after all that happened earlier in the day.

CHAPTER 10 (Saturday, October 19)

The next morning, Suzanne came into Alan's room very early, dressed in normal clothing. She closed the door and whispered to him, "I'm not here, okay? Let's be very quiet because your mother would get mad at me, and she's down in the dining room. But I thought I should risk it, because your father will be arriving in a couple of hours, so this might be the last time I can help you for a while."

"Help me?" Alan asked, unclear what she was up to.

She put her hand on her hips and rolled her eyes in playful frustration. "Alan, I thought you were supposed to be a smart kid. Help with your stimulation, you knucklehead."

"But, my mom! The new moralistic..."



"Shut up already, and let me please you," she whispered urgently. "Time is short. Sorry I can't wear anything sexy today, my Sweetie, but if I take my shirt off hopefully that'll do it for you." She whipped her shirt off. "Do you like these boobs? Here, touch



them."

Alan reached forward and played with Suzanne's huge tits. He said jokingly, "Yes ma'am. Right away ma'am," as

if he was a bellhop being ordered around. He grew more relaxed with each new experience.

Suzanne, on the other hand, was very serious, and very needy. "Squeeze my tits. That's it. Play with them. Play with the nipples." He pushed and pulled her soft mounds every which way, and pulled at her nipples until she wanted to cry out. They went on like this for many minutes, until both of them couldn't stand it any more. Suzanne dropped to her knees and began to suck him off, even as she drove one of her hands into her pants.

They hadn't been at it for very long when there was a knock on the door. It was Susan. "Suzanne, you in there?"

Suzanne popped her mouth off of his prick long enough to answer the question. "I sure am! I just came by to look at his stimulation chart, and we got to talking." Suzanne began to jack Alan off instead of sucking even as she spoke to Susan through the door. He was dangerously close to cumming.

"Talking? I don't hear any talking. What are you talking about?" Susan tried to open the door, but it was locked.

"It's the sound proofing, Susan. It's impossible to hear through the door unless we practically yell."

"Well, maybe I should come in then, so we can talk easier." Susan clearly was suspicious of what Suzanne was doing in Alan's room so unusually early in the morning.

"No need. We've been having a very stimulating conversation, but I was just about to leave. We're just finishing up here." Those words were more accurate than Suzanne realized, because right as she said them, Alan began cumming. As Suzanne knelt right in front of him, he shot his wad all over her face. But aware his mother was just outside the door, he tried to be as quiet as he possibly could.

Susan still spoke. "By the way Suzanne, I forgot to ask: are you coming with us to the airport?"

Suzanne yelled towards the door, "Yes, I'm cumming! Alan's cumming too! We're both cumming!" Suzanne was wracked by more orgasms as Alan continued to shoot ropes of cum into her face.

Susan replied, "Oh good. Why didn't you say so earlier? We'll be leaving in an hour."

Suzanne shouted, "Okay! That's great! See you then!" and she stuffed Alan's penis back in her mouth so she could drink up the last of his ropes. Susan walked off.

Now that Suzanne had Alan's still hard penis in her mouth she didn't want to let it go. She continued to furiously suck his prick and coaxed out every drop of his delicious cum. He finally had to wiggle away from her and his penis made a loud, wet popping sound as it pulled out of her greedy mouth.

Once Suzanne was sure the coast was clear, she whispered to Alan, "Look what you made me do with your unfortunate timing. I thought it would be so clever to say 'I'm cumming' right then, but now I actually have to go the airport. And I don't even like her husband. Your father. Sorry to say that, but you know it. I've got to wiggle out of this somehow." She lay down on the floor, exhausted from wonderful orgasms.



Alan whispered, "I don't mind. I don't really think of Ron as my father, if I can help it."

