

A photograph of a woman from the back, wearing white underwear, with her hands raised behind her head. The background is a dark, gradient studio backdrop.

**Gods at
Eighteen:
Kylie's
Story**

**A Femdom Tale
by P.F. Dee**

Gods at Eighteen

Published by P.F. Dee at Smashwords

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Enjoy!

Chapter 1: Awakenings

Eighteen-year-old Kylie Duncan slipped a hand under her sleep shirt and started rubbing circles over her white cotton panties as quietly as she could.

She would totally *die* if her father or brother discovered she was masturbating; she usually turned on the faucet full blast just so they couldn't hear her *pee*.

The long-haired blond didn't masturbate often, maybe only once a month when the mood struck her. But before bed tonight she had read the latest *Cosmo* article about teen heart-throb Rory McClory singing a concert to raise money for endangered pandas. Rory was the cutest boy she could think of, and those baby pandas looked so cute too...

Kylie bit her lower lip and rubbed faster. She wasn't very good at masturbating yet, but she was a quick study. She knew she had to let her mind go, give up control. *Let go*, she thought. *Just like in yoga class. Relaaaax. Let it all go....*

Her freckled cheeks were flush now, and she could feel the wetness through her panties. It was working! Kylie concentrated on the sensations slowly building from her loins and let go of all conscious thought.

In the next room, their beds separated by just a four-inch wall, her twin brother Brad stirred from sleep. He was getting hard. *Weird*, his half-awake mind thought. Not because the eighteen-year old didn't pop boners regularly- he did. All the time, strong ones, sometimes in embarrassing situations. But he had already taken care of that in the shower, less than two hours ago. He usually didn't feel the need to jerk off twice in one night!

But this erection would not be denied. It grew, slowly and steadily like a freight train, even though Brad hadn't been picturing any specific hottie first.

Never one to question his cock, Brad gave a mental shrug, smiled and grabbed the baby oil bottle from under his bed. As he lubed up his hands, he wondered, *What had Megan Reynolds been wearing at school today? Oh yeah, that fucking plaid skirt that barely covered her ass and some high heels*. He rubbed another stream of oil onto his hands. *Yeah. That'll do just fine*.

Across the hall in the master bedroom, Kylie's dad Robert looked down in shock at his suddenly hardening cock. He put down his *Wall Street Journal*, took a deep breath, and tried to think of stocks and calls and interest rates. But sexual energy poured into him from some outside source, going straight to his penis. It started rising to full hardness against his will.

Suddenly remembering, he looked over at the side of his bed his wife used to sleep on before she had passed, five years ago. *Oh, god*, he thought. *It's Kylie. It's beginning*.

Kylie was rubbing as fast as she dared. It was weird tonight. She definitely felt aroused; she was tingling from her teeth to her nipples to her toes. It even felt like the tingles were leaving her body, filling the room and beyond.

Brad couldn't believe how horny he was getting without a single stroke. He finally put the bottle down and grabbed his aching cock.

The moment his hand touched his hard penis, a window opened in the corner of Kylie's mind. And through it, the head cheerleader of her school, Megan Reynolds, came prancing through, wearing a plaid skirt and high heels. Of course Kylie noticed Megan's had incredibly toned legs as she strutted down the halls each day, but Kylie didn't drool over her like the boys did. *So what is she doing in MY head?*

Brad reveled in the slick baby-oiled hands stroking his cock. He had taken an extra long look at Megan bending over this afternoon- he knew every inch of those legs, and they looked just as good in his mind now.

Kylie gasped. Now Megan was bending over, showing Kylie a quick peek of her thong before walking away! *Why was she seeing this? Brad is the one who always talked about how hot Megan was. Could this be...*

Robert gritted his teeth. His cock was quivering, begging to be stroked, but he didn't dare. He had learned, from many humiliating sessions with his wife, what would happen if he stroked just once with an Awakened woman within a quarter mile. *I've got to resist!*

Brad smiled and started stroking faster. The eighteen-year-old pictured his favorite scenario and went for the home stretch.

Kylie gasped. Now Brad was in her mind, too! And Megan had just unzipped his fly, pulled out his boner and started licking it!

Kylie had never seen a naked cock before. Of course she had figured out the basic shape of what was down there, but this hard penis was detailed down to the last throbbing vein. And the things Megan was doing to it! Kylie gasped. *This has to be coming from Brad!* And that's when she felt it.

Or, more accurately, heard it. Coming from the thin wall between her room and Brad's. A noise, almost a humming. The faster Megan sucked in Kylie's mind, the louder the noise became.

Kylie didn't know exactly what was happening-it had to be related to finally getting her Powers - but she had a very strong guess what Brad was doing in his room right now, just inches from her. And who the penis image in her mind was modeled from! Her pussy flushed with a whole new set of tingles.

Kylie didn't want to have sex with her brother. Sure, her friends Jennifer and Sarah were always going on about how studly he was. And maybe, sometimes, she did sneak a peek at his hard abs when he was shooting hoops shirtless in the driveway, but that was it. But he teased her SOOO much, calling her 'Squirt', or holding her down and tickling her at very inappropriate times. *Well I know what you're about to 'squirt' brother! And I'm going to listen to every step of it! Ohhhh...* Kylie quivered, moments from cumming.

Brad came first, emptying his second load of the day in a hot rush all over his chest. And when she heard the crescendo through the wall and realized what it meant, Kylie came a moment later.

Brad's penis twitched again, making him convulse in pleasure even as he reached for tissues. *Really weird*, he thought, wiping the cum off his chest. *Doesn't usually do that. But Megan is that damn hot. Gotta remember that for tomorrow night*, he thought, before turning over to drift off to sleep.

Kylie lay in a puddle in her bed, gently rubbing her clit as she came down off the high. It was the strongest orgasm in her life so far. *Wow! How do I do that again?*

Robert lay in his bed, doing deep breathing until his twitching erection calmed down, heartbeat by heartbeat. He didn't dare touch it. He groaned. He hadn't been touched by magic like that in five years, since his wife had died. *But if Kylie is really coming into her Powers, and that's just her first attempt...oh god!*

In the house next door, fifty-five-year old Ira haggarty had sat up in his bed with a painfully hard cock.

"Martha!" he yelled, shaking his wife. "Martha! Quit it!"

She rose from sleep. "Wha- what is it, Ira?"

"I'm hard as a steel rod! Stop it so I can go to sleep!"

"It's not me," she chuckled, rolling over and snaking a hand down into her husband's boxers. She found his rod and grabbed it. "Wow, you were telling the truth!"

"Well, who else could it be?" Ira demanded. "Ow, it hurts!" He pulled off his covers and started stroking himself just to relieve the pain.

Martha smiled, turning on a lamp and propping up on one elbow to watch her husband's plight. "Wow Ira, you haven't been this desperate since... Hawaii! Do you remember Hawaii, Ira? Those bikini girls on the beach? And what I let them do to you?"

"Martha, I'm coming!" Ira screamed, stroking faster.

"Oh no you don't," she replied, and waved her finger in a slow circular motion over his crotch three times, like she was wrapping a ribbon around it.

"NO!" he screamed. She watched his balls draw tight and try to empty, then hit the magic she had just put in place. He stroked like a wild man, but his cum hit a brick wall inside him. It was the most frustrating feeling a man could have; every part of his cock and balls ready and expecting cumming, but not being able to!

Martha smiled and watched Ira humiliate himself, stroking for minutes but unable to break her spell. He eventually lay back panting, exhausted, his purple cock still twitching, held seconds from orgasming. She reached out and started idly stroking his cock with just the tip of one finger.

"You know," Martha mused, "it's probably the Duncan girl next door. She should be about eighteen by now. She's probably coming into her Powers." Ira was calming down, still painfully hard but at least getting more coherent. The action of Martha's finger didn't help him form complete sentences.

"Her? Ah! No Martha, she's just a kid. She's barely developed..." Ira began. Martha's finger touched his cock again, and she caught the next thought that flashed through his mind.

A view, looking out this very bedroom's window, at the Duncan's backyard on a hot day last summer. When Ira had caught Kylie sunbathing.

"You dirty old man!" Martha exclaimed. She grabbed his cock and examined his thoughts deeper. Ira had lied. Kylie HAD developed from the stick she had been just a few years ago. Her legs were long, lean and sexy, like a runner's. And her modest one piece suit couldn't hide her rounding hips and firm, apple-sized breasts. In fact, the scene Martha was stealing from Ira's mind was very detailed in exactly those areas.

Her eyes got big. "You looked for a few minutes, didn't you? Ira, she's barely legal!"

"Britney Spears was even younger when her video-"

"That music video was fiction, Ira! This is real life!"

"Martha, please, let's just go to sleep," he replied sheepishly. Then Martha caught another flash. Kylie, reaching for her suntan lotion but knocking her cold drink over instead, onto her chest. Then a close up of hard nipples trying to poke through her swimsuit top.

"Oh, that's it! You're not getting any sleep tonight, dirty old man!"

Martha waved her hand and Ira floated up from the bed, then flipped over in the air to hang over her spread legs. Martha made small adjustments in his position with her Powers, then plunged him into her rapidly dampening pussy.

She started pistoning him in and out, at the slow speed that she loved but that would drive him crazy. He couldn't do anything to help or stop it- his body was frozen per Martha's commands and he was just along for the ride. Martha raised her heels, locking them around his back and made him piston with more force, lifting her off the bed with each slow, powerful stroke.

"Ohhhhh yeahhhh, that's goood," she moaned.

"Martha, please, just let me go to sleep!"

"You better say thank you, or I won't loosen my ribbon at the end! That won't be as much fun for you, will it?"

Ira groaned. "Thank you for the sex, Martha," he grumbled under his breath.

She patted his butt. "Good boy," she said, then laid back to enjoy the feelings. "Oh, Ira," she moaned. "It's been SO long since we did this! At your age, I didn't even know you still thought about pussy!"

Ira looked embarrassed, even as he pistoned in and out of her.

"But now that the Duncan girl's woken you up, I'm going to give you all the pussy you can stand!"

"Martha, please! I need to cum, now!"

"You'll cum when I do, mister! Which should be..." She waved her hand again. Ira slowed down, sliding in and out of her barely one inch a second. "...in about thirty minutes!" He groaned.

"I think I'm going love living next to the Duncans for the next few years!" Martha laughed, as her husband continued to fuck her hard, long into the night.

The next morning, Robert was making lunch for Kylie when she came skipping into the kitchen, dressed for another day at school. She hummed happily as she opened the fridge and bent over to look for the milk.

"Cereal and bowls already on the table," Robert said, his gaze drifting to her small ass before he forced it away. *Her jeans get tighter every year!* "And I'm just finishing up your lunch sandwich. With the crusts cut off."

"Thank you Daddy!" she squealed, then leaned over and gave him a peck. As soon as her lips touched his cheek, Robert's cock snapped to full erection in his pants.

"Don't mention it!" he grunted, pressing against the counter to make sure she didn't see. She plopped down on the table, still humming.

The humming! Robert thought. *She's broadcasting arousal signals and she doesn't even know it! Georgina didn't live long enough to tell her how the Powers work! Oh, fuck- how are we going to get through this?*

He struggled to get his cock down as Kylie kept humming while eating her cereal and reading a book.

Brad sauntered into the room, still groggy and just wearing sweatpants.

"I wish I could drive myself to school, so I could sleep in every day," Kylie said sarcastically.

"Keep eating your Wheaties, Squirt, and maybe one day you can!"

"You could at least give me a ride sometime!"

"Nah. I can't be seen with juniors."

"We're the same age!" she huffed. "I only got held back in the third grade because I had the measles for two months!"

"You get the car next year, when I'm at college, squirt. Until then, just keep taking the bus," he teased, then snatched the cereal box away.

"Hey! I wasn't done!"

"You are now," Brad laughed.

"Fine, whatever," Kylie scoffed. She grabbed her lunch from Robert, said "Thanks Daddy," then left the house in a huff.

"You know Brad," Robert said, "you should start being a little nicer to your sister."

Brad shoveled another spoonful of cereal into his mouth, then scoffed. "Why? She's always going to be a little squirt."

Robert didn't reply. *Oh, you'll see,* he thought. *Soon enough.*

That night Kylie waited under her covers, almost peeing herself with excitement. She had gone to bed an hour before Brad usually did, just so she didn't miss anything. In her anticipation, she started lightly stroking herself though her cotton panties. After fifteen minutes they were just soaked and she shed them.

The taboo of being bottomless in bed just made her lubricate more, and after a few minutes she took off her nightshirt, too. Kylie reveled in the naughtiness of being fully naked in bed for the first time, rubbing the soft cotton sheets all over her young body. It felt so good on her nipples, her stomach, her thighs!

Just before she went crazy with anticipation, she heard Brad's door close and footsteps tromp into his room. There were noises of things being shuffled for a few minutes, a quiet minute, and then she heard his bed springs creak.

All that came through her ears. But in her mind, she heard something else. A low grumble and then, a buzzing tone. She held her breath, listening. Megan had been wearing tight white jeans today, which clearly showed the outline of her black thong under it. *EVERY guy had noticed,* Kylie giggled. *There was no way Brad didn't.*

After another minute, there it was. That same humming as before, right from Brad's wall, growing steadily louder! She listened more closely this time- the hummed notes were changing, rising, like a scale. Kylie took a deep breath and let go, reaching out with her mind like she had done last night. A picture was coming in, hazy at first, but getting clearer...

Megan Reynolds, in white jeans! Kylie grinned, realizing she was reading her brother's dirty thoughts for the second night in a row. *I'm doing it! I'm getting my Powers!*

She giggled as she watched all the motions her brother put Fantasy Megan through, returning to some of the same ones over and over again, like Megan doing a slo-mo, exaggerated waist bend. *Boys are so silly.*

Already tingling, Kylie didn't have to do much to catch up to Brad. She made fast circles around her clit as she listened to the steadily rising notes. *Is that him getting more turned on?* She heard the notes level off, as if he was pacing himself. *Oh no you don't! Go faster, Brad! Faster!*

Alone in his room, Brad felt a sudden surge driving him to stroke faster. He knew his favorite speed after years of nightly training, but tonight his body was asking him to change it. No, demanding it! Though he really wanted to savor this one, Brad started pumping away faster.

To her shock, Kylie felt Brad speed up, as if responding to her command. She laughed to herself. *That's right Brad! Make a big mess for your sister!*

Brad pumped away like a madman, whacking off with abandon. Every part of his groin tingled. He could feel it coming. Maybe he should slow down...

NO, Faster Brad! Kylie commanded. *Make a big spurt all over your chest! Your biggest ever!*

Brad reached deep into his most guarded memories, opening a locked door to the thought he knew would take him into orbit.

In Kylie's mind, she saw Megan disappear, replaced with a view outside their own bathroom. *What the...?* The bathroom door opened a crack, then a little more, and Kylie saw herself inside, toweling off after a shower. Nude Fantasy Kylie dropped her towel, bent over with her back to the door, and for one instant, she could see her own pussy, every tiny blond hair in focus. Her heart stopped. *Brad! You perv!*

Brad came. Hard. Harder than he had ever had. The first stream shot in a long arc from his cock to splatter his neck and cheek. Kylie came too, a sharp cry almost escaping her lips before she bit it down.

Brad kept coming, covering his chest, arms. His orgasm lasted twice as long as normal, and he pictured Kylie's smooth pussy and ass the entire time. After the last spasm, he lay there, cum dripping off him, trying to catch his breath. *What the hell was that? I haven't thought of that day in forever!* Then he felt a pain in his back. Brad had cum so hard he had pulled a muscle.

Kylie lay in her bed, naked, panting from the orgasm, soaking between her legs and lightly sweating everywhere else. *Oh. My. God.* It was all she could do to keep from giggling. So when her big, strong, confident brother wanted to spray cum like a fire hose, he thought of the sister he had teased and mocked for years? *Oh Brad, Kylie thought, the things I'm going to do you now!*

She listened as the humming from Brad's room died down, then stopped. Since she was listening so intently, Kylie noticed for the first time other hummings, one from elsewhere in the house and even one from next door. Strong ones. *What the heck are those?*

Kylie tried her panties, but they were still too damp to wear. So she put on only her thin nightshirt, creaked the door open and stepped out. Sneaking down the dark hallway, Kylie tugged downward at the mid-thigh hem. This was the least dressed she had ever left her room! She felt so *exposed* with her pussy and ass in the breeze, but also a bit bold, wanton.

It's coming from the kitchen! She padded barefoot down the hall, turned to the kitchen and jumped. Her father was sitting at the dinner table with a red, flushed face. His fists were clenched, bunching up the corners of his Wall Street Journal.

"Daddy? Is everything okay?" She couldn't see his lap, but Kylie could hear the humming from below the table- it was like a tuning fork going off in her head!

"Yes dear, of course," he said, coughing at first but recovering. "Just doing some reading, before bed. You look...um, flushed yourself."

Kylie blushed, then suddenly turned and opened the fridge. "I just wanted some milk," she said.

"No problem Pumpkin," Robert said with effort. "I was going to bed soon, anyway."

He tried not to look. He really tried. And even though Kylie remembered to tug down her too-small nightshirt when she bent over to get the milk, the view of her slim legs from her feet all the way up to underside her tight ass was incredible. He even thought he saw just a hint of wetness, where her thighs met. Robert bit down a moan.

"Yes Daddy?" Kylie turned to look at him, glass in one hand, nightshirt held down demurely with the other.

"Nothing dear. Just some indigestion." Robert tried to look away, but he still noticed how her throat moved when she drank, how she shifted her bare feet on the tile, how unguarded her nude body was by the thin nightshirt.

Kylie drained her milk, then looked at him. "Okay, well, good night Daddy," she said, then hurried back to her room.

Robert waited to hear her door close, then let out the breath he had been holding. He looked down at the obvious, shaking tent in his sweatpants and the pre-cum spot soaking his entire crotch. He would be trapped at the table for many more minutes, and even then it would be embarrassing if one of the kids met him in the hall. Robert sighed, put down his paper, and tried to think of anything else.

He failed.

She's got Georgina's legs, that's for damn sure. Robert recalled the hours he had spent worshiping his Russian wife's strong, sexy, tri-athlete's legs. And then, when she had gotten her Powers along with all the other women in the world, the hours he had spent being tormented by the sight of them. And now Kylie's had grown into a perfect, younger copy.

Robert stopped his hand one inch from stroking his cock through his pants. *Damn! I won't be able to touch myself until... Kylie leaves for school in the morning!* Just then, light waves of psychic sensation started flowing over his crotch again. *Holy God*, he thought, gripping the edge of the table tightly. *Is this what the next year is going to be like?*

In her room, Kylie lay naked in her bed, idly stroking her pussy lips as she thought. Jennifer and Sarah always laughed about how they were going to give boys 'aching blue balls' when they finally got their Powers. But after hearing the yearning, painful grumble coming from her Daddy's balls in the kitchen- *Is that what it's like for him all the time?* Kylie knew he hadn't dated since Mom died, and for some reason he didn't masturbate like Brad did.

And so, because she loved him, Kylie made a decision. Somehow, she was going to use her new Powers to cure her Daddy's blue balls!

Chapter 2: Listen and Repeat

Last night, eighteen-year-old Kylie had decided to cure her Daddy's blue balls with her new psychic Powers. Which is why, the next afternoon, she found herself kneeling in her friend Jennifer's bedroom closet, watching as the brunette tried to seduce the boy from next door.

Testing her Powers at school was out. Some said Vice Principal Goodson could hear a hard penis or a girl using her Powers from a mile away. Some said that she could levitate every male in a room off the ground and make them cum in their pants, clear from the other side of the school. Some said she could do the same to some women! Either way, Kylie couldn't risk it. To have her Dad called to the Vice Principal's office, because she had gotten caught using Sex Powers on a classmate- she would just die! No, Jennifer's suggestion was a much better idea.

Kylie peered through the slats again. Jennifer was sitting on her bed cross-legged, in a tiny black bikini that showcased her C-cup tits and bubble butt. Toby was standing near the door, hands hanging over the crotch of his swim trunks.

"So this is my room," Jennifer said. "You can come in, it's alright!" Toby took a small step inside. "How long has it been since you've been in here? Like six years, right?"

"Yeah," Toby agreed. "I haven't been in here ever since..."-his eyes got big- "we got caught playing doctor!"

"Oh my gawd I remember that!" Jennifer laughed. "My mom dragged you out of here by your hair!"

