

Gods at Eighteen: Summer Break



A hot femdom series by: P.F. Dee

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Enjoy!

Prologue: The 'Procedure'

Robert Hanson waited, the medical table cold against his naked butt. He pulled his hospital gown down, wishing for even one more inch of thin, silky material. The white gown barely, barely reached his upper thigh, and threatened to expose his nudity with the slightest movement.

Forty-year-old Robert could remember a time before the Powers came, when hospital gowns were long and male patients were treated with respect. But since all women on Earth had gained the ability to read and control any man's sexual arousal, each year Robert had gotten fewer 'Yes Sir's from the pretty young nurses and many more teasing smirks and pats on the butt.

Even today, the leggy admitting nurse half his age had bypassed the long, heavy gowns in the supply closet to hand him this almost transparent, silky one which barely reached below his hip. Ten years ago, Robert would have laughed in her face. Now, he just put it on and endured her giggles about how "absolutely precious" he looked in it even as he scrambled to pull it down.

Because he knew what an Awakened woman could do to his tender cock and balls with just a thought. And that the younger ones, with their new, raw Powers were always the most wicked. In fact, that was the whole reason he was here...

His cock suddenly started hardening at the thought, and Robert scrambled to think of anything else.

The door suddenly opened and Dr. Miranda Gates strode in without knocking, chuckling when Robert jumped and tried pulling down his gown again.

"Well, Mr. Hanson," she said looking at his chart, "the admitting nurse says your heart rate, temperature and blood pressure are completely normal. So, why have you come in today, other than the chance to model that adorable baby-doll nightie for us?"

Robert blushed and pulled the gown down more, trying to make it do the impossible: cover both his front and rear at the same time. He decided to cover his cock and balls, leaving his butt hanging in the wind. "Doctor, well, I, um... needed a certain procedure... done to me. My normal doctor is a man, and you're my wife's doctor and I didn't know where else to turn..."

"Ah, so it's a Powers procedure then?" Miranda said, arching an eyebrow at him. "An intimate one?"

Robert blushed and nodded. "Yes."

"I see." Miranda crossed the room in two long strides, her open toed high heels clicking on the floor, then pulled a rolling stool from the corner. She sat in front of Robert, crossing her extremely long legs and discreetly pulling her business skirt three more inches above her knee to enhance his view, and his discomfort. "Which one?"

He gulped. "Well, it's just that, you see my wife is horribly sick with the flu, she can't get out of bed at all."

"Sex Powers can't help that. Only fluids and rest," Miranda chuckled, dangling a strappy high heel from her painted toes. Even as he struggled not to look, she sensed his erection begin and his heart start to speed up.

"I know, but you see, she was supposed to go on a field trip with our daughter, our high-school daughter."

"Yes, go on."

Robert resolved to look the stunning doctor in the face, even as she crossed her tanned, mile-long legs in front of him again. He broke the vow as she dangled her other heel, looking him in the eyes with a patient but knowing smirk. He coughed and continued, fighting his own eyes.

"Well, my wife, um, was going to be one of the trip's chaperones, the PTA insisted, but, um without her the trip will be canceled--"

"Mr. Hanson. I've got three patients to see this hour. And I can already sense your penis hardening under that cute gown, just as clearly as I could hear a phone ringing in this room. So please, go ahead and look at my feet if it makes it easier for you to get to the point." Robert blushed even more as Miranda winked at his shocked face with a laugh. "Who knew pedicures would ever be tax write-offs for doctors?"

"Doctor, please..."

"Don't worry, I won't tell your wife how easily I got you aroused!"

Robert gulped and lowered his eyes to the doctor's pretty feet, loosening his death grip on the hem of his gown. The silk tented loosely over his half-hard penis, which slowly crept towards the ceiling as he talked.

"Well, the other mothers, they're high-paid executives, but my boss, she made me part-time last year. I could chaperone, but it's, um, a cheerleading team trip to the regional finals. Every team will be staying in the same hotel. My daughter and her friends, and hundreds of cheerleaders, in the rooms all around me! Even at night!"

Miranda threw her head back and laughed as Robert got fully hard, tenting the silky gown obscenely. "I think I understand now, Mr. Hanson! You don't think you'll be able to control your urges with all those cute teenage girls around, do you?"

She slapped her thigh, laughing as she said, "You know you'll give in to temptation and masturbate at night, even though it means broadcasting your thoughts to every girl in the hotel, even to your daughter!"

Robert's head hung down towards the floor, but his hard cock still pointed at the ceiling, quivering, untouched. Miranda rolled forward so that her feet were once again in his view.

"How long is the trip?"

"Seven days."

Now she was laughing again. Even through his shame, Robert noticed Miranda's toes looked very pretty while she laughed.

"You don't think you could keep your hands off your cock for one little week! Even knowing what it would do to your daughter? Oh my goodness! You're all just horny little boys, aren't you? Even the grown ones!"

Robert's throat had gone dry with shame, but he managed to croak a sentence out. "I've heard... there was a procedure... a Powers procedure... that would keep me from even being able to touch my...self."

"Oh yes, we can definitely do that here. We've been doing Procedure 501 for about three years, but I want you to understand something. Stop drooling over my toes for a second, Mr. Hanson, and look me in the eyes."

Robert did, matching his red face with her smiling one.

"I can do Procedure 501 on you," Miranda said, her amused green eyes making him tremble, "but you have to understand- afterwards, you won't be able to touch your penis or testicles. At all."

"But you will still achieve erections if aroused. And your sex drive will continue as normal. If one of those girls follows the sound of your erection back to you, she'll be able to tickle tease your balls at the least, maybe more if she's experienced, and because you can't masturbate and get soft, there won't be one blessed thing on Earth you can do to escape her. You'll have to take whatever she chooses to give you, for hours. Maybe even days."

Miranda giggled inwardly at the sudden fear in Robert's eyes.

"But I thought... if I didn't touch myself... I'd be hidden."

"You'd be anonymous, not invisible. It's true that if you stroke, any nearby woman will see you and see your thoughts, instantly, even through walls. But a hard cock is just a noise in the darkness. The girl won't know who she's teasing, but she may choose to anyway, just for the practice. You know how high school girls are."

Miranda smiled as Robert's cock spasmed from some private memory.

"But... it's still the safest path, right Doctor?"

"If you can keep your erections reasonable, yes. The harder the cock, the easier it is to find."

Miranda crossed her legs again, letting her skirt slide high, high up on her thigh. His eyes darted there, hooked like a fish, and she smiled. "So, do you still want to go through with the procedure, Mr. Hanson?"

Robert knew this was an important decision. That he should consider everything he had just been told, all the ramifications. But all he could think about was Dr. Miranda Gates' incredibly long legs, how her tendons pulled with every languid motion, and her painted toenails. And his daughter's cheer friends jumping, bouncing, barefoot in the halls, giggling, bending over in front of him...

"Yes doctor! Please!"

Miranda stood up and squeezed his thigh, the sudden electric touch making him hold his breath. "I hoped you'd say that, Mr. Hanson! Procedure 501 is quite fun for my nurses and I to perform!"

She let one finger lightly scratch the inside of his thigh once, then pulled her hand away to watch his raging cock twitch with a smirk. "But before we begin, is there anything you'd like to... 'take care' of? You won't get another chance for quite a while."

"What! Here? in front of you?"

She laughed. "I've seen many, many men masturbate, Mr. Hanson. Half of them right here in this room. And I can tell you're quite backed-up."

Robert couldn't believe the doctor was staring right at his crotch, waiting for an answer. "I haven't... done that... while my wife's been sick."

"Awww, you are such a thoughtful husband! Now, which one of my feet would you like me to slip out of its shoe, the right or left? I'll let you cum right on my arch if you promise to clean up afterwards."

Miranda stepped back and posed for him, pulling her right foot halfway out of her heel and standing on those toes, then the left. "Hurry hurry! Right or left? I'll only let you stare at one of my feet naked."

"Doctor..." he stammered, blushing, fidgeting under the confident woman's smirking gaze. "I... can't!"

"Mister Hanson, are you quite sure?" she asked, still posing her long leg and slim foot in front of him. "I can look over some paperwork if it will make you feel better- I have a sense it won't take you long to express your testicles."

He blushed again. "No, Doctor. I'll wait."

Miranda slipped both feet fully back into her high-heels. "Oh well," she shrugged. "Just remember that I offered." She turned to the sink and started washing her hands. "Why don't you slip out of that cute silky number you've been teasing me with into something a little more... nude?"

Robert took a deep breath, then, while Miranda was still turned away, pulled the short gown over his head. Looking at her professional yet attractive skirt, her crisp shirt and expensive high heels, he felt very naked by comparison. He held the silky gown over his crotch as covering, which was exactly the wrong thing to do.

His wife jacked Robert off into silk every Friday, if he had been good through the week and done all his housework. Whether it was silk thongs or wider v-cuts, she took great pleasure in gliding the girly frilly, colorful panties over her manly husband's cock until he begged for mercy or spurted into them like a little boy. Robert got hard just looking at her silk panties now in the dresser, which is exactly the result his wife had been training him towards.

But feeling the familiar fabric on his cock now, and watching Dr. Gates bend far over the sink in her tight skirt to dry her hands, Robert couldn't help but slide the baby-soft silk up and down his shaft, just a little. Miranda cleared her throat without turning.

"Mr. Hanson. The only man allowed to think about fucking me in the ass is my husband, so please restrict your fantasies to my feet or calves only." Robert's heart stopped, as did his hand. Then she turned at the waist to look at him and laughed at his horrified expression.

"Besides, you already had your chance for that. Toss your gown in that bin, please, and hands at your sides."

Miranda watched him comply, looked over his naked body just long enough to make him squirm, then turned back to the sink with a chuckle. And took an extra long time re-washing her hands and forearms, rolling her sleeves up, and removing her rings. While humming and shifting her butt to a pop tune she had heard in the break room. And slipping her right foot out of its heel and scratching a nagging itch on her left calf. Three separate times.

When she finally turned to face Robert again, Miranda found his cock a twitching, dripping bottle rocket dying to go off.

"Good boy," she told the older man sitting on his hands. "Now stay just like that, while I call the nurse."

Robert would have run when Miranda opened the door to the hallway and just left it wide, if there had been anywhere to run to. After the first two nurses walked by, peeking in on him with a smirk, he closed his eyes. He continued sitting on his hands as Miranda yelled, "Susan! Bring the cart for one Willy Wanker special!"

She waved his shocked expression off with a hand. "Oh, that's just what we call a 501 around here. Don't think anything about it," she laughed, then walked back to stand very close to him, looking at his naked, nervous body. "Most of the males we do the procedure to are quite a bit... younger than you."

A cheerful blond nurse with a ponytail bounced into the room, pushing a loaded cart in front of her. "I've got the cart! Where's our cute little masturbator?" She took in the middle-aged man waiting nude and hard for her, then put a hand over her mouth to stifle a laugh. "Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't know it was for a-"

"Susan! Don't be mean!" Miranda chided. "Now please, prepare the supplies."

Susan wheeled the cart to Robert's side, giggling as he blushed. Susan was maybe, maybe a year older than his daughter. She had bright eyes, a face as cute as candy and her scrubs couldn't hide a tight, athletic little body. "Well I think it's a very good thing you're doing, Mr. Hanson," she said in her high, little girl's voice as she laid out jars and brushes.

"Most of the procedures we do are because mothers are tired of seeing their sons' dirty thoughts every night or cleaning loads and loads of stained towels. Selfish little wankers- I actually like cutting them off, knowing how full and painful their balls are going to get!" She giggled again. "But you, an older married man, voluntarily giving up the ability to masturbate- it's so honorable!"

While inspecting the soft brushes Susan was laying out, Miranda said, "Mr. Hanson is getting the procedure because he doesn't think he'll be able to keep from masturbating while watching his high-school aged daughter and her friends jump around in short cheer skirts for seven days."

Robert cringed as Susan looked him over again, a completely different expression suddenly on her face. Especially when she looked at the twitching, dripping erection in his lap. "Oh!" she giggled. "Well, I guess that's good, too. Daddies shouldn't be jerking off thinking of their little girls anyway."

"No! I wasn't thinking of-"

"Lie back on the bed, please," Susan interrupted him. "Hands above your head."

"Okay, but really, it was all of Leslie's friends that I might have..." he said as he complied and Susan fixed thick cuffs to his wrists.

"Flogged your meat to?" Susan giggled. "Lost your load to? Given yourself a spackle shower?" There was a click above his head, and suddenly his wrists were frozen above his head. He pulled out of reflex as the young Susan watched him struggle in vain.

"You know," she said, "I think I might enjoy this procedure just much as the other ones. Leg restraints too, doctor?"

The wrist cuffs forced his gaze to the ceiling, so he couldn't see Miranda look at his full blue balls thoughtfully. "He is a grown man after all, not some whiny boy, but he is quite pent up already..." A sudden tickle to his balls made him gasp and kick his legs.

"Oh yeah, he's jumpy!" Miranda laughed, pulling her hand back. "Strap him down."

"Please, maybe this was a bad idea," Robert whimpered as Susan guided his calves into stirrups, then cranked them wide apart with a smile on her face. He struggled to close them, to hide his asshole from the women's amused gaze, and Susan just responded by ratcheting his legs even farther apart.

"That's what all the boys think at this point," Miranda chuckled. "But don't worry, I know how flighty men's minds are, and I'll make sure you go through with what's best for you. Crank him up please, Susan."

The young nurse raised the back of the bed so that Robert went from laying down to sitting short of upright. With his arms strapped straight above his head and his knees bent and spread wide, Robert shivered in helplessness. His cock wilted to three-fourths hardness.

"Doctor, will there be any changes to the procedure due to his age?" Susan asked, looking over his nude body. "I've never done the Willy Wanker to someone so um..."-she giggled-"mature."

"Well, I'm sure the basic parts are all still the same as they were, right Mr. Hanson?" Miranda replied, winking at Robert. Then she moved between Robert's spread knees, put her hands on his thighs, looking his exposed cock, balls and asshole over. "In fact, it may be quite similar. Look, he's completely hairless already." Robert bucked as Miranda ran her fingers around the smooth base of his penis. "The wife makes you shave every day?"

He grunted and nodded, straining towards full erection again.

"Good woman," Miranda said, rolling his smooth sack between her fingers. Robert moaned as she slowly examined his nuts, then fondled them, smiling at his reaction. "And he's just as desperate as the usual boys. Just as needy to relieve his male burden. No I think this will go just like all the other ones, as long as Mr. Hanson cooperates."

She clicked on her heels over to the cart, picking up a feather duster. "And the Willy Wanker is done on grown men all the time. I worked in a Texas state hospital for six months-they do this procedure to ALL their male prison inmates."

Susan's eyes got wide. "Really?"

"Oh yes. You think it's hot taking away a young innocent boy's right to masturbate? Try telling a tough, tattooed biker gang leader that he won't be able to touch himself for fifteen years! Whoo!" She mock-fanned herself with the feather duster. "I was changing out my panties every few hours!"

Both women burst into laughter, and Miranda caught Robert's shocked face with a wink. "Professionally, of course. It would be improper for me to drip on the floor during a 501 procedure."

"Mmmm, I've got to find my way to Texas," Susan giggled.

"I know the woman in charge of the program," Miranda replied. "I can arrange that." She stood between Robert's spread knees again. "But now, we've got another masturbator to deal with. Are you ready Mister Hanson?"

"Well, before you start I'd like to--"

"Good!" Miranda chirped, assaulting his erection with the soft, tormenting feathers. Robert strained to escape the sudden maddening tickles.

"AGRRHH! No! Please!"

"Oh, I've barely just started, you whiner! Tough it out a little." She grinned and sought out the areas most sensitive, his cock head, the tip, the underside of his balls. "We've got to wear away all the random arousals you've built up recently. Like sanding wood before you paint," she continued as Robert squirmed under every quick flick of her wrist.

"Every woman's feet on the subway you've looked at. Every waitresses' ass you wished you could pinch."

"Every high-school cheerleader you wish you could sleep with," Susan added.

"They're all seniors!" Robert gasped. "Eighteen-

"Nipples please, Susan. Mr. Hanson is entirely too able to form words."

The young nurse walked around behind the table, grasped one of his tingling nipples in each thumb and forefinger, then tuned him like a radio.

"Let it all out, Mr. Hanson," Miranda smiled as he became non-verbal. "Every dirty thought you've had this week. Until you can't think. Just feel. Feel the teasing feathers. Oh! Just five more minutes to go!"

He moaned and begged them to stop, but the sensations continued, without pause, until he could think of nothing else, couldn't breathe, could only lay there and endure the endless feathers tickling his balls and listen to the sounds of women's giggles. After a minute of that, it stopped.

Robert was a panting, aching mess when Miranda finally pulled the feathers away from his erection. But when the sensations didn't stop, just diluted down, Robert's eyes widened with fear.

"Oh calm down. That will go away in a few hours," Miranda said. "Think of it like a local anesthetic at the dentist. Now you are clean, smoothed over, ready for stage two."

"Doctor, please..." he panted.

"All the boys love stage two," Susan giggled, releasing his right hand and guiding it to his twitching cock. When he looked at her in shock she added, "I'm sorry, are you a lefty?"

Robert looked to Miranda to step in, but she just looked back at him with a smirk. "Susan and I need to see you do it one more time, to feel you do it with our Powers, for the Procedure to work. Surely you aren't getting bashful now? Not after you just whimpered like a little girl while I tickled your balls."

Robert looked at Susan's gleeful face. A young face, so like his daughter's friends.

"Please Doctor, I can't..."

"We can always go back to stage one for another ten minutes. And I'll just keep adding more nurses to watch you do stage two until you agree. We've got some even younger than Susan."

With a moan, Robert closed his eyes and made a loose fist around his cock. "Good boy," Miranda chuckled. "Nice and slow now. Savor it."

Robert did the first few strokes mechanically, ashamed, under their gaze. Then the tingles started and his body drove his mind, as it always did. His cock stiffened in his hand,

his grip became just right. He closed his eyes and pictured Miranda's long, slim feet in her open heels, her tiny ankles and toned calves.

Her knees were nice too, her thighs shapely and lean like a beach volleyball star. And once while she had sat on the stool, she had crossed her long legs a little too slowly and Robert had seen her red silky-

"Mr. Hanson," Miranda purred, "be a good boy now."

Robert desperately scrambled to picture her feet, just her feet, bared and oiled, being pointed and posed in front of him.

"That's better," the doctor chuckled. "My feet and calves only."

Eyes closed, Robert heard Susan giggle each time he had to force his fantasies away from the Doctor's private parts and back to her feet as ordered. Even though his imagination kept wanting to creep up her long legs, under her tight skirt and to the tight, firm ass underneath-

Miranda cleared her throat sharply.

"Sorry!" Robert cried. "I'm sorry!" He imagined kissing her feet with all his will, as he continued to jack off in front of the smiling women.

"Oh Doctor, let the poor guy have some fun," Susan giggled. "It's going to be his last one for a while!"

Miranda smiled. "I suppose. But my ass is reserved for my husband's thoughts only. However, Mr. Hanson, if you wish, you may picture yourself exploding your slippery semen all over my high arches and toes and then licking every drop of it off."

As soon as the words passed his ears the thought flashed in his mind, too reflexive for him to stop. He pictured exactly what she described and Robert teared up in embarrassment as he heard Susan laugh. But then his balls were tightening and his hand felt too good-

"Stop! STOP Mr. Hanson!" a woman yelled, but he couldn't! But a whiplash hand pulled his wrist away just in time. He pulled against the stirrups, strained, bucked his back looking for one more touch on his cock- but his orgasm finally retreated, fading back into his balls and leaving his hard-on absolutely throbbing.

"Oh my gawd!" Susan laughed, still holding his right wrist with both her hands. "That was sudden!"

"Yes," Miranda agreed, giving Robert a stern but amused gaze. "That was a good catch, Susan."

"No," Robert panted, blushing. "I've never! I mean, I don't want to-"

Miranda patted his shoulder. "Don't worry, Mister Hanson, it's quite a common activity for men now. Pre-Power days, only young, unmarried women swallowed ejaculate, usually under pressure from their men."

Susan made a face. "Bleech! Really?"

Miranda shrugged. "What can I say? It was a different time. But now, enlightened by their Power, most wives are coming to see the mental and health benefits of frequent cum swallowing. It lowers the heart rate, promotes a loving, docile nature, and recycles valuable long-chain hormones." She chuckled. "That's why I make my husband do it every time."

"But right now, Mr. Hanson, we need a bit more time to read your masturbation energy for the procedure. If Susan releases your hand, can we trust you to NOT fantasize about licking your warm cum from my toes, so you can last a while longer?"

He hung his head. "Yes, Doctor."

"Good. Because if you cum and ruin this procedure, I WILL feed it back to you right now, and all the sperm I can get from you in the next two hours, just for wasting my time. Now please, begin again. And picture my dry feet only."

Susan released his wrist with a smirk, and Robert started slowly masturbating as the women watched again. He pictured only Miranda's feet and calves as he had been ordered.

After thirty seconds, Susan whispered to Miranda. "Every time?"

Robert barely heard the doctor's evil chuckle and response. "Oh yes. Most men say that they don't want to, but all of them will do it, if you tell them that's the only way they can cum. Just be firm."

"I'll have to remember that for my next boyfriend," Susan giggled. "Cleaning up after handjobs will be so much easier!"

"Cleaning up after anything becomes much easier," the doctor replied. "Joshua's tongue can get in anywhere."

"Anywhere?" Susan whispered, loud enough for Robert to just catch as he continued stroking thinking of feet. "Even... the ass?"

"Oh yes," Miranda whispered back. "It's like having a warm, wet, intelligent tissue back there- I love it!"

"I wish I had known that last year!" Susan whined. "I ruined so many cute thongs running from my boyfriend's dorm room to the shower!"

Robert couldn't help it. He tried picturing Miranda's feet, he tried-

"Mr. HANSON!" Susan gasped. "Is that your DICK in my ASS?!?"

"Oh god! I'm sorry-"

"I guess I should be flattered!" the young girl laughed, watching her naked self bounce up and down on a huge, slick cock in Robert's mind. "Wow, I've never taken one that big! At least you're picturing lots of lube!"

She looked at Miranda and laughed. "Why do they always make our breasts bigger in their imagination? Those must be C-cups he's tacked on me!"

Miranda was frowning. "I'm not sure I appreciate a patient picturing my staff like this."

"Oh, I don't mind," Susan replied. "The young boys always picture you, because you're a mommy figure or something. It's time for me to get some love! Some hard, nasty butt love, right Mr. Hanson?"

"Susan, please!" Miranda said. "This isn't professional! The way he's bending you over, the faces he's imagining you making..."

The girl giggled. "Who says I don't make those faces in real life?"

Robert groaned and started stroking even faster, lost in his-

"What's going on in here?!?" the thirty year old receptionist demanded, throwing the door open and charging inside. Robert dropped his cock in shock, then the receptionist saw Miranda and Susan.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I didn't know you two were in here," she apologized in a rush, a hand over her large chest. "I just sensed a patient picturing the most horrible things about our little Susan and I thought... we had a wanker in here last week, you know, a young boy illegally stroking to thoughts of my chest. Says his sister made him do it, but that's a load of bull. He had a picture of my breasts on his phone!"

Miranda waved her off. "It's okay Diane. Mister Hanson is here for a 501."

"A Willy Wanker, at his age?" the receptionist asked, closing the door and joining the other two women to look between his spread legs. Robert tried to close his knees but the stir-ups held fast.

"Yes," Miranda replied. "It seems the patient is too tempted by his young daughter's... keep stroking please, Mr. Hanson." Under the amused stare of the receptionist, Robert reluctantly closed his fingers around his cock and started masturbating again. Robert watched her watch his every stroke until the shame overcame him and he closed his eyes again.

He tried to picture something normal, something mundane...and ended up imagining his wife making him spurt a huge load into her pink and hearts covered silk panties, then wiping him off with it. All three women grinned or snickered.

"Anyway," Miranda continued, "we're doing a 501 on Mr. Hanson so he doesn't get tempted by high-schoolers anymore. Please apologize to the rest of the girls in the office, he's a very practiced masturbator and his thoughts are strong."

"I will," the receptionist laughed. "Oh, and Mister Hanson, do you have a- Mister Hanson?"

"Open your eyes when a woman is talking to you, please," Miranda ordered, and he did, blushing horribly.

The receptionist smiled widely, looking him right in the face as he continued to play with his cock in front of her. "Mister Hanson, do you have someone coming to pick you up today? You won't be in any shape to drive after having a Willy Wanker done to you."

Robert grunted and shook his head. Her breasts strained against her tight blouse and the top two buttons were open-

"Oh goodness," Diane tittered, catching his thoughts. "Well, I'll just call your wife-"

"She home with the flu," Miranda offered.

"Well then," the receptionist said, leaning slightly forward for him. "I'll just have to look deeper down your emergency contact list, won't I?" With her cleavage spilling out in front of him, Diane asked over her shoulder. "It's okay if he thinks of me, isn't it?"

"He's thought of everyone else in the room already," Miranda said, rolling her eyes.

"Yeah," Susan added. "We're letting him have more fun than usual, since this will be his last stroke for six months."

Robert's hand flew off his cock again, even though he had been getting close. "Six months!!!"

"Yes. We should have told you before we began," Miranda said. "But with these sorts of Powers, it's actually easier to make the spell last forever rather than shorter. Susan and I are skilled enough to cut it to six months, maybe three, but below that is too difficult."

"Why?!?"

"It has to do with the third octave and the harmonics that... well, you'll never really understand, you're a man," Miranda replied. "I know the trip is only a week, but months are the best we can do with modern medicine. Now please, continue masturbating."

"No, I can't! Not if it means waiting six months!"

"Now he sounds just like all boys you usually have in here," Diane chuckled.

Miranda sighed, then lifted a bottle of baby oil from the cart and squeezed a long stream onto his cock. The warm fluid dribbled down his shaft, over his hairless balls and wicked down into his ass crack, feeling incredible. She kept pouring until his crotch and hips were dripping with it, then squirted a quick shot into his right palm, too.

She started guiding the palm towards his dick.

"Mister Hanson, I've told you before, I'm your doctor, and I'll do what's best for you. We both know you don't want to embarrass your daughter or hear those girls laugh at you behind your back all week. And we both know how weak your will is."

She had pushed his slick hand very close to his oiled dick now. He resisted going that last inch to contact.

"You know, Mr. Hanson," Susan began in her high-pitched giggly voice. "I was a cheerleader in high school. And we went to regionals one year, probably in the same hotel you'll stay at. There's a pool in the center, a heated pool. We skinny dipped in that pool some nights, even though we could sense business men watching us from their rooms."

"And it's such a long week, and we got sooo bored and horny, and the girls I was sharing my room with were sooooo hot. By the end of the week, you'll hear moaning from most of the rooms, Mister Hanson. Two, three girls at once. Maybe even from your daughter's room..."

Susan pushed his hand to his cock and Robert broke, stroking again. The slick oil made it feel better, made him go even faster than before

"You're such a pervert, Mr. Hanson," Susan giggled, holding his balls while he masturbated. It made him feel like a cow being examined by a farmhand, a restrained animal. "You deserve to get your strokies taken away! You deserve to be tossing and turning in bed with an aching cock every night!"

"Most of them do," Diane laughed, then walked to the door. "I'll start working on getting him a ride home." She gave the masturbating man one long, last look, then closed the door behind her.

Susan continued holding his balls possessively as he stroked. "He's getting close, Doctor. Very close."

"I would assume," Miranda chuckled. "That was quite a hot picture you painted." She laughed again. "And I see he agrees."

"Mister Hanson!" Susan chided. "You should know all cheerleaders are completely shaved! And that I would never lick a pussy that had hair on it!" Robert grunted.

"That's better," Susan giggled. "And make her boobs bigger! I'm not going down on some flat-chested chick! There you go." Robert was sweating, straining not to cum.

"And she was flexible," Susan added. "More flexible than that. More than that. There."

"Please- I can't! I going to-"

"Now make her moan and pull my hair. Now make her beg to cum. Now... make her face look like your wife!"

"Oh, fuck!" Robert screamed, his hand a blur.

"Okay, I think we've got enough," Miranda laughed. "Help him out, please, Susan,"

The young nurse giggled and then put her tiny hand over Robert's large one, gently bringing it to a halt.

"No! Please!" he begged, trying to stroke again.

"We're all done Mr. Hanson," she laughed. "You can let go now!" Susan giggled as she had to peel his fingers away from his cock one at a time. "All done with that stage. You did great!"

"No, doctor, please, just another minute!"

"The point of the procedure is to keep you from stroking," Miranda chuckled. "You'd better get used to it."

Robert moaned as Susan clicked his wrist cuff above his head, locking him in place again.

Miranda stood between his knees, and held her fingers just millimeters above his dripping erection, but not touching it.

"Now we've got something to work with," she said, a light glow coming from her fingers and washing over his crotch. "Nurse, paste G5, please."

Susan left Robert's trapped wrists and handed her a jar of blue paste that had been warming on a hot plate, and a soft paintbrush. The doctor applied the light paste in long slow brush strokes over his cock. It felt like a warm, wet tongue giving his erection a long lick from base to tip.

"God, no! I can't take any more!"

"Oh please," Miranda scoffed. "Stage three is relaxing. All you have to do is lie there, and we'll do all the work. Give him some slack, please Susan."

The nurse reclined Robert's bed, moving his wrists closer to his head and straightening the stirrups. Now he was lying down with some slack in his arms and legs, more comfortable but still restrained.

"See?" Miranda said. "Relaxing! Now just lay back, we're almost done." Miranda dipped the soft brush into the blue paste again, then painted one stroke along his cock.

"Yes, just a couple minutes of this," Miranda said, smirking as Robert whimpered with each brush stroke. "You can be a big boy for me and take that, right?" Robert clenched his teeth and nodded as she continued the slow, relentless licks on his cock with the brush.

"Good. Susan, let's double team him. Get the other side, will you?"

The nurse nodded and picked up her own soft brush, then started applying quick strokes to the other side of Robert's cock. Now it felt like two eager tongues licking him at once.

"Oh fuck," he gasped. "Oh fuck oh fuck."

"Another cheerleader and I did this for real to a guy in high school once, each licking him from one side," Susan giggled. "He said the same thing."

Robert was holding back his orgasm by the barest of margins. "Please! I'm close..."

"Just another minute or so, Mr. Hanson," Miranda said with a smile. The brushes sped up, dueling over his cockhead like darting tongues. "So Mr. Hanson, let me ask you, when did you first start masturbating?"

Robert shook his head, not wanting to answer. Miranda was painting his balls now, feeling like a slow wet tongue lovingly lapping his heavy sac. She pulled the brush away and gave his balls a short spank with the wooden shaft.

"Ow! Um... thirteen, I think!"

Susan laughed. "Oh my god."

"Wow, an early shooter," Miranda chuckled.

"You must have looked so cute back then," Susan giggled.

Now the doctor was dragging her wet brush lower, on his taint, disturbingly close to his sensitive asshole. "And what did you use back then? For inspiration, I mean."

"Please, Doctor..."

Robert hesitated but a few warning strokes of Miranda's brush around the rim of his asshole opened his mouth. "The Sears Catalog in the newspaper! Underwear and pantyhose models!" he gasped. "The Sunday issue was sometimes in color!"

Miranda chuckled. "Do you see what life was like for boys before the internet, Susan?"

"Poor things," the nurse giggled.

Robert felt something move inside his cock. It was warm but solid, like a puzzle piece sliding into place.

"Did you feel that Susan?"

"Yes doctor!"

"It's working," Miranda said, smiling down at Robert. "Here, Susan, feel this-" Something vibrated in the center of Robert's cock, like he had a tight guitar string inside him. "That's his 5th erection harmonic- keep an ear out for it as we go. And this-"

Another vibration, closer to his root. "This is his meta-tersal errata. It controls how long he lasts. Oh, and down here-"

Robert whimpered as something vibrated deep in his balls. "This is his ulna refractor. It's how fast he recharges. You don't want to touch that."

"Yes doctor."

Miranda dipped her brush in the jar again, then started slow, lazy strokes up his shaft, like she had all day to do the next coat.

"Okay Mr. Hanson, Sears Catalog... you know, I remember those newspaper ads," she said. "Cute girls, but they were always wearing granny panties. When did you masturbate to your first naked woman? High school?"

Robert grunted and shook his head, sweating.

"You didn't see one naked girl all through high school?" Miranda said, slightly amazed. "What did you masturbate to?"

"Sports Illustrated!" he gasped. "Bikinis!"

"Wow," Susan giggled. "That is pathetic."

"Well, it's not as easy for men as it was for you," Miranda told her. "Men have to work for it!"

"As they should," Susan giggled.

"Now, Mister Hanson, tell me, when did you masturbate to a picture of a fully naked woman? How old were you?"

"Twenty!" he hissed through his teeth. Miranda paused her brush for a second. "I... I.. bought my first Playboy." Her brush started again. She nodded to the nurse, and Susan's brush joined in again. Robert was almost in tears.

"Two years after leaving home," Miranda marveled. "Did it feel good to finally rebel against your parents, to cover those printed titties and pussies with your spunk?"

"Yes," he grunted, and felt another puzzle piece slide into place, locking with the first. This one felt like a ring pulling down on his balls. The two brush tongues increased their eager assault on his cock.

"And you obviously continued masturbating until you met your wife," Miranda continued. "Tell me, the night of your first date, did you jack off thinking of her?"

"Yes!" he admitted.

Miranda chuckled and plopped a big glop of paste down on his cockhead, like lips giving him a sloppy kiss in thanks. "And after the second date?"

"Yes!"

"And the third? And fourth?"

"Yes!"

"Oh my gawd," Susan laughed.

Miranda joined her in laughter, then added. "How long did your minx of a wife make you wait before giving you any kind of relief on a date?"

"A month!"

"Oh my gawd!"

"Hush Susan. And you masturbated after you were married?"

He nodded. "After a few years...after Leslie was born"

"And where do you do it?"

"In the shower.... but only sometimes!"

"But now that your darling little daughter has become a woman, you can't do that any more, can you? She'll sense it with her Powers?"

Robert groaned. He was so close to cumming! It was like the longest blow-job ever!

Miranda grinned, and spoke quietly, as if sharing a secret. "But you still do it sometimes, don't you?"

"Yes! In the shower!"

"You have to hurry, so she doesn't come home from cheer practice and catch you? That'd be embarrassing, right? Her and her friends, getting off the bus, and oooops- they can sense you! Or your wife, bringing some co-workers home from the office? Sexy, powerful women in high heels, pulling into your driveway and breaking into laughter in their cars? You always have to hurry so that doesn't happen, right?"

"Yes, I always have to hurry!" Robert cried.

"You have to shoot quickly, don't you Mr. Hanson? You're masturbating like a little boy with the Sears Catalog again, aren't you? In secret, ashamed and praying you don't get caught?"

"YES!"

"Susan, the temorline paste, please," Miranda said, switching brushes and jars as quickly as the nurse could hand them over and returning to brush Robert's cock with barely any break. "Now Mr. Hanson, here comes an important part.

"I want you to picture yourself in the shower, jacking off. But you don't have to hurry this time. All the women are out of the house. You can take all the time you want to shoot your load. You can really enjoy it. Picture that for me, please."

Robert swallowed. "Okay."

"And you've waited for a week, your balls are so full and heavy, just like they are now. Can you picture that?"

"Yes," he moaned. The brushes felt like real tongues on his cock, warm, wet, wide. He hadn't felt that in years!

"And the best part," Miranda said in a husky voice, "is that you can picture anything you want. No woman can see. You can picture your wife, or her friends kneeling in front of you. Every young girl on your daughter's cheer team, bending over with a big smile. Even me or Susan if you'd like. It's okay, I'm giving you permission."

"Me too," Susan giggled.

Robert looked back and forth between the smiling women, to be sure, then nodded and closed his eyes.

"Are you picturing it, Mr. Hanson? You, having the best jack-off session of your life? It feels so GOOD doesn't it?"

"YES!"

"Good," Miranda said, concentrating. "Because... that will never happen again!"

Robert felt something solid and metallic slam shut inside his cock, like a rifle bolt being locked back. The brushes also disappeared, leaving him waving his cock in the air, looking for any stimulation.

"NOOOOO!"

"No shouting, please Mr. Hanson!"

"NOOO-"

Miranda squeezed his balls sharply, painfully. He tried to curl to protect himself, and couldn't. She squeezed again and he stopped yelling.

"There you go, breathe, just relax," Miranda said, letting off her squeezing as his breaths got deeper. "You're all done. The procedure is over. You're safe now."

He gulped, breathing slower, feeling his balls in her hand.

"There, there. You'll see, this is better. You'll never have to make that horrible decision again- do I stroke, or not? No matter what hot woman you see or dirty act you think of, you don't have to stress about it anymore, thinking of how to get some time alone. You can't do anything to empty these now."

Miranda let go of his balls and then patted them twice. "Good boy. You can get dressed now."

She picked up a towel, wiped her hands with finality as Robert just lay there, exhausted. Susan started unbuckling his legs and wrists.

"Doctor," he whined, "I... don't think I can take this! Please, just put it back!"

"Oh, it won't be bad at all," Miranda said, cleaning up her brushes. "Most boys survive this way for years. And when they get married, half of their wives don't even want us to take it off!"

She wiped his crotch down with a warm wet towel, getting the last of the paste off. She stroked his erection with the towel as erotically as she would wash a drinking glass. "You'll have to sit down to pee, obviously, since you can't shake. And you won't be able to keep yourself so beautifully shaved for your wife. But I can recommend a great Brazilian waxer- she does all the girls here and I've never heard any complaints."

"Front and back and everything in between," Susan giggled, screwing the tops onto the jars. "We're all smooth as babies."

Robert whimpered, picturing her bare pussy under those scrubs.

"And, of course," Miranda said, "you'll be safe around all those young girls who would tempt you next week. Perfectly safe, as locked as money in a vault."

"Even if they practice their cheer in the halls at night," Susan said. "In cut-offs and booty shorts. Or if they ask you to help them stretch their legs or paint their cute little toes. Nope, Mr. Hanson, now you can do that, then go to sleep nice and sound!"

Before he knew what he was doing, Robert's right hand slid towards his naked cock- and hit a wall six inches away.

"Testing it already?" Miranda laughed, looking up from his chart. "Go ahead. This is one of the stronger ones I've ever done." She crossed her legs as she sat on the stool, drawing her skirt slightly higher again.

He pushed, strained, but his hand would not get any closer to his cock, even though it begged for it. Susan giggled as she packed up her cart.

Miranda smiled, crossed her legs the other way and let a heel dangle as she made a note on his chart. "Oh, and during the Procedure, Mr. Hanson, I think I may have slightly nudged your ulna refractor a little. Your testosterone and sperm production will be like it was in your late teens. For the next six months, you'll probably need to cum once a day or you'll be climbing the walls."

"No! Doctor! Arrrrh!" He tried to stroke himself again and failed. "What am I supposed to do?"

"Well obviously your wife will be your main... oh, she's sick right now, isn't she?" Miranda asked. "You mean for the trip this week?" She laughed. "Cold showers, I guess."

"There's ALWAYS a slutty cheerleader on every team," Susan added. "One who just loves seeing guys cum, no matter how old they are. Just find her and tell her your problem!" She held her chin thoughtfully. "But there are also like three or four horrible cockteases on every team, too. And they'll have a field day if they realize you can't stroke yourself off. And they look just like the sluts. Hmmm, I guess you have to decide if the odds are worth it!"

"The other cheer mothers are also an option," Miranda said. "Any bit of warm flesh will do, in the state you'll be. One of them could just let you thrust inside her lotioned hand for a few minutes while she reads a magazine each night." Robert's eyes grew, imagining the horror of asking a stranger for that. "Cheer mothers help each other out with little things like that."

Robert paced the room, his cock bobbing in front of him. "Please, I'm begging you, don't leave me like this!"

Miranda stood up, clicked over to him in her heels, and looked down at the shorter, naked man. "Oh, Mr. Hanson, you'll see. In six months, when you've been fucking your wife like a teenager every night, and you've never had to worry about sneaking away to jack off, you probably won't even want us to take the block off! Just wait and see."

She gave him a playful squeeze on his ass, then turned to leave. "Make sure to settle your co-pay with the receptionist on your way out," she said, closing the door behind her.

Robert gulped, and started dressing with Susan amusedly watching the whole time. He didn't know why the young girl stayed, smiling at him as he put his shirt back on, buttoned it, then tried to pull up his shorts and jeans- He tried to pull up his jeans- and couldn't. The force field.

He blushed, finally understanding. "Um... Nurse Susan... could you please help me... zip up my fly?"

"Why yes, Mr. Hanson!" She hopped off the counter, walked right up to him, and grabbed his bare, hard cock in her tiny hand. His knees almost buckled at the contact.

"Take a deep breath," she giggled, then bent his erection down, almost in half, to stuff it into his jeans. Robert moaned as she pushed it far down, into place.

"I LOVE stuffing a guy's hard cock back into his jeans!" she sighed. "Cause I know he's going home with blue balls! I do it to all my boyfriends every other date!" She smiled wickedly at him. "Let's do it again!"

"Susan, no-"

She fished his hard cock out of his pants and left it hanging out in front of him again. "Ask me to do it again."

The nurse stuffed his cock into Robert's jeans three more times, making him ask her nicely each time, and giving him a few accidental strokes with her cool hand so that he was harder each round. The last time was like bending a tree branch down.

Only then did she zip up his pants, smiling with satisfaction. "All done, Mr. Hanson!" She patted his bulge through his pants, then giggled. "Do you want me to get you a lollipop?"

Robert staggered out of the room, hard cock visible down one side of his pants, balls full and making him walk bow-legged, to the receptionist's desk. He paid the half the insurance didn't cover, trying not to look down the woman's firm cleavage as his credit card processed.

"Oh, and I did manage to get you a ride home," she told him, catching him looking at her breasts. "She was listed as being allowed to pick your kids up from here, so I figured she could pick you up too!"

Robert's head was swimming, still thinking of Susan's bare pussy, her cool hand and Miranda's long, bare legs. "What? Who?"

"Mindy Kirkpatrick."

His face went white. "God, no! That's our old-"

"Mr. Hanson!" a girl squealed, standing up in the waiting room. And up, and up. Her legs were longer than Miranda's. And between her jean skirt which was almost a belt and her tiny flip flops, much more exposed than the doctor's had been. "I haven't seen you in five years! Not since the last time I baby sat little Leslie!"

She ran over to him, arms outstretched.

"Mindy! No-"

The long limbed girl gave Robert a bear hug. His hard cock slid between her thighs and poked her right under her tiny jean skirt. She drew back, her mouth open in a shocked smile.

"Mister HANSON!"

"God, Mindy, I'm sorry!" He stepped back, tried to adjust his tent to make it disappear and couldn't. His hands wouldn't reach, from any angle.

The fresh-faced twenty year old put a hand over her mouth. "Mister Hanson- oh my god- did you just get a Willy Wanker done to you?"

Robert almost had a heart attack, right then. He was painfully hard, tenting out his jeans for the entire room to see. His balls felt like they hadn't been emptied in a year, at least. And now his family's former babysitter was standing in front of him, the same silk-smooth, mile-long runner's legs and bare feet he had tried to ignore years ago now legal and exposed, for him to stare at. And now she knew he had a problem with masturbating, and was going to drive him home.

Mindy giggled, then touched his shoulder and leaned in close to whisper. "It's okay, Mr. Hanson. My brother had the Willy Wanker done to him two years ago, so I know all about it. Come on, I'll take you home and tuck you in to bed."

She laughed, then led Robert Hanson out of the waiting room like a child.

Chapter One: Summer Break

The Dylan brothers thought they had hit the jackpot. A full summer in the city away from their prudish mother, and she had finally, finally agreed to remove their orgasm blocks!

Tyler couldn't stop grinning during the bus ride to New York city. "You brought the stuff, right Jake? The good stuff?"

His identical brother groaned. "For the fourth time, yes! I snuck out last night and bought your stupid baby oil. I don't know why you use that stuff."

Tyler giggled. "I'll show you- you won't believe how good your hand feels!" He actually started getting hard, right on the crowded bus, imagining a whole summer with all the masturbation he could stand! "This is going to be great!"

Across the aisle, the soccer mom whose feet Jake had been trying not to stare at the entire trip coughed disapprovingly. Jake elbowed Tyler in the ribs. "How many times have I told you!" he hissed to his brother. "They can hear it when you get hard! That's one of the Powers!"

"Okay, okay," Tyler replied, then forced a few deep breaths. "There? Happy?" He waited ten seconds, then giggled again, quietly. "This is going to be great!"

"We don't even know if Aunt Miranda will let us," Jake warned.

"Oh, she won't care," Tyler replied. "You'll see- she's the cool aunt!"

Tyler and Jake had called Miranda "the Cool Aunt" as long as they could remember. She was the one that gave them sweaters under the Christmas tree, then slipped them the cheerleaders-killing-zombies video game when their mother wasn't looking. She was the only one of their sexy aunts or hot cousins that accepted their invitation to swim at the Labor Day Party, laughing and splashing with them in a tight one-piece which clung to her like a second skin, as all the uncles tried not to ogle. And she was the one who always dressed up for Thanksgiving dinner, in a short cocktail dress that almost covered the tops of her sheer stockings and high heels that made her already long legs look impossible. And she never mentioned it when Tyler dropped his napkin again and again trying to look up her skirt under the table, or that one time Jake's hand brushed against her tight ass when he was trying to squeeze past her in the kitchen.

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Jake said, eyeing the New York skyline as it approached. "She's always been cool before."

Miranda swung open the door thirty seconds after Jake had rung the bell, in a long but tight business skirt and high heels, looking just as great as they remembered. "Boys!" she cheered, pulling Jake into a big hug and pressing her hips against his just long enough to make him hold his breath. "My, you've grown so much, look at these shoulders!" she said, rubbing Jake's wide delts. "I'm going to have to put a steel bar across the door or the neighborhood girls are going to break it down!"

Jake blushed, stepping back. "Oh, Aunt Miranda..."

"Hey, where's MY hug?" Tyler demanded.

"Right where your mind is- in the gutter! Put that thing away and then we'll talk," she laughed, pointing at his crotch and the slight tent in it.

"Tyler!" Jake hissed.

"I'm sorry!" his brother laughed, rolling his suitcase into the apartment. "Did you see those girls we just passed on the sidewalk? And the ones before them?"

"Tyler! I'm sorry, Aunt Miranda."

"Oh, I understand. Summer is prime girl watching season in New York," Miranda laughed, ushering Jake in and closing the door. "As the temperature rises, the dresses get shorter and shorter. Trophy wives, snobby models, even powerful business women, all of them show some thigh. Some of them stop wearing bras in mid-July. And in August..." She had their full attention. "some even go without undies! You boys got here at just the right time. Come on, your room's this way."

"Are you speaking from experience, or...?" Tyler asked with his trademark lopsided grin that Jake hated. Jake waited for her to explode.

But she just laughed. "Tyler Dylan, as your aunt, I make it my mission that you'll never find out! Now, here you go."

Tyler looked inside, then said, "But... it's just one room with two beds. And it doesn't even have a door. We won't have any privacy!"

"Now what would you boys be needing to do in here that required all that privacy?" Miranda smirked at them until they looked away.

"Now, you can change out of your traveling clothes if you'd like before dinner. I promise to make noise if I come down the hall!"

She turned and left the boys to stare at the small shared room. They each put their suitcase on their bed, but neither undressed. They hadn't shared a room since they were ten years old! They awkwardly put their clothes away in their side of the dresser, then walked out to the kitchen.

Miranda had changed out of her crisp professional clothes into a loose t-shirt and short running shorts. The boys had never seen her casual side before, and both were amazed she looked just as sexy dressed down, like a tall, runway model girl next door. Jake, especially, couldn't stop looking at how her long, thin perfect feet padded across her kitchen floor, stretching when she reached for the glasses or toes curling cutely when she sneezed. Before she caught him, Jake forced himself to pull his eyes to something more appropriate, like where her thighs almost touched, or her tiny, firm ass.

Which Tyler had been looking at the whole time. He grinned and elbowed Jake in the ribs as Miranda bent far into the refrigerator, her shorts riding up, up, up the back of her thighs as she rooted around. "Stop it," Jake mouthed silently to his brother, with a warning glance.

"She's coooool," Tyler mouthed back.

Miranda pulled out of the fridge and both boys pretended they were looking at her paintings on the wall. "So," she smiled, holding up a bottle of wine, "you boys must want something cold to drink."

Jake's eyes got large. "Aunt Miranda- we're not 21 yet!"

"And I'm not the wine police. You both are going away to college next year, right?" They nodded. "Then you're old enough. God knows you should learn how to handle it here instead of at some frat party." She poured three glasses as the pasta cooked.

Jake sipped his, found the taste surprisingly nice and tried to save it for his meal. Tyler drained his right away, then held it up. "Refill, please!"

"I'm not crazy either," Miranda chuckled. "You mother would kill me. One glass a night, max. That way I can still pretend it's for your heart."

"You know, I've read that somewhere," Jake said, sipping his glass again. "Red wine only, though."

"That's right, Jake!" Miranda replied. "Okay, pasta's done, let's eat!"

Tyler gave the smug Jake an angry look as they sat down. They talked about the boys' college plans, the past basketball season where Tyler had scored more points than Jake every game, but where Jake had hit the game-winning shot at Homecoming.

Miranda tried to explain what she did, but Jake and Tyler still didn't understand how Sex Powers crossed over to medicine, especially since their Aunt left out all the R-rated or even PG-13 bits, over the boys' protests.

Even though she was at least ten years older than him, Jake found himself hooked by the way Miranda laughed, wild and unafraid, or the way she smiled with just the corner of her lips. And, more than once, when she crossed her long legs, Jake fought his good sense and snuck a peek at her bare feet. He was sure she didn't notice.

After they had sat for a while, Miranda leaned back in her chair with a satisfied grin, and propped her feet on the edge of the dining table.

"You boys clean the table at my sister's place, right?"

"Yes, Aunt Miranda," Jake gulped, trying to look away from her soles but not make it obvious he was looking away.

"Well, same rules apply here! Dish soap's under the sink."

As she watched Jake and Tyler bustle around the table and start filling the sink, she laughed. "I think I'm going to like having two young men living with me all summer! I'm going to take a shower!"

It wasn't a lot of dishes, but Jake groaned. The sink was tiny. It was going to take a while. Especially since Tyler washed one fork, then started looking down the hall where Miranda had disappeared.

"Hey, pay attention," Jake said.

"I am! Do you realize she's showering right now!"

"No! Don't you dare!"

But Tyler was already sneaking towards the bathroom, leaving Jake elbow deep in soapy water. Tyler tried under the door, then through the gap near the hinge, and then finally, because of the movies, the keyhole. Which actually worked.

His eyes got large he spotted his aunt, naked in the shower. The shower curtain was even transparent! She had her back to him, but her strong, well-defined back, her long legs and firm heart-shaped ass was enough to get Tyler rock hard in seconds. He gave Jake a big thumbs up.

"Stop!" Jake hissed, wet dish in hand. "She'll hear you!"

Miranda smiled. The young, desperate hard-on outside the door, Tyler's if she knew the boys at all, was like an alarm clock to her. There was no way she could miss it, being expertly trained in Powers as she was. But, if she wanted this part of the game to last a little bit longer, she at least had to provide an excuse to why she was missing it. She reached one arm out of the shower and flicked on the bathroom radio with practiced ease. Loud Latin music started playing and she rocked her hips and hummed along, like she couldn't hear a thing outside.

Tyler couldn't believe it. He gave Jake a thumbs up so hard he almost sprained his thumbs. There was no way she could hear him now- he could look all he wanted! And, god, the way she was moving her naked, tanned ass sensuously from side to side- Tyler almost came in his pants! He had never seen a nude woman before, but he was sooooo glad that Aunt Miranda was his first! His hand started moving over the painful tent in his pants, stroking through the cloth.

Miranda listened to Tyler stroke with a smile. She was careful to keep her back to him as she swayed her ass in time to the music. She even bent over to pick up her shampoo, crossing her ankles slightly so that the innocent boy she was teasing wouldn't see her shaved pussy his

first peep. No, a boy's first peep has to be more wholesome than that, she laughed to herself. And, it has to be unfulfilled...

She listened to Tyler's orgasm approach, then pretended she heard a sound in the hallway just as he got close. The boy stopped in shock as Miranda leaned out of the shower to turn down the radio, covering her firm breasts with her arm. She pretended to listen for a few seconds, then shrugged and turned up the music again, hoping she hadn't scared him away.

Tyler's heart was pounding. If she opened the door, he would be caught! On the other hand, look at that ass! He wasn't a pussy like Jake. He kept watching, just not stroking.

Perfect, Miranda thought, then really turned up the heat. She could hear his cock throbbing but untouched, painfully hard as she soaped her legs and ass, slowly and thoroughly. Tyler's cock sounded like it was going to pop right off him, and knowing that she caused that, and was keeping him from touching it- it made her pussy burn.

She soaped her breasts and stomach, trying to decide. She had wanted to build up to that, to let each boy see her more and more naked, to slowly ratchet up the pressure on their hopeless full balls, but with the way the world was nowadays, there wouldn't be time. The horny boys would probably try to stroke it tonight, and then everything would have to come out in the open. Miranda shrugged, then, making sure to keep her back to the door, put a foot up on the side of the tub, closed her eyes, and let her hand drift down towards her pussy.

Tyler was dying, fighting his right hand. Even from behind, he could tell what his aunt was doing! The way she threw her head back, the way her hips pushed urgently against her fast-moving hand. He was watching a woman masturbate! A super hot woman! But he couldn't do a thing about it! He actually bit his hand, trying to keep from stroking.

"What's happening?" Jake hissed. Tyler just waved him off. That pussy was still cleaning dishes, while he was watching his aunt clean her pussy!

Tyler ached as Miranda lifted her head up, closing her eyes and opening her mouth to let the warm water flow in and around it. The way she licked her lips, underneath the showerhead- it was like she was asking for his dick to suck! Tyler couldn't take much more, he was about to stroke, but then Miranda's muscles strained and she hissed through her lips, then relaxed, breathing slower, letting the water wash over her. Tyler almost came when he saw her lick her fingers clean, although he didn't know why that turned him on so much. And when she suddenly wrapped a towel around herself and moved toward the door, he scrambled to rejoin his brother at the sink.

"What happened?" Jake demanded.

"Nothing," Tyler said with his lop-sided grin. "Pass me that last plate."

Jake fumed as he heard Miranda's voice behind him. "Tyler, you did such a good job drying those dishes- you got every one!" Then he turned to see her dripping wet, a large towel wrapped around her from armpit to thigh, and lost all thought.

"Boys, it's been a long day, I'm going to turn in a little early," she said, smiling at Tyler's leer and Jake's dropped jaw, adjusting her towel slightly. "Feel free to watch some TV, but not too loud. I'm a light sleeper. We'll meet up before I have to leave for rounds tomorrow morning."

Jake and Tyler watched her leave, close her bedroom door, and then did watch TV. For ten minutes.

Tyler moved to get off the couch, but Jake said, "Wait." And then they watched TV for another twenty minutes. Tyler fidgeted on the couch the entire time.

"Wait," Jake said when Tyler tried to leave again.

"She's asleep by now!"

"We have to be sure!"

"Whatever. I'm going," Tyler replied, then got up.

"Well, at least we have to make it look like we're going to bed- not just rushing in there to whack off!" Jake said, but turned off the TV.

Miranda tracked the boys by their low-level arousal as she lay naked in bed, a silly romance novel in one hand and gently rubbing her pussy with the other. She laughed as she listened to them brush their teeth, turn off the lights, and go to their room, all with full, hopeful balls. She flipped another page of "Pride and Prejudice and Powers" and smiled, slipping a finger softly around her slick pussy lips and keeping an ear pointed toward the boys' room.

The boys changed into their sleep clothes, sweatpants for Jake and boxers for Tyler, with their backs to each other. Jake's dick was already getting hard as he got into bed.

"This will be our first time... in six months," he gulped, pulling the covers around him.

"Eight months for me," Tyler spat back. "Because you ratted about my baby-oil stash!"

"Because it's disgusting. Just use your hand like everyone else does!"

"Why are you in here again?" Tyler demanded. "Go watch TV or something!"

"If she wakes up, I can't be like, 'Oh, Tyler's in there jerking it. My turn's next!' We have to at least look like we're sleeping if she comes by. Like mom does."

"Whatever, just don't look over here!"

"You either," Jake replied, and there was silence. Heart racing in his chest, hand trembling, he reached down into his sweatpants and grabbed his rock-hard shaft for the first time in seven days. Their mother had been especially watchful the week before their trip to "the sinful big City".

It felt so good. Perfect, like God wanted them to be happy. Jake started stroking very slowly, and smiled for the first time during the trip.

In her room, Miranda brushed her now-dry hair a few times, then tied a short silk robe around herself, making sure the hem almost but not quite exposed her ass. She listened to the boys' masturbating, their fantasies wide open to her perusal, as she tried to decide between a silky pink thong or cute white G-string.

Tyler was thinking about her, obviously, although she was much more frantic masturbating in his fantasy shower than she had been in real life. And she didn't remember spanking her own ass tonight. She shook her head and chuckled.

Jake was thinking about some plain but sweet-faced girl from his high school who could lose a few pounds but still filled out a pair of jeans very nicely. Good for you, Jake, she thought, slipping on the pink thong.

Miranda continued tracking their thoughts as she practiced her "shocked" face in the mirror, repeating it until it was just the right mix of scandalized and amused.

Finally, Jake couldn't take it anymore. "What did Aunt Miranda look like...in the shower?" he panted, fist slick with pre-cum under his covers.

"Fucking awesome," Tyler grunted back, his hand moving much faster than Jake's. "Like those girls in Sports Illustrated. And I saw everything! And she masturbated, right in front of me!"

Jake was too far gone to call bullshit. He didn't care anymore. His sap was rising, he was going to blow his first real load in many months, and it was going to be huge. He imagined his gorgeous, sexy Aunt Miranda masturbating naked in the shower, just for him, and went for the final stretch.

That's my que, Miranda giggled, opening her bedroom door. She slipped into her fuzzy slippers, the ones that made the loudest sound, and then started slowly down the hall.

Jake's hand froze at the sound coming towards them. Flip-flop. Flip-flop. Fuck! He was so close! Fuck! His fist was covered in pre-cum; just a few more strokes! But he stopped and hissed to Tyler. "She's coming! Stop!"

Tyler kept stroking at first, then stopped when the noise got louder. "Fuck!"

Both boys waited, frozen, hard and straining under the thin blankets, begging the footfalls to not get any closer. They reached the kitchen, and stopped. Then they reached the living room and paused. Then they started slowly coming down the hall to their room.

Jake wished he had pulled his sweatpants up earlier- they were at his knees but now it was too late, she'd hear the rustling! He had to hope that she wouldn't see his tent in the moonlight.

Tyler wished he hadn't taken his boxers completely off to masturbate- there was no way he could put them on now. He lay completely naked under the sheet, trapped and praying.

Miranda used her Powers to sense the poor boys' hearts racing like bunnies, and took her time, drawing their torture out more. She paused right outside their door, listening to the beautiful sound of their hard cocks quivering untouched.

And then she flipped on the light. "What are you boys doing in here?" she demanded, her face shocked, scandalized, but just slightly amused. "I was dead asleep!"

Jake couldn't talk. He couldn't breathe! He was also sure his heart had stopped beating. "Aunt... Mir..anda- we're sorry!"