Somewhat dazed from pure pleasure, Suzanne said, "That was so good, Sweetie. So good. I don't know how I'm going to get by with Ron being here. I'll try to sneak in and help you whenever I can, but I may not be able to much. Getting caught by Susan is one thing - I could repair the damage. But getting caught by him? No way. I can't even imagine what he'd do. But this is too good to stop."

Alan finally spoke. "I'm loving it too, Suzanne. Thanks so much for caring for me."

She looked up and smiled at him tenderly. Then she licked the cum off of herself like a cat, and made to go.

An hour later, Alan went with his sister and mother to meet his father Ron at the airport (Suzanne did manage to wiggle out from coming along). Outwardly, they acted and looked like a real family, but on the insides there wasn't much enthusiasm at his return. Even Susan, trying to turn over a new leaf, was disappointed when she finally saw him. She had hoped that all her sexual heat lately would change things for the better with her husband Ron, but she felt no interest in him at all.

Nonetheless, that night Susan was very excited for the first time in years to make love to Ron. She was excited to actually fuck somebody, anybody, as long as they had a penis. But after she did it with her husband that night, she realized why they had sex so infrequently. He had a small penis and flabby body which was entirely undeserving of such an outrageously gorgeous wife. Furthermore, he had no concept of how to please a woman. They were done after five minutes, and Susan had no desire for seconds.

Even the most cursory blowjob with my son is a thousand times more exciting than this! she thought as she rolled over onto her side of the bed and made to drop off to sleep. *I get so much pleasure sucking a penis, even when I'm not fingering myself. Maybe if I sucked Ron's? No, he thinks anything other than the missionary position is morally wrong. To think I was that square until last week. No way can we tell him about Alan's medical treatments! ... Maybe I could fuck Ron, and fantasize that he's Alan instead? No. That would be wrong. That would be totally sinful, and half as bad as actually doing it with Alan. Oh God, just the thought of thinking about doing it with Alan is making me all horny! No Susan, your fate is to just remain unloved. Maybe, once Katherine graduates from high school, I should consider getting a divorce? At least all these crazy events in recent weeks have helped me finally see what a sorry marriage I have.* She tossed and turned the night away, filled with disturbed thoughts.

CHAPTER 11

Even when Ron came home from overseas, he wasn't at home much. He worked regular hours at his company's home office, and so he was really only around on

weekends and evenings. The Plummers spent most of Saturday together, but by the end of dinner both Katherine and Alan were very keen to get away from their unloved dad for their movie plans.

Dinner with family at a restaurant caused them to miss the 9 o'clock movie showings, so they went to an 11 o'clock movie. As a result, the theater wasn't that crowded, even though it was a Saturday night. Katherine insisted on sitting in the back row, which left them all alone.

Now that they were alone and away from the eyes of their parents, Katherine wanted to make something happen with her brother, though she wasn't sure what. She cleverly had them go to a far-off movie theater, so the odds were very low anyone they knew would be there. She wore a sweater and skirt when she left the house, for the sake of her mother's eyes, but as soon as she left she took them both off while Alan drove the car. Underneath was a low-cut blouse that buttoned down the middle of her chest and a black miniskirt, and nothing underneath either.

Almost as soon as the movie started, she began to unbutton her blouse. "Alan, isn't it hot in here?" she said as she undid the few buttons which held her blouse closed. "I'm burning up."

"No it's not," he replied in a frustrated tone. "They have air conditioning!"

"Oh, do they?" she responded innocently. "Maybe that explains why my nipples are getting all hard." By this point she was unbuttoned all the way, and she opened her blouse completely to show Alan what she meant with her nipple comment.



"Katherine!" said Alan in an urgent whisper. "I thought you said you weren't going to tease!"

"I lied. Anyways, I think the air conditioning isn't working or something, 'cos I do feel really hot. Maybe it's because I'm sitting next to you."

"Katherine! We're in a public place! Have you no shame? What if someone who knew us from school saw us here?"

