

## TV Guide

### Synopsis

Fourteen-year-old Alex uses his computer to insert subliminal messages into the TV programs his sexy older sister Katrina watches. Strange things happen when their stepmother starts watching the same shows.

### Author's Notes

Although *TV Guide* deals with an incestuous relationship between a brother and sister, it's not really intended to be an incest story. Rather, like all my stories, it's a control fantasy. A sibling rivalry seemed like a natural spawning ground for a tale of manipulation and sex, and the nerdy little brother and snotty older sister were easily conceived characters. I received email from several readers who told me they didn't find incest exciting, but nonetheless really enjoyed *TV Guide*. That let me know I'd gotten things right.

This story took a long time to write, and went through a number of changes along the way. I first started on it a few months after finishing [Candace's Education](#), intending to write a story in which Alex would use his computer to doctor up a fake movie of Katrina participating in a wild orgy. Alex was going to use the movie, together with some carefully planted "evidence" and a dose of rohypnol (the "date rape drug") to convince Katrina that she really had screwed a dozen or more men. Alex would then blackmail her with the tape. Later on, he would use a similar extortion technique on his mother, Doris. Once Alex had them both under his control, the three of them would frame the father, Greg, for spousal abuse and child molestation (using a doctored tape that showed Greg having sex with an unwilling Katrina.)

Over the next few years I poked and prodded at the story from time to time. I hit upon the idea of using subliminal images on television (a well-worn plot device in mind-control fiction) and found it more appealing than the blackmail angle. I replaced Doris, the biological mother, with Tiffany, the stepmother and trophy wife, after I realized that I wasn't all that excited about incest. (Alex and Katrina notwithstanding, of course.) Vince was added to give the story a new dimension, and I really wasn't sure exactly how the story was going to end until I got there.

My good friend and fellow author Cal O'Shaw gave me quite a few helpful suggestions, and was rather generous in sharing his creative, dirty ideas. Several scenes in the later chapters of the story bear his imprint. (Telling you which ones would spoil the story!) He also suggested the title.

*TV Guide* was a pleasure to write, but I was getting tired of it by the time I finished. Long stories take a lot of time and energy. I've done three of them now; I don't think I have the willpower to get through a fourth.

## TV Guide

### Chapter One

Alex sighed inaudibly as his sister entered the living room. Her red hair fell in glistening curls over the tan skin of her shoulders. A tight blue sweater showed off her shapely breasts, while the black miniskirt hugged sleek legs that balanced expertly on shiny black pumps. Alex felt his young cock stirring at the sight. Damn, she was hot.

And she knew it, too. Her thick, ruby-red lips turned upward in a sneer as she caught him leering. "Get a good look now, Alex. No girl's ever gonna dress up like this for you."

Alex looked away, his face burning in shame. Katrina snickered rudely at his discomfort as she took a seat on the couch across from him. "I feel so sorry for you, Alex. All that pent-up horniness, and you're never going to get laid. You're going to spend the evening jacking off again, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not," Alex replied lamely. It didn't even sound true to him, so there was no way Katrina was going to believe him. Especially not after she'd caught him in his room a few months ago, masturbating in front of his computer.

"Oh, come on, little brother, don't try to deny it." The sneer left her face, to be replaced by a mischievous grin. "Tell you what. Just for the sake of charity, I'll help you get started. If you pull that cock out right now and show it to me, I'll show you my boobs."

She was teasing him. There was no way she'd go through with it. Alex sighed and turned away, looking at the floor, too embarrassed to get up and leave. His cock was incredibly stiff.

"Come on, little brother. This is the only chance you'll ever have to see a great pair of tits without paying for it. Just pull out the old dick and let me see it. Or are you afraid?" she taunted.

Alex's cheeks burned. He turned back to look at his older sister. "No."

"Come on, Alex. What's the matter? Am I not as pretty as your little computer-sluts?"

Alex's shame burned anew. He'd known she would bring this up. She teased him about it constantly. "Are they hotter than your big sister?" Katrina taunted.

Alex's eyes involuntarily flickered down her voluptuous body. The truth was that Katrina's sixteen-year-old body was the equal of anything Alex had seen on a computer screen. Her shapely legs, her taut ass, her round, firm tits... Alex thought about the chance to see those tits. His hand moved to the snap on his jeans.

"There you go, brother," Katrina encouraged.

He undid the snap and began to unzip his fly. Katrina's eyebrow arched in surprise. Alex found himself pleased. He was finally calling her bluff. He pushed his jeans and underwear down and his cock sprang free, standing upright with the most powerful erection he'd ever experienced. Katrina gasped and her mouth made an "o" of surprise. Alex grinned.

But his victory proved hollow as Katrina collapsed into laughter. "That's your prick? It's so tiny!" She doubled over in mirth as Alex felt his exuberance of a moment before fade into the familiar misery of defeat. Katrina continued to laugh. "Well, I suppose it's just as well. It's not like any woman will ever get a chance to be disappointed by it!"

Just then the bleating of a car horn was heard outside. Katrina jumped up off the couch.

"Well, I gotta go. There's my date. Have fun stroking your toothpick, little brother." She grabbed her purse off the dining room table as she hurried out of the house.

Alex looked down at his rapidly deflating erection. He'd never realized he was so inadequate. He slumped his head in misery as he heard the door slam behind Katrina.

Upon reflection, Alex decided that the diminutive size of his prick was hardly any surprise. His whole body was scrawny and underdeveloped. At fourteen years of age, he was a mere four feet ten inches tall, weighing just ninety pounds. His skinny frame guaranteed that girls never looked at him. Katrina's harsh words about his unattractiveness had hurt because Alex knew them to be true.

Alex's physical frailty seemed undeserved. His father had been a professional football player. At forty-three, Greg Young, the two-time all-pro linebacker, was still well-muscled and handsome. His first wife, Alex's mother Doris, had been an Olympic swimmer and had kept her lithe figure until her untimely death two years earlier.

Their first child, Katrina, had inherited her mother's good looks, although where the mother's hair had been blond, the daughter's was a fiery red (a product of her father's Irish heritage), and her body tended toward the voluptuous where her mother's was more athletic. Like her father, Katrina was prettier than she was smart, scraping by in her classes while climbing the high school social ladder by cheerleading and dating the captain of the football team.