"Yeah, that's right!" Toby laughed, relaxing a little. "Wow, things sure have changed since then." He took another step forward, tried to appear interested in the picture collage above her desk. But Kylie could hear the low buzzing coming from his midsection. *He's like half hard already!*

"So, did you like meeting my friend Kylie?"

"Yeah, sure."

"Do you think she's cute?" Jennifer asked Toby's back, with a wink towards her closet.

Toby shrugged. "Yeah, she's cute, I guess."

"Do you think she's... sexy?" Jennifer asked. Kylie bit her lip, unable to yell at her best friend.

Toby shrugged again. "I dunno, I guess."

"Yeah, I know it's hard to tell because her dad doesn't let her wear little bikinis like I do. But I'm working on her," Jennifer said, smiling at the closet. She turned to Toby's back again. "But her legs are really sexy, right?"

He gulped. Kylie heard him get a little harder. "Yeah, they're nice."

"But not as nice as my boobies, right?"

Toby gulped, shrugged. "I dunno." He was still facing away from her and Kylie knew why. The humming from his shorts was getting very loud!

"Oh, Toby, I know you were looking! That's why I asked you up here." Jennifer looked down, a little embarrassed. "Do you, um, want to try playing doctor again?"

Toby looked over his shoulder. "What?! No, I've got to get back. If my Mom knew I stopped mowing the yard to come here-"

"Toby, please! Kylie's getting her Powers already, and I haven't yet, so I need to like, study, so that I'm not left behind when I do get them! You know, so I can go on dates in college next year. Pretty please?" Kylie noticed how naturally Jennifer arched her back and lifted her great breasts in Toby's direction. Kylie jealously felt her own A-cups through her one-piece swimsuit. *Sure. Left behind. Whatever.*

Toby swallowed. "So, if I take off mine, you'll..."

"We'll see," Jennifer said. "Now, come on, turn around..." Toby did, and there was no hiding what he was thinking anymore. "Well! I guess that's a yes!" Jennifer laughed. Toby blushed, deep red from his cheeks down to his neck. "Now come on, a little closer!" Jennifer scooted forward to sit on the edge of the bed, so that their profiles would be facing the closet. Toby stopped with his suit-covered penis a foot from her face.

"Now... drop those shorts." Jennifer said, with a big sweet grin. Kylie couldn't believe how easily her friend was directing a boy her own age. *Maybe I do have a lot to learn from her!*

Toby looked worried. Jennifer arched her back and presented her eighteen-year-old tits for all they were worth. There was a moment where all three held their breath, then Toby slipped his swim trunks to his knees. His hard cock sprung into view as the tuning fork went off in Kylie's head again.

Kylie stared, amazed that such a stiff, needy cock and full balls could be attached to such a shy, otherwise normal looking boy. It was already shaking, making the same needy hum as her father's had last night. Jennifer whipped his shorts to the floor then tossed them to the far corner of the room.

"Hey!" Toby cried, covering his cock with his hands. As soon as they touched, Kylie saw his thoughts: a topless Jennifer, shaking her chest side to side, breasts bouncing.

"Oh, you won't need those for a while," Jennifer laughed, then pointed. "And stop touching yourself in my room!" Toby blushed and pulled his hands away, and the window in Kylie's mind closed. *Oh, so that's how that works!* Then she giggled. Brad's window had popped up in her head this morning while she was eating breakfast, then closed a minute later. *My bro can't keep his hands off himself!*

"So, can I touch it?" Jennifer asked, already reaching forward. Her tiny hand closed around Toby's penis before he could answer. "Does that feel good?" Toby nodded. "And should I..." she said, as she started stroking.

Kylie heard the notes in her head again, just like when Brad had been stroking himself. She listened and watched. Different areas were different notes, balls different than the shaft. The speed of the music matched the pace of Jennifer's hand. Kylie tried to memorize it all.

"Should I squeeze harder?" Jennifer asked.

"Yeah," Toby panted. "And, go faster." Jennifer did, and Kylie listened to the change. "And, get the tip," Toby added. "Your other hand, on my balls... oh, yeah."

Jennifer looked up at him. "Remember, this doesn't mean we're going steady or anything," she said. "We're still just friends."

"But I thought..."

"Just friends," she repeated, slowing her strokes for emphasis. "I just using your equipment to prepare for the older college boys I'm going to date next year at Stanford." She smiled sweetly at him. "But if you're nice to me, I may ask you up here to prepare again. But only if don't tell ANYONE about this."

"I won't!" he said. "Please, go fast again!"

"Okay." She started stroking normal speed again. Toby threw his head back in pleasure. "And you're not allowed to touch yourself while thinking of me!"

"What? I don't do... that!"

"Liar," Jennifer said, and let go completely. The music in Kylie's head stopped suddenly and Toby almost collapsed.

"Jen! Please! Touch me again!"

"Not until you tell me the truth! How often do you touch yourself?"

"I don't know... like once a month?"

Jennifer sighed. "Where's your swim suit? I guess you can go home-"

"Okay! Every day!"

Jennifer laughed. "Really?" She reached out to gently cup his golf-ball sized nuts, and he still flinched. "These blue balls are from *one* day?"

Toby blushed deep red as Jennifer rolled his balls in her hand. "My Mom... caught me, with her Powers, two weeks ago. And I haven't been allowed to... since then!"

Jennifer held her hand over her mouth, then looked right at Kylie in the closet. "*Really!* Two weeks of blue balls? Oh, poor baby-" She started stroking him again. "I didn't know! I'm going to keep going, until you finish. Would you like that?" He nodded. "But is there anything I can do, to make it better?"

"You could, you know, take off your top," Toby said quietly.

Jennifer smiled. "Mmmm, not this time. Anything else?"

"Lube- something slippery."

"I know just what to use! Hold on!" She bounced off the bed and out of the room. Toby turned to follow her, then sighed and collapsed on the bed, his hard cock and balls right in front of Kylie to stare at all she wanted.

She took a deep breath. This was just like they had planned it. She had a few minutes before Jennifer came back in. She closed her eyes, and tried to hum back the song she had heard Jennifer playing on Toby's penis.

Nothing happened. Then Toby flinched, and batted a hand around his crotch like he was trying to shoo a fly. Kylie tried harder. Toby moaned, then scratched an itch on his belly. *Darn it! This isn't working! Maybe I need some sort of... stand-in*, she thought, looking around the dim closet. Kylie spied Jennifer's tennis racket, then positioned the handle like it was a thick cock in front of her face. She took a deep breath, let her mind go, and moved her hands over the handle like she had seen Jennifer doing.

Toby sat up like electricity had hit him, looked wildly around the room, then laid back and rolled on the bed, moaning quietly. *I'm doing it*, she marveled, watching him buck under her thoughts. *He has no choice but to feel what I'm doing!* She smiled and gave Toby every motion that he had loved from Jennifer, and listened to the notes rise. Toby took it for another minute, then started stroking his cock himself!

Too fast! It was hard to hear with his noise on top of hers, but Kylie could tell his notes were getting ahead of hers, rushing to the cliff that always predicted Brad's orgasms. *No! Not yet!*

"TOBY! What do you think you're doing!" Jennifer said from the doorway. The boy's hands flew off his cock.

"Nothing! I felt a-"

Jennifer laughed. "I can see what you felt!"

"No, there were Powers, from somewhere!" he pleaded, looking around. "Are you sure your friend went home?"

"Yeah, Kylie's long gone. It must have been a drive by," Jennifer said with another smirk at the closet, then put her hands on her hips. "But I'm a little mad you couldn't even wait one minute for me to get back! I don't even know if I want to use this on you now." She waved a bottle of strawberry-scented hand lotion in his face.

"No, please! I'm sorry!"

Jennifer let him stew for a few more seconds, then said, "Okay, but you have to promise me you won't get mad if I take my time getting you off. I'm still learning, after all."

"Okay! But please, finish me!" Kylie's jaw dropped as Toby squirmed and waved his stiff cock at Jennifer like a puppy scampering to go for a walk. *Someday*, she promised herself, *I want to see Brad just like this!*

Jennifer stifled a laugh, then poured some lotion onto her hands. The scent of strawberries filled the room. Kylie shook her head. Toby had gotten naked in front of his neighbor, embarrassed himself, and was going to go home smelling completely girly, all just to empty his balls! *So silly.*

She did notice that the blue-ball rumbling coming from Toby's balls as loud as a vacuum cleaner, and did feel a little pity for him. But only a little.

Jennifer applied her slick hands to Toby's penis, and Kylie heard the change right away. The notes were so much smoother than before- they flowed into each other like water! Dry stroking was like plucking a violin, now it was like using the bow. Toby's arousal rose much faster, too, right to the edge.

Kylie desperately looked for a way to warn her friend, but Jennifer was ahead of her. "Really, Toby!" she said, pulling her hands away. "Try to last a *little* longer! I barely got started!"

"I'll try," he panted.

"Good. Then we can really learn," Jennifer added, with a smile at the closet.

Kylie listened intently as Jennifer played her slick hands over her neighbor's penis for another minute, then two, backing off at just the right time over and over again. She heard his desperation rise to heights she had never heard from Brad, or even thought possible.

Finally, when he was thrashing about, completely lost to the feelings, Jennifer smiled at the closet then asked "Are you ready to spurt yet?"

"Yes! Please!"

She started to stroke him very, very slowly. "And you promise not to tell anyone?"

"YES!"

She stroked faster. "And you promise to let me do this again this summer if I want to?"

He nodded.

Faster. "And are you going to play with yourself while thinking of me? Tell the truth!"

Toby grit his teeth. Kylie could hear his orgasm approaching like a train. "Yes," he cried.

"Right answer! And what are you going to think about?"

"Your... TITS!"

"Good!" Jennifer yelled and the Toby erupted all over her cleavage. He spurted and spurted on her, getting everywhere. Jennifer yelped and closed her eyes, but kept stroking until he was done before letting him go.

Toby stepped back on shaky legs, then grabbed his swim shorts. "I've, I've got to go! Thank you!" He ran out of the room.

After the front door slammed, Kylie finally came out of the closet. She looked at her friend, who was still standing in shock with cum dripping off her breasts, her hands, and even her cheek. Both girls erupted in laughter.

"You look like a glazed cinnamon roll!"

"I didn't think there would be so much!" Jennifer laughed back, still holding her cum-covered hands out in front of her. There was no place to wipe them off. "Oh, my god, this is so gross!"

Kylie laughed, stepping back to as Jennifer staggered past her to the bathroom. "Well, you asked for it! You could have pointed him somewhere else!"

"It seemed like a good idea at the time!" Jennifer shot back, wiping around her bikini top with a hand towel. "Ick! Look, did you at least learn anything, or did I just give my first hand job for no reason?"

"That didn't look like your first!"

"Well, my mom's made me practice on cucumbers since I was thirteen," Jennifer admitted. "She thinks it will keep me from getting pregnant or whatever. Maybe it will. It was fun, though, finally handling the real thing!" Facing away, she pulled a string behind her back and her bikini top dropped to the floor. Kylie bounced her gaze away from her friend's suddenly bare breasts.

"Can you imagine?" Jennifer laughed, washing her hands in the sink, topless. "Eighteen years old and his mommy still controls when he masturbates? That's why home-schoolers are weird."

Kylie casually looked at the ceiling. "Well, it's not like he has a way to resist. The Powers are unstoppable if you do it right."

"Like you're going to do to Brad tonight?"

Kylie blushed a little, then a lot as her friend to face her, full breasts pointing right at her. "Hey, I'm going to jump in the shower, to wash this off," Jennifer said. "Do you want to like, join me, to clean up after the pool or something?"

Kylie forced her eyes up from the firm, full breasts pointed straight at her. "No, um, I'll just change and catch a bus back. Thanks, though."

"Okay. No prob. Well, see you tomorrow," Jennifer said, and Kylie rushed to close the door as the curvy girl was pulling down her bikini bottoms.

"Yeah, tomorrow." Kylie shook her head clear it, then started planning what she was going to do to her Dad tonight.

Kylie raced into her room and shut the door. Robert had just said he was going to sleep! She pulled out the ten inch cucumber and bottle of olive oil she had hidden under her bed earlier, then sat straight-legged on the floor.

Looking to make sure the door was locked, Kylie slipped off the nightshirt and spandex yoga shorts she had been wearing all evening. Sure, her father had seen her in less last night, but she still noticed his looks as she had watched TV with her feet up on the coffee table, or when she had been bent forward to paint her toenails. Brad had even given himself a few quick strokes through his jeans- the window that opened in Kylie's mind confirmed he had been checking out her ass!

But Kylie would deal with Brad later. Right now she wanted to end the aching noise her father's balls made all the time. Naked, she squeezed the cucumber between her thighs so that it sat erect in front of her like a hard cock. Then she dripped oil on her palms and rubbed them

together to warm it up. Kylie took a deep breath and laid two shaking hands on the cylinder in front of her.

Stripping naked for bed, Robert cursed himself for not masturbating this morning. Work had called early so he had left before the Kylie did, and the showers in the gym before dinner had been full, too! And then Kylie had been parading around in those damn yoga shorts all night with no idea how her butt looked in them- *Fuck, I'm already getting hard thinking about it, and now I can't touch myself for ANOTHER night!* That's when he felt two tiny, warm, oily hands wrap themselves around his cock. *On no! No, no, no!*

Kylie bit her lower lip as she concentrated on sliding one hand over the cucumber after another. She stroked slowly up and down the shaft in smooth, long motions, listening. Then, like a duet being sung across a crowded theater, she heard his harmony respond to her melody.

Robert collapsed onto the bed. He couldn't get away from the sensations on his cock! Georgina used to torment him this way, with psychic hand jobs any time, any where, just to embarrass him. But this grip was more unsure, and she was stroking too slow, just like a beginner would. *It has to be Kylie! Please, god, let me resist long enough for her to get bored and stop!*

Kylie smiled. Her father was responding, getting harder! She relaxed and got comfortable, planning out a slow, fulfilling build up to orgasm, just like she preferred. She put more oil on the cucumber's tip and gave it special swirls, just as Toby had loved.

Robert was awash in sensation- now Kylie was rubbing his sensitive tip. His hand started creeping towards his twitching cock, then stopped. *No! I can't! Not with her watching!*

Kylie swirled and stroked her father's cock, listening to his responses of pleasure and honing her touch to please him the most. She gripped harder- *Oh, he likes that!* She stroked faster- *Oh, he really liked that! But can't go too fast, I want him to enjoy this!*

Robert cried out as the strokes slowed from the perfect speed they had just found. He bucked his hips, trying to get more, but of course nothing changed. His wife had done this, giving the strokes of a satisfying five minute hand job over the course of a half an hour. But that was punishment, for forgetting her birthday or her favorite coffee. Why was Kylie doing it her first time? *Does being a cock tease run in her genes?* Robert moaned and cradled his swollen, aching balls, praying for it to end.

Kylie hummed to herself as she gave her Daddy slow, full strokes for the next ten minutes, stopping every now and then to reposition her thighs, rest her hands, or take a sip of water. She was very pleased at the noises she was hearing from the direction of his room- he was so turned on! *By why isn't he stroking too?* Kylie let go, then used only one fingertip to stroke the shaft of the cucumber, from bottom to top, over and over. *Come on, Daddy, join in!*

Robert gripped the sheets and bit down a scream. Pre-cum was pouring from his tip, his balls were clenched, but there were no full strokes, just a light maddening touch! *Please let this end before I crack! Please, god!*

Come on Daddy, it will feel good, Kylie giggled to herself, giving the cucumber the lightest of touches for a minute, then a quick few strokes, then the light touch again. *Speaking of which...* Kylie reapplied olive oil to her fingers, then slid the slick digits over her pussy lips. A charge went through her and she hugged the cucumber to her chest.

Robert was dying. Now his entire cock felt warm female flesh against it! *Were those breasts, around his tip? And at the bottom, what was that warm, wet... oh god!*

Come ON Daddy, aren't you going to help at all? Kylie wondered, sliding the slick cucumber over her hard nipples and between her soft, small breasts. *I need my other hand free!*

She did that for another minute, getting hornier and hornier, before thinking, *Fine, I'll have to do it all myself. Hold on, Daddy!*

Kylie changed to sitting cross-legged and propped the base of the cucumber securely between the floor and her pussy opening. That freed up her left hand to play with herself while her right still stroked the oily shaft. Kylie began a slow, satisfying build-up to her own orgasm.

She liked feeling the large tip pressing against her entrance, even though it could never fit. She slid it over the outside of her lips with her left hand, teasing herself. She smiled, stroked her father faster, then kissed the tip of the cucumber and hugged it between her breasts as she rubbed herself faster and faster. *Daddy's going to be SO happy!*

Robert thrashed in his bed. *It isn't stopping!* He felt his orgasm being slowly pulled from him like a wet bar of soap out of his fist. The strokes were inexperienced, almost clumsy, but determined. Relentless. And knowing it was his little girl on the other end... his cute little Kylie...

Robert cried out and exploded onto his own chest.

Kylie came, violently. She yelled out, not caring who heard. Her spasms tried to drive the slick cucumber into her, and the tip just crossed the entrance to her pussy. She heard the unmistakable notes of her father cumming in his bedroom and enjoyed the aftershocks, sliding her pussy lips up and down the outside of the cucumber until she was out of breath.

She fell back onto the floor, exhausted. Oil covered her from her neck to her feet, even wicking underneath to her butt crack. Her nipples and pussy radiated the glorious post-cum tingle that she was coming to love. And she knew her father was feeling the same way. She giggled. *You're welcome, Daddy!*

Robert Duncan lay with wet cum covering his chest, a torn man. In the year before her car accident, his wife had only allowed him release once a month, but each orgasm had been just as drawn out, intense, and ground-shaking as the one just now. He had looked forward to the last day of each month like a child to Christmas. But this time it had been his teenage daughter who had caused it! *What the hell do I do now?* he thought, then slowly began wiping the cum off of him.

Kylie was wiping the olive oil off of her with her nightshirt when she saw another window open in her mind. It showed her, dressed in her tight yoga shorts, slowly bending over. *What the hell? Oh, not now, Brad!*

She collapsed into bed, but the notes through the wall kept getting louder. And the window in her mind wouldn't close, forcing her to watch a version of herself wink over her shoulder and seductively start pulling her tight shorts down. Kylie heard Brad racing towards a climax, and the energy flowed into her, making her tired pussy ache like an over-used muscle. She didn't want to know what would happen if he came- it would probably hurt a lot!

Stop Brad, she commanded. *Stop stroking!* But he kept going. *I order you- don't cum,* she said as the noise approached the cliff. *You can't cum! YOU! CAN'T! CUM!*

For some unknown reason, Kylie found her hand making a loop in the air towards Brad's room, like she was looping a ribbon around his cock.

Kylie heard Brad get to the edge and she tensed, expecting pain- but he stopped! The notes leveled off, never getting any closer to orgasm. She heard him keep stroking, even speed up, then hit the wall again. And she felt an emotion from him that was equal parts shock and desperation.

Serves you right, perv! She laughed, relaxing. She could stand this level of stimulation. It even felt soothing, somehow. She looped another ribbon around his cock. *Whatever. I'll figure*

out why it works tomorrow. Then Kylie snuggled her naked body deeper into her cool covers and drifted off to a restful sleep.

Brad, however, was in for a very hard night.

Chapter 3: Loop de Loop.

Last night, Robert Duncan had been forced to orgasm against his will by his eighteen-year-old daughter's growing psychic Powers. This morning he stood in his kitchen, cutting the crust off her lunch sandwich like nothing had happened.

Just act normal, normal. Can't blame her, she doesn't have complete control of her Powers yet. Maybe she doesn't even know what she did...

Kylie bounced into the kitchen dressed in the collared t-shirt and jeans she always wore to school. "Morning Daddy!" she chirped, then kissed him on the cheek and plopped into the seat where her bowl and spoon were already waiting.

"Morning Pumpkin," he coughed. "Milk's already on the table."

"Thank you Daddy!" She twisted the top off and began pouring. Robert almost thought it was going to be just another morning, but then she smirked at him. "You know, I slept *really well* last night. Didn't you?"

Robert shrugged. "I don't remember, honey. Here's lunch."

"Well I remember- I feel *soooo* refreshed!" She looked right at him. "Don't you feel *refreshed* this morning Daddy?"

Robert looked at his daughter's expectant face and felt the heat of embarrassment rising along his neck. She was bouncing in her seat, smiling at him. "Uh, maybe a little, Pumpkin, but I think that-"

Brad staggered into the kitchen, hair mussed, shirtless and with a half-boner tenting his sweatpants.