"No shame. Anyways, I took a good look at the crowd as



they were coming in, and I didn't recognize anyone, so we're safe. After all, we're miles from home. Plus, your body is blocking the view from the aisle. And finally, that's what the popcorn is for." She motioned to the two

large cups of popcorn they both had in their laps.

Alan was puzzled, so she added, "Don't you know the old popcorn trick? I've seen it in a movie."

"Before you explain the popcorn trick," interrupted Alan, "are you thinking about what you're doing here? We're in a public place, and I don't think..."

"I know what you've been doing with Suzanne and Mom!" she whispered very quietly, cutting him off. "I even listened outside your door while your own mom gave you a blowjob. And I spied on you giving her a 'massage' the other day - you did it right in the living room where anyone could see! The stuff you've done with your own mom. Come on, really! It's funny you should be the one to talk about caution! My attitude is just like theirs. A little fun, even sucking a little cock, is perfectly okay and very therapeutic for you. I'll bet you haven't cum six times yet today."

From the look on his face, she knew she was right on that point. She continued, "As long as we don't actually have sex, then what's the harm? You remember what Clinton said - a blowjob isn't sex. Do you doubt the former President of the United States? I'm sure he wants me to give you a blowjob right now, in fact. He's all about family values," she giggled.

She began to unbutton and then unzip his pants with her one free hand. The other held the popcorn.

"Katherine!" Alan hissed quietly, and made a halfhearted move to stop her hand. "I can't fucking believe this! In a movie theater, no less!"

She asked innocently, "What's with all this resistance? Is it that you don't like me? You don't find me attractive? Is it that I can't compare to your own Ms. Tits of the Universe mother, and her equally-stacked best friend? Well, I can tell you, tits aren't everything!"

"No, it's not that," he urgently whispered. "And don't mention that kind of stuff in

public, like mentioning our you-know-what. You're gorgeous. You'll look every bit as much of a knockout as them in a couple of years. But you're younger than me..."

"Hey! We're almost exactly the same age." She kept pulling Alan's pants zipper, and Alan would keep zipping it back up.

"Okay, whatever. But it would be like corrupting a minor, especially since..." He got all red and stopped talking.

"Since what?" she said, as she tugged on his zipper. She put the popcorn in her lap on the floor, which now gave her a two- to one-hand advantage over her brother.

He stammered, "Like with mom, she has limits, especially now. Even Suzanne has limits. But if you and I started... you know... I don't know if there would be any limits. Between two horny teenagers, you know. I don't know if I could... how good my self-control would be. Or yours, for that matter."

"Oh, is that the problem? I'm very good at limits. Let me prove it to you. I'll give you a blowjob now, and it'll stop there. I'll show you I know when to stop. That would just let me catch up to the other two."

Alan's resistance to her hands finally ended. Zipper now down, she unbuttoned his pants, and pulled out his erect penis.

"I've been waiting soooo long to do this," she said with glee, and began to suck on it for the first time.

"So long?" said Alan, suddenly surprised. "More than the three weeks since I've been diagnosed?"

It took a while, but she eventually took him out of her mouth and answered, "I'm not telling. Three weeks can be a very long time." She giggled, and went back to slurping on his meaty rod. She could tell right away that it was something she loved, and would grow to love even more.

She had very little idea on the proper technique for what she was doing, though. She lied when she'd told Alan that she'd done this to a couple of guys on dates before - in fact, she'd never done more than necking with any guy. But she quickly

got the idea of what to do and how to do it well. She did suffer some gagging from being too ambitious at times, however.

She kept at it until he came. She boldly attempted to drink in all of his cum, but it was way more than she expected, and she ended up with most of it on her face. Alan not only ejaculated tasty cum, he also generally ejaculated a great deal of it. She immediately decided that she wanted to drink as much of his cum as he could produce, on a very regular basis. She suddenly had visions of sucking him off thousands of times in the years to come, and was delighted beyond belief.

For the next few minutes, she spent her time scooping up gobs of cum from her face and then licking them off of her fingers.