She strutted to the center of the room and put her hands on her hips, staring from one blushing boy's blanket tent to the other. "Does my sister let you do this sort of thing back home!"

"Yes!" "No."

Tyler gave Jake a sour look.

"I'm glad one of you told the truth," she laughed. "Jake, what are your mother's rules about this?"

Jake couldn't even look at her stern face, but looking down at his Aunt's body in the thin pink robe and all the warm flesh it showed off just made him harder. "We... we're not allowed to touch ourselves at all."

"Never?" Jake shook his head. "Then how do you release all that pressure in your testicles? At your age it should become unbearable after just a day or two."

Jake hated himself. He was getting even harder, being forced to admit this to aunt! "Mom... milks us every two weeks, on the dining room table."

Miranda put a hand over her mouth. "Oh my!" she laughed. "You poor boys." Of course she had known the basics already, the sisters talked every month, but hearing it from young Jake's trembling mouth just made it more pussy-tingling. She shook her head, eyes locked on the outline of each boy's hard cock under the thin blanket as they squirmed. "My sister's going about it all wrong."

"Boys your age shouldn't be kept from ejaculating, they should be encouraged! God knows the girls will have a field day with you two in college soon enough, so you might as well enjoy a little masturbation now."

She stopped at Tyler's bed, pulled the blanket tighter around his midsection. "Is that baby oil soaking through my Egyptian cotton blankets?"

Tyler looked away blushing. "Yes."

Miranda shook her head, then stood up again. "So here are my rules, in effect all summer long. First, if you're stroking, you have to do with the covers off. No dripping on my beddings, is that clear Tyler?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Miranda smiled and crossed her arms. "Well, what are you waiting for? Peel that blanket off!"

"Now? But..."

"I've already seen what you've got, the moment you touched yourself, like a TV in my head. As if you were floating naked in front of me. So peel off or... we can always follow your mother's rules for the summer."

"No! I'll do it..." Tyler gulped, then slowly dragged the blanket to his stomach, then lower, looking away when it finally showed his cock. He folded it to his knees.

Miranda pulled it the rest of the way off, then picked up his boxer shorts and tossed them under the bed. "You won't need these, either. There you go, nice and nude, just like a young boy should sleep!"

She left the embarrassed naked boy and walked over to Jake's bed. "And you?"

"Please, Aunt Miranda..." Jake begged, blushing horribly. "Please don't!"

"You're so shy! Here, I'll help you," she chuckled, slowly pulling on his blanket. The soft cotton grazed his cock as his fear rose and rose and then- "There's your little soldier!" Miranda laughed. She pulled the blanket below his feet, then said, "Sweatpants, please."

Jake's hand shook as he pulled them off. Miranda's hands were steady as she folded them sharply and put them back in the dresser.

"That's rule one," she told the shivering nude boys trying to turn their hips away from her gaze. "Rule two is that I don't want you taking all night to play with yourself, keeping the neighbors up and cramping your wrists. If you're going to masturbate, I want you to do it fast and hard, like a real man! You know what I'm talking about, right, Tyler?"

"I guess."

"You guess? You don't like gentle stroking like a girl, do you? You love going all out and blowing a HUGE explosive load like a volcano, don't you?"

"Yes!" This he could understand!

"Demonstrate for me, please." Miranda laughed at the change in his expression. When he still didn't move, she leaned in close and whispered, "It would really turn me on."

His baby-oiled hand found his slick cock and he started pumping. "Faster than that," Miranda said. "Like you really mean it!" His speed increased. "Come on, like an animal! That's what women want!"

Tyler grunted and started stroking like he had always wanted to, like he was angry at his cock. "Yes, that's it- that's the speed I want the whole time!" she laughed.

His balls pulled tight to his body. He didn't feel like he needed to ask for permission, that men ever should ask for permission, but years of training kicked in. "Aunt Miranda... I'm gonna..."

"Not just yet," she laughed, making a Loop around his cock with her finger, blocking his orgasm.

"No!" he yelled, his powerful biological reflex hitting an even older, much more powerful magic she had just put inside his body. His orgasm stayed just out of his reach, tingling at the base of his cock but no further. Tyler stopped stroking after a minute, exhausted, knowing he couldn't defeat it. Only when his hand left his cock did Miranda cut his Loop.

She looked at Jake. "Do you need to demonstrate for me as well?"

Jake shook his head. "No! I understand!"

"Good," she laughed. "And rule three- go ahead boys, you can touch yourself while I'm talking, it's okay. I know it feels good."

Looking at the tall, shapely woman standing feet from him in a wisp of a robe, Jake felt his hand wrap around his cock of its own will. His veins pulsed and he gave himself a quick stroke. It DID feel so good.

"Third and final rule," Miranda smiled, holding up three fingers, "is that you can orgasm all you want this summer. It's a biological need, and I'll never stop you. As much as you want."

Jake laughed in relief- this was exactly what he had dreamed of! His hand started stroking, and he could see Tyler doing the same.

"But," she added, "you have to clean up after yourselves each time. You know what clean up means, right?" Both boys nodded, stroking fast. Miranda smiled. "It means lick every drop of sperm up into your mouth!" THAT stopped them cold.

"What?!" Jake gasped, hand flying off his cock.

"You can cum all you want this summer," Miranda repeated. "You just have to swallow every drop of cum you shoot, that's all."

"That's all!"

"That'll kill us!" Tyler added. "It's poisonous!"

"I assure you it is not," Miranda chuckled. "I've swallowed myself a few times, before the Powers came, and I survived. And don't get me started about your mother! God, back in college-"

"But, but... we can't do that!" Jake begged. "We're..."

"Men? My husband does it. So do millions of other males." She smiled and looked down at the fearful boys. "Of course it's humiliating, a man licking up his own spurt. And distasteful, for a moment. But that's a small price to pay for a nice big orgasm each night, isn't it?"

Miranda wished she had brought a camera. Their expressions were so precious! "Now, who's first?"

Jake looked at Tyler, saw him looking back, aghast. "I... I don't think we can do that, Aunt Miranda."

"Oh come on now, don't be such babies."

Jake swallowed. "Please, don't make us-"

Tyler's soft-spoken question cut across the room. "What does it taste like?"

Miranda smiled. "It's hard to describe, really. Some people say raw oysters, and I can see that. But eating your own load is so different from that- so much more special! In fact, some men come to love the warm, slippery feel of their own cum sliding down their throat. My husband said he never would, but now he loves it." She laughed. "Well, tolerates it, at least. I'm sure you boys will, too, by the end of summer. It will just take some practice."

The boys looked at each other, still disgusted. Neither moved to stroke again.

Miranda tapped her feet. "Come on now. Really? Neither of you? You're both going to be little princesses, too prim and proper to open your mouths and swallow a big hot load like you're supposed to? Okay."

She went to the closet and pulled out a box. Both boys cringed at the familiar jingle the contents made. "Your mother mailed this to me last week, said I should use them if I needed to."

Confirming the boys' worst fears, Miranda pulled the two metal cage chastity belts out of the box. "Now, I know it's been a few years since you boys were fitted for these. And I can see you've -ahem- grown since then-" She giggled, looking at their large nude cocks, "But I'm sure they will still fit, even if it's a little tight!"

She started fumbling with the metal rings and cages. "Now, whose is whose? Did you engrave your names on these or anything?"

"Aunt Miranda, please!" Jake cried. "We haven't worn those in years! Mom just uses Powers to block us now!"

"And have you stroking yourself all night, keeping me up? No way, I've got a surgery in the morning!" She looked at the two belts. "Oh hell, you're twins anyway. Here." She tossed one belt to each boy.

Tyler was already deflating in fear, but Jake found himself getting harder. The thought of his aunt laughing as she stuffed him into the belt...

Miranda raised an eyebrow at him. "Getting hungry, Jake?"

"No, I'll wear it! I'll wear it," he said, trying to squeeze the metal ring around his full balls.

"Come on you two, hurry up!" she said, making her voice sound slightly stern, even as she was delighting in watching two attractive boys lock up their own horny cocks.

"Aunt, it's hard... with you here, to get soft, you know?" Jake said.

"Oh, you're such a flatterer!" she laughed. "Now hurry hurry, or I'll get an icepack!"

Both boys groaned, and with one last painful effort, bent their cocks into the metal cages. Miranda locked tiny padlocks around each, then patted their heads. "Now you're nice and safe." She walked to the doorway and put her hand on the light switch. "Good night, my little princesses- I'll see you in the morning!"

Miranda gave herself one long, vibrator orgasm that night, listening to the boys' penises strain and fight against the unyielding metal until they fell fitfully asleep.

Jake awoke to a tightness around the root of his cock. It wasn't the hard tightness of a metal ring, but something stringy. And he was erect! He pulled his covers away and was shocked to see the cage gone, replaced by a pink ribbon tied around his balls. And a post-it note.

"You boys sure sleep in late! Took the cage off for safety, no block, but remember the rules! See you for dinner! -M."

Jake threw the post-it away and, with effort, untied the ribbon, almost getting caught up in stroking himself in the process. Tyler started to wake and Jake told him what to expect under the blanket. Tyler ripped off his own covers, flung the note away and started stroking.

"What are you doing!" Jake cried.

"She was here... touching us!" Tyler groaned. "While we slept, she was touching...us!" He stroked fast, just like he had last night.

"Stop! She'll sense you!"

"She's at work!" He stroked faster. "And you don't know what she looked like naked! God, did she look good in the shower.... "

"Stop!"

"Tight wet ass, so fucking goo-UNNGH!"

Tyler exploded all over his chest, rope after rope of cum, while his brother watched. Tyler kept stroking, savoring every hard spurt, until he was done. He laid back, smiling his stupid lopsided grin. That's when the pressure on their balls started. Both of them.

Light at first, but growing. Squeezing harder and harder.

"Oh fuck!" Jake cried, cupping his balls. But the feelings were coming from inside! Then Tyler's cell-phone rang. "Answer it!"

"No! It's her!" Tyler spat back, holding his balls too, trying to rub the pressure away. "It's her!"

The pressure squeezing their balls kept growing, the edge of painful now. And still growing, as Tyler's phone rang and rang. "Answer it!" Jake ordered.

"NO!"

"If you won't, I will!"

Just before Jake reached it, the phone's ringing stopped. But the squeezing on their balls did not. Jake's eyes got very big.

"Oh, fuck! No! NO!" He held his balls as he started seeing stars- he was going to throw up-

Then his cell-phone rang. He answered at once.

"Tyler's not following my rules, is he?" Miranda purred.

"No!" Jake gasped, doubled over.

"Tell him to."

"Tyler! You've got to eat it!"

"NO!"

"She won't stop unless you do!"

Grimacing in pain and disgust, Tyler dipped one finger in the pool of his own cum, then quickly into his mouth.

"He's doing it!" Jake cried, and immediately the squeeze on their balls lessened. It was only a forceful clutch now, like when their mother wanted to make a point.

"Make sure he keeps going," Miranda ordered.

"He is, he is!" Jake replied, making a motion for Tyler to continue. Tyler did, and almost spat out his second finger-full.

"Gross!"

Miranda laughed. "I heard that! That's more like it. Make sure he gets it all, will you Jake?"

"Yes, Aunt Miranda."

And so Jake had to watch his brother scoop up the puddles of cum that had landed on his chest, one finger at a time, into his own mouth. While his own balls ached, still carrying their heavy load. Tyler grimaced and made a face with each lick.

"Tell him to hurry up," Miranda said. "It tastes worse when it gets cold."

"Hurry up, Tyler! He's almost done, Aunt Miranda. There! He's done!"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"Make sure he gets what ran into his belly button. First timers always forget that."

Jake relayed the message, and Tyler gave him a hateful look, as that added two more scoops after he thought he was finished.

"There, that's all of it!"

"Okay then," Miranda laughed, and the pressure on their balls vanished. "I left a key on the table, go enjoy the sights. I'll see you boys at 6 for dinner!" And she hung up.

Jake and Tyler were alone in their room, looking anywhere but at each other. "I'm... going to go take a shower," Jake finally said.

Tyler stopped him. "Let me brush my teeth first."

Walking around the city did let the boys forget about what just happened, for a little while. They had their first real New York pizza, they stared at all the impossibly tall buildings everywhere, and couldn't help but giggle when they found a shop that would sell them a glass bong. Tyler bought it immediately, even though they had no use for it.

But as the day heated up, the sights did too. They passed housewives walking to yoga class in tight tight spandex shorts. Goth girls, with tears in their tight jeans in almost indecent places. Business women, secretaries, young models, all looking professional, stern, and hot. Hundreds of them. Streets and streets of them.

And what got to Jake was how many of them showed off their feet. Heels were everywhere. And the rest wore loose flip flops. Some of them let their shoes fall off in the subway, their bare feet totally visible for him to stare at. One sultry woman in a business skirt, mid-forties but still hot, even started rubbing her feet, massaging tension out of her high arches, right in front of them. That did it.

"Excuse me," Jake mumbled, leaning towards her.

She looked up annoyed, then saw his age and nervousness and softened her expression. "Yes?"

"Where's the best place to get... um, oysters around here?"

"Oh, Grand central terminal, of course. The Oyster Bar," she said with a smile, crossing her legs to rub her other sexy foot.

"Thanks," Jake mumbled.

"What was that?" Tyler demanded after they got off the train.

"I have to know," Jake said, checking his map and then walking away.

The waiter slid the tray of 12 oysters on ice in front of the two boys. "Enjoy."

Jake raised one cold shell to his hand, gingerly sniffed the watery contents, and then tried sucking it into his mouth.

"Yuck!" He looked up at Tyler after only half of it. "Is this what it really tasted like?"

Tyler tried one himself, cautiously. "Kind of. Same texture." He swallowed it, went for another. "But this is food! We know we're supposed to eat it! The other thing..." He shuddered.

Jake tried finish his first, steeled himself, and finally did. "How many of these equal..." he whispered- "what you spurted?"

"I dunno. Four?"

Jake tried to start his second oyster, and couldn't even stomach half, spitting the cold liquid out.

Tyler's second oyster hit him harder than the first. "Uugh!" he grimaced. "That one had grit in it!"

Jake motioned the waiter over again.

"Sir?"

"Could you like, warm these up?"

The waiter was genuinely horrified. "SIR?"

"Like microwave them or something? To room temperature?"

The waiter took the dish away, frowning stiffly.

"Higher than room temperature!" Tyler called after him. "To body temperature!"

Warmer was a little better, but getting through four was still a long chore, requiring Jake to steel himself over and over again before swallowing the viscous, jelly-like fluid. He was exhausted as Tyler ate his fourth. The boys looked at each other, knowing they couldn't finish the rest.

The rest of the day was more of the same. Tan, toned legs everywhere. Midriffs in the park, bare because the girls had laid back, pulling their shirts up as they lay on a blanket. Jersey girls, big fake breasts and tight shorts, laughing and popping their gum at them as the boys started to get hard and had to walk quickly away.

Jake couldn't even count the number of sexy feet he saw on the way back to Miranda's apartment in the evening. As he used the key to open the door, Miranda turned to face them from the kitchen.

"Boys! I got a special treat for your first full day in New York! Authentic New York pizza, New York cheesecake, and for appetizers..." She theatrically lifted the top off a large metal dish, and the twins groaned. "Two dozen raw oysters!" she cheered.

Miranda made them eat six oysters each, by telling them how expensive they were, how much of a delicacy they were, and by just not taking no for an answer. In a cool way, of course.

On her own sixth oyster, Miranda let the fluid slosh in her mouth before letting it slide slowly down her throat. "Mmmmmm, I just loooove that feeling. It makes me wish my husband was here!"

Both boys grunted, getting painfully hard in their pants. Miranda laughed, "Don't get any ideas, boys. I still make him finish what he started. I just like to hold it in my mouth for a while before giving his male gift back to him!"

She smiled at the two boys in pain from their own erections and tight underwear. Jake tried to change the subject.

"Is Uncle Joshua coming back soon?"

"No, he's in Europe for a few more weeks, unfortunately. Being a world-class underwear model involves a lot of travel." Miranda picked up another oyster and looked wistfully at it, before sucking it down. "But these days," she laughed, "with Powers and all, women don't really want to see him model the underwear."

"Most photo shoots are him nude and face down in bed, the underwear flung artistically on the floor or something. Or him barely covering himself with his hands, in the shower. His days are full of being naked in front of five to ten female photographers, assistants and make up artists, saving all his sperm up so he can come back home and eat it in front of his dear wife."

Both boys cried out as their pants felt horribly tight and she laughed again. "You boys like that story? We can try it tonight, if you two don't wuss out again. Now, finish the rest of these, I'm going to start on that cheesecake."

Eight oysters sloshing queasily in each of their bellies, neither Jake or Tyler felt the least bit horny as they changed for bed. Until Miranda came into their room and tutted at them, looking at their sweatpants.

"Come now, what did I say about wearing clothes to bed? Slip 'em off!"

Blushing, Jake and Tyler dropped their sweatpants to the ground and jumped under the covers quickly. Miranda put their clothes away in the dresser again, then pulled a key from nowhere and locked it shut. "There, now you won't be tempted later tonight."

Hearing the lock click shut, knowing he would be nude until she allowed otherwise, Jake's cock started hardening.

Miranda smiled at them and rubbed her hands. "Now, I'm so sad I missed Tyler's one-man show this morning! But I think a two-load show now should make up for it!"

Even though he was hard under the blanket, Jake begged, "Please, Aunt Miranda, we don't feel like it tonight! Not after all those oysters!"

"Oh, you two are such little princesses!" she laughed. "A little food and you don't feel sexy? I'm going to make you both start wearing bows in your hair! Okay, the belts it is."

She pulled the hated jingling box out again. This time Tyler cried out. "No! Not that again! It hurt so much last night!"

"When did it hurt?"

"When... I tried to get hard."

"Well, we know how to fix that, right? You already swallowed your nice yummy load this morning, Tyler, why are you resisting now?"

The young boy blushed horribly, turning away. "I just don't want to do it again."

She turned to the other shaking boy. "And you, Jake? Don't you want your first big release of the summer?"

Jake shook his head. "No!"

She sat on his bed and stroked his hair softly. "Come on... it will help you sleep. I can tell you need it- the girls were pretty hot today, weren't they? You can think of anyone you want, I won't say a thing." Jake felt himself slipping.

"The longer you wait the more cum there'll be," she reminded. Jake realized that was true, that he shouldn't wait-

"No!" Tyler cut in. "We're not doing it tonight! And I don't want to wear that belt!"

Jake saw Miranda's mouth set in a straight line, and shivered in fear. "Well, Tyler, we can try that for one night, but if you slip up, I'll have you in the belts all summer, do you understand me?"

Tyler gulped. "Yes ma'am."

"Okay, hands above covers!" Miranda ordered, and they did. She tucked their blankets under the mattress, so tightly that they could barely move. And then gave them each three Loops. "No touching tonight. At all, do you boys hear me? Not even to scratch."

They nodded, thankful the chastity box was going back in the closet.

Miranda paused at the door, hand on the light switch. "And masturbation really does help you get to sleep. I'm a little wound up myself right now, so I'm going to have a little fun in my own bed. You may hear some noises from my bedroom, some adult noises, but I don't want to hear one stroke out of either of you, or those belts will become your second home, okay?"

They nodded again, now truly afraid. She flipped the switch and left.

Miranda didn't bite her tongue this night, moaning and squealing as loudly as her body wanted to, as the vibrator did its work. After her first big one, she even went for a pleasant second orgasm, because the sounds of the boys' steel cocks quivering untouched, especially Jake's desperately backed-up balls, were just too hot for words.

Jake had set his phone alarm to go off early this morning, to prevent Miranda from putting another embarrassing girly ribbon around his manhood. When it beeped, he ripped off the covers to find... himself wearing yellow thong panties, with bows on the sides.

He jumped out of bed, tried to find his sweatpants, then remembered. The dresser was still locked! He heard dishes in the kitchen, and took a long minute to realize, he had to face her like this, or nude. Only the thought that Tyler would wake up and see him in panties gave him the courage to leave the bedroom.

His cock strained against the sexy, young girl's panties. He told himself it was just a piss-hard-on, but if it was, it was his hardest ever. And every time he looked down at the soft cotton he got a little harder.

"Morning Jake!" Miranda cheered, already in her work skirt and blouse. "Oh, don't you look precious! I knew Kelly's and Vickie's panties would fit you boys!"

"Kelly... and Vickie...?" His cousins? His snobby, pampered cousins who Jake and Tyler had watched grow hotter each year as their breasts budded, their asses rounded and just became more stuck-up the hotter they got? Jake wailed, his diamond cock suddenly trying to rip through the panties.

Miranda chuckled and sipped her coffee. "Yep, they left some clothes behind last winter. And I figured this was so much more befitting my little princesses than a pink ribbon- don't you?" She laughed, looking at the wet spot at the tip of his tent. "You boys really have to start getting up earlier!"

"Aunt Miranda, please- let me put on my clothes again!"

"I'll unlock the dresser before I leave," she said. "I just can't wait to see Tyler in Vickie's thong!"

They heard a cry from the bedroom. "What the fu--"

Miranda's eyes lit up. "There we go! Fashion show time!"

She made the boys eat their breakfast and wash their dishes in the panties, smirking each time the soft material or just the humiliation of it made their young hard dicks cry out for a

touch. After a horribly humiliating hour, she picked up her briefcase and walked to the door, then turned to look at them.

"Oh, my two precious little princesses in their sexy panties! Is there anything you'd like to swallow in front of me before I go to work?"

Jake's balls were burning, aching, more than they ever had. He was dying to blow a satisfying load like Tyler had! But to eat your own cum in front of a woman, after prancing around her apartment in thong panties all morning...

"No, Aunt Miranda! I won't!"

She shrugged, then pulled a key out of her bra and tossed it to Jake. "Okay, but I can't believe you boys are being so stingy with your OWN orgasms! When Kelly and Vickie stayed in your beds they played with their little selves every morning and night!"

Both boys were bent over from painful erections again as Miranda opened the door and left for another day of work, laughing.

The boys tried to see the Statue of Liberty, but going in the entrance seemed too much like trying to look up a giant woman's skirt, and the female security guard turned them away because they couldn't get their erections to go down. Mothers and daughters snickered behind the boys' backs all during the ferry back to New York.

Going anywhere in the city was the same- the temperature had risen higher than yesterday, and Jake and Tyler saw so many firm, big-breasted women wearing only tank tops, their hard nipples poking out, that the boys were walking bow-legged by noon.

"I can't take this anymore," Tyler whined, as a Latino woman passed their table in the restaurant, her jeans riding dangerously low on her smooth hips. "It's too tough!"

"You came just a day ago!" Jake spat back. "It's harder for ME!"

"You don't need to cum as much as I do. I've got more testosterone."

"We're twins! We need to cum the same amount!" Jake yelled, and the restaurant got silent for a moment. The woman behind the counter gave them a stern look, especially because they were both three-fourths hard under the table.

"I'm going to do it," Tyler whispered after people stopped looking at them. "Tonight, and every night. I'm going to think of Aunt Miranda's sweet ass and shoot!"

"We're here for a hundred days!" Jake growled. "Do you really want to swallow that much cum?!"

A girl two tables behind them spit her drink out her nose. She was still laughing as she started texting on her phone. The boys paid their check and left early, blushing.

The city didn't let up on them. The guide for their tour of NBC studios was a cheerful young girl in a tight miniskirt and heels. Jake stared at her smooth, young legs all through the tour, even when Tyler slid up next to her and said something which made her giggle and squeeze his arm.

A college class let out near their subway stop, a group of young women wearing loose shorts which barely covered their butts as they laughed and walked in front of the boys for three long blocks. And their small feet- Jake was dying when they got home. Tyler was smiling.

"I'm going to do it tonight," he whispered smugly. "I'm going to cum."

"Don't!"

"You always say that," Tyler laughed, opening the door.

Miranda was sitting at the dining table, four other attractive professional women around her. "Boys, come in! Ladies, these are my hunky nephews I've been telling you about- the innocent country boys enjoying their first time in the city!"

A grinning redhead looked Jake up and down. "New York virgins? Well, that is special!"

"Come on in boys," Miranda said, uncovering a large tray of oysters. "We're just starting dinner!"

To Jake, dinner seemed to last five hours. The ladies passed the chilled tray of oysters around, each professionally dressed woman putting lip-sticked lips to the slippery food and slurping it up with an "MMmmm!" or exaggerated swallow before handing it off with a laugh. Miranda's face told Jake exactly what to do when the tray came to him, and he took his first gingerly, to the giggles of the women. His face burned- what had Aunt Miranda told them?

Tyler took his first oyster boldly, joking with the woman next to him.

Jake gagged on his second, and the redheaded woman laughed and offered him her wine glass. "Here honey- a little alcohol always makes swallowing easier!" The women laughed at some private joke and Jake blushed even more.

And as the wine flowed, the tight, professional skirts each woman wore rode higher on their toned legs and their heels dangled more and more precariously on their painted toenails until they all just slipped them off. Now Jake didn't dare look below the table- every thin foot was calling his eyes.

As she finished her fourth glass, the redhead squeezed Jake's thigh and laughed, "Pour me another, will you honey?" She laughed even more as Jake's cock stiffened uncontrollably from her squeeze. Jake bit the tip of his tongue until his cock calmed down.

As the hours dragged on and no one left, Jake and Tyler started exchanging worried looks. If the women were still there when Jake and Tyler changed for bed...no, Jake thought, Miranda would never do that, would she? Tyler also started fidgeting and Jake knew why. His brother still wanted to cum, but if he had to eat it in front of this many women...

"Clean up the table, will you boys?" Miranda asked, pouring herself a little more wine.

The women made appreciative noises as Jake and Tyler took the plates away. "Such well-trained young men!" the redhead laughed. "Can you send them to my house!"

"For one night, perhaps," Miranda chuckled. "Their nightclothes are very easy to pack!"

Jake and Tyler blushed horribly as they washed dishes, but thankfully, Miranda didn't elaborate for her guests.

Finally the guests started leaving, the boys watching anxiously as the women kissed each other on the cheek and put on their coats. Jake especially watched each woman slip into her sexy high heels and totter out the door. Miranda, cheeks a little flush with wine, kissed the redhead right on the lips and gave her a pinch on the ass, which the redhead swatted away playfully, as if it was a tradition between them.

As soon as the door closed, Tyler ran up to his Aunt. "Miranda, please! I want to cum tonight!"

"Oh, I know, dear," she giggled, patting his shoulder. "I could hear you're testicles rumbling all night. You know the drill, my little princesses, get ready for bed."

"Yes ma'am!" Tyler raced to his bedroom, already taking off his shirt.

"You too, Jake."

"But I don't want to-"

"Sure you don't." She smiled and stroked his cheek. "But I am going to make you watch."

Miranda sat on the edge of Tyler's bed in her white blouse and pencil skirt, watching the nude Tyler furiously stroke his dick. She crossed her legs and relaxed, twirling her bare foot at the ankle and smiling as Tyler grunted and stroked.

"Really?" Miranda said. "You're thinking about her? Just because I kissed her goodbye and squeezed her butt?" She laughed. "Sheila will be happy when I tell her she can still catch a young man's fancy!"

Tyler's eyes opened in shock.

"Oh, it's okay, I won't tell her for a week. Enough time for you to swallow seven big loads thinking about my sexy redheaded friend, okay?"

Tyler nodded demurely.

"Such a good princess," Miranda chuckled. "Now open your mouth, get ready for that big hot load you've been waiting all day to swallow."

Tyler grimaced, but did, closing his eyes and opening his mouth wide.

Miranda laughed and turned to the other boy. "See how good Tyler's being, Jake? That's why he gets a reward tonight."

Jake gulped, staring at Miranda's thin ankle and the foot the twirled from it. The motion of that foot made him just want to... he pulled his hand back.

"And his reward is knowing that Sheila and I go to the spa once a month, to get massages, naked on tables side by side as some woman rubs down all our muscles. And then we go into the sauna. Just two women, naked in the sauna, sweat dripping from our bodies as we lay there, eyes closed. And sometimes, if there's no one else in the sauna- Oooooopsie!"

Miranda laughed as Tyler shot his load violently all over his chest in long, messy spurts. Tyler yelled in pleasure as he did, arching his back in a very hard orgasm. Miranda clapped, then put her hand over his to make sure he kept stroking to get every drop out. Then she sat back with a smile.

"You know what to do now."

Tyler was still panting from the great orgasm, but scooped one finger into the lake of cum on his chest and moved it near, but not in, his mouth.

"First taste is always the toughest," Miranda giggled, then pushed the dripping finger into his mouth. "Mmmmmm," she laughed as he grimaced by reflex. "Feel that sliding down your throat- such a good little princess! Now, do the rest on your own."

Miranda rose and came over to Jake's bed, watching each scoop Tyler swallowed. She patted Jake's chest through the covers. "Come on, Jake, don't you want to join your brother?"

Her legs were crossed so that her thighs were very close to Jake's head. So smooth and long, he just wanted to kiss them.

"I...."

Tyler gagged on his cum. "Keep going, princess," Miranda laughed. "You've got to earn your panties for tomorrow morning!"

Jake felt the walls closing in. "Aunt Miranda, please! No! It's too embarrassing!"

"Awwwww," she giggled. "Okay." Then she dropped his chastity belt on his chest.

"No," Jake begged. His balls were egg-sized between his thighs- he couldn't survive a night in the cage! A squeezing pressure on his balls started again, from the inside, and Jake scrambled to put the cage on.

Miranda stood up and laughed, watching one brother in tears as he tried to force his rock-hard cock into a belt too small for him, and the other whimpering and gagging as he tried to swallow a world-record sized load.

"Beautiful," she sighed, looking at the scene. As soon as Tyler ate the last slick drop, she tossed a pair of frilly white panties to him. "Here, you've earned these, princess. Sleep well tonight."

Tyler slipped them on, blushing. "And Jake..." She laughed. "Let me know if you want a midnight snack."

She turned off the lights and left the room, already unbuttoning her skirt. Jake heard the shower running a few minutes later, which made his cock painfully hard in the cage.

Jake set his alarm two hours early this time, and when he woke up, he was still in the cage, Tyler was still asleep, and he heard breakfast noises in the kitchen. His morning piss-hard-on made him double over in pain and he leapt out of bed.

Miranda was wearing a fluffy bath robe and sat at the kitchen table, sipping coffee. One smooth calf peeked out from the robe and she rotated her ankle absently.

"Jake! Finally, you got up early enough to eat breakfast with me!"

"Aunt Miranda, I need to take the cage-aaarrgh!" Jake couldn't stop staring at her foot, her thin bare foot, and his cage felt like it was going to explode.

"Oh, Jake, is this causing your pain?" she asked, extended her foot and looking at it herself. "This little thing with its pretty painted toenails?"

The steel ring around his balls felt like it was cutting them off. All he could do was hold his balls and nod.

"Jake, you really need to empty your balls," Miranda said, extending her feet so that he could see them both, resting on the tile. "Just my little feet shouldn't cause that much of a reaction in you."

"No," he whimpered, clutching the cage, naked in her kitchen.

"We both know you're going to break down some time this summer and swallow your load," she said with a smirk. "Do you want it to be your last day of your vacation, before I send you home to your mother and her no-orgasm policy for another year?"

Jake shook his head, almost in tears.

Miranda laughed. "Well, then what are you waiting for? Do you want me to milk you like she does, with a slick finger up your bum? I'll still make you eat whatever comes out, you know."

Now he was crying fully.

"I... just..." he sobbed. "I'm afraid... if I like it... it will become a habit!"

"Oh, Jake, Jake," she said, pulling the boy to his knees, then laying his head on her lap. Miranda made sure to pull the robe away so that his cheek was resting right on her smooth, warm thigh and that he could still see her crossed feet. "There, there, don't worry. It will."

"What!" Jake tried to pull his head up but she pushed it back down.

"But it's a good habit, dear," she said in a soothing voice, although she was fighting hard not to break into laughter. "Many, many more women will let you have a nice cummie in their hand if you promise to lick it up afterwards. It shows you're respectful of their clothes and their body, and they'll know you won't ask them to cum too often! You'll be so popular in college! Cute little princesses that swallow always are!"

"But, but... they won't respect me..."

She stroked his lower back with a soothing hand. "Honey, this is the world you live in. Do you want a little respect that you're going to lose anyway when some girl makes you hard in class, or do you want to make a nice big cummie on Aunt Miranda's feet and then lick it off?"

He gulped. She wriggled her toes under his gaze. "Hmmm?"

"Okay."

"Good girl," she giggled, kissing him on the forehead. She put the key into his chastity belt and opened it, having to pull fast to get it off before he fully erected. She gently curled her fingers around Jake's desperate cock. "Trust me, it's going to feel soooo good," she said, giving him a few slow strokes. "And you'll get to lick my feet, which I know you've wanted to do forever."

He looked at her pleadingly.

"Oh, I know honey, I won't tell anyone. But it's pretty obvious." As she kept stroking him agonizingly slowly, she asked, "that chubby girl you think about when you masturbate, that girl from school, does she have very cute feet?"

His throat was almost too dry to answer. "Yes."

“And does she let you see them a lot, almost as if by accident?”

Jake nodded, pushing his hips against her hand.

“Then she probably knows, too. And she’s trying to get you to ask her out. Do you like her, do you get along?”

His balls were tight against his body. “Yes!”

“Well, Jake, I’ll tell you what,” Miranda said with a smile. She stopped stroking and just ran a fingernail up and down his dripping cock, keeping it pointed toward her feet. “I want you to follow my rules this summer and set a good example for Tyler. He looks up to you. So I want you to ask to cum every night and then swallow eagerly, no matter what position I put you in, or how many friends I invite over to watch.

“And if you do, at the end of the summer I’ll write a sealed letter to your little friend, telling her exactly the dirty stuff that turns you on the most, and how to use her soft feet and Powers to drive you absolutely insane with lust, okay? With any luck, you two will fall in love and you’ll be squirting your wet loads on her feet and licking them off for the entire rest of your life! Does that sound good?”

Jake almost came. Miranda patted his head. “I’ll take that as a yes. But you have to do the last part. Use your hand, sweetie, and try to get it all on my feet. You’ll miss, but we’ll keep practicing from time to time.”

Jake slowly moved his hand towards his cock. The moment felt drawn out, supremely important to how the rest of his life would unfold. But then his fist closed around his hard-on and he couldn’t think anymore.

Miranda patted his head as the boy grunted and started stroking. “Yes, panties every morning for you and your brother, and warm cum swallowing every night. If you keep getting up early I’ll take you to my yoga class- it’s nothing but thirty drop-dead gorgeous women, barefoot and stretching all around you! You’ll love it!

“And afterwards, you’ll be very very tense, so I’ll help you release onto my feet, so you can practice for the rest of your life, licking cum each morning from some cute girl’s tiny wriggling toes- Oooops! Great job, my little princess!!!”

Chapter Two: Summer's End

"My my, you boys are eager tonight!" Miranda Gates laughed, looking down at her two nephews lying on their beds, furiously stroking themselves off.

Young Tyler and Jake were naked as the day they had been born, while their aunt was elegantly dressed for a night out on the town. Her black cocktail dress was short and backless, her stiletto heels tall and deadly. Sitting on the edge of Tyler's bed, Miranda subtly pulled her hem higher on her thighs as she crossed her long, freshly shaved legs. She smiled as the boys' fists moved even faster.

"That's right- have a nice big one tonight, boys! Summer's almost over. Just a few more days before you go back home to your mother. And no more orgasms!"

Both boys moaned, and Miranda couldn't help but laugh at their tortured faces.

"I know, I know. My mean sister never lets you answer nature's call, does she? She just keeps you bottled up, testicles getting fuller and fuller until they're just painful, right Tyler?"

Miranda placed her fingertips around the young man's swollen nuts, making him gasp. The first two months of their stay, their sexy aunt had seen them naked every day, but only patted their bare butts if she touched them at all. But this last week she had gotten much bolder, flicking or holding their nuts at whim. Miranda dragged the tip of her nail around the junction of Tyler's balls and groin, making him whimper.

"Although, I can certainly see the appeal of backing you up," she laughed, watching the desperate boy work his dick. "I work late at the hospital for just two nights and you guys are stroking like you've been in prison ten years!"

"It's been THREE days since we've cum!" Tyler moaned. "You had that dinner party the night before, with all your friends staying late!"

"Well, you both certainly could have shot off that night. But you were too shy, weren't you?" Miranda laughed. "My little princesses, guarding their modesty like church girls!"

"They would have all sensed us stroking with their Powers, even from the next room!" Jake protested from the other bed. "Seen everything we were thinking about!"

"Well, of course," the older woman laughed. "Naughty little boys don't have any secrets anymore, not since the Powers came. If you choose to touch yourself, you're completely and helplessly exposed, to any woman who chooses to look."

Miranda paused then, enjoying the sight of the young, athletic men stroking themselves in front of her, their nude bodies flushed and straining. Jake looked up to see her watching him, blushed even more and tried to look away. But Miranda clicked over on her high heels and bent over to brush his burning cheek, forcing the naked boy to look right into her smiling eyes.

"But, if you boys wish to cling to some false modesty and walk around with aching testicles day after day, I don't mind waiting you out. Every male gives in to temptation sometime." Her eyes lit up suddenly. "Speaking of which- Tyler's getting close!"

Miranda walked back to Tyler's bed, standing over the embarrassed youth as he inevitably approached orgasm right in front of her. "Now open your mouth to swallow your load, Tyler, like a good princess."

She laughed again. "Oh, don't make that face, Tyler Steven Dylan! You know the price for men cumming in this house! You've done it thirty times this summer already."

"Please, Aunt Miranda," the teenager begged, the irresistible tingles starting to climb his dick, "Let us have a normal one! Just this once!"

The older woman chuckled and kneaded the boy's painfully full balls, the simple touch washing away any resolve to perhaps not orgasm tonight. "Oh, Tyler, we can't break my rules now, so close to the end of summer. And besides, who's to say this isn't your normal now?" She shot a knowing wink to Jake on the other bed.

Jake's stomach tightened. Not just because he had just snuck a look at Miranda's beautiful feet in those high heels and was quickly slipping towards cumming himself. But because earlier this summer, his Aunt had sensed Jake thinking about the same cute classmate each time he played with himself. Specifically, thinking about her cute feet.

So one morning, when it was just Jake and Miranda awake, she had asked him some questions, letting her bare feet dangle, dangle, dangle in front of his eyes while she sipped her coffee, naked under a fluffy, loosely tied robe. His rock hard cock gave away at once everything his mouth eventually did.

Miranda had offered to write Jake's classmate a letter, woman to woman, to get the courtship started. A letter telling the shy, young girl exactly how to use her Powers and feet and legs and everything to mold Jake into the most attentive, loving boyfriend, and possibly husband, in the world. A process Miranda had already started, by offering Jake her freshly washed feet every morning he woke before his brother.

He could touch them, kiss them, apply lotion, anything he wanted, as long as he followed her one main rule. And those mornings, as he found himself licking up every drop of his huge load from between her toes and arches, Miranda would laugh, saying his 'training' was coming along great.

"Aunt Miranda..." Jake panted, remembering the last time.

"It's okay Jake, you can think about that. I don't mind." She shot him another wink, then turned to the closer groaning boy, flicking him softly on the balls. "But you, Tyler! Thinking about my friend Sheila again!

"You know that you've jacked off thinking about her so much, that she can probably sense you from across town by now, right? That's she's looking down on you right now, even as she gets ready to go out with me?"

Tyler blushed deeply, but didn't stop stroking.

Miranda laughed and patted his thigh. "It's a shame you can't get into bars yet. Sheila gets so frisky when she drinks! If you had a good fake ID, you could have woken up with her thighs wrapped around your head tomorrow!"

Tyler moaned, thinking about the lean, playful, confident redhead who pinched his ass at every dinner party. He stroked for the home stretch, closing his eyes and opening his mouth wide to catch his own spunk. He grimaced in anticipated disgust.

"Good boy," Miranda chuckled, kneading his balls. "Get ready, I can tell it's going to be BIG... keep going... faster!"

Her cell phone buzzed one second before Tyler would have shot off. "Whoops! This is Sheila! Hold on!" She Looped one finger above his cock and answered the phone, giggling as Tyler screamed in frustration, at the very edge of orgasm but unable to cum due to her Loop.

"Why yes Sheila, he is," Miranda said into the phone as Tyler moaned and cried, still stroking and seeking the orgasm that seemed just moments away. She flicked his balls soundly and Tyler bit his lip, suffering in silence. He stroked for a few more seconds and then stopped, sullen.

"In fact, now that I look, both the boys were having a dirty wank in their room!" Miranda mock-gasped into the phone, walking over to Loop Jake as well. "I swear, Sheila, living with two teen boys- they're like over-sexed monkeys! There aren't enough cold showers in the world to make them stop playing with themselves!"

Miranda looked down at her two embarrassed nephews, their cocks purple and twitching from the strokes, their tips pouring pre-cum like leaky faucets, as she tried to act surprised at what her friend was telling her. "Tyler was what? Thinking about you how? Oh my goodness! Well, don't worry, I'll correct him right away! What's that? Well, yes, I suppose you could."

She stood over her blushing, nude nephew and held out the phone. "Tyler, my friend Sheila would like to talk to you about the nasty images you were just thinking about."

Tyler's eyes got wide and he shook his head. Miranda flicked his nuts lightly, then again, hard enough to make his eyes water. With shaking hands, he reached out to grab the phone. "Hello?"

Sheila's low, sexy voice answered him, amused. "You've got quite an imagination, don't you young man? Did you know that I can see everything you were picturing just now? Even though I'm halfway across town?"

"No ma'am!" Tyler gulped, his face burning. After days of just picturing the redhead naked, this time Tyler had imagined taking the thirty-something woman from behind, her head down on the bed and her pussy up, fucking her good and hard. He had never dared to be so bold before, but he thought women could only sense him if they were close by!

"Well I could!" Sheila said. "And that means I've starred in your fantasies many nights already! I don't think proper young men should think about their Aunt's friends that way, do you?"

"No ma'am! I'm sorry!"

"I mean, here I was in my apartment, getting ready for a night out with your aunt, wearing a tiny black G-string that barely covers my womanly area and pulling these black fishnet stockings up my legs--"

Tyler moaned as his dick pulsed again, dying to be touched.

"--and all of a sudden I see an image of me bent over in a horribly un-lady-like position, along with a crystal clear video of the naughty naked boy causing it all!"

"I'm sorry, ma'am!" Tyler croaked. His face burned even more. He had barely seen Sheila without her shoes on, and now she had seen him completely naked, doing that!

"And as a proper lady," Sheila continued, "I must be shocked by your actions. Shocked! Boys should not think about ladies that way! I believe you must apologize to me right now."

"I'm sorry, Miss Sheila, for thinking of you!"

"And you promise never to do it again."

"Yes! I promise not to think of you again!" Tyler cried.

Miranda giggled behind her hand, watching the boy apologize for something every boy his age had done freely just a few years ago, since the beginning of time.

"Well, that's a start," Sheila purred into his ear, then sighed. "I saw it all, you know. Your wide shoulders, your tight, hard abs... your big, aching, blue balls." She laughed. "It's been a few days, huh, Tyler? A few days since you've shot them off?"

"Yes ma'am."

"I can tell," she laughed. "It's been a few days for me as well. Just that image of you, buck naked and going at yourself so hard... well, I've practically soaked through my panties! But I'm already running late, so I don't have time to change them. I'm going to be wearing these tiny soaked panties all night now!"

God, how Tyler wished he could touch himself, right now! But Sheila would know, and Aunt Miranda was still standing right over him! His cock cried out for just one stroke!

"You need to pay for soaking a lady's panties like that, and then not being here to back it up. So, I'm going to tell your Aunt to Loop you for two more days. Give you some time to really think about what you did to my innocent panties."

"But--"

"Tell me thank you, Tyler, for not making you wait a week to cum again."

"Thank you, Miss Sheila."

"Good boy," she laughed. "Now, give the phone back to your Aunt."

Tyler's cock was already painfully hard as he handed the phone back to his smiling aunt.

"What's that Sheila?" Miranda asked into the phone. "Two days? Yes, I suppose that's a fair start to punishment. I'll Loop both of them right now."

Miranda put two more orgasm-blocking Loops on Tyler, then smiled at Jake and put two on him as well.

"But I wasn't doing anything wrong!" Jake protested.

"One more Loop for back-talk," Miranda said immediately, and added it. Jake almost felt like he was going to cry- they only had one more week before leaving for home! He might only get to cum once more before then!

"You're right, Sheila," Miranda laughed into the phone, walking over and cradling Jake's tight balls without asking. "They're such babies- you'd think going one week without cumming was going to kill them! Yes, I'll meet you there in twenty minutes- toodles!" She hung up the phone.

Miranda smiled down at the naked, shaking boy and started rolling his balls in her hand like they were fruit at the market.

"Good news, boys! You've got Loops to protect you, and I won't be around to be kept up by the sound of your stroking. So go nuts tonight! Stroke all you want, Summer's ending soon!"

She kissed each embarrassed boy on the forehead, then walked to the light switch. "But try not to think about Sheila or me, unless you want all my friends laughing at you in the bar."

Miranda flicked off the light switch and left the two boys in the dark, naked, painfully hard but afraid to touch their own dicks. Horniness overcame fear about five minutes after she left, and even though both boys tried to prevent it, both knew that all of Miranda's friends laughed at them at least three times during that long night.

Jake awoke the next morning with sharply painful morning wood, but luckily he wasn't wearing the girls' panties Miranda usually slipped on he and Tyler as they slept. At the beginning of Summer, Miranda had made them 'earn' those panties each night, by stroking themselves to a big orgasm and then swallowing all of their own cum, just like a good 'girl' should.

But after a month, Miranda had decided they had earned their princess panties enough, and sometimes the boys just woke up in them, even after a night of denial. The panties had started off being the ones the boys' smoking hot cousins Kelly and Vickie had accidentally left at Miranda's place, but later their Aunt had gone out and bought many more in their size, so the boys would never know which humiliating pair they would wake up in next. This week Miranda had been favoring zebra print thongs.

Jake never thought he'd be happy to wake up naked with all his clothes locked away, but the thought of a smiling Aunt Miranda pulling girl's panties up his legs, tucking his penis and balls into them while he slept, helpless to stop her, just made him feel so...

His hand found his throbbing dick and Jake started stroking. Humiliated, was how he had felt, at the beginning. The pink G-strings with bows, the silky boy shorts which said "tease" across the butt, being forced to wear them all through breakfast- 'humiliated' was how he was supposed to feel.

But seeing himself in them, feeling the taboo, girly fabric around his intimate parts... rock hard is how it made him feel. He just hoped he could go back to normal underwear again.

That this wasn't another change Miranda had made in them. He closed his eyes, savored his hand moving on his cock-

"You hear it too?" Tyler asked.

Jake flushed red. Even now, having his brother catch him jacking off... "What?!?!"

"The shower running," Tyler grunted, ripping of his blanket and stroking himself openly. He had always been the less shy twin. "She's in there! Naked!"

Jake looked away, hands above the blanket, but could still hear the other bed creaking. "Stop doing that! You can't cum anyway!"

"Neither can you! Besides, you haven't seen her in there- I have!" Tyler leaned back and pulled his dick away from his abs, increasing the pressure on his balls. "For being Mom's age, her body looked awesome. So tight..."

Jake fumed. Tyler had peeped on their Aunt the first night and held it over his head all summer, going on about how sexy the tall, lean Miranda had looked, wet in the shower. Jake had barely seen her in less than a robe!

The boys heard the bathroom radio turn on and looked at each other with big eyes. This was how Tyler had covered the sound of his hard cock from Miranda's Powers the last time! And the shower had just started- the perfect time to catch a peep.

Jake jumped out of bed before his brother could. "This time it's my turn!"

"Enjoy!" Tyler laughed, and went back to stroking his own cock while remembering the image he had caught through the keyhole, months ago.

Jake tip-toed down the hall, naked. His heart felt like it was going to blow up. He had never done something like this before- Tyler always took all the risks. But Summer was almost over- this would be his last chance!

Barely breathing, Jake crouched in front of the bathroom door. His balls felt so exposed, dangling in the cool morning air, but he wrapped one hand around them and another around his cock, then lined his eye up with the keyhole. And saw the red-headed Sheila soaping her breasts in the shower.

His cock almost shot off his body. He had been expecting his aunt- and to see her sexy friend, his first naked woman ever- her nipples were pink- and the way the water ran between her legs, over the area Jake was never allowed to think about- red-headed Sheila, who teased the boys so much with her innuendo at parties, who nibbled at their ear when leaning in and asking for more wine just to make them tent- to see her fully exposed for his eyes- it was glorious!

Jake stroked his cock and Sheila's head snapped towards the door at once. Grabbing a towel, she flew out of the shower so fast that the startled Jake fell backwards onto his butt in the hallway. When she opened the door, dripping wet and furious, Jake still had his purple cock in his hand.

"You boys are absolutely unbelievable!" Miranda spat at the two naked young men standing in front of her, both cupping their hands over their shriveled cock and balls. Their aunt had seen them naked hundreds of times, but-

"And look," the redhead cried, still dripping wet and wrapped in a short towel behind Miranda, "they're trying to cover themselves, from ME. When it was THEY who were spying!"

"Sheila's right boys," Miranda said. "Get those hands away! Behind your backs so Sheila can get a good look at all of you."

Tyler scoffed. "But I didn't-"

"Now, boys!" Miranda barked, and held her hand out in front of her, cupping air. When she squeezed her fingers, the boys instantly felt mountains of pressure around their balls. Almost in tears, they threw their hands behind their butts, lacing their fingers.

"That's a little better," Sheila said, looking right at their hanging cocks as the boys' faces burned red. "But still more dignified than they saw me!"

"That's true," Miranda agreed, looking at their soft cocks. "Boys, why don't you waggle them. Make your parts flop around for Sheila." Jake and Tyler didn't move, but another Power squeeze of their balls and they shut their eyes and swung their hips, making their dicks slap their thighs. "Oh no, not that easy! Open your eyes so you can see Sheila watching you."

The boys did, to see the two women looking right at their crotches.

"Honestly, Sheila, I'm so sorry," Miranda said, trying her hardest not to smile. "I don't know where they would have gotten the idea that the little bathroom radio would cover the sound of a naughty penis being stroked. Any woman with any Powers would have heard that."

"Well, they need to be taught a lesson!" Sheila said, even as enjoyed watching the two young cocks start to fill with blood. "One they'll never forget! Maybe I should put them each over my knee and tan their ass!"

"Hmm, a hard spanking to redden their butts for a week, naked over your knee," Miranda mused. "That may just do the trick. In fact, I may give them a spanking every morning they're here, just to remind them..."

Don't do it, Jake thought. Think about something else. Anything else!

"What the hell!" Sheila gasped as Jake started to erect. "I think our little peeper would actually like that!"

"No, no-" Jake begged. But his hard cock revealed his thoughts to all.

"And you?" Sheila nodded towards Tyler, letting her already short towel slip a little. "What do you think about being bent over my knee, legs spread, just like you were picturing me last night? Face down and your butt up, waiting for punishment to come down on you-"

She didn't have to continue. Tyler was already getting hard.

Miranda shook her head, now really trying not to laugh at the red-faced erecting boys. "Unbelievable. Well, that punishment's out! Our little perverts would like it too much. Unless..."

Jake and Tyler watched in dread as she went to the closet and got out shoe-box which jangled as she moved. She pulled the boys' metal ring chastity belts from them and handed one to Sheila.

"I'll let you put these on them first, Sheila," Miranda laughed, watching the color drain from the boys' faces. "The boys have a hard time fitting in to them normally. And now..." She waved at their fully erect penises. "Well, you'll have to be a little rough."

"My pleasure," Sheila chuckled, grabbing a belt and heading towards Jake.

It took fifteen minutes for Sheila to cram Jake's erect member into the chastity belt he had outgrown years ago. He howled as she had to squeeze his balls again and again to deflate his runaway cock, which just started hardening again whenever her smooth hand touched it, or he caught a glimpse down the towel at her C-cup breasts.

He was bawling by the time Sheila finally smiled and clicked the lock shut, his balls on fire and his penis already hardening again. The unyielding metal stopped that, and further erecting just pulled his balls away from his body, adding to his pain.

The redhead tightened her towel and turned toward Tyler. "Now, lover-boy, up on the bed. Let's get you into your favorite sexual position!"

She put Tyler into the same pose he had pictured her last night, face mashed into the mattress, butt lewdly up in the air, legs spread wide. The boy's cock and balls tingled and

twitched, close to exploding even as his heart was stopping from embarrassment. Miranda and Sheila stood behind Tyler, looking at his unprotected, exposed asshole.

"You know," Miranda said, "their mother actually milks them once a week in this position."

"Still? At their age?" Sheila laughed. "They'll be in college in a few months."

"Well, it's the only civilized way for a lady to get sperm out of a young boys' balls," their aunt said, licking her finger and running it slickly around the edge of Tyler's asshole. He moaned.

"Yes, they've proven this morning that they're not mature enough for ANY sexual activity," Sheila said. "It's such a shame. I had half a mind to sneak in here this morning and wake Tyler up with a hot mouth around his cock, just like I did my last boyfriend."

Tyler moaned even more, and both women smiled. Sheila cradled his balls lovingly. "Hand me that other belt, Miranda."

Tyler took even longer than Jake, because of the awkward position and because Sheila took her time, enjoying the feel of a young man's overfull balls in her hand, gently scratching them with her nails so that Tyler would erect more, so that she could squeeze him down again. She even gave them one last long squeeze after the lock had closed, just to hear him wail again. And then the spanking began.

Miranda and Sheila got dressed for that, Miranda in casual jeans, but Sheila in the cocktail dress she had worn last night. It made the boys feel even more naked, and as Jake lowered himself onto Sheila's silky thighs, his dick tried to get hard yet again, pulling on his balls mightily. Sheila laughed and her hand started falling on his exposed ass.

"Again, I'm so sorry, Sheila," Miranda said as the redhead put on her coat to leave. "I don't know what got into the boys. Maybe if I milked them weekly like their mother had, relieved the pressure on their balls, they wouldn't be so spunky."

"Well, I still don't think they've fully learned their lesson," Sheila said, looking at the two nude boys with their noses in separate corners, their tight buns a flaming shade of red. "And I don't even think such bad boys deserve to have their pressure released, not after that!"

"But Sheila, what are you saying?" Miranda asked with a smile. Since the boys couldn't see them, both women had dropped their stern faces. They both knew they were basically doing a radio play for four very interested ears across the room.

"Well, I want them to really regret this," Sheila replied. "To wake up every morning for a month remembering what they did!"

Miranda thought for a moment. "I'll tell you what. I'm driving the boys back home at the end of the week, for the family Labor Day cookout. I'll keep the belts on until then, no breaks at all. And I'll see what punishment their mother wants to add. Maybe the belts will stay on until Christmas!"

"Thank you Miranda. That makes me feel somewhat better about being so violated this morning."

The women stifled laughs as both boys whimpered. Sheila leaned in close to her friend and whispered. "This is making me so hot. It reminds me of college!"

"Me too," Miranda replied.

"I know we didn't plan this, but you'll really try to blue-ball them for a whole month?"

"I've only got them another week, then it's back to their mother. But I'll do my best."

Sheila ran her hand down Miranda's back, to her ass and pulled her close. "Oh, I wish I could take you back to your bedroom right now, for a repeat of last night!"

"Oh, Sheila," Miranda whispered, into her ear. "That's just a sometimes treat, when Joshua's out of town. Besides, then the boys would know!"

"Later then."

"Later."

The women silently French-kissed and then Sheila left, after looking at the embarrassed boys' red butts one last time.

Jake sat in the passenger seat of Miranda's SUV, thighs apart. It was the only barely-comfortable position with the chastity belt pushing his balls between his legs. He squirmed in his seat.

"You didn't have to really leave us in the belts all week," he pouted. "Sheila would never have known."

"I promised Sheila," Miranda laughed from the driver's seat. "And a promise is a promise. Besides, I did let you out for a bit, on our way out of the city."

"Because you took us to a waxing parlor!" Jake protested.

"You boys were having trouble shaving around those rings. It's much cleaner this way. And you boys looked so precious, waxed bare as a baby's behind! Even the waxing technician said so." Jake blushed. "How old do you think she was, nineteen?" Jake blushed even more.

"Barely nineteen," Miranda mused, "and already handling the male organs like a professional. Although, you had a lot more to handle out of the gate than your brother did."

Jake squirmed in his seat again, looked out the window.

She smiled at the embarrassed youth. "That's twice now, that your little soldier has stood up and saluted when I've shown him off to a strange woman! Is that something else I should tell your classmate Laura?"

Jake's eyes got big. "Aunt Miranda, please, don't tell her that! I don't want her to know about, I mean, I don't want to do that a lot!" He shook his head and said, "Not ever again!" Even as his cock strained in its cage.

"Okay," Miranda chuckled. "Very well."

They drove in silence for a while, since Tyler was asleep in the back seat. Jake tried to look away, but every time Miranda shifted gears, or applied the gas, his eyes snuck a peek. Her khaki shorts were just long enough to be considered casual for the family barbeque but short enough on her long legs to make Jake's mouth water. He couldn't stop looking at her lean, toned thighs.

After a few minutes, he asked, "So are you going to stay a while, or..."

"Oh no. Just this three-day weekend. Uncle Joshua will fly in tonight, and I sort of want to get him back to New York, if you know what I mean."

Watching Miranda absently graze her fingertips along the inside of her thighs as she talked, Jake blushed. "Yeah, sure, I know." After a minute he turned to her again.

"Please," he begged, "please let us out of the belts before we get home! You don't know how Mom is! She really may leave us in them until Christmas!"

"Oh, Jake, you know me better than that by now," she laughed, then checked the rear seat. Tyler was definitely sleeping, passed out with his mouth open. "I have more fun making you cum on my feet each morning and licking it up than I do denying you," she said. "It won't be long before you're doing that again. A lot."

"Oh," Jake gulped. "Thanks. I guess."

He chanced another peek at her legs as she drove, then asked, "So when you said 'a lot', did you mean... I guess you're talking about Laura? Did you, um, mail that letter yet?"

Miranda grinned and let him stew for a few long seconds before answering.

"We've been e-mailing back and forth for weeks now. Laura's been quite eager to learn about you and your desires!"

Jake grimaced as the belt pinched him again. "But... but will she make me eat-"

"I'm not going to spoil any surprises!" Miranda laughed. "That's for you to find out while you're courting her."

"But how much have you told her? About what you made us do this Summer?"

Miranda made a gesture like she had zipped her lips shut, then locked them, grinning the whole time. Jake slumped back into his seat and spread his legs a little further. He snuck peeks at Miranda's statuesque legs working the pedals whenever he could, but nothing calmed the butterflies in his stomach as his Aunt drove him towards his future.

Chapter Three: Labor Day

"Boys!" their mother said, coming out the garage door as Miranda shut off the car. "It's been so long!"

Jake got out first and got hugged first. His mother was slightly rounder than Miranda, dressed more conservatively in loose jeans and had her hair up in a mom-bun. But she was just as tall as their Aunt, which meant the moment she hugged him, her thigh knocked against the hard outline of the chastity belt around his cock. She pulled back at once.

"Miranda, are they in the belts!"

The younger sister laughed as she got out of the SUV. "Yes, Klara. The boys have been a little precocious recently."

Storm clouds started gathering on Klara's face. "Jake! Tyler! What did you do?"

"I'll tell you as the boys unload the car," Miranda said, putting an arm around her sister and leading her away. Both Jake and Tyler started sweating as they hauled the heavy luggage out.