"Brad!" Robert barked. "Cover yourself!"

Brad grumbled and sat down, draping a place mat over his lap. That and the table's edge put his half-erection out of everyone's sight. He snatched the cereal box roughly off the table and started pouring while rubbing his red eyes.

"Had a hard time sleeping last night, Brad?" Kylie asked, smiling.

"Shut it, Squirt."

"Okay, whatever." Kylie giggled, then closed her eyes and ran two fingers over the cylindrical handle of her spoon in a stroking motion.

Brad clenched his stomach and gripped the edge of the table. "Dad, I think I'm sick! I'm going to stay home today."

Robert frowned, then placed the back of his hand on Brad's forehead. "You've already done a lot of 'Senior Skips' this year, and you still need to raise your grades if you want a chance at Duke. Why don't you take two DayQuil and suck it up."

"Yeah Brad, tough it out," Kylie laughed.

"Kylie, don't tease your brother," Robert said, looking significantly in her direction. "And you should get going if you want to catch the bus."

"Okaaaay, Daddy. Whatever." Underneath the table, she made one more loop with her finger in Brad's direction. "See you guys later!"

"Each loop is one day they can't cum," Sarah stated, a bite of salad on the fork in front of her mouth. "Unless they really, really try."

"And how would you know?" Kylie asked around her own sandwich.

"Mom does the loops for Dad right in front me," Sarah replied. "Sometimes, she even asks me to count them out."

"Really?" Jennifer laughed, as wide eyed as Kylie.

"Yep," Sarah smiled. "So we know exactly how long he has to be on good behavior!" Then the redhead rolled her green eyes. "But last month, he broke her ribbon after playing with himself for like two hours while we were out shopping. So now she gives him three loops for each day, just to be sure."

"But then, doesn't that triple the time?" Kylie asked.

"Well, of course I haven't been able to try it out yet, but Mom showed me that command too," Sarah said, making a scissors-cutting motion with her first two fingers. She giggled. "By making and cutting loops, he's ready to spurt on command!"

Kylie was smiling, wide. "Ooooooh. Spurts on command. I *love* the sound of that."

Kylie saw her father gulp as she came into the living room wearing her sleep shirt and yoga pants that night. She actually saw his eyes track up and down her exposed legs, then his Adam's apple move nervously. Kylie smiled to herself. The extra time she had spent rolling up the bottom of her yoga shorts had been worth it! Now they stopped right below the curve of her ass, more yoga boxer briefs than yoga shorts.

She walked across their line of sight, slightly on tip-toe to make her calves stand out, then plopped down on the couch between them and stretched her legs onto the coffee table. "So, what are you guys watching tonight?" She tried not to laugh as she heard their erections starting and their voices stammer.

"Basketball," Robert coughed. "Duke basketball."

The screen showed co-eds in tiny blue and white skirts jumping and shaking their butts towards the camera. When they flipped, Kylie saw they didn't wear the wide tumbling underwear cheerleaders normally did, but thin thongs pulled high into their tanned, toned asses. "Really," Kylie stated. "Because this looks like a T&A show."

"It's the fourth quarter," Brad protested, shifting a pillow over his crotch. "They're trying to distract the other team!"

"And they're *not* allowed to use their Powers," Robert explained. "That would be very *unfair* to the men and the refs would end the game. They would get into a *lot* of trouble."

Nice try, Dad. "Oh, this must be a very important game then," Kylie giggled as the cheerleaders did one suggestive move after another, sometimes with each other. "I guess I'll stay and watch!" She actually heard her father moan as she grabbed hand lotion off the table, squirted a dollop onto her calves, then started rubbing it in. "Just ignore me."

"Oh, we will, Squirt," Brad said, but Kylie could already feel his eyes on her legs. Her father's, too.

And she kept them there most of the night, rubbing twice as much lotion into her long, toned legs as needed, stretching and pointing her toes, sliding one smooth leg over the other like it was

the most natural thing in the world. She listened to their half erection buzzes and rumbling blue balls with smug satisfaction.

And when there was five minutes left in the game the crowd got very quiet and Kylie noticed the tension from the men in the living room rise, too. The game was close, but this was a different kind of tension, like waiting for a storm. Then the Duke cheerleaders came cartwheeling out of the locker room, wearing nothing but white and blue body paint.

When they bounced, their blue-painted breasts rose and fell naturally, with nothing but air to resist them. When the girls kicked, nothing broke the natural lines of their legs from their white-painted butts to their blue bare feet. And when one did a handstand and the splits, you could see they had been VERY thorough in applying the paint. Kylie burst out laughing as she heard both men's boners jump to full hardness.

The visiting team lined up for a free throw, and two of the bigger breasted cheerleaders positioned themselves right below the basket, then started making out while pinching each other's nipples to diamond tip hardness. Kylie turned to her red-faced brother trying to hide his erection under a throw pillow. "Is this why you want to go to Duke, Brad? Because you think it will be naked girls making out all the time?"

"NO!" Brad said too defensively, as the free throw clanged off the rim.

Kylie grew more and more amazed at how bold the naked cheerleaders were being. Inches from the crowd, one of a standing pair put her ankle on the other's shoulder and then leaned forward, as if doing a deep leg stretch. She was limber enough to kiss the other cheerleader deeply, just as the visiting team's guard mis-handled a crucial inbounds pass looking at her stretched open, shaved pussy. Another girl picked a man out from the crowd and sat on his lap, bouncing and cheering the game from there as he fought to keep his hands at his side, terrified to touch her. *Girls with full control of their Powers can do that*, Kylie thought with wonder. *They're perfectly safe in a stadium full of frothing, horny guys. In fact, the guys should be more afraid of such confident naked women than the other way around!* Kylie laughed again and settled back to watch the end of the game, adding her legs to the visual feast her frustrated family members were getting.

Robert wasn't surprised at all when he felt oily psychic hands wrapping around his soft penis that night. Kylie's teasing during the game had made it obvious what her plan was. He groaned and pulled the sheets away from his naked body. *No point in resisting, not after last night.*

The slick, tiny hands pulled and massaged him steadily, lovingly, to full hardness. He tried not to enjoy it, but he was only a man. And tonight, it seemed like Kylie was going to give him a quick, fast one. That, or she didn't know his tells yet.

Robert laid back, content to enjoy a simple orgasm. The psychic hands on his cock sped up and he felt his balls start to tingle, then tighten. He let himself smile as the good feelings built and built, the wonderful tickle of his orgasm flowing right up to the tip of his cock- blocked! His muscles squeezed and squeezed, trying to pump the cum out, but his orgasm just hit a wall. He froze, mindless, at the tipping point for seconds, before he came back down to just being deliriously horny. He panted as the sensations slowly faded away.

In her room, Kylie smiled, then applied another layer of olive oil to her hands. She repositioned the cucumber between her legs and turned her attention to her brother.

Brad was still in the living room. He still hadn't cum today, and he was taking his frustrations out on the Xbox, mowing down one wave of Nazi soldiers after another. He almost dropped his controller when he felt the tiny, slick hand firmly grip his cock.

Brad leapt from the couch and ran to his room, stripping off his shorts as soon as he had slammed the door. He knew what to do when some random girl started teasing him with Powers- the Vice Principals at school weren't perfect in stopping everyone. He could never finish in class, but here... Brad started stroking for all he was worth.

Kylie smiled as one window opened in her head, showing Duke cheerleaders dancing and grinding. *So predicable.* She put another two loops around Brad just to be sure, then turned back to her father.

Robert jerked as the feelings hit him again. *What kind of game is she playing?* His half-hard cock jerked back to full staff steadily under her hands. This time he dreaded every second of the build-up. At least with Georgina, he could look at the calendar and know if he should risk enjoying the feelings or not! He gripped the sheets, squirmed under the wonderful feelings and grit his teeth. *Here it comes- blocked again!* He cried out in frustration as his orgasm was denied again.

Kylie smiled to herself. *Now, back to Brad.*

Brad had been keeping himself busy, imagining Megan Reynolds as a painted Duke cheerleader, going through extended pre-game stretches while looking in his eyes. Now he could practically feel her soft hands stroking his cock, egging him on- *that would have to take him over whatever was blocking him today, right?* He stroked faster, hoping for that final, needed release and felt- blocked!

Kylie laughed out loud. *I wish I could see his face right now! And his other things...* The thought sent a shot of electricity through her loins. Kylie shook her head to clear it, since she had to concentrate now.

Kylie flipped back and forth between them, never letting Brad cum, never letting her father get even a little softer. She kept flipping, waiting. One minute Dad, one minute Brad. Waiting, for that second window to open in her mind.

Robert's will was crumbling, his hand drifting towards his twitching, leaking cock. But I'm her father, *I've got to be strong...*

Kylie laughed, listening to the incredible pressure in her father's balls. *Come on Daddy,* she giggled, teasing his tip again. *I can do this ALL night.* She gave his cock her full attention for five more minutes and then a second window opened in her mind. Kylie dropped the cucumber and clapped a hand over her mouth.

She saw her father, naked and kneeling between her mother's legs. Her mother wore a little black dress and dug her black stiletto heels into her father's ass, laughing and laughing as he licked and licked.

Kylie's mouth dropped open. In his fantasy, Robert's face was covered in Georgina's juices and he still licked like a man dying of thirst. *Okay, Daddy, if that's your fantasy, I won't judge. But, wow.*

Kylie examined the scene slowly. Her dad's hands were cuffed behind his back. And his balls! They were so huge! *Wait, if I can see those, then I can see...* She turned the scene around in her mind, until she could see Robert's front.

Kylie drank in the sight of her father's hard cock, examining the veins, the head, the completely shaved base. *So that's what you're packing, huh Daddy? Wait a minute...* She switched back to Brad and teased him until he pictured Megan sucking on his cock, then

compared. *Huh. Brad's is bigger than Daddy's, by a lot. Or at least he imagines it is!* Kylie let go of the cucumber and just watched her father's fantasy, carefully drinking in every aspect of the scene.

Next door, fifty-five year old Ira Haggerty sat up in his bed again. His hard cock ached for attention and there was this odd taste on his lips. He licked his lips, once, twice, trying to get rid of it, then shook his wife awake.

"Marta! She's doing it again! And now there's a taste!" He licked his lips again.

"What taste, dear?" his wife asked, at first mildly annoyed at being woken but growing more and more amused as she saw Ira's state. She wrapped a hand around his erection, swirled the already abundant pre-cum around his tip. "Good thing I'm making you sleep naked now," she added. "You'd be spoiling a pair of boxers every night!"

"It's all that Duncan girl's fault!" he moaned as Martha started giving him full strokes. "She's making me taste... taste..." His eyes got very wide.

Martha pulled the thought through his cock before he said it. "Pussy?" she laughed. "You think you're tasting her young pussy? Not likely, not unless she's licking her own fingers constantly!" Martha laughed as Ira licked his lips again more furiously, like he couldn't get rid of the taste. "No, Ira, most likely she's tapping into something one of the men are thinking about, then rebroadcasting without realizing it. And since the boy is a virginal as the driven snow, you're probably tasting... Georgina!"

Ira moaned and thrashed as a flood of sexy thoughts went through his head. Martha couldn't really get mad, Georgina really had been a world-class cock tease when she was alive, and more than once the two women had secretly maneuvered Ira into getting a full dose of that teasing. And now he finally got to taste her.

"Martha, please- do something!" he begged. "I can't take it!"

"Now what sort of wife would I be if I let my husband be tormented by the taste of pussy he can't have? Come here, honey," she said guiding his head kindly toward her chest. Then downward.

"Martha! What is this?"

She smiled as she scooted her long flannel nightgown up her legs. "I can't turn off her signal, Ira. But at least we can put those urges to good use!" She pushed his head to her bare stomach, then into her lightly trimmed bush. "Come on, lick lick!"

When Ira hesitated, Martha licked her thumb, pictured Ira's asshole, and made a swirling motion. His hips started bucking, forcing his face into her crotch.

"MARTHA!" he cried, even as he parted her pubic hair and started licking.

"Oh, you baby, it's just some swirls around the rim. I'm not even penetrating! It's just something to keep you- Ohhhh- active!" She put a hand on the back of his head. His squirming hips made his tongue very active. "Oh Ira! It's just like when we were dating! I had forgotten how GOOD this feels!"

Martha arched her back to get the most pressure against his tongue that she could, and threw one leg over his shoulder. "You know Ira," she said, squirming under the wonderful feelings, "instead of helping you clean the garage Saturday, I'm going to go get my pussy waxed, because I think you're going to be spending more time down there this summer than in your silly workshop!"

Back in the Duncan house, Kylie had memorized every detail of her father's fantasy. *Now for the big finale.* Kylie listened for a moment, judging how far along both men were. Then she put her hands on the cucumber and her father.

Robert blushed when he felt the extra touch mesh sync perfectly with his strokes. This time, Kylie had to know what she was doing. *And, what I'm doing and thinking... oh god!* He stopped stroking but Kylie picked up the slack, keeping him rushing towards the edge. He squirmed, then started stroking again when her touch got too light.

Exactly, Daddy! That's what I want! Kylie helped her father along, forcing him to keep pace with the faster stroking Brad. They both slammed into her orgasm block, and when they had ridden the edge of cumming for thirty mind-melting seconds, she held both her hands in the air and made matching scissor motions.

Robert's and Brad's orgasms went off simultaneously like a trumpet call in her head. Kylie couldn't stop laughing. *Spurts on demand! Wait until I tell Jennifer and Sarah!*

Brad, of course, cleaned himself off and went right to sleep, unconcerned and totally relaxed after his big orgasm. Robert cursed his lack of willpower as he wiped himself off, and resolved to leave for work before Kylie got up in the morning. Kylie put her hands behind her head, and fell asleep with a big smile on her face.

Kylie did tell her friends about the matching orgasms at lunch the next day. Jennifer and Sarah asked question after question about the things Brad thought about, dying in laughter as Kylie spilled all his dirty secrets. They asked once about her father's fantasies, and Kylie just said they weren't clear, which seemed to satisfy the girls.

Kylie promised her friends to do it again that night. But a funny thing happened on the way...

To Kylie's glee, her father needed barely any prompting from her to start touching himself this night. She watched him fantasize about licking her mother again, marveled at how roughly Mom's heels dug into his bare ass and how much he seemed to love it. She started teasing Brad, and was rewarded with a second window.

However, the small Asian senior from his math class that Brad imagined sucking on him didn't seem to enjoy it at all. Kylie looped them both and watched both fantasies like TVs in a sports bar, marveling at the differences in men, physically and in their fantasies, as she lightly played with herself. She had hoped her Dad's would change, but it was him licking her mother again, just as eagerly. *He sure loves to do that! Mom was a lucky woman!*

Brad's focus, however, drifted like a leaf on the wind. Sometimes Megan bending over, sometimes his young French teacher crossing her legs while sitting on her desk, sometimes Duke cheerleaders doing splits. He did picture tits, but he always came back to legs, feet and ass. *So big bro's a leg man! We'll see what I can do about that tomorrow,* she decided. *I'll wear a short dress and then you'll think about licking me just like Daddy licked Mom. Naked, on your knees, kissing my pussy with big, full balls-* Kylie gasped and came much sooner than she had expected.

She rode the wave, then lay there, breathing hard. *Well. I'm so glad no one can read MY thoughts,* she giggled. Even though she had just cum, Kylie ran back through her fantasy, to see what had really got her off. *Naked Brad? Yeah, that'd be nice. Naked Daddy would be nice, too, I guess. On their knees, beneath me?* A tingle ran up her spine. *Like I'm their Queen.* The

tingle rounded her hips and stayed there. *Kissing between my legs?* Now her pussy tingled, demanding to be rubbed again. She obliged.

But what really did it? What really fired me off? She watched Robert's fantasy, still in progress. It was the balls, she realized, and the way he put so much effort into servicing her mother. *Like he's trying to earn the right to empty those huge balls. The 'right' to... Mom must have kept him ribboned until he had licked her enough... pleased her enough... making him flop like a fish and beg for it, like Toby had... beg for the privilege to say 'Please Kylie, may I empty my full, aching balls'-*

Kylie came a second time, harder. Harder than when she had caught Brad fantasizing about her. The hardest she had cum yet in her young life. Her scream ripped through the house and both images in her head switched, at the same time, to feature her. Brad pictured her in the bathroom, like before. But Kylie saw her father imagine himself licking her, just for a second, then it changed back to her mother. *Oh Daddy, you slipped up! Wonder if you'll do it again.*

Still tingling, Kylie made three loops around both of their cocks, then laid back and listened to her family members stroke themselves long into the night. She listened to their begging balls get fuller and fuller, their hopeful ascents to the peak of pleasure, only to giggle when they met with her orgasm block each time.

She saw Brad try everything- naked cheerleaders, naked cheerleaders in the shower touching themselves, then licking each other like Robert had licked her mother. And finally, even his memory of opening that door and seeing Kylie toweling herself. Brad really stretched her ribbons then, but still failed to orgasm. *Good to know I'm still number one in his mind!*

Her father slipped up, too, in his fantasies. It was always him naked, on his knees, licking a woman. And most of the time it was her mother, laughing and digging her heels into him like she was spurring a horse. But after a while it switched, to some curly-haired brunette in a short business skirt that Kylie didn't know, spread wide for him on his desk at work. Kylie frowned as she watched the brunette smile and pat her Daddy's head as he licked her. *So who's this now?* The woman seemed kinder than her mother, smiling and cooing to her father while he licked, but no less hungry for orgasm after orgasm. Kylie didn't like her.

But then, near the end when he was the most desperate, Kylie saw her Daddy switch to picturing her wearing just her cotton nightshirt while he licked her bare pussy. *I'm still number one with Daddy, too!*

The thoughts gave her a warm rush, and Kylie snuggled under her covers to drift off to sleep, grinning as she listened to her father and brother hit her orgasm block over and over again while fantasizing about her. It was the Loops, she realized. The Loops were the key.

Even more than giving the men orgasms, what made Kylie the wettest when she thought about it was taking their orgasms away! Having absolute power over their most basic male need. That made her their Queen. It almost made her their God.

As she fell asleep, Kylie dimly remembered that she had promised her friends to make both men cum together tonight. But it was SO much more fun blue-balling them! *I wonder what they'll think about after two days of not cumming? Or three? Or four...*

Chapter 4: Out in the Open

Robert Duncan was packing his briefcase when Kylie bounced into the kitchen.

"Morning, Daddy!"

"Good morning, Kylie," Robert said, not meeting her happy eyes.

Kylie looked at the empty table. "You... didn't get my cereal out for me? Or make my lunch?"

"You're becoming a woman now. You're able to do a lot of things you couldn't before."

"But... I still like it when you do things for me, Daddy."

"Well, sometimes things change, even if we don't want them-" Robert cut himself off when he noticed the two-inch tear in Kylie's jeans, high on her upper thigh. A small strip of bare leg skin peeked through the rip. "Do you really think those jeans are appropriate for school, Kylie?"

"What, this little tear? I just did that this morning," Kylie said, angling her hips to look.

"I just don't want you getting called to the Principal's office-"

"Oh Daddy, you're so old-fashioned! Jennifer has tears twice as long! And some seniors rip theirs right across their butts! Sometimes you can even see their underwear, if they remember to wear any!"

When Kylie turned to get her bowl, Robert saw that she did have a matching fray near her butt, but below where her underwear would have been. He gulped and shook his head.

"We'll talk about it later. I've got to go to work- be good," Robert said, still not meeting her eyes as he ducked out the door.

"Daddy, wait!" Kylie chased after him out the front door, but he had already started the car. She waved sadly as he drove off. "I just wanted to say I don't mind if you think of me when..." she finished to herself.

Kylie stood barefoot on their porch for another ten seconds before she noticed her neighbor Martha walking toward their shared fence, and her.

"Hello there, Kylie! Mind if we have a quick word?"

"Sure, Mrs. Haggarty," Kylie replied unsurely, walking over to her side of the waist-high fence.

"I just wanted to ask if you would mind...well, look at me, jumping right into it! Where are my manners? How're you all doing, first of all?"

"We're okay, Ma'am. Brad's leaving for college in a few months. I might go away to volleyball camp this summer."

"That's good, that's good," Martha said, nodding. "You know, Kylie, you and I don't talk to each other much, maybe not even three times a year, which is fine. But your mother and I, oh, we used to gab all day in your kitchen, did you know that?"

"Um, sure, Mrs. Haggarty, I remember," Kylie said, fiddling with her jean pockets. "You were there a lot when I came home from elementary school."