Alex, on the other hand, was an anomaly. He had inherited neither athletic prowess nor physical attractiveness from his parents. After a disastrous season of peewee football when Alex was ten, his father had finally accepted the fact that his son was not going to be enshrined someday in the hall of fame in Cleveland. Unfortunately, that hadn't stopped him from forcing Alex to try a dozen other sports, from basketball to ice hockey to lacrosse. Each had been a piece of hell for Alex. Finally, after four years of this, Greg had come to accept that his son was not going to be a household name in any sport, and had stopped trying to force the issue. Alex knew that in his father's eyes, he was a failure. If his deficiencies didn't seem to come from his parents, neither did his one great strength: his brain. Alex's intelligence had been certified by a series of school counselors as genius-level. He'd taught himself how to program a computer by age ten, and in so doing had discovered the one true love of his life. The family had been well off, thanks to Greg's football career, and where Katrina had an expensive car to drive to school and a closet full of fancy clothes, Alex had a modern, high-powered computer in his bedroom. His father told himself he was encouraging his son's gift. The reality was that the computer was simply an excuse for poor parenting; a way of throwing money at his son rather than trying to understand him. Doris had been the only member of the family that had ever really cared for Alex.

The computer at least entertained Alex. He got up off the couch and went back into his bedroom, sitting himself down in front of the machine. As long as he had his fly unzipped, he figured, he might as well jack off now. And he was getting horny again; with his sister gone, the shame that had suppressed his libido was rapidly fading.

He pulled up a picture-viewer and began stepping through the hoard of pornographic pictures he'd downloaded off the internet. The pictures flashed up one by one: classy-looking women bedecked in pearls and lace, trashy-looking women in plastic and spandex. They were all pretty. But in his eyes, none of them was as pretty as Katrina.

Damn! And he'd never even seen her topless. Now that the moment was past, he realized that even if her boyfriend hadn't shown up at an inappropriate moment, she probably wouldn't have shown him her tits anyway. The thought of seeing his sister's body consumed him. He stepped through the pictures faster. Maybe one of them would look enough like Katrina that he could make do. Or maybe...

Well, why not?

Alex hopped up and ran down the hall to his father and stepmother's bedroom. He snatched up the picture of Katrina that stood on their dresser next to his own picture and ran back to his room with it. Excited, he removed the large color glossy from its frame and slapped it down on the face of his full-page color scanner.

A few mouseclicks brought up some high-powered photo-editing software. The scanner hummed a bit and the picture of Katrina's face popped up in a window next to the picture viewer. The scan was excellent. The picture was only a couple of months old, having been taken at the school's annual picture-taking day in September. Katrina was almost as gorgeous in the picture as she was in real life.

Fighting his erection, Alex began paging through the porn pictures. Several minutes and about a hundred pictures later, he found what he was looking for. The picture depicted a busty, raven-haired bimbo cupping one melon-sized tit for the camera while spreading her pussy open with her free hand. With growing excitement, Alex tabbed the scissor icon from the photo-editor and used it to cut Katrina's face out of the portrait. He then scaled his sister's face down to match the size of the bimbo's face, and pasted it in on top.

The result was a picture that seemed to depict Katrina in a lascivious pose, offering herself sexually to the viewer. The effect was crude, to be sure, especially due to the fact that the woman had black hair where Katrina's was red, but Alex's imagination was capable of smoothing over the rough edges.

No longer able to restrain himself, Alex pumped furiously at his cock. In some small way, he felt like he was avenging his humiliation at Katrina's hands. Take that, bitch, he thought. I can jack off to your body any time I want.

"Okay, kids, we're leaving," Tiffany announced as she opened the door and stepped out.

"Bye, Tiffany. Bye, dad," Katrina called from her bedroom. Greg had been remarried for only a year, and neither of the kids called his second wife "mom" or any other maternal title. In Alex's case, it was due to resentment over his mother's death. In Katrina's case it was probably because the blonde cheerleader was only about six years older than she was. "Bye, honey," Greg responded as he followed his wife out the door. He paused to look back once at Alex. "You do as your sister says while we're gone, understand?"

Alex nodded meekly. "Yes, sir."

His father grunted with approval as he turned and left. It humiliated Alex that his father thought him incapable of even behaving himself while they were gone. He was fourteen, after all. He didn't need Katrina babysitting him.

Katrina strode out into the kitchen, fixing her earrings as she went to the phone. "Eric's coming over after *Hagen's Brook* is over, squirt. I expect you to be scarce. Understand? Or I'll make sure Dad and Tiffany know about showing me your prick. Got it?"

Alex knew better than to protest. Katrina was the favorite child; he was the disappointment. Regardless of the facts of the matter, Greg would believe anything Katrina told him. She'd already demonstrated this several times, making up stories about Alex misbehaving simply to get back at him for things he'd done to displease her. Katrina held the upper hand, and Alex knew that he'd better do what she wanted. "Fine," he muttered, trying to put enough surliness into his tone to maintain some dignity, without going overboard and angering his sister.

"Good," she replied. "You just go back to your room and jack off with your computer, and everything will be just fine." Alex glared at her back as she walked into the living room. But the glare soon turned into a fascinated gaze as he watched her skirt-covered ass swing enticingly back and forth. God, she was hot.

Alex poured himself a glass of milk to take to his room as he heard the anguished dialogue of talentless teen actors emanating from the living room. The show, *Hagen's Brook*, was one of Katrina's favorites. Her interests lay primarily in cheesepuff dramas about beautiful teenage kids. Alex found that sort of stuff revolting, but his sister lapped it up.

It almost seemed to Alex sometimes that Katrina's life was just an attempt to emulate what she saw on TV. His sister was obsessed with her own appearance, constantly primping herself and freshening her makeup. Even when she was at home, she constantly strove to maintain that air of fashion-model perfection, even to the point of always making sure her hair fell smoothly across her shoulders, or always keeping her lips pursed exactly so.

In addition, she was also constantly concerned with her social standing at school. Her current relationship with the captain of the school football team seemed to be based not so much on any personal attraction as on the fact that he was the captain of the football team. And she spent hours on the phone, gossiping constantly about the social scene at her school, verbally dissecting the finest details of who was dating who, who was angry at who, who was wearing what, and all manner of minutiae that Alex found utterly meaningless.