Jake's heart pounded as he dropped the suitcase on his bed. Miranda and his mother were still talking downstairs. But at least he hadn't heard his mother yelling yet.

What was Miranda telling her? How often we came during the Summer? What we thought about? Jake shuddered. What we did with it afterwards? Good god- what if Mom decides to do the same?

Jake shook those thoughts out of his head, unzipped the suitcase, and was shocked when a mountain of panties tumbled out.

What the- He checked again. It was his suitcase, not Miranda's, then why..? Jake looked closer. Cotton ones, silk ones, thongs, G-strings: they were all the girly panties his Aunt had made them wear over the summer, now here, in his room!

Jake had no idea what to do with them all. Hide them? Trash them? Just having so many sexy, feminine thongs in his room made him nervous. He held a tiny pink number up in front of him, ran his thumb across the soft fabric. His cock started to swell, looking at the scandalously little cloth right at the point where...

"Where you planning on changing into that, cutie?" Miranda laughed from the doorway.

He blushed and threw the thong on his bed. "No!"

"Well, then fold it and put it back in the suitcase. You won't need it for a while. You've got the rest of your punishment to finish." Jake reluctantly put the thong back into his suitcase.

"I've told your mother how you gawked at Sheila buck naked, making her feel self-conscious about her body. And Klara agreed you should have the tables turned on you for the rest of today."

Jake's heart started to hammer. "What... what does that mean?"

Miranda smiled at him. "Well, you and Tyler are going to help your mother set up the picnic tables before the guests arrive. And I've got your whole uniform right here." From behind her back, Miranda held up a short bath towel then laughed at Jake's bug-eyed expression.

"I... can't go outside in just that!"

She smirked at him. "Do you ever want that chastity belt to come off? Because Klara is okay just leaving you in it until you go to college." Miranda shrugged. "She thinks it's easier that way."

Jake stammered, fidgeted, and finally, started peeling off his shirt, then pants then socks, and finally, his boxers. He stood, naked with his hands over his belted cock as Miranda dug in her purse. After thirty seconds, his aunt looked up at him in shock.

"Jake, oh my god, I'm so sorry!"

"What?"

"The keys to your belts- I think I left them in New York!"

"WHAT!"

Miranda slapped her forehead. "I know exactly where they are, on the hallway table, in the key dish!"

Jake wailed, pulling at the suddenly tight belt, "What does that mean?!?"

Miranda shook her head sadly. "I guess you'll have to stay in the cage all weekend, and I'll mail them to your mother first thing Monday. They should get here a few days after that."

"No!" Jake pulled at his cage like a fox with its leg caught in a trap. "I can't take that! We have to get it off!" He pulled harder, squeezing his balls, again and again. He was pulling so hard he felt nauseous. And when he looked up, Miranda was grinning at him, a silver key in her hand.

"You boys are too easy," she laughed. "How long would you have punished your own balls if I had let you keep going? Tyler almost pulled his right off!" With another chuckle, she pulled him to her by his hip and kneeled, her face directly level with his groin. Jake blushed even more as her feminine but sure hands manipulated the rings around his cock and his exposed, tender balls, feeling every part of his manhood. There was a click, a wonderful feeling of air and freedom around his penis, and he felt himself immediately getting hard.

"There we go," Miranda laughed, giving his hardening cock a few shakes. Jake gasped, unable to keep from getting erect inches from his aunt's smirking face. Miranda gave stiff shaft a light swat to make it bounce. "Just like a good boy should be. Now, put on your uniform for the day!" She held out the towel with a smile.

Jake found a sullen, similarly attired Tyler at the end of the hall, and Miranda led them downstairs, commenting on how well the towel wraps showed off their athletic bodies. Jake froze in their living room, in front of the sliding door to the patio. The towel barely felt like cover at all, and with his cock and balls exposed to air under it, he felt fully naked. Looking at the bright sun and clear skies outside the open door, his heart was shaking. Then Miranda pushed on his butt and suddenly he was outside.

He and Tyler looked around like rabbits waiting for a hawk to strike.

"Oh, stop being such princesses," Miranda chuckled. "Thick hedges all around the pool area, and a house in front. And you've got the towels. Now, go on!"

The boys shuffled forward and their mother looked up from her picnic preparations with a frown. "Boys! Come here!" She put her fists on her hips and the boys stood in front of her, knees shaking. Jake could almost hear his orgasms being denied for the next three months.

"Miranda has told me a very worrying story about your actions this week!" Klara said. "I'm very disappointed with you both right now! However, she says she hasn't milked you regularly over the summer, so maybe that's the cause. After hearing those antics, I've got half a mind to let you both go un-milked for a month straight, and let your own aching balls teach you a sore lesson. Would you boys like that?"

Both shook their heads in fear.

"Good. But you'll both have to work very hard and be perfect gentlemen if you want a chance of being milked at the end of the weekend, understand?"

Jake gulped and nodded, along with Tyler.

"Very well. Start by moving this table next to the other one, before everyone gets here."

A contrite Jake and Tyler shuffled over to the 10-foot picnic table and each made to pick up one end. Miranda waited until both boys were straining, concentrating on moving the cumbersome load up a slippery grass slope, before she snuck behind them and ripped their towels off.

"HEY!" Tyler screamed.

"Don't put that table down!" his mother yelled back. "You boys were so interested in peeping at a naked person, let's see how you like it!"

Jake was almost crying, feeling the sun on his bare back, the gentle outdoor breeze playing on his ass and balls as he struggled to hold the table up. Anyone in the backyard could see! "But Mom!"

"But nothing, you shy princesses," Miranda laughed. "Now keep moving that table!" She turned to their mother. "Klara, why don't we pull up a few chairs and relax while we supervise their work?"

Klara frowned, but did pull up a lounge chair next to Miranda's, facing her sons. "I just hope you're right about this," she said to Miranda in a low voice. "It doesn't seem natural."

The younger sister laughed. "Oh, Klara, it's the most natural thing in the world! Young Spartan boys used to do ALL their training naked, under the eyes of every woman in their village."

Miranda lowered her sunglasses, watching Jake's privates dangle as he squatted to lower the table. After the wilting shock of being before his mother, he was already getting hard again. "Helped them Spartans figure out who had the longest spear," she chuckled. "Jake wins that one, I think."

"Miranda!"

Miranda leveled a look at her sister. "Like you don't look when you're milking them. Every week."

Now it was Klara's turn to blush a little. "Well, of course, I notice. But only intellectually."

"Intellectually," Miranda chuckled. "And I'm sure they stay as soft as cooked spaghetti while you've got your finger inside their little rears, coaxing their sperm from them, hmmm?"

Klara didn't have time to answer as Jake and Tyler ran up to the women, hands cupped over their privates.

"The table's set, Mom!" Jake squealed. "Can we go in now?"

"Table cloth and paper plates," Miranda snapped. "In the shopping bag by the door. Set ten places. Go."

When they froze, looking at their mom for rescue, Klara's eyes narrowed. "Miranda said 'Go!' so GO!"

As the nude boys ran off, Klara allowed herself to smile for the first time. "Jake always stiffens first during the milking," she whispered to Miranda. "Like, immediately."

"I figured," Miranda smiled back, watching Jake's bouncing erection lead him back with the plates. "Some cocks just like to be seen."

Klara blushed a little more, then said, "Tyler usually doesn't stiffen until I've got a finger in him. Some days I have to accidentally rim around the slick edge a few times to get him fully up."

"Intellectually, my ass!" Miranda laughed. "You're just as bad as you were when you were as a teenager!"

"I may be their mother, I may be almost 40, but I'm still a woman! If two nude teenage boys with a week of cum in their balls don't get hard in my presence, why, I'd take that as an insult to my honor!"

Miranda chuckled. "Well, we can't have that." She leaned back, stretching her long bare legs and slim feet out in front of her, where both boys had to step over them as they passed. By the time they had sent the boys back for cups, condiments and ice, Tyler had half an erection to match Jake's full one. Both were blushing fully red, trying to angle to hide their straining cocks from the women, but it was impossible.

Klara leaned back in her chair as well, crossed her toned, jean-clad legs at the ankles. "Look at how clenched Jake's buns are," she chuckled. "He's hating this so much!"

Miranda smiled. "Well, most of him is," she replied as Jake turned to run back and the women caught a long view of his fully erect cock. Miranda wolf-whistled as he passed, and Jake almost tripped and stumbled into the pool, blushing fiercely.

His mother laughed, then spoke so that Jake and Tyler could definitely hear her. "You know, Miranda, I wasn't sure about your idea at first, but I have to say, I think both my boys are learning a HARD lesson!"

Miranda followed suit. "Definitely, Klara. They're learning that thinking dirty thoughts have STIFF consequences in this household!"

Miranda actually saw Tyler's blush extend down his naked back to his butt cheeks. Having his mother and aunt point out his erection seemed to be more embarrassing than anything she had done to him this summer. Miranda made a note of that.

"Mom!" Tyler pleaded, red-faced and covering his crotch in front of them. "The table's set! Can we go in now?"

"Potato salad in the fridge, sodas in the basement. Bring them all out," Klara said, smiling at her nude son.

"But it's almost two o'clock! People will be here soon!"

"It's only Aunt Amy and her family," Klara said. "You know how they're always a few minutes late."

"Especially if they're bringing the girls," Miranda added with wide grin. "Kelly and Vickie are coming, right?"

Klara waved it away like it was nothing. "Oh, I'm sure they are."

Jake almost dropped his stack of plates. "Our cousins! They're coming?!?!"

"I wonder what those young ladies will make of you two bashful nudists?" Miranda laughed.

"Mom! Please! NO!" Jake begged, even as his dick got iron hard in front of the women's eyes.

"You can't!" Tyler added, his hands now trying to cover a three-fourths hard cock.

"Potato salad. Sodas," Klara repeated.

"Hurry hurry," Miranda laughed, and then the boys were running.

As they disappeared inside, Klara turned to her. "But seriously, Miranda, we can't leave them naked in front of the guests, right?"

Miranda just wiggled her toes in the warm sun. "Spartans," was her laconic reply.

"Miranda! Those girls are barely the same age as Jake and Tyler! And Amy-"

"Used to join in our fun all the time. In fact, I remember how mad she got, that we had most of our fun before she was old enough to tease with us!"

Klara was frowning. "But her girls..."

"Are old enough to have a little fun too," Miranda said. "We were hardly innocent maids at their age, if you remember."

Klara crossed her arms. "I don't know. We'll see."

Miranda smiled. "Whatever you say."

Jake and Tyler burst out the door, arms full of chilled food. Their penises were mostly soft now, and Jake shivered from hugging the stacks of cold sodas against his bare skin. They raced to the table and started setting up.

Which is when their father came outside, lugging a bag of charcoal in each arm. Don looked at his frantic, blushing, naked sons out in the backyard, and the smiling ladies watching them. "What's all this now?" he demanded, walking over to the women.

"Jake and Tyler are learning a lesson about why they shouldn't be Peeping Toms," Miranda replied, then wolf-whistled again and smacked Tyler's ass as he passed.

Don turned to his wife. "Klara, seriously?"

"They spied on Miranda's friend in the shower, Don. And touched themselves! They could have gone to jail if she reported it." She crossed her arms defensively over her chest. "I think the punishment fits."

"More than fits," Miranda added. "We'd probably have a lot less pornography addicts if this was the punishment for looking at women you're not supposed to." Then she smiled at Don, stretching and crossing her long, toned legs. "Speaking of which... have you had any dirty thoughts in the last month, Don? Any reason we should make you strip off and join the boys?"

"Very funny, Miranda."

"It'd be so cute, a whole family of naked, hard men- what a group picture that would be!"

"I'm going to start the grill," Don said, turning and walking away, hoping the women hadn't sensed his cock suddenly starting to stiffen in his pants.

Miranda leaned over and whispered as Don receded. "So, does Don still have his... little problem?"

Klara chuckled, then sighed. "Well, it's not like they make a pill to solve that."

"So he'd really be embarrassed if we showed him off next to his sons. They've got him beat by three inches, at least"

"Miranda!" Klara gasped. "We can't do that! Not to Don!"

"He must be guilty of something. When's the last time he tried to break your Loops?"

Klara waved that off as well. "Oh, I don't deny him. Not anymore."

Miranda was genuinely shocked for the first time in the afternoon. "What!"

"It was fun when the Powers first came, when the boys were much younger," Klara said, watching Jake and Tyler scurry with the sodas. "I would Loop Don for a week, maybe two, and just tease the hell out of him." She smiled at the memory. "Morning and night, with my skin and with my Powers... He would beg so enthusiastically, agree to anything just to empty his balls..."

Klara shrugged. "But after a few years, you know how it is with married couples. Things get busy at work, it's hard to drum up the energy... Just because I haven't been making time for sex recently doesn't mean Don deserves constant blue balls."

"And the boys do?"

Klara squirmed in her chair. "It's not the same! They're young men, I have to raise them right, to be respectful of women and sex. Don's a grown man, with a mortgage."

"My Joshua's only a few years younger than Don, and I keep his orgasms Looped ALL the time," Miranda stated. "He's barely cum once a month over the last five years, never masturbates without my permission, and pleases me with his tongue every night we share a bed."

Klara frowned, looking at Miranda's long, toned legs and the hungry stares all her men were giving them. "Well, not everyone can be as perfect as you."

Her sister leaned in to whisper. "You've got the same legs I do, Klara. Yours are just hidden under those mom jeans you wear now. The same with your Powers. Why don't we show both off this weekend?"

"Oh, I don't know..."

"Come on, let's have a little fun with the men. Just like freshman year in college."

Klara squirmed in her seat, then a smile broke through. "Maybe."

"Do you still have any of those jean skirts you used to wear?" Miranda asked with a gleam in her eyes. "You know, the ones where you could always control how far the hem was below your-"

"Yes."

"Go change. And make sure to put some red panties on for Rick. Amy always said those were his favorite."

"Miranda!"

"Remember when Amy caught him thinking of you in the shower? That was five years ago, but I bet the flame still burns. Let's fan it a little this weekend."

Klara crossed her legs, squeezing her thighs together. "You're so evil!"

"We're so evil," the younger sister corrected.

Jake and Tyler burst in on the two giggling ladies. "MOM! Mom! We're done! Can we go in! They'll be here any second!"

"Oh boys, relax," their mother laughed, uncrossing her long legs. She pulled her phone from her jeans pocket and gave Miranda a significant look. "Your Aunt Amy just texted me. They're running about an hour late."

"Which means one more hour of nude punishment!" Miranda said, picking up the plan immediately.

Jake looked at the sky, as if more humiliation could drop out of it at any second. "But Mom, we're done! We've learned our lesson!"

"Then why are you still stiff, young man?" Klara asked.

"Yes boys, a little cooling off is what you need," Miranda giggled. "Take a deep breath!"

Miranda flicked her hand like she was shooing a mosquito and both boys lifted from the earth, flung backwards into the chilly pool.

Klara looked at her sister in shock. "Miranda! Where did you get so much Power over my boys!"

The younger sister shrugged with a wicked grin. "It was a long summer, Klara. The boys may have thought of me a few times while touching themselves. You can't blame me for that."

"Like hell I can't! I can just picture how you strutted around that apartment with your legs bare, teasing their eyes."

Miranda smirked back. "Like you're about to do? Go change into that jean skirt. I'll watch the boys for you."

"I bet you will," Klara laughed, but got up just the same. As she walked past the pool, Jake and Tyler were still coughing up water from their sudden dunking. She kicked a football and beach ball into the water. "I'll be back in a second, boys. Why don't you play with your balls until then?"

"Mom!" Tyler protested, blushing.

Jake waded towards the beach ball, grateful to have anything to hold in front of his hard cock.

Klara just laughed and walked into the house, letting her ass sway just a little bit, just like she used to years ago.

Miranda laughed. "You boys will look so cute tossing that beach ball around- just like bikini girls in 50's movies! Except without the bikinis!"

Tyler sneered and picked up the football. "Get rid of that thing," he growled at Jake. "It makes you look like a fag."

Miranda laughed again, then settled back to watch the boys nervously toss the football to each other, her smile growing wider as she checked the time every few minutes. The water

beads running down their bodies just made the young men look more muscular, and crystal clear water below their waists didn't do much to hide their nudity.

Their father Don came up to her. "Miranda, looking at the time, I really think the boys should-"

Miranda smiled at him. "Don, mind your own business, please, or I'll get Klara to toss you in there with the boys, butt naked!"

He gulped hard, backed away. "I'll just keep watching the grill."

"You do that." Miranda turned back to the nervous, naked boys. She didn't want to miss the moment when-

Tyler's football toss hit Jake in the face when the patio door opened and the boys' mother came out, in a snug t-shirt that showed a sliver of her abs and frayed jean skirt that only extended a few inches below her tight ass.

It had been years since Jake had seen his mother's long, toned legs bare from foot to thigh, but apparently, not long since she had bared them: her tan was even and deep down to her toes. She stopped in front of the slack-jawed Jake and nudged the errant floating football back to him with bright, red-painted toenails which were right at his eye level.

"What?" she laughed at her sons. "You boys act like I NEVER dress up!" She walked back to her chair next to Miranda, making sure to point her toes as she stepped so that her calves looked extra long. She sat down and crossed her legs, letting a foot slide against her smooth calf. "Jake dear," she said sweetly, "if you don't stop staring at my legs, I'm going to have you out FRONT, mowing the lawn nude, when your cousins show up."

"Sorry mom!" Jake gulped, then tried to focus on playing catch with Tyler.

Klara and Miranda chuckled, enjoying listening to Jake's arousal spike each time they crossed their legs. Tyler's did as well, on a lower level.

Miranda nodded at her sister's freshly painted toes. "Fire engine red, Klara? That's not fair. Jake has a such thing for feet."

"I know," his mother said. "I see him staring at the girls in flip flops when we go to the mall. And the beach." She sighed. "I just hope the girls he dates one day will understand."

"Oh, I'm already working on that."

"Miranda! Are you hatching plans again?"

"Always. But I'll tell you later. Look at the time."

Klara did, then looked up, worried. "Are we really going to do this?"

"We already have. Just sit back and watch the show."

Butterflies in her stomach, Klara sat back and waited. For one minute, then five, then... she almost died laughing when the sound of a slamming car door rang from the front yard. Followed by three more. The boys looked like they were having a heart attack.

"We're back here, Amy!" Klara called out, getting up.

"Mom!" Jake hissed, hands cupping himself below the water. "We're still-"

"Try to run and I'll freeze you where you stand," Klara said in a low voice as she passed the pool.

"Or just lock the back door," Miranda added, walking after her. "It would be much more fun to watch their bits flop as they ran around like chickens."

Jake and Tyler plastered their stomachs against the side of the pool and sunk as low as they could. Jake felt every swirl of the cool water on his balls, every ripple of current on his exposed asshole. He had never felt more exposed.

"Oh my god, you would not believe the traffic!" their Aunt Amy cried, unlatching the side gate and barging into the back yard.

Amy was shorter than her sisters, but much better endowed, with bouncing D cups. She was the bombshell hourglass to Miranda and Klara's long, toned beach volleyball bodies. And

the tight sundress she wore highlighted her curvy hips and legs, especially from the low angle Jake was looking from.

Her summer heels were right at his eye level, and if he looked up, he could almost, almost see her- God, no! Stop it! He could feel himself stirring, slowly, unavoidably. He forced his gaze away from the upskirt view Amy almost gave him.

"Good to see you Amy," Klara said, giving her a deep hug. Klara bent one knee as she did, smiled as she heard Jake's half-hard penis jerk in response.

"Boys," Klara turned and said. "Why don't you get out of the pool and give your Aunt a big hug?"

Jake and Tyler gave her a horrified look. When neither moved, Amy just laughed it off. "Oh, Klara, they're too cool for that sort of stuff now. I know, my teens are the same. Kelly! Vickie! Come on already!"

Jake tried not to scream as Amy's daughters came through the gate behind her, their heads down in their phones. They were even hotter than he remembered, young women just bursting into their nubile bodies. But both Kelly and Vickie walked right past the boys and into the poolside lounge chairs the older women had just vacated, texting the whole time. Jake hugged the pool wall with all his strength.

"See?" Amy asked, shaking her head. "Oblivious! Rick, hellooooo! Come on!"

"Sorry babe," her husband said, entering the backyard carrying a casserole dish and luggage. "Hello Miranda, hello..." He paused just a breath, taking in Klara and her short jean skirt. "...Klara."

"Oh come on, give me a hug," Klara said, and then moved in before Rick could agree. Hands trapped holding the casserole, he was defenseless as Klara ducked in and gave him a deep, long hug, her breath hot in his ear. "Good to see you again," she panted, grinding her hipbone into his crotch for just a moment.

"Yeah.. um, good," he stammered, disengaging. "Don! Good to see you again!"

Don, who was three days backed up at this point, had been furtively watching his wife's legs ever since she had come out in the skirt. And how she had pressed against the other man. He gulped and raised a spatula to Rick, then went back to tending his grill.

"Are those drinks cold?" Amy asked, dragging her husband towards the picnic table. "The AC barely worked the whole way here! Stupid hybrid cars!" Amy plopped down on the shaded table and opened a Pepsi.

Miranda and Klara looked at each other, shocked, as Rick joined her, neither visitor noticing the two nude boys in the pool. Miranda looked at the pleading expression on Jake and Tyler's faces, then at the hot teenage girls sitting and texting in the lounge chairs, just ten feet from the edge of the pool. She gave Klara a shrug. "I guess a good host would go to the picnic table, too."

"Mom!" Jake hissed, barely above a whisper. "You can't!"

Klara shook her head in wonder at the scene, then smiled at them. "Have fun, boys." She walked to join Amy.

Miranda knelt by the two horrified boys, and added in a whisper, "But not too much fun. Girls new to their Powers can hear erections three times better than old women like your mom and I." She looked at the boys' cousins reclining on the lounge chairs, then patted Jake and Tyler on the shoulder. "Good luck staying soft," she chuckled, leaving the boys to their fate.

For the first minute, Jake and Tyler just stayed frozen against the pool wall closest to their cousins. Jake knew that if they moved away, Kellie and Vickie would see their lower

halves were bare! But being so close, there was no where else for him to look, no place to stare that didn't have some view of nubile girl.

Kellie took after her mother, filling out her tight polo shirt very well. It seemed to Jake that she had grown a whole cup since last year, the way her high breasts strained against her buttons as she brushed her curly brown ringlets from her face. Her khaki shorts seemed to have shrunk from last year as well, rolled up to expose all of her curvy legs as she sat drawn up in the lounge chair, texting away. She pulled one foot out of her flip-flops and used the pink-painted toe to scratch her other thin ankle-

Jake forced himself to look away, to the slender, straight haired Vickie, which was a mistake. While Kellie was a curvy and well proportioned teen, Vickie was a level higher, a swimsuit model in the making. She took after Miranda and Klara- long and lean, and every part of her moved like it was connected. Even as she sat with her knees drawn up in the chair, her simple white dress bunched around her thighs, exposing acres of her long, muscled legs to Jake's view. Her feet were the tiniest, softest things that Jake had ever seen and her face was much warmer than Kellie's, with cute freckles, big eyes and a wide, smiling mouth that you could picture-

Kellie looked up from her phone. "What do you spazs want? We're not getting in there with you. So don't ask like you do every year."

"We don't even want you in here!" Tyler spat back, his voice almost cracking.

"We don't want you in here!" Kellie mimicked back, adding extra cracking. "As if. You two would give your left nut to see us in bikinis."

"Only if I could wash my eyes with soap afterwards," Jake replied.

"Well you won't have to," Vickie replied in a soft voice, without even looking up from her screen. "We didn't even bring our suits." She giggled. "And I only skinny dip with college boys."

Jake dug his fingernails into his palms as his cock tried mightily to erect. It was bent back between his legs, held there by the pool wall. His appendage throbbed, trying to break free.

"Come on," Tyler growled to Jake. "Let's throw the football around."

The cold pool wall was the only thing keeping Jake from popping wood. "But-"

"Come on, let's play Burnout," Tyler added, and then Jake understood.

Tyler himself pushed off towards the far end, keeping close to the wall, and Jake dug his fingers in again, then took a cautious step away from the edge. He didn't dare look back, but out of the corner of his eye he could tell the girls were still engrossed in their phones.

With his heart racing, Jake spread his feet shoulder width apart, letting his balls hang, and waited for Tyler's throw. It was a hard one, zipping through the air and smack!-ing into Jake's hands with a sting of pain. A welcome sting. He zipped it back to Tyler just as hard, if not harder.

A few more tosses and his hands were red and burning, but the pain kept his cock mercifully soft. If they could just last a few more minutes, surely his mother or Miranda would bring them some towels to spare them the humiliation...

From across the yard at the picnic tables, Miranda and Klara talked with Amy, Rick and Don, while sneaking glances to watch the boys step away from the wall and resume playing catch.

"And still the girls haven't noticed," Miranda whispered right into Klara's ear.

"Noticed what?" Amy said from across the table.

"Dammit Amy, are you always listening?" Klara scolded.

"Are you two always keeping secrets from me?"

Miranda patted Klara's arm, then said, "It would only have been for a little while longer. We didn't want to... shock you right away."

"You two never could shock me. You always tried, though!"

Miranda looked at Klara, who gave her a helpless look. Then Miranda leaned forward with a wicked smile on her face. "Don't make a fuss about it, but Jake and Tyler are as nude as jaybirds under the water."

Amy squealed and put a hand to her mouth, while Rick's jaw dropped.

"Don't look, Amy," Klara whispered. "What ever you do, don't turn and stare. Not obviously, anyway."

Amy, still with her mouth open, nodded, then turned as if to get something out of her purse. "I see it now!" she giggled when she had turned back. "You really have to look under the water to see it's not just light suits." She couldn't keep from laughing. "What did they do?"

"Peeped on a friend in the shower," Miranda explained. "And played with their dirty little penises without permission."

"We hadn't planned on it going on this long," Klara gushed. "Just embarrass them a little before you got here. If you want to take the girls out front, we can sneak the boys inside."

"OR," Miranda interrupted, "the girls can get their first lesson on how Powerful women run a household. They have to learn sometime, right? How to Loop boys, how to say no to a overfull set of testicles. I mean, you don't want them getting pregnant their first year in college, do you?"

Rick gulped. "I think Kellie and Vickie are too young to--"

"We definitely don't want them getting pregnant soon," Amy cut him off. "And they have been um, experimenting with their bodies and their Powers recently." She giggled. "Every time they play with themselves at night Rick wakes up with a wicked hard boner he can't do anything about, right honey?"

Her husband blushed deeply, especially when he noticed Miranda and Klara's smirks.

"So it's probably time for them to learn," Amy finished, patting Rick's thigh. "What's next?"

"Well," Miranda laughed, extending one long finger. "How about all the adults stay here and we just let things... unfold naturally." She took the finger into her wet mouth.

Jake had just thrown the football when he felt it. A quick, wet lick at the tip of his cock. It was hard to notice it, with the pool water flowing around him. And it only lasted a split second, then vanished.

He shook his head to clear it, then caught the return throw from Tyler, who made a weird face as he released the ball. When Jake threw it again, the lick returned. He definitely recognized it this time. Not that a woman had ever sucked his virgin dick, but he had sucked his own fingers once, in secret, just to see what he had to look forward to. It had felt wonderful on his finger, but now, on his cock-

He hardened a little, he felt it. He looked around in horror, but the girls were still encased in their phones. The adults were still quietly chatting at the table, not looking their way. A drive by? A neighbor?

Jake just hoped it wouldn't happen again. He caught the ball, threw it- FUCK. It was a long hard suck this time, just one, but his whole dick had been inside a warm, wet eager mouth, for a whole second. He grunted, praying.

Just anticipating the next suck, blood started flowing to his quarter hard cock. He tried to will it down, but Jake could feel the skin stretching, his erection unlimbering. He just held the ball, not wanting to throw it again.

"What's wrong?" Tyler demanded. "Come on!"

"I..." Jake grimaced and threw- and no suck came. He sighed in relief. And then Vickie in her thin white dress shifted at the edge of his vision, stretching one long foot out to rest on the other, curling and flexing her toes. She smiled her welcoming, innocent smile at him.

"Are you okay, Jake?" she asked. "You look like you swallowed a bug."

"He probably swallows worse things than that in the boys' locker room," Kellie snorted, scratching at her stomach, exposing her tight abs. Vickie giggled a little.

"I... can't- it's nothing," he squeaked. His half-erection waved in front of him, under the water.

Tyler tossed him the ball again and Vickie leaned over to show something on her cellphone to Kellie. Jake saw Vickie's hand reach down and idly scratch her thigh as she did, pulling the thin white dress even higher.

He didn't want to, but it had been so long! He prayed, grit his teeth, but ten days of sperm swung in his heavy, full balls. Every motion of the girls seemed spotlighted. Every time they brushed their hair, shifted their hips, turned their bare ankles. He got harder and harder, his steel erection rising under the water like a slow crane... Please please please-

Vickie looked up from her phone slowly, cocking her head quizzically. "Are...Jake, are you..."

"Hard?" Kellie finished, gawking at him. Her jaw dropped. "They BOTH ARE!" She sat up, staring under the water. "AND THEY'RE NAKED!"

Vickie squealed and pulled her legs away from the pool, and in that brief instant, Jake saw up her dress to the tiny blue cotton panties covering her young pussy. It didn't help his condition.

Kellie jumped to her feet, pointing. "MOM! Aunt Klara!" she screamed, almost afraid. "Jake and Tyler are naked and hard under the water!"

The adult's table broke into laughter. Well, the women, at least. Rick and Don blushed, squirming in their seats. "We know, dear," Amy called back without getting up. "The boys are being punished."

"But, but... you know?" Kellie demanded. "You knew?"

"Punished for what?" Vickie asked in her sweet voice.

"Oh, playing with themselves, like all little boys do," Klara replied.

"Some men, too," Miranda added, and the three women cracked up again.

"But, should we..." Kellie asked, lost. She pulled down uncertainly on the hem of her shorts, trying to make the tiny attire more modest. This time Amy rose and clicked over on her heels to the poolside, looking down at the naked Jake and Tyler covering their privates under water, looking like they wanted to die. She took a good look at the squirming boys before laughing.

"Just pretend everything is normal, dear. Jake and Tyler were just caught with your Aunt Miranda's Powers jacking off over the summer, and their punishment was to lose their clothes for a day. It's okay if you look, being embarrassed is part of their punishment."

"Okay," Kellie ventured. "Really?" Jake saw her eyes lock on to his hands and his crotch, and he could feel his knees start to shake. But watching the teenager stare at him, his cock got even harder.

"Sure," Amy laughed. "The boys are trim and toned- go ahead and enjoy the view! Especially when they have to get out of the pool." She took another look, then patted Kellie on the shoulder. "Just don't be too hard on them, girls- if they stay erect for more than four hours, we have to take them to the doctor."

"I'm a doctor!" Miranda yelled from the table and the women laughed again. Even Vickie and Kellie giggled a little. Jake saw Vickie bite her lower lip, and seeing the girl's innocent eyes bright with excitement at his predicament made his erection surge.

"Did you hear that?" Kellie squealed, grabbing her sister's arm. "Jake just got harder!"

Vickie nodded, her freckled cheeks smiling.

Kellie pointed the back of her phone at him. "Smile Jake!"

"Mom, please!" he begged, almost crying, as Kellie took picture after picture of him. He tried to cover himself with his hands, but they never seemed big enough.

Kellie dropped into her lounge chair next to Vickie, and now both girls were pointing their cameras at the naked, hard, blushing boys in the pool. "This is going to be the best Labor day ever!" Vickie laughed.

Chapter Four: Family Time

Kellie laughed as she took picture after picture of her cousins, nude, hard, and trapped in the pool before her. "Come on Jake, make a duckface for me!" she taunted the naked boy. "Pictures are always cuter with a duckface!"

Next to her, her long-legged sister stood up. "Or at least show a little ass," Vickie giggled, aiming her own cell camera as she walked around behind the boys.

Jake and Tyler panicked and squirmed in the center of the pool, trying to cover their nudity with just their hands as their female cousins, mother and aunts looked on laughing. Their dad and uncle, seated with the older women, just watched with a shamed look on their faces.

Jake threw a hand over his butt- Vickie was getting too far behind him!- but that left only one hand to cover his cock and balls from the laughing, taunting Kellie to his front. Kellie blew him a mock kiss and steadied her camera for a close shot of his unguarded hard-on. And then, in a world full of women with psychic sex Powers, Jake made the fatal mistake- his hand touched his naked erection.

Instantly, his thoughts were transmitted to every Awakened woman on the block. Thoughts of Kellie using her skilled hands on his ten-day denied cock, coaxing it to exploding all over her rounded, baby-smooth calves.

"Oh, so THAT'S how it is!" Kellie laughed. "You say you don't look at me, but that's what gets you hard? These babies?" She posed and turned her legs for Jake to see, bouncing on her toes. "Is that what you got caught jacking off to, Jake?"

"No, it was much worse than that," their Aunt Miranda called from the picnic table. "But you've got the right body parts!" All the females laughed, as Jake thought he might hyperventilate.

On the other side of the pool, Vickie extended one of her long legs and prodded Tyler's shoulder blade with the ball of her foot. "How about you?" she asked sweetly. "Did you get caught thinking of my sister, too?"

The blushing Tyler shook his head sullenly, trying to cover his crotch from her. "No."

"Me then?"

"No!"

"Pity," she giggled. Vickie put her soft foot on his shoulder blade again and pushed harder. Her shove moved Tyler away from the wall, and as he tried to grab it again, Vickie snapped a clear picture looking down at his shocked face and his uncovered, iron hard cock. "Perfect," she giggled, looking at her cellphone's screen. She started walking back to her chair, waving her phone behind her. "I'll get you to tell me later, or else this will be your yearbook picture."

Kellie wasn't done with her taunts. "And you even wanted ME to do it? Really, Jake?" she smirked at the blushing boy squirming beneath her. "You know I'd rather hit your balls with a ping-pong paddle than ever - ewww!- touch them, or even let you -double SUPER ewww!- spurt your boy slime all over me! And STILL, your perv brain thinks of me stroking you off?" She laughed and sat down at the pool's edge, folding her tanned, curvy legs in front of her for him to see. "You're STILL looking! You want me even as I'm mocking you!"

"He wants you BECAUSE you're mocking him," Miranda laughed loudly, then said to their mother, "Amy, your girls don't know much about submissive men, do they?"

"Is there any other kind?" Amy snorted.

"Amy!" her husband Rick barked.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Rick," she said, patting his thigh. "I didn't mean you. Just boys that have grown up post-Powers. Jake and Tyler's generation never really stood a chance."

"Speaking of which, you may want to calm your sons down, Klara, before your pool boils away," Miranda said, looking over Klara's shoulder. "Or before they replace the water with a... stickier substance?"

"And could you talk to my girls too?" Amy added. "Don't let them get too crazy."

Klara rolled her eyes. "This is what I get for being the oldest. Fine. Hand me that tray, Amy, to bring the burgers out?"

As her big breasted younger sister reached for the other end of the table, Klara stepped over the table's bench, giving Rick a great, long view up her short jean skirt, right to the silky red panties at the top of her toned thighs. Klara caught Rick taking a look before skipping his eyes away guiltily. So did Miranda and Don, with Klara's husband dropping his jaw at the blatant panty flash his wife was giving the other man, before looking at the ground, flustered. Only Amy didn't catch it, or think anything of Klara squeezing Rick's shoulder as she walked by.

The two girls were sitting cross-legged in their poolside chairs, giddy as they considered the possibilities.

"Tammy says the harder a boy's penis is, the easier it is to Power Push them," Kellie giggled. "I bet we could throw these two a hundred feet in the air!"

"Sandra says blue balls really hurt," Vickie giggled, then extended a graceful hand towards Tyler. "But she found a way to make her brother's balls hurt even more if you—"

"Girls," Klara cut in from behind them, "I know it's tempting, but please don't use any Powers on the boys right now. If there's any further punishing to be done, your Aunt Miranda or I will do it."

"Awwww, Aunt Klara," Kellie pouted.

"I'm serious, Kellie."

"Okay, but..." Kellie looked around, then leaned in to whisper to her Aunt. "It's just that they're SO hard! It's all I can hear!"

"Me too," Vickie giggled.

"And, I can just feel the Powers flowing through me," Kellie added. "All through my arms, legs... I just want to use it so bad! My fingertips are tingling!"

Klara crossed her arms with a skeptical look. "You too, Vickie?"

The slimmer sister nodded sheepishly. "I'm so close to accidentally casting something. It's like any little motion..." She flicked a finger in the air and Jake gasped, bending over. "Aunt Klara, it almost hurts not to use it!"

Klara looked the girls over. "Well, Powers came to Earth when I was older than you two, in the middle of college. I never had to deal with a Powers rush AND raging teenage hormones at the same time. I guess it could hurt."

"We've never actually cast anything," Kellie admitted in a whisper. "I don't even know what to do." She flexed and released her fists, then looked up. "But it really does hurt, Aunt Klara!"

Klara looked at the eager girls, then decided with a chuckle. "Well, okay. I don't want to keep you girls too pent up. Stand up and pick your favorite twin."

The girls squealed with glee and jumped from their chairs, Kellie pointing a pink-painted fingernail at the naked Jake and Vickie a baby-blue nail at the naked Tyler.

"MOM!" Tyler protested, slapping the water. "They're our cousins!"

"Oh, hush Tyler. If they were five years older, they would have helped change your diapers, like all your aunts did," Klara scolded. "And this is something I needed to do anyway." She put a hand on each girl's shoulder. "Okay girls, now take your finger, and

concentrate on your boy's... um... extension. Feel the energy coming from it. The desperate hardness."

Giggling and looking right into the ashamed boys' eyes, the girls did.

Jake wanted to run, but run where? The Powers would find him anywhere in the house, behind locked doors, anywhere in the neighborhood! He trembled and waited, a naked, hard guinea pig.

"Now," Klara continued, "just make Loop around the base of his erection, a nice tight loop. And think of the word...'deny'."

Kellie smiled wolfishly, then dragged her finger in a slow circle at Jake's groin. Just as she was finishing it, Jake felt a zap pass between them, like a tiny static shock to his erection. Kellie squealed and clapped.

"I felt it!" she laughed. "I closed the Loop!"

"Me too!" Vickie giggled.

"Well done, girls," Klara said. "I was worried the boys might have a little, um accident in the pool with all the stimulation, but now they're safely sealed until you release them."

"They can't cum until we say it's okay?!?"

"Yes, Kellie for one day. You get about one day per Loop."

Kellie squealed in delight, stamping her feet on the ground. And before anyone could stop her, she threw three more Loops around Jake's erection.

"MOM!" he cried.

But all the women were doubled over, laughing. Through gasps of laughter, Klara called to the picnic table. "Your daughter sure loves denying orgasms!"

"She takes after you, Klara!" Amy called back.

"Well, maybe," Klara chuckled, turning back to the humiliated boys. "Now, Jake, Tyler, hold still for a second. Girls, make a light, loose fist, like you were holding on to a long, stiff... um... tennis racquet."

Each teenager did, holding air in the direction of their boy.

"Now, slide your fist down the...er... tennis racquet..."

"You can say 'penis', Aunt Klara," Kellie giggled. "We've taken Sex Ed."

Klara blushed a little. "Okay. Well, slide your fist down the penis, until you feel the base. You should feel something like a thin metal ring there. That's your Loop."

"I can!" Kellie gasped. "I can feel three different ones!" She smiled at Jake, squeezing her fingers. "And the naughty penis beneath them! Every little ridge and vein!"

"Mom! Make her STOP!" Jake begged, helpless to stop the fully clothed Kellie from groping his manhood. He felt the fingers explore his entire shaft and the head, squeezing and sliding around the tip. "MOM!"

"Well, now girls, he's probably right. This probably isn't appropriate for a-"

"Do the boys feel anything, while we're doing this?" Vickie asked, as Kellie started experimentally sliding her hand up and down in the air, squeezing her fingers.

"Well, they do feel a certain-" Klara began, but then Jake jerked, gasping like a fish out of water, bucking his hips. Klara blushed again, then smiled behind her hand. "Does that answer your question, Vickie?"

The young girl nodded, blushing herself, then bit her lower lip and started moving her own hand gently. Tyler gasped, bending over at the waist. His face was a mix of pleasure and humiliation.

"NO! Don't!" he cried. "I'm, I'm gonna-" Suddenly Tyler screamed out, bucking his hips forward. His face was frozen in a strained mask, his mouth a round 'O'.

Vickie bent down, looking at the twitching young man, confused. "What's he doing?"

Klara was fully blushing now. "Well, he's um..." She sighed. "That's his orgasm face, Vickie. He'd be filling the pool with his semen right now if you hadn't Looped him."

Vickie's eyes got wide with wonder. "It is?" She slowed but didn't stop her hand, looking closer. "But he's stuck at the edge? He can't go over?"

Klara looked at the barefoot teenager's perfect, long legs exposed under her thin dress as she bent at the edge of the pool. The girl could have been a French runway model. "Well, he might, if you give him the right stimulation. One Loop won't hold a boy for long in his... um state. Now, could you let him breathe again, please?"

"Ooops! Sorry!" Vickie giggled and released her hand. Tyler dropped to his knees in the shallow end of the pool, gasping.

Kellie was sitting cross legged at the edge of the pool, holding her chin in one hand, jacking off the air in the other.

"I wanna see your orgasm face, Jake," she laughed. "I want to see what you look right before you make a big messy spurtie!"

Jake bucked in front of her, begging. "Please, no! No!"

"Isn't this what you wanted? For my hands to get your little rod off?"

"NO!"

Kellie laughed. "So stop me." Then she moved her fist even faster. Jake thrashed in the water, moaning, then suddenly bucked his hips, thrusting his cock out of the water at the teasing teen.

Vickie stood next to her sister, watching Jake dance at the very edge of orgasm. "Now that's a duckface," she giggled.

"It is!" Kellie gasped, then pulled the cellphone from her hip pocket and snapped another picture, jacking Jake off the whole time.

"PLEASE let me! Please!" Jake begged.

"Nope! Not for you!" Kellie laughed. "No cumming today!"

Klara looked down at the scene and swallowed. God, she does take after me. Especially at that age. "Okay Kellie, that's enough. Come on now, stop stroking him."

Kellie smiled at Jake, giving him a few more rapid strokes and swirls over his sensitive head, then let her fist slowly dissolve into spread fingers. The boy sagged, more floating than standing.

She smiled down at him. "Think pervy thoughts about me again, and I'll do that to you every day this weekend!"

Jake sunk low in the water, wanting nothing more than to comfort his throbbing, raging erection and sore balls. But of course he couldn't even dare touch them. He couldn't even look at Kellie, standing above him triumphantly.

"Okay girls, back to your chairs," Klara said, exhaling. "That's enough Powers use for now. All your tingles should have been wrung out by that."

"They were, Aunt Klara," Vickie giggled, pulling her long legs under her in the lounge chair. "But the boys' noises have gotten louder than ever!"

"Yes, boys are like that," Klara sighed, shaking her head. "But you'll be able to ignore them better now. Isn't that right, Kellie?"

The bigger-breasted girl was taking her time walking away from Jake to her chair. "I guess. I do feel better now. Much more...relaxed." She tossed her curly brown hair and sat far back in the lounge chair, extending her coltish teen legs and pulling her already tiny shorts up to show even more thigh. "I feel like I could just lay here and soak up the warm Sun for hours!" Right where the boys could see, Kellie gave her bare legs, feet and toes a long, sexy stretch. Jake whimpered and turned away.

Klara sighed. "I bet you do. But no more pictures or Powers use for now, girls. Give the poor boys a rest. I'll grab the burgers and we'll have food in a minute."

"Okay, Aunt Klara!" Kellie and Vickie said in unison, then fell into a fit of giggling.

Klara shook her head. Her boys were in for a long day. She used her foot to nudge the floating football in Tyler's direction. "Why don't you boys play catch again, to get your minds off of things?"

Grudgingly, slowly, the embarrassed, red-faced boy started playing catch with his brother as Klara walked inside. She only let herself chuckle when no one could see.

When Klara returned with the tray of raw burgers, both girls had their legs stretched out and exposed for the boys, and had pulled their chairs together, so they could whisper and giggle. The boys were horribly red-faced and frowning, but still playing catch in the pool, their rock hard erections cutting the water in front of them with each throw. The adults, however, were engaged in a spirited, hushed debate at the picnic tables.

"It's not fair, I'm saying," Don growled. "They don't deserve this, not for touching themselves once!"

"Oh, it was more than just once this summer," Miranda laughed. "The way those two went at their penises every night, it's like they were polishing copper tubes!"

"They're teenage boys. What do you want them to do?" Rick asked.

"The same thing all men have to do in a Powers world," Miranda replied. "Learn some self control."

Don slapped the table. "They've learned it!"

Miranda snorted. "Hah! Those two couldn't go one entire day without touching themselves, no matter what the consequences were."

"Want to bet?" Don shot back.

"Watch out, Miranda," Klara said, setting the tray of burgers at the grill. "Don's a great poker player. You don't want to gamble with him."

"I do, if the stakes are high enough," Miranda laughed. Twenty years later, and she and Klara could still remember their roles perfectly. Good tease, bad tease.

"There are no stakes," Rick jumped in. "The boys are naked for a little while longer, but then they get their clothes back."

"Well if Don's so sure, why don't we make it..." Miranda pretended to think for a second. "If any male touches himself today, he loses his clothes for tomorrow. And if two of you do, you all do."

"Any male?" Rick asked. "But it's only Jake and Tyler who-"

"You think you'll slip up and play with yourself this weekend, Rick?" Klara giggled. She pushed her ass out as she prepared the grill, then turned to catch him checking it out.

"You're so horny you can't even wait a few days?"

"Well of course I can wait," Rick stammered. "Um, I meant that I don't do that sort of thing-"

"He's in," Amy snapped. "You better believe that he's not touching himself this weekend." She gave him a significant look. "Not with his daughters sleeping in the room right next door."

"No, of course not," Rick nodded. "Yeah, I'm in."

"And how about you, Don?" Miranda purred, smiling and crossing her long legs in front of him. "The master of self control? Think you can pause your masturbation schedule for three whole days?"

"I don't do that anymore either," Don growled, seeing Amy's and Klara's eyes on him. "But this bet is all one sided. We don't get anything for taking all the risk."

Miranda smiled. "Well, since we're negotiating details now... men who resist touching themselves all weekend get to keep their clothes all weekend, of course, and they will also get... a long hand job, to completion, from any of us women they choose."

"What!" Amy demanded. "I'm not doing that! I'm married!"

"We're all married, Amy," Klara said, flipping the burgers.

"And it's just a hand job," Miranda added. "Two minutes of light exercise with your forearm and wrist." She smiled at Don. "Maybe less for some men."

"One hand job, against having all of you see us naked?" Don scoffed. "That's not worth it." He crossed his arms. "And every man would have to choose their wife anyway, or else there'd be hell to pay for months afterwards."

"I wouldn't be mad if you didn't choose me, Don," Klara said nonchalantly over her back. "It's just a few minutes of innocent fun. And it's one of my sisters, not some woman you'll have an affair with."

Miranda could have kissed Klara right then. This was textbook good tease, bad tease, something the girls had used time and again in college to trap men. And apparently had never forgotten. Klara's sudden permission to cheat shocked Don, who was now actually considering the options.

"You'd have to stroke us however we'd want? And we could choose... any of you?"

"Not the girls, obviously," Amy reminded.

"Of course not!" Don shot back. "No! I wasn't thinking of-"

"Let's keep the kids out of this entirely," Rick agreed. "I don't want the girls learning that their father and uncle are making bets about not touching themselves."

"Well, the boys are obviously in," Miranda said. "They're the whole point. But if you don't want to tell Kellie and Vickie about the bet I'm fine with that." She nudged Amy with her elbow. "Let them find out tomorrow morning when we lead Rick and Don to the breakfast table completely nude!"

Amy chuckled, grinning. "And your Joshua, too. I saw his last underwear ad. That's a show worth buying tickets to!"

"We can't tell the boys either," Klara added. "Not about the bet, at least. But we can warn them to stay pure this weekend."

Don stood up. "Fine, but I'm going to be the one that warns them."

"I'll go too," Miranda said, standing up with a smile. "Just to make sure Don doesn't spill the secret and get an advantage."

"Fine."

The two walked away from the tables. After a second, Miranda whispered, "I'm going to enjoy showing off your twig to all the women. They'll think it's the cutest little thing ever."

"And I'm going to love cumming all over your face and hair," Don hissed back. "And then rubbing it in."

Miranda smiled, noting Don was already sneaking peeks at her long legs as they walked. "We'll see."

They reached the edge of the pool and Don waved at the boys. "Jake, Tyler, come here for a second. It's important."

The boys sulked over, pressing their erections against the side of the pool to hide them. They couldn't look Don in the eye.

"Now, I know the girls have been teasing you a bit today, and I know it's been a while since you've... um... had release-"

"Dad!" Tyler cried, blushing as the eavesdropping Kellie and Vickie giggled.

"But this is important. Very important. We've got guests over." Don looked at Kellie and Vickie, who tried to pretend they weren't listening. "Young, impressionable, female guests. So you two have to be extra good this weekend, and not, you know, touch yourselves down there. No matter what."

“Dad, seriously,” Jake muttered, blushing even more. His father was giving him this talk, now, where his cousins could hear!?!? The girls were covering their mouths and almost hiccupping in laughter.

“It’s Important,” Don stressed. “You boys have to resist your urges. To Protect the Entire Family’s Honor. Do you get me?”

“Yes sir,” they both mumbled.

“Your father’s right,” Miranda added, stepping to the edge of the pool. “You two shouldn’t play with yourself this weekend, no matter what stimulation you might accidentally get.” Her cute, sandaled feet and painted toenails were inches from Jake’s lips. Just like they had been the many times Jake had shot a huge load on them this summer, then was forced to lick up every drop. Miranda wriggled her toes, smiling as she heard Jake’s cock surge. “Okay?”

“Can we go now?” Tyler asked.

“Of course boys,” Miranda told the naked males. “Go where ever you’d like.” She turned on her toes and walked away, feeling Jake’s eyes on her backside. Don turned away too, before the sight of Vickie’s dress riding up her young legs got him any harder. His pants were tight all the way back to the grill. Miranda gave his crotch a knowing smirk, which only made him harder.

“Excited about the bet, Don?”

“My boys got the message. They’ll be strong. You’ll see.”

Miranda laughed, letting her hips sway erotically as she walked. “Oh Don, you’ve already lost.”

Focused on her ass, Don didn’t see Miranda sneak the tip of her pinky into her mouth.

The chilly pool water was helping calm Jake’s erection somewhat, but his cousins’ constant presence at the edge of his vision didn’t let him get fully soft. Nor did their catcalls or giggles each time some temptation made his cock surge. It was too much- too unfair! Which is why, when Jake felt the hot, hungry mouth wrap around his cock again, he almost started crying.

It was the same horrible game as before- the phantom mouth would give him one or two wonderful sucks- sensations his virgin cock had never felt in real life before- and then disappear, just as his body was responding. Again and again. He was soon throbbing at full hardness again.

“Ooooooh!” Kellie sang out. “Is someone’s little boner hard again? Why could that be?” She licked her finger and pressed it against her thigh, making a sizzling noise and then laughing.

Jake blushed and bit his tongue. Anything he said would just make it worse. And then he started feeling other sensations. A random squeeze on his balls, a quick pinch of his nipples, just one firm stroke of his cock. And each time he would throw a glare at his cousins, they would just dissolve into giggles. Once he almost caught Kellie making a Power gesture, before hiding her hands behind her knees and thighs. “Whoopsie,” she giggled, and Jake hated her even as he stared at how her tiny shorts barely covered the back of her tight asscheeks.

But he never saw enough to accuse them. And even if he did, who could he tell? The mouth descended on his leaking cock again, swirling, swirling, swirling the tongue with an expert’s touch. As Kellie and Vickie laughed, Jake moaned, tears forming in his eyes as he wondered why his brother had gotten off so easy.

Tyler bit his lip as the phantom finger continued rimming his asshole. As it had, non-stop, for the last five minutes. It felt as good as his mother's lubed digit did before his weekly milkings, and he could even feel the manicured fingernail lightly scratching his skin like hers did. Every now and then the finger would dip inside his puckered hole, but pull out just as quickly and continue teasing his hyper-sensitive rim over and over, driving him insane.

Amy looked over at the circle Klara had been idly scratching into her paper plate for the last five minutes with her fingernail. "Careful, Klara," Amy said. "You're going to bore right through!"

"Oh, it's made of tougher stuff than that," Klara chuckled, pushing her finger into the center of the scratched circle and twisting it lazily side to side. Then she licked her finger and continued tracing the circle with her finger and nail.

It was fifteen minutes before Don connected Miranda's sudden penchant for licking her fingers and Jake's intermittent squeals behind him.

"You can't use Powers! You can just keep doing that non-stop until the boys crack! There's no way they can stand that!"

Miranda pulled her wet finger from her mouth with a grin. "That, Don, is my point exactly."

Don crossed his arms in a huff. "Well, then the bet's off! Any of you could just torment us non-stop for hours until we crack and-"

"Not any of us," Klara corrected throwing the scratched plate away. "Kellie and Vickie, obviously, are just coming into their prime, so yes, they could break any of you." Klara chuckled. "If they wanted to. But the rest of us are over 30, so we can't affect anyone but our husbands and sons. See, I couldn't even move Rick if I tried-"

Klara extended a few fingers at Amy's husband and made an 'up' motion. Rick gasped as he raised from his seat, knees bouncing against the underside of the table. Klara was grinning behind the hand covering her mouth. "Oh my," she chuckled.

"Rick!" Amy hissed. "Have you been touching yourself thinking about Klara!"

"No! Not really!"

Klara popped his knees against the underside of the table again and Amy fumed. "Liar!"

"Just a little! Just yesterday!"

"Well," Klara chuckled. "Maybe this bet just got more interesting."

"Maybe it did, Rick!" Amy fumed. "Maybe I'll just jack off all the men in the family, since apparently we're sharing everything now!" She pointed her hand at Don, whose eyes got big, and lifted. But he didn't move. She tried again, then crossed her arms. "Humph."

"See, I told you," Don said. "In our family the men know to-"

He was cut off by his being lifted from his seat by just one of Miranda's pointed fingers. "Oh my," she laughed. "Light as a feather! Someone's been very busy." She dropped the embarrassed Don as Klara frowned at him.

"You are unbelievable!" Klara scowled at him, then turned to Miranda. "The bet's DEFINITELY on now, Miranda. We've got to teach ALL our men a lesson. I just wish it was worse punishment than just being naked for a day."

Amy was still crossing her arms, which made her already large breasts stand even higher. "Well, Miranda, don't you do some sort of procedure or something, that makes it impossible for men to play with themselves?" She threw an icy gaze at Rick. "I'm starting to think my husband is overdue for one!"

"Oh Procedure 501?" Miranda laughed. "Yes, I suppose I could do that here. The steps aren't that hard, given time and willing female assistants."

"Then here are the new rules," Klara announced. "Any male who touches themselves, loses their clothes. If two of them do, then they're all nude. If four out of five do, then

they're ALL getting Procedure 501 this weekend!" She turned to her sisters and stuck out her pinky. "Deal?"

Miranda and Amy locked pinkies with her, slight smiles creasing their frowns as they all said in unison, "Deal!"

Chapter Five: Night Falls, Morning Rises

The males grew more anxious as the day wore on.

The boys, of course, were completely naked in the pool, and subjected to psychic strokes, sucks, and pinches from unidentified female minds every few minutes. And then there was the constant visual stimulation of the Kellie or Vickie stretching their young bodies or rubbing their exposed legs right in front of Jake and Tyler. The girls giggled as the boys stared, dying to touch their own cocks or even the girls, but unable to do either.

The older men were also growing nervous. Amy was obviously pissed that Rick had recently masturbated thinking of Klara, but she always seemed to be looking the other way as the long-legged Klara gave Rick one peek up her jean skirt after another, stepping out of her seat, squatting next to the grill or sitting on the grass with her knees casually spread just enough to show her red silk panties.

Klara turned up the heat on poor Rick all afternoon, giving him extra long peeks between her toned thighs when Amy was inside or sticking out her ass while tending the grill. Once she even complained about the heat, then inched up her short skirt even more and fanned herself while rubbing her indecently exposed legs in right front of him. Rick shut his mouth and took it; he didn't dare complain about something he shouldn't even have been noticing.

And as Don watched his wife tease another man, he swung between anger, amazement and even horniness. She hadn't acted like this in years! Don looked at her body with new eyes and cursed all the nights he had stayed up watching Monday Night Football instead of pounding his wife. He also cursed the growing tightness of his jeans, which he had no way to relieve because the bet with Miranda. A long-legged Miranda who was strutting around just like Klara, except she was teasing Don instead. A quick pinch of his ass as she passed, slipping off her sandals and walking barefoot in front of him, or pressing her small, firm tits against his back and whispering in his ear, "Enjoy your last day in clothes, masturbator!"

Don held fast, but with worry. The thought of winning the bet and making Miranda take well-deserved facial got his blood flowing. But not nearly as aroused as those short moments when he let himself wonder what it would be like to lose, and have her strip and taunt him for a day, with the other women's help. He tried to stop thinking about that.

A cab door slamming in the front yard interrupted the scene. Miranda jumped to her feet and cheered "My Joshua's here!", then headed to the gate, almost skipping.

The man who entered deserved every underwear modeling contract he had gotten. Six-foot-two, blond hair and a square Viking jaw, biceps and abs chiseled out of stone under his tight shirt. He picked up his tall wife easily and gave her a passionate kiss. As his hand started drifting down her back to cup the ass of her tiny khaki shorts, Miranda smacked it playfully. "Not now, hon."

Joshua grinned. "Yes, dear."

As the couple walked past the pool, Kellie and Vickie whispered and fawned to each other. Finally Kellie gathered the courage to squeak "Hi Uncle Joshua!"

"Hello girls," he said confidently and both teenagers fell into silent squeals and giggles, barely daring to check out his ass after he had passed.

Tyler hated him right away, his confidence, good looks and obvious affect on the women. And that was before Joshua pointed right at Tyler and asked, "Why are the boys naked?"

"Oh, you know how young dicks are, always getting into trouble," Miranda said, pulling him to the table. "Come on, let's eat!"

Klara decreed no food in the pool, so Jake and Tyler had to watch the rest of the family enjoy juicy, flame-cooked hamburgers right in front of them. To stand around, their rock hard cocks waving in the breeze for Kellie and Vickie to laugh at while eating... no, better to go hungry!

"Mmmmm, so meaty," Kellie mocked the hungry boys while eating poolside, her legs dangling in the water. "I can barely keep all the juices in my mouth! Sure you don't want a bite, Jake?" But instead of her burger, she extended her wet, glistening leg towards the boy, her soft foot pointed right at his face.

Jake's cock surged, straining even harder away from his crotch, and the girls fell into laughter.

"He'd probably lick that hamburger juice right off your leg," soft-spoken Vickie giggled, kicking her own feet under the water.

Jake blushed. Aunt Miranda had forced him to lick MUCH worse off her feet this summer, every time she allowed him to cum on them.

"The only thing I'd let him lick off my legs is an entire football team's cold, sticky spunk," Kellie sneered to her sister, then looked at the boys. "You know that major college cheerleading teams have boys for that, right?"

Kellie grinned at them. "My friend Helen told me, she's a freshman at State. The cheerleaders there go into the winning team's locker room after the game, while the men are showering, and pull up those short cheerleading skirts. The girls let all the winning players jerk themselves off right onto their legs, panties and ass. As a reward for winning. They cheer the guys on as they're cumming! And then the cheer team walks back to the girls' locker room, where two naked boys are waiting on their knees, frozen by Powers."