"Yes. And Georgina and I, we used to talk about *everything*, if you know what I mean, so I guess that's why I feel comfortable bringing this up to you, dear. That, and you're old enough now."

"Um, what's that?"

"Well, you've come into your Powers recently, haven't you?" Kylie blushed and looked down. "No, dear, it's okay! Every young girl gets them eventually. It's just that you've been using them a lot the last few days, haven't you?"

Now Kylie really blushed. "I guess I have."

Martha touched the girl's shoulder. "And that's okay, too. Everyone likes to experiment at first. It's just that, well, you're sort of driving my husband crazy."

Kylie's eyes got wide. "Oh, I'm SO sorry Mrs. Haggerty! I didn't know!"

"And that's why I'm telling you, dear. Now, *I* don't mind him waking up with a steel rod in his jammies a few times a week, not at all! In fact, it's led to some very interesting side effects," Martha said with a smile. "But three, four nights straight, well, the man's got to sleep sometime! I'm just wondering if you could focus it down a little, to just inside your house."

Kylie wanted to go inside and die. Now the neighbor lady knew she masturbated! And that she was using Powers on her own family! "I'm... sorry," she stammered, "I just... don't know how. Can you teach me?"

"Me? Of course not!" Martha laughed. "I was over forty when the Powers came!"

"So?"

"So dear, I only have Power over Ira, and that's all I ever will."

"Really?" Kylie asked. "I thought that all women had Power over all men..."

"Oh, no, no, honey. After a young woman Awakens in her late teens, they can arouse any man they choose. No matter how old, married or honorable, they'll respond to your charms. At least their body will. The mind is a different fight." Kylie nodded.

"Your Powers will grow and peak around 22," the older woman continued, "but after that their scope starts fading. Fewer and fewer men will be affected. And by the time she turns 30, a woman probably only has irresistible Power over the man she marries, and then any of her sons."

"They fade that fast! That's horrible!"

"Twists of nature, dear. A decade's still a long time to have power over any man on the planet! Be happy you've got them at all. I've had to watch it all from the sidelines, with just my Ira under finger."

Kylie looked up at the sky. "But why...how does it know which man is your husband?"

Martha shrugged. "Chemical signals? Brain waves growing in sync over time? The will of Gaia? Who knows? But men are like radios, and we're like the transmitting towers. Ira is tuned to my frequency by now, but you're broadcasting on all channels, dear! And loudly!"

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Haggerty! I'll try to be more careful!"

"That's all I'm asking, Kylie." Martha smiled, then leaned in conspiratorially. "You really put the screws to them last night, didn't you?" Kylie looked embarrassed, nodded shyly. "I could tell."

"You could sense that? But you said-"

"I can't command other men's bodies the way I can Ira's, but honey, every woman on the block could read the stroke fantasies coming from your house last night. Both of them."

Kylie looked at the ground. Martha shaded her eyes and stared at the clouds, then chuckled. "Your brother sure does love cheerleaders' butts, doesn't he?" Kylie laughed in relief, the sudden tension broken.

"Not surprising," Martha went on, "considering how often Georgina and I used to invite over the entire... well, I'll tell you that story when you're a little older!" She rubbed her hands on her jeans, looked at Kylie again. "Now, I can't teach you focus, but I should at least teach you something. Most important, you know about the Loop, right?"

Kylie nodded. "And the Scissors."

"Good! Don't be afraid to use that Loop, dear! Nothing better for keeping men in line." The older woman smiled. "And it's just fun, isn't it?" Kylie stifled a laugh, nodding. "And never Scissor another woman's Loop, that's considered very improper. Now, do you know about the Handle?"

Kylie shook her head. "What's that?"

Martha turned back to her house. "OH IRA!" she sang. "COME HERE FOR A SECOND!"

He came walking out of the house thirty seconds later. Kylie saw Martha do a complicated gesture with her hands, then a motion like putting a cup on a high shelf. Ira was picked off the ground and was placed gently on the roof of his second-story house in less than two seconds.

"Martha! What are you doing!" he yelled, trying to keep his balance on the slanted roof.

Martha wife picked up the imaginary cup and placed it back down on an imaginary counter. Ira flew off the roof and was gently placed standing in front of them.

"Martha, I don't feel like doing this-" Martha placed him back on the roof, then turned to the slack-jawed Kylie.

"What's wrong, dear?"

"I just didn't think Powers were used in public like this!"

"Oh, it's just a little telekinesis. We're not stripping him nude and having an orgy or anything. And besides, he's my husband, not a stranger. Now, if you want to do it, imagine him having a handle right in his middle. A strong, stiff handle securely attached to his center of mass," she explained to Kylie as Ira yelled and gestured at them from the roof. "Now, picture yourself reaching inside him and grabbing that Handle." She extended her hand and made a fist towards Ira. She nodded to Kylie's arm. "Go ahead, I'll catch him if anything happens."

Kylie shakily extended her arm towards the angry man pacing the roof, mimicking Martha. She reached out with her Power, burrowing towards his center, then slowly made a fist around something hard, warm, and throbbing. She snapped her hand back like it had touched the stove. "I just grabbed his-!"

Martha laughed. "Yes, dear, I gave him the erection when he walked outside. Women have said a hard penis is a man's handle for centuries, and now it's literally true! It's okay, I don't mind if you touch it. Now, go ahead and pick him up, but go slowly at first."

Kylie extended her arm toward Ira again, and grasped the erection at the center of his being. It felt just like she was holding a live cock in her hand, warm and alive. She lifted.

Ira flew off the roof ten feet and hung there. "Oh my god!" Kylie screamed. She pulled the embarrassed man side to side, closer and back. "This is so COOL! Can I try moving him faster?"

Martha nodded. "Sure, Dear. Just notice the power lines, there, and the trees, over there."

Kylie smiled, then moved her hand in a big roller coaster loop. Ira flew around his yard like a model airplane, completely at the whim of the eighteen-year-old girl. Kylie made him climb and dive, then pass close by. She made airplane noises as he sped by.

Behind her back, Martha made a delicate tickling motion with her hands, at the level where a man's balls would be.

Kylie looked at Martha, her eyes wide. "He just got really hard!"

"Hmmm, Ira always has liked airplanes," Martha said with a sly smile. "Maybe I should let you do this every weekend. It's good exercise for you both." Kylie turned back to Ira, flew him in another big loop over their house. "Or maybe he's just turned on by how your butt looks in those jeans."

"Mrs. Haggarty!"

"What, Kylie? We girls have to be honest with each other, or else what's the point of having friends? Now, I do okay, but I haven't been able to wear jeans that tight in twenty years. Any man would drool over that little bum of yours. Reel him in and we'll ask."

Kylie pulled Ira to her hand over hand, until he was floating five feet from them. "Hello, Mr. Haggarty," she said with a grin, still holding him floating by his hard cock. She loved the power, the total control she had over this fifty-year old man right now. It made her heart beat faster. "Having a *hard* time this morning?"

Ira couldn't look at her, a thin blond waif of just eighteen, who was holding him up by his cock. He could feel her tiny, cool fingers wrapped around his shaft just like she was holding the real thing.

"Ira! Be polite!" Martha laughed. "Or else..."

Kylie heard Powers being used, but didn't recognize the notes. They were much more fluid than anything she normally did. The phantom cock in her hands started pulsing towards orgasm faster than she thought possible.

"Good morning, Kylie!" Ira squeaked, and the fluid notes stopped, but his erection stayed just as hard in her hand.

"Now, we have a question for you, honey," Martha said. "What got your handle stiffer while Kylie was flying you around just now- was it the thrill of being your own little airplane, or this tight little ass?" Martha reached over the fence and gave Kylie a firm spank. The young woman blushed, but kept her hold on Ira.

"I... ah..."

"Be honest, so we know which one you'd like more of!"

"Martha, I can't..."

"Alright, more of both it is!" Martha said. "Kylie, go ahead and put him down. And feel free to come over every Sunday morning and fly Ira around for an hour in your backyard, even if I'm not here."

"Thank you Mrs. Haggarty!"

"And Ira, every time she does, make sure you thank her, THEN compliment how sexy her butt looks that day."

"Yes, dear," he muttered, then started shuffling off towards his house. Martha sighed, then Handled him back to her, over the fence, and behind Kylie.

"Starting today," she said. She looked at Kylie, who laughed, then turned around against the fence to present her ass to Ira's gaze.

Ira squirmed, then began, "Thank you for... for flying me around Kylie--"

"Miss Kylie," Martha corrected.

"- for flying me around Miss Kylie, and um, your... butt looks very nice--"

"Sexy," Martha corrected. "Hot. Tight and very spankable."

"-your sexy butt looks very tight and spankable," Ira repeated, ashamed.

"And I'm sorry for watching you sunbathe last summer while jerking off like a naughty little boy," Martha added.

Both Ira and Kylie looked at her in shock. Kylie looked back at Ira's face and instantly knew it was true. She threw her arms across her chest and spun her butt away from him. "Mr. Haggerty!"

“Now that everything is out in the open,” Martha said, Handling Ira back to her side of the fence, “feel free to come to me, Kylie, with any questions you have about the Powers. You’re the head of your household now, and both your brother and father need you to act like it.”

Kylie marveled at how the plain housewife she had lived next to her entire life turned and walked back to her house sliding her hips like Cleopatra, pulling her floating husband behind her like a helium balloon. Only then did she really hear the last thing Martha had said.

Head of the household, Kylie repeated, looking at herself in her bedroom mirror that night. She was dressed in her thin white sleep shirt and tight black yoga shorts again. She rolled up the shorts to show as much leg as possible. *My legs are as good as Megan’s*, she thought, then turned and stood on tiptoe to make her ass even tighter. *Maybe better! Can I show even more...*

Kylie peeled off her yoga shorts and did some test spins and bends in just her short night shirt. *Woah, too far! My pussy shows every time!* Kylie had a sudden thought, then bent away from the mirror, holding her shirt down over her ass like she had done when getting the milk from the fridge in front of her father. She looked back and was shocked. *Daddy! That’s what you saw? And you’re complaining about a rip in my jeans!*

She dug in the bottom of her underwear drawer and pulled out the blue thong that Jennifer and she had bought in secret a few months ago. *Brad’s twice as strong as me, but if I can throw him over the house with just one hand*, she thought, slipping the thong on, *what does that make me?*

She sat on her bed and crossed her legs, then pulled her knees to her chest, watching her reflection in the mirror. *Daddy’s the oldest, and he makes all the money, but if he fantasizes about being on his knees, licking me, what does that make me?*

Kylie spent the next fifteen minutes doing more test spins and sitting leg crosses until she could control exactly how much of her panties the mirror could see, then went to her door. *It makes me the Head of the Household.*

Kylie took a deep breath to steady herself, then strutted into the living room as if nothing was strange. Brad almost spilled his Coke.

“What happened? Did you forget your pants?” he laughed from the couch.

“Did you forget your face?” Kylie shot back, picking up her Cosmo and putting her feet up on the coffee table. *Ass cheeks and half of my thong from his angle*, she thought. She pretended to read the magazine.

“Seriously, I can’t watch the game with your fat legs hanging out,” Brad said, pretending not to look. “Go put on some pants!”

“Go put on a shirt!” Kylie said, angling her legs away from him a measured amount. *Just thighs and calves now.*

Robert walked in. “What are you two yelling at in here?”

“Kylie’s not decent!” Brad said, forcing Robert to look over Kylie’s exposed feet, calves, and thighs, up to the hem which ended at her hip bone and threatened to move higher at any moment.

He coughed. “Kylie, that amount of clothes does seem a little... inappropriate to be seen in.”

She stood up and gave a little spin which showed her blue panties and ass-cheeks for a short second. “It’s the same amount I was wearing a few nights ago when I got that glass of milk in front of you. You saw me for at least a minute. Was it inappropriate then, Daddy?”

He blushed. "Well no, but--"

"And Brad's only making a fuss because he knows he's going to try and sneak a look and my panties like the perv he is."

Brad scoffed. "I don't care. I'm not going to try and look at your fat ass!"

Kylie dropped back into the love seat and crossed her legs tightly. "Good!" she said. "Neither of you two care, and we're not having anyone over tonight, so I'm fine." She started reading her magazine again.

"I'll be in my study," Robert said, then left.

"Whatever," Brad said, turning up the volume on the basketball game. Behind her magazine, Kylie smiled.

She waited three minutes, then put her legs up on the coffee table again. After another minute she bent a knee to give Brad a clear view of her panty-covered pussy, then took it away ten seconds later.

She got up, walked to the kitchen and returned with water, her legs crossing Brad's line of sight twice in thirty seconds. Then she sat down again and gave Brad a perfect little upskirt view for a good minute.

All the time, Kylie listened to her brother's penis get harder and harder in his sweatpants. Brad tried to casually grab a throw pillow and put it over his lap without her noticing, and that's when Kylie went for the kill.

She didn't give him a moment's rest: she wriggled her toes to catch his eye, then slid one foot against her smooth calf. She scratched her stomach to pull the shirt up and uncover her panties for a second, then tugged the hem back down nonchalantly. She shifted, giving him a great, accidental show until she saw the window open in her head. Kylie waited one stroke, two...

"Are you playing with yourself?" she said, snapping her magazine down. Brad's right hand flew away from his crotch.

"No!" he spat. "You're not even hot enough for that!"

Kylie flipped the Cosmo up and started reading again. "Whatever. Now I bet you're going to have to touch yourself tonight like the little perv you are."

"Yeah, I don't do that," Brad laughed, getting uncomfortable.

Kylie looked him in the eyes. "Sure you do. I can hear you from my room." Brad gave her a horrified look. "I hear your bed springs creaking. *Squeak-a-squeak-a-squeak*," she said, making a jack-off gesture. "Like last night. You did it for like a half an hour, you pervert."

Brad looked slightly less horrified, but was still blushing. And still rock hard under the pillow. "No... no I didn't!"

Kylie smiled. "I've been listening for a while, big brother. I know exactly what sort of things you get up to in your room. And exactly how often."

"Ggg--- get out of here!" Brad cried, almost shaking with embarrassment.

"Fine!" Kylie got up and took the long way around the coffee table, bringing her close to him. As she passed, Kylie turned and snatched the pillow from his lap, exposing the tent in his pants. "Caught you!" she laughed as he scrambled to cover his crotch. She tossed the pillow away then headed for the study, smiling.

Kylie took another deep breath outside the door to her father's study. She knocked at the door, then opened it a crack. Robert looked up from his computer.

"What'cha doing Daddy?" Kylie said, leaning a head and leg around the door jam,

"Just some work dear."

"You're always working on something. You work too hard," she said, entering the room. Kylie sat down in the leather loveseat across from his desk and pulled her knees to her chest. "Remember when I used to sit here and wait for you to be done with work so you could tell me a bedtime story? I think I used to wear this same sleep shirt!"

"But you've grown quite a bit since then," Robert said, trying not to look at the triangle of blue peeking out between her legs.

"But I'll still wait for you to be done." Kylie closed her eyes, pulled her knees more tightly to her chest and wriggled into the soft leather, as if she was settling in for a long nap.

"Kylie..." Robert croaked. What could he say? 'Cross your legs to cover your blue panties that I've been staring at since you sat down?' Every second that passed was another reason he couldn't speak- he had to admit how long he had been looking! Finally Robert tore his eyes away, but couldn't stop his hard-on from growing.

Kylie shifted slightly, and now he saw everything- the blue cotton hugged her tiny shaved triangle, barely covering it all. His erection twitched under the desk, begging to be touched. Now he was truly trapped- he couldn't stroke, couldn't stand up from the table, and couldn't get soft!

He saw a small smile creep into Kylie's face. "You know, I don't mind if you think of me when you touch yourself, Daddy."

"Kylie!" he barked, blushing. "That's not appropriate to say!"

She slid one leg against the other, eyes still closed. "Oh, Daddy, you worry too much. I don't mind. You need to touch yourself some times, and it makes me feel sexy. And I think it's sweet that you still think of Mom sometimes." She opened her eyes at him. "But I don't like you thinking about that curly brown-haired woman, who ever she is." Kylie's face got stern. "Don't think about licking her anymore."

"Kylie, please--"

"I won't say anything if you think about Mom or me. But if I catch you thinking of that random woman again I'll be very mad at you." Kylie stood and walked over to him, then kissed him on the forehead. "I'm glad we had this talk, Daddy. I just want us all to be happy." She looked down at the huge tent in his sweatpants, and giggled. "After your 'work' goes soft, why don't you join Brad and I in the living room for the end of the game? It would make me happy."

Robert gulped as Kylie kissed his forehead again and strutted out of the room slightly on her tip-toes to make her calves and ass look amazing.

Robert did join the others in the living room five minutes later, and Kylie tested them right away, giving both men a long view of her thonged ass as she bent over to sift through her magazine stack.

Brad didn't say a peep, afraid she would tell their Dad how frequently he jacked off. Robert couldn't protest, afraid that Kylie would tell Brad about how submissive his fantasies really were.

Kylie smiled, then spent the rest of the night prancing around the living room as untouchable as a Duke cheerleader, with about the same number of 'accidental' panty flashes. She listened to the hum of her men's erections grow louder and louder as they begged to be touched, but were not. The sound made her giddy.

That night, too, she listened with all her senses as both men lay in bed painfully hard, with deep, grumbling, blue balls. But no windows opened in her mind. *Both of them are scared to touch themselves!* she realized. It made her unbelievably horny. Her panties were off and she was playing with herself. She heard both cocks respond to her, surging harder. They quivered like wheat in a breezy field. But still no windows! Kylie giggled. *You're learning, boys! No one masturbates without permission from The Head of the Household!*

She began to rub faster, then briefly thought about Martha's request, of poor Mr. Haggarty moaning next door with an iron cock. *Too bad! This is my night to be in charge!* Kylie let go, radiating horniness as freely as she could as she rubbed her clit.

Kylie moaned, bucking her hips, letting every sensation flow out from her completely unhindered. Both cocks surged harder, but neither man stroked. She enjoyed every second of her build-up to orgasm, occasionally reaching out with her mind to give one of them a feather-light tickle on the tip of his cock. She didn't need the cucumber anymore; she had committed all the Power sounds to memory. Brad gave in briefly then, giving himself quick strokes while picturing cheerleaders.

Kylie laughed pounded on the wall and he stopped right away. Kylie giggled and made three loops toward Brad's cock, then made three towards Robert's too, right before she came.

As she drifted in post orgasm bliss, Kylie couldn't help but smile. She could have broken either man's resolve at her whim, without moving from her bed. But she held back, giving them just the lightest of teases as she fell asleep. *Don't worry, boys. I've got ALL day tomorrow. And the day after that, and the day after that...*

Kylie turned up the heat on her family steadily over the next few days. She'd practice her yoga in the living room barefoot and stretching her limber body right before she knew Brad would want to watch TV. She'd walk out of the shower with only a towel wrapped around her, and eat breakfast at the table before getting dressed. She'd paint her toenails in Robert's study and talked to him as he worked, leave her clean panties lying around everywhere, and every evening she found new ways to flash the men while wearing her short night shirt.

The men actually started dreading the sound of her soft bare feet padding down the hallway towards them.

And at night she'd lay in her bed and laugh, daring the men to touch themselves as she teased them with her magic or played with herself languidly. Brad gave in after one day, and Kylie let him go for a thirty seconds before banging on the wall between them and looping him into next week. Robert resisted for three long agonizing nights, and when he finally gave in, thinking of Georgina, Kylie pondered the possibility of letting him cum. For about two seconds.

Then she looped him tightly and fell asleep, looking very forward to the morning.

When Kylie awoke, Robert had already rushed off to work. Disappointed, she listened outside of Brad's door, then hummed her favorite tune in her mind. His morning wood sprouting was music to her ears. She gave him dry mental strokes until the window opened in her mind and he pictured her. *Aw Brad, that's so sweet. I didn't know I was that flexible!*

She listened, giving Brad thirty seconds to really get into it, to believe that maybe she had already left for school, then-

"Brad!" she yelled, pounding on the door. "Are you awake?" The window closed right away.

"Huh, what is it?" Brad said, putting on his best sleepy voice.

"I'm going to skip today, call over Jennifer and Sarah, and have a pool party," Kylie said, trying to laugh. "Can you stick around, give us a ride to the mall afterwards?"

"Uh, yeah, sure."

"Good! I'll text them!" Kylie said, but didn't walk away. She waited, silently, until Brad's window opened again, picturing her friends frolicking in bikinis by the pool.