The whole effect seemed to be that Katrina wanted to behave like the characters in TV shows she watched. She wanted to be beautiful, she wanted to be popular, and she wanted to have a fascinating life. Like the TV shows were programming her or something.

The show was almost over, which meant that Katrina's neanderthal boyfriend would be arriving soon. Alex got his milk and walked back to his bedroom. Even had Katrina not threatened him, he really had no desire to expose himself to Eric's presence.

Closing the door to his room behind him, Alex fired up his computer and sat down. He heard the faint sound of Eric's car pulling up in the driveway. Well, at least he had a few hours alone. There was a new software package he wanted to try.

The program was called FaceMaker. It was a high-end graphics rendering tool designed to create realistic simulations of human faces. Alex had gotten it mail-order on Greg's credit card for about five hundred dollars. His father and stepmother were willing to pay for his computer hobby as long as it didn't get too expensive.

Alex booted up the program and began investigating. It seemed to allow the user to scan a photograph of a face into the computer, specify a few key points, and then animate the face. The face could talk, smile, frown, or show any of a large number of emotions. Quite interesting. Alex played around with the demos included before moving on to the reason he'd bought the package.

Two weeks ago, when he'd scanned the picture of his sister's face and pasted it onto the picture of a nude woman, he'd opened up a whole new world of excitement. He'd pasted his sister's face into over a dozen pictures, enjoying the effect each time.

But the technique was limited in its usefulness. For one thing, it only looked realistic with a very small number of pictures. The woman in the picture had to be facing straight toward the camera, and the lighting in the rest of the picture had to be just right in order for the composite to look realistic.

Also, Katrina's face was always smiling prettily. It was a gorgeous smile, but when the body it sat on was offering itself lasciviously to the camera, the sweet smile seemed rather inappropriate.

Alex loaded up the picture of his sister's face and went to work. A few clicks of the mouse identified critical areas for the program -- eyes, lips, nose, chin. And then Alex clicked on a button, and his sister's angelic smile turned into a childish pout. He almost laughed at the effect. Smiling, he clicked again. Now she was pursing her lips at the camera, eyelids hooded sultrily. Another click and her tongue was running across her upper lip. God damn, she looked hot like that.

Through the wall, he could hear Eric's futile attempts to get Katrina to have sex with him. But Alex knew she wouldn't, because all the good little high school princesses on TV didn't let their boyfriends fuck them unless it was a very special moment. Alex chuckled at Eric's pleas. Too bad for Eric that Katrina had been programmed for chastity by those teen dramas. If Katrina had developed a taste for porn, Eric would be a happy camper right now. Katrina was defined by the TV she watched.

A thought struck Alex, causing him to sit bolt upright. If Katrina was defined by the TV she watched, could he... It seemed ludicrous on the face of it, but he rolled the thought around in his brain. It would require a few new pieces of hardware, and some high-powered software. He'd also have to do some programming himself. But there didn't seem to be anything really impossible about the idea. Could he really reprogram his sister?

He sure as hell had to try.

Alex leaned back, smiling contentedly, as the program he had just finished hummed happily along. Another program, running simultaneously, was showing a frame-by-frame breakdown of the video output. The program showed a series of images from *Sixty Minutes*. Every sixtieth image, however, was something different -- a photograph of a buxom blond-haired porn queen gazing lasciviously at the viewer. It had taken him a few days to get his new program running properly, but the effect was now just what he wanted.

After his brainstorm a week ago, Alex had gone to the local electronics store to pick up the gear he needed - a high-powered video card for his PC, and several feet of matching cable. The video card worked with some coding and decoding software he'd downloaded off the internet.

The Young family TV was connected to one of the new digital satellite dishes, a small unit that sat on top of their house. The cable from the dish carried signals from the satellite to a box on top of the living room television, which then picked out the appropriate channel for display.

Alex's computer, however, had now been surreptitiously inserted into this chain. Thanks to a well-hidden hole Alex had drilled from one corner of the living room into his bedroom, the signals from the satellite dish now went to his computer first, where they were decoded by the video board.

That was where Alex's new program came in. The program monitored the incoming programming, looking at which programs were being aired on the various channels. When the program being aired was one of Katrina's teen dramas -- *Hagen's Brook*, *Richfield High*, *Daytona Shores*, etc. -- the program would remove one frame out of every sixty and insert an image of Alex's choosing in its place.

The effect would be unnoticeable to the conscious mind of the viewer. The television displayed sixty frames per second, so the inserted image would only show as a brief flicker -- far too brief to register on a viewer's conscious mind. But her subconscious would notice, and would, in fact, be affected by it. Alex hoped the effect would be strong enough to achieve some interesting results. Putting the pouting blonde into *Sixty Minutes* was just a test, of course.

After the images were inserted, the whole stream of video was sent back to the video card, which then recoded it and funneled it to the box on top of the TV. No one but Alex would know what had happened. And since the program could access the scheduling information the satellite dish received, it could automatically start functioning when any of the specified programs came on. Alex just had to specify which programs he wanted modified, and supply the images to be used.

And making the images was going to be the fun part. Alex fired up FaceMaker and loaded Katrina's face into the program. He clicked on an icon, and watched as his sister pursed her lips at the camera, eyelids hooded sultrily. Another click and her tongue was running across her upper lip. That was more what he wanted. He pulled up a photo of a busty red-head thrusting her bare boobs proudly at the camera. It took him a few minutes of fiddling with lighting angles and viewpoints on the face program, but eventually he had a decent match. With a bit more work, he was able to transplant Katrina's modified face to the nude picture.

Alex sat back and examined the result. It was still a bit crude -- the face was quite literally rough around the edges. But it would pass casual inspection, and it was certainly good enough to be used for subliminal suggestion. For the most part, it looked like his sister was lewdly proffering her tits to the viewer. He was pleased.

Now that he had the technique down, he realized he was going to have to put some thought into what to do with it. He'd done a little bit of research in the school library on subliminal suggestion techniques. In the course of this, he'd learned that the most effective methods were those that combined a visual image with a textual message. It had something to do with influencing both the language center and the vision center of the brain at the same time. Stimulating both at the same time was, in theory, dramatically more effective than stimulating either one alone.

So it would be best to combine text with pictures. But what was he going to try to do? Getting Katrina to fuck him straight off the bat was probably out of the question. Best to start small. His gaze drifted to the picture he'd just constructed, the one of Katrina baring her breasts. Well, why not?