Kellie fixed her icy gaze on Jake. "And those two boys, they have to lick the drying sperm clean off of every cheerleader, no matter where it dripped! Think of it, Jake, two boys, to lick up fifty men's huge, slimy loads!"

"That's quite a mouthful," Vickie giggled, taking a big bite of hamburger.

"And then," Kellie continued, a gleam in her eyes, "the girls pat the two boys on the head, and send them home! Because those are the new rules, now. Real men get to cum, but all boys get are blue balls and clean-up duty!" She laughed as Jake and Tyler blushed red from head to toe. "Still looking forward to college, Jake?"

Vickie covered her mouth with a hand. "Oh my goodness!" she gasped. "Tyler's always been the more athletic one, and Jake's a little spazzy at sports. What if... Tyler became a football star in college... and Jake became a clean up boy!"

Kellie broke into fits of laughter. "Then they'd be keeping the cum all in the family!"

Jake and Tyler tried to get away, swimming to the other end of the pool, but the girls just followed them at a leisurely walk.

"We could force them to try it tonight," Kellie giggled. "Freeze them with Powers, and position them in a tight, loving 69!" She almost couldn't talk between her laughs. "I've heard men love seeing two sexy, naked, twins sixty-nining! We should film it!"

"YouTube stars," Vickie giggled, making a camera frame with her fingers.

"Get out of here!" Jake cried. "Leave us alone!"

"Okay you kids," Klara said, walking towards them. "No more yelling. And enough sun. Why don't we all go inside?"

Tyler crossed his arms. "We're staying."

Klara tapped her feet, hands on her hips. "No you're not, mister. You'll get sunburnt. Now hop on inside, before I lift you there with my little finger." Jake and Tyler dithered, looking at their cousins' expectant grins, then their mother's face. "By the way, your punishment is over," she said. "You can get dressed as soon as you go inside."

Tyler waited another second, then boosted himself over the side of the pool and sprinted for the door. Jake followed a heartbeat later, as the teenage girls were whooping.

"Oh MY GOD! They're completely shaved!"

"Like little boys! How cute!"

"Don't run, Tyler, you'll poke someone's eye out!"

"We need to put some butter on those toasted buns!"

Even Klara let herself chuckle a little as the boys' naked butts disappeared inside. She HAD forgotten how much fun this was. Maybe Miranda was right.

Klara could still hear her boys' blue balls rumbling as they came down the steps some fifteen minutes later, fully dressed in jeans and shirts. And it still brought a smile to her lips, hearing that grumbling, primal need radiate from them as they sullenly flopped onto the couch and started playing video games. But the sound of their erections was gone, no longer ringing the tuning fork between her thighs.

Klara blushed and let her thighs press together as she put dishes in the sink. Between the boys' rumbles, the even louder blue balls coming from Miranda's supermodel husband Joshua, Rick devouring her with his eyes every chance he got, and what would happen if Kellie and Vickie touched themselves in bed tonight, unknowingly radiating waves of arousal signals to everyone in the house... it was going to be an interesting night. Klara squeezed her thighs together again, enjoying the tingles she hadn't felt in years.

The boys played Xbox into the evening as the women chatted downstairs and the men occupied the game room upstairs. As the sun set, Kellie and Vickie changed into their sleep clothes and went wandering around the house.

In the game room, Don, Rick and Joshua were deep into a three-man poker game. Then there was a soft knock on the door and the girls entered. Kellie was wearing a tight dark t-shirt and no bra, her big pert tits bouncing freely under the thin cloth. Her tiny soffe shorts showed no panty lines either.

"Are you guys playing poker? I love poker!" she squealed, skipping in and bending over the table next to Rick's seat. She picked up one of her father's chips. "Do each of these little plastic circles equal one piece of clothing?"

Rick pressed his cards to the table with a sigh. "Those chips stand for money, dear. Adults don't play Strip Poker. And you shouldn't either."

"Relax, Daddy," Vickie said as she sat at the table's empty fourth chair. Her simple nightshirt ended modestly near her knees, until she pulled one knee up under her chin. Then only her hand nonchalantly pulling her hem down kept all of the men from seeing all of her crotch. But her leg was still completely bare, from foot to hip. "Kellie always strips the boys nude before we even get down to bra and panties," she giggled. "And then she throws their clothes in the yard and kicks them out before they get any ideas."

"Still undefeated," Kellie said, shaking her ass triumphantly while still bent far over the table. "My panties have never been pulled off under duress!"

Her dancing bubble butt was inches from Don's face and he tried not to look as the loose shorts rode up, up her smooth buttcheeks...

"Well I want it to stop," Rick fumed. "It's not appropriate for girls your age!"

"Mom says that's how you two met," Vickie giggled. "That freshman year in college you lost a strip poker game in her sorority house-"

Rick blushed, saying "Now that was a different-"

"Because you couldn't stop staring at her once her shirt came off," Kellie finished with a smile.

"And that the other girls ran off with your clothes," Vickie giggled. "So you had to spend the night naked in her room!"

"Nothing happened that weekend!"

"WEEKEND!?!?" both girls squealed.

"Girls, why don't you see what your mother is doing!" Rick exhaled. "This is a game for guys only. We're got guy things to talk about."

Kellie rolled her eyes. "Sure Daddy. Love you." She bent over even farther to give Rick a kiss on the cheek, and Vickie did as well, making sure to pull her nightshirt down to keep her bare ass from showing. "This game seems boring anyway. Come on, Vicks."

All three men's eyes followed Kellie's tight bubble butt as it swayed out of the room, barely covered by the soffe shorts. "That's why I sometimes I loose my shirt on purpose..." Kellie was saying to her sister as the door closed on the girls.

There was silence for a second. Don coughed and adjusted his pants, then said, "How do you get anything done around your house?"

Rick gulped. "It's tough. I usually try to avoid them at night." He tried to place another bet, spilling his chips. "Especially when their girlfriends come over." He looked up at the guys. "Those girls just don't KNOW what they do to men, you know? The things they wear..."

"You think that is tough?" Joshua asked in his slightly Norwegian accent. "Try European girls. Nudity is not taboo there. A mayor's daughter will invite you to a nude beach and let you look at her and her friends all day long, in every position, and think nothing of it. And then you will all shower together afterwards, but if you try to kiss her goodnight, she will slap you and call you fresh. Imagine living with that during adolescence!"

Don did, and adjusted his painful crotch again. "That sounds horrible."

"And female photographer assistants are even worse," Joshua added, shaking his head. "The young girls stay clothed and giggle while the female photographer makes you bend over, hold your cock, tense your buns just so for the shot. They tickle your testicles with Powers while you are supposed to stand still, so that you must shoot the pose over again. And once they learn that I vowed to Miranda not to seek relief on my trips, they are like a pack of wolves."

"They whisper in my ear between sets, offering me licking with their tongues, their virginity, their butt, anything, just to be the one to finally make me break my vow. Every time I refuse makes them more aggressive. Some wait around my hotel room at night, or trick the front desk to letting them in. Very often I will come home to a naked woman lounging in my bed or using my shower. Once I woke up with my penis already being sucked by a smiling nineteen year old girl."

He swallowed, then continued. "But most are daughters of famous photographers or local politicians, so if I accept their offer it would be the end of my career. Same if I call the police. So I must convince them, gently, to leave."

Don could barely swallow. "But at least, a little self-relief in the shower each day makes them unable to tease you, at least for a few hours, right?"

"I said I vowed to Miranda NO release on my trips," Joshua repeated. "I do not cum out of the house. She orders me to save it for her and I do. So I must take anything the wicked girls can devise."

"Wow. Not how I pictured the life of a male supermodel," Rick sighed.

"No, not at all," Don gulped. "So why do you do it?"

Joshua laughed. "A secretary in a paperclip factory could tease me just as easily in my cubicle. With my looks, she probably would." A slight grin crooked the corner of Joshua's mouth. "So why not make travel the world and millions, naked and with a thick hard-on for appreciative women? Besides-" his small grin became a full on smile- "two trips past, Miranda surprised me in my room at night, wearing only her high heels. Next to her was the

photographers' assistant who had been teasing me non-stop for a week. And next to her, her friend, a nineteen-year old virgin. All three of them nude, beautiful, and smiling. Do your wives do the same for you?"

Don and Rick's eyes almost fell from their heads.

"I thought not," Joshua chuckled, then looked over his cards and played one. "It was a very fun night. Even if Miranda did not allow my orgasm, since I was still technically on a trip."

"God, what the heck are our husbands doing up there!" Amy spat, turning her head towards the game room upstairs. "Giving each other handies?"

"That would be one way around the bet," Miranda laughed, then cocked her ear to listen. "No, it's not stroking, just erections. Klara, your husband doesn't have a girlie magazine stash up there, does he?"

"He better not," Klara spat.

"Or one of our high-school yearbooks? Like that year I snuck in a picture of me--"

"He REALLY better not!" Klara fumed. "You were 16 in that picture!"

"Then it's probably just innocent dirty stories around the campfire," Miranda said. "I know Joshua has some good ones--" she cut off, as Kellie and Vickie walked in.

"The dads are just playing some boring card game and won't let us play," Kellie pouted. "What are you doing down here?"

Miranda looked the girls over and raised an eyebrow at the other women. "Ah. That explains it."

"Kellie," Amy said, blushing, "put on a bra for god's sake!"

"Now, now," Miranda laughed, "we want the girls to be comfy. The boys have to learn how to control themselves."

"Exactly Mom," Kellie pouted, stamping off with Vickie in tow.

"Wow," Miranda laughed, sticking her head out in to the hall to check out the girls' backsides as they left. "Klara, you don't have a tray for chips and dip, do you?"

There was another knock on the game room door and Kellie entered again, carrying a tray full of snacks. "Aunt Miranda and Klara asked me to bring these to you," she sighed, bending over to place them on a low table next to Don.

"Um, thank you Kellie," Don gulped, trying to look anywhere else in the room except her perfect ass.

"Whatever," she sighed, pulling her waistband down to scratch an itch on her smooth hipbone as she left.

Ten minutes later Vickie entered with three bottles on a tray. "Beer delivery!" she giggled.

"Honey, really, you don't have to--" Rick started as she padded in on bare feet. He hoped she realized that holding the tray high like a waitress was causing her nightshirt to ride up very close to her--

She didn't. Each man got a clear view of Vickie's smooth teenage ass as she bent over to place the tray in the center of the table. And a view of the delicate power-blue panties splitting it as she collected the empties.

"Thank you dear," Rick gulped.

"No problem, daddy," she giggled and kissed him on the cheek, then padded out.

Miranda laughed downstairs, her ear cocked to the ceiling. "Send those two into the poker room a few more times tonight and this bet is as good as ours!"

"More times?" Klara laughed. "Don's ready to pop as it is."

"Well I want to be sure," Amy pouted. "I'm not giving anyone any hand-jobs! We've got to get the men to all to stroke themselves without permission."

"Well ladies," Miranda laughed, putting an arm around each of her sisters. "For two of them, that power is entirely in our hands, isn't it?"

Jake and Tyler were outraged when Klara told them they couldn't sleep in their rooms. Amy and Rick would be in Tyler's room and Kellie and Vickie would be in Jake's. The boys would have to sleep on the living room floor, with no privacy, just as they had at Miranda's all summer. And they would be sleeping nude.

"What!" Jake hissed. "Our punishment is over!"

"And your test is beginning," Miranda said. "Sleep nude, don't touch those naughty cocks for a night and we'll believe you've learned a lesson."

"But the girls-"

"If you strip and slip under the covers right now, they won't know, and none of us women will tell them," Miranda laughed. "And we'll give your clothes back before they wake up. I promise."

"But-"

"NOW, boys," Klara said, tapping her foot.

The boys blushed, stripping yet again for the women. Miranda bundled up their clothes as the boys dove under the blankets Klara handed them, laying with throw pillows on the carpet. Miranda smiled as Jake's erection was already visibly starting to tent the thin blanket. She winked at him and it started hardening faster.

"Don't be afraid to use the bathroom in the hall," Klara said. "All us women will be downstairs watching some Natalie Portman movie."

"Oh, which one?" Amy asked.

"Some silly thing where she's this lesbian vampire hunter. She's supposed to have this hot shower scene in it that the girls at the gym were saying I had to see." Klara waved her hand. "Anyway, all I'm saying is we'll be far downstairs, so sleep tight, my nude angels," Klara laughed. Tyler's cock was already slowly creeping towards hardness too. The women left the room.

"That's two probable strokers," Miranda giggled to the women in the hall. "The next three we have to do on our own."

"A perfect night for turning in early," Joshua growled as he tossed Miranda into the guest room and pulled her forcefully into a long kiss. His hands roamed over her body with aggression.

Miranda pulled her face away and laughed as he squeezed her ass then ran a hand under her shirt to her breasts, then slid a hand inside her short against her crotch. "A little eager are we?"

"It's been five weeks, Miranda!"

She pushed herself away, then pushed him onto the bed. "Not for me," she laughed, starting to unbutton her shirt.

Joshua ripped off his shirt exposing his rock hard torso, then started on his belt. "Who was it this time? Sheila again?"

"Oh yes." Miranda dropped her shirt to the floor and started kneading her breasts through her lacy bra. "God that woman's a firecracker! She'll lick me as long as I'll let her! She begged to eat out my ass this time."

Miranda paused, hands on the unbuttoned waistband of her tiny shorts, with Joshua's full attention. She slid the shorts to the floor, revealing her thong. "And I let her!"

"Fuck!" Joshua moaned, pulling his pants and underwear past his feet before his trapped cock got any more painful. It slapped against his abs, already steel hard. He waited, naked on the bed, and when Miranda made no move to continue, asked "What's wrong? Get those lacy bits off and join me!"

Miranda smiled, hands locked behind her ass and swaying her hips playfully. "I've got one teensy weensy favor to ask you first," she giggled.

"Oh no."

She sat on the bed, not letting their bodies touch, but tracing one fingernail on his thigh. "See, the husbands and wives made a bet before you got here. If any man strokes his own cock tonight, he's naked tomorrow. If two of them do, they're all naked. And if four do, I can perform a 501 on all of you and take your penises out of your hands forever!"

Joshua's large cock was already leaking pre-cum. "No, Miranda, please..."

"So, love, could you get on your knees, over there on the floor for me?" she giggled.

"Please, no..." he begged, even as he did.

Miranda sat on the edge of the bed and crossed her long legs, looking down on him like a queen. She pulled the string sides of her underwear higher up her hips, then motioned with her foot. "Now, grab a hold of that monster for me."

"Miranda, I've resisted doing that for MONTHS!"

She smiled. "I know."

"Even when you weren't watching! Even when the young assistants teased me endlessly! The last one, she showered in my hotel room every morning for a week! Even when I ached for you, burned for you lying awake, I did not touch myself because of your rules!"

"God Joshua, you're making me wet," she laughed, then uncrossed her legs. "See?" She started rubbing herself through her flimsy damp panties. "Now, why don't you join me, love?"

"Miranda..." he begged.

"That's an order."

Joshua grimaced and wrapped his hand around his twitching cock, gasping. He didn't stroke, just twitched, kneeling.

"The girls are going to LOVE seeing your hard ass naked all day tomorrow," Miranda laughed, rubbing herself faster. "In fact, why don't you think of them right now? Think of young Kellie naked. Think of grabbing her wide hipbones from behind and fucking her like a stallion, just like you want to fuck me right now."

Joshua's eyes widened and he shook his head fiercely.

"That's also an order."

With a helpless moan, Joshua started moving his hand. Miranda chuckled as her Powers picked up the images of his sexy niece running through his brain. "Excellent. Faster now, dear. Really give it to her!"

He moaned and did, months of arousal pushing against the dam. His hand sped up like a runaway train.

Miranda slipped her other hand under her bra, twisting and pulling on her nipple. He was incredibly horny- the images flowing from his brain were so obscene!

"And now Vickie! Bend that thin stick in half!" she laughed. "Picture fucking her! In her little ass!"

Joshua was sweating, groaning and stroking, letting his imagination roam as it hadn't done in months. Shy, innocent Vickie was moaning like porn star in his fantasy, spreading her cheeks for more. Miranda laughed, picturing what her niece's faces must look like as they read this too!

"Now Kellie's ass! Imagine her moaning your name as you stick it in! Fuck it harder! And fill it with your cum- gallons of it! Imagine them both naked and sweaty, with your cum spilling from their assholes!" A primal groan tore from Joshua's throat. "Okay dear, that's enough- I'm ready for you now!"

Joshua opened his shaky eyes to see Miranda slipping off her bra and panties, then laying back on the bed, using both hands to play with her dripping pussy as she arched her back and writhed. He jumped to his feet and tried to dive his cock into her in one motion, but found himself suspended in air by her Powers.

"No dear," she laughed, holding her juice-coated hand up, then licking her fingers right in front of his face while she talked. "Until you get home, you're still on a trip. No fucking me, and no cumming. Those are the rules." Under her mental command, he floated down past her hard nipples and flat stomach until his head was facing her shaved, wet pussy. "But you can lick me all you want," she panted, pulling his face into her crotch.

She locked her slim ankles around Joshua's back, patted the top of his busy head and smiled as a great orgasm rushed closer. "Yes baby, all you want."

Amy gave Rick every chance to see her naked breasts as they changed for bed that night. She pretended to decide what to wear, slipping in and out of three tight sleepshirts before settling for the lowest cut one. Then she brushed her hair and folded her clothes, bending over many times. Her breasts caught his eyes when she bent over facing him, and her naked pussy lips under her sleepshirt did the same when she was facing away. Rick was tenting his boxers fiercely as she finally turned off the light and came to bed.

"Honey," he gasped. "Um, I know I shouldn't ask, but do you think we can..."

"Can what?"

"Fool around a little?" he squeaked.

Amy smiled in the dark. "Tonight? Mmmmm I don't know... okay!," she replied, whipping off her sleepshirt to be fully nude. Rick thanked the stars for his forgiving wife.

Amy lay on her back and stretched her arms up, which did great things to her D-cup breasts. "Come on, baby, give it to me hard!"

Rick threw off his boxers and rolled between his wife's legs. She giggled as he went right to her breasts, licking and sucking them with abandon. "These implants were the best ten thousand we ever spent, aren't they?"

He nodded, sucking on her hard nipples. She prodded his ass with her foot, like a rider spurring a horse. "That's right, stud. Get me wet so you can fuck me hard!"

"Jeez, Amy," Rick frowned, lifting off her nipple. "Do you have to be so... slutty?"

"What's a matter, stud, don't you want to pound me hard tonight? Pound me with your huge horse cock?"

"Amy! You know how I get when you talk like that... oh fuck." Rick looked down between his legs. His cock had gone half-soft. "Damn it. Hey, babe, could you, you know..."

"It's your cock, YOU stroke it," she giggled. She writhed under him. "Come on, hurry honey! After watching Jake and Tyler with their painful hard-ons all afternoon, I need it bad tonight!"

"Okay, but..." His hand froze, inches from touching his cock. "Wait... I can't! The bet!" He rolled off of her with a shocked face.

"Okay, you got me," she laughed.

"Amy! How could you?"

She rolled up as well, sitting up and pointing her breasts at him. "I don't want to touch some other man's cock, Rick! But that's what you signed me up for!"

"That was Don, honey. I didn't want this bet! Honestly. I'll even pick you if I win, so no one else can."

Amy gasped, covering her mouth. "Really?"

"Of course. Of course," he said, hugging her. Her big, perfect breasts pressed hard against his chest. And then she was pushing him on his back.

"Now I really want some hard cock tonight," she giggled. "And I know how to get it out of you!" She tapped his shin. "Spread those knees for me."

"No, honey, please. Not that," Rick begged, holding his legs together. "Just use your powers or something to get me hard again!"

"Oh Rick, it's okay," she giggled, gently but firmly pushing his knees apart with her hands. "It's perfectly okay for some men to need to be put in a 'certain' position to get it up. Now, really spread 'em for me... bitch."

"No," he whined, but her hands were firm on the backs of his thighs, pushing his knees up almost next to his face.

"You're getting harder already, aren't you... bitch?" Amy smiled and slowly, deliberately, moved her hands down to Rick's hanging nuts and gave them a flick.

"Oww!"

"That's right, whimper for mama...bitch," she said, placing his feet on her shoulders. Now she could spread his legs back and up by just leaning her torso forward. Which she did until Rick couldn't bend any further.

"So many possibilities from this position," Amy laughed, letting her finger trace his asshole and watching it clench, then trace his balls. Which she flicked again, harder.

"Owww! Amy, please!" Rick was blushing.

The next flick was harder still. "That's Mistress, bitch. Address me properly or I'll tell Klara at breakfast tomorrow what really gets you hard."

"Sorry, Mistress!" Rick gulped. "But it's just that I feel-"

"Helpless? Exposed? Like a woman waiting to get fucked?" Amy laughed. "I know. Maybe someday I'll buy a strap-on and complete your transformation." She licked her finger and then teased his asshole, sliding along the rim.

"No!" he begged.

"We'll see. You know, Klara was teasing Tyler this way in the afternoon," she mused as Rick squirmed from the attention to his virgin hole. "She thought I didn't hear, but I know that sound, don't I... bitch?" She flicked his balls again. "Maybe I should tell her, you know it too?"

"NO!"

"Really? You're almost fully hard now," she giggled, then gave his balls a light, open hand slap. His body tried to curl but Amy just pushed his knees wider apart. "Funny that having me on my back, begging to be fucked makes you soft, but having you on your back, moaning like a virgin bride gets you ready for action!"

"It's not my fault," he gasped.

"No, baby, it's just how you're wired. Some men just have to be the bitch. To be on bottom. Submissive. It's okay, even if you fantasize about Klara behind my back."

Rick's eyes got large as Amy curled her finger and thumb around his ballsack and pulled them away from his body. He started to protest, but Amy slapped his nuts again, sucking the words from his mouth. Then she slapped again and he squeezed back tears. Then again and he was leaking pre-cum into his belly button.

"I didn't forget about that, bitch!" She sighed, rolled his trapped balls between her fingers. "But it's okay. I've got a way to get my anger out, and luckily it gets you hard at the same time!" She flicked his nuts yet again, five times in quick succession. His pre-cum was covering half his stomach now. "You gunna cum just from my love taps, bitch?" she laughed, flicking him again.

"No!" A hard flick to his right nut. Then a hard flick to his left nut. Then a slap to both. "YES!" he wailed.

"No you're not," Amy laughed and Looped him off, seconds from orgasm.

She leaned down between her husband's spread legs and sucked his cock into her hot mouth, wetting every inch of it with saliva, bobbing her head as he wailed and cried under her. Then she pushed his knees together and down and mounted him cowgirl style before he could think.

"Ahhhhhh," she sighed as she sank down on the rock hard cock, filling her small frame to the limit. "Mama knows how to get you hard, doesn't she?"

Rick nodded meekly and started reaching for the high, pert, massive double D's bouncing in his face.

"Not tonight," Amy said, pushing his hands away. "You wanted Klara, so you don't get to play with the huge tits she doesn't have. Now grab some bedframe, bitch. You're going to need it."

Amy started rocking back and forth on Rick's iron hard, orgasm-blocked cock, grinding her hips to get just the right feel. Sometimes she grabbed his shoulders and ground down on it, sometimes she leaned back and grabbed his knees to let the hardness slam against her G-spot. Her legs trapped his hips as she pistoned her pussy angrily on his cock. And she kept on talking.

"Klara won't ride you like this, will she, bitch? She won't know to slap your nuts to get you up, will she? Not unless I tell her. What if I told her, bitch? And Miranda? And we had a big nut slapping and butt-fucking party tomorrow? Your nuts slapped. Your butt fucked!"

Rick could feel her pussy clench around him, hungry. His cock, too, was in that wonderful sensitive plateau right before a massive blow-off. "Mistress, please! Your Loop!"

She shook her head, laughing at him and fucking him at the same time. "No, bitch! Blue balls for you tonight! And nut slapping in the morning! Just like at the...oh!...sorority house! Remember that, bitch? Thirty girls with nothing to do but flick or kick your balls all weekend! Remember that?"

Rick mewed under her, almost unable to think with the orgasm pounding at the gates of her magical Loop.

"What was the girl's name? The sister who wore only panties and socks to kick your balls in the morning?" Amy hissed. "What was her name? She kicked you so sweetly!" Rick shook his head, grimacing. Amy reached behind her butt and slapped his nuts as she fucked him. "Come on! What was her name?"

"Angela Trentwood!" he finally cried.

"Yes! I'll look her up on Facebook! We'll do that again sometime!"

"No!"

"Yes!" Amy hissed. "Or maybe this weekend! With my real sisters! You'll be our naked bitch and it... will... be just-like-back THENNNNN!" Amy came, her juices flooding around Rick's cock and soaking his crotch. She thrust down on him hard for every aftershock she had, then rode him slower and slower, coming down, until she finally pulled off his red, throbbing member and fell to the bed, sweaty.

Rick let her breathe for minute, then whispered, "Mistress, please, the Loop! It hurts!"

Amy giggled, then stretched her arms around his neck, her soft breasts pressing against his chin. "It's just Amy again, dear. We're done for now." She kissed him on the forehead. "You

did great." A skilled hand squeezed his cock and tickled his full balls. "This guy did pretty good, too," she giggled. She kissed him again and rolled over, pulling the blanket over them.

Rick's balls were on fire and they felt like they were full of lead! "Amy, honey, please. You never leave me like this, not after a session!" The urge to stroke was overwhelming! Especially when she snuggled her hot, round ass against his crotch, his erection falling perfectly in the soft crack between her cheeks.

"Klara made me promise I wouldn't let you cum... bitch," she giggled, then pulled his top hand over her chest, to cup one massive breast. "I'm going to sleep now," she yawned, "but you can play with my tits and think of Klara all you want." She moved his palm to find her hard nipple and forced him to squeeze it. "All you want."

She smiled as she fell asleep, leaving Rick alone with his thoughts.

Don watched Klara undress for bed, trying not to obviously leer at her. Had her stomach always been that tight? Her toe-nails so brightly painted? Or her legs so long? Don practically came in his pants when Klara sat down at the vanity, pulled apart her robe and started applying moisturizer to her tanned legs, as she did some nights.

But tonight, the way she was rubbing those lean muscles, her sexy feet, those gym-toned curves-

Klara snapped her head up at him. "What," she demanded.

"Nothing," Don stammered, turning away. He took off his shirt, pants and underwear, letting his cock harden in the free air, but stopped as he reached for his usual sweatpants. With a deep breath, he turned around, nude. "Actually, honey, I'm sorry."

"Really," she snorted, starting to apply lotion to her thighs. "For what?"

"Well, for, thinking about Miranda when-"

"For cheating on me, with your mind?" Klara said, putting one foot up on the stool and lotioning the back of her calf. "For using the freedom that I give you, the freedom that I deny our own sons, who need it more than you, to think about having sex with a woman I've competed with my entire life? Who happens to have the same body as me but is sexier somehow?"

"No! I mean, I guess-"

She put her other foot on the stool, letting both her legs stretch in front of her for him to see. "And now you want to apologize, so that I'll forgive you and maybe coax a load from that thing so you can sleep?" she asked with a wave towards his hard four-inch cock.

"Um, maybe, but-"

"Go to sleep, Don," she snapped. "We'll talk about it in the morning."

Don grumbled, but pulled on his sweatpants and got in bed. Klara stayed up for another 15 minutes, lotioning the rest of her legs and arms, then re-applying polish to her finger- and toe-nails at the vanity where Don could see. Then she slipped off her robe and came to bed fully nude, as Don fought with the mighty urges of his aching, untouched cock. But eventually it went half, then fully, soft.

Klara waited until she felt Don's breathing change, then slipped her cherry-red fingernails down over her burning pussy and started rubbing slow circles, imagining Miranda's husband Joshua fucking her with his beer-can thick, 9-inch cock. She ignored the control she had learned over the years, letting her Powers radiate arousal freely as she masturbated. Klara heard Don's cock respond, getting painfully, agonizingly, torturously, hard even as he slept. And she smiled.

Kellie and Vickie, flushed, newly confident and slightly aroused from seeing the images Joshua transmitted as he masturbated, followed the sound of hard cocks to the open living room.

"Well, well, what do we have here?" Kellie laughed at the two boys lying in blankets on the floor. "You girls having a sleep over? Have you braided each other's hair yet?"

"They don't have any hair," Vickie giggled. "Not down ther- oh!" She had started pointing at Jake's crotch, but drew her hand back. "Oh my god Kellie, he's hard again."

"Get out of here!" Jake warned, bunching the blanket around his crotch. "Go to sleep!"

"Well we would, Jake, but we can hear your boner from across the house," Kellie laughed. "It calls to us. It says: 'Put me in Tyler's mouth, and put Tyler's cock in Jake's mouth, so that both boys wake up like pervert cousins should!'"

"Morning sperm is probably the yuckiest," Vickie giggled. "You'll have to let us know."

"You're not supposed to harass us any more!" Tyler said. "Our punishment's done!"

"Your punishment is having a leash I can pull attached to your crotch for the rest of your lives," Kellie replied. "That's never over. So come on, we'll take it easy on you tomorrow if you and Jake play along right now. Just a quick sucky-sucky for the cameras and we'll let you sleep!"

"We won't even make you swallow," Vickie added.

Both girls started laughing as Tyler's cock erected to join Jake's at full, painful, hardness.

"Holy shit! Do you actually like swallowing sperm?" Kellie gasped.

"No!" Tyler cried. "It's something else, some outside command! I can't control it!"

"That's what guys always say," Vickie giggled. Then she made a cutting motion with her fingers at Tyler. "There. You're free of my Loop. Can't give your brother any sperm if you're Looped."

"You too, Jake," Kellie added, cutting air in front of her. She rubbed her hands together. "Now, who wants to be the top for the sixty-nine? Do we have to take your sexy panties off first?" She knelt and started pulling up at an undefended edge of Jake's blanket. He snatched it back down, but too late.

"Holy donkey fuck, are you nude under there?" Kellie laughed. "Again?"

"Most babies sleep naked," Vickie offered. "Maybe it makes it easier for their mom to powder their bottoms in the morning."

"Our mom made us!" Tyler shouted, holding his blanket down too. "We didn't have a choice!"

"You're not helping your case, little nude boy," Kellie laughed. "Now let me see your cute frank and beans again..." She started pulling up Tyler's blanket.

"Quit it!"

"Make me!" she giggled as they played a cat and mouse game, Tyler trying and failing to hide his nudity while Kellie lifted one side of his blanket then another. He always seemed to guess the wrong side or be a second too late. "Ohh, nice ass!" she laughed. "Ohh, look at those pretty shaved balls!"

Vickie watched the one-sided struggle, smiling. "We don't need to play that game, do we Jake?" she asked the petrified boy, nudging him with her foot. Petrified, yet staring at the girl's long legs and soft, bare feet, and how those legs disappeared up under that thin nightshirt, almost meeting...

"Because I know right where your good bits are, don't I?" Vickie said, and suddenly placed one foot right on Jake's hard cock. She rolled her foot, rubbing his cock between the soft blanket and his warm stomach. "Here they are."

Jake gulped, squirming to get away. "Vickie, no! Please!"

She pinned him and kept rubbing him with one dainty foot. "Promise you'll suck Tyler's cock and I'll stop."

"No! I can't!"

"Then prepare to make a mess in your blankets," she giggled. "Little boy, gonna spurt in his sheets," she sang, giving Jake a foot-job from his dreams. "Little horny boy, got a thing for feet-"

"No! NO! I'm- I'm close!"

"Already?" she giggled, still rubbing. "Already?"

Jake felt the cum boiling up in his balls, the tightening. A volcanic load. "Please! Vickie! Stop!"

She giggled. "Nuh-uh."

It was coming. It was coming! What should he do? Jake thrashed, tried to decide, then ripped the blanket off and grabbed Vickie's perfect smooth calf with both hands. He forced the shocked girl's sole right on top of his naked hard-on and rubbed it back and forth. And then he was cumming. Buckets.

He yelled as streams of warm cum shot between her toes, on the balls of her foot, on her arch, all of which got slick and made the orgasm feel even better as he rubbed on them harder on his cock, getting every last drop out. He spasmed, back arching, shorter and shorter bursts of pleasure until he lay there, holding her soft, cum-covered foot against his tingling cock and looking up her shirt at a perfect pussy spilling around wispy thin blue panties.

And then he pulled the foot to his mouth and began devouring the cum off it.

"Oh my god!" Vickie squealed, trying to pull out of his iron grip.

"Perv!" Kellie gasped, frozen in her blanket struggle with the nude Tyler. Even Tyler grimaced, watching the scene.

Jake didn't know why he did it. It was Miranda's training, repeated twenty times this summer. Or he was just so thankful to this goddess who had finally given him wonderful release. Or the cum-covered foot just looked too perfect and soft, attached to the soft, powerfully sexy girl standing over him. He didn't know. Jake just closed his eyes and let the bliss take over.

Vickie stopped trying to pull out of his grip when it became obvious Jake was going to gently clean all the spunk off her. She relaxed and even spread her toes so he could snake his tongue in between. "It actually feels kind of good," she giggled to Kellie. "Like a warm foot bath!"

"Ugh," Kellie said. "I can't believe you actually let him cum."

"Why not?" Vickie asked. "It was fun! And he's saying thank you, in his own way." She turned and angled her foot so that the laying Jake could lick her heel, arches, and suck each little toe to her satisfaction, then placed the foot softly on the his chest.

She looked down at the exhausted Jake with a giggle. "You are in SO much trouble now!"

Chapter Six: The Truth Cums Out

"I can't believe that actually happened!" Vickie squealed. She used her back to slam Jake's bedroom door and looked down at her glistening arch and toes. "Jake licked it ALL up! Right off my foot!"

"I still can't believe you let him cum," Kellie griped, flopping onto Jake's bed. "I would have Looped him off right before he shot and smacked his balls for trying!"

"You always say that," Vickie giggled, then dropped onto her sleeping bag and pulled her knees to her chest, unashamed to let her nightshirt ride up and flash her damp panties at her sister. "He did it so fast! Do you think it was that cheerleader story you told or-" Vickie gasped, looking at her sister with huge eyes. "Do you think he's done it before?!?"

"Oh, that wasn't Jake's first time tasting sperm," Kellie laughed. "He and Tyler probably DO trade off secret blowjobs when no one's looking."

"They're not gay," the taller sister giggled, extending her long, slender legs and lying down on the floor. "So how did Jake learn to swallow? Did some girl at school make him, or.. does he swallow his own? To hide the evidence?" Vickie frowned. "That doesn't make sense."

"I don't care. I'm making sure Jake is Looped in my presence every time now. Did you see how happy that perv was shooting his spunk over you? I'm never letting him feel that good again. Or Tyler!"

"Oh Kellie. You always say that! You've got to let boys cum sometime."

Kellie sat up on her bed. "No you don't! You'll see, in college, I'm going to have a boyfriend, a tall, hot, nice-guy type, and I'm NEVER going to let him cum. Or even fuck me!" Kellie laughed and pulled her shirt over her head to free her pert teenage C-cups, then tossed the shirt carelessly on the floor.

Vickie frowned. "Then what's the point?"

Kellie laughed and laid back, then started to knead her full breasts right in front of Vickie. She loved doing that; it made her A-cup sister soooo jealous! "Well, of course he'll do everything a perfect boyfriend should! He'll take me out for expensive dinners and he'll hand me tissues when we watch chick flicks and he'll offer to rub my legs when I'm sore from playing volleyball."

Kellie bridged on the bed, lifting her hips to slide her shorts past her bubble butt and then dropped the bridge to kick the shorts onto the floor. She stretched out on the bed, completely nude. "And I'll do everything a perfect girlfriend should, always wearing cute little outfits and looking so hot, making all his friends jealous when we go partying together. And when I let him sleep over in our room, I'll parade around in little panties in front of him all night, let him squeeze my breasts and make out all he wants under the covers. But my panties will always stay on!"

Kellie's nipples were hard, tingling pencil erasers on top of her grapefruit-sized breasts. She gave in and played with them, twisting and pinching the pink nubs while bending her knees and crossing her legs. She rolled her suspended foot excitedly. "And maybe, once, after six months, if he's bought me earrings and a bracelet or something, I'll lick his cock for 10 minutes and tell him how lucky he is. But I'll NEVER let my boyfriend cum- EVER!" She laughed. "I'm going to blue-ball the shit out of him, for as long as I let him stay my boyfriend! And you know the best part?"

Vickie rolled her eyes. "No. What?"

"At parties, I'll get a little bit drunk," Kellie giggled, still rotating her foot and pulling at her nipples, "and I'll start making out with other guys right in front of him! Big studly jocks or

punk-rocker types. I'll grab their bulge while dancing or let them squeeze my ass. And some nights I'll pretend to get too drunk and go home with one of them for a hot one-night stand! My boyfriend will take me back because I'll cry and tell him how it will never happen again, but what he won't know is... I didn't let the one-night stand cum either!"

Vickie shook her head. "Kellie, you are too much." But even she giggled a little, imagining a tough, cocky alpha-male hopefully fucking her sister for hours and hours, then finally kicking her out in frustration and going to sleep with aching blue balls. Vickie reached under her nightshirt and slid her blue panties down her long legs, then folded the thong and laid it carefully next to her. She bit her lip and pressed her legs and naked pussy lips together, holding her nightshirt demurely down. "You'd really Loop and deny a random one night stand?"

"Of course!" Kellie laughed. "That way they'll remember you forever!" Her fingers slid down her soft belly and started teasing the edges of her completely shaved pussy.

The two girls had shared a room at Aunt Miranda's apartment this spring. After a few awkward nights, they realized they both were used to getting off before they could sleep at night. So they had grown okay with masturbating in front of each other. Almost. Vickie slipped into her sleeping bag before pulling her nightshirt up and starting in on her tiny pussy, while Kellie rubbed her naked body openly on the bed.

"You'll see, Vicks," Kellie panted, starting to writhe on the bed as she slid her hands up and down her breasts, stomach and legs. She was teasing herself, touching every part of her naked body except her pussy, trying to make it burn before she gave in. And it was working.

"I'm not going to let ANY guy cum, all through college," she cried. "Not my boyfriend, not the randoms I fuck to make my boyfriend crazy, not the nerds I flirt with to do my homework, not even the football team studs I'm going to take to Homecoming! A perfect record!" She moaned and closed her eyes, turning her nipples faster, stroking the outside of her thighs, kneading her buttcheeks. Everywhere but her burning pussy.

"That's too many people to tease," Vickie sighed, closing her eyes as well. Her fingers were already gently dancing around her lower lips, rubbing with slowly increasing pressure. "I think teasing just one guy is enough, if you love him."

She smiled. "I'm going to find a nice cute guy to date, like Jake, and I'll let him cum once a month, where ever he wants, as long as he says 'Please' and 'Thank you!' and cleans up so nicely like Jake did!" She let out a silent moan as she slipped in. With her tiny pussy, one finger inside her was enough. Two felt like Vickie was splitting herself apart. She let the one finger slide in and out of her with pleasure.

"He'll walk all over you if you do that," Kellie panted, sliding her bare feet up and down on the bed, impatient. Her nipples were tingling, her pussy was on fire. A flush rose on her cheeks. She straightened one leg out, bent her other knee towards her chest, and pulled her pussy apart enough to FINALLY stick three fingers inside her. She moaned, finally full.

For a moment there was no sound in the room except the girls' heavy breathing and the soft rustling of sheets.

Then Kellie whispered, "Did you see what Uncle Joshua was thinking about us?"

"Yeah," Vickie panted, her finger gliding in and out faster. Just thinking of her uncle made tingles shoot up her spine.

"And Aunt Miranda was probably in the room with him. If my husband ever did that, I'd Loop him into next year, put ten psychic mouths sucking him, and smack his balls until he begged for mercy!"

Kellie talked a good game, but in her mind, she imagined the hunky Joshua doing exactly what he had broadcast out: slapping her round ass and making her moan as he slid a huge cock into her well-lubricated ass. While she begged him for it.

"I wish Uncle Joshua wasn't married," Vickie panted. "I'd let him cum all the time! Even in me, if he asked." She imagined the tall man holding her in his corded arms, looking deeply into her eyes as he entered her. Her asshole felt slightly itchy, vacant, like something should be in it. Vickie blushed at the thought and, to her surprise, slipped a second finger inside her small pussy. It felt like she was bursting, but it felt so right! She moaned silently.

Kellie's curly brown hair had fallen across half her face, but she didn't move it. Both her hands were very busy. "No! You've got to keep their balls tight and full! Even Uncle Joshua! Never letting men cum is the most fun! You'll see!"

"No, you'll see," Vickie squeaked, racing her sister towards orgasm.

Miranda raised one eyebrow as Joshua's cock started erecting against her leg. She put down her copy of "The Wuthering Heights of Powers" and watched with amusement as the naked man curled against her side groaned in his sleep and his eight-inch monster began unfurling steadily. Miranda couldn't hear the signals that young masturbating women sent out, like dog whistles too high-pitched for human ears, but from what Joshua's cock was doing, it had to be Kellie, or Vickie. Or both.

Joshua's huge cock got half-hard in seconds, then fully hard, then even harder, like someone was pumping blood into it with a runaway bicycle pump. He grunted in his sleep, frowning.

"There, there dear," she chuckled, then placed fingers on his forehead, using Powers to deepen his sleep. She gave him a few extra Loops to prevent accidents and then enjoyed the show. Joshua's monster penis got harder than it ever had, erecting against his abs with the diamond stiffness of a four-incher!

Miranda smiled and reached to the bed stand, to squirt a few dollops of hand cream onto her fingers. She transferred the cream to Joshua's right palm, then gently guided his own slick hand onto his cock and curled his fingers around it. A few assisted strokes to prime his pump and then Joshua was sleep-jacking himself off.

"Good job, baby," she giggled as his personal erotic thoughts spilled freely from his head. He was picturing being bent over his young nieces' knees, getting a good little-boy spanking. They were in bikinis, and he was nude with huge, tight, blue balls. A scene Miranda knew he wanted but would never admit. And something that would make tomorrow very interesting, she chuckled.

Miranda stroked Joshua's hair and returned to her book, hoping Klara also remembered the games they had played with men years ago.

Klara was awoken by the noise of Joshua's massive erection next door, and then by Don's little one right next to her. She frowned watching the four-inch dick tent his boxers. Already it was much harder than when she had masturbated, quivering like a rocket trying to escape Don's body. The little head peeked out through the boxer's slit, turning red with blood flow. She pointed a finger at the head and Looped him angrily. Don's penis was responding more to those clueless nineteen year-olds than it did to his wife of twenty years!

Klara crossed her arms over her chest. SHE had been the one who had lavished attention and her mouth onto Don's cock like it was a normal size. It was HER who had made all the appropriate moans whenever he entered her, to not hurt his feelings. And now those giggling girls with their tight shorts and young tits were what his body wanted?

Klara set her lips tightly, then extended one long, painted fingernail and scratched the underside of Don's cock, right at the sensitive spot. She had been a wanton nineteen year-old once, toying with boys like puppies, making grown men quiver with lust. But after her wild

college days, Klara had wanted romance and stability, and Don had supplied that in spades. He had been so wonderful to her, and she so loving and attentive to him. But if Don wanted the giggling, demanding cocktease she had been way back then... she could give it to him.

He was stirring, from the strength of the erection and her touch, almost awake. Klara remembered something Miranda had taught her long ago. Some secret a nurse had told Miranda in medical school, passed from one chuckling woman to another. Now how did it exactly go again?

Klara reached out, gently rubbing Don's forehead, then looked in and found the lever, using her Powers to keep Don sleeping even through the painful erection. Deepening his sleep. Deeper. There. He was breathing slowly again.

She smiled and licked her fingertips, then swirled the tip of his cock just like she knew he loved. "You're going to have such a big day tomorrow!" she whispered to Don's bobbing penis. "You're going to get so much fun and sun and teasing from all the women, yes you are," she giggled. "You're going to be the prettiest little entry in the Toy cock division, and all the girls are going to love playing with you!"

Don grunted, the cum building in his balls more and more until it was going to explode denied by her Loop!

Then Klara bent forward and sucked him, using the swirls and licks she had mastered in tens of college locker rooms to bring him to the biggest, fastest cumshot that he had ever denied by her magic again! Don was moaning, rolling in his sleep and groaning. Klara could hear the pain pounding in his tight balls, and she smiled.

Klara guided Don's right hand to his shorts, placing it around the cloth-covered stiffy, then started moving it up and down. He smiled like a child given ice cream and kept stroking it long after she let go. His thoughts were of Miranda, laughing and sucking his cock. And of Kellie and Vickie, letting him cum on their young legs and feet.

"Enjoy it while it lasts, bucko," Klara said, Looping Don ten secure times then rolling back to her side of the bed with a smile. "Enjoy it while it lasts."

"Oww! Fuck!" Rick cried, sitting upright with a painful erection.

"Wha- what... is it the girls again?" Amy asked, coming half-awake. She lifted the covers to look at his waving, leaking erection. "I guess it is," she laughed sleepily. Amy patted his shoulder and rolled over. "Just go to sleep, honey. You know how quickly the girls finish when they're this horny. Unless Kellie tries to go for two again."

Rick grabbed the sheets, fighting the urge to stroke his cock, just once! "Amy, please, honey, please, can't you just finish me off? I'll get you those lambskin gloves you want for winter!"

"You'll get me those anyway," she mumbled. "And the diamond anklet I want. But I promised Klara, I wouldn't let you cum tonight. Just go to sleep dear. It'll be okay." Amy smiled in the dark and set psychic feathers tickling his balls.

"Amy! It's gotten worse!" Rick moaned, thrusting his hips into air.

"Oh, is Klara using Powers to tease you?" Amy giggled. "She can be such a bitch. You should have jacked off thinking of someone nicer. Like me. Good night, dear."

"Amy, please!" he cried, then twisted and writhed, a white-knuckled grip on the sheets. But she didn't answer. His erection begged for attention, the quick tickles getting harder and harder to resist...

Tyler moaned first, waking Jake, who was erecting as well. But so soon after cumming onto Vickie's foot, his dick protested with pain, a sharp soreness in his balls and shaft. Jake

almost went to rub it, then remembered. Tyler, on the other hand, ripped his blanket off and started stroking.

“What are you doing!” Jake hissed. “They’ll know!”

“They’re the ones doing it!” Tyler shot back. “It’s just like before- I’m getting harder, but I’m not controlling it! OwWW!” He stroked faster.

“Stop!”

“You got to cum! Why shouldn’t I? We’re still un-Looped!”

Jake gulped. Tyler was right. He could sneak another one in, really empty his balls, make it easier to take their cousins’ teasing tomorrow! Tyler was getting close, grunting and stroking. Tyler’s orgasm would surely wake the women! Jake had to decide soon...

Whoopsie, Miranda giggled. She listened to Tyler’s illegal stroking, then Looped him off right before his trigger pulled. Then she added some light, gentle sucking on his cockhead, just for fun. And, with a smile, onto Don’s as well.

Klara fumed, listening to her son approach an illegal orgasm, and Looped Tyler off before he arrived. She put a squeezing pressure on his balls, just to teach him, then fell back to sleep shaking her head.

“No you don’t!” Kellie panted, still masturbating.

“What?” Vickie demanded, face flushed and sweating as she fingered herself too.

“Tyler’s jacking off! And Joshua again! And Uncle Don! God they’re such pervs! I’m going to Loop them and squeeze their balls!”

“Kellie- don’t! They’re not yours to- oh...” Vickie said, but Kellie was already making the orange-crushing move with her hand and Vickie couldn’t care any more, she was getting too close to cumming. The sound of all those hard, desperate cocks around her, vibrating exactly at the same frequency as her pussy- the shy girl cried out in desire- this orgasm might break her in half!

All five cocks in the house hummed in painful erections, slaves to the young girls’ masturbation. Some of the males cried, hard and untouched as their balls were squeezed or tickled over and over again. Some slept but stroked as their wives smiled and planned for the morning. Some begged the air for an orgasm to soothe their tight, bursting balls, but begged in vain.

Kellie and Vickie took their time, soaking in the sensation of every delicious hard-on around them as their pleasure built and built. They came sharply, satisfyingly, their orgasms soaking the insides of their young thighs, and then they slept like babies.

Miranda stretched, coming awake after a restful night of sleep. She kissed the sleeping Joshua on the cheek, shook her head at his painful-looking morning wood and kissed that as well, then slipped on a robe and followed the smell of coffee.

Klara was already up, preparing eggs and bacon and sipping coffee herself. All she wore was a tight t-shirt and red French-cut panties which made her runner’s legs look a million miles long.

Miranda took in her sister’s outfit with a raised eyebrow then poured herself a cup and sat down at the counter. “Well,” she finally said with a smile.

“Well,” Klara replied flatly, then broke into a smile herself and turned. “Miranda, we’re not really going to do this, are we?”

“A bet’s a bet.”

"But we can't strip Rick in front of his daughters! Or Don in front of his nieces! And you're willing to share Joshua's package with us?"

Miranda crossed her legs, letting her robe slide open to expose her smooth, toned thighs and calves, then grinned over her cup. "We're sisters, Klara. I'd love sharing Joshua with you. He's got quite a lot to share!" She sipped again. "And the girls have seen a waving penis or two before. Yesterday. At your command."

"It just seems like this game is getting out of control."

Amy burst into the kitchen, her large tits bouncing under her nightshirt. "Did we win? What was the final count?"

"Oh, we won," Miranda laughed as Klara frowned and turned back to the eggs. "We definitely won."

Amy sighed in relief. "Good. That's good." She took a sip of Miranda's coffee. "But now what?"

Miranda grinned. "Now, we wake each man and let them know the good news."

"Miranda..." Klara warned.

But the middle sister didn't back down. "Klara, what did you and I fantasize about, way back in high school?"

"That was just--"

"A school-girl fantasy," Miranda agreed. "Having a harem of naked men under our command? Teasing them? Making them serve us in the nude? Remember how we made a list of different boys as the years went on, along with what we'd do to them? Tommy Toms. Horse-dick Larry. That European transfer student?"

"Is that what you two always whispered about in Miranda's room at night?" Amy demanded. "And is that the list you kept locked in your desk? I always wanted to know what that was!"

"It was just a fantasy," Klara stated. "And we grew out of it."

"But now we can have it," Miranda laughed. "Powers make it possible. There's nothing stopping us. So come on, let's have our childhood fantasy! Just for a weekend."

Amy slapped the table. "I'm in! I've been waiting to do something like this again!"

The older sisters' eyes widened. "Again?"

Amy smiled and shrugged. "My sorority MAY have held Rick a little bit hostage one weekend. Without his clothes. Or privacy. But I always wanted the male-female ratio to be a bit more even, like now. I'm totally in."

Klara crossed her arms. Then finally, she smiled. "Okay."

Miranda was up and moving. "I know just how to tell the men. Amy, get the girls up, will you? They'll want to be part of this."

Don grunted, coming awake. He was aware of someone standing over him.

"Hello, Don. Ready for a nudie day?" Miranda laughed, smiling down at him with her fingers hooked in the belt of her robe.

"No! I didn't-" Don looked down, shocked to find his hand gripping his hard cock through his boxers. A large pre-cum spot darkened his underwear. "But I didn't!"

"Some men just have no self control," Miranda laughed. "And soon they'll have no clothes! Slip out of those sexy boxers for me, honey."

"NO!" he yelled. "I won't-"

"I was hoping you'd say that," Miranda chuckled. She held her hand up and said, "Freeze."

Don was struck motionless, then struck with fear as Miranda pulled out the kitchen scissors. She took her time, letting him feel the cold metal against his thigh as she snipped,

snipped, snipped up his seam. Then the other. She carefully laid the scissors down, then lifted the cloth patch away to reveal his twitching four inch cock.

"Ta-da!" she laughed. She sat down on the bed and looked at the blushing Don, who was fighting to move. She reached out to pet his erection. "Oh, it's so cute! Almost as big as my middle finger!" Then she grasped it in a perfect hand-job grip and laughed as his eyes bugged out.

"Look! It disappears right into my hand! Ooops, there's the tip- now it's gone again!" She stroked him playfully but expertly. "Oh, I could do this all day- the motion is so short!" She waved her other hand, allowing him to talk.

"Miranda! Stop it!" he moaned.

"You don't want me touching your little cute cock? But I get to, Don, all day! As does Amy! And Kellie and Vickie-"

His eyes widened in fear. "No! NO! NO! Not the girls!"

"Oh yes, Don. Those two mean girls have ALL DAY to mock your micro-cock, and I'm going to help them do it! Come on now, cutie, time to display you!"

Miranda lifted his body off the bed with one flick of her finger, then pulled the naked Don into the hallway by his cock like a balloon.

Rick grunted, coming awake to the feeling of a fingernail scratching up and down his hard cock. And then came the last voice he wanted to hear.

"Careful Rick," Klara laughed, leaning against the door. "Cum on my sheets and I'm making you buy new ones!"

"Klara!" he gasped at the woman standing in a t-shirt and panties at his door, then tried to turn his tent away. "I'm- just give me a minute!"

"I'll give you all day, Rick," she laughed, continuing to scratch her fingernail up and down the skin of her thigh. "Now why don't you let me see that penis you've been worshipping me with?"

"Klara! No! If Amy-"

"Amy's waking my boys, Rick. Getting those boys out of bed is always a challenge. Sometimes, you just have to drag 'em out by the balls." Rick's cock throbbed and Klara laughed. "Oh! Should I do the same with you?"

"NO! I'm getting up!"

Rick scrambled out of bed, tenting his sweatpants furiously as Klara looked on with a smile. She stalked towards him deliberately, putting one bare foot on the floor in front of the other, making her legs look incredibly long and her ass sway in the tight panties.

Rick was trying not to look, but couldn't. "Klara! But I didn't... um, I didn't do anything wrong last night."

"But the other males did," she laughed, hooking her fingers into his waistband with a big grin. "So down these go..." She started pulling down, letting his humiliating moment stretch out. Then his cock sprang free and Klara laughed, looking up at his blushing face. She pulled his pants to his ankles, then helped him step out of them like a child.

She stood up and gave his balls two quick pats. "Come on, Rick," she laughed. "Don't even pretend you're not loving this. I'll even let you stare at my ass on the way out."

Klara crooked her finger and Rick followed her out of the room, his head down and heart pounding.

Amy smiled as the two boys tossed and turned, their dicks hard and outlined under the thin sheets. She crouched down between the boys and bent towards them, letting her

cleavage spill forward. "Oh boys..." They stirred a little. "Oh boys..." she sang again. "Time to wake up..."

Jake opened his eyes first, saw his chesty aunt smiling back at him inches from his face and gulped. "Aunt Amy!" He pulled the sheets around him. "Could we have our clothes back now?"

"No boys," she laughed. "You've been bad. You're in for another nude day today. You too, Tyler. Come on, now, up and at 'em!"

"Aunt Amy," Tyler began, "we-"

Amy grabbed their blankets in both hands and snatched them off. The boys gasped as they were exposed, nude to the cold morning air. Amy giggled as they struggled to cover themselves.

"No need to be shy, boys," she laughed, obviously looking at their hard, hairless privates. "I've seen it all before. Come on now, the family's waiting at the table."

"Aunt Amy-"

She squatted in between them, her breasts at eye level. "Your mother told me I might have to do this, but I thought she was kidding. I don't have Powers over you two yet, so..." Their eyes drawn to her cleavage, neither boy noticed her thumbs and forefingers cinching around the top of their ballsacks until it was too late. Then she pulled.

Amy smiled as she pulled the two protesting youths up and out of the room by their tender balls.

Joshua smiled when he heard the door open and turned towards it, angling his hips so his long, hard cock and big balls were on full display. "Mmmm, honey, I've been thinking about the nasty things I'd love to do to you-"

Kellie and Vickie exploded into giggles and Joshua opened his eyes, scrambling to cover himself as he sat up. "Girls! You shouldn't be in here! If Miranda-"

"Aunt Miranda told us to come in and get you," Kellie laughed, stepping inside. "And she told us to bring you out buck naked."

"And hard," Vickie giggled. "But you've already taken care of that, right Uncle Joshua?"

Joshua gulped, looking at the teenagers' shining eyes. Just the way they stood was so much more confident than yesterday. Kellie's soffe shorts barely covered her curvy ass, and the shirt that stretched over her breasts left her belly button bare. She had her fingers hooked into the waistband, pulling them even further down her bare hipbones, with her hip at a sassy angle.

Vickie's nightshirt stopped below her butt, leaving all of her long, soft legs on display. She stood with one bare foot nervously curled behind the other, but still eyed him like a steak on a plate.

"Now girls, Miranda is probably playing a little joke on us-"

"Uncle Joshua," Kellie interrupted, stepping closer. "You're not going to give us any trouble, are you?"

She reached towards him and he felt the tickling start on his balls. "Because we're still just learning our Powers. If you make us use them under pressure, we might just do something... wrong."

Vickie reached out and made an orange-crushing move with her slender hands. "As wrong as what you were thinking about doing to our little innocent bottoms last night," she giggled and gave his nuts one quick psychic squeeze.

"Ungh! Now, Vickie, I didn't mean that! I was just..." What could he say? He knew he shouldn't reveal Miranda's orders...

"It's okay, Joshua, we understand," Kellie said, pulling the sheet away to reveal his nude body. She turned and ran her hands down her round ass in front of him, squeezing firm handfuls of her own butt. "We know you can't help it. A man's body wants what it wants." Kellie caught him looking at her ass and winked at him.

Vickie padded over on delicate feet and picked up his shaking hand, then bent over to his ear.

"Anytime you want," she whispered, barely audible as she forced his hand up under her nightshirt and onto her naked buttcheek. She even pressed her smooth teen ass back against his hand. "Just ask and I'll give it to you." The blushing girl suddenly stood up and jumped back, leaving his hand empty and his hard cock bobbing.

"Okay, Uncle Joshua, stop molesting your nieces," Kellie giggled and slapped his hand back down. Then Kellie laughed more, seeing how hard his cock was. "What did you tell him?"

The blushing sister just shrugged, then peeked at the monster cock sticking out between his legs. "Should we keep him in here, all to ourselves, Kellie?"

"Maybe," the busty sister answered, then looked the suddenly scared man in the eyes. "I'd love to lick honey off of every part of his body. God you are HOT Uncle Joshua!"

"Okay, girls," he laughed nervously, standing up. "Let's get out there before Miranda worries."

He started towards the door but Kellie stopped him with a firm hand on his chest. "I wasn't kidding about the honey, Uncle Joshua. Sometime today, I'm going to corner you and use you like my personal lollipop. For as long as I want to." She grinned, a glint in her eye. "And then I'm going to slap your balls blue for daring to imagine fucking my ass last night!"

"And then I'll be there to soothe them," Vickie giggled, blushing and taking another peek at his egg-sized balls.

Joshua gulped as each teenager took one of his large muscular hands in their dainty ones and pulled him into the hallway.

Klara and Rick arrived in the kitchen first, then Amy with the boys in tow. The women smiled at each other, each leading a naked male from the other's household but oddly not jealous. They lined the men up against the wall.

Jake and Tyler couldn't believe their mother was walking around in a pair of panties. Jake tried not to look, but her legs looked just like Miranda's, just like Vickie's, long and tan and delicious. His cock twitched fully erect in front of him. Klara just chuckled as she walked by, and perhaps bent over a little more than necessary putting the orange juice on the table.