She waited ten seconds and knocked on the door again. "Thanks! They're coming over soon!" Brad's window disappeared again, and Kylie laughed. The game was just beginning.

One hour later Jennifer and Sarah showed up at her door, already wearing their bikinis under sarongs. Kylie met them at the door in her modest silver one piece and let them in.

"Your dad still around?" Jennifer asked, adjusting her top to show even more of her over-sized breasts.

"No, and it sucks. I had a plan all worked out for him, too."

"Don't worry, we've still got Brad to tease," Jennifer replied. "And besides... now you can wear *this*." She reached into her bag and pulled out a tiny pink bikini.

Kylie held up the bottom. It was a g-string, nothing more than dental floss in the back and a patch the size of her palm in the front. "I... can't! I'd be practically naked!"

Sarah opened her sarong. "And that's bad because...?" She was wearing the same bikini. Kylie almost got wet just looking at her.

"Okay, I'll do it!"

And so it was that Brad staggered out into the kitchen to the sound of giggling teenage girls in the backyard. He crept to the kitchen window to see three perfect asses facing him from the backyard, one in a black thong and two with the barest of pink strings splitting them.

He gulped. The girls were face down on towels, shiny with suntan oil and spotlighted by the bright warm sun. They laughed and talked with each other, oblivious to how his horny gaze bore into their most intimate parts. Powered by days of denial, his erection built in his sweat pants immediately. Brad saw Kylie's shoulders stiffen, angle an ear to the sky, then whisper something to Jennifer.

The dark haired girl turned to look right at him through the window. "Hey, Braaaaaadley!" she sang. "Why don't you come out here for a minute!"

Brad ducked out of sight. *Fuck. No, it's cool. Kylie wouldn't tell them anything. She can barely talk about sex. And look at those suits- they've got to be easy! As easy as picking up candy.*

He made them wait, splashing some water on his face and hair, drying it off. But he was really waiting until his boner went down, then headed outside. He walked up confidently and knelt by Jennifer, making sure to flex his biceps.

"Mmmm, looking good, Brad," Jennifer said, sitting up to point her tits toward him. "Why don't you throw on a suit and join us out here?"

Brad did some quick calculations. No release for three days, plus three practically nude girls, plus a thin pair of swim trunks for him equaled a high chance for one very embarrassing public boner.

"Sorry, Jen," he shrugged, stretching and flexing his muscles. "I've got things to do today. But if you want to hop inside for a break from the sun, I'll be in my room."

"Awwww, Brad!" Jennifer gave him a seductive smile. "We're going to take our tops off in a few minutes, and then we'll be trapped here until our tan is even! You sure you couldn't hang out here, maybe bring us cold drinks and towels when we need them?"

"Maybe. I'm going in. I'll see if I remember," Brad shrugged, then started to walk back inside. As he did, he felt an urge.

Not to run to his room and stroke his cock, although that urge was there. But a second, stronger one. Calling him to rip off the only clothing he wore and dive into the pool. To run around naked in the backyard, while these three hot girls watched and smiled at him.

The urge was strong, like a feeling in his stomach. Somehow, it would feel right, to be naked in the warm sun with a proud erection to show to women! Brad shook his head and hurried to his room before his newly growing boner was obvious.

He knew he wanted to take a shower before any of the girls saw him again, and the safest way would be to wear his sweatpants to the bathroom and carry his new clothes in with him. But, for reasons he couldn't explain, he did neither.

Brad stripped his sweatpants off and walked to the bathroom with only a towel wrapped around his waist. His erection was painfully obvious, and if any of the girls happened to be walking by, and give the towel a mean pull- *Why am I thinking these thoughts? They should be naked in front of me, not the other way around!*

He conquered the immediate urge to run into the backyard without the towel, but it still lingered in the corners of his mind as he shaved and brushed his teeth. He dropped the towel and let his boner swing free. Brad didn't touch it, but felt a lot better, just being naked and hard.

Outside, Jennifer and Sarah looked at Kylie expectantly. "No, still nothing," she said. "He's not stroking it. But he's still hard, he's probably watching."

"Then let's give him a better show!" Jennifer giggled, and pulled the string on the back of her bikini top. She slid the top off and threw it away, then lay back down on her stomach. Sarah followed suit with her pink top, and finally, heart racing, Kylie did too, but she kept her top clenched in her hands. Even though their backyard was completely hidden from the street and neighbors, she felt her pussy tingling at being outside in just a g-string.

"How about *now*?" Jennifer asked.

Kylie tried to let go, calm her heart, and listen. She shook her head.

"It's okay. We've got plenty of time," Jennifer said, then went up on all fours as if she was repositioning her towel. But she actually ended up arching her back, thrusting her bikini covered ass towards the house again and again, as if she was slowly being fucked doggy style, for a full minute. And then repositioning her towel.

"How about *now*?"

Kylie's mouth was dry. "God damn Jen! What was that?"

The big breasted brunette grinned. "Stripper workout DVD. Much more fun than tae-bo!" Her friends continued to stare at her. "And maybe a little Cinemax. What? We've got to do our research! We're all virgins, and in just a few months we'll be competing with hundreds of college girls with years of experience on us!"

Kylie dropped her chin on her arms. "You guys will. I'll still be trapped here for another year."

“Aw, poor baby,” Jennifer mocked. “Fully developed Powers, nineteen years old and trapped with a bunch of eighteen year olds who don’t have a clue. Yeah, you’re not a lock for Homecoming Queen or anything.”

“I guess it won’t be that bad. And guys, thanks for hanging out with me, even though I’m just a Junior and you guys are Seniors.”

“It’s no problem Kylie,” Sarah said. “The fact that you’re eighteen makes it okay. In fact, sometimes I get this weird feeling, like if you were younger, none of this would be happening.”

“What?”

“Like, I get the strangest feeling, if you were just a few months younger, like seventeen, that none of this would be happening. Us, you, Brad, your Dad, none of us would exist. But the fact that you’re eighteen somehow makes it okay.”

Jennifer and Kylie looked at her, then each other. Then they burst out laughing. “Sarah, you *have* to stop getting high every day,” Kylie said.

“And you have to stop shaking these buns in my face,” Sarah said, squeezing Kylie ass.

“Sarah!”

“What? I just wanted to feel this ass that everyone talks about!”

“Yeah, me too, let me get in on this,” Jennifer said, and then both friends had their hands on Kylie’s firm butt, squeezing her cheeks. Kylie wanted to object, but their soft touch did feel so good...

“How about now?” Jennifer hissed to her, bringing Kylie back to reality. Kylie gulped, shook her head again.

“Jeez! What do we have to do to get your brother to stroke himself?” Sarah wondered.

“I don’t know. Now there’s nothing but a half-erection coming from our house. Wait...” Kylie cocked her head, trying to find the source of the new humming without exposing her breasts. “No way.”

She motioned to the girls to gather close. “Okay, guys,” she said. “On the count of three, I want everyone to...”

After she had explained the plan, Sarah asked, “Should we put our tops back on first?”

A wry smile turned the corner of Kylie’s mouth. “No. Absolutely not.”

Ira Haggarty knelt below the sill of his bedroom window, stroking his cock with his wife’s silky underwear wrapped around it. He made sure none of his hand’s skin touched his erection as he watched the teenage girls next door. *This was perfect, so perfect. With no skin contact, no woman can hear a thing! I should have thought of this trick earlier! Oh, look at the ass on that redhead... and on Kylie...*

All three girls suddenly sat up and turned to face his bedroom window. “Hello, Mr. Haggarty!” they sang and waved, their three sets of high, firm teenage breasts pointed right at him.

He dove to the floor, but it was too late! He’d picture those round breasts and flat stomachs every time he got hard for months- Martha was sure to find out! He was fucked! *Absolutely Fucked!*

The girls collapsed in a heap of laughter. Sarah spanked Kylie’s ass and yelled at the now-vacant window, “You like that, old man? Come down here and I’ll spank yours too!”

Jennifer turned onto her back, stretched her arms fully above her, and let her tits do the talking. Her nipples were hard as pebbles.

“You guys can stop now,” Kylie said. “He’s running into some other room. Somewhere farther away.” And then she heard it. “But we’ve caught a bigger fish! Get your tops on!”

Brad's soapy hands flew over his cock. Warm shower spray beat on his back but he imagined it to be warm sunlight. *What if I WAS out there naked with those girls? And when I got hard, what if they patted me on the butt and called me a good boy? I could run around happy and hard while they smiled and looked at me...* The thought stirred something sleeping deep in his heart and in his balls. He stroked at maximum speed, closed his eyes-

"BRAD! Stop jerking off in there!" Kylie yelled, pounding on the door. Brad's heart stopped as someone tried the knob, but he had remembered to lock it, thank god.

"Yeah! If you're stroking your meat, Bradley, do it out here where we can see!" Jennifer's voice said, while he was still frozen in terror.

He finally let his cock go and yelled the only thing he could think of. "Go away!"

"What's a matter? Don't like an audience when you're playing with yourself?" Jennifer teased, trying the locked knob again. "Can't get in the mood?"

"No! I wasn't doing- whatever! Go away!"

"Come on, Brad! I wanna see you do it!" Sarah yelled. "Come out here and we'll give you something to look at!"

"I just took off my top, Brad!" Jennifer said. "I wish you could see! Oh, my breasts are so soft! Here Sarah, why don't you touch them!"

"Oh, they are soft! Here, touch my ass!"

Against his will, Brad gave his twitching cock a stroke. The girls erupted in laughter.

"There you go again!" Jennifer laughed. "You jerk off in the shower so much, you probably get hard whenever it rains!"

Brad took his hands away. *How did they know! One of them is using Powers!*

"Then let's give him something to think about. Kylie, get some baby oil to rub on Jennifer's bare breasts!" Sarah yelled.

"Just my breasts? Let's drop these bikinis and rub down every inch of each other!"

The girls narrated everything they 'did' through the door for Brad's benefit. He moaned and pounded the shower walls with his fists, his painfully cock jutting out in front of him, waving in the air. His balls felt full of iron shot. Every time he broke, stroking for just a few seconds to relieve the ache, the three girls would mock him relentlessly.

"Again? Can't you hold it like a man?"

"Captain Whack Off strikes again! Stroke that meat boy!"

"Are you thinking of me big brother, or the guys you shower with in the locker room?"

He couldn't leave. He couldn't touch his cock. They wouldn't stop talking. And every time he did gather up the strength to resist stroking for a few minutes, two slippery phantom hands would give him thirty seconds of incredible pleasure, stroking up and down his shaft, swirling the tip, cradling and massaging his blue balls.

The psychic hands would take him five strokes from the edge of orgasm. And when he broke and tried to finish, the girls would cheer when he slammed into Kylie's orgasm block, then start mocking him anew.

Helpless, not knowing what else to do, Brad sat down in the shower and started to cry, still hard.

Jennifer mashed her chest against the smooth wood of the door again. "Come on, Brad, my breasts are right here! Can you hear them? Just open the door and your hands will be full of big, soft titties!" When there was no response, she turned away from the door towards Kylie. "We've been at this a half an hour now. He's either never coming out or he's dead."

"No, he's still alive. I can hear his hard-on," Kylie replied, then switched places with her friend. "Come on out, Brad," she said in a soft tone, sending the commands for the oily hand job yet again. "We were just teasing before, we'll be nice! We'll let you empty those full balls of yours, we promise!"

After a minute of silence, she motioned her friends away from the door and spoke quietly. "I'm sorry guys, I really wanted to give you a naked Brad show. But I hadn't planned for this."

"It's okay," Sarah said. "It was still fun."

"And it's just a matter of time, now that everything's out in the open," Jennifer said. "I'm sure you'll invite us back for a nude Brad show before he leaves for college. In the meantime, may I interest the two of you in a nude Toby show this weekend?" She giggled. "I promised to let him cum each time I practice my hand jobs on him, but I seem to have forgotten the last three times!"

"Oooh! I'm in!" Sarah laughed. "I need some 'practice' too!"

"We'll see if I can make it," Kylie giggled. "It depends on how far I get with Brad."

"You sure you don't want us to stick around longer?" Sarah asked, sliding her hand around Kylie's bare hip.

Kylie's heart raced at the touch. "No, but thanks for all your help. I never could have been this bold without you guys here. And I've got one more idea I'm going to try after you leave."

It had been an hour since Brad had heard the cab pull up, then leave. An hour since he had heard girl voices, or been touched by Powers. And an hour since he had touched himself. His soft cock hung between his legs.

Maybe they just want to make me think they've left for the Mall. Or maybe they did leave, and they're on their way back right now! Brad jumped up, wrapped the towel tightly around his waist, then opened door and ran for his room. No one was in the hall, and he locked his door and leaned against it. He almost dropped his towel then looked at his suspiciously closed closet door. He crept up on the door and ripped it open. Just clothes inside.

Now Brad finally relaxed, dropping his towel. He was finally safe. He stretched out on the bed, letting his tense muscles extend. *Wow. That had been something. Those girls had been like a pack of wolves, hungry to see my cock.*

A pleasant erection started growing. Brad followed the thought. *Yeah, maybe I should have let them see this monster. Bet seeing my eight-incher would have shut them up, and made them so wet! That big-breasted one, Jennifer, probably would have sucked me off. Girls with big tits are always sluts.*

He was fully hard now, imaging Kylie's friends whipped into a sexual frenzy by seeing his cock. He started stroking, just to relax after that ordeal. But as he fantasized, the image changed. Now Kylie's friends were joined by hot older women, also dressed in bikinis. He was naked, again running free in the backyard. And the women weren't horny, just amused, giving him knowing smiles. He would fetch a drink for one and she would pat his head, get a towel for another and she would pinch his ass...

Brad stroked, his cock got harder than he thought it could. He didn't care why his thoughts bent this way, just that it made him feel so happy... He didn't notice that his large bedroom window was open, the screen removed until he levitated off the bed and started floating towards it.

"Ahhh! What the fuck! Help!" he cried as he floated out the window, still on his back, and into the backyard. After a few more terrifying seconds, he came to a stop in front of Kylie. She was dressed in a t-shirt and khaki shorts and reclined on a pool chair under an umbrella, drinking lemonade.

"Couldn't even wait to get dressed before you played with yourself again, huh big brother?"

"Put me down!"

"You're right over the pool, Brad. And I bet that water's cold this early in the morning." She rotated him with the Handle, to show the deep blue beneath him. "Your cock and balls would shrivel and tuck in to you like a turtle. Down isn't what you want. Up is what you want!"

Brad was flung upwards twenty feet, then dropped, caught a few feet above the water's surface.

"QUIT IT!" he cried, almost on the verge of tears again.

"Oh, that's right, you've never been flown before. I forgot," Kylie said, trying to sound calm and in charge. In reality, her eyes were glued to her brother's cock. It was as large as he pictured it! And his balls were so full, just like she had pictured it! *And I caused it with my Loops!*

"Hold on," she giggled, then flew him up again, this time over the top of the house, so he could see the sidewalk and be seen by people on it. He hung, naked and hard for them to stare at for a second, then came back down to stop over the water.

"Kylie, stop it!" he said, now actually crying. "People can see me!"

"Isn't that the thought you were just jerking off to?" She tossed him again, higher. He hung exposed for a longer time. Brad definitely saw two women on the sidewalk point at him this time and laugh.

He was furious by the time Kylie brought him down. "It's been YOU! You're the one who's been using Powers to tease me the last few days!"

"Oh my god. Duh! Did you figure that out just now?" Kylie said. She tossed him even higher, fifty feet above the house, visible to the whole block, turned him in a circle, then slowly brought him down. "How did you think you were ever smart enough to go to Duke?"

"Kylie, stop it! Please!"

Kylie looked at her brother's pleading face, his hard cock, overflowing blue balls, then looked in his eyes. "Make me."

Kylie tossed her brother higher and higher, flew him around the yard, even placed his bare-ass on the front sidewalk for a second, all from her lounge chair. She kept him hard the whole time, and made sure he passed her often, so that she could stare at his large cock.

She was cartwheeling him around the backyard when Martha Haggarty walked over to the fence between their yards, and chuckled, "Well now, what in the world is going on here?"

Kylie smiled. "I'm showing Brad who the Head of the Household is." She flew Brad slowly towards them. "Aren't I, big brother?"

As Brad approached, he saw his neighbor look his naked body over, her smiling gaze settling on his throbbing dick. He tried to turn his face away, but couldn't. He got harder in spite of himself.

"You know, Bradley," Martha said still staring at his cock, "when you were little, you used to love running and playing around this backyard naked as a bluejay. Even when Georgina and I had the entire Ladies Club over for a barbecue."

Martha turned to Kylie. "And Georgina, she was going to continue that, not letting Brad wear clothes around the house even when he reached that shy stage boys do. And she was going to keep him from orgasming until he had found the right girl and gotten married. She was going to try and raise the perfect, pure man!"

Kylie was amazed. "Really! No clothes and no orgasms!"

"Oh yes. More than a few women are doing that now." Martha looked over the athletic nude young man again. "But Robert talked her out of it, for your sake. He convinced her that having a naked boy running around the house with a boner for your entire life might give you the wrong ideas."

"Oh, I've got ideas now!" Kylie felt a twinge in her pussy and rubbed her thighs together, hoping that Martha didn't notice.

"And while we've missed the chance to keep him orgasm free," the older woman said, "by training him like you're doing now, in a way, you're fulfilling your mother's wishes on how he should have been raised."

Kylie stroked her chin while smiling at her brother. "Hmmm. Six months until you leave for college, Brad. Think you can make it clothes- and orgasm-free until then?"

"Some young men are even taking a year off between high school and college now," Marta added helpfully.

"No, please-" Brad began to beg, and Kylie gave him a mental hand job to shut him up. He gasped and twitched under the pleasure.

"A YEAR and six months of no clothes and no spurties for my big brother! Well, if it's what Mom really wanted..."

Brad started whimpering and the women laughed. Martha gave Kylie a sly wink, and then the younger girl realized. Her neighbor wasn't really suggesting she go through with it, but making the threats to Brad was the fun part. However, Kylie did know she was going to put her brother through some very long stretches of blue-balls in the months ahead.

"Oh, Mrs. Haggerty, I wanted to ask, what was that noise you sent to Ira to make him say good morning to me yesterday? It got him way harder than the hand-job notes I've been using on Brad."

Now Martha looked a little embarrassed. "You heard that did you? I forget how good ears new Power users have. That... may not be appropriate for you young folks yet."

"Please, can you show me? I've only got a few tricks up my sleeve right now."

Martha made a show of trying to decide, then said, "Oh, alright. Put young Brad sitting on this fence in front of me."

Kylie did, Handling her timid brother to be seated right in front of the confident older woman, his twitching cock inches from her face. Martha put her hands on his hard thighs, made an appreciative noise. "Mmmm, like granite. You must live at the gym, Brad. Now, spread those thighs a little for me." Dying of embarrassment, he did, so his balls hung free in front of her.

Martha pointed sternly at Kylie. "You can't tell Ira one word about this," she warned, and Kylie smiled and nodded. Martha looked down at the huge hard cock in front of her face and licked her lips. "Oh, I really shouldn't." She took a deep breath then plunged Brad's entire cock deep into her throat.

Kylie had to keep Brad from falling off the fence with her Powers, even though she almost tipped out of her chair herself.

Martha was attacking Brad's penis with her mouth the way he had always fantasized Megan Reynolds would, except that Kylie could hear Brad's arousal and knew this felt miles better than even Brad had dreamed. Kylie heard one of her Loops preventing his orgasm snap like a too-tight violin string. Kylie quickly put another Loop on him but Martha broke that too. Kylie could barely put Loops around Brad's cock as fast as Martha's expert tongue aroused Brad enough to break through them.

After thirty seconds Martha let the soaking wet cock slide out of her mouth and stood up with a pleased expression on her face. Brad collapsed off the fence onto the soft grass and Kylie was speechless.

"Guess I've still got the skills I learned in college," she said, blushing slightly. "It was a different time back then. Girls had to lure guys in without Powers, with just our, ahem, learned talents."

Brad was just getting to his knees, and looked at Kylie with a pleading expression.

"Could you do that again, Mrs. Haggerty?" Kylie said, smiling at him. "It went too fast for me to memorize the first time."

Martha laughed. "Of course dear. What are neighbors for?" She helped pick Brad up and set him on the fence again. Martha lowered her head slowly towards the whimpering teen's cock, then licked her lips and grinned up at him. "Hold on tight, Brad, I'm swinging for the fences on this one!"