He pulled up a text editor and began to brainstorm. "I like my tits," he wrote. Hmmm. "I want men to talk about my big jugs." That was another good one. "I love to show off my big hooters."

His mind raced, and his fingers struggled to keep up.

Katrina stretched as she rose off the couch, using the remote control to turn off the closing credits of *Richfield High*. It had been a fairly interesting episode, but it had left her feeling a bit... odd. It was nothing she could put a finger on, but for some reason she felt strangely conscious of her breasts. In fact, she'd felt the same effect the last several times she'd watched TV.

It was ten o'clock, and she knew she should really be getting to bed. She needed to get a full eight hours of sleep to look her best. And she had cheerleading practice tomorrow, so she'd have to spend extra time on her appearance.

She yawned as she walked to her bathroom. Katrina was quite proud of the fact that she had her own bathroom. She'd spent most of her life sharing a bathroom with Alex, but she'd finally been able to convince her parents that a girl with her social obligations (she was a cheerleader, after all!) really needed her own bathroom, and they'd had a new one put in just last year.



Katrina washed her face, looking at herself in the mirror. Her gaze was drawn to her cleavage. The low-necked T-shirt she wore clung tightly to her ample bosom. Her eyes traced the curves of the shirt, examining the size and shape of each breast. It occurred to her that she had a nice set of boobs. Sure, she'd always been pleased with her chest, but she'd never found it so... interesting... before.

She straightened up and pulled the shirt off over her head, leaving only the white cotton bra covering her breasts. There they were, firm and round. It was a shame, she thought, that she didn't get to show them off much. They were a fine pair of knockers. Men, she thought, would go crazy over jugs like hers.

Jugs. Yeah, jugs. Men called them jugs. If she had a chance to show them off, men would talk about what nice jugs she had. The thought was exciting. She brought her hands up to cup her hooters. Hooters, yeah. That was another good name for them. She could picture men talking behind her back about what a nice set of hooters Katrina Young had.

Leaning forward, Katrina thrust her chest at the mirror. Her tongue slid out of her mouth and ran along her upper lip as she cupped her tits. Tits. Oh, yeah, they were fine tits. That was what the men would call them. Katrina swooned at the thought. Nice tits, babe, they'd say. She reached one hand out to the counter to steady herself as a wave of arousal swept over her. God, if only she could show them to someone.

Well, there was someone she could show them to. Someone she *should* show them to. Could she? Could she show her tits to her brother?

She swooned again as the word "tits" passed through her mind. She *had* to. Katrina fought to calm her breathing as she pulled the shirt back down over her torso. Yeah, she really owed it to Alex. She had, after all, said she would show him her boobs if he'd show her his prick. And he'd kept up his end of the bargain. Not keeping up her end of the deal was really a shitty thing for a big sister to do. And, she reflected, she'd been pretty shitty to Alex recently. Of course, she never should have made that deal. But now that she had, the only thing for it was to keep up her end of the bargain. Yes, she really had no choice. She left the bathroom and strode down the hall to Alex's room.

Alex closed up his History book, figuring he knew as much as he was going to know, and that any more studying wouldn't help him. He hated history. It wasn't like math or science, both of which came easily to him. History, like English, was a lot of work. A lot of reading and memorizing. He was about to get ready for bed when he heard a knock at his door.

"Come in," he said. He was quite surprised to see Katrina walk in. Katrina *never* came to his room. It seemed almost beneath her to be here.

"Hi, Alex," she said softly. It wasn't her usual tone. Jesus. Did that mean that the subliminal messages had worked? He'd inserted a few messages telling her to be nicer to him, hoping that they might make his day-to-day life easier. Could it be that it had actually worked?

"Hi, Katrina," he responded, as casually as possible. "Uh... what's up?"

She bit one lip in seeming apprehension. "Well, I was thinking about the deal I made with you a few weeks ago, the one I broke. You know?" She didn't pause for an answer, but blurted on, "Anyway, I thought I should make it up to you. So..." Again, before Alex could react, she crossed her arms over her chest, gripped the bottom of her shirt, and pulled the shirt up over her head.

Alex's jaw dropped as Katrina's magnificent boobs came into view. He'd seen them before, of course, when Katrina made use of the family pool. But this... this was different. She'd taken her shirt off just for him, and now all that stood between those magnificent jugs and his eyes was a thin white bra.

Katrina shook her hair free of the shirt and looked at him nervously. She reached behind her and worked her arms. Alex stared even more incredulously as she timidly pulled the bra forward off her chest, leaving her tits fully exposed.

Now *this* he'd never seen before. Katrina's breasts lay fully exposed before his eyes, the full, round mammaries topped by soft brown areolae and pert little nipples. Alex had seen hundreds, even thousands of bare breasts on his computer screen, but these were the first he'd seen for real. And they were the most beautiful pair of tits he'd ever seen.

And more importantly, these breasts meant that it worked! His scheme was actually working, influencing Katrina to do things she wouldn't normally do. His mind spun as he thought of the possibilities. What were the limits? He was going to have to find out. Maybe next he should see if she'd show him her pussy. Or maybe even let him touch it...

"So what do you think, huh?" Katrina asked, startling Alex out of his reverie. Jesus, here he'd been so busy thinking about what he was going to do with his new power that he'd almost forgotten there was a gorgeous girl standing in front of him topless.

"Uh... well..." His mind raced. What had he put in the messages? "That's... that's a f-fabulous pair of tits, Katrina."

Her eyes closed and she groaned softly, her body sagging against the door frame. Alex's eyes widened in amazement. Had his words really had that effect on her? The programming couldn't have worked *that* well, could it?

Against his better judgment, he pushed his luck. "I mean, those are really great jugs you have there, sis."

She moaned again, louder this time, stumbling as she momentarily lost her footing. Jesus, it was amazing. The bitch was practically getting off on what he was saying.

"I doubt there's another girl at our school with a rack like yours," he added.

She gasped, her back arching. "Th-thank you, Alex," she panted. "I... I have to get to bed." She turned and ran from the room.

Alex sighed. Ah, well. He would've preferred to spend some more time looking at those breasts. But then, it had been fun discovering just how well the programming had taken. He shut the door before sitting down at his computer and pulling up the current series of subliminal images.