Amy noticed her husband watching too, and whispered in his ear. "Long, aren't they Rick? Just like Angela Trentwood's? I bet Klara could deliver a pretty fast kick to your balls with legs that long- should I ask her?"

Rick whimpered and shook his head, covering his crotch. Then Kellie and Vickie arrived with Joshua, and both Klara and Amy almost fell on the floor.

"Holy damn, that's a foot long and as wide as my arm!" Amy laughed, pointing at Joshua's cock. "Girls, get away from that monster!"

Kellie rolled her eyes. "Mom! Stop embarrassing us!" The girls lined Joshua up near the boys and but still held his hands, staying close to him.

"I thought Tyler's was big before," Vickie giggled, looking back and forth between the two males' cocks. "But compared to this it looks sooo small!"

Amy stopped to look too. "Now dear, Tyler's still growing."

"He won't grow that much!" Klara said, and all the women had a laugh as Tyler blushed and tried to cover himself. "Put your hands over your crotch again, Tyler," his mother said, "and you'll be naked every weekend for a year!"

Amy smiled as the squirming young boy revealed himself to her again, then she turned to her husband. "You two, Rick. Put your hands behind your back and show us what you're really made of!"

Rick felt like he was dying, the blood rushing to his face, but he did. At least his daughters weren't looking until Amy stepped up to him and said, "See, Kellie, Vickie, this is where you came from!" She gave his balls a light but definite slap.

"MOM!" Kellie protested. "Ewww!"

Klara laughed behind her hand. Rick's heart rate was going through the roof- she could hear it, but after the slap, he had gotten even harder! She winked at the blushing male and he squirmed. This was going better than she had hoped! The tingles in her pussy returned, especially when she looked at Joshua's gorgeous member, pointed right at her. She felt such an urge to touch it, stroke it, even suck it. But she held back.

"Where's Miranda with her captive?" she asked. "We can't start without her!"

Miranda spoke from the hallway. "I was just waiting to make a grand entrance! TADA!" She emerged into the kitchen, pulling a floating, naked, erect Don behind her by just one thumb and finger. "But I couldn't find a way to make this little stub grand!"

Amy's eyes got large. The girls were giggling, dying of laughter.

"Oh my god!" Kellie snorted. "It's tiny!" Vickie was laughing behind her hand.

"Is that all he's ever had? It's not a powers trick by Miranda?" Amy asked Klara.

Klara sighed and shook her head. "Yes, that's the man I fell in love with. Boys, that's where YOU come from. Sorry."

Don was fuming, red-faced. "Put me down! Now!"

"If I let go you'll float away," Miranda laughed. She released his penis and used her Powers to float him towards the ceiling. "Whoops! Come here!" She tried to pull him down a few times, but kept missing his cock. "Don! Your string's too short! You're stuck up there!"

"Okay, okay," Klara said, then guided Don down to stand next to the other men. "That's enough."

"Just one more test, Klara," Miranda laughed. "Tyler, come here please!" She pointed to the kitchen counter.

Timidly, Tyler walked nude past his smiling mother, laughing cousins and aunt to stand next to Miranda. Who gripped his hard cock and started stroking it.

"What are you doing?" Klara cried.

"Just making a record," Miranda replied. "I'm sure you did this with the boys' heights, when they were growing up. Hand me a magic marker, will you?"

Reluctantly, Klara did, as Miranda continued stroking her son in front of the whole family. Tyler blushed as all the women watched him get hornier.

"Watch out, he's getting close," Kellie said.

"Oh, I know Kellie. I'm a doctor. You just have to get a male to complete, full hardness for an accurate measurement. Almost there..."

"Aunt Miranda, please..." Tyler begged, squirming. "Not in front of-"

"Oh, he's fighting me," Miranda laughed. "Isn't that cute, girls?"

The women giggled as Miranda kept stroking Tyler until his back arched and his face contorted in the brink of orgasm. Which he couldn't reach because of the many Loops on him. As he thrust his hips forward, Miranda bent his cock down onto the countertop, ignoring his groans as his balls pressed against the edge. Tyler grunted as that increased the pressure on his already full balls, but Miranda took her time and made one precise marker line on the counter where his penis stopped. She also wrote his name next to the mark. Miranda released his cock causing it to bounce up to Vickie's giggles, then patted the blushing boy on the butt. "Good showing, Tyler."

Jake couldn't see what was happening to Tyler, just hear his grunts and the women's laughs. But he could see Kellie and Vickie bent eagerly over the counter, straining on their tiptoes to see, making their tiny pink feet stretch in front of him. And their smooth calves, the back of their thighs, Kellie's round ass, Vickie's tight one. And Aunt Amy's round thighs, and his mother's long sexy legs that he wished belonged to ANYONE else. He was so hard, dripping pre-cum from the leg show in front of him that he hoped he had a second to get soft before anyone-

"And now for Jake," Miranda called. "Come on over."

Jake felt his stomach clench, and then all the women around the counter turned, staring straight at him. Miranda crooked one finger at him and somehow he walked over without his knees buckling. He almost fainted as Miranda started stroking his cock without any preamble and the girls laughed at his struggle.

Miranda twisted the screws a little, taking him to the edge a few times but always slowing at the right time. Pre-cum started pouring from his tip like a river.

"Jake always was the messier one," Klara quipped as Miranda dabbed it off with a napkin.

"He's probably just hungry," Kellie said with a grin, and Jake's entire face went red.

Klara looked confused. "What do you mean by-"

"I'll tell you later," Miranda interrupted. "It's time for Jake's measurement! Come on Jake, make a big messy measurement all over the counter!" She gave him the strokes to take him over the edge, which his body started to go, but was stopped by the Powers.

He cried out, on tiptoe, on the edge of release, muscles straining, balls pulled tight, and that's when Miranda bent his cock onto the counter, pressing his balls against the edge as she had done Tyler's. Unknown to the family, Miranda pressed her hip against his ass, crushing his balls but giving him another half inch of length. She made the mark. "Half an inch longer! Not twins at all!"

The women laughed and Vickie clapped. "Good job, Jake!" she giggled, then leaned over the counter to kiss the blushing boy on the cheek, even as Miranda still held his cock.

Miranda let him go, but wiped her pre-cum soaked fingers on his abs, leaving wet streaks. "Yuck. We'll clean this up later. Now, Rick, if you please."

Rick protested but Amy marched over and pulled him by his hard cock over to where the women were waiting and handed him to Miranda like a baton.

"Hello Rick," Miranda said, letting her hand explore his hardness, then started stroking him. "Feeling long today?"

Rick was speechless, being jacked off by his smiling sister-in-law. Then Kellie chimed in. "Come on, Dad! You have to beat those little boys!"

"Yeah Dad!" Vickie giggled. "Do it!"

"Woah!" Miranda cried, letting go of his cock suddenly. "Amy, is he Looped? That was a close one!"

"I'll extra Loop him now," Amy laughed. "I guess this brings back good memories, huh Rick? Do all cheering teenage girls sound the same to your cock?"

Rick thought he would die as Amy held his wrists behind his back and Miranda slowly jacked him to the edge again as his girls and Klara watched attentively. Klara especially was making loads of eye contact, letting him know she was watching every bit of his humiliation.

Since the girls were on the other side of the counter, Klara pulled her panties into her butt crack to make a tiny thong and lifted one foot behind her playfully. "Come ON Rick," she giggled, "show us how big a man you are!" Neither Kellie or Vickie saw her push her ass out suggestively for Rick.

But Don did. Watching his wife use her body on another man made him steel-hard. It was painful not to touch it.

But when Miranda brought Rick to his orgasm face and roughly bent his cock down against the counter, that's when the real torment began.

"Awwww, Daddy!" Kellie huffed. "I can't believe it! You're smaller than Jake AND Tyler!"

"I'm sorry, dear-" he tried, but then Amy was pulling him away by his balls.

"Go on, Shorty, we'll talk about this later," she laughed, pushing him towards the boys.

Miranda smiled. "And now my Joshua."

All the women smiled as the supermodel reluctantly stepped over and Miranda gripped his cock. "This will take two hands!" she laughed, putting down the marker. She gave two-fisted, hand over hand strokes.

"Let me know if you need any help!"

"Vickie!" Amy chided. "That's not proper!"

"That's right," Klara agreed. "The older women always get first dibs handling such a beautiful organ!" The other women laughed.

"Hands off," Miranda chuckled. "He's all mine. For now." Then she stood on her tiptoes, arching her bare feet until she was nibbling Joshua's ear. And she started whispering something.

The muscle-bound man started bucking, his neck tendons straining, pre-cum flowing from his tip as he hit her orgasm block hard. Over and over again. He screamed and grabbed the counter as his balls tightened, threatening to fire a massive load over all the watching women, who flinched. Only then did Miranda bend his dripping monster down to the counter with great effort.

They watched in amazement as the mark was four inches past Jake's length. Miranda marked the length proudly, and then the girth.

"God, it's like they're not even the same species," Kellie laughed, looking at the difference in marks.

"Yes, my Joshua is in a class of his own," Miranda beamed, stroking his cock even as she bent it down on the table. She tickled his balls with her fingers and caused him to flood even more pre-cum on the counter. "A man among men. Speaking of which, oh Don? Come here please?"

Amy and the girls laughed, knowing what was coming next. Klara just shook her head, blushing but smiling. Miranda had always known and teased her about Don, she had learned to accept it. But the others...

Don edged over as Miranda guided Joshua away. There was a glint in Miranda's eye as she grabbed Don's cock again and started jacking it.

"What do you ladies want to bet? If he's larger than Jake, he gets to cum right now?" she said.

"Fat chance," Amy laughed.

Miranda tried again. "If he's larger than Tyler he gets his clothes back?"

Kellie snorted. "If he's larger than my middle finger I'll let him take pictures of me by the pool in a bikini!" She raised her middle finger at the man being jacked off, then bent far over the counter to lay her finger down next to the marks. It was shorter than her dad's length.

"But we didn't bring bikinis," Vickie said.

"Exactly," Kellie laughed, looking Don in the eye.

Miranda gave the blushing man a knowing look as the thought of seeing his buxom young niece lounging by the pool made Don's cock jump in her hands. She stroked him fast with all her skill, to make him reach the edge embarrassingly quickly. "Whoops! Already? Here we go!"

Don grunted as Miranda roughly bent his stiffy down horizontal, placing it next to Kellie's finger even as he closed his eyes and tried to cum. Feeling his young niece's soft finger

against the side of his erect dick, his cock got harder and his balls pulled up even tighter. With hope, Don looked down at the counter.

He was shorter than Rick's mark. Even shorter than Kellie's finger. By a noticeable amount. The women started breaking up in laughter.

"Oh my god!" Kellie laughed.

"That's impossible! Is it really hard?" Amy asked.

"Hard as it gets," Klara chuckled, shaking her head.

"That's pathetic!" Kellie said, then flicked Don's cock with her finger and stood up. "How can you stand it Aunt Klara?"

"He makes up for it in other ways, Kellie," she sighed, looking down at the marks on her counter. She grabbed a rag and wiped the collected pre-cum puddles away, but the length marks stayed, even when she wiped again. Klara shook her head. "Alright, enough fun. Everyone to the breakfast table before the eggs get cold."

The men scrambled to sit, just to put the thick wood between their privates and the girls' mocking eyes. Klara and the women sat more leisurely, chuckling at the nervous males hugging the table. Klara crossed her legs elegantly, unfolded her napkin and placed it over her bare thighs and panties like she was at a five-star restaurant.

"Oh dear," she said. "Don, I seem to have forgotten to put out any food! Could you get the eggs?" He looked at her with big eyes, gripping the table. "Don," she chuckled, "considering your condition, you'd best heed me today." She drummed her fingers on the table. "Or else."

Kellie and Vickie giggled as the man stood up, exposing his tiny hard cock and naked ass to them again, then hurried to the kitchen.

"And boys," Miranda laughed, "could you get me salt, pepper and paprika?"

"Rick," Amy added, "Could you get me my vitamins from our luggage?"

Three more sets of cocks and balls came into view as blushing men moved to follow their women's commands. Jake still had a full erection leading his way. Klara shook her head and smiled.

Vickie giggled and reached down to massage her calf. "Uncle Joshua, my feet are sore- could you rub them?"

Kellie giggled and added "With your cock!" and the girls fell into laughter.

"Girls!" Amy said.

"Oh, Amy, they're just being playful," Miranda laughed. She patted her husband's rock hard thigh. "Joshua knows it doesn't mean anything. It's just girls being girls, right dear?" That's when she started slowly scratching a fingernail up and down his penis, under the table. Joshua bit his tongue as he started erecting again, nodding gruffly at the smiling teens.

"In fact," Miranda continued, "Joshua was telling me last night, that he'd love to talk to the girls more, since they've grown up so fast in the last few years!"

With their Powers, all the women at the table could hear Joshua's cock erecting as Miranda talked, but none could hear the cause, her single finger expertly dancing on his shaft. "He said he'd love to spend the WHOLE day alone with the girls, just hanging out and chatting, didn't you hon?"

Joshua groaned as he had to push back from the table to give his erection room to stretch to the ceiling.

"Yeah, it sure looks like he would!" Klara laughed as the girls giggled. His cock kept getting harder, straining and twitching as he blushed.

"We'll talk with you any time, Uncle Joshua!" Vickie laughed, squeezing her thighs together.

Kellie did the same, imagining sitting on Joshua's face. "Yeah! We'll talk until all our tongues get tired!"

Miranda moved her hand from her husband's lap to grab Jake's balls before he sat down. "I said salt, pepper AND paprika." She took the salt and pepper from his hands then slapped his ass to send him off again.

The other women followed Miranda's lead, asking for anything and everything to keep the men scurrying while the women ate breakfast in leisure. Kellie poured cold water on Tyler's crotch when he forgot to leave the ice cubes out of her glass. Vickie snuck a foot under the table and prodded Jake's balls to ask for the napkins. Klara rested her hand on Rick's thigh to ask for the salt, then left it there as he sweated, getting harder even while Amy frowned at him. The men got few breaks during breakfast.

Miranda gave Klara a significant look as Jake and Tyler worked to clear the table, Jake still bouncing hard. "Klara, your local mall has a Fredrick's of Hollywood, right?"

"Sure."

"How about a Spencer's? A massage parlor? And a high-class shoe store?"

"All those. So?"

Miranda stretched in her robe, arms up and letting her long legs and feet point in front of her. "I haven't had a good massage in ages! And I'm overdue for a pedicure, among other things. What do you say us three sisters have a Mall day?"

"And leave all this?" Klara asked, smiling as Don cleared the glasses, his stiff woody as red as his face, his balls tight to his body.

"Think of it as preparing for tonight," Miranda replied. "You remember all the things on our old list, don't you?"

Klara thought for a second, then shook her head in wonder. She smiled and nodded.

"Kellie, Vickie," Miranda said, clearly and loudly to carry over the sound of dishes, "you've baby sat before, right?"

The teenagers eyes got big as they looked at each other, then her. "Yes, Aunt Miranda!"

"Multiple kids? Unruly ones?"

They nodded and Miranda smiled. "Well, we ladies are going to go out for a few hours, and we can't leave the men alone, in their condition. So we need you to watch over things here, okay?" Kellie and Vickie were smiling like kids on Christmas.

"Listen up boys, this is important," Miranda called, and all the men stopped and looked at her fearfully.

"Kellie and Vickie are in charge, of ALL of you, until we get back. You are not allowed to put on or take off clothes without Kellie or Vickie's permission. You are not allowed to eat anything or to use the bathroom without Kellie or Vickie's permission. We're cutting all your Loops for safety reasons, but you are absolutely NOT allowed to play with yourselves." She grinned. "Without Kellie and Vickie's permission."

Miranda stood up from the table, followed by Klara and after shaking her head, Amy.

"And girls," Miranda turned to the beaming teenagers, "If any of the little boys you're babysitting break ANY of the rules, you are allowed to punish them in any way you see fit."

She smiled at the five naked men, including her own erect husband. "Have a fun morning boys!"

Chapter Seven: Women Gone Wild!

"Are you sure we should be leaving so soon?" Amy asked, looking back at the house as she tottered away on unsteady heels. Miranda had insisted on their highest heels and shortest skirts for the women's Mall Day, and Amy's curvy thighs made the khaki mini she had borrowed from Kellie ride up dangerously with each step. She tugged it down over her round ass again. "I mean, just Kellie and Vickie, alone with five naked men?"

Klara laughed, enjoying the feel of the warm sun on her long legs and letting the wind whip up her skirt to freely flash her panties at the neighborhood as she hadn't done since college. "Amy, everyone in that house is related to the girls somehow- if they're virgins now, they'll be just as pure when we get back!" She opened the door to her SUV and got in.

Amy frowned, tugging her skirt down again. "It's not that, it's just- the girls are so innocent, and with those hard dicks all around them..."

"Is how they learn to become women!" Miranda laughed, opening the passenger door and getting in. Her short tight skirt was already high on her long legs, and when she scooted forward to check her lipstick in the mirror, her pink silk panties were in the sunlight. She didn't bother to adjust. "And I hate to tell you this, Ames, but with those two giggling jailbait skipping around the house all day, our men will be more than prepared for tonight!"

"Prepared for fucking," Klara added, "But not for what WE'RE going to give them!" She high-fived Miranda then started the car with a vengeance.

Miranda shook her phone at Amy. "And I'm going to text Kellie throughout the day, giving her good, Auntly advice on how to tease those boys' balls off!"

Amy finally let herself smile. "Maybe I shouldn't have encouraged the two of you to loosen up," she giggled, then stepped into the back seat of the car, making sure to give the front of the house a long, deep flash up her skirt and the black string thong she wore. The car pulled away.

Inside the house, Rick wished he had looked away before Amy had gotten in the car. But he had kept hoping she would turn around at the last minute to save him. She couldn't really be leaving him here naked, with his daughters in charge! And with how blue his balls were, if he caught a peek of anything... Just the sight of the three women strutting towards the car in those heels made his balls ache, and that accidental panty flash his wife had just given any man looking out the front windows set him towards full hardness.

Kellie and Vickie will hear! I've got to get this down! I've got to get out of sight!

Not knowing what else to do, Rick jumped into the hall bathroom and started taking a cold shower. Well, lukewarm. The slightly tepid water helped somewhat, calming him to half-mast. He exhaled, relaxing.

And then his daughters came into the bathroom without knocking, amused looks on their faces. They wore matching striped polo shirts, Kellie's blue and Vickie's orange, and tiny khaki shorts which showed off all of their toned, teen legs.

"Daaaaadddy!" Vickie mock-scolded. "You were supposed to ask for permission before using the bathroom!"

Rick tried to cover himself from their smirking gazes. The shower curtain was crystal clear and his hands too small. "I'm sorry- sorry girls! I just wanted to-"

Kellie stuck her hand into the shower, feeling the spray. "Take a cold shower to lose your boner?" she laughed. Rick started to blush, but then Kellie smirked and added, "Or were you going to rub out a quick one to calm down?"

"Kellie!" he barked. "That's not appropriate! I was taking a cold shower, that's all!"

She looked the nervous naked man in the eye. "All the boys on the swim team tell me cold showers have to be REALLY cold if you want to get soft," she giggled, then turned her hand over in the lukewarm stream again, just a foot from his naked body. "This is perfect skinny-dipping temperature Dad. Just cold enough to make a girls' nipples poke out!"

Rick groaned as his half-hard cock tightened, now getting harder with each heartbeat. The girls laughed at their naked father.

"Girls, please-" he begged, trying to turn his front away from them.

"You broke the rules, Daddy," Vickie giggled, wagging a finger at him. "That means we can punish you ANY way we want."

Kellie pulled her hand from the shower and flexed her fingers, cracking the knuckles. "ANY thing we want to do to you. And your boner really makes us want to use Powers!"

"No, no-" he gulped, but couldn't help it. They were his daughters, but their young legs, the khaki shorts and preppy shirts, it struck a cord right in his crotch- he was at full hardness now, cock aching to be touched. Both girls heard it through their Powers and laughed.

Vickie put a finger on her chin, thinking. "You know, you used to spank us when we needed punishment," she giggled, and Rick's cock got even tighter.

"Right on our bare butt!" Kellie added. "Even up to 12 years old!"

His face was fully red, his erection twitching. "No girls! You can't!"

"We COULD," Kellie laughed, throwing a glance over at Vickie. "But maaaaybe we'll think of something else you can do."

"Something that would make us very happy, Daddy."

Rick gulped, waiting. The girls giggled, looking at each other, and Vickie cracked first. "We want new cars when we go off to college!" she giggled.

He exhaled in huge relief. "Now dear, we agreed, you two were going to share the old Honda-"

"We each want our OWN car," Kellie interrupted, hands on her hips. "Beamers!"

"NOW Kellie-" he began, raising a hand from his crotch to point a stern finger at her. His hard cock waved in front of him too and both girls giggled. He covered himself again, making especially sure not to touch and reveal his thoughts to their Powers. "Kellie," he finished more pleadingly, "that's a lot of money, plus college expenses, that we didn't plan for. I'm not sure I can-"

"Pleeeeeease Daddy," Vickie begged, then let her eyes drop to his hard cock. "If you say yes... we'll let you cum."

Rick almost fainted, staring at his two hot daughters. "No, Vickie, I couldn't! Not in front of-"

"Ick, we wouldn't be here, Dad!" Kellie said. "We just wouldn't tell Mom and the Aunts that you let one slip in the shower. Here, I'll get you started." She reached into the shower again, making his heart stop, but her hand fell on the shower knob instead, turning the temperature up to a hot, relaxing stream. She pulled her wet hand out. "We won't even listen to who you're thinking about when you do it."

Vickie giggled. "Unlike the morning after Sherry from the cheerleading squad spent the night."

Rick's cock felt like a steel rod had just been shoved in it from behind. They knew about that? They should have all been asleep!

"Come on, Daddy, it will feel soooo good! And it will be our little secret," Vickie giggled. "In return for beamers. Mine doesn't even have to be new. Leased is fine!"

Rick's balls ached, hanging heavy between his thighs. God, just to cum again... "Girls... I just... can't!"

Kellie and Vickie looked at each other, trading thoughts with their eyes, wondering how far they would take this. Then they both pushed themselves up to sit on the bathroom counter, letting their legs dangle like they were on a park bench in summer.

"If you don't agree to get us BMW's, we could just TELL the women you jacked off anyway," Kellie laughed. "And shot your cum all over the shower floor."

"While thinking about us," Vickie added. "Naked."

"NO! Please, honey! You CAN'T tell your mother that!"

"Beamers, daddy," Kellie giggled, extending one curvy leg to check out her painted toenails, then looked up at him with her Princess face. "The 3 series or better!"

"Please daddy," Vickie added, stretching her long, bare legs for him and placing her feet daintily on the edge of the tub. Rick's cock surged and Vickie whisper-giggled to Kellie, "Why does it always have to be feet?"

Kellie shrugged, then crossed her legs to show off her feet right in his face too. "Come ON Daddy! Decide!"

Rick could barely talk. "How about Cadillac's? They're just like BMWs-"

Kellie slapped the counter. "No! We're not going to be the only freshmen at Duke without beamers!" Then she smiled, and concentrated, running her foot over an imaginary pole in front of her. She had never tried to transmit like this before. "Pleeeeeease?"

Rick felt the soft girly foot sliding up his outer thigh. It was a casual touch, but it made his whole body shiver. Vickie tried too, swinging her long legs up to just lightly tap her toes psychically against his balls. "Please?"

Rick jumped and couldn't stop himself from grabbing his hard cock. "Okay! Okay! I'll talk to your mother about it!"

"Thank you Daddy!" Vickie squealed, pulling the shower curtain aside to kiss the nude, red-faced man on the cheek even as he still held his dick. Kellie did the same, then pointed her finger at the cock in his hand and gave him a quick Loop.

"We'll let you cum when Mom agrees to the Beamers," she giggled.

"So no stroking until then," Vickie warned, wagging her finger at him again. "Or we'll tell Sherry what you really want to do to her with your tongue while she's sleeping!"

Both girls watched Rick until he let go of his cock with effort, then giggled and walked out, their swaying asses drawing his eye in those tiny shorts. The door closed and Rick was afraid to even move.

Jake and Tyler were playing on their Xbox in the living room, Jake sitting on the couch and Tyler as far away as possible, in the loveseat. They both held their controllers close over their soft dick and balls, and tried not to look at each other.

"Oh how cute!" Kellie laughed from the hallway. "Are you little boys playing with your joysticks?"

"Well, only Tyler's is little," Vickie giggled.

"Leave us alone!" Tyler yelled.

"We don't have to," Kellie laughed. "Aunt Miranda said we're in charge. And we can do what EVER we want."

"Yeah," Vickie giggled, grinning at Jake. "We can punish you how ever we want."

Just having his cousins, dressed in tiny shorts and tight shirts grin at his totally naked body made Jake's cock start to harden. The more they giggled and stared at him, the more it stretched out underneath the tiny cover of the Xbox controller. He blushed as it slipped out the side, still hardening.

"But we're not doing anything wrong," Jake said in a soft voice.

Kellie pointed at the other twin. "Tyler, go outside and run to the end of the block and back!"

Tyler's jaw dropped. "No!"

Kellie stormed up to the gaming system and flipped it off. "Punishment one, no Xbox unless we say!" she announced with a smile, then turned to the other twin. "Jake, get some grape jelly from the fridge. You're going to lick it off my feet like you licked your cum off of Vickie last night!"

Jake felt his stomach fall into a cold pit. As much as he hated Kellie, if he got that close to her sexy, bare feet- "No!" he cried, blushing.

"Why, afraid you'll pop a boner?" she laughed.

"Too late," Vickie giggled as Jake's cock fully unfurled past the side of his Xbox controller. The more Jake thought about being forced to lick his mean cousin's feet while she laughed at him... "Oh, Jake," Vickie pouted, "I thought we had something special! Will you pop a woodie for any girl's feet?"

"Punishment two," Kellie announced, dropping on the couch and propping her feet on the coffee table. "You will both be thrown outside in the front yard for the rest of the day, unless someone gets some grape jelly and goes to town on my little tootsies! Quickly!"

The shocked twins looked at each other, neither moving. Finally Tyler said, "Well, DO it already!"

"Why should I-"

"Because you get off on it!" Tyler shot back. "Hurry or we'll be naked where everyone can see!"

"God damn it," Jake cursed, feeling the cold pit in him all the way to the fridge and back to the living room. He was blushing horribly, but also getting harder with each heartbeat.

Kellie giggled and wriggled her toes at him. "On your knees facing me. I want to see your face as you do this!"

As his mean, big-breasted teenage cousin smirked at him, Jake slowly sunk to his knees in front of the coffee table, gulped, then opened the can of jelly.

Vickie was looking through the stack of Xbox games. "Hey, you guys have Sexy Dance Party 4!" she laughed, then put it into the console.

Tyler took any excuse to look away from his brother. "It came with the Kinect system! We never play it."

"We play it every sleepover," Vickie giggled. "Just a bunch of girls in our panties, dancing and grinding with each other." She laughed as Tyler's sleeping cock twitched, and she heard it with her Powers. "Oh, you like that? You can be up second!"

Jake had been stirring the jelly with a dull butter knife this whole time, and Kellie snapped her fingers. "Get licking, Jakey baby! Or your naked ass is going outside!"

Mouth set in a hard line, Jake took the first heaping knife-full of jelly from the jar, held it above Kellie's waiting crossed feet and then spread it over her soles. Kellie shivered. "Ohh, that's cold! Lick it up quickly, my foot slave!"

Jake grimaced and leaned forward, opening his mouth, and finally gave in. He licked the ball of Kellie's right foot, then her toes, then started lapping jelly up from her young, soft, sole. "Yes!" she laughed. "Get in there, sexy! I LOVE hearing you get harder as you do this!"

Jake blushed, knowing it was true. Blood was surging into his cock as he licked his cousin's feet, stretching his erection harder and harder out in front of him. It felt like it might break off as she spread her toes for him to get between. "You're such a foot perv!" she laughed. "I'm going to make you eat lunch this way! Hear that, Jake? You're going to lick mashed peanut butter and jelly off of my feet in front of everyone, and you're going to be hard doing it!" Jake looked up and whimpered for mercy around her toes, and that only made Kellie laugh harder.

Behind him, Vickie turned from playing the dancing game and giggled, "Oh my god Jake, make sure you don't lick her skin off!" and Jake got even more embarrassed.

But then it was Tyler's turn. Vickie finished her round, then started laughing as Tyler's cock was three-fourths hard. She pointed. "Is that from watching me dance?"

He blushed. "No!"

"Liar," she laughed. "Now it's your turn!" He didn't move at first, but Vickie gave him a stern look and Tyler finally got up. Vickie giggled and pinched his naked ass as he walked by her to stand in front of the Kinect. She dropped onto the couch next to Kellie and added, "I set the point system to extra sexy, so let it all hang out!"

"He already is," Kellie snickered, looking at his almost-hard cock. She tilted her foot to let Jake keep licking.

The game started with an image of a hot, barely-dressed cartoon girl on the screen shaking her hips in time to the background song. Tyler tried to match her movements, the Kinect camera picking his body up and showing an outline over the cartoon. It matched her moves pretty closely. And then the song really kicked in.

Vickie started laughing her ass off as Tyler tried the sultry club dance moves the cartoon girl was making and failed horribly.

"This is stupid," he cried, and started walking away.

"Finish the round or you're licking my toes next!" Kellie ordered.

Blushing, Tyler tried to rush back into rhythm, but the cartoon girl kept getting madder and madder as he was off beat. She started shaking her finger at him while cursing in Japanese. Tyler tried to do the bends and kicks she was, but the sexy, female motions were alien to his body.

"Are you even trying?" Vickie laughed, holding her belly.

"Yeah, you look retarded!" Kellie added, she prodded Jake's closed lips with her toes.

"More jelly. Keep going until Tyler gets at least a thousand points!"

Jake turned to look at the screen. Halfway through the song, still sporting a boner, Tyler had 37 points. He finished with 53. Both girls laughed at him.

"Bottom of my feet this time!" Kellie giggled. "I want you licking my heel like the little puppy dog you are!"

"Here, I'll show you how it's done," the taller, leggy cousin told Tyler as Jake had to start licking again. "Watch closely!"

Tyler did, but not to learn game strategy as the long, lean Vickie swayed and moved with a Siren's grace, her swimsuit model body under perfect control. She bounced and slunk and stretched just like the cartoon girl did. She ended the song bent over, ass out, long hair hanging over her angel's face, as she gave Tyler a sultry look, sucking on one finger in her pouted mouth.

"Perfect score!" the game shouted. "10,000 points!"

She pulled her finger from her mouth and laughed at Tyler's slack jaw and the rock hard erection jutting from his crotch. "Your turn, sexy," she giggled.

This round was even more embarrassing for Tyler, as his dripping cock swung and bounced against him as he tried to dance.

"Oh my GOD!" Kellie squealed, her wet toes still in the sucking Jake's mouth as she doubled over in laughter. She looked over at her sister, who was red-faced and incredulous as Tyler's lead-pipe cock swung every which way as he tried to match the sexy dancer.

"That is too funny!" Vickie giggled.

Tyler's face burned red as he was forced to shake his ass and bounce his heavy balls for the girls to giggle at.

Still licking and sucking on Kellie's cute toes, Jake saw Kellie elbow Vickie in the ribs, then make a tickling gesture with her hands, right at the level of Tyler's balls. He heard Tyler

grunt behind him. Then whimper, as the teasing feathers continued on his balls. Tyler's final score was 69.

"Sixty-nine!" Kellie hooted. "Just like you two sexy boys are going to do for our cameras tonight!"

"And we know at least one of you doesn't mind swallowing," Vickie giggled.

"I don't like it!" Jake cried, still on his knees.

"We'll see," Kellie said. "Lick the rest of the jelly up, foot slave! Hurry!" She made Jake run his tongue over her toes and soles again, licking her completely clean of the purple jelly, then finally pulled her feet from the hard, red-faced boy's mouth. She bounced up and stood next to the large picture window facing the street, hand on the cord for the blinds.

"Vickie and I have to go check on the other cocks in the household," she giggled. "To make sure they're not off being naughty. You two boys have to play this game until ONE of you gets 1000 points in a round."

Both blushing boys groaned.

"And to make it interesting..." Kellie continued, then pulled on the cord. Bright sunlight poured in, letting the boys see the vacant sidewalk and vice versa.

Tyler threw his hands over his rock hard erection and turned his hip, shocked at how much of the neighborhood he could see. "You can't be serious!" Jake cried, ducking and covering himself as well.

"It's the middle of Labor day weekend," Kellie laughed, heading to the hall. "No one's going to be out now."

"Unless some housewife next door decides to go jogging in tiny running shorts," Vickie giggled, following her sister. "You don't have any of those in the neighborhood, do you?"

Both boys' cocks jumped and the girls laughed.

"I guess you do!" Kellie said. "Better hurry then!"

"Two dancers score double," Vickie added. "But only if they get really close together."

Laughing so hard their bellies hurt, the girls left the two naked boys in the living room, their cocks painfully hard and exposed in front of the wide window, with no idea what to do next.

"No, this won't do at all," Miranda said, looking at the dingy Vietnamese nail polish and massage place in the mall Klara had taken them to. "Don't you have anything better?"

"Well, there's a place upstairs," Klara replied. "But they charge three times as much."

"That's what we want," Miranda said, already starting towards the elevator. "I'll pay."

Miranda led the group upstairs to the Eden Day Spa, and told Klara and Amy to wait in near the door as she negotiated with the receptionist. The two mothers saw Miranda point back at them time and again, then look past the receptionist's desk at something they couldn't see. Once she shook her head no. Then yes, and waved them forward.

"I've arranged everything," she said, going to her private room. "We'll meet up at the end. Have a relaxing time, ladies!"

Klara started to get nervous as the cute female receptionist led her back to a private room with soft music playing. "Just get undressed and lie face down with the towel over you," the girl said. "Lynn will be with you shortly."

Hearing a female name made Klara relax. At least Miranda didn't try to foist some beefcake masseuse on her, to see what would happen. Klara folded her clothes neatly and lay on the leather bench with the soft towel covering her from shoulders to knees, actually starting to relax.

A cheerful 26-year old walked in a few minutes later, knocking first. "All ready? Good! I'm Lynn. Just relax and let me take care of everything." Lynn turned the relaxing music slightly up, then lit exotic-smelling candles all around the room. Klara found herself really relaxing, especially when Lynn started kneading her shoulders. "Ohhh, a lot of tension here! Let's work this out slowly. I'll use plenty of oil."

Lynn did, folding Klara's towel down as she slowly kneaded lower and lower down her back, her hands warm, slick and bringing pleasure wherever they went. She stopped at Klara's hips, kneading above the hipbone until Klara thought her back would melt. Then Lynn started on her feet, making Klara ohhhh at the firm, sure touch on her arches. Lynn giggled.

"You go to the gym on Elm street, right?"

The sudden question brought Klara out of her warm daze. "Um, yes, I do."

"I see you in my Pilates class every now and then," Lynn giggled, folding the towel above Klara's knees and rubbing her calves deeply. "I always noticed how nice your long legs look."

Lynn was doing something amazing, rubbing gentle circles on the backs of Klara's knees, distracting Klara and making tingles run up and down her body. "Ohh, well, thanks. I guess."

The young woman giggled again. "But you always sit way in the back. Never in the front with me, where I can get a real good look."

"Oh, no one wants to see my legs up close," Klara sighed as Lynn folded the towel higher and massaged above the knee.

"Sure they do. Legs as sexy as these should always be shown off."

Lynn folded the towel higher on the bottom and lower on the top, and with a shock Klara realized that now the towel only covered the width of a hand, over the highest point of her butt. She was completely naked everywhere else.

Her heart started racing as Lynn recoated her hands in warm oil and started rubbing Klara's legs again, from the feet up.

"Yes, with legs like these, you should always show them off! Feet... calves... knees... thighs... upper thighs..." the young woman said, massaging the parts in question. "Not for any man. Just for yourself. For your power. As a woman."

Lynn was massaging her buttcheeks now, slipping her hands right under the towel to knead the naked globes, then pushing the tension down towards the pussy, her sure thumbs rubbing right around the edges of Klara's lips from behind. Again. And again.

Klara blushed, throat dry. "Thanks. I'll try to do that." Her butt and pussy were warming up, tingling.

Lynn kept up the motion, rubbing completely under the towel with her hands, and directing all the tension right to Klara's pussy. "Men never understand what it's like to be a woman," the young woman continued. "That sometimes, we just need to enjoy our bodies. Our feminine bodies. Men always think we're being sexy to turn them on. But sometimes, it's just fun to be sexy, isn't it? Even without any men even around?"

Klara gulped. She was getting wet. That tension, that wonderful squirming heat, was building between her thighs with each stroke. Lynn had to feel it. She was rubbing from Klara's naked butt to the inside of her thighs now, right up against the juncture of her pussy lips. Over and over. And then the side of her soft finger touched it.

"I think that's enou-" Klara started, pushing up from the table. A sure hand on her back pushed her willing nude body back down, while the other lovingly, possessively, cupped Klara's bald pussy.

"Shhhhh," Lynn said, her warm oil-slicked fingers mingling with Klara's juices to make a truly magical feeling. "Like I said, let me take care of *everything*."

Klara was blushing as she showered and dressed. Blushing because she hadn't just cum once, but twice. And she had practically begged Lynn for the second time! The young girl had indulged her, laying the older woman on her back and lovingly sucking her nipples as she fingered Klara to a second glorious orgasm. Slowly, softly and patiently, as only a woman could. And then the girl kissed the shattered woman on the cheek and left her alone to clean up.

Klara felt like her debauchery was written all over her face, for anyone to read. But the cute receptionist just said "Have a great day!", and so did the girl holding the door open for her. And then she found Miranda, sitting in the food court like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"Enjoy your first time with a woman?"

"Miranda!" Klara hissed, sitting down quickly. "Quiet!"

"The blushing goes away after an hour," the other sister laughed, "But the burn in your pussy, that stays forever." Klara blushed more as Miranda added, "She was a hot one, too. A Pilates instructor? Mmmmm, I wouldn't have minded a piece of that myself."

"I can't believe you did that!"

Miranda chuckled. "I did nothing! I just explained your predicament to them, and asked for some help. We all thought you'd say no." She chuckled and looked her blushing sister in the face. "You realized that was an option, right?"

Klara's face burned more, as did her pussy. She'd be seeing that young woman again, she realized. If not at the spa, in the showers at the gym, the water cascading off her young toned body... and Don and the boys were never home on Friday nights... Klara would have time to explore other options... Klara had never tasted pussy before, and young pussy was supposed to be the sweetest...

"I wish I could read your thoughts with my Powers," Miranda chuckled, and Klara finally snapped out of it, exhaling quickly and pulling her suddenly short skirt down.

"Well you can't, so tough luck!" She looked around. "I was in there a long time, but where's Amy?"

Miranda laughed and sipped her tea. "Oh, I set her up with the same program as you. Except with a handsome young man named Derek."

"Miranda!"

The older sister gave an innocent look. "They're not holding her hostage, Klara! And I made them promise, no penetration. If Amy's still in there, it's because she must have found Derek quite interesting at... starting conversations?"

Klara shook her head, imagining the stud she had seen leading Amy away worshipping her little sister's pussy with his tongue. "You are evil."

"I am just a problem solver," Miranda said, then crossed her legs. "And our current problem is boredom, until Amy returns. We'll just have to find something interesting to do in the meantime." She uncrossed her long legs slowly, blatantly. Klara followed her aim and saw a blushing young man behind a food counter, unable to tear his eyes away. A young man who Jake and Tyler went to school with.

"Miranda, stop that! I have to come back to this mall, you know!"

"Then let's make sure you're remembered," her sister chuckled, slipping off her heels and letting the young man 'accidentally' peek at her tiny panties again.

Klara sat with her arms crossed at first, but remembering the burning in her pussy Lynn caused, was soon 'accidentally' teasing the boy too, until Amy showed up twenty minutes later.

Don's heart raced as he skimmed leaves out of the pool, feeling the sun on his naked backside. He was so excited, so scared, so- When Don heard the sliding door open, he stiffened, both ways.

"Whatcha doooing, Uncle Don?" Kellie sing-sang from behind him.

"I'm cleaning the pool, Kellie," he said without stopping. "Even on weekends you have to keep the leaves out or they eat all the chlorine."

One set of soft girl footsteps came towards him, and his heart raced faster with each second. But he didn't dare turn around. He could just feel her laughing eyes on his naked ass! Kellie giggled, then sing-sang again. "But why are you *hard*, Uncle Don?"

Don felt his face flush. "I'm not, um, It's just that I- ahhh!" He almost dropped the skimmer when he felt Kellie's soft hand on his upper ass.

"It's okay, Uncle Don, I won't tell anyone you got a stiffy out here, all by yourself," the teen giggled. She stood right next to him and looked at the pool, her hand resting on his naked ass like it was nothing. Don's dick felt like it was going to shoot off his body. It quivered and begged for a touch, painfully hard.

"You know, a boy named Tommy once snuck into our school pool at night and stuck his penis into the suction hole," Kellie said, pointing her foot at the round, wrist-sized, stainless steel inlet below the waterline. Her hand still rested on Don's upper ass. "He said it felt like the sexiest, strongest sucking mouth in the world! Were you thinking of the pool sucking your dick, Uncle Don?"

"No!"

"Good," the teen giggled at the blushing man. "Because Tommy got so hard he got stuck in that hole and had to stay there all night! Until the girls' swim team found him in the morning! And then his dick was so bruised he couldn't use it for a month!" Don gulped. "A month," she giggled, then patted his ass and Don felt his knees almost buckle.

The teen strutted around the edge of the pool barefoot, her curvy legs, round ass and firm tits commanding his eyes. She pulled her khaki shorts even higher and sat next to the suction hole, dangling her legs in the water. "Although..." she mused, "Tommy was hung like Jake, and you're hung like my pinkie finger, so you've never choked any holes with your dick, have you Uncle Don?"

Don blushed and couldn't look at her. This morning had proven exactly how he measured up to the other men. The length marks would stay on the kitchen counter forever!

"Just a little something to think about," she giggled, then stood up, water dripping down her tan legs. She passed by him on the way back inside and put her hand on his ass again. "Because neither Vickie or I are going to ever touch that little penis of yours, with our skin or our Powers, ever. And if you touch it yourself today, I'll make your life hell. I promise."

He gulped, feeling her nails gently dig into his ass.

"But," she giggled, "I'm not going to Loop you today. So if you want any relief for your sorry aching balls..." She looked over at the smooth, round suction hole, letting him see her look. "...you know where to get it."

She laughed and gave him a firm spank on the ass, then skipped towards the house. At the door she turned and behind his back, she gave him a Loop anyway. And set a couple of psychic feathers tickling his already painful, overfull balls.

Don grunted, his erection starting to drip pre-cum, and looked at the smooth waiting metal mouth of the suction hole, wondering how long he would be able to resist.

Vickie was padding around the house looking for the girls' other uncle, the studly Joshua. Not in his bedroom or the bathroom, Vickie finally found the naked man in the basement TV room, doing push-ups. Then crunches. Then squats.

The exertions had finally calmed down the raging hard-on Joshua's wife Miranda had left him with this morning, when she got him fully hard for the 'measurements', right on the heels of a long night of cunnilingus and blue-balls. Now his dick hung softly between his legs, but that didn't make it any less impressive.

"God, you are beautiful," Vickie said from the stairs. The older man frowned and kept doing his push-ups.

She took one step closer, watching his toned muscles ripple. "You're like a work of art, Uncle Joshua!"

He finished his fiftieth push-up and rested on his knees, breathing heavily and looking up at the tall, nervous girl whose long legs stretched before him. "Thank you, Vickie. But please, I must finish the workout."

"Can I watch?"

Joshua set his lips. Being an underwear model meant women stared at his nude body all the time, and some of the poses they asked him to get into... But this was his niece, and there was no mistaking her intentions.

He knew Vickie was the kinder niece, to be sure. But if he turned her down, the things her young, raw Powers could do to his tender balls, with just a flick of her fingers... "If you must," he grunted, starting his crunches.

Vickie folded up on the couch behind him, and sometime around the hundredth crunch Joshua forgot she was there. For a moment. On his periphery he saw her leg gracefully extend- everything Vickie did was graceful- and he started remembering.

Remembering how Miranda had forced him to imagine taking his young nieces in the ass as he masturbated last night, making those thoughts radiate outward for any woman with Powers to hear. How Vickie's sister Kellie had promised to lick honey from his dick and balls for hours sometime today, without letting him cum. And how Vickie had whispered to him this morning, while his hand was on her naked ass, promising him her virginity for the taking, all of her virginities, anytime he wanted. Anytime. Joshua's huge dick started hardening between his thighs, even as his abs burned from the sit-ups.

He grunted, trying to crunch faster to go soft again, but his erection would not be denied. It filled and stiffened even as he fought it, harder and more obvious until Joshua felt like there was a spot light on it. And then it began to ache.

Ache like when Miranda would let him penetrate her after a month of denial, then pull him out after just two strokes and laugh. An ache deep in his balls, radiating through him. His body was turning against him! He was a professional! And to react like this, when his young niece was watching! His young, virginal niece...

Joshua flopped on the floor, unable to do any more sit-ups without his dick slapping him in the face. He didn't want to open his eyes to look at Vickie, but when he did, the young girl was sitting with her knees drawn up, her tiny, unbuttoned khaki shorts pushed slightly down her thighs, and her hand deep in her panties.

"Sorry," she giggled, cheeks red. "You looked so hot, I couldn't help myself!" Her fingers moved under her cotton panties again, and Joshua felt his dick fill to the bursting point. And beyond.

He groaned and let his legs straighten and fall, and his erection thud-ed heavily onto his abs, still painfully twitching with each slick circle of Vickie's fingers over her clit. "Please, Vickie! Stop this!"

"Does it hurt?" she demanded, neck flushed as she got hornier.

"Yes!"

"Really hurt? Bad?"

His fist pounded the floor. "YES!"

"Good!" Her hand flew faster. But a few seconds before she would have soaked the couch with her orgasm, she pulled her hands away and sat on them.

Her edge hit Joshua's crotch like a hammer, crushing his balls and firing some nerve between them and his cock, deep between his hips. He cried out. God, did that hurt! It burned, deep inside him where he couldn't touch!

"Did you feel what I felt?" she panted, eyes wide. "A fire deep down in you?" She writhed on her hands, not daring to stop sitting on them. "Like you just have to get filled? Get taken?"

Despite everything Miranda had ever done to him, Joshua had never felt that, the psychic longing of a woman who was dying to get fucked. The vacant hole, needing something in it. He never wanted to feel it again!

He nodded, then begged. Over thirty years old, descended from Vikings, and a millionaire, Joshua turned onto his knees and grabbed the teenager's foot, begging. "Please girl! Do not do that again!"

"I won't," she whispered. "If you come up here with me."

"No, I can't."

"I can edge myself all day."

Joshua moved forward in a flash, his strong hand pinning her wrist before she could reach her panties again. His eyes were hungry, wild.

"My shorts," Vickie whispered. He tore them off her and ran his hands up and down her perfect, smooth, long legs.

"My shirt." His hands were under her shirt and pulling it off her roughly and flinging it away in an instant. His fingers found her tiny breasts under her bra and pinched the rock hard nipples. She cried out. "Please! Do anything you want!"

Her damp, pantied pussy was bumping the tip of his dripping dick with each rock of her hips, and it was with the greatest superhuman will that Joshua did not just pull them aside and enter her.

But instead, with shaking hands, he slid the delicate panties down her baby-smooth legs then settled his head between her thighs.

"No!" she cried. "What are you doing? I want you to--ooooHHH!- fuck me Uncle Joshua! No! Not that! No...ooooohh...."

And so, with his virginal teenaged niece begging him to empty his month-full blue-balls in her, Joshua gave Vickie oral sex for the first time in her life, skillfully taking her to three heart-stopping climaxes. His dick felt every one, almost cumming even though it waved untouched in the air between his thighs.

Afterwards, Vickie cried for a minute, still holding his face against her wet, shaved pussy. He could smell and taste nothing other than her slick sweetness. Joshua moved to get up, to put an ice-pack on his burning cock and balls, but she held him down with a suddenly strong hand in his hair. He felt her slim ankles lock behind his back.

"Please, Uncle Joshua," she giggled. "Can I get one more?"

"Can we go home yet?" Amy whined as Miranda tried on YET another pair of heels. Each of the women had already bought one pair of super-high, open strapped heels that made their freshly pedicured feet look incredibly fuckable. At least that's what the shoe-boys thought, as the young males on their knees had helped the women slip their high arches into one heel after another, then off again.

Amy could hear the erection of every shoe-boy in the store buzzing in her ears, her Powers even picking up their futile attempts at masturbation in the back stock-room. But they had been securely Looped by their cute 25-year old manager, who went back to stop

each masturbation attempt as soon as it started. And then she dragged each tenting, red-faced boy out to apologize to the woman he had been thinking about, while asking her not to call the Police. Most of the time, that had been Miranda, although Klara had caught one or two boys herself.

"Almost," Miranda said, turning her foot in the red fuck-me set the blushing boy had just put on her. "What do you think of these, Dave?" The dark spreading pre-cum stain on the front of his khakis announced exactly what Dave thought.

"They're, great, Ma'am! Very hot," he muttered. "Now please, can I go?"

"Now now, that's bad service," Miranda tutted, reaching her leg forward to tap his balls with her toes. He stiffened. "Just a few more questions. Are these the hottest thing you've seen today?"

"Yes," he squeaked. Miranda's foot was still tapping his full balls.

"Would you like to cum on them tonight if I let you?"

"Yes!" he squeaked eagerly, and the three women laughed.

"And then clean your cum up with your tongue? So that my new shoes don't get ruined?"

He blushed, sweating. She tapped his full young balls again. "Yes."

"It might be hard to get the cum out from under this strap," she mused, playing the strap with her fingers. "Unless you really get in there with your tongue. But you would, wouldn't you Dave?"

Horribly blushing, the young man nodded. Miranda reached over to get into her purse, letting her legs fall just a little open. Even with all the foot and leg teasing, this was the first time she had let the boy actually peek at her panties. Her tiny, sexy panties. Dave whimpered and looked like he might explode. She handed him a note.

"This is my address in town. I'm going to wear this pair out. You can put them on your employee discount, okay? And, if you edge yourself ten times tonight and then show up at that address right at midnight, I'll let you cum all over my feet and heels as a reward. Okay?"

Dave held the paper like it was gold, gulped, and nodded.

"But only if you lick your icky sperm up without hesitation, okay? You can't wait even for a second."

Blushing, he nodded again. Miranda chuckled and patted his cheek. "Good boy." Then she stood up, letting her hips pass inches from his face, and walked out. Klara and Amy were stunned for a second, then followed her.

"Miranda!" Klara hissed, struggling to keep up on the insanely high heels. Her sister didn't seem to have a problem in hers. "I don't want some random horn-dog coming to my house at night! Not one expecting sex!"

Miranda waved her off. "Oh, don't worry. I don't even know whose address I gave him. It may not even exist."

The other sisters looked at themselves for a second, then started laughing.

"Oh my god!" Amy squealed. "That's horrible!"

"What have you done to that poor boy?" Klara asked.

"Set him on the path to lifelong male happiness," Miranda said, stopping to look down at her feet in the sexy heels. "Besides, if these heels can get a random hetero boy to agree to lick his own sperm off a stranger's foot, what do you think our husbands will agree to lick off them?"

The other women's eyes got big.

"Don would NEVER agree to that."

"Neither would Rick," Amy agreed. "Ever. I've asked him before."

"We won't be asking," Miranda said. "We'll be offering." She turned her ankle again. "Cumming on these. Or not. Their choice."

"They still won't do it," Klara said. "That's the most humiliating thing a man can do!"

"Your boys did. Almost every night this summer break. And Joshua begs me for it now."

"MIRANDA! You made my boys-" Then Klara looked around, saw other people staring as they walked by. Especially the men, drooling at her legs and feet. She lowered her voice, still furious. "You made them eat their own cum! All summer?"

"They chose to. And now they're polite little puppy dogs when you ask them if they want to masturbate tonight. You're welcome." And she started walking.

Klara followed, stunned. "But, but-"

"I know you'd prefer that they never orgasm. But that's not natural for boys their age, Klara. And it's no fun for us. There was no permanent damage done, they're yours to control again, and we can talk about it later. But right now, we have one more thing to buy."

Miranda stopped in front of the Fredrick's of Hollywood and pointed inside, at the racks and racks of corsets, garter belts and lingerie. "They'll have a matching set we can all fit into!"

Klara had calmed down somewhat, but she and Amy looked at the erotic clothes with uncertainty. "But... they're so slutty!" Amy giggled. "I never wear that stuff. Rick would pop a vein!"

"Exactly," Miranda chuckled, then strutted inside.

Don had finished cleaning the pool and then taken a short swim to fight off the rising heat of the day. The cool water calmed his erection somewhat, but every time the naked man swam by the suction inlet, he thought of Kellie's words, then her smirking, sassy mouth, and then...

He had never swam naked, never skinny-dipped before, but after he got hard in the water, he was addicted. Even swimming around other people, other women, his trunks would feel so unnatural to him now, so restricting, if his erection couldn't wave free. Especially if it were just women around him. His wife, his nieces, the young girls from his office...

Don jumped out of the pool quickly, before he got any harder and that suction inlet started looking any sexier. He thought of running behind the shed and masturbating quickly, just to ease the tightness. But the thought of Kellie catching him half-way, and how she would tease him about it... no!

Don toweled off and bit his lip until his cock went at half-soft. At least half-soft, he didn't look so small compared to the other men, he hoped, as he dared go inside.

There was no one in the kitchen. He had barely gotten any breakfast as the men had been nude slaves at the women's beck and call, and the swimming had been somewhat strenuous. Don pulled chips and cheese from the fridge to make nachos.

The microwave had beeped and Don had eaten one or two chips when Kellie shrieked from the hallway. "Uncle DON! You were supposed to ask us before eating anything!"

The totally nude man was first struck by fear, then anger. "Now, Kellie, this is MY house and I-"

Kellie stormed right up and grabbed Don by the hair. She pushed the shocked man's face down next to the counter, her arm seeming superhumanly strong. "NO! See THIS, little boy?" she demanded, pointing at the penis length marks Miranda had made on the counter. Don's was shorter than his sons' by many inches, even shorter than Kellie's middle finger.

"That mark means that you are not a MAN, but a LITTLE BOY in this house, and must follow LITTLE BOY rules! Like asking permission to eat!" Don fought to get up, but her arm had the strength of ten men, and Don's small dick was steel hard. "Do you understand ME?" Kellie yelled, then spanked the bent over man on his naked ass. Hard.

"OW! Stop-"

"Do you understand me!" And another hard spank with her free hand. Don jumped and tried to cover his bare ass with his hands.

"Oh, that's all the excuse I needed! Come here!" Kellie pulled Don by his hair, but he felt the same pull in his balls, like the teen was commanding his testicles to follow her. She led him to a kitchen chair and draped him over her lap as easily as she would a child. Don felt as light as when Miranda floated him down the hall this morning, and his dick was equally as hard as the teen squeezed it between her smooth thighs.

"That's better!" Kellie laughed, running her hand over the man's upturned ass. "More room for me to swing and less room for you to squirm!" She bent one of his arms behind his back to hold him in place and then her hand started falling.

Don could never have guessed a teen girl could spank so hard! Each spank fell on his ass like a thunderclap, shaking him to his core. Don threw one arm in front of his face to keep it from hitting the floor as Kellie continued, yelling the words when the spansk fell.

"NOW will you LISTEN to your BABYSITTERS and be a GOOD little BOY?"

Don was helpless! He tried kicking his legs and Kellie just hooked her strong leg over his thigh and stopped him. He was totally frozen! And then she started spanking his other cheek.

"You WON'T be ABLE to SIT for a WEEK little BOY!"

Don felt the tears forming. He couldn't! Not in front of a young girl! But her hand- "Okay! Okay! I'm sorry! I won't do it again!"

"Damn right you won't," Kellie growled, then grabbed his balls from behind, between his legs. "And your fat ass just hurt my hand while I was spanking it! So either I squeeze these for the rest of your punishment-"

"OOOOOOOOWWWW!"

"Or I use a spatula to spank you! Your choice- what do you want?"

"The spatula, please! The spatula!"

"You want more spanking, little boy? Not ball squeezing?" She gave him just a taste of the latter.

"OOOWWW! Yes! More spanking!"

"Go get the spatula, then," Kellie laughed, and then let him free.

It was the most humiliating thing Don had ever done, shuffle all the way back to the counter to get the spatula, while sniffing back tears, and with a red, rock hard woody leading his way. And then walk back towards his hot teenaged niece, sitting with her sexy legs crossed and a victorious smirk on her face.

"Thank you," she laughed when he handed her the tool, then patted her bare thighs. "Up you go."

And this was worse because the grown man had to willingly lay down on the young girl's lap, because he feared her Power. She took her time adjusting his position, securing his legs as she had before, spreading his thighs wider, and even scratching her nails along his full balls, just because she could. Don sweated with anticipation and arousal.

"Comfy?" she giggled, patting his bare ass. He nodded.

The spatula hit him like a baseball bat, stinging much worse than her hand. "WRONG answer!" she yelled. "This is PUNISHMENT!"

Don really fought this time- all he could think of was getting away from the holocaust of pain on his ass. It was turning red- it was blistering- it was on fire- he was sure!

"Oh, you big baby," Kellie laughed, still spanking. "Stop moving! Stop! Why don't you just FREEZE!"

And to her amazement, Don did.

She tested it, giving him a hard spank with the spatula. Then a brutal squeeze to his balls. Not a twitch. Her eyes got big. "You can't move, can you? My Powers have frozen you?" He didn't respond. "If you move your arms or legs right now, your punishment is over!" she offered.

Nothing.

"If you move right now, I'll let you cum this morning, Uncle Don! All over my legs!"

Kellie maybe, maybe, saw one of his toes twitch a little. Once.

"Oh. my. GOD. VICKIE! Come here! YOU HAVE TO SEE THIS! VICKIE!"

Kellie waiting, shaking with excitement, then said, "Where is she? Oh fuck it- hold on!"

The girl extracted herself from the tangle of the older man's limbs, and to her amazement, he hung levitating in air right where she left him. She squealed and ran off.

Don hung there, forced to look at the floor, nude, his dick rock hard and dripping, his balls full and ass red, for thirty seconds, until he saw a pair of bare female legs skip back into the kitchen to stand in front of him. He had no choice but to look at the tanned teen legs, horribly cute feet and pink-painted toenails as Kellie fiddled with something up out of his sight. Then she giggled.

"This is the first installment," she announced in a clear voice, "of Kellie's video spanking blog! All nude male butts, all the time! Get ready for a great show!"

The women had finally found something that looked good on all three of them, little lacy corset numbers and matching garters holding up decadently smooth silk stockings. They had laughed when Amy put the matching lace panties on under the garters and wondered how to take them off for fucking. But no one laughed when the stock girl brought Amy a corset in her size, because the way it slimmed her waist and pushed up her huge breasts was absolutely breathtaking.

"Fuck," Klara muttered. Miranda agreed, as the curvy woman turned and posed in front of the private mirrors.

"I never knew I could look like this!" Amy said. "Holy damn, I might wear these all the time!"

"So it's a hit then," Miranda chuckled. "Alright, let's get out of them and head home."