Martha spent the next fifteen minutes teaching Kylie the notes for a world-class psychic blow job, and soon Brad was writhing on the ground at the women's feet, begging for release or for a break, it was hard to tell between his gasps.

"Wow, that is powerful stuff," Kylie giggled. She paused for one second to let Brad breathe, then started again.

"Yes it is. I only use it on Ira on his birthday, or if I see a diamond necklace I really like. Doesn't usually take long." She winked at the girl, and Kylie noticed Martha was wearing a diamond necklace right now. And bracelet. And earrings.

Kylie turned to Brad and stopped the psychic blow job, then prodded his tight, full balls with her toes. "Okay, Brad, here are the rules from now on! First, I don't want to have to break you for a hour to make you listen. If I command, I want you to obey the first time. Okay?"

Clutching his egg sized blue balls, Brad nodded.

"No cumming without my permission. And you're gonna have to earn it- driving me to school and not being a brat would be a good start!"

Brad gulped and nodded.

"And no masturbating without asking my permission either. Nicely! Say pretty please with sugar on top and I might let you touch yourself three times a week." She giggled. "And maybe cum once a month."

Brad looked away, but still nodded.

Kylie looked at Martha, who was eying her nude brother with pleasure. "And each week, you're going to spend one day helping Mrs. Haggerty with chores around her house. Nude."

A cry of protest almost escaped Brad's lips, but he bit it off. "You don't mind, do you Martha?" Kylie asked. "I can make him wear shorts if you like."

The older woman chuckled. "No, I don't mind at all. In fact, I'll give him a bath if the poor boy gets too dirty."

"That's a good start, I think," Kylie said. "I may add more rules later."

"Removing his hair down there would be nice too," Martha added. "Some young men are so proud of those little tufts they've grown, but if you're having him naked a lot, you'll want a cleaner, sleeker look. Especially around food."

"Good idea. Go shave off all your pubes, Brad. Right now."

This got the boy to jump to his feet. "But, the other guys on the basketball team! They'll see me in the shower! I can't!"

Kylie sighed. "Go shave your hairs now, or else I'll dye them neon pink and you'll really have some questions to answer!"

Brad blanched, then gulped and nodded.

"Shoo. Go," Kylie said, motioning towards the house. "Bare as a baby's butt down there in fifteen minutes or I'll be mad!"

The women chuckled to themselves as they enjoyed watching Brad's hard ass hurry inside. The older woman turned and noticed the younger was fidgeting in place, practically quivering. "Good Lord, dear- you're shaking!" She leaned in with a grin and whispered. "Did that just turn you on?"

Kylie bit her lip and nodded. "I couldn't say it while he was here, but, *did you see the size of Brad's dick?*"

"That was a nice horse cock," Martha agreed. "And rock hard. And the rest of him is pretty easy on the eyes, too. But if you're going to be seeing something like that on a regular basis, dear, you need to find someone to *take care of your needs*, do you understand me?" Kylie nodded, rubbing the outside of her thighs.

"Brad's obviously out for you," Martha continued. "Maybe some boy from school you've had a crush on. Someone who just lights a fire in your loins. But someone you can trust."

Kylie smiled and took out her cellphone. "I have the perfect man." She started walking inside but called out to Martha before she entered. "And you should ask Ira what he was up to today while you were out. He might have an interesting story to tell!"

Robert gulped, trying to think of something to say while not staring at the long dancer's legs of the curly haired brunette sitting in front of his desk. "Look, Cynthia..."

"I know, I know," the woman said, uncrossing her legs slowly while looking him in the eye. "You have to think about it." She smiled at him. "Sometimes, Robert, I think you could care less about how our chemicals could help your factory and keep asking me back here just to stare at my legs."

Robert gulped. The first visit, Cynthia's skirt had stopped below her tan knees. The second visit, just above them. Now, it was mid thigh and Robert was drooling.

He tore his eyes away with effort. "You know how the Board is, Cynthia. I'll take these new numbers to them, but, uh-"

His cell phone rang. He looked at the number and said, "It's my daughter, I should take this." Cynthia crossed her legs again and nodded, then pretended to reach her own sales pamphlet as she dangled a high heel from her foot.

He picked up. "Kylie? Is something wrong? Is there trouble at school?"

"No, I didn't go to school today, Daddy. I stayed at home with Brad and we had a little talk. He should be more polite to me now."

"Okay, well, I don't like you skipping school, but you and Brad did need to come to an understanding. That's good."

"Right Daddy! And now, I need to come to an understanding with you."

Robert looked at his guest and said, "Now Kylie, I'm at work and I don't think that-"

"Hush Daddy. For interrupting me, that's one day you can't cum."

Because he knew it was coming, Robert actually felt Kylie pull the Loop around his cock, over the phone! It felt just like Georgina's loops had, but tighter. His throat went dry. If this was the game she was playing, he was powerless! He made a little gasp and Cynthia looked at him strangely.

"This weekend," Kylie continued. "I want you to take me to the Mall, for some sexy little dresses and heels for me to wear to school. I'm tired of jeans and tennis shoes."

"Now dear, that may be too much-"

"Two days," Kylie cut him off, and Robert felt another loop. After all the teasing last night, the thought of two more days before emptying his balls made him tremble. "And now you're going to help me pick out some lacy thongs, too."

Robert knew enough not to object this time, and Kylie continued. "And I'm going to take control of your orgasms, just like Mom did." He heard her voice go husky. "I'm going to make you wait and wait and tease you and tease you, until you want to lick me just like you did her!"

Robert set his jaw and growled. "Now, Kylie-"

"Three, four, five, six, seven!" she laughed. "And that's just to start! See you tonight, Daddy! Be ready to lick!" She hung up and Robert stared at the phone, speechless.

Cynthia tugged down on her short business skirt, rubbed a spot off her four inch high heels. "So," she purred, "that was your daughter?"

Robert nodded slowly. "She's having... boy troubles."

As Robert tried to make his half-erection go down, the woman picked up a picture from his desk, of Robert, Kylie and Brad on a playground swing. It was one of the last pictures Georgina had taken. "She doesn't look old enough to have boy troubles."

"She's not," Robert said, his mind still reeling. "Look, Cynthia, this may not be the best time, for anything. But maybe one more visit and I'll really be able to convince the Board your company is the way to go. Maybe if you come back... seven days from now?"

The slim thirty-something brunette smiled, tapped the tip of her open-toed heels on the floor, then shook her head. "End of the month, Robert. I've got to close some accounts. And I really want yours." She tossed her hair, gave him a smoldering look. "Why don't we go to dinner tonight, where we can freely discuss some *business*?"

The way Cynthia said 'business' left very little doubt over what she meant. Sure, she had flirted with him audaciously ever since her first visit, and Robert had replied in kind. And he had been offered bribes for six figure contracts before; lap dances at a club, a high end escort who just happened to be sitting next to them at the hotel bar. But this was the first time he had ever been tempted.

Her product was more pure and cheaper than the competitors, by far. *So it wouldn't really be unethical if I said yes. We're going with them anyway. Just a perk of the job. But now with Kylie's loops... damn it!*

"I'm sorry. Even if I accepted your invitation, I don't think I could give you what you want, not tonight anyway."

Then Robert had an idea. A horrible idea. A wonderful idea.

He looked up, fire in his eyes. "You know what, Cynthia? I've changed my mind. I would *love* to go to dinner with you tonight."

Chapter 5: Overthrown!

This morning, eighteen year old Kylie Duncan had used her growing psychic Powers to blue-ball, tease and humiliate her once proud twin brother Brad until he had agreed to bow completely to her will. Now she sat in her living room, reading a magazine, waiting to do the same to her father. There was only one problem.

Kylie looked up from her magazine. "He's usually home by now, isn't he?" Her legs were crossed and she circled one bare foot at the ankle in irritation.

"Yes! Usually!" came the yelp from the floor, where Brad lay naked and knees apart, his crotch some inches below Kylie's circling foot. Each bob of her foot sent down a psychic zap into Brad's dripping cock twitch and squeezed a moan from his lungs.

Kylie looked at the clock, then roughly flipped a page. "Hmph. I'm starting to get slightly annoyed." Her foot started bobbing faster.

"I'm actually kind of surprised you finally accepted my invitation," Cynthia said, crossing her slim legs as Robert Duncan pushed in her chair for her. "But I'm glad we can finally *close* this deal."

"Well, to be honest," Robert said, gazing over her shining brunette curls, hungry eyes and long legs, "I was always a little intimidated to say yes."

Cynthia laughed, uncrossed her legs languidly for Robert's benefit. "A powerful man like you? Intimidated by me?" She dangled one high heel off her toes and looked at him like a tiger stalking deer. "Whatever for?"

"All men are helpless when a woman starts using her Powers. I was afraid of what you might do to me when we got alone."

"Flatterer! I don't look under thirty anymore, and you know it."

"You look pretty close," Robert replied, smiling that she took the obvious compliment. "But honestly, that's the other reason I was hesitant. You mentioned last time that your dating life... hasn't been the same since your Powers faded."

Cynthia broke a dinner roll in half, began buttering it. "Well, yes. The Powers came to Earth my sophomore year in college. No one knew how to use them at first, but we figured out the Loop pretty quick. And then-" she closed her eyes, remembering, "oh wow, did things get fun."

She continued buttering her roll. "Twenty-two year old boys may have hard abs, strong backs and dicks that get hard in a light breeze, but in the bedroom they don't always have... staying power, if you know what I mean?"

Robert blushed and nodded. Cynthia ran a hand over her bare throat, then over her breastbone. "But with Loops, my girlfriend and I would meet some stud football players at a party, take them home and we would go at it for hours. We would switch positions, switch off partners, sometimes two at once, and the men would be hard for us all night, as much as we wanted. And when we finally let them cum in the morning- fountains! Like geysers going off!" Cynthia sighed. "I've still got a few videos somewhere, but I don't watch them anymore."

She took a bite of the roll, chewed thoughtfully, then swallowed and looked back at Robert. "We didn't know, back then, that the Powers would go away as we approached thirty. So I found

this special way to move my hips when I was on top, that would get me off so incredibly hard! I did it every time I was with a man, all through my twenties. It became a habit, an addiction.”

She shifted in her seat and Robert couldn’t help but stare at her tiny hips. He was getting hard imagining the power in them.

“Needless to say, when I started losing the power to make Loops, not a single man could take that hip motion for more than a minute without popping off like a teenager.” She sighed, then laughed. “I guess I should take it as a compliment. But it made for a lot of disappointing dates.”

Robert gulped. “Well, that was sort of exactly why I’ve been putting you off,” he said. “I haven’t really dated since my wife died, and I’m pretty out of practice. So I sort of assumed I would disappoint you as well.”

Cynthia reached out and touched his arm. “Oh, Robert, don’t worry. I’ve come to accept it. And besides, I’m not going to judge you on your staying power. Just your signing power.” She ran a finger lightly across his palm and gave him the look again. “So, do we have a deal?”

He took a deep breath. “Not yet. I’ve got a counter-deal for you.”

She raised her eyebrows just a shade. “Oh? Do tell.”

“You get the contract, we go back your hotel room...”

“Sounds like my standard deal so far,” she laughed.

“And I’ll bet that I can stand whatever your hips or any other part of you can do, without shooting off, for thirty minutes. If I do, you take 10% off the price. But if you make the geyser shoot, I’ll pay 10% more.”

Cynthia laughed. “Not to make myself sound like a loose woman, but I’ve been searching for a long time for a man that could last even ten minutes with me. I doubt you’re it.”

“Then it’ll be an easy 10% in your pocket, won’t it?”

Cynthia looked him up and down. “And you say you don’t have a girlfriend? No young thing stashed somewhere?”

“Nope.”

“And the last time you masturbated...?”

The question caught him off guard, and he blushed. “Um, ah... about two days ago.”

Cynthia shook her head and smiled at him. “Okay. If you want to throw your money away, I’ll take it.”

Robert smiled. “I’ll drive.”

Cynthia’s hotel room was elegant, silk pillows and deep carpets. Robert’s heart raced as he entered. *This was really going to happen! It had been almost twenty years since he had been with another woman!*

He fidgeted near the bed as Cynthia took off her suit jacket, slipped off her heels and stepped into the bathroom. She dabbed some perfume on her wrists and neck, then looked at him. “Well, go ahead. Get naked.”

“Aren’t you going to... too?”

She laughed. “I’m barely going to take off my panties, Robert! This doesn’t usually last long. Now go ahead and strip so you don’t wrinkle your nice suit.”

Under her amused gaze, Robert undid his shoes and socks, shirt and tie, then stopped at his pants. “Shouldn’t we um...” He gestured vaguely with his hands. “Kiss?”

Cynthia laughed again. “You want romance and big eyes at each other? Soft words and candlelight? Okay, here’s some foreplay for you.” Cynthia did a quick spin while shimmying

her already short business skirt up her thighs, just short of her pussy. Still hiding herself, she reached under the skirt and pulled a lacy black thong slowly down her long, tanned legs. She balled it up and walked over to him, hips sliding.

She stuffed the panties into his pants pocket, grabbing his hard dick as she did, then whispered in his ear. "There. Now you're ready. And, I'll tell you what. If you last even ten minutes with me, I'll stop and give you a strip tease that will make you weak in the knees. Until then, I hope you have enjoyed your foreplay." She nipped at his ear with her teeth, sucked on the lobe and tweaked his nipples. Robert's dick twitched in his pants, and she felt it. "I see you have. Now strip and get on the bed so I can win this bet."

With slightly shaking hands, Robert undid his pants, then slid his boxers to the ground. Cynthia looked him over, nodded appreciatively. "Nice. Now, up, cowboy!" She slapped him hard on the butt and Robert jumped into the king-size bed.

He lay on his back to see Cynthia crawling toward him. She straddled his legs and worked her way up. "Wait, wait!" Robert yelled. "Can I... lick you first? To get you ready."

"I was ready when you pulled my chair out at dinner. You're so much sweeter than all the other prospects I deal with, Robert. None of them would have even asked to kiss me." She giggled. "Or lick me! You really are sweet. That's why I'm going to enjoy this."

Robert felt electricity shoot through him when she grabbed his cock and pointed it to the ceiling. He had forgotten how good a woman's live touch felt! And when she plunged her hips down on him- Robert threw his head back, clawed at the sheets. It was heaven!

"I haven't even started yet," Cynthia laughed, watching him thrash.

"It just feels SO good! I can't even think straight!"

"I know, baby," she said, tussling his hair. "God designed it that way. Now hold on."

Still wearing her business skirt and dress shirt, Cynthia started pistoning her hips, slowly at first, then with building speed. She held his lower arms for balance and also to pin him helpless. Her hips motion was fluid and effortless like a master belly dancer.

Robert arched his back, breathing only in short bursts. Cynthia smiled down at him, still thrusting. "What's a matter, sailor? Getting close?" Then she changed one subtle thing about her motion and Robert thought he would have a heart attack. He started rolling, thrashing, but her arms and legs held him down in an iron grip. Robert felt it coming, then lost all thought as he hit Kylie's orgasm block, hard.

"There! You've-" Cynthia began, then stopped as he came back down, cock still hard inside her. She frowned slightly.

"Tantra," Robert huffed, barely getting air. "Breathing techniques from shaolin monks."

Cynthia laughed. "Let's see if the monks have ever felt something like *this*."

For the next five minutes Robert got the fucking of his life as Cynthia rode him like a bucking stallion. Her confident manner faded, replaced by doubt, then slowly, by growing lust. Suddenly something in her eyes changed and she rode him even more hungrily than before, if that was possible.

Her grip on his arms and legs tighten to near painful levels. Robert was almost going to speak up when she threw her head back and came with a roar. He felt her pussy try to squeeze his cock, break it off at the root. She came, pistoning her hips the whole time, then collapsed onto his chest and eventually slid sideways, into the crook of his arm. They both lay there, panting.

"How, how long... was that?" she asked weakly.

"Twelve minutes. That means you owe me one hell of a striptease."

She smiled at him. "Damn it. And I was hoping to get out of this with some dignity."

"Cynthia to the main stage," he said. "Cynthia." Shaking her head, she rose off the bed.

Her striptease was easily erotic enough for any Vegas club, and Robert couldn't help it- he started stroking himself halfway through. That just made her smile more as she removed her bra. Her breasts were not large, but not small either, but still high and nicely in proportion to her slim body. Robert decided they were perfect.

As she approached fully nude, she changed from the dominant business woman to just a vulnerable thirty-something woman. When she stood before him wearing just a smile, she actually looked shy, turning her hips so that he wouldn't see her thin landing strip or bare pussy. Robert thought it was the best striptease he had ever seen.

He crooked a finger towards her and Cynthia crawled on the bed toward him, straddled him again, and plunged his extremely hard cock into her. Then she was completely in charge again.

She moved her hips as before but left his hands free this time. He moved to cup her hypnotically swaying breasts and she pushed his hands away with a grin. When he couldn't control himself and tried again, she slapped his hands away playfully but definitively. With a groan he grabbed the bed, the desire tearing at his face.

Cynthia played it for all it was worth, threading her fingers through her hair and arching her back as she rode him, making her breasts do absolutely magical things just inches from his face. Robert's right hand started creeping up and she wagged a finger at him, a devilish look in her eyes.

Then she threw her head back and fucked him as hard as before. Robert felt himself coming, then felt one of Kylie's loops around the base of his cock get very, very tight, and break! He moaned, arched his back again and Cynthia jumped off him, looking for his cum. When she didn't see any she gave him an incredulous look.

He shrugged. "I'm really good at breathing," he panted.

She looked at the clock and started moving her mouth toward his erection that was dripping with her juices. "Wait!" Robert cried. "Let me wipe him off first!"

"Robert, trust me. I've tasted pussy before," she said. "Lots of it." His cock got even harder at her words, and *then* she stared sucking on him like her life depended on it.

If the thought her pussy was the best feeling on earth, Robert was in another world now. She was warm and soft and wet and just aggressive enough. Her tongue got every inch of him, even snaking around his horribly full balls time and again.

This was it- he was really going to cum this time. Robert closed his eyes, felt the right muscles contract and then- blocked! And blocked again! And again! He was at the edge of orgasm, tiptoes on the cliff, body straining- blocked! He wanted to cum so badly he could have cried! After five more glorious minutes in her mouth, Cynthia fell back onto her butt, out of breath.

"What the hell...is going on?" she gasped.

Robert could barely form words to answer. Before he could, Cynthia dove forward and started sucking on him again.

She did every perfect thing with her mouth that Robert wanted, sometimes before he knew he wanted it. He was delirious, living in that one second of pleasure right before orgasm for minutes, until she gave him one last suck and collapsed on the bed again. They were both covered in sweat.

After getting his thoughts back, Robert looked at the clock then smiled. "Think of all the money I just saved." Cynthia actually looked a little hurt and turned away from him.

"I really needed that commission," she whispered after a minute. "I can't believe that just happened."

Robert spent a few seconds enjoying how her firm butt curved perfectly into her waist. "Tell you what," he said. "I'll give you fifteen more minutes to make me cum. You still give up your entire commission if you can't. But I'll pay 20% over your quote if you do."

Cynthia narrowed her eyes at him, calculating. She looked at the clock, down at his still painfully hard dick and finally, up to his face. Then she pounced on him.

She fucked with desperation this time, letting him touch, then suck on her breasts as her hips did their magical motion. Robert knew she was right- he wouldn't have lasted five minutes under her. He probably wouldn't have lasted one. But with Kylie's loops he was a Sex God, just as he had hoped.

Half delirious with horniness, Cynthia watched the clock tick down and went to suck on him again with five minutes left. But when she pulled off Robert grabbed her hips and flipped her over. He took her from behind with her head off the edge of the bed, making sure she was facing the clock. The blood rushed to her head and Cynthia came, mewling like a cat, as the time ran out. He pulled out, exhausted.

He dropped his head onto the goose-down pillow and couldn't stop smiling. He felt light headed, and more of a man than he had ever been. Cynthia curled into a small ball and he put an arm around her lovingly. He started stroking her perfect skin.

"Now I know something's going on," she said. "That wasn't human."

Robert couldn't take it anymore. "Cynthia," he laughed. "I haven't been entirely honest with you. You should have won the bet. Three times over, if my count was right." She just looked at him expectantly. "I... I've got some loops around me. A lot, in fact."

"From who? An angry ex-girlfriend?"

Robert took a deep breath, decided to plunge in. "From my daughter, Kylie."

"That tiny thing in the picture?"