There was a series of a dozen composite pictures depicting Katrina baring her chest to the camera. And then there was an equal number of plain text messages -- simple red letters on a green background. He'd refined them since his brainstorming session. The first one read "I like it when men look at my tits." The next one was similar: "I'm proud of my beautiful boobs, and I wish I could show them off." This was followed by "I wish men would notice my fine jugs," and "I get hot thinking about men admiring my tits." The last couple were a bit different: "I really should try to be nicer to Alex," and "I need to keep my promises to Alex."

Alex grinned as he reread them. They seemed to have worked perfectly. The question, of course, was what to do next.

Katrina slammed her bedroom door and jumped onto her bed. She hadn't bothered to replace her T-shirt as she ran down the hall. God, she felt so *horny*. She lay on her back, one hand slipping quickly between her legs to her sex, while the other cupped cupped her beautiful tits.

Tits. Yes, fabulous, gorgeous, mouth-watering tits. Knockers. Boobs. Jugs. Oh, God! Her hand worked furiously between her legs as she pinched one erect nipple, then another. She'd masturbated before, but it had never been like this.

It wasn't long before she came, her back arching as she gasped in sweet release, a wave of pleasure crashing over her. Her tits were so sexy! She continued to fondle them as the orgasm passed over her, her hands kneading and cupping the soft flesh of her wonderful tits.

She'd really have to do a better job of getting them noticed.

## Chapter Two

Alex whistled softly to himself as he manipulated the image on his computer screen. Life seemed to be going quite well for him recently. That, of course had a lot to do with his sister. In the two weeks since he'd started putting subliminal images in the television shows she watched, her attitude toward him had turned around a hundred and eighty degrees. The bossy attitude had been the first thing to go. She had stopped treating him as a mere inconvenience in her life. She no longer threatened to turn their father and Tiffany against him if he didn't follow her dictates. Her demeanor had not immediately turned into outright friendliness, though; her seeming embarrassment about having exposed her breasts to Alex seemed to be at least part of the reason for that. But at least she had stopped being such a bitch.

And then, in the last week, her attitude toward him had shifted again. She had started to look at him differently, her gaze lingering on him as they passed in the hall in the morning. Alex had looked up from the front page of the newspaper in the morning several times to find his sister looking not at the fashion and entertainment section, as usual, but at him. Directly at him. She'd always glanced away in embarrassment, but Alex knew what was going on. She found him attractive.

That was because the current phase of her programming was conditioning her to find Alex... arousing. Every few seconds or so during Katrina's TV shows, a statement like "I really want to get fucked by my little brother," or "Being around my brother makes me horny," would flash on the screen for a brief instant. Though Katrina's conscious mind was unaware of it, the message filtered down into her subconscious, where it affected her in useful ways. Interspersed with the messages were composite photographs Alex had created. The current batch of photographs included several images that showed Alex fucking Katrina. Of course, they were only doctored photographs of other people, but the high-quality graphics software Alex used made them look realistic enough for this purpose. Alex was quite enjoying Katrina's newfound attraction to him. He didn't want to push things too far -- he didn't think she'd agree to fuck him just yet -- but he was toying with her casually. He'd look at her occasionally, undressing her with his eyes, until she blushed and turned away. And when they passed in the hall, he would make sure his body brushed against hers, listening for the soft gasp she always emitted at the contact. After years of being toyed with, Alex was delighting in a little bit of toying himself.

There was a soft knock at his door. "Come in," Alex called, iconifying the image manipulation program on his computer screen. He wouldn't want anyone seeing that.

The door opened as he turned around in the swivel chair, revealing the gorgeous form of his sister. "Hi, Alex," she said softly. "Um... Am I disturbing you?"

Alex tried to appear casual. "No, I was just... working on a programming project."

"Oh," she replied blankly. Alex had also been using the subliminal conditioning to make her more polite and civil toward him. That had worked quite well; she was no longer the royal bitch she'd been to him for most of their lives. But Katrina still didn't pretend to be interested in Alex's life or his hobbies. Perhaps in this case that was just as well.

"Well, I was wondering if you could... um... do me a favor? I bought some clothes today at the mall on the way home from school. I kind of want to try them out and make sure I want to keep them, you know? I could still exchange them if I decide I don't want them. So... um... would you mind looking at them and giving me a... you know, a man's perspective?"

Alex pretended to look surprised. "Yeah, sure, I could do that," he replied.

"Oh, thank you, Alex. You're really a swell brother. Okay, I'll come back in a minute." She pranced off down the hall.

Alex leaned back in his chair, smiling. Making Katrina find him attractive hadn't been the only objective of the most recent round of subliminal images and messages. He'd mixed in other pictures and sentences designed to cause certain other interesting behaviors.

For example, the picture he'd been working on when Katrina knocked was a composite image depicting Katrina wearing a tight pink tube top that left her midriff and shoulders alluringly exposed while clinging tightly to the swell of her breasts. The black leather skirt she was wearing was barely long enough to cover her ass, and left her stocking-clad legs well-displayed. (Of course, the body in question wasn't actually Katrina's, but since Alex had grafted Katrina's face onto the woman's body, it would fool her subconscious mind. He hoped.)

This image would go into a set that was already running through the subliminal insertion program. The pictures depicted Katrina in various skimpy, attention-getting outfits, always leering lasciviously into the camera. The accompanying text messages reinforced the messages -- "Showing off my body gets me horny", "I like dressing sexy", and the like.

Another set that Alex was running took the concept a step further. These pictures all involved men looking at Katrina's scantily-clad body as she gazed back happily. The messages attached to these kept up the theme -- "I get so hot when men look at my body," "I love it when men tell me how sexy I am." As an experiment, Alex had attached comic-strip-style balloons to some of the men, with captions like "Damn, you're hot!" and "Wow! Nice ass, babe!" But Alex was unsure that the "spoken" text would be noticeable next to the image. Perhaps he should increase the font size, he mused.

Just then, Katrina reappeared in his doorway, stepping timidly into the room. Alex's eyes opened wide as he took her in. Her orange-red hair had been combed out luxuriously and fell in soft waves over the tan skin of her bare shoulders. The ends of her hair fell over the fire-engine-red shoulderless sweater that covered her torso and arms. The sweater clung enticingly to her breasts and tapered nicely down her stomach, stopping a few inches short of the black cotton skirt that completed the outfit. "Do you like it?" Katrina asked softly as she turned around to show him her back. Alex watched as the skirt slid tightly across her legs as she turned. The outfit was completed by a pair of low-heeled black pumps that shone in the light.