Now that Alan had relieved himself, he suddenly got very self-conscious and worried. He whispered, "Sis, just look at you, cum all over your face! What little there is to your dress is opened up. We're in a public theater, for crying out loud. What if someone sees you now?"

"Then I'll have to tell that person, 'So sorry, but I'm not sharing,'" she giggled. "Don't worry. It's so dark, and we're far from the aisle."

Alan fretted nervously, and made her at least thoroughly clean off her face. She wiped it all into her mouth.

Once she finished off the last of his seed, she asked, "So did you like that?"

"Are you kidding? That was great. Except for the fact it was in a movie theater. I'm so scared out of my mind."

"Oh, come on. You know it turned you on - the fact that you're doing it out in the open with a girl. And not just any girl, but with your sister." She whispered the last two words directly into his ear. Then, since her mouth was up against his ear, she started to lick it. Alan discovered for the first time just what an erotic zone the ear could be.

Alan just sat there as his arms tightly gripped the armrests of his chair. She eventually asked him, "Are you going to play with my tits already, or what? This is supposed to be an interactive activity, you know."

"Oh right. Sorry." He grabbed her tits with both hands and devoted all of his attention to them as she continued to eat his ear and nibbled down his neck.

After a while, she pulled back from him and said, "Now it's time to show you the popcorn trick. Poke a hole in the bottom of the popcorn box, and then stick your penis through it. Then I can reach in and grab it like I'm grabbing popcorn."

"You know, it takes a while for a guy to get hard again," Alan pointed out, but in fact he was already hard. So Alan put his penis through the box. Soon she vigorously rubbed his penis through all the buttery popcorn. With her free hand, she reached into his popcorn container and began to eat some of the popcorn. "Mmmm, I don't think I'm ever gonna think of popcorn in the same way again," she said between mouthfuls.

"Why are you eating MY popcorn?" whispered Alan. "What's your extra large popcorn for? Isn't this suspicious-looking?"

"My popcorn is 'cos the trick can work both ways." She pulled her short miniskirt up and exposed her pussy to Alan's eyes. Then she placed her popcorn over it, and poked a big hole in the bottom. Popcorn fell through the hole and filled up the empty air between her legs. But she scooted all the way back in her chair and kept her knees close together, so all the popcorn wouldn't fall onto the floor.

"Now, you stick your hand in my popcorn, and find a special surprise at the bottom. It's just like Crackerjacks!" She now used her free hand that held the popcorn to guide his hand through the hole. "And now it looks like we're two kids on a date, with you eating my popcorn and me eating yours, like how people do with wine glasses. So we've got an alibi..."

"Most teenaged girls on dates don't sit topless in a movie theater," Alan pointed out.

She answered saucily, "Hey, I'm not actually topless, I just don't believe in using all the buttons." She giggled. "Anyways... You're familiar enough with my pussy by now - what are you waiting for? I think you know what to do."

Alan reached into the popcorn, and quickly found her crotch. He tenderly rubbed her pubic hair, but stopped at just that for a minute or so. Then he said, embarrassed, "Actually, you may find this hard to believe, but this is the first time I've had the opportunity to, you know. Put a finger in. With any woman." He

gathered up his nerve and stuck his finger up into her pussy.

"Really?" Katherine asked, surprised. "Oh! Right there!" she said in response to his finger action. "Those two old broads don't know how to have a good time? Don't worry; you can practice on me anytime you want. It feels great already!"

Alan joked, "It's quite the popular place for fingers to linger lately, isn't it? Did you like it when Kim did it to you?"

"I've never done anything with a woman before. You know how I was, a few weeks ago. But I think we don't want to end Kim's blackmailing TOO soon. She seems nice at heart; it's Heather I'm afraid of. Kim's fingers definitely get me off, I have to admit. But not as much as you. Oooh! Oh! Like that!" she cried, but still their voices were no louder than whispers.