"She's a bit older now. Eighteen and some months. She's just come into her Powers. And we're... having a little bit of an argument right now."

Cynthia turned to face him, eyes wide. "You mean... your daughter Looped you?" He nodded. "How many times?"

"Seven or eight."

She started laughing. "I'm sorry, Robert! I've just never heard of..." She reached down to gently touch his hard cock and full balls. It felt just as good as the first time. "How long has it been?"

"A few days. And probably a week before that."

"Oh! And after what I just did to you!" She kissed him on the cheek. "I'm sorry! I'm so sorry!"

"No, no. This was my plan the whole time. Normally, you're right, you would have been way too much woman for me. But now..." He grinned at her. "You haven't been fucked like that in a while, have you?"

Cynthia laughed and shook her head. "Not in years."

"Then my job is done." He savored her touch, her smell for a moment longer. "I guess I should go." He moved to get up and Cynthia held him back with a soft look.

"You can stay, if you like."

"What, a few more hours?"

"All night." Robert's eyes got large. He hadn't really considered the possibility, but if she was offering... He pulled the covers over them.

Cynthia snuggled closer to him, and after a minute, started lightly tickling his huge balls with her nails, making him squirm. "Did I at least break a few of the loops?"

"Two," he panted. She was really good with her nails.

She raised her eyebrows. "I can do better than that."

Robert pushed her hand away before he lost his mind. "Tell you what. One more deal. You've still got the sale, and I'll pay you your full commission, plus a five percent tip." He had her full attention, and paused. "If you let me lick that beautiful pussy of yours."

She laughed. "Let you?"

"I've been thinking about it ever since you first walked into my office," he said, already moving down her body.

She blushed, then shrugged. "Okay, but just know I'm doing you a big favor- ooohhhhh!"

Robert's tongue had found her clit and those were the last real words Cynthia said for a few minutes.

Afterwards, as she lay breathless on her back and Robert happily watched her breasts rise and fall, she muttered, "That, was incredible."

"What you can do with your hips, I can do with my tongue. My wife, uh, made me get lots and lots of practice."

Cynthia laughed. "I can see why!" She squeezed her legs together, savoring the tingles. Then she grabbed his still hard cock. "You're a special man, Robert."

"No, it's just Kylie's Loops-"

"No, it's you underneath the Loops that makes it special. Why don't we go out again tomorrow?" She started stroking his cock, then met his eyes. "If we skip dinner there'll be more time for fucking."

Robert laughed. "Damn, you're perfect! Look, I'd love to, but I've got to be there when the kids get home-"

"They're eighteen now," she interrupted. "They can look after themselves. Have some fun."

He took a breath, then another. "Okay."

"Good!" She hugged him, then stroked his hair. "Now, you've got more work to do."

"What?"

Cynthia gave him a look. "Did your wife ever let you stop after just one licking?" She laughed as Robert let her push his head back between her legs. She wrapped her thighs around his head and spurred him on with her feet. "That's perfect! Oh Robert! Why did I wait this long to seduce you?"

She rode his tongue to one more orgasm and his cock to another before letting him stop. Then she led him to the shower and, after they had washed each other, Cynthia went to her knees with a gleam in her eyes and slowly, lovingly, broke another of Kylie's loops. Lying in bed together, Cynthia couldn't keep her hands off of Robert's huge balls, and went to sleep holding them.

The next morning, Robert woke for the first time in years to the beautiful feeling of a naked woman in his arms. He thought about licking her before he left, but the hour was already too late. He dressed quickly and as he was about to leave, Cynthia sat up sleepily to her knees, holding the thin sheet against her.

Even though he had seen her naked just minutes ago, Robert thought the way she looked now, hair slightly tussled, the sheet barely hiding her breasts and all her left leg exposed from hip to toe, was the sexiest thing he had ever seen.

"Hurry back," she whispered. Robert smiled and closed the door.

Robert's good mood lasted most of the way home, until he began to consider what might be waiting there for him. He started to gather his resolve, to pump himself up to face Kylie. He was her father! She would have to listen to him!

Robert came in the side door to see Kylie sitting at the kitchen table wearing her nightshirt, legs propped up for display on another chair. Brad was meekly cooking sausages on the oven, his boxer shorts tented by a huge erection with a wet spot at its tip.

"And where were you last night, young man?" she demanded, putting down her forkful of scrambled eggs. "I was up for hours worrying about you! I'm rolling your curfew back to 8 PM!"

"That's very cute, Kylie," he said, trying not to look at her legs, or wonder what was under the nightshirt. He furrowed his brow the best he could. "Now, you've had your fun. Take off these loops!"

She turned her head slightly and smiled a sweet little girl smile. "No."

"Kylie, I'm serious!"

She looked at him for a moment, then raised her hand toward his crotch and made a quick circle. "One penalty loop for yelling at me," she stated matter-of-factly.

Robert staggered. He hadn't planned for this! What should he do now? Grab her arms and shake her? Ground her? Call the police? Anything he could do, she could top. He mustered up his best false bravado again.

"Look," he thundered, "I've got to change clothes and go to work now, so I can keep paying for that food you're eating and this roof over your head! But we're going to discuss this at dinner tonight!" He stormed off to his bedroom.

Kylie watched him go, her eyes narrowing. "Yes we will, Daddy." She tapped the fork angrily against her plate, then frowned.

"You've lost your clothes privileges for the day," she spat at Brad. Ashamedly, he slipped his boxers to the floor and continued cooking naked in front of his sister, with his hard cock sticking out in front of him.

Kylie stewed for another minute, then concentrated. Brad's knees started shaking with pleasure.

"And hurry up on that sausage!" she demanded. "I'm hungry."

Robert didn't get any work done that morning. First he couldn't get over Kylie's refusal, but eventually, he found he couldn't stop thinking of Cynthia. At eleven he called her.

"Hey. If we skip lunch instead of dinner, that will be even more time for fucking."

He could hear her smile over the phone. "Come on over."

She met him at her hotel room door already naked. This time they kissed and she helped him undress, like a lover. As she pulled him into bed by his iron cock, she asked, "Did you get Kylie to cut the loops?"

He blushed. "No. She actually added one more."

"Good!" she squealed, then mounted him.

They started slowly, with Robert on top, fucking her tenderly. After only five minutes Cynthia forced him onto his back with a growl and started her hip motion. She held his arms down again, not letting him move until she had cum violently on his desperate cock.

Only then did she let him lick her. Then, she *made* him lick her. Afterwards, they cuddled and talked for bit before Cynthia took him in her mouth and spent ten minutes lovingly breaking one of Kylie's loops. She gave him a wicked grin, then made her feet slick with lotion and used just them over a long, torturous hour hour to break another loop.

Afterwards, Robert lay moaning. "Why did you do that to me?" he cried, holding his aching balls and throbbing cock.

"I'm sorry, Robert," she laughed, reaching to hold his balls again. "It's just that, I haven't had a Looped man at my disposal in years! There are SO many things I've wanted to try."

"Don't tell me you're a cocktease too!"

She stretched her arms above her head, making her breasts rise. "A woman can't have Powers ever for a little while and not be. It's just too much fun! But I can switch. I get off on being quite submissive sometimes."

Robert was finally able to let go of his cock and sit up. "You? Submissive? Hardly."

"I'm serious." She looked at the clock. "You're going home for dinner, to confront Kylie and make her cut the loops, right?"

Robert coughed. "Of course."

"Well, if you want me dripping wet the whole time I'm waiting for you, unable to keep from touching myself, I'll prove it. We can play out one of my most submissive fantasies right now."

"Tell me what to do," he said.

"Get dressed."

As he did, he noticed Cynthia packing. The clothes from her closet, the drawers, and even the ones laying on the floor, every bit of clothing in the place, were all squeezed into her suitcase. Yet she was still naked. Then she took all the towels from the bathroom, all the blankets and sheets on the bed and made a pile by the door.

Robert was fully dressed by now. He started to ask, and then Cynthia rolled the suitcase over and gave him the handle. "Take this with you. And throw the pile in the hallway for housekeeping."

He looked at the suitcase, then at the room, empty of anything a person could use to cover themselves. And then at the naked Cynthia. "You can't be serious."

She bounced like a nervous schoolgirl. "I've always wanted to do this, but never had anyone I could trust before! Look, I'm getting wet just thinking about it!"

Robert did, and gulped. "But what if-"

"You'll be back in just a few hours, right?" He nodded. "Then this is perfect!" she said. "I'll be trapped here, naked, no ID, no money, not even a sheet to cover myself! A nude slave, waiting for her master to return, with no way to shield herself from anyone who might happen into the room and-" Cynthia laid back on the now bare bed, splayed her legs and started playing with herself, "very, very horny!"

Robert was about to say this was crazy but the glazed-over look in her eyes convinced him. He tossed the pile out into the hall and left the door open a crack as he walked back to the masturbating woman on the bed. He ran a hand over her thighs, her breasts, her shoulder, then whispered in her ear. "Be good, slave. Play all you want, but no cumming while I'm gone!"

Robert could still hear her cries of protest as he shut the door, her suitcase in hand.

He left her suitcase in his backseat as he entered his side door, to find Brad setting the table for a formal dinner while wearing just a pink bow around the base of his huge hard cock.

"Brad!" he barked. "Go put some clothes on! You look ridiculous!" Brad just lowered his head and kept setting the table. "Brad! That's an order!"

"No Dad!" the boy replied fiercely. "I want to cum! I need to! And you can't give me that, only Kylie can! So I'm listening to her now!"

"Brad, you can't..." Robert began softly then trailed off, as Kylie walked into the room. She was wearing a short black evening dress and four-inch stiletto heels. Her hair was done up and her red lipstick shone on her inviting lips.

"Do you like it, Daddy? I found it in Mom's side of the closet." She giggled. "I don't fill out the top as well as she did, but I figured you would like what I have on the bottom."

Robert gulped for air. *Georgina had worn that dress when... she made him lick so much...* it was the outfit he pictured almost every time he fantasized about his wife. Kylie walked to the head of the table, the high heels doing incredible things to her ass, and sat down, crossing her legs just like his wife had before she order him to lick her. Still tasting Cynthia's pussy on his lips didn't help, and Robert was already fully hard in his pants.

"Daddy's ready, Brad. Bring the first course," Kylie said. After her brother had scurried off, she uncrossed her legs and drew her skirt an inch higher up her thighs. "Daddy and I both know what the *last* course is going to be."

"Kylie. We are not doing that. Ever."

She shrugged, pulled the skirt up another inch. "I'm eighteen now, Daddy. It's time for me to become a woman. Would you rather me choose some random boy from school?"

"No, I'd rather you just..." he lowered his voice to a whisper, "keep playing with yourself at night."

Kylie recrossed her legs and pulled the skirt up another half-inch. Robert's angle was getting very dangerous now. "My hand isn't enough anymore. I need the touch of a man's..." She let the moment linger, rubbing a finger across her inner thigh. "...tongue. Between my legs. An expert tongue." She giggled. "And judging by your fantasies, you're just the man I should see."

"No, Kylie, that was between your mother and I-"

"Too bad, Daddy. I've decided," she finished, and drew her skirt another inch higher, an inch it didn't have to give. And there it was: Robert was staring at his daughter's pussy. She winked at him, and then he felt the psychic blow job begin on his cock.

He almost came from just the shock. He dropped to his knees, now on eye level with her bare pussy. "Where did you learn THAT?" he gasped, his eyes wide. This was as good as Cynthia's! The warmth, the active tongue, the lips-

"Oh, I pick these things up," Kylie said with a smile. She took a few fingers and rubbed around her exposed pussy. Not really playing with herself, just idly touching the edge of her lips.

"See? After dinner, I'll do this to you all night, while you give me the same back. It will be sooooo nice, Daddy."

"No! Kylie, I can't!" He tried to look away, but the idle motion of Kylie's fingers drew his eyes back every time. It was hypnotic.

"Daddy," she sighed. "I can do this all night. And all day. With half my brain. And I can keep you from cumming for months, just like Mom used to. Why are you fighting me?" She slipped her right foot out of her shoe and stroked her bare sole across his cheek. "I can give you every feeling you've ever wanted. I just want the feeling you gave Mom so many times."

Robert couldn't help it- he started rubbing himself through his pants. It had been too much! First her walking around in that nightshirt, then the psychic touches each night, then the days of denial, then Cynthia's wild lovemaking-

"DADDY!" Kylie screamed, leaping out of her seat. Her shout stunned Robert into stopping his strokes. "You're thinking about HER!?!?"

"No, Kylie-"

"I told you not to think about that stupid brown-haired woman and then you DO, right in front of me, on our special night!" She stamped her foot down on the floor. "BRAD! Scissors!"

Robert was genuinely terrified as Brad ran in with sharp kitchen scissors. "What are you doing? No!" He stood up, hands over the erection in his pants. "Kylie, I order you to stop! Now!"

"You can't give orders anymore Daddy," she said, snapping the scissors at him. "You made the same mistake Brad did." She stretched a hand out towards him. "You got hard."

Robert felt himself being lifted off the floor. *The Handle! She knows that!* He tried to struggle but Kylie calmly pulled him into the backyard behind her, as if he was nothing more than a helium balloon.

"You're like an uppity dog, not listening to his masters commands. And what do you do with an uppity dog?" She turned to face him. "Tie him up in the back yard." She dropped Robert on the grass.

"I invented a new Powers command today. I call it the Tent Spike." She made a loop with her left forefinger and thumb and pointed it at Robert's crotch. Kylie made her other hand into a fist and hammered her left down into the ground. At the first hammer stroke, Robert felt a sharp downward tug on his balls.

"Kylie, please-"

After the second stroke, standing put too much strain on his ballsack and he went to his knees. Then lower on his hands and knees, until he was crawling on the grass.

"There. That should keep you," Kylie said with satisfaction. He tried to move, to stand up, but it was like his balls had been tied to the ground with twine! He barely had the slack to get to his knees and elbows.

Kylie left his vision and he felt the cool metal of a scissors blade between his pant leg and his ankle.

"Noooo, not that!" he cried. But she snipped quickly up his legs, across his back and arms. In under a minute she ripped all his clothes off him, leaving him naked as he was born, face down in the grass. She tossed the rags, then walked around him.

Robert jumped when her cool fingers grabbed his balls from behind. "These are as big as I imagined they would be," she said. Robert squirmed as his teenage daughter rolled his horribly full blue balls around in her fingers. The urge built and built until he didn't care- he just wanted to empty them- anywhere! Just to cum again!

"Yes! That's what I want, Daddy!" Robert hated himself for being disappointed when she dropped his balls, and more so for staring hungrily at her legs when Kylie walked back into his view. She stopped with her high-heeled toes right next to his mouth. "Hold on to that thought, Daddy! I want you so horny you'll do anything for me, cum anywhere I ask you to, and thank me for it! Kiss my feet and I'll let you cum on them tonight after you lick me. Wouldn't that be nice, to fill the space between my little toes with your warm gooey cum? Just kiss me and I'll let you." She wriggled her pink painted toenails under his lips and Robert almost broke. He actually pursed his lips, leaned forward, before regaining control.

"No Kylie, that's not right!"

She sighed dramatically above him. "If you refuse my offer, I guess the pleasure falls to another. Brad! Chair!"

Her brother ran over with a lawn chair and Kylie sat a few feet away, with her side profile to Robert. "Kneel," she commanded and her brother snapped to his knees in front of her like a well-trained puppy.

Kylie slipped off her heels and looked at her father. "This could have all been yours," she said, running a hand from her tiny feet up her legs, pulling her hem up to dangerous levels again. "You could have enjoyed my sexy little legs every night and cum on them, just like Brad is about to." Brad's eyes got large.

"Well, without the cumming part," Kylie laughed, then turned to her brother. "Start kissing my feet," she commanded. "Don't stop. And DON'T LOOK UP. If you look up, I'll make it so you don't cum for thirty years!"

Brad shook with fear, then bent forward and started planting soft kisses on his sister's bare feet. Kylie winked at Robert, then closed her eyes, concentration furrowing her brow. Brad's hard cock started to spasm, twitch, pre-cum flowing freely off the tip. The boy moaned and started stroking himself wildly, but kept kissing.

"All this could have been yours, Daddy," Kylie said. Then, before Robert's eyes, she slipped a hand under the hem of her black dress. Robert felt the surges wash over his already steel-hard cock, making him harder as Kylie took a slow, steady path to her own orgasm. He tried to touch himself but was tied too close to the ground.

In desperation, he started humping the soft grass as he watched his beautiful daughter stiffen and let out silent scream as she climaxed. She came down, then patted Brad's hair and the boy collapsed on the grass, still clutching his cock. Kylie stood up and straightened her dress, looking at the two men in her life, naked and lying on the grass.

She put her now bare feet under Robert's mouth again. "Sure you won't reconsider? I could always go for two in a night," she teased, rubbing her upper foot against his lips. Only one thought kept him from it.

"If I do, will you let me go? I have to be... somewhere else tonight."

"Oh no Daddy, not on our first night. I'm going to milk you for everything you're worth. I don't think either of us will be able to walk in the morning."

"Really, Kylie, I've got to go and-"

"See her? See that woman you're cheating on me with?" she demanded. "Fine! I was only going to keep you out here for a while, but enjoy sleeping with the stars tonight, Daddy! Hope it doesn't rain!"

Kylie turned on her heel and walked towards the house. She snapped her fingers and Brad scrambled to follow.

"No, Kylie, wait!" Robert yelled as the door closed. He dropped his head to the grass. "Cynthia," he mumbled, then set his teeth.

Robert got on all fours, then tried to crawl forward. His balls stretched, and stretched- and he collapsed, almost throwing up. He tried again, but there was no give in Kylie's psychic command. He struggled for a little while longer, losing track of time. Hours passed.

In the pile of rags which had been his clothes, his cell phone rang. *Cynthia!* He pulled towards his pants, got his fingers around the leg, pulled- and it was the wrong leg of his pants! In the pile, his phone rang for another minute, then stopped. It beeped, showing a message had been left. He tried to pull, clawed at the grass, dug ruts in the turf trying to get to the pile, but barely budged a few inches.

After about an hour, the phone rang again, the ring sounding more desperate. Just like the naked, trapped woman on the other end would be. Robert worked himself into a full sweat pushing himself, almost tearing his ballsack from his body, but still couldn't reach. Another beep, another message.

An hour later the phone rang again. Then again and again, the caller leaving a message each time. Robert started to cry as he stared at it, inches from his grasp.

"Cynthia, I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'm so sorry!"

That's when Kylie opened her bedroom window and leaned out wearing just a thong, her small breasts sitting pert and high on her chest. She made a gesture towards Robert and he felt two small oily hands stroking his cock. It only made him cry harder. Kylie took him right to the edge of pleasure and kept him there as the phone rang and rang all night, until he passed out from exhaustion.

Robert was woken the next morning with a shot of cold water to his back. He jumped, pulled his balls hard against the Tent Stake and fell back with a yell.

"Well, looks like someone's had a hard night," Martha Haggerty chuckled, leaning over the fence with her garden hose in hand.

"Martha! Please! Call the police! Kylie's got me trapped here!"

As he spoke, the older woman walked along the fence, until she could see between his legs, at his hanging balls and hard cock.

"Oh, you're not trapped," the older woman said, then fired off another short burst of ice cold water on his back. He tried to pull away, fell back. She looked at him wryly. "The Handling Powers only work on you if you're hard, you big doofus."

Martha fired a long, cold stream right up his asshole, soaking his cock and balls. He strained again, his morning wood softening until- pop!- he slipped out of the Tent Stake and tumbled forward.

Not caring that his neighbor was looking at his nude body, Robert dove into his pile of clothes and grabbed his cell phone. He hit redial and the other end picked up right away.

"Cynthia, I love you, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!"

"Robert, where are you!" she yelled, her voice wavering. "It's been hours! I'm starving! I can't even order room service without money! And one of the maids opened the door and saw me and then-"

Just hearing Cynthia's voice started to get Robert hard again. *Wait, no that's not right*, he thought, a second before his muscles froze and he started floating above the grass.

Kylie's strong grip wrenched the phone from his hand.

"Is this the woman who's trying to steal my Father?" she demanded into the phone. "Well, go find some one else, because he's already taken! By me!" Kylie hung up and threw the phone into the deep end of the pool. "There. That's taken care of."

"What have you done! No!" Robert cried, so Kylie levitated him a hundred feet in the air. Then she turned to her neighbor. "Finally, some piece and quiet," she laughed.

Martha chuckled too, watching the squirming nude man floating above them.