Alex stood up and made a show of appraising the outfit. "Wow, this is nice, sis! I mean, it really makes you look hot!"

Alex grinned behind his sister's back as he heard her gasp softly. It looked as though the captions had worked. He ran one hand down the back of her skirt, feeling her tremble at his touch. He smirked and decided to try another one. "The skirt really shows off that nice ass of yours." He was rewarded by a slight shudder as Katrina drew a deep breath. He removed his hand. "Turn around and let me see the front again," he said.

Katrina responded immediately, turning to face him. He made a show of staring at her cleavage. She was wearing a gold-chain necklace that curved down over her chest and dipped just underneath the top of the sweater, deliciously highlighting the upper curves of her tits. "Yeah, that sweater really shows off your jugs."

He watched in amusement as the effect of the comment hit her. Her eyes closed as she drew in a sharp breath. "Th-thank you, Alex," she moaned. Alex watched in fascination as Katrina fought to keep her composure. He wondered how far the effect could be pushed. Maybe even... Hmmm.

"So, didn't you say you had some other outfits you'd bought, sis?" Alex asked casually.

"I'd like to see the rest of them, too."

"Oh! Um... right," Katrina said, flustered. "Okay, um... I'll go change. Back in a minute." She turned and hurried from the room.

Alex sat back down, thinking about what to do. Katrina had seemed to get quite excited at his words. He didn't think the subliminal conditioning should have had quite that strong an effect. None of the literature on the subject that he'd read mentioned effects this strong. Why was Katrina getting *this* excited from his words?

Maybe the answer lay in Katrina's heavy TV viewing. Katrina spent virtually all of her free time at home watching TV, primarily those sappy teen dramas he hated so much. The shows that featured gorgeous young men and women flirting and romancing each other all the time as they dealt with all the usual high school trivialities.

As Alex had previously noticed, it seemed that Katrina spent most of her time trying to emulate the beautiful, vapor-brained girls on these shows. Alex had observed that it was almost as though the TV was programming Katrina; it had been that thought, in fact, that had led him to the idea of using the TV to subliminally condition her.

But maybe, he thought now, he'd been more correct than he realized. Katrina's life, now that he thought about it, was quite stereotypical. She was a beautiful, rich suburban girl, a cheerleader who dated football players. Her interests seemed to be confined to personal beauty, socializing, and gossip. Alex realized with surprise that he couldn't think of a single hobby his sister had. Her father was an ex-football player and her stepmother was a professional cheerleader, so there was certainly no intellectual stimulation coming from her family. (Alex knew that Katrina ignored him, of course.)

So maybe Katrina really was shaping her life to emulate the teen bubbleheads she saw on TV. And if TV already held such a powerful sway over her, maybe that would explain the surprisingly strong effect that Alex's subliminal images were having on her.

Alex's thoughts were interrupted by Katrina's return. Again, she stepped timidly into the room, and again Alex practically gaped at her. This outfit was quite a contrast to the previous one. Where the sweater and skirt she'd modeled before had had a sort of elegant allure, this outfit radiated raw sexuality. A thin black short-sleeved blouse clung to the top of her body. The blouse lay open down the front, exposing a generous amount of cleavage and revealing the white demi-bra beneath. In fact, it looked as though the blouse wasn't meant to be closed at all; Alex couldn't see any buttons or snaps. If the two sides hadn't been tied together just under her boobs, the whole thing surely would have fallen open, revealing her breasts in their glorious entirety.

Katrina's well-toned stomach was bare -- a sleek expanse of copper skin that stretched down to a pair of white denim shorts. Katrina did a pirouette, showing Alex that the shorts were just barely long enough to cover the curve of her ass. A pair of glossy white heels completed the ensemble.

"Holy, shit, you look great, sis!" Alex exclaimed. It had been a genuine exclamation of amazement, not a calculated attempt to arouse her. But it had that effect just the same -- Katrina inhaled a sharp breath of excitement.

"I mean, that tight, sexy little tummy of yours really looks good exposed like that," Alex commented.

"Mmmmm... Th-thank you..."

Alex decided to pile it on. "Turn around so I can see that luscious ass of yours in those hot shorts again!"

Katrina complied, leaning one arm against the wall to support herself as she swooned.

"Ohhhhhh.... unnnnnngh...."

"God, sis, you're going to have every guy in the school staring at you if you walk down the hall like that!"

"Ohhhhh God," she moaned between pants, "Alex, I..."

"Let me see the front again," Alex commanded.

Katrina turned to face him again, a dazed look on her face. "Th-thank you, Alex, but... but, please..."

"Man, I just can't get over those magnificent tits of yours!" Alex exclaimed, cutting her off. "They just look so mouth-watering under that blouse."

"Ahhhhhh!" Katrina gasped, throwing her head back, lifting one hand to her face. "Alex... please... stop..." she gasped between breaths.

Alex grinned, enjoying himself thoroughly. "Man, every guy at school is going to be staring at those hooters of yours!"

"Ahhhh... ohhhhh... no... please... don't..." She was almost hyperventilating now, her hand sliding down her chest as she leaned against the wall.

Alex took in the sight before him -- his gorgeous sister, dressed to fuck and horny as hell. He wanted to fuck her incredibly badly, to throw her on the ground and dive into her with all the passion his frustrated adolescent body felt. But he held back. It didn't quite feel right yet. She was attracted to him now, but he was concerned that the sentiment hadn't yet had time to fully settle into her mind. He knew this was not the moment to screw her. But there was something else he could do that would be almost as fun.

"Oh, God, Katrina, if you weren't my own sister I'd throw you on the ground and fuck your brains out right here," he declared.

The effect on Katrina was electric. She screeched in passion, her back arching as she fell against the wall behind her. Her gasping protests melted into a continuous series of orgasmic screams. Her hips bucked against an imaginary intruder as her head twisted violently back and forth, her hair tossing about her like a brightly burning fire.