The stock girl brought another young woman into the dressing area and so Klara and Miranda were forced to share one booth. One tiny booth. The tall women struggled to change together in the tiny area, in just their stockings, garters, panties and corset. Time and again Klara's long, toned stockinged legs swished against Miranda's, their thighs or knees or calves rubbing. Each soft swish sent a tingle up Klara's spine, making her think of dressing Lynn in the same clothes and just rubbing against each other all night. She was blushing when she finally finished changing.

Miranda ripped open the curtain to find a flustered young man who couldn't be older than twenty, red faced and hard in his jeans.

"Enjoying the show?" she asked.

"No- I'm just waiting-"

"We know what you were waiting for," Klara said, shocked. "I must have knocked that curtain aside five times while we were undressing!"

"No! I'm-"

"What's wrong, Clarence?" a young girl asked, stepping from the next changing stall. She was also wearing lingerie, but no where near as risqué as the women's had been. The lingerie flattered her young, slightly chubby figure. "Is my fiancé bothering you?"

"No, of course not," Miranda laughed. "He was just giving us another opinion on our purchases."

"He's your fiancé, you say?" Klara asked. The young girl nodded happily. "Well, let me give you the ultimate wedding gift. My sister here is a doctor, one who specializes in Power procedures to make sure young grooms stay faithful to their brides. Even with their hands, if you know what I mean?"

The man shook his head quickly. "Oh, I don't need a 501! I'm-"

"Why would you refuse," Miranda asked, "if you weren't planning on masturbating after you were married?"

"You aren't planning that, are you?" Klara added.

"Yeah honey," the girl asked, looking at her fiancé with hands on her corseted hips. "You told me I was enough for you, and you were going to stop doing that! Aren't you?"

The man stammered, backing up. "Yes, of course! But-"

"Here's my card," Miranda told the girl. "You can make an appointment for him any time." She leaned in to whisper. "A week of denial beforehand makes the procedure go much smoother," she told the girl, then led Klara away.

"Now you're the one that surprised me," she giggled to Klara after they were out of earshot.

"He deserved it! He should only have eyes for his girlfriend! Serves him right!"

"I suppose. Speaking of which, time to send Kellie some instructions on how to keep our boys on the right path." Miranda pulled out her phone and started texting.

Jake sighed in the shower. He and Tyler had FINALLY gotten 1,000 points, after ten rounds of dancing. Only one couple had passed by the window, but the man had pulled the curious woman away quickly. He sighed under the warm water stream, washing his sweat and nerves away.

And then Kellie walked right in to the bathroom, her head down in her phone.

Jake shrieked and turned his butt to her. "I locked the door!"

Without looking up, Kellie pulled on the key dangling around her neck. "Your mommy gave me the key. Why do you need privacy anyway, boner boy?" She sat right down on the closed toilet seat, crossing her legs and still texting.

Jake gulped, waiting with his butt to her. But Kellie just camped out, making no sign to move. He gulped again and started washing the soap off himself. His penis was fully soft, but the longer he had to shower in front of her... No no no, he thought, as he felt the tightening. The tightening that he used to love, but now only meant humiliation.

He caught her smirk. He caught her looking, her laugh when his cock started to stiffen, and then it was over. Jake slowly got hard as his cousin watched him with no more attention than she would give cat food commercials.

"How often do you jack it, boner boy?"

"I... I don't," Jake said, blushing. "Maybe once a month."

Kellie texted again, then ten seconds later she said, "Aunt Miranda says you masturbate every single day." She looked up at his bouncing erection that he was fighting not to touch. "God you're a little perv," she laughed. "I'm not even doing anything!"

Jake blushed, knowing it was true. His penis was saluting a girl he hated, and she wasn't even trying. She texted again. "Miranda's asking if you're jacking it right now. What should I say?"

"No, of course!"

Kellie laughed, her fingers flying. She relaxed and texted, bouncing one crossed foot at the ankle as Jake squirmed. His cock got harder, his balls tighter. God, why did he have to be this way! The Kellie said, "Miranda wants you to start."

"What!"

"Miranda wants me to make all the boys stroke themselves for five minutes every hour."

"No! Please!"

"She wanted it to be a secret, like I was supposed to trick or tempt you into doing it. But we're past that, right boner boy? Just give me a quick show and I'm outta here."

"No! I can't do that, in front of you!"

Kellie gave him a wolf grin. "That's the BEST place to do it, boner boy!" She pulled the curtain aside so that there was nothing between the clothed girl and the naked, hard boy. "Now come on, let me get you started..."

Kellie reached out and grabbed Jake's cock. Just grabbed his most intimate part like it was nothing, and started moving her hand up and down. Jake hoped it would hurt, feel bad because he hated her so much, but his knees buckled and his eyes rolled back in his head and he moaned.

"Oh, feels good, huh?" she laughed. "You can't help but like this, boner boy, that's how little boys were made!"

Jake was twisting side to side. He couldn't get away, but at least he didn't have to stand there and take it. He moaned and tensed as he reveled in feelings he had never felt before.

"Oh my GOD!" Kellie squealed, almost letting go of his cock. "You're a virgin! This is your first handjob?" Jake shook his head, but Kellie just laughed. "Yes it is! I can sense it, right through your cock with my Powers! I can tell what you're thinking as I'm stroking you!"

Jake started crying. It was too much! Too much Power! How could he ever stand a chance against women?

"Awww, baby," Kellie giggled even as she rolled his tip and stroked him, "don't be sad. You don't have to stand a chance against us! You're supposed to be our little bitches, as soon as these drop!" She let go of his cock and held Jake's balls. Just held his tender jewels, like she owned them.

"I DO own them, boner boy," she laughed. "Now, let's get started on those five minutes of stroking- I've got all the boys to go through before the women get home. And I have to get my dad and yours to shave baby smooth like you are!"

Gently crying, Jake wrapped his hand around his erection as Kellie watched and held his balls. He started barely moving it up and down, but soon the feelings started growing and he sped up. He tried to think of anything else, but-

"Busted!" Kellie giggled. "I knew you loved licking my feet! You'll be doing that every vacation from now on! Forever!"

Jake tensed, almost cumming. Kellie let him stop for a moment, but didn't stop him. She made him stroke for five minutes, laughing as he thought of her and struggled to contain himself. She mocked Jake every time he almost came in front of her, teasing him about his scrunched face, his trembling legs or the lewd thoughts running through his head.

She left the boy defeated and totally ashamed in the shower, then went off to find the other men.

Chapter Eight: Breaking Point

The girls only increased their power over the men as the day went on.

Improvising on Miranda's orders, a giggling Kellie and Vickie handed their naked father the same pink razor and strawberry-scented shave gel they used to keep their legs baby smooth. Rick blushed when he realized what they wanted, and blushed even more when he realized they were going to watch him do it.

Naked under the hot shower stream, Rick started applying the strawberry foam to his crotch and then shaving himself bare. Of course his slick hands felt incredibly good on his newly shaved parts, and with his hot daughters giggling and looking on, he got hard before he was even halfway finished. He tried not to touch his erection, he tried to work around it but-

"You like Mom slapping your balls?" Kellie gasped, suddenly able to read his dirty thoughts with her Powers.

Rick blushed. "No Kellie! It's just a-"

"Would you like it if we slapped your balls sometime, Daddy?" the soft-spoken Vickie asked.

"NO! Honey, please-"

But Kellie was already pulling the shower curtain aside. "I don't know, Daddy," she giggled at the trapped nude man. "Why don't we give it a try and see what happens?" She held her fingers just below his aching blue balls. "Open wider Daddy!"

Looking into his daughter's grinning face, Rick knew he didn't have a choice. He spread his knees more, and Kellie drew her fingers back then gave him a quick upward slap on his nuts.

"Unnngh!"

"Oh, don't be a drama queen. That was just a love tap," Kellie giggled, then reached back and popped his balls again. His large chested daughter gave him one more 'love tap' just like his large chested wife had done last night, and that was enough.

Rick's hand flew to his cock and he started stroking, even as his girls fell backwards into laughter. He stopped after just a few strokes, but Kellie skipped forward again. "Come on Daddy! Aunt Miranda ordered five minutes of strokies per hour!" she laughed, slapping his nuts again.

Vickie's eyes got big as her father's hand flew into motion again. "Oh MY god! You want me to kick them? Wouldn't that hurt?"

Rick though he might die as his girls laughed, reading every dirty thought that ran through his head as he stroked. Kellie turned to her giggling sister and said, "I guess now we know what to do before we ask for raise in our allowance!"

The girls took a different track for their uncle Don. Vickie lured the naked man out into the backyard with her sweet voice, asking for his help rubbing suntan lotion on her legs. Then Kellie ran out from behind a tree to tackle him onto the grass.

There was no doubt she was subconsciously using her Powers to augment her strength because the slight teen handled the two hundred pound man like he was a child, laughing when he tried to resist. She had him on his back, knees spread wide, in seconds, and kept him there easily.

Then Kellie shaved Don's crotch baby smooth, wearing rubber dishwashing gloves to keep her promise to never ever touch his cock. She handled his bits roughly but Don got hard nonetheless, leading to giggles from Vickie, who was using her soft feet to hold his hands

down. Kellie mocked how his hard little dick totally disappeared inside her slick gloved hand, then flipped the grown man over and shaved his ass too, spreading his butt cheeks to get every last hair as he blushed and struggled ineffectively.

"There!" she laughed, finally giving the horribly red-faced man a spank on his ass. "Bare as a baby's bottom!"

"And about as well hung," Vickie giggled. She slid her foot between his legs and tapped his diamond hard cock just once. "And he likes the result!"

Don tried to squirm away again, but Kellie held him down with one hand and a leg. "Tell your baby sitters thank you for making you so shaved and pretty!" she commanded, giving him another spank on his ass.

"If you think I'M GOING TO-"

Another hard spank to his red ass shut Don up, and five more had him thanking the girls profusely.

Kellie made him say many things then, like apologizing for his tiny penis, promising to never masturbate thinking of them, and even thanking Vickie for spanking him in the kitchen before. Don said everything Kellie suggested as Vickie laughed, watching her sister's work.

Then Kellie giggled, "Oooh, Vickie, watch this!" and easily flipped Don over on to his back. She pushed his knees wide and up toward his head, then waved her hand and yelled "FREEZE!" And the humiliated Don found he couldn't move a muscle except his mouth.

"Be right back!" Kellie giggled, running off.

Don was left naked with his knees up near his ears in front of his niece, who looked anywhere she pleased, including his puckering asshole. She took a pose that forced the trapped man to look up at her long, sexy smooth legs. "You ran out here thinking you were going to get to touch these?" she giggled, scratching one long calf with her other toe. "What would Aunt Klara think?"

Don blushed even as he lay frozen. "Please... Vickie, don't tell her!"

"We'll see," the teen giggled, then wagged a finger at him. "But I want you to be extra nice to her when we're gone, okay? You're only allowed to stroke yourself thinking of your wife for the next week."

Don blushed even more and nodded, but then clenched in fear as Kellie returned, a gallon of ice water in her hands. She dangled the full jug over Don's wide open crotch. "You better move, Uncle Don, or it's Artic time for your balls!" she laughed.

"Oooh, that looks really cold," Vickie giggled as Don tried to struggle.

"Come on, Uncle Don, hurry!" Kellie laughed. "It's tipping... tipping.... Oh noooo!"

Both girls enjoyed hearing Don squeal like a baby as Kellie slowly poured the entire jug of ice water right onto his hard cock and blue balls. Only then did they unfreeze the humiliated man and let him run back into his own house, holding his painful, shrunken cock and balls.

Jake, Tyler, and Joshua already had waxed crotches due to earlier run-ins with Miranda, but only Jake had masturbated for the girls so far.

They got Tyler while he was playing on the Xbox, sending tickle and handjob thoughts to his privates from the hall. From where the girls peeked into the living room, they watched Tyler grunt, then try to ignore his hardening cock for minutes, and finally start to squirm on the couch. He tried to hold off for a long time, foot tapping on the carpet, but finally looked around, threw his controller down, and started masturbating.

The girls waited a minute, then burst in to 'catch' the embarrassed boy and to show him the crystal clear cell-phone videos they would hold over his head for the rest of his life. They laughed and teased him, playing back the most embarrassing parts of him openly stroking himself until Tyler ran off to his room almost in tears.

Their Uncle Joshua was tougher. The girls cornered him in the guest room as he folded Miranda's clothes.

"Time to put on a little show for us, Uncle Joshua!" Kellie laughed, making a jack off gesture in front of her crotch.

"Girls, please," he stated, continuing to fold. "Run along." But a slight redness rose in his cheeks, and his cock tightened a little.

"We weren't asking you, stud," Kellie giggled, then reached right out and slapped his ass.

"Kellie!" Vickie gasped. "Don't do that!"

"What? We just did much worse to Uncle Don," the curvy girl laughed. "And this is an ass I want to grab!". She took one of Joshua's rock hard buttcheeks in each hand and laughed as he stiffened. "Fuck, this is a nice ass! I wanna eat a meal off of it!"

"Let's just go plan lunch," Vickie begged.

"But Uncle Joshie still owes us some strokes," Kellie laughed, grinding her young body against his backside. Joshua's monster cock started stiffening against his will "See!" she giggled, running her hands up his sides. "He's getting ready!"

Vickie looked at Joshua's face and saw the growing fear there, then blurted out, "He already stroked for me- downstairs!"

"What? Why didn't you come get me?"

Vickie shrugged, then started pulling her sister away by the hand. "You were busy. Come on, don't you want to feed Jake his special meal?"

Kellie looked at Joshua's thick, slowly erecting cock, then wagged her finger at him. "Next hour, stud," she giggled, squeezed his ass again, then let Vickie pull her away.

Kellie did make Jake eat a special lunch. In front of all the men, Kellie washed her feet clean with a wet towel, carefully cut the crusts off a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and then put the plate on the floor in front of her chair. She sat down at the table, scooted forward, then started mashing her toes into the soft sandwich.

"Oh Jakie!" she sang. "Lunch!"

Jake's knees were knocking and he didn't move until Kellie snapped her fingers and pointed at her feet. Face burning red, the boy sank to his knees and crawled under the table in front of every male in his family.

Kellie didn't make it easy for him, ordering Jake not to use his hands and wriggling her feet so that the mess smeared all over Jake's lips and cheeks as he tried to lick her. And when she finally did stop moving and let Jake's tongue get into rhythm, she posed to let him lick every part of her cute, tiny feet until-

"Someone's popping a boner!" she sang, the instant Jake's cock started tightening. He didn't want it to, but hearing his cousins giggle at him and feeling the soft female skin under his lips...

"Listen to that dick grow! My foot slave is enjoying his lunch!" Kellie laughed as Jake's dick stretched and hardened even more.

Giggling, Vickie placed the other PBJ sandwiches in front of the other blushing men and sat down opposite her sister, so that she could use Jake's back for a foot rest. Having one of his hot cousin's feet under his lips and the other's resting on his back above his ass made Jake grunt and blush, and his erection throb even more stiffly.

"Ding! Fully hard!" Kellie laughed half a minute later. "Stiff and horizontal! Am I right Vickie?"

"It sure sounds that way," her sister giggled, tilting her head to listen with Powers. "Ooohh, it even sounds painful. Do I need to empty these for you again, Jake?" She used one of her slim feet to tap Jake's hanging balls. "Maybe for your dessert?"

Jake blushed horribly but got even harder. God, what must his father and uncles think!

Watching his daughter tap, tap, tap Jake's balls with her slender bare foot, it was obvious what Rick thought. He blushed and started to erect even while sitting right next to Vickie at the table. The teenager smiled and patted his thigh, and Rick just looked down and tried to finish his sandwich.

As she ate her chicken salad, Kellie looked at the clock, which had just struck noon. "You know Jakie, since you're already hard down there... why don't you get your five minutes of stroking in?"

That made the teen boy stop licking. "NO! PLEASE! Not like this!"

"Five minutes of stroking," Kellie ordered. "Starting now." When he didn't, a quick prod of Vickie's foot to his balls from behind confirmed the order.

Jake thought his heart would explode, but he slowly pulled his hand off the floor, grabbed his cock and started stroking, kneeling and staring at his cousin's feet.

"Cum and I'll kick your teeth in," Kellie warned, slapping his cheek with the ball of her jelly-covered foot. "And finish the rest of your sandwich!"

Jake tried to get it over quickly, but being forced to lick the cute teen feet in front of him and having Vickie's toes graze his balls from behind, while stroking his painful cock- he had to stop in less than thirty seconds to keep from shooting his spunk all over the kitchen floor. The girls erupted into laughs.

"Ohhh! A quick shooter!"

"Minute man!"

"Three pump chump!"

"Come on, Jake, the five minutes only counts if you're stroking," Vickie giggled, prodding his balls to make him start masturbating again. "Don't you want to build up some stamina for when you get a girlfriend?"

Kellie snorted, then reached under the table to take a quick picture with her phone. "Like THIS could ever get a girlfriend?" she laughed, showing the picture to Vickie.

"Awww, be nice, he'll get one someday," Vickie giggled, taking her big toe and rubbing the hard, tight skin between Jake's balls and ass. He felt his prostate throb and his pre-cum start dripping, just like it did when his mother milked him. "Maybe she'll even have cute feet to lick!"

The girls laughed as Jake had to stop stroking again immediately. He was too close! He tried to hold back, to clench, but with Vickie's toe rubbing his prostate from the outside, he was dripping, NO he was GOING TO-

She pulled her foot away just in time and Jake panted, thanking the gods. He had almost lost it all over the kitchen floor without touching himself- Kellie would have mocked him for years! Then he felt one of Vickie's smooth feet sliding along his ass while the other tapped his balls.

"Thirty seconds rest and then you start again," she giggled.

Kellie pointed at the sullen, naked men eating around her. "You other naughty boys take note!" she laughed. "Be nice to us, or it could be you under the table for dinner!"

The men thought the day couldn't get any worse, but then Kellie discovered the liquor cabinet.

"Uncle DON!" she yelled, pulling at the locked glass doors. "What is THIS!"

Don ducked into the study, soapy dishes from lunch still in his gloved hands. "That's the liquor cabinet Kellie, but-"

"Is that tequila in there!"

"Yes but-"

"Open it."

"Kellie! You're barely eighteen, you can't drink!"

The teen's eyes narrowed and she crossed her arms while staring the man down. "Go get the spatula, Uncle Don."

"NO! Please, not that!"

Rick was drawn by the yelling and stood behind Don. "Kellie, he's right. Your mother and I don't want you girls to-"

He was cut off by a light upward slap to his balls by his daughter Vickie. "Come on Daddy," she giggled. She tapped his balls with her tiny teen hand again. "Pleeease?" Each tap made the man harder, until his dick was skyward and twitching. "Pleaaaaase, Daddy?" He blushed and squirmed as pre-cum started leaking from the tip.

"Don," he said, blushing, "Maybe it would be okay, just this once."

"Rick, really?"

Kellie tapped her bare foot impatiently on the ground, eyeing her nude uncle. "You've seen nice Kellie up until now, Uncle Don. You don't want to see mad Kellie."

Don gulped.

The first drink had the girls giggling and whispering to each other as they sat on the couch watching TV. The men walked on eggshells past the room, not wanting to get the girls' attention. But as he stood at the sink washing dishes, Don felt a firm spank on his ass and an upside down drink glass was thrust in front of his face.

"Refill, Uncle Don!" Kellie ordered from behind him. "And that was weaksauce! We've had alcohol before- mix the second ones stronger!"

The girls had sipped beers at parties before, but never had hard alcohol. The second drink hit them like a truck. Kellie stomped back into the kitchen and Don froze up. She leaned past him, her firm tits pressing against his back, and pulled the spatula from its holder.

"Now this is more like it!" she laughed, showing him the half-finished drink. Then she brought the spatula down on his ass. "Now, get out in the back yard!"

"But the dishes-"

"Can wait, kitchen bitch! Go!"

She drove the man out of his own house with swats of the spatula, then used it and Vickie to round the rest of the naked men into the hot, sunny backyard and lined them up. Vickie relaxed on a lounge chair sipping her drink while Kellie walked up and down the line of men, slapping the spatula into her hand like a riding crop.

"It seems to me," she said, "that some of you men have gotten a little soft, right below where you have gotten a little hard." Kellie tapped her father's balls with the spatula and his hard dick bobbed below his slight spare tire.

"And some of you just have asses worth seeing clench," she giggled, now behind the line, as she squeezed Joshua's hard, muscular buttcheek. He grunted, his long, soft dick starting to stiffen just a little.

Kellie laughed, returning to the front of the line. "So...jumping jacks! NOW!"

Joshua and Jake started right away, and hard spatula swats to the asses of the rest got them jumping on beat. The big-breasted girl tucked her crop into her belt, lay down next to

Vickie and crossed her curvy legs. The two teens sipped their cold margaritas as they watched their father's, uncle's and cousin's dicks and balls flop in front of them.

All of the men blushed as the girls made the focus of their gazes and whispered comments obvious, and Jake and Don even erected against their will, right in front of the girls.

"Like father, like son?" Vickie giggled, then turned to Kellie. "Or are you doing that?"

Kellie held her hands up, to show she wasn't making Power gestures. "Nope! Those are some all-natural boners!"

"Let's get the rest," Vickie said, then ordered the men, "Turn! But keep jumping!"

The men did, then blushed as they overheard their asses being rated. But what they didn't expect is that when Vickie yelled "Turn!" again a minute later, the girls had slipped their shirts off.

Even though most of them were starting to sweat in the hot sun, every man snuck a peek at Kellie's firm, bouncing C cups under her lacy bra. And most even looked at Vickie's perky A cups, just right for her slim frame. The soft dicks started hardening. As they finished their second frozen margarita, the girls started laughing, made the men turn again. This time when the men turned back around, the girls had slipped their tiny khaki shorts off.

Tyler's dick shot skyward, seeing the tiny pink panties barely guarding their pussies. Rick joined him a minute later once Vickie laughed and rubbed one foot seductively over the other. And when the girls turned over to show off their butts and the tiny thongs splitting them, even Joshua's huge cock started climbing skyward. The girls laughed and high-fived.

"Perfect score!" Vickie laughed, looking over her shoulder at the five dicks saluting them.

"It's almost too easy," Kellie giggled back, then lay on her back so that the men could see her great tits and Vickie's great tight ass in one shot. She gave Vickie's butt a playful squeeze with her hand and the men groaned, their erections stiffening even more until some were painful. It was music to her ears.

"Too easy," she laughed to herself, then yelled, "Push ups! Now!"

As the men moaned and assumed the position, Kellie stood and walked among them, swatting the asses of anyone whose butt was sticking up. "You call these push ups?" she barked. "My volleyball team does better push-ups than you men! Ass down, Dad! Hips up, Tyler!"

The teen boy started whining. "But the grass is tickling my, my-"

"Hard-on?" she laughed. "Is the mean grass tickling your little boner? Here, try this for tickling!"

Tyler collapsed as Kellie fed him five feathers of tickling all over his cock and balls. She swatted his ass red with the spatula until he was doing push-ups again, body shaking. Then Kellie stood in front of Don so her painted toe-nails were right below his eyes as he did push-ups.

"Uncle Don! REFILL TIME!" she cried, holding her glass upside down.

"But-"

SWAT!

"Okay, okay!" the sweating man yelped, jumping up and running inside with a red mark on his ass.

Kellie returned to lay next to Vickie. The two teens lay on their stomachs, their feet idly kicking the air behind them as they giggled and gossiped to each other. They laughed every time one of the men snuck a peek at their butts in the tiny thongs and they heard his erection get even painfully harder.

Don rushed back with their third drink and got a swat on the ass for his efforts before being ordered back to join the men, now doing sit-ups. Halfway through this margarita, the girls started giggling to each other, their faces and hands still facing away from the men. And then the men started to feel little tickles, strokes and slaps to their privates as they worked

out. Every man could see their neighbor's desperate erection and knew what it meant when he groaned.

Vickie ordered the men to start running laps around the yard and Kellie made sure the path passed inches in front of their chairs. The girls wolf-whistled and cat-called each time the group of bobbing eye-level erections ran by. Every man was blushing horribly now, a hard cock bobbing in front of them. Finishing their third drink, the girls giggled and slipped off their bras as they laid belly down on the long chairs, and now the men were dying.

Half of every run around the yard let them stare at the two teen girls laying out in just tiny thongs, and the sides of their naked breasts spilling out past their ribs. But lingering too long with their eyes made Kellie rear up to swat someone's ass as they passed. Each time she rose up to swat them, they got to see an instant of her full, firm breasts before she covered her nipples with her forearm. Even then, there was a lot of breast and not very much arm.

But that only made Kellie madder.

"What are *you* staring at?" she demanded as Tyler tripped after her hard swat. The boy fell onto his back to protect his red ass, but Kellie just kept swinging the spatula at him, getting his thighs, hands, and eventually near his balls. He figured out what was good for him and turned over, sticking his ass out to let Kellie vent her frustration on it.

"That's right! ASS UP little boy!" she laughed, laying swat after swat on the crying teen's butt. "You DON'T LOOK unless I TELL YOU it's OKAY! Got IT?"

"Yes!" Tyler cried, but out of the corner of his eye he saw Vickie sitting up and laughing at him, her pert A-cup breasts and pink nipples pointing right at him. He looked. He had to.

"That's TEN MORE!" Kellie fumed. "Grab those ankles like a pretty boy or it's twenty!"

Crying, Tyler did, but Kellie's ringing phone prevented the spanks from falling. "What the fuck," she said, walking over to her discarded shorts without even bothering to cover her big bouncing C-cups. She snapped at the other four staring men, "Push ups! And ten swats each for looking!" then plopped back down next to Vickie, tits bouncing freely.

She started typing away on her phone, but hiccupped and dropped it halfway through, gave a drunken laugh, then picked it back up to keep typing.

"So how's it going?" Amy demanded, looking up from her pasta prigoli as Miranda made a weird face at her phone. "Isn't Kellie replying to your texts?"

Miranda sipped from her wineglass and shook her head. "She is replying, but Amy... you have got to work on Kellie's spelling. It's horrible!"

Amy scooted around the Olive Garden table to look at the string of broken and almost senseless words Kellie had sent to Miranda's phone. "Oh, it's just that damn autocorrect all the phones have," Amy laughed. "I hate that thing- it even makes me sound half drunk all the time!"

"As opposed to now?" Klara laughed, motioning at the three empty wine glasses sitting next to her younger sister's plate.

"Hey, I'm not driving!" Amy laughed, draining the last of her glass. "And looking this good deserves a celebration!"

Amy had chosen to wear the corset and garter belt out of the lingerie shop, under her clothes. And even next to Miranda and Klara's mile long legs and fuck-me strappy heels, it was Amy's sheer stockings and lacy garters peeking out under her short mini skirt that got the attention of the busboys. Her D cup breasts pushed up and spilling out of the top of the corset under her open shirt didn't hurt either. Another waiter stumbled away, holding his hands over the suddenly growing tent in his pants and Amy laughed, causing great things to happen to her breasts.

She held up her empty glass. "And speaking of which..." She extended her stockinged leg into the aisle between tables, and as a waiter holding a tray of plates tried to step over the sexy obstruction, Amy reached right out and grabbed his crotch.

"Garcon?" she giggled, massaging his balls. "Would you be kind enough to get me another glass of the '05? At your earliest convenience?"

The young man was trembling as Amy used the heel of her hand to firmly massage and roll the head of his hard dick through his pants. "Yes ma'am!" he squeaked. "Right away! But please-"

"Chilled this time? Not room temperature?"

"YES! But please! No! Stop before I- AAAAUUhhghh!"

"Oh my goodness!" Amy laughed as the man came in his pants. But she didn't stop grinding the heel of her hand against his dickhead as he did. In fact, she pushed and rolled her hand in time with his desperate thrusts, coaxing a big, loud, load out of the young man.

His yelling orgasm ended with every person in the crowded restaurant looking at him and a huge cum stain starting to soak through his tight linen pants. The horrified male hunched over and hurried around the tables to disappear into the back.

"And he didn't even drop the tray," Amy giggled to her shocked sisters. "Now that's a good waiter!" She pulled a wet nap from her purse and started cleaning her hand.

"Now who's created a monster?" Klara asked to Miranda, mouth agape. "I never thought that our little Amy would-"

"Hey, I'm feelin' sexy!" Amy laughed. "And I'm drunk! A lot of things can happen that way!"

Miranda met Klara's eyes knowingly as murmurs and conversations slowly started again at the tables around them, and a cute young waitress approached their table.

"I'm sorry about that, ladies," the waitress said as she bent to pour a chilled carafe of red wine into Amy's glass. "Some of us in the back have been winding Duncan up with our Powers for the last three days. I guess he just reached his breaking point tonight!"

Klara looked at how far the young woman bent over in her black high heels and miniskirt and how great her young legs looked in her shiny, slightly transparent black pantyhose. "I guess he had," Klara gulped. And heart pounding, she put her hand on the girl's hip to keep her from walking away. "Duncan... won't get in any trouble, will he?"

The young girl laughed, touching Klara's hand. "Oh, don't worry, the way we were all teasing him back there, we knew his hair trigger was going to pop sometime! And that was about the most embarrassing way for him to ever-" She fell into giggles, covering her mouth. "Petra and I are going to be teasing him about this for years!"

"All's well then," Miranda said, patting the young girl's hip from the other side. "Oh, and bring us the check, please dear? We'll make sure to leave Duncan a nice tip."

"I think your friend already did," the girl giggled, high-fiving Amy.

As both Miranda and Klara checked out her tight ass as the waitress walked away, Miranda whispered to her older sister, "I'll tell Kellie we'll be back in less than an hour. I think all three of us are ready for tonight."

"Shit!" Kellie spat, looking at her phone. "We're running out of time, Vick!" She sat up, topless. "Joshua! Here! Now!" The rest of the men were still nose to the grass, trying to do even one more push-up as the underwear model trotted warily over to his nieces.

Kellie grabbed the man by the balls. "Come on!" she said, pulling him towards the house at a trot. Easily outweighing her by a hundred pounds of muscle, at peak physical fitness and descended from Viking raiders, Joshua had no choice but to follow the drunk teen where ever she pulled his balls.

He resisted a little as they approached the house, but her finger noose around his balls was secure. One firm tug and they were in the kitchen. "Finally! We're alone!" she giggled, then started looking around in the cabinets. "Now, where do they keep the honey..."

"Kellie, please," he begged. "You do not have to do this."

"Have you seen your body, Uncle Joshua? I totally have to!" She bent far over, looking into the pantry. "Phooey, no honey. I guess this will have to do!" Kellie pulled out of the pantry, holding a bottle of maple syrup with a big grin.

"No, child, you cannot..."

Kellie smiled, put her tiny hand on his chest and then pushed. The man flew back against the refrigerator. She held him there as she uncapped the syrup with her other hand and slowly dripped it onto his hard, twitching erection. Kellie looked him in the eyes and giggled, "Freeze."

Joshua's eyes got big as the topless teen stepped back, but he still couldn't move from against the fridge door. And then she slowly bent forward, kissing and nibbling her way down his muscular chest, abs, hipbone, until she finally gave his shaft one long lick with her tongue.

"Uunnnngh!" he gasped, finding himself able to speak, but nothing more. She gave him another loving lick to the other side of his cock. "GOTTdamn!" he cried.

"Been a while, Uncle Joshua?" she giggled, licking her lips. "My mean aunt not letting you cum much?"

"Kellie, please do not do this!"

She licked each side again, making his toes curl. "Unfreeze," she said, then grabbed his balls again. "Come on, lollypop!" the teen giggled and dragged the dazed man to his room. She threw him inside, then pushed her butt against the door and closed it, a huge grin on her face.

Joshua tried to move forward, to intimidate his way out. "Now look, this is your last chance-"

She pushed one hand against his chest and he flew five feet back onto his bed. He sat up in fear to see the topless teen, her nipples rock hard, slinking towards him as she pulled down on her panties.

"Please, please, no..."

Kellie giggled, dropped her panties around her ankles and then bent over so her lips were just brushing the man's ear.

"Freeze," she whispered.

Her hot breath tickling his ear was the last thing Joshua felt before his muscles locked and he was trapped sitting on the bed. Kellie hummed a sexy song to herself and rolled her hips as she pushed his knees apart to make room, then slowly sunk to her knees.

Kellie started licking his huge, tight balls and the man almost cried. "Please! No!"

"It's okay Uncle," she giggled between licks to his balls. "I won't tell anyone about this! Mmmmm, this is so hot!" She dripped more syrup onto his large cock and started licking up the sides as Joshua went out of his mind. "I've never actually done this before," she said, gripping his cock at the base and licking it like an ice-cream cone. She looked up at the sweating man and giggled. "Am I doing it right?"

"Kellie, please please please," he panted. "I made a- AHHA!- promise to Miranda! I promised never to orgasm outside of her presence!"

"So don't cum," the teen giggled before putting his tip in her mouth and swirling her tongue around it.

"DAMN IT! No, please! Just Loop -AHHH- me and I will let you lick me all you want!"

"What fun is that?" Kellie giggled. "This way, we both have something to focus on." She poured even more syrup on his cock, then started on his balls again as he wailed.

"Mmmm, I'm going to have to start calling you 'sugar nuts' from now on!" she giggled, her soft tongue dancing all over on his tight balls. She sucked one into her mouth and jerked him off with her hands and now he was shaking.

"Please! Kellie! I beg you! So many girls have tried to break my promise during my trips! And I have said no to all so far!"

Kellie sat back on her heels and started laughing, still holding his cock. "Oh, Uncle Joshua," she said, her eyes gleaming, "now it's a CHALLENGE!"

And then she deep throated him as far as she could.

Outside, wearing just panties and an arm over her nipples, Vickie looked down at the exhausted naked men lying on the grass. "Now what am I going to do with the four of you?" she giggled.

She stood up, swaying because of the alcohol and walked over to the men. "Ick, you're all so sweaty!" she laughed, walking behind them and occasionally prodding their backs or butts with her bare foot. "Why don't you go cool off in the pool? Come on now!" She prodded each man's balls or butt with her toes until they all did one more push up with their burning arms to rise and enter the water.

She sat poolside and dangled her long bare legs in the cool water as the four naked males, tried not to get too close to each other. "Doesn't that feel so much better?" the drunk teen giggled.

"Vickie, you've had your fun," Rick began, trying hard not to look at the almost totally exposed body of his young sexy daughter. "Maybe you can put your clothes back on and-"

Vickie was standing up and pulling her thong down even as Rick said this. The men's jaw dropped as they saw one second of her totally nude and shaved teenage form before she dove gracefully into the center of the pool.

She came up like a mermaid, whipping her long wet hair erotically and letting her breasts bare for an instant, before she lowered so only her head was visible as she treaded water in the middle of the pool. "Ooohh! This IS refreshing!" she said, her cheeks slightly red. She suddenly turned to look at one of the twins. "Eyes AND hands above the water, Tyler! It's not stroking time yet!"

The red-faced young man complied, his desperate hard-on obvious under the clear water, then blushed even more as the nude girl swam over to him. "And that's twice I've caught you!" she laughed, then took a deep breath and ducked under the water.

Tyler squirmed as Vickie inspected his cock and balls from just inches away, her head bobbing around his erection underwater. He couldn't stop her, he had to let her look, and when she came up smiling he about died of embarrassment.

The teen took another deep breath and swam to each of the men in turn, looking closely at their cocks until they all erected and blushed, unable to protest. She patted her father's full balls as she left, and even gave Jake a little peck on his cock during his turn, which almost made the two men lose their loads into the pool water.

Her tour done, she popped back up in the pool's center. "Everything DOES look bigger down there!" she laughed. She did one more flip underwater, letting the men catch just teasing glimpses of her nude body, before coming to stand in the shallow end.

Vickie covered her breasts with her arm, and stood until the waterline just obscured her bald pussy. "You know what game I always LOVED playing? Whirlpool!" she laughed, extending her other hand out towards them.

All four men suddenly felt a soft, female pull on their cock and balls.

Joshua held back with every ounce of his will. All the girls before, they had teased, they had tempted, they had offered. Offered things any man would dream of, but he had said no, because he loved his wife.

But his sexy niece, she wasn't teasing- she just used her Powers to totally immobilize him, and then just started giving him the pleasure he had always turned away. Her warm, giggling licks up and down his cock felt so good, Joshua was crying.

He hadn't cum in months! If his arms had been free he would have grabbed the back of her head and cum down her throat! But Kellie just gave him one lick after another, dragging him tortuously to the breaking point against his will.

"Mmmm! Sugar nuts, we should do this every vacation!" she laughed, dripping more syrup on his trembling cock. "Christmas, Easter, Fourth of July- we could sneak away for a few minutes each time. You could tell me if I'm getting better!"

"KELLIE! Please!" He could feel his orgasm ready to slip out, the muscle ready to loosen right before he shot. "STOP!"

"Why should I?" she laughed. "I'm soaking my ankles back here! See?"

She leaned forward to show him in closet mirror. The naked heart-shaped ass he had been fighting not to look at as she blew him lifted a few inches up to show her smooth pussy. Which was dripping onto her thighs and then onto her bare ankles and feet. She sat back again and used her hand to tickle his balls.

"You're very close, aren'tcha?"

He nodded. Even her tickling nails might-

"Beg me."

"What?"

"Beg me to let you keep your promise to Miranda. Beg me to stop sucking you right now."

"Please! Kellie! I beg you!"

"That's pretty good," she laughed, then gave him one strong hot lick.

"PLEASE! Stop now!"

"What are you offering?" she asked, toying with his hard nipples and cupping his rock hard pecs.

"I can give you money! And photographers who know me- they will shoot you for free! You could be a model!"

"Oohhh, that sounds fun!" the buzzed teen giggled. "Vickie would hate that!" She leaned forward to suck on his huge, tight blue balls, then stopped when he started screaming. "But I want something else."

"WHAT?"

The nude girl got off her knees and sat with her dripping pussy on Joshua's rock hard thigh. "Take my cherry, Uncle Joshua. I want you to be my first!"

"NO!"

"I'll stop sucking you right now," Kellie panted in his ear as she ground her damp pussy against his thigh, leaving a wet trail. "I'm ready, and I'll Loop you so you can last." She giggled. "Or maybe I won't. I'd LOVE to feel you lose control inside of me, Joshua. I NEVER let boys cum. But you could be my first."

She freed his arms from her Power freeze command by kissing them, then guided his hands to her high breasts and diamond hard nipples. Joshua started rolling those nipples by sheer reflex.

"Miranda doesn't have these, does she?" He shook his head. "Suck them- I don't mind." He shook again, then broke when she pushed one forward into his lips.

"Fuck yeah," she laughed, sliding forward more.

"Wheeeeeee!" Vickie laughed, riding Jake around the pool.

The whirlpool the men had created by swimming and being flat-out pulled by Vickie's Powers was the strongest Jake had ever seen, almost as fast as rapids. The men didn't have to feed it any more, and were just floating driftwood that swirled around and around the pool on the back of the rushing water.

Vickie had been in the center for a while, and then enjoyed it for a while, being carried along the edges with the men, but then Jake had felt a soft pair of arms and legs wrap around him. He turned in shock as Vickie put her arms around his neck, her long legs around his and pressed her nude body tight to his.

Jake grabbed her back. This was the most he had touched a naked girl, ever! His heart was exploding, his cock wanted to shoot off his body every time it bumped the warm skin between her thighs. But Vickie was drunk, playfully enjoying the whirlpool and unaware of the effect she was having on him. Or maybe not.

"That's the wrong hole, Jake!" she giggled into his ear, holding him tighter. "Penises don't go in there!"

Jake's face turned beet red, Vickie squeezed her tight buns around his aching cock and then she kissed him. On the lips. Warm, wet, and with all her feeling.

That's when they heard doors slamming in the front yard. The doors to Klara's SUV.

"Vickie! My mom!" Jake tried to mumble around her lips.

Her eyes got big. "Shit!"

She disengaged and jumped out of the pool, leaving him dizzy. By the time he looked up she had already wiped down with a towel and slipped her thong on.

Vickie threw her shorts and shirt on in a rush, then blew a kiss to Jake, grabbed Kellie's clothes and ran laughing into the house.

"You promise?" Kellie asked, nibbling on Joshua's ear. "You gunna fuck me long and hard?"

Out of options, Joshua nodded. "Just please- Loop me!"

"Maybe," Kellie giggled, then suddenly jumped off his wet thigh and dropped to her knees again. "Or maybe I'll just suck you off right now, and then I'll be YOUR first!"

"No- Kellie- NO!" he wailed as her young tongue assaulted his cock again. It was going to happen- he could feel it-

"Kellie!" Vickie said, bursting in. "They're back! The moms are back!" And then she saw what Kellie had between her lips. "Oh my god!" Vickie giggled. "You actually did it!" And then she heard Joshua's need with her Powers. "OH MY GOD! He's SO horny!"

"Yes he is," Kellie laughed. She stood up and slapped his dripping cock downward, making him almost cum again. He fought to hold it back.

Kellie extended her hand and Vickie gave her panties, then shorts, then bra and shirt. "If only we had a few more minutes, Uncle Joshua- you would have had a very hard decision to make!" As she fastened her bra around her breasts, she turned to Vickie. "He promised to be my first, you know."

"What?"

"Yep," Kellie laughed. "He promised, just now. He said he would sneak into our room and fuck me as long as I wanted. But it doesn't have to be tonight," she told the shocked man. "It can be any family get together. I'll just give him the sign one holiday and this beautiful cock will make me a woman."

Vickie felt heat rising in her face as Kellie continued petting Joshua's coke bottle thick eight-inch erection. "Come on," she said. "The moms are here."

"I'm glad we had this talk, Uncle Joshua," Kellie giggled, walking to the door. "You just stay here and cool down for a few minutes. Love ya."

The men were scrambling to dry off and lose their hard-ons as they heard the women walking around to the backyard, but with only one towel and their full balls, they were still mostly hard and wet when Miranda, Klara and Amy came clicking past the fence.

"Well isn't this the cutest scene?" Miranda laughed. "Four little boys caught skinny dipping!" She smiled at their half erections. "And being naughty!"

Miranda clicked over on her sexy heels to Don. She was taller than him now, and turned the blushing man by the shoulders to show his cock off to the other women. "Sooo smooth, just like little boys should be," she laughed, running two fingers around his freshly shaved scrotum and cock. His cock popped to attention for her. "Oh?" she laughed. "Are you liking your new baby smooth look?"

Don couldn't speak. He had gotten somewhat used to being naked around Kellie and Vickie. It had been hours, and still humiliating, but he was a little used to it. Having Miranda see him with new eyes now, with his bare crotch and ass- it was like being stripped all over again!

"Miranda, be nice," Klara laughed, walking over to Rick. "Everywhere else they're still men. Right, Rick?" She gave him a little pop to the balls and he gasped.

"That's right," she laughed. "Amy told me. Although..." She dropped her packages, grabbed Rick's shoulders, and then fired her knee up like a rocket. Rick bent over by instinct, but Klara slowed at the last instant, and only kneed his balls with the force of a strong slap. She whispered into his ear, "I like using my knee more. We'll see which you like better... tonight."

Tyler and Jake were squirming, hands over their crotches as Amy smiled and stood before them. "Boys boys boys," she laughed, "That's not polite! Don't make me tell your mother to leave you nude for the rest of time!"

They blushed and let their hands fall, letting their aunt look at their twitching erections as she wished. "That's better. Now take these bags in for me, will you?"

Embarrassed, Jake and Tyler each took a bag and started hurrying towards the house. "And there's three more in the car!" Miranda called after them.

"I parked in the garage," Klara laughed in response to their shocked looks. The boys blushed and ran inside. Klara waited one minute, then mused aloud, "But did I put the garage door down? I can't remember." She hit the button on her keychain and they heard the automatic door grumbling in the front yard.

"No, I'm sure I put it down," Klara said as Miranda and Amy were smiling behind their hands. "That means I must have just put it... up? I'm so confused," she said, hitting the button two more times as the women laughed.

The girls across the street were laughing too. They had been playing basketball in their front yard when the garage door to Jake and Tyler's house suddenly opened, revealing two shocked and naked twins unloading pink packages from a SUV. Both boys erections were clearly visible to the three amazed girls, who all went to Jake and Tyler's school. All the girls were still laughing as Jake and Tyler about killed themselves to stumble back inside to safety.

The women ordered all the men to clean up and shower and walked in on each to make sure their random erections stayed untouched. Joshua came out of his room a few minutes after the women came home, and Miranda pretended not to hear Kellie's giggles as he walked around, bow-legged because of his balls.

Miranda disappeared downstairs to "prepare the basement for tonight" and Klara looked at the clock and the men's grumbling bellies and started dinner.

"How would you girls like pancakes and sausages?" she called, walking past the men to ask Kellie and Vickie their preference.

"Pancakes for dinner?" Vickie laughed.

"Oh god, I could totally do that," Kellie giggled, still a little drunk.

"It's decided then," Klara said, then frowned as she looked in the panty. "Huh. I was sure we had more maple syrup than this," she said, holding the almost empty bottle up.

Kellie was rolling on the couch, her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing as Klara shrugged and started making batter.

The pancakes were crisp and delicious, but the men could barely eat due to the butterflies in their stomachs. The women were clearly planning something after dinner in the basement, but Miranda hadn't let any male go down to see what. And by now, the teens knew so much about them that any time Kellie and Vickie whispered to each other and started giggling, every male blushed, assuming it was about them.

But Joshua had the most to worry about. Every time Kellie picked up the syrup bottle and tried to get the last drop out, she met his eyes. And then, every time she ran her finger over her plate and licked the syrup off her tip, he felt it on his. A quick wet suck, just like her mouth had felt.

He grimaced, getting harder and harder as the meal went on. The older women also started grinning at him, their Powers hearing his stiffening erection like a ringing phone but not the super-quick flashes Kellie was using to dial it up.

"Your man is really enjoying hearing about our shopping trip," Amy giggled when Joshua's stiff cock finally peeked above the table.

"He was always one for women's fashion," Miranda replied, patting his thigh with a knowing look. She gave his pleading gaze a wink and continued eating.

Halfway through the meal, Kellie figured out how to make the sucking Power command without physically licking her finger, and then whispered it to Vickie.

Then Joshua felt two inexperienced teen mouths licking and sucking his cock for the rest of the meal. He looked angrily at the two girls, but they were both listening to Klara describe the Olive Garden meal with perfect, innocent interest. But the wet sucking sensations still continued.

They traveled all up and down his shaft, even licking and sucking on his tight, full balls with gusto. Joshua started sweating. Amy seemed too drunk to hear what her daughters were doing, Klara was talking, and every time he looked at Miranda, she appeared not to know.

Had she Looped him? He didn't know. And the mouths playfully sucking his cock weren't stopping! In fact, he saw the corner of Kellie's mouth turn up in a smirk and then felt her tiny female fingers stroking his hard shaft in time with her sucks.

Joshua put his fork down softly and pushed his plate away. "Excuse me, I must-"

He had stood up two inches from his chair when Miranda's real hand on his thigh pushed him back down with force. He felt his legs and butt freeze to the chair, just like when Kellie had trapped him. "Not yet dear," Miranda said softly, her grinning eyes meeting his. "Stay for the end of Klara's story. Go on, Klara."

Now Joshua was starting to panic. The licks and sucks had synchronized! Around the corner of the table, he could see Kellie tapping her bare foot on top of Vickie's, and each tap was another sensation of a tight wet mouth trying to draw his cum out of him.

Kellie saw Joshua looking at her feet, winked at him, and started tapping faster.

The man gripped the table as Klara kept talking. He tried to rise again- his butt was still glued to the chair. He closed his eyes, fighting, fighting-

"ARRRRRGGGH!" he screamed, cumming all over himself.

The cum shot up and hit his chest and his cheek. Some arced in the air and splashed on his thighs, some on his plate. He had been denied months, teased off and on for most of them and non-stop today. The amount of fluid was amazing.

"Joshua!" Klara screamed even as the mouths were still pumping him. Amy yelled in shock too, and Miranda just smiled. Kellie and Vickie used their hands to cover their victorious smiles.

The teen mouths sucked him harder as his pumps died down, trying to make the orgasm as long and messy as possible. Finally Miranda cut the air with her hand and the sensations to Joshua's cock stopped.

"What was that!" Klara demanded. "It's all over my table!"

"I'm sorry Klara," Miranda laughed. "I was just using my Powers to give Joshua a little treat during dinner and I hadn't Looped him. I guess he had been teased a little more than I thought during the day by the girls." She looked at the teens significantly. "Isn't that what happened, girls?"

Kellie and Vickie only needed a second to decide. "Yes, Aunt Miranda," Kellie giggled. "We're sorry!"

"Well now we have to clean all this up!" Klara fumed.

Miranda laughed. "Oh no, Joshua will take care of that." She turned to look at her husband expectantly.

No, he thought. She had never- not in front of other people! That was just between him and her! Never!

Miranda squeezed his knee firmly. "Come on, dear. It's getting cold."

Joshua shook his head, gave her one more begging look. Miranda just raised her eyebrows.

Joshua was blushing horribly, having trouble breathing as he took one shaking hand and scraped cum off his chest, and then licked the finger clean.

"Oh my god!" Kellie squealed.

"Eww!" Vickie gasped.

Amy was speechless and even Klara's mouth was hanging open. But all the women kept watching.

He couldn't close his eyes and still find the cum so Joshua had to see Miranda's amused gaze, Kellie and Vickie's rapt, amazed attention and Klara's smirk as he dutifully collected all of his sperm with his hand and swallowed it.

Near the end Kellie was smiling so evilly at him, his bones shook. "Oh, Uncle Joshua, I never knew!" she said, licking her lips.

"No one did, dear," Miranda laughed, watching her husband continue. "But I figured since this weekend has been a coming out party for all of the men's bodies...and other things, I would share one secret about my Joshua."

He stopped after eating all cum from his body and Miranda pointed. "Get the stuff on your plate, dear." Joshua blushed and continued.

Miranda looked at the twins. "Perhaps, if we have time tomorrow, I'll share with you girls a few secrets about Jake and Tyler here."

The boys started shivering, even as they felt feathers, tickling their soft cock and balls to hardness.

"Ooooh, I'd like that!" Vickie giggled.

"Me too," Kellie said, staring Jake down.

He blushed and lowered his head. Their cousins were going to find out what they had done this summer- how could this get any worse?

"But won't this put a dampener on tonight's... activities?" Klara asked, looking at Joshua's soft dick.

"Or it might give him the stamina to make it to the end," Miranda offered. "Joshua, Rick, Don, clean up the table and yourselves, and then meet the wives downstairs, please."

"Can we come?" Kellie asked.

"Sorry girls, this is for couples only. And please stay in your room until morning. We'll need some privacy."

"Awww! You're going to take all the men away for the evening? What are we supposed to do in our room all night?"

"Well, you'll still have Jake and Tyler to talk to," Miranda said, standing up. Then she put a finger to her cheek and mused, "And girls... did you know that the same muscle that controls whether a man orgasms also controls if he's allowed to pee?"

When Jake saw Kellie's and Vickie's eyes light up like Christmas, then he knew how it could get worse.

Chapter Nine: The Night Everything Changed

"Come on mule, move it!" Kellie laughed, swatting Tyler's ass with the spatula again. He jumped and almost dropped the gallons of cranberry juice, sodas and bottled water Kellie was making him carry down the hall. "Into the room, mule!" She swatted him again and he jumped inside Jake's bedroom which the girls had taken over, dumping the sealed bottles onto the bed.

Vickie giggled and shook her head, telling Jake, "Kellie always gets too excited by new projects, I think." She said this as she pulled Jake forward by his cock. Not magically, but by her actual warm, silky-soft hand wrapped around his member.

The way she smiled, the shy way she bit her lip, the feel of a girl's gentle hand on his cock for the first time ever- Jake had almost fallen over when his cousin had first grabbed his shaft in the kitchen. He had followed her commands in a daze, filling his arms with glasses and snacks, thinking of nothing but the ecstasy of her grip on his cock. And even now as she led him down the hall, each time her soft hand slid his skin over his shaft was a shot of heaven into his crotch.

"I can feel your pulse," Vickie giggled, giving Jake's cock a loving squeeze.

Please, Jake begged, let this hallway never end. Let this go on forever, I'll follow you anywhere if you keep your hand-

"Auugh," he gasped as Vickie pulled him again.

"Sorry," she giggled, letting go. "Don't want you to drop those glasses!"

Jake moaned- the cold empty air around his cock was painful! He just wanted his penis back in her soft grip- there was nothing else he wanted in the world! Please, Vickie, please-

"What?" she asked, stopping to look at his desperate face.

Jake blushed. "I- I... it's nothing."

Vickie gave the flustered boy a strange look and walked into the bedroom before him, gracefully and lithely, the same way she did everything.

Jake ached to touch her again like in the pool. After he had spurted all over her foot last night had Vickie been acting weird around him- switching from almost acting like his girlfriend when they were alone to being Kellie's torment assistant when her sister was around. Jake didn't get it- did she like him or not? And why couldn't he stop looking at her? Jake put his glasses down on the desk, more confused than ever.

Kellie bounced onto the bed, her big boobs dancing free under her tight shirt. "Whoo!" she laughed. "It's drink night tonight!"

Both teen boys, naked as they had been for the last day and a half, held their hands in front of their erections and trembled. They remembered what their Aunt Miranda, a doctor who specialized in using sex Powers, had told them at dinner: that the same muscle Kellie and Vickie had learned to psychically manipulate this weekend to keep the boys from orgasming was the one that controlled if males could urinate or not. And now Kellie was looking over enough drinks for ten people.

"Let's see," she mused, arranging bottles. "Let's start off with cranberry and Sprite, and then we'll switch to the 20 ounce waters to really get going!" She poured four generous drinks into the glasses Vickie gracefully handed her, then presented them to the boys with a wide grin.

Jake and Tyler knew better than to argue with her by this point, and each took a glass, even though it meant losing half the modesty around their cock and balls. Jake blushed as having his cousins check out his nude body made him stiffen against his will. Again.

The girls clinked their glasses then looked at the fearful boys. "Bottoms up!" Kellie giggled, taking a sip.

Jake gulped, then brought the glass to his lips. The first swallow actually tasted pretty good, but as he started to pull the glass away from his mouth, Kellie reached forward with her spatula and pushed the base of his glass up again.

"Bottom's up, I said! All the way!" Jake started to choke as the drink was forced down his throat but then recovered. Kellie laughed. "Good boy, Jake! I always knew you were a good swallower."

Jake blushed even more. No one else knew about the secret deal Aunt Miranda had offered the boys during their time with her this summer: they could jack off as much as they wanted, but

they would have to eat everything they shot. And not even Tyler knew that, on the mornings he slept in, Miranda would sip coffee in just her bathrobe and invite the nude Jake to kneel on her kitchen floor and massage her feet until the boy broke and was licking his cum off her sexy arches and soles. Miranda had even promised to 'mentor' Jake's high school crush into a nice girl who would let him jack off and lick his cum off her feet as much as he wanted, for the rest of his life.

The thought both terrified and made Jake so hard whenever he dwelt on it that every time his giggling cousins teased him about "swallowing", Jake broke out in a sweat, wondering exactly how much they knew...

Even now, Vickie was eyeing him over her cup as she drank. "Why do you get hard every time you're naked in front of us, Jake?"

"Cause he's a perv," Kellie laughed, then nipped the other twin's balls with the tip of her spatula, making him double over. "Keep drinking until you're done, I said!" Hunched over, Tyler did.

Jake gulped, finished. "I don't know," he told Vickie, looking down and blushing. He was getting harder again, just under her gaze.

"Do you like being naked for us?" she asked softly.

Jake couldn't look at her. "Maybe."

Vickie reached out with one long leg and pushed his left hand away from his crotch, baring his cock and balls to the girls fully. His erection clenched, right at the base, like it was trying to shoot off his body.

"Perv," Kellie giggled, watching his boner dance.

"And you like it more if I use my foot on you?" Vickie asked, pressing her smooth sole against his hipbone, her arch right against the root of his cock.

Jake gulped and nodded, fighting against the urge to jack off onto her thin female foot.

Vickie giggled. "And is that why you came on them last night?"

"No, I... I don't-

"And then licked it all off?"

Jake felt the same mix of overwhelming lust and terror again. "No! It was just an accident! I don't know why I did that!"

"Liar!" Kellie laughed. She slapped the bed hard with her spatula. "New rule! You two have to drink every time you lie to us tonight," she said, handing them refilled cups. "And we can ask whatever we want!" She settled back onto the bed, setting her drink the suitcase Jake hadn't even unpacked from the summer trip.

The same suitcase Miranda had packed with the fifty pairs of panties that she had dressed the boys' up in during the summer, because they were her 'precious cum-swallowing princesses'. God, if Kellie asked him what was in that suitcase... Jake sweated as Kellie accidentally knocked against the suitcase retrieving her drink

"Now," Kellie said, grinning at them, "are you two virgins?"

"No!" Tyler blurted out, red-faced. "We're each had sex three times or more!"

"Liars!" Kellie laughed. "Drink!"

Jake felt his face redden as he brought his cup to his lips. "How did you know he was lying?"

"We didn't- until now!" Kellie laughed. "Now drink, virgin!"

Vickie giggled. "And wiggle that sexy penis for me while you do."

Jake tried to hold his lead-pipe erection still as he drank, to not move his hips at all, but he felt the urge building in him, like an itch growing just on the end of his cock. Just as he was finishing his gulp, he broke and wagged his hips a little. The girls held their stomachs laughing.

"He did it!" Kellie squealed.

"I knew he would," Vickie said, smiling at him over her cup. She patted his balls with the top of her foot and he blushed.

"So," Kellie asked, "have either of you two virgins even gotten to second base?" She arched her back to stretch her tight shirt even more, and caught both boys looking at her breasts. They looked away quickly, remembering the spankings she had given men in the yard for staring at her then-bare chest.

"Oh my gawd," Kellie laughed as the embarrassed boys kept staring at the floor, mute. "Drink just for being such losers!" Jake and Tyler drank again, their faces burning. Kellie elbowed her sister. "This might be a night for a lot of firsts for these two!"

"Mmmmm," Vickie giggled, using the ball of her foot to grind Jake's cock against his hard stomach.

"Please, Vickie-" he moaned. "Stop!"

The hot girl giggled. "Why?" she asked, giving him three more strokes with her foot but then did stop, leaving him gasping but thankful. If he had lost his load on her feet again-

Kellie bumped Jake's luggage again setting her drink down and the top latch popped free, opening the suitcase a crack. Jake's heart started racing.

"So tell me," Kellie asked, taking their empty glasses away and handing each boy a cold 20 oz. bottled water, "when's the last time either of you wet your bed?"

Jake blushed. "Maybe ten years ago." Tyler nodded.

"Drink!" Kellie laughed. "Because the right answer is: tonight!"

Jake's eyes almost popped from his head. "NO! Kellie, you can't make us- UNNNGH!"

Kellie had cut him off by ringing her thumb and forefinger around the top of his balls and giving them a downward pull. "Start drinking, virgin," she ordered, crushing his balls in the bottom of his sack.

Trembling, Jake popped the top of water bottle and took one big gulp. When he came up for air, Kellie pulled on his balls again. "Keep drinking or I keep squeezing!" she laughed at the scared boy. Jake started draining the bottle. Each time he stopped to breathe, Kellie pulled down on his nuts until he was chugging again. "Come 'ere Tyler," she said, crooking her other forefinger at the male.

Tyler gingerly tip-toed over and Kellie knocked his hand away from his crotch then grabbed his balls like she had Jake's. She made both boys drink non-stop as she sat facing them, pulling on their big blue balls when they tried to stop and breathe.

"Look at my two big boys suckle!" she laughed as the water disappeared. "I wish we had baby bottles for you two instead- that way it would look so much cuter when we video you pissing yourselves in bed!"