Both of them grew closer to climax. Her exposed chest heaved in time to his rhythmic probing. "I'm about to shoot," said Alan. "What do I do?" His penis still was surrounded by popcorn.

"Just do it in the popcorn, Big Cream-filled Brother. There's enough to stop it from flying out. But be quiet about it!"

"Okay, Sis," he whispered. In the excitement he completely forgot about not using words like "Brother" or "Sis."

They both came. Alan's sperm shot onto many balls of popcorn, but none flew out of the top of the container. Katherine practically flew out of her seat, and just managed to prevent herself from screaming. Alan looked over at her, and was struck by how naked she appeared. The straps which previously covered her boobs were now under her arms and make it appear as if she was naked from the waist up, which she very nearly was.

That got him nervous, and as his orgasm subsided he looked around the theater to



see if anyone was watching them. He had gotten so absorbed that he had nearly forgotten where he was. The coast seemed clear. They put their hands back on their own laps for a while.



Katherine had also gotten off from the attentions of Alan's hand. "That was good..." she cooed. "And looky, it looks like the popcorn has extra-special flavor now." She reached into Alan's popcorn bucket and found some of the popcorn splattered with his cum. "Try some," she said.

"What are you doing? NO way! That's gross!" he whispered almost too loudly.

"I'm doing this for a reason. Actually, your surprisingly sweet cum doesn't go well with butter flavor. Did you see how I was eating your popcorn before? I have to get it the level of the top of your cock, so I can stick my head in there." She continued to eat the cum-flavored popcorn.

Alan asked her nervously, "Can't you cover your boobs up? Do they really need to be exposed like that?"

"They're that way so you can play with them. I'll make you a deal. After you're done playing with them, I'll close up." So Alan reached over and groped her tits again.

He lost track of time doing that. Meanwhile Katherine continued to eat his popcorn. After about ten minutes she said, "I can't wait any longer," and began to shovel the popcorn out onto the floor with her hands.

Then she dove her head in. Her mouth quickly found the tip of his penis, but she couldn't really get any further down, because of the sides of the container. She made rips in the side nearest to her, pushed the cardboard down, and dove back in. Soon her head sank deeper and forced the remaining popcorn out of the way.

Alan held Katherine's box of popcorn up in the air with one hand, and tried to position it between her head and the aisle as best he could. "What if someone looks now?" he groaned between labored breaths. Katherine was too busy sucking to answer. He finally blew his load, and Katherine took it all into her mouth.

When she finally pulled her face out of the box, Alan thought she looked quite

amusing. Her face was completely covered with buttery oil. There even was a kernel of popcorn lodged in one of her nostrils. He pulled it out for her.

"Next time, we're getting unbuttered," he said, and they both quietly giggled.

"I think I like it better buttered," she replied. "It makes everything slippery, just like the soap today. Next time, we get extra butter!"



They continued like that on and off for the rest of the movie. They were only limited by the ability of Alan's penis to revive.

At one point, Katherine even made the suggestion that Alan should fuck her. She lifted up her leg and exposed her pussy yet again to Alan's eyes, and said as Alan held his penis, "Why don't you put that someplace useful?"

"Katherine!" he whispered anxiously. "Are you suggesting what I think you are?"

"I'm just saying, why not just rub the outside lips? Kind of a dry fuck? It would feel so good!" She figured once she had him doing that, the rest would naturally follow.

But Alan had the same thought. "No way, man! If we do that, who knows where it will lead. You don't really want me to fuck you, do you? Much less, in a public movie theater! That's so totally wrong. Tell me you don't have that idea."

In face of his resistance she said, "Of course not. I just like playing. Speaking of which, don't you want to touch it? And in any case, let me take care of that." Her hand returned to his shaft, his hand went to her pussy, and they went back to playing some more. But Katherine considered it merely a temporary, strategic retreat.