Alex watched his gorgeous sister in awe as her orgasm subsided, her shrieks of passion fading into grunts and then into soft pants. It hit him for the first time just how much power he had over this bitch. He'd just brought her to orgasm with nothing but a few carefully chosen words. If he could do that, was there anything he couldn't do?

Tiffany Young stretched her sleek frame languorously on the couch as she watched TV. It was nearing the end of *Richfield High*, and Debbie was trying to explain to her boyfriend Dominic that even though she loved him very much, she wasn't ready to sleep with him yet. Dominic seemed to be having a hard time dealing with it.

Tiffany sighed as she stared at Dominic. God, he was a hunk. He was barely a few years younger than her. Almost like the brother she'd never had. She giggled as she realized that she was feeling a bit warm inside looking at him. She loved Greg very much, of course, but... well, there was nothing wrong with a girl fantasizing a bit about a younger guy, was there?

The discussion between the characters had turned heated. Debbie seemed to be angry at Dominic, accusing him of viewing her as a sex object. Well, hell, Tiffany thought, what was the problem with that? That Debbie had a sexy little body on her, and if she had any sense she'd have been prancing around in the raciest clothes she could find.

Tiffany knew that *she* got hot whenever men looked at her body. Why, just last week she'd gone to the public pool to tan. Sure, she could have used the family pool in the backyard, but there would have been no one else around. No men around. At the public pool, she'd reveled in the looks she'd gotten from men -- the outright stares, the sly glances, all of it. She'd been looked at that way by males ever since she'd turned sixteen, but for some reason it was only in the last few weeks that she'd found the eyeballs on her so... delicious.

It seemed so unfortunate that this Debbie character was unable to experience the same happiness from showing off her body. Tiffany hoped that her stepdaughter wasn't having that problem. Katrina was such a great girl, with a fabulous body. Tiffany remembered how stodgy she had been at Katrina's age, and she regretted not having taken full advantage of her looks in high school. Maybe she should help Katrina make full use of her body. A picture jumped into Tiffany's mind of Katrina prancing past an appreciative man. Tiffany smiled at the thought.

The show ended with the argument between the characters still unresolved. Tiffany flicked it off with the remote. She'd find out tomorrow if stuffy old Debbie would realize what a fool she was being. That was the advantage of watching the show in daytime syndication; she didn't have to wait a whole week for the next show. On the whole, it was much more entertaining than the daytime soaps; although Tiffany still watched those, she found the teen drama to be quite a bit juicier. She always made space in her day to watch *Richfield High*.

Cookies! Tiffany bounced up from the couch and hurried into the living room, her blond hair swishing in the air behind her. She turned off the oven and popped it open. Sure enough, the cookies were ready! She used an oven mitt to pull the pans out, leaving them to cool on the stovetop. She squealed in delight as she smelled them. Greg and Katrina would love the cookies. And Alex, she reminded herself belatedly. He was part of the family, too.



She felt guilty about the mental slip. She really should be nicer to Alex, she knew. In the last few weeks she'd found herself thinking about that a lot, about how little effort she'd made to connect with Alex, about how the poor kid really needed a mother figure in his life. She really would have to try to get along better with him, to be more... accommodating of his wishes. Yes, that would be nice. Just then the doorbell rang. Katrina hurried to the door to answer it, wondering who it could be. She certainly wasn't expecting anyone. Standing outside the door was Eric, Katrina's boyfriend. "Oh, hi, Ms. Young," he said nervously, his eyes dropping down her body and then darting back up to re-establish eye contact. "Um... I was wondering if Katrina was here."

Tiffany's pulse skipped a beat as she felt his gaze on her. She was rather casually dressed... a simple shirt tied under her breasts and a pair of shorts. It excited her that even in these clothes she could distract the boy's eyes... and such a cute boy, too. "No, Eric, Katrina's got a special cheerleading practice today. She won't be home for a couple more hours." She looked at his face... so handsome! Katrina was such a lucky girl.

"Oh, right!" Eric exclaimed. "Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Young," he said sheepishly.

Tiffany smiled at that. "Not at all, Eric. While you're here would you like to come in and have some cookies?" She tilted her head coquettishly. "They're fresh out of the oven." She wasn't sure what she was doing, but... well, she should be polite to her stepdaughter's boyfriend, right?

"Um... sure, Mrs. Young, I'd love to." God, he was so adorable!

Tiffany led Eric into the house, offering him a seat in the kitchen. The seventeen-year-old boy was quite polite and gentlemanly as she served him the cookies and some lemonade, but when her back was turned she could practically feel his eyes staring at her body. Seventeen... that made him only six years younger than her. He could practically be her brother. Tiffany's eyes closed and she moaned at the thought.

She fought to keep her composure as she sat down with him and sipped her lemonade, trying to make idle chit-chat with him about the current football season. But she couldn't help but come back to that thought: he was old enough to be her brother. Her *little* brother. The thought came fully-formed into her mind.

*I really want to get fucked by my little brother.*

Tiffany closed her eyes and shuddered as her mind processed the idea. She had no idea where it had come from, but God it was true! She felt a moistness between her thighs. If only she had a little brother. A picture flashed into her mind of Alex fucking Katrina. God, that girl was so lucky. The thought of her stepson fucking her stepdaughter sent a shiver of delight down her spine.

"M-Mrs. Young?" Tiffany's eyes opened as Eric spoke. "Are y-you all right?" Tiffany had forgotten he was there while she'd been thinking about... about fucking her little brother. Eric. Eric was old enough to be her brother.

The boy yelped in surprise as Tiffany shot out of her chair toward him. She silenced him with her lips, plastering them against his in a lusty kiss. He was motionless for several seconds, stunned, but before long he began to respond. Tiffany brought her hands up to his cheeks as she sucked hungrily on his lips. God, he was so delicious. Little brother... fuck little brother...

Eric groaned as she began untying the shirt she was wearing. The kiss broke as she stepped back and pulled off the shirt, revealing her breasts to him. She looked him in the eye, expectantly.

She'd been feeling insecure about her breasts for almost a month now. For her entire life, she'd always been happy with her breasts. They were a bit small, perhaps, but they were firm and pert. But then, just recently, she'd begun to be dissatisfied with them. She'd begun to think about Katrina's breasts... big and round, the type that men drooled over. And the more she thought about Katrina's breasts -- and it had seemed recently that she couldn't avoid thinking about them -- the more she'd felt that her own were lacking.