Jake finished his bottle first. "Kellie- PLEASE- I'm begging you! Don't make us-" Kellie squeezed his balls as Vickie handed him another water bottle and Jake had no choice but to start drinking again. They did the same for Tyler a few seconds later.

Kellie rolled each boy's full balls in her fingers. "Mmmm, your nuts are soooo smooth! Have neither of you virgins grown your big boy hairs yet?"

"Aunt Miranda MADE us get waxed- AAHHH!" Tyler started to protest, but stopped when Kellie pulled his nuts down again.

"Keep drinking!" she ordered. "And I don't care why you're bald as babies- I like it! That way we can tell our friends you're five years younger when we show off the pictures of you!"

Jake moaned even as he kept drinking. The idea of a bunch of high school girls giggling on a bed as Kellie showed them pictures of her nude 'younger' cousins- it made his heart race. But his cock did get steel hard.

Tyler too, remembering the video his cousins had of him openly playing with himself on the couch, felt a cold pit in his stomach. Kellie would show it to all the girls in her school, and every girl she met in college...

Kellie started pulling on each boy's nuts in turn, like a farmer milking cows. "Hey Vickie," she laughed, "why don't you get on Jakie's computer and learn how we can use Powers to control their bladders?"

The taller, slimmer cousin did, turning on Jake's computer as the scared boys were forced to keep drinking. Kellie let them stop after their second full water bottle, but kept holding their nuts. She used her fingernails to scratch Tyler's balls until the red-faced boy was popping a stiff boner against his will and squirming. Which always made her laugh.

"Okay, I found something," Vickie said a minute later. "Okay.... let me try this." She turned and pointed a finger at Jake, not at his hard cock, but higher, around his belly button. Jake felt the same tingling in his groin that meant a girl was using her Powers on him, and Vickie concentrated, almost making a Loop with her hand but changing into some other gesture at the last second. Jake felt a little zap on the tip of his cock. "There!" Vickie gasped. "Did you hear that?"

"Yeah," Kellie said. "Okay, let me try." She dropped the boys' balls but did the same Power move on Tyler, who jumped at the zap. "It worked!" Kellie laughed and settled back on the bed, getting comfortable. "And now, all we have to do is wait."

Jake already felt his bladder calling for attention, the pain of needing to pee slowly building. He pushed his knees together and squirmed. "Kellie, Vickie, please- we'll do anything if you-"

"Oh my GOD," Vickie said, reading the computer screen again. "Kellie! This site where I found the command, it's called www.little-sisters-rule.com. It's where girls can share stories of all the ways they've used Powers to humiliate their older brothers!" She turned to her sister with huge eyes. "There's SO MANY things we can try!"

Kellie was smiling, looking at terrified expressions on the boys' faces. Tyler was starting to push his legs together and squirm now, too. "Well," she laughed, "we've got nothing but time."

Downstairs, the three older men were finding themselves thrown back in time. Miranda had decorated the basement with streamers on the ceiling, a cheap disco ball, and a table of snacks and punch. Easy listening rock played on the stereo.

"It's like I'm back at prom," Don laughed.

Rick and Joshua nodded. The women had kept them waiting for twenty minutes, and even though they were still naked, the break let the men get fully soft for the first time in hours. It felt good after the painful erections the girls had made them maintain all afternoon. They even relaxed enough to joke.

"Same Peter Gabriel on the speakers too," Rick added.

"At my high school dances, we only had Death metal," Joshua said.

Rick snorted. "Norwegians. You guys should-"

The *click-clack click-clack* of high heels coming down the stairs made the men fall silent. The sound was precise, powerful, and very, very feminine. And when the men saw the heels' wearers a moment later, all of their hearts started racing.

Yes, the fuck-me stilettos that Miranda, Klara and Amy wore made their pedicured feet look arrestingly sexy. And yes, all the women wore make-up that made them look ten years younger and their lips redder, fuller, and inviting. And each woman did have their hair up in an elegant style to expose a sexy neck.

But what froze all the men in place was the lingerie the women wore. Shimmery beaded lace and ribbon corsets from Fredrick's of Hollywood gave each wife a perfect hourglass shape and did amazing things to their breasts, especially Amy's D cups. And the sheer black stockings, held up by tiny garters stretching over their bare thighs, highlighted every curve of Miranda's and Klara's long, lean legs. Don had never seen his wife look like this- he wanted to just fall to his knees and worship her!

The women traded smiles at the effect their outfits were having on the men, then click-clacked past them to gather around the drinks table. Their backsides looked incredible too. Don couldn't believe how good Klara's tight ass looked in the tiny thong she wore over her garter belt, and how freely she stood, not caring that the other two men could see it!

God, he just wanted to kiss those cheeks- Don wished Klara would cover her best asset up in public, although he did sneak quick peeks at Amy's round ass and Miranda's even tighter one in their thongs, too. But just a quick peek.

The women just clustered around the table, barely acknowledging the men and their stares.

"So now what?" Don asked after another minute.

The women looked at them for a second, then just started whispering to themselves and giggling. They stayed near the punch bowl.

Just looking at the ladies in their lingerie was making Don's cock stir. He started to get nervous and called across the room. "So, are you, like, looking to recreate our prom or something?"

Klara frowned at him, shook her head, then went back to whispering with the women.

Don looked at the men, who shrugged, then approached the group of women. They were SO beautiful, and he was buck naked! They looked like movie stars, and he was just a nude man with a four-inch cock, which was already half hard! He got more nervous the closer he got to the ladies, and by the time he spoke, his voice was literally cracking.

"Look, um, Klara... I can tell you want us to ask you to like dance or something, so let's just do this..."

The women were all looking at him skeptically over their drinks, and his palms were sweating, he was having trouble speaking, and OH GOD- Don looked down and his was hard-fully hard! Don blushed, stammered, and hurried away while the women shared hushed chuckles again.

"God, it's just like being at the junior high dance again!" he hissed to Rick and Joshua, when he gathered with them on the other side of the room.

"This IS how I felt at my first seventh grade dance," Rick agreed. "Naked, like they could see right through me. Now it's literal."

"I just don't know what they want!" Don said, his hard-on slowly going down.

Joshua had been quiet, watching. With a set jaw, he turned and went upstairs. Don and Rick were shocked. And when the muscular underwear model returned, his hair was freshly combed, his face washed, and just the hint of cologne hit the men's noses as Joshua walked past them and confidently approached the women.

Rick and Don couldn't hear what was said, but Joshua acted as cool as if he was in a NY N night-club, dressed to kill instead of naked. The women played coy, let him talk to each one, and then Miranda let her husband lead her to middle of the room for a slow dance.

"So that's the game, is it?" Don asked, then went over to approach his wife again. This time he got farther, but looking at her barely-covered cleavage in that corset and what those stockings and heels did to her legs... he popped a woody in front of her again, and Klara and Amy fell into laughter as he scurried away, humiliated again.

Don returned to Rick, who was watching Amy's round ass in her thong, and was already fighting an erection from where he stood hugging the wall. Then the song ended and Miranda led Joshua over to the women. Where Klara took his hand for a dance.

So Don had to watch as his drop-dead sexy wife danced with a naked superman, smiling and laying her head on his shoulder, letting his large hands hold her hips, and, right before Don's eyes- letting her hands drift down his back to cup his hard glutes. Don was stewing, but also getting harder, and when the song ended, Klara leaned forward and pecked Joshua's cheek while squeezing his ass, before letting him go.

"Sorry Don," Joshua said, back among the men. "It just happened."

Don waved him off, especially since Rick was heading over to the group. Even though he was half hard, Amy accepted his offer to slow dance. "I just- how do you do it?"

"Just be cool," Joshua answered. "That's all they want. Come on, I'll show you."

The Norwegian took Don over under his wing and did most of the talking, flirting with both women, making them laugh, and finally, asking his wife to dance again. She accepted, leaving Don and Klara alone.

Don fidgeted, then imagined his wife dancing with either of the other two men again. "Klara, look, you look so incredibly sexy tonight- I've never seen you like this! Please, could you dance with me- I promise I'll try not to get hard and stay cool!"

Klara pursed her sexy red lips and looked him over with a smirk, saying nothing. He could feel his cock growing, filling with blood and knew he had blown it again. He would never be allowed to empty his balls again!

His wife extended her hand to him like she was in an old movie. "I accept," she giggled.

"Come on Jake, it's like you're not even trying!" Kellie mocked as she threw the boy hard onto his side again.

When the naked boy had agreed to wrestle his cousin for the right to use the bathroom, he hadn't expected the small girl to have the strength of five men. Or for her to change into a bra and panties and try to do actual wrestling moves on him, her nearly naked body writhing and rubbing against his as they struggled...

"OOOhhh! Someone likes the idea of getting spanked on camera!" Kellie laughed as she was working him into a headlock and his cock erected. "Won't your hard dick look cute with your bright red ass!"

Jake struggled with desperation. His dick had been soft with adrenaline when they had started, but as his organ betrayed him, Kellie seemed to be getting stronger and stronger...

"Jake!" Vickie laughed from the bed, "Stop getting hard or you'll lose three to nothing! Do you WANT your picture up on that site?"

The girls had spent a lot of time reading the forums on www.little-sisters-rule.com waiting for the boys' bladders to grow more painful. The forum was full of teen girls sharing stories of how they had used their budding Powers to sexually or non-sexually humiliate their older brothers. One of the favorite techniques was "The Wrestling Bet."

The girl would get her cocky older brother to agree: each of them would forfeit one piece of clothing each time they were pinned, and if pinned when naked, the winner could spank the loser and force them to pay a huge penalty.

Jake had been amazed at the number of pictures of smiling girls who looked to weigh ninety pounds soaking wet, maybe missing one sock from their outfit or still fully clothed, standing next to fully nude, much more muscular, and very embarrassed older boys.

Some of the grinning girls held their arms up in victory. Some held up signs stating the penalty they had won from the boy ("No more dish duty for me!" or "No orgasms for my brother for a month! Yay!"). Some of the girls were laughing and holding their brother's hands behind his back to point out the erection he hadn't been able to control, and some of the smiling teen girls posed with their naked brother across their lap, so they could show off his red, freshly spanked ass.

And now Jake knew why there was page after page of such pictures on the site.

"UNNNngh," he grunted, struggling to get free. But each of Kellie's thin limbs seemed to have the strength of an NFL lineman. He didn't know Powers could DO that! It wasn't fair!

She had finished her half-nelson and started working on his legs. Jake's options were narrowing. When he tried to grab her leg, all Jake felt was miles of smooth female thigh. And going higher, he touched her tiny thong and then- FUCK, did he just grab her ass? As his dick clenched harder, her legs snaked around his and spread them apart, totally against his will.

"Come on weakling!" Kellie laughed as the trapped boy paused to catch his breath. "Stopped trying already? Why don't you grow a pair of these?" Jake could feel her free hand heading towards his balls, but he was powerless to stop her. Kellie forced his legs even wider and gave his tight, exposed balls a mocking slap.

As Jake struggled in her smothering hold, she said, "Or maybe you should stop thinking with THIS?" And then the cousin he hated laughed and grabbed his stiff cock.

Jake jolted as Kellie started jacking him off against his will, his legs still trapped by hers and his neck in a vise-tight headlock. He slapped at her arm and thighs with his free hand but the teenager just laughed and kept stroking him.

"What do you think Vickie? Should I just make this little boy cum all over his belly right now?"

Laying on the bed kicking her legs behind her, Vickie giggled. "That wouldn't be very sportswoman- like of you."

Jake growled and tried to break free. He couldn't let Kellie make him cum against his will! That would be too humiliating! She would never stop mocking him about that! She was breathing harder now, she was tiring too, but as soon as Jake tried to grab her wrist, Kellie grabbed his instead and bent it behind him painfully. She trapped it between his back and her front- he tried to move, but she was just too strong! And what was his hand pressed against? Those were Kellie's C cups!

His cock throbbed again, and Kellie lewdly licked her free palm and wrapped it around his dick. "I should totally make you cum like this," she laughed, starting to stroke him again. Her breath was a hot tickling whisper in his ear. "That's what you'd like, right Jake? For your older cousin Kellie to make you lose your load?"

"Nooooo!" he cried, as she took him closer and closer to orgasm against his will. Jake moaned- he couldn't move, Kellie was too strong, too sexy and then he was cumming-

"Psych," she laughed and let go right before he would have shot off. Then Kellie flipped the stunned boy over and mashed his face into the carpet, giving his cheek a rug burn. "Tap out, my little virgin!"

"No!"

She bent his arm behind him further, straining his shoulder. "Tap out!"

"Unnnngh-"

She reached between his squirming legs and flicked his nuts with her finger. "Tap out!"

Eyes tearing with pain, Jake still shook his head. Kellie said, "Fine, if you're gonna be that way..."

She started to roll the struggling boy onto his back again. This was his chance- she had left an opening- Jake dove at her stomach and knocked Kellie over, ending up on top of her. His nose was buried deep into the valley between her breasts, because Jake's dive had ripped her frilly bra clean off.

He knew he should move, take advantage of the position, but the flesh wrapping around his face was so soft... he just wanted to enjoy this for a split-second...

But then he felt Kellie's vise-like hands gripping his wrists, and her horse-like legs pushing him off of her, and Jake found himself being flipped over, onto his back. Kellie held on, rolling on top of him, straddling his chest and holding his strong arms down with her thin ones.

"Time for my finishing move," she laughed, and started scooting up his chest. Jake kicked his legs and squirmed, but she seemed so impossibly heavy, impossibly strong! It wasn't fair!

"Ready to lose and pay my penalty?" she teased, dropping her knees around his ears.

"No! Please!" Jake cried, staring up at her teen pussy covered in tiny panties. "Don't-"

Kellie laughed and dropped her pantied crotch onto his nose. And then rubbed it in his face.

Even cut off from light and air, Jake could hear her laughing at his ultimate humiliation. He thought for a second about biting her sensitive parts, but then remembered his exposed cock and balls. And then his air started running out.

Kellie laughed and laughed as Jake begged to be let go, his voice muffled by her crotch. And as the muscular boy kicked and flailed under the smaller girl's grip, she felt something else. She was getting wet.

He was starting to see spots, but Jake definitely noticed it, too. The cotton panties pressed firmly against his nose and lips were getting damp. No, dripping. No, gushing.

Tasting a woman for the first time in his life, even his hot, bratty cousin, made his dick hum with pleasure- no! He couldn't let her notice! Jake tapped her thigh to admit defeat. Then he tapped harder as she didn't get up, but only ground her pussy into his face more. He could definitely taste her juices now- it tasted like honey from the gods. His cock pulsed, then clenched and then OH MY GOD HE WAS-

"Whoops!" Vickie laughed, reaching out from the bed to Loop off Jake's orgasm in the nick of time. The cum racing towards the end of his cock backflowed into his already full balls, making the boy cry out into Kellie's pussy. Which pressed down on him, hungry for more vibrations just like those.

"Kellie, what are you doing to him down there!" Vickie laughed. "He almost came!"

The curvy sister finally lifted her dripping pussy from Jake's mouth. "Sorry, sis," she panted, her cheeks a little red. She threw an arm over her bare nipples and laughed, sitting back on Jake's chest. "But I think I just found a new place for Jake to lick jelly from later!"

"Ewww!" Vickie giggled as Kellie stood up and put her bra back on. Jake watched those amazing breasts go away and squirmed. God, he hated that brat so much, but if she ordered him to lick her pussy, what would he say? She had tasted so good-

"Time for the penalty, virgin!" Kellie laughed, interrupting his thoughts. Then she grabbed another 20 oz. water bottle.

All thoughts of Kellie's pussy disappeared. Still lying on his back, Jake held his hands up. "Please, Kellie! NO!"

"Oh yes, my baby smooth virgin!" Kellie laughed, dropping her knees around his ears again. Hovering her pussy inches above his mouth, she uncapped the bottle and pushed it past Jake's lips. "Time to suck your bottle again! Finish up!"

Holding his head between her smooth thighs, Kellie looked down on the boy, brushing his hair out of his eyes lovingly even as she squeezed the bottle to make him drink faster.

"Would you rather piss your bed, Jakie-poo, or make a mess on the kitchen floor like a bad puppy?"

Jake's eyes got big, almost tearing up, as he shook his head, begging for neither.

Kellie felt her pussy getting wetter, as did Jake, and the girl pointed at naked, scared Tyler watching them from the side. "You're up next, virgin!" she said, even as she rubbed her pussy side to side to soak Jake's chin with her juices.

Dancing with his wife was more frustrating than Don could have imagined it to be. They had been married twenty years, made love hundreds of times, but she still forced him to hold her formally.

"One body distance apart," she laughed, pushing his chest back as he tried to pull her close again. "I mean it," she added, flicking him lightly on the nuts.

That was the other thing! Klara let her hands roam where ever she pleased, his shoulders, waist, even squeezing his ass like he was a piece of meat. But if his hand ever wandered near those incredible buns and her thong or her irresistible garters, she chastised and flicked him in the nuts.

Don could smell her light, seductive perfume, but not kiss that neck he had nuzzled so many- a flick to the nuts brought his thoughts back to reality.

"Don!" Klara chided. "Day dreaming? I asked, 'Do you like the prom we created?'"

He nodded, gulping. "Sorry! Yes, I guess, I mean, why did you do it?"

She laughed a care-free laugh he hadn't seen in years. "Oh, I know it's silly. But us three sisters were in high school when we first started to have this fantasy."

He gulped again. "What fantas- AHH!"

Klara had reached between them to grab his hard cock and start stroking it, even as she kept a formal 'one body distance' apart. "Why," she smiled, "to have sexy, naked and desperate men compete to see who gets us."

"Compete? But we're already married!"

She smiled wickedly at him again. "It's an even field tonight, dear. Three men, three women. And ANYONE could end up together. And you may even get to cum at the end, depending on how 'hard' you try."

Don gulped and continued letting his wife stroke him to the edge. What choice did he have?

Amy and Rick's conversation was going in a similar direction.

"God, you look so good, Ames," Rick gushed, staring down at his wife's big, pushed up tits. He kissed her neck, whispered in her ear. "What do I have to do to get this thing off of you?"

She laughed, swaying side to side in the slow dance. "Just win, honey."

"Win what?"

"Points. In the sexy competition that's coming."

"But what if I don't win?"

"Then, some other guy may be going home with these ladies," she giggled, bouncing her great breasts for him. "And some other cock may get to slide in between them..."

His jaw dropped. "But.... Amy! You said you'd never...."

"Touch another cock?" she asked. She pulled close, laying her head on his shoulder. "Well... I may have broken that rule today. At the spa. The masseuse was so buff, and he got so hard when he was touching me, like I was the sexiest woman in the world." She giggled. "He was SO hard, I could hear his erection screaming in my ears! And then he begged me to touch it..."

She moved so her lips brushed his ear with each hot word. "And I did. I stroked that big cock until it cum on my bare tits. Right after I let him lick me out."

Rick's cock erected to rock hardness, fighting to enter the triangle of Amy's silk panties. "Aha!" she laughed. "I knew it!"

He was blushing, scared. "No, Amy, it's not like that-"

"Sure it's not," she laughed. "Don't worry, I liked it, Rick. I liked playing with another cock! He made different noises than you, moved differently. I may do it again. Not have sex, but just jack off a few cocks now and then when I'm bored. The cable guy... that stockboy who flirts with me at the grocery... OH- the guys in your weekly poker game!"

Rick groaned as his cock got even harder, now painful. Amy teased the wet tip with her silky panties. "Oh, and I forgot- I also made a waiter cum through his pants at lunch today!"

"Amy, stop it! I won't have my wife getting off on people outside of her marriage! It's not right!"

She grabbed his hips and forced Rick's cock to rub against the silk over the entrance to her pussy. "Really? And how was your day with the girls, hmmm? Did you stay nice and soft the whole time your teen daughters were babysitting you, mister 'not outside the marriage'?"

"Now, that's different- no NO STOP!"

Amy stopped teasing her husband one second before he would have cum on her panties, then let him catch his breath. "Mmmm-hm," she said. "You better win tonight, Rick. Or else I'll let Kellie and Vickie babysit you EVERY weekend while I get nice firm handfuls of all your co-worker's cocks!"

She looked up behind him. "Oops, the song's ended! My turn to dance with Joshua!"

And Rick watched as his wife pulled into a close embrace with the studly model, whose large erecting cock kept bumping the inside of her thighs. He was pulled out of his jealousy by Klara's hand grabbing his balls, as she pulled him into his own close embrace.

"Just a few more dances before the competition," she chuckled as Rick sweated, his balls in his sister-in-laws hands for the first time. She gave them a firm pull. "Last chance to impress the judges!"

Tyler lost his wrestling match too, but it was closer since Kellie started getting winded. And since he took longer to get hard. But when Kellie grabbed his butt for leverage once, accidentally spreading his cheeks apart to expose his asshole, his erection started to runaway and then it was just a matter of time.

To Jake, Kellie seemed to be playing with him at the end, enjoying putting the erect boy into one humiliating hold after another, just to feel him try to escape without success. Jake noticed her thighs were wet by now, and not just from sweat.

Kellie repeated her finishing move on Tyler too, but in a sixty-nine position, making Tyler kiss her pussy through her soaked panties and promising to be 'its slave forever' before she would let him up.

Jake was dying as he watched Tyler drink his penalty water. He hadn't felt it during his wrestling match or watching the big-breasted girl wrestle Tyler, but with all distractions gone, his need to pee had returned with a vengeance. He was literally hopping from foot to foot.

"Please Kellie!" he begged when Tyler had finished the bottle. "Let us go now!"

"Just one more thing," she said, and then the boys had to wait as she wiped down, put on a shirt and shorts, then cleaned her face and put on a little make-up.

"It HURTS!" Tyler begged, holding his now-soft dick and hopping just like Jake.

"Oh, you boys have bladders like five-year old girls," Kellie laughed. She sat down at Jake's computer chair and handed her video camera to her sister. "Vickie, if you please?"

The boys looked on in shock as the taller sister backed to the edge of the room and started recording.

Kellie composed herself, then said, "Welcome to episode two of Kellie's video spanking blog! This time: what to do if the naughty boys you are babysitting don't follow instructions! Come here, Jakie-pool!"

The next ten minutes were pure torture for Jake. Kellie baby-talked him like he was ten, pointing out his "hard little pee-pee" to the camera over and over, and making him 'apologize' for not 'making a tinkle' before bed like she had asked, leading to his obvious condition now.

He was still hard, but when Kellie held his lower back with one hand and pushed on his stomach with the other, it took every bit of willpower Jake had not to empty his bladder right then. He felt the pee creeping toward the tip of his dick, but he couldn't, not on camera! He strained, fighting his body with all his effort.

It was just as bad when Kellie made him lay over her lap for his spanking, since each hard slap of her hand on his ass sent a shock of pressure to his painful bladder. He felt himself losing control as she kept going, and his dick was already pointing at the floor... NO! He couldn't! The pressure on his dick and the pain on his red ass built and built, until Jake was literally crying with the effort to hold the pee in.

Bawling like a baby, on camera. When Kellie finally asked, "Now, are you going to be a good little boy and listen to everything I say, with no backtalk?" Jake's answer was immediate.

"Yes KELLIE! YES!" And he meant it.

Kellie helped the blubbering boy to his feet and used a tissue to wipe his face, then the tip of his dripping dick.

"Boys are so confused at this age," she giggled to the camera as she held his cock with one hand and dabbed the pre-cum off with the other. "They get little boners even when they're being punished!" She smiled at Jake and gave him a few strokes, making him moan and blush even more. "But in a few years when this little guy hits puberty, he'll grow some hair down here and he'll finally know what this hard little pee-pee is for."

She patted Jake's aching blue balls playfully, then pretended to whisper to the camera.

"This one hasn't learned how to play with himself yet, you'll notice! Still a pure virgin, in every way, right Jake?"

Vickie zoomed the camera in on his face, Jake noticed, but he just said, "Yes Kellie," as his face burned.

"Good boy," Kellie said, patting his balls again like she owned them. "Now send your brother over."

The first competition was penis size. Hard or soft, Joshua won, of course, but each wife still measured their man for the final score. At one point per inch, Joshua led the other two embarrassed men by 4 points. The women decided to all measure Joshua again, just to be sure. Rick fumed watching the three ladies giggle and handle the other man's cock onto the ruler.

The second event was push-ups. Even though he had worked out twice that day, Joshua won that too, doubling the Rick and Don's score easily. At ten push-ups per point, now Joshua led by 9 points.

"Don, you better pick up your game," Klara chided. "Do you WANT Joshua to take all three of us to bed tonight?"

Don's dick, soft from push-ups, pulsed suddenly. That was the prize?

"Yeah Rick," Amy added. "You lose and you're going to be asking Kellie and Vickie for permission to stay out late!"

"Ladies, ladies," Miranda laughed. "Don't worry. We've designed the competition to allow our.... um, lesser endowed men to win some events, too!" She smiled at the blushing men. "Next event... poetry!"

Don had thought approaching the three women to dance had been embarrassing. It was nothing compared to having them sit in front of him, legs crossed, high heels dangling and staring at him while he stood alone in the center of the room, having to make up a 'love poem' to them.

It was like the oral defense of a PhD, except that Don could barely think straight because of all the sexual energy in the room. He was dripping hard, and each woman would shuffle and show off her best asset when it was her turn to 'be serenaded'.

He did his wife first, somehow still managing to rhyme while looking at her fucking fabulous legs in those sheer nylons and fighting the urge to bury his face in them. Then he did Amy, and composed a surprisingly heartfelt poem about sucking and worshipping her breasts if she would just let him. That pissed Klara off, so Miranda gave him extra points, loving to see her sister get needled.

That left Miranda, and reciting a love poem to her, naked and rock hard, while she sat smiling at him was the most embarrassing thing he had ever done. But remembering how many points he had to make up, he did the most humiliating thing of all and went for it, ending the poem on his knees, begging Miranda to grace him with just one more minute of her presence, and finished by leaning forward to kiss her nyloned foot. This time Amy and Miranda both gave him extra points, since Klara was red with anger.

But Rick had even worse trouble free-basing poems to Klara, his penis jerking as he stared at her, and Joshua, for all his coolness and passion for Miranda, seemed to be foiled by the language barrier and fell flat on every rhyme and meter. Don knew he had made up some ground.

He moved to get up from his knees, but Miranda just patted his head. "No, stay there my pet. Next event- oral skills!"

Tyler didn't cry like Jake, at first. But Jake noticed Vickie making the ball-crushing gesture with her hand off camera until his brother was wailing just like Jake had.

At the end, Kellie made both boys stand on either side of her to show off their reddened butts for the camera, then told Vickie to shut it off.

"Okay," she told the boys. "You're free to go. Go pee, that is!"

Vickie giggled as the boys almost knocked her over trying to run out of the room. Jake got to the bathroom first and ran inside, not even closing the door fully. He was seconds away from making a huge mess, but he stopped in front of the toilet, flipped up the lid and then....

Nothing! Pain was literally shooting up his back from the effort of holding it in, and Jake tried to relax the muscle, to do something he had done a million times...

Nothing! He shook his soft dick, unbelieving.

"Come on!" Tyler yelled from the hall.

"Just a minute- HEY!"

Tyler burst in on Jake and jumped into the shower. "Don't look at me!" Tyler yelled.

But looking was the last thing on Jake's mind as he stared at his dick, horrified. The pee was right there, begging to be let out! Why couldn't he-

Kellie and Vickie erupted in laughter from the open door, looking at the two boys in distress.

"What did you do?" Jake demanded.

"You're doing it wrong," Vickie laughed. She made a twirling gesture with her finger. "We always *sit* when we have to pee."

Jake would have tried anything at this point, the pain was so bad. Even though Kellie was filming this too, he sat on the toilet and tried to pee like a girl.

Nothing.

The girls broke into laughs again as the boys tried everything, running the water taps, pushing on their own stomachs, standing, sitting, trying to end their distress.

"Having trouble breaking the seal?" Kellie laughed from behind her camera.

Jake was sitting and shaking on the toilet, every instinct of his body telling him he should be able to pee but still not able to. "Please.... Kellie.... Vickie... we'll do anything! Just let us pee!"

"You'll pee when these little guys let you," Kellie laughed, wiggling her fingers at Jake. "The Power move we learned on the site *keeps* you from peeing, stupid. It just *feels* like you're going to have an accident any second. Now come on back to the room, we've got more stuff to try on you."

Jake shook his head in disbelief. He couldn't stay like this for another minute!

Vickie laughed at him. "We have to sleep in that room, you know. We're not going to let you make a mess in it."

Kellie whistled and patted her thigh. "Come on, doggies! Heel! Or I can spank you all night!"

Remembering his blubbering promise, Jake bowed his head and followed her back to the room, his full balls and bladder aching. He heard Tyler yell behind him, and looked back to see Vickie dragging the boy out of the bathroom by the balls.

Luckily, 'oral skills' meant which man could tie a cherry stem in a knot with his tongue, on his knees with his hands behind his back. At first.

Don lost that as Rick surprised everyone by tying knots again and again. Amy laughed as Rick blushed under the men's shocked gazes. "What can I say- he's a master!" she giggled.

But the reason Miranda kept Don on his knees was coming up. The next part was foot worship. Of whoever you were in front of. Klara squealed and giggled and sighed as Joshua peppered her foot with kisses, too loudly to be natural. But it made Don's cheeks burn nonetheless.

And for Rick, kissing his own wife's feet was no big deal and he did it eagerly. Only Don, kneeling in front of the haughty Miranda, gulped.

"Well come on," she laughed, wagging her foot at him. "You already kissed them once before. Show me what you really are."

Don frowned, then blushed as he got harder in front of her. "I know you want to," she laughed. She spoke so that only he could hear her. "Even though I'm the one who took your clothes away this weekend." He knelt forward and started kissing.

"Even though I'm the one that had the idea to measure that micro-dick in front of everyone, and leave you to the mercy of those two teen teases all day..."

For some reason, he was only kissing her instep faster, more passionately. "And made them shave you baby smooth, and will make sure you lose this competition tonight so that your wife can get plowed by a REAL cock tonight!"

He looked up at her, shocked. Miranda just laughed and pushed her foot to his lips again. "Just kiss my foot one more time, Don, if you want me to convince this new, sexy Klara to stay for a while. And to keep you naked for her girlfriends, even after the bet is over."

Don sweated, his stomach turning. When Don didn't move, Miranda wiggled her feet at him and said, "Or, do you want her to go back to wearing sweatpants all the time?"

Don fell forward and started kissing Miranda's feet, and all he heard as his little erection throbbed and throbbed was his wife gasping under another man's attentions and his rival Miranda, laughing and laughing at him.

Each new idea the girls found on little-sisters-rule.com was worse than the one before.

There was 'stacking', where the girls levitated Jake and Tyler flat on their back until their noses almost touched the ceiling. Some sisters had made their brothers stay that way all night, terrified the whole time that the spell would wear off and drop them into the emptiness behind their backs. Their little sisters never told them the spell worked just as well when while the girl was sleeping.

First Kellie and Vickie stacked Jake in one ceiling corner and Tyler in the other, and then stacked Jake right below Tyler, laughing as Jake got more nervous the closer his hard dick got to his brother's ass. Two feet, one foot, then just six inches away.

"Just a little push," Kellie laughed, "and you and Tyler have a whole NEW relationship!"

"Please... don't..." he whimpered. God, would it feel like Vickie's smooth ass against his cock? What if it did?

"When we get to college we could probably stack five guys in our dorm room without hitting the ceiling," Vickie giggled. "Four hard penises nestled tightly in four tight asses all night..."

"And then we'd go to sleep!" Kellie howled, then started drifting Jake to the floor. "Okay, we won't make you two lovebirds sleep like that tonight. Just know that we could have!"

Jake blushed, unable to look the powerful girls in the eyes. "Yes, Kellie."

Next, they read about 'benching', where the girls froze Jake and Tyler on their hands and knees, then used them as extra furniture in the room. Feeling the girls' clothed butts rest on his back was bad enough, but when the girls started changing for bed, getting fully nude, the worst was staring at Vickie's or Kellie's bare calves and feet walk around him and knowing that a completely nude girl was just inches above his gaze, but he couldn't raise his head!

And while they were naked, the girls sat on their boy benches and leisurely painted their toenails. Feeling of Vickie's soft ass and thighs or Kellie's naked and still damp pussy resting on his back made Jake's cock throb incredibly painfully, and Tyler's too. Each girl laughed and pointed that out as they tickled their benches' balls with their fingernails and both boys moaned with need.

The girls eventually slipped into nightclothes, Kellie in her soft, tiny tumbling shorts and tight shirt with no underwear, and Vickie in a loose mid-thigh sleep shirt and a thong.

Jake had now replaced his chair as the seat in front of the computer, and Tyler was now stacked under the desk, as a foot rest for both girls sitting side to side on Jake's back. Jake had to watch, frozen, as his cousins rubbed their bare feet over Tyler's face, chest, stomach and cock as they shifted positions.

Even though his fantasy might have been to switch places with Tyler, Jake knew he would have shot his load within minutes of that sensation. Tyler took it better, even though the lake of pre-cum on his stomach was growing. Kellie would say "Ick!" and wipe any sticky pre-cum that got on her feet off onto Tyler's chest or neck. Vickie would reach back and wipe her foot on Jake's thigh right next to his cock, driving him crazy.

The girls unfroze Jake eventually but swung their feet or bounced as they kept reading that damned forum, giving no thought to the strain on Jake's back. Every time he thought he was about to crumble, Vickie would reach down and scratch his balls with her fingernails, tracing where they met his body and the seam down the middle until his cock sprung rock hard again. Which made him able to stand it for a few more minutes.

Vickie was doing this, idly scratching and rubbing Jake's blue swollen balls with tender fingers when the girls discovered the 'Just one of the girls' technique on the forum.

Mostly done by girls who had wanted kind, feminine older sisters to look up to instead of the arrogant, macho older brothers they had, this technique was always done in groups.

A group of girls would get together for a sleepover, and then bring the older brother in, whether by 'soft' means (denying his orgasm until he agreed to join), 'hard' means (wrestling or dragging him by the balls into the room), or 'surprise' means (the boy would just wake up in the middle of the night, naked, with girls giggling around his bed).

The older boy would have to do everything the girls did on the sleepover- shave his legs and armpits if they did, let them paint his finger and toenails, flip through fashion magazines or practice walking in heels. The girls would even make the macho guy wear feminine pajamas, teddies or panties like they were. Either that or go naked. Most boys chose the girly clothes.

And the girls would keep having mandatory sleepovers until the boy felt more comfortable in thong panties than in boxers, until he could paint his nails or walk in heels better than they could, until he just used the same fruit-scented shampoo as his little sister and kept himself fully shaved to avoid the hassle. And then his little sister would give him 'the choice'.

He could go back to his old life with its rough, bulky clothes, its mean sports, and its constant pressure 'to be manly'. Or he could join them, any time he wasn't at school or around his parents. He could wear soft, sexy, form-fitting clothes and a flowing wig. Panties, short skirts to show off his legs, a bra with jiggly padding. He could be around friendly, supportive girls all the time, privy to all their secrets, struggles, and little intimacies. He could shower with them. And, once a week, all the girls would gather around their new 'best friend', spray him with sexy perfume, and watch him rub himself through his panties until he made the cutest little mess in them.

His choice. A denied, tease male like he was before, or a female, in on all the secrets.

But if he said yes, it was a serious change. Some girls would make their brothers be 'sisterly' every night they were alone together. Some girls would get their parents' approval, so they wouldn't have to hide at all. The boy's home life became a girl's life. And while none made their brother go to school that way, a surprisingly large portion of girls made their brothers register as 'transgender' on his college applications and sent him off to college with ONLY female clothes in his luggage. And then the little sister would check up on him to make sure he was keeping up his new lifestyle.

Some girls demanded pictures of their 'older sister' dressed as a cute female in class. Some wanted pictures of her out at bars on a Friday night, decked out in make-up, a tight mini-skirt and high heels, looking very fuckable so he'd have to turn down horny guys all night.

And sometimes, after one of those bar nights, the embarrassed boy would come back to his dorm room, just looking to take off his painful high-heels and rub his ass that had been pinched all night, to find the entire sleepover group waiting for him with smiles and sleeping bags. And he would have to endure the humiliation of having another sleepover while his male or female roommates watched, laughing their asses off at the poor boy and the hard cock straining in his panties.

Most girls who did this program reported that, after a year, their new 'older sisters' understood them much better than their brothers ever had, and almost better than a real

older sister would. Even if their 'sisters' still got hard every time he slipped on his panties or painted another girl's toes at a sleepover.

"Can you imagine that?" Kellie laughed, slapping Jake's back. "We should take away all of you two's stupid boy clothes, and just leave you with sexy panties and skirts to wear!"

"It's not like they're using their clothes now," Vickie giggled, patting Jake's naked rump.

Jake was trying not to look at his suitcase, and the fifty girlie thongs it contained. But that lower clasp was stretching, under tension- it seemed like it could break open any second!

"Whatda you think, Tyler?" Kellie laughed. "Would you like to come to our next sleepover? Shake your ass in a little skirt for us?"

"He does have better legs than Jake," Vickie added, then patted Jake's butt. "For a girl, I'm saying."

Jake blushed, but Tyler was yelling. "NO! Never! I don't care what you-"

"Stop getting hard then!" Kellie laughed. Tyler's steel dick was four shades of red, and getting harder. The girls hadn't touched it since starting to read the story out loud.

"Maybe we'll get you lots of sexy panties in your size for Christmas," Vickie laughed. "And make you wear them until New Year's!"

"Jake can stay naked at Christmas, because he likes that," Kellie added. "Don't you, nudie boy?"

Feathers assaulted his balls and Jake yelped. The girls laughed and continued reading as his hard cock throbbed and dripped onto the floor.

After reading three more stories of little sisters forcibly feminizing their older brothers, Vickie said in a slightly sad voice, "But after Christmas, there's only Memorial day. And then it's summer, and we're off to Duke. We probably won't see Jake and Tyler much after then."

Jake felt Kellie shift on him, then Vickie too. They were whispering, trying to decide something. Finally Kellie said out loud, "So, boys, have you two ever thought about where you're going to college?"

The men were nervous and tired. The women had held other events: who could keep it up the longest, who could take the most weight hanging from their balls, and, Miranda's favorite, which blindfolded man could pick their wife's body parts out of a line up just by kissing them. Everyone had recognized Amy's breasts, but Don had messed up on Klara's ass and pulled off the blindfold to find himself kissing Miranda's instead.

And now they were just waiting, naked, as they ladies discussed around the punch bowl. Don only heard snippets, like "blue-balled for a month" and "really should fuck him up the ass" but couldn't tell who they were talking about. But the way Miranda kept looking over at him and winking...

Finally, the women broke up and stood in front of the men in a line. They made the men kneel, hands behind their back. Don's stomach was shaking.

"The final results are in," Miranda announced. "First runner up, second place out of three, and thus chosen to be punished by his own wife....Rick!"

Amy walked up, slid her sexy stiletto between Rick's knees and tapped his balls with her toes, soft, then harder and harder. "Yes, I'll punish him all right... all night long!" Rick groaned as his steel cock started dripping onto Amy's foot as she continued to smack his nuts.

"First place, and put out to stud for any woman that wants him..." Miranda said, pausing for effect, "my own husband, the nine-inched dicked Joshua!" The women cheered, and Miranda walked over to the stunned Don.

"That means, little dick, you're with me tonight. Come on," she said, crooking her finger at him.

"But, but..." Don said, watching his wife go over to Joshua, raise him off the floor with her hand, and start leading him upstairs. "No! Klara! Wait!"

"Hush!" Miranda ordered, and with a snap of her fingers, Don found he couldn't speak. But she could.

"This is part of the plan, Don. Let my husband's thundering cock crack Klara's shell for good, and I guarantee she'll be the wild thing that she was in college."

Don stood mute, watching his sexy wife lead the underwear model to their bedroom.

"Having a taste of that monster, and discovering how soft another woman's touch can be, will probably mean she won't have much need for this little guy here," Miranda laughed, batting at his dripping cock. "So you may need to get extremely skilled with your tongue, if you ever want to see your wife's pussy again. Luckily, I'm happy to train you."

Don's eyes got big and he shook his head, but already felt the Power lasso pulling his painfully full balls to Miranda's guest room.

She laughed at his distress. "Yeah, I'm not asking, Don. Now go!"

The boys hopped behind Vickie as she filled out the on-line form on Jake's computer. "Social security number?" she asked, and the boys answered immediately. "Address? SAT scores?" Every question was answered right away.

They heard the toilet flush down the hall and Kellie walked in a minute later, sighing. "That felt SO GOOD. Did you ever really have to pee, and when you finally do, it's such a relief?"

Jake gave her a murderous look and she just laughed. Jake knew he couldn't have an accident on the floor now, but that didn't make it any less painful. He still pushed his knees together out of instinct.

"It won't work, you know!" he said. "We don't have the grades or test scores to get into Duke!"

"Not if you were a girl," Kellie agreed, pouring herself another drink. "They only take the top 1% of female applicants. But since SO many boys stopped going to the major schools after the Drake Cheerleader Incident, especially ones with active cheerleading squads, the bar for you losers is a lot lower."

Vickie pointed to the banner at the top of the webpage. "80% female-to-male ratio," she said. "Almost EVERY male accepted!"

"I guess not a lot of boys want to go to a college where the girls can basically tease them all they want," Kellie laughed, sitting on Jake's bed. "A college with all co-ed dorms, so girls are never more than a few doors away," she continued as Jake's throat started to feel tight. "Where the dorm monitors *usually* catch girls if they're teasing boys at night with Powers..."

"First two offenses get girls a verbal warning," Vickie giggled.

"And where Vickie and I have already been accepted," Kellie finished. "So we can keep up all the fun we've had with you two virgins over this weekend!"

"Jake can be nude and hard whenever he wants around me," Vickie said. "And Tyler, well, he could be 'just one of the girls' at Kellie's sorority." Vickie giggled. "We promise to let you both cum during finals. So that you don't fail out."

Jake's cock had gotten hard again, even as he screamed, "NO! I'm going to volunteer for four more years of THIS!"

"What's that?" Kellie asked, hand behind her ear. "You say you don't want to pee until morning? Or until noon?"

Jake looked at Tyler, both desperate. Tyler was about to cry again. They had planned on going to an all-male school, so they could finally masturbate as much as they wanted! But now...

"There are nude modeling electives for freshmen boys," Vickie giggled, tickling Jake's balls with her nails. "You can choose to be drawn, or sculpted. Just you, buck naked in a room with thirty girls."

Jake was dying, his cock was so painful.

Kellie dragged her discarded cotton panties over Tyler's similarly hard dick. "Duke only accepts the richest, hottest and smartest girls. Can you imagine how tanned and toned the sorority girls must be? How hot they would look in the showers? Or in just their panties getting ready in their rooms? And feminine Tylerina could be part of all that, just hanging out with us, if she wanted."

Neither boy spoke, not daring to throw the next four years of their sexual life away. Kellie shrugged. "Go ahead and clear the form, Vicks," Kellie said, yawning. "I guess we'll all just go to sleep. And maybe we'll let them pee tomorrow..."

"NO!" Jake yelled, instinctively squeezing the tip of his cock shut to keep from peeing. He closed his eyes, picturing a semi-nude college life. "Okay! I'll do it!"

Tyler nodded too, almost cumming into the panties Kellie had kept rubbing over his cock.

The girls cheered and Vickie hit "Submit". She turned to the boys. "It says we should get an e-mail in about ten minutes!"

"Just enough time to solve our little boys' pee problem," Kellie laughed. She grabbed Tyler's hard cock and Vickie grabbed Jake's. "Come on."

With relief, Jake let Vickie lead him out of the room. But as he tried to turn right in the hall towards the bathroom, Kellie and Vickie led the boys left by with their cocks, towards the kitchen.

Jake pointed at the bathroom, getting scared again. "But I thought-"

Kellie turned over her shoulder and laughed. "Bathrooms are for big boys and girls. Little puppy dogs like you have to relieve themselves... outside!"

"Come on, follow your leash!" Vickie giggled, and pulled Jake by his cock to the back yard.

The girls led them around the pool and to the fifty foot oak tree, pulling their dripping erections the entire time.

"What do you think, Vickie?" Kellie laughed, pointing Tyler's cock at the tree. "Should they mark this one?"

"That seems kind of ambitious for what's in my hand," the tall sister giggled, giving Jake's erection a rub and squeeze. His knees almost buckled.

"Yeah, let's find something more their size."

The girls dragged the boys to every tree in the yard and debated its merits, as the boys squirmed and pushed their knees together. Kellie finally decided on a twenty-foot peach tree they had first discarded five minutes ago.

By the time the girls lined them up, Jake was swimming. He had never had to pee this bad in his whole life! And then each girl started stroking her boy's cock back to full hardness.

"But... but we can't go when we're hard," Jake stammered.

"That's what you think," Kellie laughed. "But with Powers, we know more about your dicks than you do!" She paid attention to Tyler's cock until he was on the brink of cumming again. "Now, before we let you pee, there's just one more thing..."

Jake moaned. Now what! Not being allowed to orgasm was like being denied food. Not being allowed to pee was like being denied air! It was so much worse! "Anything! Please!"

Kellie looked at Vickie as she slowly stroked Tyler's cock to keep him right on the very edge. Vickie's soft hand did the same thing to Jake. She even cradled his balls with her other hand, and nodded at her sister.

"You boys have to promise," Kellie continued, still stroking, "that you two will live up to the agreements we made inside. If you get accepted to Duke, you'll go to college there with us. Jake will let Vickie sign him up for nudie-nude modeling classes. Tyler will let me dress

him in cute outfits so he can be just one of the girls in my sorority." She stroked faster, as did Vickie. "Promise!"

Jake was standing on tip-toe, torn between two urges. His cum was rising, but his bladder still hurt! "Yes! We promise!"

"Or else we can use our Powers to keep you denied forever!" Kellie added.

"YES! Just let us-OHHHHHH!"

Kellie had snapped her fingers in the middle of Jake's sentence and suddenly both boys were peeing like fire hoses out of their erections. The girls squealed in laughter and pointed the streams this way. They wrote their names in the air, soaked the peach tree, and crossed the streams, their hands pointing the boys' steel erections where they wanted.

After what seemed like a straight two minutes of heavenly urination, Jake started running out of ammo. Vickie pumped his cock to get the last drops out.

"Ready?" she asked her sister, and then they both shook the boy's cocks in unison to get the drips off. Then let go. Jake had never in his life felt more drained.

"Just a little of what you can look forward to in college!" Kellie laughed. "Now let's go wash those dirty pee-pees off and see if you're accepted!"

This time the girls used Power lassos around their balls to drag the boys in. It let Jake zone out and catch his breath about what happened. Every time he tried to imagine what being buck naked for most of his four years in college would be like, his cock got harder and Vickie turned to giggle at him, even as he blushed.

Vickie went to check the e-mail as Kellie pulled both boys into the bathroom. She Looped them three times, then soaped her hands and started washing their cocks. When Tyler started to object, Kellie forced his hands behind his back and froze them there. Then the same for Jake.

She washed and washed, her slick, soapy hands gliding over their shafts, tips, and balls. She rubbed and pulled, sometimes two hands on one cock, sometimes both dicks at once. She whistled while she worked, and Jake felt the tingles building in his groin again.

"Um....Kellie..."

"Hush," Kellie snapped, slapping his balls. "I know what's happening." She laughed. "Don't worry, you're Looped!"

"But then.. why?"

"Because I want to see your stupid faces scrunch up again!" she laughed. "And because I can!"

She took each boy to orgasm three times, laughing as they moaned and squirmed and finally made their O-faces in front of her but never quite got over the edge.

"God, boys are so silly," she laughed holding her belly, then grabbed each cock again. "Now, look in the mirror and keep your eyes open! We've got one more to go!"

This one was the worst, as Jake was forced to watch his own face, with Kellie smiling right next to him, approach what felt like the biggest cum-shot of his life. Kellie took her time, starting very slow, but as the boys lost control of their faces, she stroked faster and faster until her hands were just a blur.

"YHHAAAAHHH!" Jake yelled on his tiptoes, staring at himself grimace and curl his lip.

"NNNNYYYYAAAAA!" Tyler added, almost cumming but not quite.

"GYYYYYYAAAAAH!" Kellie mocked, making a silly face too, and stroking until Jake thought he would pass out. Then she let go cold. They both fell forward onto the sink for support.

"You boys dry off and come back to the room yourselves," she laughed, patting both their butts as they lay chest down on the sink. "Take too long and I'll come get ya!"

She squeezed their butts again, said, "Mmmm, nice tushies," and went off down the hall, whistling.

When Jake and Tyler staggered back into Jake's room two minutes later, Kellie was on the bed, turning back the covers, and Vickie was kneeling at her sleeping bag, fluffing a pillow on the floor. The computer was off.

Jake gulped. "So... um.. did we get in?"

Vickie looked sad. "I think I accidentally attached the wrong pictures," she said. "They required some picture, and I thought I sent the one that only showed you guys in the pool from the waist up. But I think I attached the ones where you could see everything, your hard dicks, balls, faces, everything!"

"So what does that mean?" Jake demanded, hope rising.

"It means," Kellie began, "THAT YOU TWO GOT FULL SCHOLARSHIPS!"

Now Vickie was laughing and beaming too. "The recruiting officer said she rarely sees two boys so 'open' to the Duke culture!"

"She might even make those pictures your student IDs!" Kellie laughed. "You won't need these at ALL!" she said, slapping the top of Jake's suitcase. Which popped open, spilling a mountain of pink, yellow and baby-blue thongs onto the floor.

"HOLY FUCK!" Kellie laughed. "What the THOSE-"

There was a banging on the door. "Kids! Go to sleep!" Klara yelled through the closed door. "It's midnight!"

"They're Tyler's!" Jake hissed. "I swear!"

Kellie was grinning like a wolf. "Liar, liar, panties on fire," she laughed.

"KIDS! SLEEP! NOW!"

Kellie giggled, then turned off the light. "We'll get to the bottom of this. But let's go to sleep like your mommy ordered."

Jake gulped again, looking at the humiliating landslide of panties, Kellie taking up his bed and Vickie taking up the floor. "But where-"

But Kellie was already lassoing Tyler by the balls into bed, and Vickie patted the sleeping bag next to her. "I've got room for you down here, Jake," she giggled. He gulped.

It was a one-person sleeping bag, so the fit was tight. Vickie's body pressed up against him in all the right areas. He was forced to put his arm around her back, and they were face to face, like they had been when she rode him in the pool.

Her long, smooth legs pressed against his, and his steel hard cock pressed against her panties, on the outside of her vagina. Jake thought his heart would literally explode.

"You're shaking," she giggled to him in the darkness. "Is it because we found out about your panties?"

"They're not mine!" he hissed, gulping as her hand slid down his chest to rest on his hip.

"Liar," she giggled, then pressed her mouth against his ear. "I can sense your pulse go up every time you try to lie. You can't have any secrets from me, Jake." Her hand drifted down to cup his ass. "Especially not after we live together freshman year."

"They let boyssss stay with girls?" he stammered, heart racing as she caressed his butt.

"If the girls say it's okay." Vickie bit her lip, and then her hand started drifting very slowly towards his balls. "The suites are for three people, so we'd probably have another girl who has to say it's okay. Kellie is going to live at the sorority." Her fingers were brushing his inner thigh now.

"Then who?" he asked.

She shrugged, then laughed as he jumped when she finally brushed his balls. "Some stranger. I'll try get someone hot for you. But she'll have to be okay with you walking around naked all the time."

"All the-" Jake began, and then the silky feeling of her hand on his cock stunned him silent.

"All the time," she whispered back, doing slow wonderful things to his cock. "As soon as you come back from class and until you have to leave again. Buck naked as the day you were born. Even if I'm not there. Even if it's just you and our new roommate. Even if she invites girls or boys over. You have to be totally nude."

Jake's throat was dry as the desert. "Why?"

"Because that's what you want, isn't it? I can sense it through your cock," she giggled, now just playing with his slick tip. "You want someone to FORCE you to do it. To expose yourself in more and more embarrassing positions. Don't you? Don't lie."

Jake knew this was a pivotal moment in his life. Like when he had licked up his own sperm from Miranda's feet for the first time. A choice that would change everything, forever. Thinking of being nude, laughed at, teased without control, made his stomach seem to fall to the center of the earth. So why was he about to cum?

"Yes," he finally admitted.

"I knew you did," Vickie said softly, and then kissed him. Like in the pool, passionately, with her whole being. Her hands left his twitching dick and wrapped around him, as did her long legs, opening up to him.

There was no mistaking her intent. He was finally going to lose his V card! To the hottest girl he knew, even if it was his cousin! Shaking, Jake positioned his dick so that it would line up with her wet pussy, and then slid it forward...

A hand on his chest stopped him. "Jake! No!" she whispered. "I'm not ready for that! I'm a virgin, too. And I'm your cousin!"

Jake blushed every shade of red. How could he have been so- but she had done so many things- women were so hard to figure out!

"We're just fooling around," Vickie explained. "I do like teasing you, and watching you squirm naked and embarrassed does really turn me on. But we're never going to go *there*."

"Sorry. Sorry! I just thought..." his hand drifted lower, onto her thigh. She didn't object. In fact, Jake thought he felt her turn her hips, inviting his hand in. Pulse pounding in his ears, he slid his hand between her legs, and touched her damp pussy for the first time.

Vickie gasped and bit her lip. But then pressed into his hand. Jake didn't know if he should go on, or even what to do. Did girls stroke, or rub, or...? He made an up and down motion against her panties. Vickie moaned and clutched him desperately.

"Only your fingers," she breathed. Jake nodded. "I mean it- only your fingers! Promise!"

"I promise," he said, and then slid aside a girl's panties for the first time in his life and felt her folds, which were already sopping wet.

Vickie blushed. "I was thinking about being together in college," she said, then stiffened. "Circles! Make little circles! Right there! Yeah..."

Jake tried to concentrate as Vickie gripped him tightly, leaving no space between their bodies. Her mouth was right over his ear. "I was thinking about keeping you naked in our room," she panted. "I wouldn't let you masturbate very much, so you'd always be hard for me. Soooo very hard."

She bit his neck then kissed him again, as he continued circling her clitoris.

"Every girl in the dorm would know you were the naked boy in my room," she continued, breaking the kiss. "They'd come over to talk to me or just hang out and eat pizza with you there, nude. You'd start off soft, but I know you. You'd get hard, right in front of them, and you'd have NO way to hide it!"

Jake's dick was burning, burning to slip inside her, but he had promised!

"And if I felt real naughty," she panted, "I might tease you for weeks, make your balls blue and you as hard as possible, and then... lock you out of the room and go to sleep! Where would you go? What would you do, trapped in a girls' dorm, naked?"

"Please, Vickie!" he begged, pushing his cock into her hand.

"No," she giggled, pushing back but not stroking him. "Get used to it! Get used to being hard and not being able to do anything about it! Because if you're already naked and hard around me and my friends ALL the time, can you imagine how embarrassing it would be if we caught you stroking yourself to us?"

Vickie pushed forward urgently, and Jake's finger slipped inside her velvet warmth. She took her hand and showed Jake the proper pace to slide his in and out, then clutched his ass tightly.

"Who would catch you?" she panted. "Me? At night? Our roommate? Will she catch you...unnn....playing with yourself one morning, when you just can't take it anymore? Maybe a hot girl from class who comes over to study with you? Maybe... Kellie? Ohh, she'd tease you so much about that!"

Jake grunted, trying not to cum right then.

Vickie was riding his finger with abandon now. "That's what I'll do!" she hissed. "You're not allowed to play with yourself at college unless you set it up so a girl catches you! Every time!"

"No! Please!"

"Think about how many girls that will be!" she said, her voice getting higher. "Every time you want to cum, you have to do it so you have a chance at getting caught... by someone, right when you're....cumming!"

Her hands crushed his butt painfully, and Jake knew enough about masturbating to make sure he kept moving his hand, no matter what. Vickie grunted and ground against his finger, riding the aftershocks down and down. Finally she let go of his ass and fanned herself theatrically.

"Whooo!" she giggled. "That was a hot fantasy!" She took a few more deep breaths, then looked at him strangely. "You can take your finger out now."

"Sorry!" Jake said, blushing and drawing his hand out of heaven. Vickie held the covers up, as his whole hand came out sopping wet. "What do I....?"

She blushed, and bent his hand up towards his face. "I've always found it super hot," she giggled, "if a man cleans up afterwards."

Jake hesitated, then leaned in and licked his hand. "Here, I'll help," Vickie giggled, and when she sucked a wet finger into her mouth, Jake broke one of Kellie's loops with arousal. His cock throbbed, imagining what that mouth would feel like on his erection. Then he went faster, eagerly licking her juices off his hand.

"You like the taste?" she asked, blushing. He nodded immediately, and she relaxed. "Good. Because some guys...you know..." She licked another finger clean and giggled. "We can do a little of that in our dorm room, too, if you want to score extra points with me!"

He was almost done cleaning, but knew he would always want more of that taste, especially hers. "Vickie, please, we can do that, but... please don't make me do the jerk off thing and get caught! I really couldn't take that! It's TOO embarrassing!"

"Oh that's right," she giggled. Her hand curled around his dripping cock and she snuggled in, obviously getting ready to sleep. "You want to be forced."

She sighed, starting to drift off while slowly stroking him. "Don't worry, Jake. If you make me feel special with your tongue every now and then, I'll help you out. Once a week, I'll block out a nice, long hour for you to touch yourself all you want. You can use lube, look at dirty magazines, do whatever you want, because I'll make SURE that no one accidentally walks in on you. I promise."

And with Jake shaking like a leaf, Vickie fell asleep holding his dripping cock.

Up in the bed, Kellie was having a similar discussion with Tyler, but in her own way. They lay facing each other, him naked and her in her tight t-shirt and shorts.

"You think my boobs are hot, don't you?" she asked, snuggling closer to him.

Tyler looked away. "I don't know."

"It's okay. You can tell me. I won't get mad like in the backyard." She snuggled closer until Tyler had no more room to retreat, his back against the wall, then held him there with one hand on his chest. "Tell me."

Tyler gulped. He had never had a girl do this! Was it another trap, was she coming on to him, or was it something else? "Umm, yeah. They're nice."

"The best you've seen?"

Tyler remembered her topless and tanned in the backyard, and his half-hard penis started coming to life again. "Yeah."

"Wanna touch them?"

"Yes!"

She pushed his hands away before they could reach her firm, full teen C cups. "You have to tell me something first. What's up with all those panties Jake has in his bag?"

Tyler groaned- anything but that! To reveal what had happened this summer...he geared up for the lie. "Nothing. He just likes them."

"Liar!" she giggled. "I can hear your pulse with my Powers, doofus. It always goes up before you lie. Come on..." She took his hand and placed it under her shirt, on her tight abs. The hot skin felt like magic under Tyler's palm, and then she started moving it up her chest! "Just tell me the truth, and you can touch 'em all you want."

He still resisted. The truth about Jake was the truth about him!

"I haven't cum all day," Kellie pouted, letting his fingertips just brush the underside of her soft breasts. "I'm so horny- I'd even let you suck them!" Tyler moaned, his dick springing fully erect. "My nipples are hard already..."

"Okay!" Tyler hissed. "Aunt Miranda... she... made Jake wear them sometimes during the summer."

Kellie let his thumb just graze her perfect breasts. "Just Jake? Don't lie, or the deal's off!"

Tyler blushed, thankful the lights were out. "No. Me too."