"Oh," Kylie said, "That reminds me. Could you take Brad for the day? I'm going to school and I'd hate his nude ass to go to waste."

"My garage does need cleaning," Martha mused.

Kylie called Brad to the backyard and made him feel Martha's blow job again as she gave him instructions. "-and no back talk. Do what ever she says, just like it was me telling you." She slapped him on the ass to start Brad moving towards Martha.

"And feel free to use him *anyway* you see fit," she told Martha with a significant look. "I won't have any use for his cock tonight."

"Oh, Kylie, I'm a married woman, I couldn't do that," Martha said, while looking longingly at Brad's stiff eight inches pointing at her. "The only thing that monster is good for now is a leash!" She grabbed his cock firmly and led Brad into her house with it. "I may wear his ass out, though!" she laughed over her shoulder.

Kylie waved goodbye to Martha and brought her father down to stand naked in front of her. "I'm going to school now, Daddy. I forgive you for last night, but make sure you're ready to lick me when I get back!"

"Yes dear," Robert said, his head bowed. "I'll just go to work now."

Kylie laughed and turned away. "You can try, but I drove all your and Brad's clothes to the dump last night! And that suitcase filled with that horrible woman's ugly clothes. And I'm taking your car to school. It's so much nicer than Brad's beat up thing! See ya tonight!" She skipped out of the yard, as Robert truly felt despair.

He ran inside and yes, his closet was bare, as was Brad's. Not even underwear. Pacing, he thought for a moment then ran into the backyard and dove into the pool. But his water-logged cellphone wouldn't even turn on.

He paced more, then grabbed the yellow pages. What had the name of Cynthia's hotel been? It had a 'Tree', and...'Suites'? Appletree suites? Peachtree suites? He called every hotel with the words in the name. 'We can't give that information out, sir.' 'We've never heard of that woman, sir.' 'No guest by that name, sir.'

He gave up after hours on the house phone, every hotel name in yellow pages crossed out. He started pacing the house again, first angrily, then resignedly.

Robert sighed, entered Kylie's room. Walking into his daughter's sacred place naked made his skin start to tingle. Seeing the photos on her wall, of her and her friends at the beach, laughing and posing for the camera pushed him over the edge. Against his will, his dick started getting hard.

He was trapped. Even if he got his clothes and wallet back, Kylie would still be at home, waiting every day. Even if he somehow had her sent off to jail or a boarding school, if she could Loop him over the phone... There was no escape from her Powers now. None.

Not knowing what else to do, Robert sat down and started stroking his painfully hard cock, while thinking of Kylie.

Brad came home mid-afternoon, grumbling, his dick half-hard. "Wear my ass out," he told Robert, who was listlessly watching TV. "That's what Mrs. Haggerty said she'd do. Look at this!"

He turned his butt towards Robert. Robert could still see a fresh hand prints cooling on the red burning skin. "She spanked me just for fun! I listened to all her commands, moved all those damn boxes, I didn't complain when she tickled my balls with a feather duster every time I bent over, and she still spanked me! I hate women!"

"Brad, they're not all like-" Robert started, but Brad had already run off to his room and slammed the door.

Robert was still thinking of something to say to his son when Kylie skipped in the front door. "Hello, family!" she sang. "Did you miss me while I was out?"

She dropped her book bag in the living room and crooked her finger at Robert. "Come on Daddy, it's time! I've been soaking my panties all day thinking about it!"

Robert swallowed hard, then slowly stood up and followed her. Kylie led him to the master bedroom, not hers. She kicked off her shoes and jumped onto the king size bed.

"You know, Daddy, I was thinking," she said, peeling off her socks and shirt, "that if I'm the head of the household now, I shouldn't be sleeping in that tiny room. I should get the big room, right?"

Robert nodded as she peeled off her tight jeans, standing in front of him in just a pink bra and panties.

"I knew you'd agree," she said and kissed him on the cheek. Then she looked down at his half-hard cock. "Oh no, that won't do." She snapped her fingers and he was hard, and then Kylie slowly reached out and closed her fist around it.

"This is the first penis I've held," she whispered to him, staring at it. She squeezed, feeling his pulse throb in her hand. "I waited, for you, just because I wanted it to be special. Wow, this isn't what I thought it'd feel like," she added, and began jacking him off. "It's softer and harder at the same time!"

Robert moaned, his knees trembling. "Kylie, watch out-"

"Don't worry, I won't let you cum until it's time," she giggled, cupping his balls with the other hand. "I don't even know where that should be. Where did Mom make you usually cum Daddy?"

Robert blushed, knowing he had to tell the truth. She could already see the thought through his cock! "Her feet. Always on her feet. And then I had to-"

"Lick it off! Ewwww!" Kylie squealed, reading his mind through his hard cock. "I won't make you do that. Not this time. But we're forgetting what comes first, aren't we?"

Kylie laid back on the bed, took her bra off. She pinched her nipples to rock hardness as Robert watched, then slowly began peeling off her panties, then stopped. "Why don't you do this part, Daddy?"

When he didn't move, Robert felt a sharp psychic tug forward on his balls, and complied, stripping her panties off. Kylie relaxed, fully nude before her father for the first time.

"Oh, I'm so wet already, Daddy! See?" Robert nodded. He hadn't been looking at anything else. If he pretended, he could almost imagine it was Georgina's pussy, or Cynthia's. But it was too young and tight, too virginal. His deepest mind knew what he was going to do now, and to whom. And his dick got harder for it.

Kylie smiled. "You've accepted it, haven't you? That you're going to lick me, and love every second of it?"

"Yes, Kylie, I have."

"Good, Daddy. Let me help you." She raised him off the floor, then floated him face first towards her spread legs. "No pains in your back this way," she giggled.

Robert drifted closer to his daughter's pussy, closer- then fell to the floor.

"What the hell?" Kylie said. "I must have lost my concentration." She raised him again, close enough that he could smell her- and he fell onto the bed and rolled off. "I don't get it!" Kylie yelled. "It's like someone else is breaking my-" The door flew open.

"Put him down!" Cynthia commanded, stabbing a finger at Kylie. She wore a "I love NY" tourist t-shirt and sweat pants that were four sizes too big for her.

"WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?" Kylie demanded, jumping off the bed in rage.

Cynthia trust an official looking paper at her. "I'm his *wife*."

Cynthia, still dressed like a yard sale, sat next to the still naked Robert on his bed. Kylie had run off to her room after just one more demonstration of Cynthia's Powers over Robert.

"How did you do it?" Robert said, looking at the marriage certificate which had his name and a witness's signature on it.

Cynthia shrugged. "Pastors do it all the time, if the man's away serving in the Army or something. It's called 'marriage in absentia'. It's legal unless you don't sign it in thirty days." She smiled. "I hope you don't mind it was a Catholic wedding."

"No, Cynthia, I'm so... thank you!"

He hugged her tightly and she laughed. "So this means we're keeping it, huh?"

"Of course. I couldn't wish for anything better! But how did you get out of the room and-"

"Oh that's another whole story! I'll never be able to go back downtown! But from your call, love, I knew I had to help you. What other man says 'I love you' before he says 'Come rescue me'?"

Brad burst through the door, his huge bouncing hard-on leading the way. "Kylie's crying about being overthrown as the Head of the Household! What did you do?"

Then he saw Cynthia and tried to cover himself with his hands.

She laughed, eying the boy's cock first, then his face. "I think living with you guys is going to be VERY interesting."

"Ahhhhh. Now this is the life," Kylie sighed, feeling the hot sun on her barely covered body and strong, manly hands massaging her feet. "This is what every day should be like."

"I absolutely agree, Kylie," her step-mother replied, her green bikini more modest than Kylie's pink one, but still enough to stop traffic. The hands kneading her feet were even stronger than the ones attending to Kylie's. Cynthia smiled. "The boys, however, may disagree." Lying on their stomachs, both women turned on their towels to look over their shoulders.

Both men were completely nude, Robert attending to Kylie's feet and Brad to Cynthia's. Robert's two weeks of blue balls seemed painfully full until you compared them to Brad's aching one month pair. Both men's dicks were iron rods, even though Robert was trying his best not to

look at Kylie in her scandalous pink bikini. Brad was stealing every glance at his new step-mom's legs and ass he could get.

"Nope. Both dicks skyward- they're having a great time!" Kylie laughed. She flipped back onto her stomach and ran a bare sole over Robert's cock as she read her magazine. "Aren't you Daddy?" He stiffened, but didn't pull away. Kylie added her other foot, stroking his hard-on between her feet. "*Aren't you?*"

"Oh Kylie, leave your father alone," Cynthia chuckled as Kylie continued to stroke the twitching man. "You've teased him enough this week! He barely lets me get any sleep!"

"You're welcome!" Kylie replied and both women fell into laughter. "You know, I wasn't sure about you at first, Cynthia. But after a month, I'm coming to see that you're a woman after my own heart!"

"And you after mine, Kylie. Now seriously, feet off that cock- it's mine."

Kylie pouted, gave Robert a few more real foot strokes, then a few psychic ones as she stretched out on the lounge chair. Robert gripped the edges of the chair to keep from falling over.

"That doesn't mean you can stop, honey," Cynthia said. "Your daughter's body still needs attention!" She threw him a bottle of suntan oil.

"Yeah, Daddy. Get it in everywhere," Kylie giggled, wriggling her butt for him. "Just push your hands right under my tiny suit if it gets in the way!"

"Yes dear," he replied through gritted teeth, as he worked the slick oil into his daughter's toned legs while trying not to think about what would happen when he reached their junction.

Cynthia handed Brad a bottle too. "And you should get to work, too, bucko. But don't you even THINK of sticking a finger under my suit. Boys shouldn't think of their step-mothers that way!"

"Yes, Mom," Brad grumbled, thinking of nothing but.

The women relaxed, letting each man's massaging hands creep higher up their legs.

"Oh," Cynthia said as Brad reached her ass, "you won't believe what I found our little Bradley doing when I came home for lunch yesterday."

Kylie rolled her eyes. "I can guess," she said, making a jack-off gesture.

"Well of course. But you'll never guess to what!" Cynthia propped up on her elbows. "Apparently, Duke University is having a bit of trouble attracting upstanding young men to enroll. It seems they're all afraid of becoming tease toys for cruel Cheerleaders!"

Kylie laughed, grinning at her brother's growing embarrassment.

"The rumor has gotten so damaging," Cynthia continued, "that Duke has put out a PR video following the cheerleaders around for a week, in their dorms and practices, showing that they're good girls who do more than tease men 24/7." Cynthia laughed wryly. "Unfortunately, certain shower scenes and tapes of their workouts seem to have had the opposite effect on Brad."

"You were jacking it to a college recruiting video!" Kylie laughed, looking at her blushing brother.

Cynthia was smiling at her step-son too. "And when I found our Brad abusing himself that way, of course I made him rewind the video then sit on his hands and watch it all again! And while we watched those tiny girls stretching, working out in tight shirts and booty shorts, and showering afterwards, I explained that those young girls are student-athletes, not 'sex symbols' for him to objectify! I think he learned his lesson."

Cynthia turned to Brad, whose erection was now within her reach as he rubbed oil into her back. "Right? You're not going to be a dirty boy and beat off this huge, hard cock of yours

anymore, are you Brad?" she asked, playfully poking his shaft with just one fingertip. He grimaced and nodded.

"I mean," she continued, "it would be such a shame if you spoiled this *masterpiece* by using it too much before you find a woman who can really *handle* it." Cynthia extended her fingers to almost wrap around his cock, but stopping just short. Brad sweated in anticipation and then moaned when she finally grabbed him.

"Cynthia..." Robert growled.

She turned and laughed at her husband, still holding the large cock. "Oh dear, don't worry! I've already told you that your five-incher is the perfect size for me! It fits right in every time and when I stroke you I have a whole hand free! But I've been curious for a month what Brad's girth feels like, is all." She gave Brad's thick shaft a few test strokes and the boy's knees started shaking. Cynthia winked at her husband.

"Tell you what, Robert. You look a little flushed, why don't you go and cool off for a while in the pool?" Cynthia used one hand to twirl Brad's tip and used her other to shoo Robert away.

Robert reluctantly walked off towards the water, turning back to watch his wife handle his son's large cock with two eager hands.

"This is the first time I've actually touched him!" Cynthia laughed to Kylie, then turned back to her step-son. "Perhaps we'll have to make it a regular thing, Brad? Weekly Mommy check ups to make sure your penis stays nice and pure-"

"Brad, why don't you join Dad in the pool?" Kylie interrupted, making a motion with her hand. The boy was yanked violently off the ground, right out of Cynthia's hands, and landed in the pool headfirst and backwards, splashing Robert.

"Kylie!" Cynthia hissed at the girl. "I wasn't done with him!"

"We agreed," Kylie replied in the same low voice, out of the men's hearing, "that Brad was mine and Daddy was yours. So hands off!"

Cynthia raised an eyebrow at her. "Then you should stop trying to get Robert to shower with you every morning."

"He hasn't said yes yet!" the girl pouted. "He just kicks me out every time and then jacks off thinking of you!" A gleam came to her eye and she smiled. "Mostly."

"Well, I want it to stop."

"Then you should stop walking around in that little baby-doll at night!" Kylie shot back. "And tucking Brad in each night? Who does that anymore?"

Cynthia chuckled. "Okay you caught me." She sighed. "It's just the way he looks at me-like I'm a goddess! And his cock jumps when ever he sees me. I can't help it!" She shook her head. "But you're right. It's been tough, but I think we're both learning how to share the men."

"Share nothing!" Kylie whined. "You're the one getting all the sex! I can sense you and Daddy going at it for hours at night. I don't have anyone to pleasure me like that!" Kylie crossed her arms. "And Brad can't lick pussy worth a damn."

"Kylie!" Cynthia gasped. "That's not right! You're his sister!"

Kylie gave her a look. "What? I'm still a virgin! And I only made him lick me for like five minutes one time, then sent him away when he was horrible at it." Her eyes suddenly brightened. "I know, you can have Daddy teach Brad! On me!"

"No. No. We're not doing any of that. Not at all." Cynthia crossed her arms behind her head, thinking. Then she laughed. "Hell, I could probably teach Brad what to do as well as your father could."

"What do you know about licking women?"

Cynthia caught her step-daughter's eye. "You'd be surprised. When the Powers came during college, at first no one knew what to do, and it was fun and free, figuring things out with any man we could find. But then the guys started demanding things from us, more orgasms, bigger orgasms, wild floating positions while we had sex." She shook her head. "It all got to be too much, so I took a break from men for a year. I picked one of my girlfriends, and she well, became my *girlfriend*."

She smiled, remembering. "And she was hot, too. Big breasts, tiny waist. But also demanding. She always made me pay for everything, or open doors for her, apologize first after any argument. And I always had to lick her first."

Kylie smiled. "So you were basically the man?"

"Oh, I was totally the man in that relationship!" Cynthia laughed. "Betty would even tease me, walking around our apartment in just her thong, taunting me with those great breasts of her." Cynthia felt a quick tingle shoot through her groin. "Sometimes, she wouldn't let me touch her or cum for days, just to make me crazy with desire..." The tingle returned, then spread to her nipples, her neck, real tingles, as if she was being touched-

Cynthia flailed like she was trying to rub spiders off of herself. "What the hell is this?" She looked over at Kylie to see the eighteen year old grinning like a wolf. Kylie made a V with her thumb and forefinger, then started kissing it. Every time she kissed, Cynthia felt a tingle shoot through her pussy. The woman's eyes got wide.

"How are you doing this!" she demanded, still trying to rub the phantom touches off her skin.

"I have Power over all men," Kylie said, between kisses. "And apparently, you've licked enough pussy to qualify!"

She closed her eyes and Cynthia felt hot kisses on her nipples, shoulders, stomach, pussy lips, asshole, everywhere, all at once, like being at the center of a kissing orgy-

"Stop it!" Cynthia begged, quivering with need. Her pussy was freely flowing, soaking her bikini bottom and her inner thighs. She pressed her thighs together.

Kylie laughed. "You've never been on this side of it before, have you? Unable to stop someone else from making you feel things? This could go on for hours, if I wished it, Cynthia. I bet I could get you to do to almost *anything*."

"I'll never give Robert to you," Cynthia gasped, then shamefully couldn't stop herself from pushing a hand under her suit and rubbing her pussy as Kylie smiled at her. "No matter what you do to me!"

"Who's talking about giving?" Kylie snapped her fingers and all sensations stopped. Cynthia fell back, panting. "I'm just talking about redefining roles."

"Like how?" Cynthia asked, gasping and blushing, still pressing her thighs together.

Kylie smiled. "You have Power over Daddy. I have Power over you. That makes me the Head of the Household. I just want to be asked for permission any time anyone in this family wants to orgasm. Just for this year, and then I'm going to college."

Cynthia gulped. "I was going to let Robert cum tonight since-"

"Nope!" Kylie giggled. "You're going to Daddy a good hard, teasing tonight. Leave him with Class-A throbbing blue balls! Be a good girl, do any act he wishes you would do in his fantasies, for as long as he wants. But just don't let him cum at the end."

"But it's already been two weeks! I promised him I would never take him longer than-" Cynthia stopped as the sensations hit her again, simultaneous kisses all over her skin, sucks on both nipples and two large fingers being pushed inside her pussy then thrusting. "Okay okay! But I'm letting him cum tomorrow!"

"Maybe," Kylie giggled. "We'll see." She kept Cynthia twitching with sensations as she looked at the boys in the pool, thinking. "But you know you can make cum today?" Kylie raised her hand and made the Scissors toward the pool. "There. I've just cut all of Brad's loops."

Kylie grinned at her shocked step-mother. "Why don't you slip out of that little green suit and go see if you can make Brad have a little 'accident' in the pool? *Without* using your Powers."

Cynthia threw her arms across herself. "Kylie, no! I was never planning on letting Brad see me naked! Not ever! And I can't do *that*, not right in front of Robert!"

"You're a smart woman, Cynthia. You'll come up with some way to make it look like an accident. Brad's pretty on edge. If you just grab his cock playfully while you're horsing around you'll have an accident before you know it! But if you take too long..." Kylie pulled at her chin thoughtfully. "I wonder what the Loop for a woman looks like..."

Cynthia swallowed hard, then hung her head and slowly started stripping her bikini off. She looked up, hoping for mercy, but Kylie only smiled at her. "I'll probably make you accidentally get Brad's rocks off every three months, just to increase Mother-son bonding," she giggled.

"And when Brad graduates, be prepared to give him a nice long hummer in his room that night. What boy wouldn't like that as a graduation present!"

Cynthia was topless now, blushing horribly, and hesitated untying her bikini bottoms. "Kylie, please... I married Robert... I want to be faithful!"

"You married this whole family. You'll be faithful to all of us." The teen girl looked the topless woman over, then sat up. "You know, Cynthia, you actually have a pretty rocking body. And *someone* in this family has got to start seeing to my needs! So let's make a deal: if you lick me well whenever I ask, I'll stop trying to get Robert to do it!"

Cynthia hesitated, then felt a forced heat rising in her pussy and nodded. Kylie motioned for her to slip her bottoms off and she did.

Kylie giggled, looking at her nude, embarrassed step mother in front of her. "And I won't even tease you half as hard as I do the boys! Now get in that pool and make Brad happy!"

"Make sure the accident gets all over your tits," she added as Cynthia walked away, "and I'll only make you lick me three times this week!"

Cynthia began walking towards the pool with dread. Kylie hummed the noises to make sure the woman would be dripping with lust by the time she got there, then pushed a tiny hand under her bikini bottom and started playing with herself, right out in the open.

She watched both men react in shock when they saw the nude Cynthia join them, and felt their cocks get diamond hard in response. The sound was music to her ears. She played with herself faster, letting the tingles go where they may, arousing all three members of her family against their will.

Kylie laughed, listening to the awkward small talk Robert, Brad and Cynthia were making, nude with two hard leaking cocks and a burning pussy between them. *Maybe I should sunbathe nude this summer*, Kylie thought. *Invite Jennifer and Sarah over, all three of us nude, and have my family serve us...*

Kylie masturbated faster, thinking of all the teasing she would inflict on her family this year, and the rest of the world after that. And how many long years she would have that god-like Power for.

"I LOVE being eighteen!" she cried.

###

The End

About the Author

P.F. Dee is the pen name of that cute blond co-ed living in your apartment building who seems friendly enough but would secretly love love love to blue-ball you for months and make you worship her feet every night, if you just gave her half a chance.



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