The movie finally ended. Alan played with Katherine's tits off and on for most of the movie, but she never did cover them up until the credits started to roll.

At one point, while he had one hand squeezing a tit and the other hand pulling at the nipple in the middle of it, she whispered to him, "You really know how to get me off, do you know that? Mmm. I think I'm going to have to be a slut for you from now on. A cocksucking, sister-slut. Would you like that?"

"Sssshhh!" He whispered back. "Don't say that!"

"What, that you have a sister who wants to suck your cock? Are you saying I shouldn't just stand up and shout that to the whole movie theater? Maybe I should just take off what little is left of my fucking dress and just stand up buck naked and fucking scream out, 'I love my brother's juicy cock! We're going to go home and he's going to shove it up my pussy!' Do you think that might get people's attention?"

He groaned in tortured ecstasy, especially since she her hands flew up and down his penis yet again. He realized that he'd moaned far too loudly, and that Katherine made too much noise as well. He looked around the theater closely, but no one seemed the wiser.

They thought that no one had noticed their amorous activities, but as the theater began to clear out, an older woman who had sat a couple of rows in front of them muttered "Disgusting!" as she walked past them.

They had tried to periodically clean themselves and their chairs off, but Katherine's face was still covered with the residue of buttery oil. Alan did his best to lick it all off, but he refused to give her a kiss on the lips, to her immense frustration.

"Boundaries," he said. His stance on boundaries shifted from minute to minute depending on which head was in control - the one on his shoulders or the one between his legs.

As they got up to go, Katherine commented, "Think about the poor schmuck who has to clean this place up tomorrow. I wonder if he'll look at the popcorn boxes" - both of them were on the floor in a ripped, punctured, and mangled state - "then see all the white stuff on the popcorn on the floor, and put two and two together!"

"I'd like to think that we came buckets," Alan quipped. They both had a good laugh. He was amazed at himself - one minute he was calm and joking, then next he would be perspiring and shaking from nervousness.

Walking out of the theater, Alan said to his sister, "You know, we're not actually going to do anything more tonight, are we? For one thing, I don't think my penis could take it. Not to mention my heart."

"Whatever you like, sweetheart," she said breezily. "I just love to get off, and get you off. Now that I've started, I don't think I'm ever going to stop. Isn't it great that our bedrooms are only ten feet from each other? Any time your penis gets even the slightest twitch of life, just come on over to my room and I'll suck you dry, okay? Now I know why God gave me this pair of lips. Not to eat food. Who cares about that. No, it's so I can be a cocksucking machine for my brother. Anytime and anywhere he wants it."

"Katherine!" he complained. "Not here!" They were in the lobby of the movie theater, headed towards the exits with all the other people from the movie.

"Why? Does that get you excited?" She grabbed at his penis through his pants, but it was done for the time being.

"Katherine, what's gotten into you?"

She let go and put her hands behind her back. She tried to look innocent and even skipped a bit as they reached the sidewalk outside of the theater. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe that I love my brother, and he loves me?" She turned to him and gave such a winning smile that he thought his heart would melt. His fears and doubts completely dissolved, and they walked down the street in a state of near giddiness, hand in hand.

"I don't know who this brother of yours is," he finally said, "since you wouldn't want to be mentioning that kind of thing in public. But I have a sneaking suspicion he loves you very much."

"I know," she said confidently.

Changing the subject, he said, "By the way, one more thing I forgot to mention. Guess what I found in my pocket last night?"

"Let me see." She reached over and grabbed his penis through his pants again, not even getting close to a pocket. It still hadn't revived though.

"Not that!" he said, "Or, not just that," he chuckled. He pulled out a key. "I found the

key to the supply closet. I didn't mean to, but in all the excitement I forgot to return it to Ms. Rhymer on Friday."

Katherine's eyes lit up. "Interesting! Since you told me, then I guess you'll have no objection if I make a copy before school on Monday..."

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