Kellie pushed his hand up and Tyler was cupping two full handfuls of soft female glory. He squeezed and ran his hand everywhere. Her nipples were already hard. Kellie shuddered as he rolled the pencil erasers between his fingers, pulling up her shirt so he could get more access. Then she grabbed his steel-hard cock.

"And you liked wearing girls' panties, didn't you?" Tyler blushed even more, but Kellie felt the surge to his cock, with her hand and with her Powers. "Yeah, you did. I love it!"

She was pushing her breasts toward his lips. Tyler couldn't believe it, and started sucking her nipples as soon as they came in range. Kellie smacked his balls. "Gently! Gently at first!"

Tyler started again, suckling as gently as a baby would. She patted his balls, "Good boy." And then her hand disappeared. "I wasn't kidding about being horny," she giggled, and Tyler knew exactly what she was doing. There was no mistaking where her hand was, with them laying so close- it was down her pants!

"Keep sucking while I take care of something," she panted. "Don't stop!"

Tyler had no intention of letting go of the prize in his mouth- until his dick got ramrod hard. Then harder. Then started vibrating. God, did it hurt! He let off her breast and reached for his painful cock out of instinct.

"No!" Kellie laughed, slapping his hand away. "That happens when girls play with themselves- we read it on the forums! Your little dicks vibrate in sympathy. Sorry! But no touching!"

"Kellie," he begged. "It's SO hard!"

"That's because you're SO close to me," she giggled, pushing her hips forward. Against his hip, through her soft shorts, Tyler felt her hand moving on her pussy! "I'm doing it right next to you! And hey, keep sucking!"

She pushed his head back down to her chest. When he started worshiping her breasts again, she patted his head. His hand still tried to snake down to his dying cock time and time again, and Kellie finally grabbed in and stuffed it down her shorts in the back, so he could grab her bare ass. That kept it from moving.

"There we go," she laughed, enjoying his licks while she got a good rhythm going with her hand on her pussy. His dick vibrated against her thigh, dripping, untouched, desperate and that only turned her on more.

"This is what it's going to be like in the sorority," she panted, getting closer. "Twenty girls. At least two or three will be playing with themselves each night!" Tyler moaned as he kept sucking her nipple and she felt the moan in her clit.

"I wasn't kidding about that," she continued, her hand soaked. "You're going to live with us, as a full-time girl. You'll shave your whole body, have a wig glued to your head, and we'll get you a bra with nice titties just like mine! And you'll have a girl name- how about Sasha?"

Tyler moaned and his dick throbbed. Kellie was getting close.

"Yeah, Sasha. You're so macho now, but we'll show you what tough is. Basketball practice is nothing compared to having to wear high heels all day! But you'll get used to it- you'll be the girliest girl in the sorority! A pink room, just thongs to wear, and a little tramp stamp we can show off when you wear your slutty club-wear so all the guys hit on you!"

She was on the edge, but held off to get her last words out.

"And your little dick? I haven't forgotten about that." Tyler stopped sucking and looked up at her with dread. His dick was tingling, on the edge of shooting without being touched. "Most of the time, we'll keep it tucked away in tight panties. Because girl's don't get hard. But we'll let it out on only two occasions. One, when any sister has to practice her blow-job technique. Girls always need a platonic friend to practice on!"

Tyler moaned, imagining the torment that would be.

"And two, when you want to play with yourself," Kellie said, getting his full attention. "Oh yea, I'll let you do that. As long as you play with yourself like a girl- rubbing yourself while a hard vibrator is shoved inside you!"

Tyler cried out in fear and Kellie came. Hard. She went for a second orgasm, imagining all the fun she and Sasha would have at college, and got it, cumming again while Tyler writhed in her sexual aurora, unable to go over the edge.

She came down, pulled her shirt down but left Tyler's hand on her bare ass. She whispered in his ear, "Good night, Sasha," and then started falling asleep.

"Punishment, punishment," Amy mused, slapping Rick's balls from behind as he grunted, on all fours on the bed and knees apart to let his balls hang per Amy's command. "What should I do for your punishment? You seem to like this."

"Please... Amy.... just let me fuck you..." he moaned, dick dripping, nuts aching as she continued to rhythmically slap them from behind. "You look incredible tonight!"

"Nah, I'm tired of being on top," she giggled. "It's too much work. If only I had a stud handy, who could take me like a real man... like Jevon from the spa- OOOHHH!"

Rick had spun around in a flash, picked his wife up, and thrown her onto the bed. He ripped her panties apart like an animal and thrust his cock into her. Rick held her down by the hair, buried his face in the breasts he loved, and started pounding away. He didn't care anymore!

But instead of protesting, Amy was saying something incredible. "YES!" she screamed, pulling her knees further apart for him. "FINALLY!"

It did feel good, he had to admit, being on top. Being the man. Fucking with abandon. Really good. Oh...shiiit! "Amy!" he gasped, "Loop me! Make it last!"

"Yes!" she cried, doing it then locking her heels around his hips.

Don strained to watch every second of his wife leading Joshua away, until the Power lasso tightened and forced him into Miranda's room.

"What... what will he do to her?" he asked as Miranda closed the door and went to the bed.

"Oh, what *won't* he do?" she laughed, taking her earrings off and placing them on the nightstand. "My Joshua is going to make Klara see God tonight with his beautiful cock."

"No!" Don wailed. "How can he? He loves you! He wants to be faithful to you!"

Miranda smiled. "Yes, he may resist at first. But I told Klara to be firm. To let herself get wild tonight. And most of all, to not take 'no' for an answer. Don't worry, she'll get hers." Miranda pointed at his balls, then the floor, and Don was yanked to his knees by the Power lasso. "Joshua is going to take Klara tonight, no matter what you want. The only question is: will I help you win her back?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

Miranda sat on the bed and extended her stockinged leg out towards Don. When he didn't move, she raised an eyebrow at him. "Klara told me about how you barely go down on her, Don. And how average you are when you do. After her taste of real cock tonight and her first lesbian experience this afternoon--"

"WHAT?" Don gasped.

"Shut up, Don. She'll tell you later, I'm sure. The point is, unless you start bringing something BIG into the bedroom, you'll be left out in the cold. And I can teach you how. But first..." She wriggled her toes at him.

Frowning and with shaking hands, Don started unclasping her sheer stockings from her garter belt, trying not to think about how toned and warm her thigh felt under his fingers.

Miranda laughed, looking at his dripping, twitching cock. "Yes, that's your only hope. To become an expert in the tongue department. Imagine being a guest lickster in her hot lesbian 'adventures'. Klara and her frisky Pilates instructor writhing together on the bed, their pussies open and waiting for your tongue to- slow down! Don't rip them!"

Don jumped and started sliding her stocking down her smooth, sexy leg more slowly than he had before. "And fold them neatly!" she continued, as he finished one leg and started on the other. The sight of her warm, bare flesh so close to his body made him tremble. "Yes, won't that be fun?" Miranda laughed as he folded both her stockings into squares. She started pulling on something behind her back. "But it will only happen if you become the pussy-licking expert. A man with an untiring tongue, willing to lick for hours and think not one bit about his own needs."

Her corset fell to the floor and Don looked up in shock as his sister-in-law sat topless in front of him for the first time. She looked a lot like Klara, but ohhhh, the differences- the way she moved was different, her breasts a little fuller- his cock sprang up even more painfully.

"Been a while since you've had another woman, Don?" she laughed. She pulled on her hair pins and shook her brown curls loose with a relaxed motion. "Don't worry. We'll go slow." She scooted to the edge of the bed and pulled her panties and garter belt to the floor, guarding her pussy from his sight with her crossed legs.

The more she took off, the less she seemed Miranda the Conqueror and the more she became just another naked beauty. But even as she sat before him nude just like he was, there was just something about her posture, her presence... Don felt like a little boy, outclassed by this adult woman.

"Are you ready to start winning your sexy wife back?" she asked, her legs still crossed.

Don gulped and nodded.

"I warn you- I'm going to be demanding. I'm going to use your face roughly, like a old dishrag. You're going to smell me and taste me on your tongue for days. And it's going to make your little pecker hard."

Don blushed, but nodded again. Miranda reached forward to sink her fingers deep into his hair and pull him closer. But she still hid her pussy from him.

"And I'll be teasing the living hell out of your cock and balls with my Powers. Just to make you beg for release, over and over. Which I won't give you."

Don groaned, already feeling the firm phantom fingers wrap around his cock and start stroking at the perfect pace. He started trembling, looking up at her with pleading eyes. She only smiled.

"But, as you're licking up my juices, following my every command like a dog and crying at how blue your balls are getting, just know this my dearest Don... I've loved making you my bitch this weekend!"

She spread her legs and forced his mouth forward.

Miranda did everything she promised. Don drank of her juices from every possible position for the next hour: on his knees, on his back with her sitting on his face and even licking her from behind while she was on all fours.

Her Powers were expert, not a constant tease but leaving him alone for long stretches and then coming back to make him cry just when he thought it was over. He felt her practiced wrist for minutes on end but worst of all was when she used her phantom mouth. It sucked on him like a desperate sorority girl, eager to take his load down her throat, but her Loops held firm, never letting him get release.

When she wasn't instructing him like a child or laughing in orgasm, Miranda let Don know what her Powers sensed was happening to Joshua's cock in the next room.

"Ohhh, Klara's got him in her mouth, I'm sure of it!" Miranda laughed once, as Don licked her from behind, his nose buried in her ass. "Klara could always deep throat huge ones- you should have seen her in college Don! She loved blowing the football team! She swallowed more sperm on Homecoming week than your boys swallowed all summer!"

"What!" Don yelled, pulling off of her pussy.

Miranda pushed him on his back with annoyance, then dropped her pussy onto his face again, making sure to leave room so she could see his eyes. "Oh yes! I taught those boys how to taste their own hot cum the same way I'm teaching you to lick pussy right now! And Jake loves it! Tyler too! I've made your boys into cum-guzzlers, just like I'm going to make Klara do to you!"

She laughed, using Don's screams of protest to get closer to orgasm. "Speaking of which... Joshua's getting close.... close....OH! Klara still knows how to swallow!"

Don cried out as Miranda came on his face again, for the third time out of five that night.

Thirty minutes later, Klara had gotten Joshua hard again with her mouth and made him take her in the pussy again, something Miranda had happily related to Don as he fell asleep crying and hard on the carpet.

Lying satisfied on the bed, Miranda scanned the house with her Powers. Klara and Joshua were asleep now, or at least Joshua's cock was. Rick was still hard, still as blue-balled as he had been downstairs. Good, Miranda thought. That would just make things easier tomorrow.

Jake was hard and passed out, Tyler hard and secretly playing with himself, thinking of dressing up in panties and sundresses. Miranda chuckled and let him continue for a few minutes, knowing he would get his soon.

Then she reached out with her Powers and put Tyler to sleep, his cock still in his hand. She deepened the sleep of all the men until not even a jet engine would wake them. And finally went to sleep herself, smiling.

The men would wake up tomorrow to find they lived in a very different world.

Chapter Ten: Waking In a New World

When they woke the next morning, the women untangled from their deep-sleeping husbands or lovers, threw on robes, and gathered in the kitchen for coffee. Both Klara and Amy were walking bow-legged, which led to remarks and giggles all around.

They discussed what had happened to each of them last night, revealing every detail as women do, leaving no lick, suck or thrust out of their stories. Each woman's tale of male domination brought a warm rush to the other's skin and a tingle between her thighs, and soon a debate began.

The discussion went back and forth, sometimes favoring one plan versus another, but eventually, Miranda, Klara and Amy agreed on what would be done next. They woke Kellie and Vickie, told the girls the good news, and then the women started getting ready to wake the men.

Rick awoke on his back, his steel-hard erection being licked by a soft, wet tongue. Amy hadn't let him cum last night, but it had been worth it to hear the gasps and moans she had made under him, making him feel like the best lover in the world. And now, the way her mouth was worshipping his tingling cock, slowly, from root to tip, she seemed determined to make up for his long denial...

Rick kept his eyes closed and smiled. My wife is such a minx, he thought, pushing his dick forward for more. The wet lips accommodated him eagerly, and he lay back and enjoyed the feelings of an expert tongue. Until he heard the giggles.

His eyes flew open to see his daughter Kellie holding down one of his arms and his daughter Vickie holding the other. His wife Amy held his right leg up off the bed, and Klara had his left, exposing his privates to the world. Miranda stood in the middle, and it was the wet brush she was using to paint his cock with blue paste that he had mistaken for his wife's mouth. All the women were fully dressed, and looked down on the nude man with huge smiles.

"What-" he gasped, trying to cover himself, but each woman's hands were like two-ton weights even as the females giggled.

"Oh, don't get up Rick," Miranda laughed. "We're almost done." She dipped her brush in the paste and painted Rick's tip, and the man couldn't help but moan. Kellie and Vickie giggled again at his need.

"What are you-aaarrrrh," he started before Miranda used the pleasure of two brushes to override his ability to talk.

"Your body responded very well to my commands, even while you were asleep," the doctor said, dancing her brushes over his cock. "Almost like it wanted Procedure 501 done to it."

"No- NO!" he gasped as the brushes increased their licks on him. "I-aaaahhhh-"

"Don't cum Rick!" Amy said. "I mean it!"

"But, please- noaaahhhh-"

"I'm serious! You better not cum or I'll be pissed!" The look on her face showed she meant it.

Rick squeezed his eyes shut, tears forming with the effort. "Please... I can't hold it..."

The women smirked at each other, enjoying the sight of a man holding back his own pleasure just because a woman had ordered it. Miranda let him suffer for another long

minute before she said, "Almost done. Now, think about the last time you masturbated, Rick. The last time your hand touched this erection."

"That was with us, Daddy!" Vickie giggle. She was holding his hand down on the bed, but now pulled it below her short shorts to rest against her bare, baby-smooth thigh. "In the shower! Remember?"

Kellie did worse with his other hand, placing it under her short skirt to cup her bare, teenage ass. "Oh yeah, that was when you promised us BMW's! Remember Daddy?"

When his fingertips touched the tiny thong splitting Kellie's ass, Rick started orgasming, the cum shooting from his balls towards his tip! Then he felt something slide and lock inside his cock and the brushes disappeared, taking the stimulation away just one millisecond too early.

"No! NOOOO!" he screamed, and the women released his limbs all at once. He tried to grab his own cock, to get that last stroke for that amazing, once-in-a-lifetime cumshot- but NO! He couldn't touch himself! Like his crotch was protected by a force field!

The women fell into fits of laughter as Rick rolled and struggled on the bed, unable to bring his hands or legs close enough to stimulate the rock-hard erection pouring pre-cum onto his stomach. He tried arching his back, using his knees, his elbows-

"Come on Daddy, really?" Kellie giggled, and Rick started blushing. It was a deeper, more painful blush than he had ever done before, and he knew that for the rest of his life, he would remember this image, of his daughter smirking down at him as he tried to jack off one last time. He flopped back onto the bed, sweating and defeated, as his dick just twitched painfully.

Vickie patted his shoulder. "There you go, Daddy. You're safe and Willy Wankered. Now you won't have to worry about self-control when our friends come over." She leaned forward and kissed the blushing, nude and erect man on his cheek.

"Yeah Daddy," Kellie agreed, but right before she kissed his other cheek, she whispered into his ear, "Like when I invite the cheerleaders to sunbathe nude in our backyard!"

Rick's cock twitched again, the pain now expanding to his throbbing, full balls. Amy chuckled and used a wet terrycloth to start wiping the blue paste off his penis.

"That's right, dear," she said, rubbing just roughly enough to bring him down from the edge. "You don't have to worry about self-control ANY more. Except when I want you to take me like the animal you were last night. I WANT you to lose control then!"

"Ewww!" both girls giggled, covering their ears.

Rick moaned as Amy continued, rubbed his full balls with the wet cloth. She had always been possessive of his family jewels, but now it felt overwhelmingly so, as she cleaned his privates like she would a baby. She massaged and rolled his balls firmly in her fingers, looking up now and then to make sure their eyes met and he saw the pleasure she was getting from it. She even patted his thighs when she wanted him to lift his legs, so she could get the paste that dripped down between his butt cheeks.

Watching his daughters, Klara, and Miranda giggle as his wife cleaned his privates like a child was the most embarrassing moment in his life, even as his cock stayed steel hard the whole time.

"There," Amy said, patting his balls dry. "All clean." She tossed the wet towel and pulled the covers over him. "Now, why don't you just relax and sleep in for a while? I know I can trust you to be a good boy!" She winked and squeezed his hard cock through the blanket and Rick moaned yet again.

The smiling women filed out of the room and closed the door, leaving Rick with the worst blue balls and aching cock in his life, but completely unable to do a thing about it.

Joshua awoke to an oven-hot mouth deep throating his long, soft cock. Klara had ridden him like a cowgirl for ages last night, swallowed his first load, then brought him back to life with her mouth for another round fifteen minutes later, and she wanted MORE this morning? Joshua smiled. *Well, okay, if she insists...*

Eyes closed, he grinned and reached out to run his hands over Klara's lean body. It was very similar to his wife's, but Klara's smells, her moans and her tastes were unique enough to make him get hard just remembering the differences. Miranda took female lovers all the time, why shouldn't he? His hands found the edge of Klara's shorts and slid under them, feel her long, sexy legs.

"I didn't think I had another one in me," he said, "but that mouth of yours, Klara, god, it's convincing me!"

A sharp, disapproving cough made his eyes fly open. To see his wife Miranda in bed across from him, icily staring back. He looked down- there was no mouth on his growing cock- it was someone's sex Powers!

"Hello dear," Miranda said flatly. Joshua felt a set of phantom hands join the mouth, squeezing his balls. "Miss me?"

"Miranda- I'm sorry!"

She looked amused but still vindictive. "For what?" The squeeze on his balls only increased.

The combination of the eager hot mouth working his cock and the angry hands crushing his balls made it very hard to think. "For.... taking pleasure with -ah!- Klara last night?"

Miranda licked her lips and he felt the tongue join the mouth on his cock. "But I ordered you do to that."

He was thrashing, gripping the sheets now. "For, for cumming with her then!"

"Twice," Miranda reminded, and his balls were truly in a vise now. The mouth kept sucking him to nirvana, though. Each time he thought it couldn't feel better, it got wetter, hotter or tighter.

"Twice!" he agreed. "I'm sorry!"

"But Klara ordered you to do that," Miranda laughed. "And I told you to follow her orders."

"Then I don't know!" he said, pounding the bed. Both sensations grew, and his balls felt like they were going to give up their fourth load in twenty-four hours and be crushed to dust at the exact same moment. "I don't know!"

Miranda took a moment to let her hand trace her husband's well defined pecs and hard abs, then looked up at him. "Those two big loads that Klara got from you," she said. "Did they end up in her stomach...or yours?"

The light went on in his head. "Hers! I'm sorry!"

"For.....?" she prompted. The hot mouth enveloped his balls now too, even as the psychic hands kept squeezing the life out of them, pulsing and crushing without mercy.

"For not swallowing my own loads!" he cried. "As I promised to!"

"You've swallowed hundreds of loads," Miranda mused. "Every one you've had with me, haven't you?"

He writhed on the bed. "Yes!"

"Why?"

"Because you ordered me too!"

The sensations disappeared. The ball-crushing, the hot wet mouth, the devilish hands, all at once. Joshua lay panting on the bed, looking at his wife with fear. Miranda just smirked and nodded behind him. He turned to see Klara, Amy, Kellie and Vickie standing there, shocked amusement on their faces. He started to blush, especially under the laughing eyes of his young nieces.

"See girls," Miranda said, pushing on Joshua's chest to make him lay flat on the bed. "Any man can be trained to swallow all of his own orgasms." She pushed on his muscular thighs, spreading them to show off his balls to the women. "Even strong, manly, protective alpha-males like Joshua."

"But Aunt Miranda," Vickie asked, giggling behind her hand. "Doesn't that make him... gay?"

Hands at his sides, hard cock and balls fully exposed to the women, Joshua blushed when he felt the psychic mouth start sucking on him again. No woman was making outward Power signs- he couldn't tell which one was doing it!

"Only if he does it at a man's command," Miranda said, taking Joshua's right hand and wrapping it around his cock. "When he does it at my command, that just makes him a... gentleman." She gave his cock a few strokes using his own hand. "Go on, dear."

He looked up at her in shock. "I command it," she said with a smirk. "As punishment for last night."

The tall, Nordic man blushed even more deeply and started to masturbate in front of all the women. The teens giggled and the older women smiled.

"Eyes open!" Miranda said. "You're being punished, remember?" To the teenagers, she laughed, "Take it all in, girls. You don't get to see a show of this *length* often. Enjoy the fireworks."

"Miranda please!" Joshua begged, unable to meet the eyes of any of the women watching him. "I came three times yesterday! I don't know if I can to it again!"

Miranda just walked behind Kellie and Vickie and watched her husband, a hand on each teen's shoulder. "Like I said girls, enjoy the length. I believe we're in for a long show."

And they were. Even after being denied for weeks, the three orgasms yesterday had emptied the forty-year-old super-model's balls. He masturbated for minute after minute, sweating, straining, needing lubrication five separate times, trying to get one more cum-shot. And the women ate it up.

Any image the women may have wanted of Miranda's studly husband was granted that morning, in such overwhelming quantities that none of them would forget it, ever. Miranda made him look each woman in the eyes at separate times, to make his humiliation more intimate. She led Kellie and Vickie to sit on the bed next to him and stroke his hard thighs and chest as he was forced to keep stroking, and that's when Joshua blushed the most of all.

"I'll never forget this Uncle Joshua," he heard Vickie whisper to him as she pressed next to his naked body while he stroked. "For as long as I live." The girls took pictures and video, but more importantly, the sight of the glistening, nude Adonis masturbating was burned into their minds, forever.

Finally, after twenty minutes, Joshua's eyes got big. "I'm... I'm..."

Miranda knew male bodies. And she knew her husband. His first orgasm was always big and productive. His second, strained but sharp. His third orgasm of the day, if they ever ventured that far, usually left him breathless. So then his fourth would be...

Joshua almost broke the bed when he came. The strain of it tightened every muscle and tendon in his exhausted body. And his yell woke the neighbors. Two houses away.

"FUUUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCKKKK!" he cried, and from the tip of his red penis came one, tiny drop of white fluid.

Even as he was still spasming, Miranda bent forward and sucked the drop of cum off his cock head, then grabbed his face with both hands and French kissed her husband, pushing his load into his throat. He swallowed without even thinking of protest, then collapsed onto the bed, exhausted.

"You have to give them a little help when they're this tired," Miranda told the women. "Or when they're first starting out. That's how I trained Joshua. Every blow job on our Honeymoon ended with a deep French kiss from his wife. You should try it sometime."

"Now that Rick's not in a position to argue," Amy laughed, "I definitely will."

Klara smiled. "I may. If I let Don have a cum anytime soon."

"Excellent," Miranda laughed. "It opens up a whole new world in the bedroom," she said, looking down at her embarrassed husband. She bent forward and pecked him on the cheek. "Now get some sleep dear. You look tired."

Kellie hoped no one noticed the trickle of wetness running down her legs below her skirt. Her thighs were damp with arousal. "That. Was. SO. HOT," she said, as the women left the room.

Both Kellie and Vickie stopped near the door and turned to him. "Bye Uncle Joshua," they giggled, then closed the door. Alone, he clutched his face, humiliated.

Don was awoken right where Miranda had left him sleeping- naked, on the floor of his guestroom. But what woke him up wasn't a warm mouth on his penis, but cold, hard steel.

"Owww- what the fuck!" he said, starting to pull at the device constricting his morning wood even before he noticed the women laughing around him. He was naked, at their feet. They were standing, fully clothed and smiling down at him. That only made his cock try to harden more. Causing more pain. And more female laughter.

"He can't get hard AT ALL?" Kellie squealed, then squatted down and forced his legs apart with her hands. Her low squat let Don see right up Kellie's tiny skirt to the damp panties barely covering her pussy and gave her a first-hand lesson in the belt's effects. She watched, from inches away, as his cock tried to spring harder against the steel cage and lost, the tension moving the cage to pull down on his balls mightily. Don yelped.

"And even trying to get hard causes him PAIN?" Kellie laughed. "That's SO AWESOME!"

Klara turned to the girl's mother. "You never told them about chastity belts?"

Amy shrugged. "It never came up. We didn't have any sons to control. And the girls haven't started dating yet."

"I can put MY DATES in these?" Kellie squealed in joy. In her happiness, she didn't notice her knees spreading further apart giving Don a better view, but did notice his grunt of pain when he tried to harden again. "Is there anyway to make it tighter?" the teenager asked eagerly.

"Oh my god," Klara laughed. "We've created a monster."

Kellie gave the chastity belt around Don's privates a weak tug, then a stronger one, to confirm it couldn't come off.

"Ow! Quit it! Klara, get this thing OFF of me!" Don said. But when he tried to push Kellie's hands away, they seemed much stronger than his.

Klara laughed as her husband tried to fight Kellie off but kept failing, and the girl was free to pull and inspect the chastity belt around her husband's cock. The sexy teen's hands exploring his privates only made him try to get harder and only caused his balls more pain. "Sorry Don," Klara said. "Miranda told me how well you took to licking her last night. After saying for years how you didn't like doing that to me! So you're going to have some motivation to continue with 'your studies' for a while."

Kellie gave his belt one more firm tug, eliciting one more yelp from Don, then stood up with a smug look on her face.

Don gulped, holding his blue, swollen balls and the metal ring around them. "But for how long?"

Klara shrugged. "A while. Until I feel you really desire me like you used to."

Don sprung to his knees and grabbed her about the calves, kneeling at her feet. "Klara, I do desire you! You looked so sexy last night! You were the sexiest woman in the world! Please don't leave this thing on me! Please!"

Klara looked down into his earnest eyes and started playing with the key dangling on a chain around her neck. "Well... maybe..."

"Klara!" Miranda chided. "He's had it on less than a minute, and look at the change! What would he be like after a few days, I wonder?"

When Don gave her a scolding look, Miranda just winked at him. He felt feathers start tickling his swollen, constricted balls. "Nooo!" he gasped, clutching his balls. But the maddening tickling just continued.

"Oh, stop it Miranda," Klara said.

"Not me!" her sister replied.

And as Klara looked over at Amy while Don still squirmed on the ground, Kellie and Vickie broke into laughs.

"Girls! Quit that!"

"Sorry Aunt Klara!" they both giggled in unison. The feathers on his balls went away and Don gasped for breath.

Klara shook her head and placed her fire-red painted toenails in front of her husband's face. "Don, it's just for a few days, I promise. Just so you remember the lessons of this weekend." She patted his shoulder.

"Self-help books say it takes 21 days to form a habit," Miranda said. "At a minimum."

"We'll see," Klara laughed, standing up and fingering the chain around her neck. "For now, I'm just wondering what I'll do with this key! I'm sure Don will talk me out of it if it's anywhere I can get to easily."

"ME!" Kellie gasped. "Please, Aunt Klara, give it to ME! Please!"

Don's heart stopped as he saw his wife seriously considering it. "Klara! NO! Anyone but her!"

"That's almost the best endorsement Kellie could have," Miranda laughed.

Klara looked down at her husband, his cock safely locked away where it couldn't tempt her to be easy on the man she loved. And she remembered the female masseuse's soft tongue against her pussy, the warm feel female-on-female contact. She took the chain off her neck. "It's just for a little while, Don. I want to explore a few...ideas."

And Don had to watch in horror as his wife handed over her necklace to Kellie. The giddy teenager put it on and immediately checked herself out in the mirror, straightening her hair and making sure the key nestled right in her firm cleavage. "Oh my god, I love it!" she said. "Thank you Aunt Klara!"

She turned to look down at Don. "I'm going to wear it ALL the time. Even in the shower!"

Don couldn't help but think of his nubile young niece naked and wet, soaping her big tits and the key in between them. He yelled as his cock tried the strongest erection yet.

"Don!" Amy scolded. "Klara, maybe you were right to do this! Men can't be trusted!"

Klara was shaking her head too. "That's why I got these chastity belts, for the boys. I never thought I'd be using one on Don."

Amy laughed. "I'm surprised Jake's belt fit at all."

"Oh, I used the smallest ring," Miranda said. "But it's still a little loose." And Don thought he would die from embarrassment.

Kellie couldn't stop toying with the chain around her neck as the women left the room, and turned to face the kneeling man from the door. "Bye now, Uncle Don," she laughed, biting and running the key over her full, red lips. "Hope it's not too long before I see you again!" She gave him a wink and spun to leave the room, making sure her skirt flew up to show her panties and ass to the trapped man and make him yelp again.

Out in the hallway, the women were grinning. They let Kellie and Vickie skip off towards Jake's room, then Miranda turned to Klara. "And where are you going to hide this one?" she asked, pressing a second chastity key into Klara's palm.

"Probably my desk at work," Klara said. "Just for emergencies. Maybe I'll mail it to Don's mother in Indiana. That'll make him not want to ask for it unless he has to!"

"But you're not going to tell him, right?" Amy asked. "You'll make him believe that Kellie has the only key?"

Klara smiled. "We'll see. We'll see."

Jake was sleeping in warm, soft bliss. His blankets were covering him, and Vickie's soft flesh pressed against hard-on, just as it had been when they had gone to sleep. Then Vickie grunted and scratched her balls.

"What the hell-" Jake yelled, and came awake to find himself naked, in his own bed. With a naked Tyler cuddled up next to him. "AHH!"

Jake jumped out of bed, nude with his morning wood, to find his mother, aunts and cousins in the room laughing at him. Tyler woke up too, and instantly realized what had been happening.

"Why did you DO that!" Jake demanded of his cousins.

"WE wanted to put you in worse positions," Kellie laughed. "It was your mom who didn't let us."

Looking over to see his mother, her hands hooked in the belt of her tight jeans, smirking at him and his painful morning boner, Jake covered himself with his hands.

"You're welcome," Klara laughed. "Now, if you boys are done cuddling, I've got good news for you."

Tyler, too, was trying to cover his nudity with the blanket even as Vickie was trying to sneak it off the bed. "Do we finally get our clothes back?" he whined.

Klara nodded. "Yes, summer break is over and things will go back to normal. You'll get your clothes back and our guest will go home. Right after we do our usual Sunday ritual."

Jake's chest started constricting. "What's that?"

Klara smiled at him. "You know, Jake. That thing I do for you boys every Sunday... to relieve your balls so you don't have to masturbate during the week...."

Kellie and Vickie started laughing uncontrollably as Jake's entire face turned red. "NO! Mom! Not THAT! We don't need that today!" He looked at Tyler.

"Yeah!" his brother agreed. "We're okay! I can wait!"

"As a medical professional," Miranda said, a sly smile turning up her lips, "hearing the urgent need, especially in Tyler's balls, it is my opinion that you need it now, more than ever. Come along, boys."

Kellie and Vickie whispered and giggled behind the boys all during the humiliating, naked walk to the dinner table. The towels were already laid across it, gloves and lube and tissues handy as they were every Sunday since Klara had started milking the sperm out of her boys' balls, to 'keep them calm'.

Klara patted the top of the table, and the horribly blushing Jake and Tyler climbed up on all fours. Kellie and Vickie were already standing the boys' butts, as if they knew exactly where the best view would be.

"Boys, stop clenching," Klara scolded, slapping each boy's squeezed buns. She turned to the girls. "They haven't been this tense since they were fourteen. They usually open right up for me."

"OH MY GAWD!" Kellie laughed. Vickie was hiccupping in laughter, unable to speak.

Jake heard his mother put on a rubber glove, snapping the wrist. And then heard the sounds of lube being applied to a finger. When he felt the first slick fingertip start probing between his clenched cheeks, he started trembling. "Please! Mom! No matter WHAT you've done to us this weekend, don't do THIS! Not in front of THEM!"

"You know, Klara, Jake has a point," Miranda said, and the finger disappeared from between his buns. He exhaled. "It's not really fair to milk these boys' full aching balls into a bowl in front of Kellie and Vickie..."

Miranda was standing in front of him, and when her smiling eyes met his, Jake knew he was doomed.

"...without letting the girls participate!" she finished. "Why don't you show them how to wash up in the bathroom?"

"Please Aunt Klara! Oh please! Please!" the girls wheedled, eager as a pack of puppies.

"Okay, okay" Klara laughed, and Jake knew he was going to die, right there, on the table. "Come on to the bathroom, girls."

"Me too," Jake heard his Aunt Amy say from behind him. "Those tushes are too cute not to explore!"

As the herd skittered off, leaving the boys naked and on all fours with Miranda in the dining room, Jake was on the verge of tears.

"Why?" he demanded. "Why are you doing this? You could stop this, but you're not!"

Tyler wasn't just on the verge of tears, he was openly crying.

Miranda sighed and pulled out the chair at the head of the table, then sat and slowly crossed her legs in front of the boys. She was wearing short khaki shorts today, and her long legs looked heavenly. "What do you boys think I have been trying to teach you two, all summer long?"

"Teach us! You've done nothing but humiliate us!"

She sighed again, looked at the ceiling, then back at the boys. "Not humiliate," she said. "I've been trying to teach you *humility*."

Miranda held one finger up. "I let you masturbate all you wanted under my roof, but you had to eat everything you produced. You learned a pleasurable act has consequences."

"Two, you could pop those silly boners all you wanted while imagining me naked," she continued, extending a second finger. "But you would have to do it while you were naked before me yourselves. Pretty embarrassing, but it was totally your choice. Consequences."

"You could try to peep on my friend Sheila in the shower," she said. "But then Sheila got to punish you back. And your cousins got to see you, just as helpless and naked as you saw Sheila." Miranda held a third finger up before the trembling boys. "Consequences." She wiggled her fingers and smiled.

"That's just being mean!" Tyler cried. "You were enjoying it! You were just being a...a... bitch!"

Miranda leveled her gaze at them, then stood up, slowly. Deliberately. Jake's heart froze. Miranda sighed and the boys suddenly found their muscles locked, unable to move.

"Boys, boys, boys," she said, walking around the table. She glided her warm hand down Jake's nude back as she did, her light touch making him shiver. "Yes, I enjoyed it..." Her hand darted between their frozen legs to squeeze Jake's blue balls, and then Tyler's, weighing them, assessing them. The boys whimpered as she rolled and squeezed their most prized possessions.

"But through it all, I was trying to prepare you." Her hands roamed where they wished, over their butts, thighs, assessing them like they were horses for sale. "Prepare you for life in a Sex Powers world."

Their cocks had gone soft in fear, but now Miranda lightly flicked each boy's penis with her finger. Each gentle flick was timed with his heartbeat and brought a rush of blood into his cock as her Powers commanded. After just five they were grunting, fully hard. Miranda gave each cock a few more lazy flicks as she talked.

"Where any woman can give you an erection, or take it away, or make you wish you never had one." Their erections were throbbing now, the veins bulging out, and finally she stopped flicking. "In such a world, a world where young men like you are wide open to women's minds..." She spread their butt cheeks and thighs open, baring their assholes to sight and freezing them there. "...men must learn one thing above all else to survive." She flicked their hanging, painful nuts, just one time each. "Humility."

Miranda stood back and admired her work as the boys knelt, knowing she was directly behind them, but unable to hide their assholes from her view. "In just one summer, I've taken you two from cocky boys who thought they were going to storm the world to be free sexual beings, into... this."

She laughed. "Naked before cousins your own age, experts at eating their own sperm, and aroused by just the thought of more humiliation."

"No," Jake grunted. "We're not aroused by that..."

"Really?" Miranda asked, watching their twitching cocks start to drip on the table. "What if I used my feet to milk you instead, Jake?"

Jake grunted, getting even harder.

"And you, Tyler? What if I promised to let Sheila give you a good hard spanking afterwards?"

Tyler moaned too.

"See, boys, the trick to surviving in a post-Powers world is enjoying the humiliation women will give you. You're going to get it anyway, so you might as well get off on it. Now, if two boys had an Aunt that would help them realize that at a young age, why, they'd be the luckiest two boys ever, wouldn't they?"

Jake gulped, remembering all he had been through this summer. All the exciting scenarios he had been forced into. They were just like some of the darkest, most secret fantasies he masturbated to. "Maybe," he gasped.

"And they'd be EXTRA SUPER lucky if their Aunt was also a Power Doctor, and was skilled enough to reach inside a horny young boy's nervous system and tweak just the right nerves to make their rear entries super receptive to pleasure, right before a milking, wouldn't they?"

Jake's eyes got big. "NO! DON'T!" But he already felt the electric charge building in his crotch, like when the girls used Powers on him.

"Now, don't move," Miranda chuckled to the frozen boys. "I've got to get this just right."

Jake felt the charge building and building, but this time, when the static bolt zapped, it was from Miranda's fingers to his asshole.

"What did you do?" Jake demanded.

Miranda was smiling as she walked to the head of the table again, and sat back down where Jake and Tyler could see her. "Oh, just a little something to make sure you're going to enjoy your milking. A lot."

Jake started sweating. "Oh god... no..."

Kellie and Vickie skipped into the room a few seconds later, followed by Klara and Amy. Jake and Tyler had to wait in heart-stopping anticipation as their mother explained the mechanics of milking and the women debated whether to wear the gloves or not.

They decided not, since the girls could get a better feel that way. The boys squirmed listening to the girls lube up their fingers behind them, under their mother's precise direction.

Even the currents of the AC system on his backside were making his butt hole tingling with pleasure, Jake realized. What would an actual touch feel like? And from his hot cousin? He grit his teeth and waited.

Finally, Klara had each girl grasp a boy's butt cheeks to steady him. Tyler and Jake exhaled loudly in pleasure. "Hmmm," Klara said. "They don't usually do that. Oh well, now, Kellie, slowly rim your finger around Jake's hole to wet it."

"My pleasure," Kellie giggled, but as the girl slid her slick finger around Jake's quivering hole, the pleasure was all his.

"Oh FUUCK!" he gasped. It was electricity, it was fire, it was an explosion of pleasure radiating from his asshole, echoes reaching his balls and the tip of his hard cock. Against all his will, he found his ass pushing back against the finger. "Please!" he found himself saying. "More!"

Kellie was laughing uncontrollably, and Jake teared up from the humiliation.

"I've got to try this!" Vickie exclaimed, and started lubing up Tyler. His reaction was even more violent. Miranda hadn't had to install an anal fetish in Tyler, just amplify the one that was already there.

Vickie was kinder and kept her finger there for Tyler to press against. Finding himself able to move again, Tyler squirmed and angled his hips until he thrust back to impale his asshole on Vickie's stiff finger. And then started fucking back on it.

"Yes! YES!" he moaned.

"No, this isn't right at all!" Klara said, pulling Vickie's hand away. Tyler cried out in denial. "The boys never like it this much!"

"Not from their mother, no," Miranda said, smiling at the boys. "But from two very cute girls their own age, maybe they feel more free to express themselves? Come on Klara, let the boys have a little fun too. Go extra slow if you need to, girls."

Jake saw Miranda's evil grin and she winked at him. Then his mother said, "Okay. Girls, start again, but just lube the entrance, no going inside yet."

For the next three minutes, Klara slowly directed the girls in making sure the boys were properly lubricated, even as Jake and Tyler begged and moaned and thrust their hips back, begging for penetration like virgin brides.

They could hear their cousins and Aunts besides themselves laughing at them, and Jake's face turned beet red. He knew he was asking his nemesis, Kellie, to fuck him in the ass, but just the teasing felt so good he didn't care!

Finally, his mother, blushing herself, allowed the girls to slide all the way in, and the boys cried out in joy.

"From the way they're carrying on, you'd think they won the lottery!" Amy giggled.

"When men find humility and let the women in their lives finally know what they like sexually, it is like winning the lottery for men," Miranda said. She patted Jake's cheek. "Isn't that right?"

Overcome by pleasure, and remembering the first time he had licked his sperm off of Miranda's sexy feet just like he had been dreaming of, Jake looked up at her through his tears and nodded. "Right," she repeated. "Go on girls, give it a good go."

The girls started sliding their fingers in and out, and the boys cried out in pleasure. They started going faster, deeper. "Now girls," Klara said, "to find their prostates- no, go slower! Arch your fingers like a, wait!" She threw her hands up. "Oh, never mind."

Turned loose, Kellie and Vickie finger fucked the boys' asses for a while, laughing and wolf-whistling as the boys pounded the table in frustration and tried to fuck back. It felt SO good, their dicks were throbbing, dripping, but they just couldn't cum! It was the wrong kind of stimulation somehow. It felt like the most pleasurable warm tongue licking their holes, tingles radiating outward as they were filled, but just not enough!

Jake finally gave in and lowered his face to the table to allow Kellie a better thrusting angle. Now he was crying, begging her to continue, just please let him cum. Kellie's laughs burned into his brain, a humiliation he would never live down. Tyler did the same, going face down ass up just for a little bit more of Vickie's finger, and all the women relaxed to watch.

After another minute, Miranda bumped her hip into Amy's. "What do you say we show these girls how it's really done?"

"My pleasure!" Amy laughed.

The boys groaned when the girls' fingers were removed, and had to wait in agony as their aunts lubed up. Jake's asshole was tingling, too empty, and he squirmed in need. "Hurry!"

"Hush!" Amy laughed, giving him a spank on the ass. "We'll get there!" She continued preparing her finger leisurely.

Jake had to bite his lip and suffer. His balls were full of lead shot, his dick was rock hard and hanging untouched between his legs, and his asshole tingled, dying for contact, and he couldn't do anything about it! Worse of all, Kellie washed her hands then stepped in front of him, a haughty smile on her face and her huge teen breasts right at his eye level.

"Oh, Jake, I never knew you liked this so much," she giggled, soothing his hair. "I never knew! But now that I do, oh, the fun we're going to have on our next visit..." She cradled the squirming boy's head in her cleavage, so he could see and feel nothing but her amazing tits.

She buried his nose deep, and then leaned her mouth right next to his ear. "I'm dripping wet from finger fucking you," she whispered. "I'm going to have to finish myself before we leave for home- probably right in your bed! Right where you sleep, I'm going to slide a finger into my wet hole, dreaming of doing the same to you!"

Her breasts muffled the whimpers the boy made, as did her laughs. He tried to lift up from her cleavage, but she held him down. "There, there," she soothed.

Miranda looked at Amy, and they finally took their places behind the boys. Miranda grabbed Jake's balls, making a firm ring with her thumb and forefinger to hold him in place. Amy did the same to Tyler.

"I just love how these completely fill my hand," she marveled, rolling Tyler's heavy, golf-ball sized nuts in her hand. "They're so full! So tight! Why can't Rick's be like these?"

"Rick's not eighteen and denied for two weeks," Miranda laughed. "But have him make an appointment in my office. There may be a few things we can do. Now..." She thrust two fingers into Jake's dripping asshole, and he cried out in pleasure into Kellie's tits. "...how about the first woman to make her boy pass out wins?"

"You're on!" Amy laughed, and suddenly she was fucking Tyler's butt too.

If the girls' technique had the boys unable to speak, the women's had them unable to *breathe*. Both women held their boys' scrotum in a tight ring to keep his hips from moving as they slid two fingers in and out of him at faster and faster speeds. Jake could feel every knuckle on Miranda's fingers pass his rim, and it felt incredible. Each ridge shot pleasure through his loins, his balls, his dick, his stomach. What had she done to him? Would this last forever?

Amy leaned towards Miranda and whispered while still sliding her fingers in and out of Tyler's ass. "Why does this make me imagine very dirty plans for my husband tonight?"

"Because you're a sensual woman," Miranda replied. "And I'll tell you how mine goes if you tell me about yours!"

"You're on! Now, to make these boys see God." She started letting her hand 'accidentally' brush Tyler's hard cock in time with her thrusts. He started leaking precum like a river as he begged for a firmer touch that wouldn't come.

Miranda sped up too, and Jake's mouth froze open in an 'O'. His vision started darkening at the edges as he forgot how breathe, just enjoying the fucking. He could hear all the women laughing at his predicament, even his mother making comments that would make him

blush. His cock was dripping freely onto the towel below, and as his face rubbed against the laughing Kellie's cleavage, he noticed the outline of a very familiar key pressing against his cheek. And then he and Tyler passed out.

Tyler awoke naked in his bed, his asshole still tingling pleasantly. But more importantly, he was wearing his chastity belt again. And Kellie was sitting on the edge of his bed, playing with the key around her neck.

"What happened?" he demanded, sitting up gruffly.

"I'd be nicer to me if I was wearing one of those," she giggled, pointing towards his chastity cage. "And if someone else was holding one of these." She dangled the key in her hand. "It's the only key in the house. Your mom told me."

Tyler gulped. "Why am I in this belt?"

"Miss Kellie," she ordered. "I'll be your big sister in the sorority."

He frowned but still said, "Why am I in this belt, *Miss Kellie*?"

"Because I didn't think you would live up to your end of our deal..." she said, then pinned him with a wolf grin. "...Sasha."

"Oh no- please! Not that!"

Kellie got up and opened his dresser. "While you were out, I threw away all your ugly boy underwear and replaced it with the pretty panties Jake had in his room. That's what you'll wear under your clothes now. All the time."

"But that wasn't going to be until college!"

"You have to prepare before that," Kellie said. "Or else you'll never fool the other girls, duh." She pulled a pink thong from his dresser and laid it on his bed. Then she added a jean skirt, as if she was laying out his clothes for the day. "I'm also leaving you some of my skirts. They may fit, but I want you to get your own soon. Short, sexy ones."

She smiled at him. "I want you to shave your legs today. And your armpits. And keep them shaved from now on. Your crotch too, obviously. Smooth and sexy as swimsuit model."

"But-"

Kellie just fingered the key around her neck and Tyler shut up. She paced around the room, thinking.

"Also, I want you to go out and buy some three inch heels and practice walking in them, one hour every day. And a wig. You're a redhead, I think. And I took your measurements. I'll send you a water-filled padded bra by mail." She giggled. "You're going to have double Ds! You'll be so popular!"

She stood in front of him, her own D's just inches from his face. "And no more lifting weights. You can do yoga or Pilates at the gym, or the treadmill. You need to lose about twenty pounds. I'm not going to have a stocky sorority sister."

"Kellie-" She gave him a stern look. "Miss Kellie, please! I can't do all that!"

She smiled and touched his thigh with one hand, making his cock try the belt, and played with the key around her neck with the other. "If you're good, and you do all the things I say, I'll let you buy a sexy little pink dildo and fuck your butt to a nice girly orgasm...exactly one month from now."

"NOOOO!"

Amy's voice rang down the hall. "Kellie! Come on- we have to go!"

Kellie was half out the door, but leaned back in to let Tyler see down her shirt to the large firm breasts and the shiny key hanging between them. "Make sure to send me lots of videos of you practicing sexy walks in short skirts, heels and a wig, or that belt will stay on forever- Sasha!"

Jake regained consciousness to the feeling of warm sun over his body. All over it. And wind. His eyes flew open and he found himself laying a chair in his backyard, in broad daylight. He was naked, with an incredible hard-on pointing up at the blue sky. And a folded note tied to his cock with a pink ribbon.

Jake ignored the note and leapt up to try the sliding glass door. It didn't budge, and there was no one else in the backyard with him. He couldn't hear any voices from inside. And hedges only covered the back of the yard. He was naked and locked out of his house, in the middle of the day.

He knocked on the door and tried to look inside as his heart started racing. No response.

Eventually, the wind fluttered the note hanging off his rock-hard cock and he sat down his naked butt down on the steps, then spent the next five minutes undoing the intricate knot that ran around his cock and balls. He had to pull and touch himself many ways to get the ribbon off, and he blushed, imagining how he would look to any women watching from inside.

He unfolded the paper to find Vickie's handwriting.

"Jake,

I wanted to be there when you woke up, but Mom said we had to go.

I want to make sure you remember all the stuff you agreed to, since I wasn't kidding. You're going to spend most of your college life nude in front of my friends, just like I know you secretly want to."

Jake groaned as his cock strained harder at the thought. He gulped and kept reading.

"You need to prepare, or you'll freak out when I take away your clothes for days at a time, and that won't be fun for either of us. So until you see me again, practice being naked as much as you can stand.

Don't wear a stitch on the weekends, even if you pop a boner in front of your mom! Skinny-dip for as long as the weather lets you, and see if you're man enough to leave all the towels inside. Go to a cute female masseuse once a month and tell her you don't need the modesty towel. And think of me sucking you off right before she asks you to flip on to your back."

Jake's erection was twitching painfully in the air now. He was dying to touch himself, but who knew which woman was hiding in the house, waiting to spring out and catch him? He read on as his balls ached.

"Finally, Miranda told me you had a crush on some girl at school? One with pretty feet?"

Jake felt like he had been punched in the gut. "Lauren," he gasped.

"I don't want to share you with another girl, Jake," Vickie's note went on, "but cousins can only go so far. So I know you'll be with someone else eventually. That's why I have a big favor to ask you on the back. But don't turn the page over until you've stroked yourself halfway to cumming! Don't worry, Miranda and Joshua are gone, and Tyler wanted your Mom to take him shopping for some reason, so you're alone. And I left you some slippery stuff on the table to make it feel better."

Jake looked up and saw a bottle of sun-tan lotion on the table next to where he had woken up. In the middle of his backyard. He checked the note again to make sure.

"I mean it! Don't turn the page until you're seriously playing with yourself. I'll know!!!"

Pulse pounding in his ears, Jake walked into the raw sunlight and to the treeless middle of his backyard. The hedges still guarded him from the street, but he felt like he was on a stage under the exposed sky. He gulped, then laid on the deck chair and squirted lotion on his hands.

It felt SO good! Jake almost cried at the wonderful slippery feeling. It had been so long since he could do this! A car door slammed out on the street somewhere, not in his driveway. Jake blushed but kept stroking. It felt too good to stop!

As his balls started pulling up towards his body, Jake flipped Vickie's note over.

"Pickle pickle pickle. Elephant elephant elephant.

If my Powers don't sense you thinking those words on the home, I'll know you weren't stroking when you read them. I hope you didn't disappoint me!"

Jake blushed more. He could almost hear Vickie giggling to herself right now, going down Interstate 40. But he kept stroking and reading.

"So. This girl you like. I looked her up on Facebook and she seems cool. She went away to swim camp this summer. You'd *die*, Jake, if you saw the recent pictures she's posted- she's hanging around the pool, in tight swimsuits and bikinis, and you can see her bare feet in all of them! And all that swimming has really toned her body. She's hot."

Jake stroked faster, sweating. Lauren had been cute before, but if she lost just a few pounds...fuck! He remembered her auburn hair, how her ass looked in jeans, but most of all, all the peeks he had taken at Lauren's feet last year, as she skipped around the school in flip-flops or sandals. Sometimes she even slipped them off at her desk to scratch her feet with her toes during class...

Jake pulled back just from the edge of orgasm but kept stroking and picturing Lauren as he finished Vickie's note.

"So what should we do? Let you have some normal, clumsy dates with this hot girl throughout the year? So you can fight with every other guy in school to ask her to your Prom and beg to get a quick hand-job in the back of a limo? And come to college with a broken heart?

Or, do you want to let her in on your nude secret? So she can giggle at your heavy balls while you study for Finals together? Or at your rock hard boner while you practice painting her toenails each week?

Miranda says Lauren's ready to dominate her next boyfriend. That she's looking forward to it. So really, it's your choice. If you ask her out for the first time dressed like a normal dude, you'll have a normal relationship with her. BUT, and this is your big decision Jake, if you have your first date with Lauren dressed in your finest birthday suit, I know she'll see you for who you really are, and love it. And then the three of us can REALLY have some hot adventures as roommates at Duke!

The decision is in your hands.

-Love, Vickie."

Jake gulped as he put down the note, still stroking with his other slick hand. He was about to shoot a massive load onto his chest, which made him think of Miranda and all the loads he had shot and eaten this summer. As his balls tightened and he stroked faster, he thought of Vickie, and how hard he got hearing her giggle. And how hot her pussy had felt, sliding around his finger. God, if he could feel that around his cock! But as he reached the point of no return, his thoughts went to Lauren.

Of losing his virginity to her. Of worshipping her between her legs with his tongue. Of being nude and helpless before her female Power. He was so scared and so turned on his heart stammered, but he kept stroking and thinking about it. He would do it, ask her to a date in his backyard, then walk out of his house nude. A few weeks from now.

First, he would get used to wearing clothes again. Maybe hit the gym too. And *definitely* have a few satisfying orgasms before he dared jump into the web of another dominant-

"Jake?" called a girl's voice as the gate latch creaked. Jake turned, too late.

An eighteen year old girl with auburn hair already stood at the entrance to his backyard, her tied off shirt, tiny shorts and flip-flops showing off a body toned to perfection by a summer of swimming and the cutest feet Jake had known.

“Miranda told me to stop by but didn’t tell me the right address,” Lauren said. “So I didn’t know how I was going to find your house until...” Her eyes dropped to his slick hand still gripping his erection. And then Jake knew what Vickie’s last line had really meant.

Frozen, one stroke away from cumming, he saw Lauren’s eyes look up and down his naked, squirming body. And then she grinned.

“You know I won’t *ever* let you do that if you’re my boyfriend, right?”

Jake gulped and let go of his cock.

THE END

Epilogue: Christmas Break

Kellie giggled into the cellphone squeezed between her shoulder and her ear as she continued to work. "Oh my god, Sherry. Did you see what Dirk Evans was packing in his jeans yesterday?"

She made a few more strokes with the razor, then laughed a moment later, "I know, right? Talk about smuggling a flashlight! And that's only half hard! I'd love to get my hands on that thing when he's fully- hold on a sec, Sherry." She grabbed the balls in front of her and gave them a quick squeeze. "DADDY, stop squirming!"

Rick bit back a moan. On his back on Kellie's bed, holding his own legs apart, the nude man had tried to stay quiet and still as his daughter gabbed away. He HAD to keep Kellie's friends from finding out!

The teen wiped her hand on the towel under Rick's butt, then covered the phone. "Mom's makin' you wait a little longer than usual, huh?" she giggled, tapping her father's tight, full balls with the back of the plastic razor. Rick blushed and nodded as his hard-on quivered skyward between them.

"Don't worry," Kellie whispered. "We're almost done." But then she squirted super slippery shaving lotion onto her hands and started coating his entire crotch again. She laughed as her father gasped under sliding, teasing strokes.

"What's that Sherry? No, I'm just helping my Dad shave some areas he can't reach anymore," she giggled, now playing with his blue balls and cockhead at the same time. Rick stifled another moan and she laughed again. "Mom used to do it, but she got too busy. So I help my daddy out once a week."

Rick blushed deeper, because she was right. Now Kellie ordered him up to her room like a puppy whenever she pleased. If he had met most of her princess demands during the week, she was nice and shaved him with a minimum of teasing. Unlike today.

Kellie grabbed Rick's straining erection like a handle and pulled it to one side then the other, stretching the skin tight as she shaved. "I know," she said into the phone, "I totally SHOULD get extra allowance for this!" She gave his hairless cock another few slippery strokes as she shaved close around it. "Right, Daddy?"

"Yes dear," Rick whimpered. Kellie was rubbing her thumb right under his cockhead as she held it, driving him insane. Where the hell had she learned that? Rick tried to stay still, but the feeling was building, his balls pulling tighter...

Kellie laughed at her father's distress and kept trying to make him cry out during lulls in her conversation with Sherry. She played with him, taking him just past the edge of moaning and then stopping. Rick knew she could have won at any time, and that made her teasing all the worse.

Kellie's eyes got bright. She laid her cell on Rick's chest and turned on the speakerphone. "Oh! Sherry, tell my dad about your new cheer uniforms! How you found out they were too short?"

Rick bit his lip as a new round of torment started.

Halfway through Sherry's story of flashing her panties at half a football crowd, Kellie's phone beeped.

"That's my call-waiting! Talk to you later, slut." Kellie pressed a button on her phone and held it to her ear, even as she kept teasing her father's cock with her other thumb. "Hello? Oh, HI Aunt Klara!"

Rick moaned. Just hearing that name made his already hard cock jump, as did Kellie's suddenly more animated teasing of his cockhead.

"Do you need me to unlock Uncle Don again?" Kellie giggled. "Has it been another month already?" She dipped a hand towel in hot water and was washing her father's cock clean as Vickie strolled into the room wet from the shower, her short towel wrap barely covering all the important parts. And then she dropped the towel.

Vickie giggled as she looked through Kellie's closet. "I love how we can be more free around the house now that you're Willy Wankered, Daddy. Now that you don't have to struggle with temptation!"

Rick was struggling with something else at the moment and Vickie turned towards him. "Daddy!" she laughed. "You can stop looking now!"

Rick closed his eyes in shame even as Kellie idly dragged a fingernail up and down the side of his cock as she talked with Klara.

"No, Vickie and I would LOVE to babysit Jake and Tyler while you and Don go on vacation with Miranda for Christmas break!"

Vickie squealed and came to sit on Kellie's bed clapping. Eyes still closed, Rick moaned as he felt the heat from her naked body close to his.

"But," Kellie said swirling Rick's cockhead with his own pre-cum, "I've got a three conditions, Aunt Klara.

"One- I don't want there to be one piece of boy clothing in the house! Nothing those boys can get to.

"Two- I want them to not have orgasmed or been milked for two- no, make that THREE weeks before we get there. But don't put them in the belts. I want them to have to fight their urges every night!"

"And three- before you leave, you have to tie them down on the living room floor, with their hands above their heads AND blindfold them." She smiled at Vickie. "And only THEN can you tell them we're coming to babysit them!"

"Merry Christmas for us," Vickie giggled.

Kellie was listening, listening, and then finally gave Vickie the thumbs up. "It's a deal! See you at Christmas!"

Jake waited, blindfolded and nude on his living room floor. His wrists were sore from the tight silk ties his mother had used on them, two hours ago. But worse, the last words his mother said had set his pulse pounding and had kept his three-week denied dick pointing towards the ceiling ever since.

"Maybe she was joking," Tyler said, tied down next to him. "Who leaves their family on Christmas?"

"Shut up!" Jake cried. "She said- 'sorry for doing this'! You don't say sorry if you're jok-"

Both boys shut up as they heard the sound of their front door opening. And one set of female flip-flops approaching down the hall. Then a second. And then a bunch more.

Jake panicked and struggled against his bonds as he heard at least five different girls gasp and giggle from the door. And then a set of warm thighs fell around his ears in a rush.

"Hello my foot slave!" Kellie laughed. "I see your mommy prepared you boys just like I asked. And you added a little boner bow to top it off! Thank you!"

Jake blushed as he heard at least three young girls giggle again, none of them familiar voices.

"Hello Jake," Vickie said. "Nice to see ALL of you again." More giggles. "Ready for a preview of college?"

“Please, don’t-“

The thighs around his ears shifted up and Jake felt a warm pussy pressing down on his mouth, the cotton panties already wetting.

“Your mommy only asked us to do one thing while we were watching you this week,” Kellie laughed, starting to grind her pussy against him. “To teach you how to you use your mouth for something girls actually WANT it for. So we brought a few extra training partners for you- think of it as the twelve pussies of Christmas!”

“Or twelve drummers drumming?” a French-accented girl giggled, tapping his balls.

“Eight maids a milking,” Vickie laughed, grabbing his cock.

“Five goooolden Loops,” Kellie sang, and Jake felt the tingles in his crotch start building.

About the Author

P.F. Dee is the pen name of two young female authors who met on a forum searching for submissive boyfriends and have since completed ten erotic novels in just six months. They attribute their prolific writing pace to how they relieve their sexual tensions on their co-author's tongue at the end of every chapter, then build it back up with the help of many AAA batteries , letting them write deep into the night. They also wish to thank their chastity-belted boyfriends, who were indispensable as proof-readers for this novel.



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