Tiffany wanted her breasts to be noticed. She wanted men to swoon over her breasts. She wanted men to talk behind her back about what a nice rack she had, about how great her jugs were. Maybe... "Eric, do you... do you like my breasts?"

He seemed a bit surprised by the question. "Well, uh... yeah, Mrs. Young, they're... really nice breasts."

Tiffany fought to hide her disappointment. Really nice breasts. Not fabulous boobs, or incredible tits, or great hooters. Really nice breasts. Was that all they were? Maybe her boobs would never bring the sort of attention she wanted.

Her thoughts were interrupted as Eric surged toward her, resuming their kiss. Her disappointment with her chest faded a bit as she felt his hands rubbing her ass. God, she needed to get fucked. Fucked by this young stud. She snaked one hand down to his crotch and squeezed his cock.

They sank to the kitchen floor, fumbling with buttons and zippers as they undressed each other. Tiffany groaned in anticipation as his rock-hard member slid free from his jeans.

She stretched her legs around his back, pulling him in toward her, gasping as she pictured Alex fucking Katrina like this. Little brother fucking big sister.

Minutes later, Tiffany screamed through a powerful orgasm, her pussy squeezing the delicious cock of the boy who could perhaps have been her own brother.

"Bend your head down a bit, honey." Katrina complied with her stepmother's request, lowering her head to give Tiffany access to the top of her pinned-up hair. Katrina had been quite appreciative of her help in preparing for the Homecoming Dance.

When Tiffany had first offered to help her pick out a dress for the dance, Katrina had been reluctant to accept. She'd been afraid that the older woman's thoughts on what was appropriate wouldn't mesh well with her own. After all, Katrina had a body she wanted to show off. She wanted men staring at her, talking in whispers about how fucking hot she was. And she didn't think Tiffany would approve of what she wanted to wear. But she'd seen no easy way to refuse Tiffany's offer, so she'd bitten the bullet.

Much to Katrina's surprise and delight, though, Tiffany's attitude had turned out to be anything but conservative. Tiffany seemed almost as interested in showing off Katrina's body as Katrina herself did. Tiffany had appraised each candidate dress critically, making comments like "Well, that doesn't show nearly enough leg," and "This one practically hides your breasts -- with boobs as pretty as those, that's a no-no." As they'd moved through the selection process, Tiffany had, if anything, pushed Katrina to try dresses even more revealing than those she would have considered on her own.

The shiny silver one-piece dress they'd settled on bordered on the obscene. The low-cut, strapless top showed plenty of cleavage. At the bottom, the skirt ended well short of her knees, displaying a generous amount of leg. The real feature, though, was the middle of the dress--it was practically nonexistent. A large cutout exposed her entire stomach from the round bottoms of her tits down to below her navel. The cutout wrapped around her right side, exposing most of her back as well. The only reason the dress could be called "one-piece" was the strip of fabric stretching from the top to the skirt down her left side. Viewed from the front, back, or right side, it looked as though Katrina was wearing nothing more than a tight tube top and a skimpy skirt. The connecting strip was the only concession to decency.

Katrina was quite satisfied with the dress; it looked just decent enough for the formal dance, but would ensure that she got the lion's share of the male attention. The thought of all those young men staring at her tits and ass had her wet already. The thought of them all wanting to fuck her... well, she shivered in pleasure every time it came to her. But that feeling was nothing compared to the lust she felt for her own brother. She knew it was wrong. It was so wrong for a sister to want to screw her brother. But she couldn't help thinking about it... thinking about his cock pistoning in and out of her. She tried to fight it. She knew she wasn't ready for sex with anyone yet, just like that girl Debbie on *Richfield High*. And even if she were ready, wanting her own brother was wrong. But she couldn't deny that she *did* want him. Her left hand began rubbing the inside of her leg, creeping slowly upward...

"Okay, I think we're all set!" Tiffany announced perkily, startling Katrina out of her reverie. "Now how does that look?" the blonde asked, standing next to Katrina in front of the full-length mirror.

Katrina gasped. She looked wonderful. No... she looked better than wonderful. She looked sexy. She looked fucking hot. Every man at the dance would be lusting after her.

"Alex!" Tiffany squealed. Katrina turned to look, and there was her brother, standing in the doorway. "Doesn't your sister look great?" the blonde gushed.

Katrina gasped as she felt his eyes on her. She wanted him...

Alex fought to control himself, to stay calm as he eyed his dolled-up sister. He felt his cock stirring to life in his pants as he took in the sight. Her elegantly-styled hair looked quite classy, giving her the appearance of a rising young Hollywood starlet on her way to the Oscars. But the dress gave an entirely different impression. Hell, it was barely a dress. It was practically a tube top and a short miniskirt. The thin, stretchy fabric showed off Katrina's luscious tits and pert ass in considerable detail. The dress and the matching shiny silver pumps were downright trashy, making his teenage sister look like the world's best-dressed street hooker. The contrast between the classiness of her hair and face and the sluttiness of the clothes was incredible.

"Uh... yeah..." he responded belatedly to his stepmother's query, "she looks... great." He licked his lips nervously as he thought about what he really wanted to say, words that would drive Katrina wild with lust. But he couldn't do that in front of Tiffany.

"Oh, come on, Alex," Tiffany said teasingly, "look at her! Don't you think every guy at the dance will be just lusting after her?"

What the hell? Alex boggled at his stepmother's words.

"I mean, look at how this dress shows off her boobs and her ass," the blonde continued, running her hand down Katrina's flank in an almost salesgirl-like manner. "Isn't she hot?" she asked, looking pointedly at Alex.

Alex was incredulous. Was Tiffany really saying this? She'd spent so much time helping Katrina get ready for the dance that Alex could certainly understand if she was proud of Katrina's appearance. But her behavior seemed to be almost that of a madam showing off one of her prize call girls. As for Katrina, she was staring at Alex, biting one lip, as though hoping for a response.

Well, then. "Yeah, she looks hot. Really hot," Alex said. Both women reacted immediately -- his stepmother with a big, happy smile, his sister with a swoon. Katrina's response was predictable. Tiffany's however, was puzzling; Alex had never known her to be so interested in such talk.

"Oh, that's so sweet, Alex," Tiffany cooed. She looked at Katrina, then back at Alex, smiling. "Well, I think you're all set now, sweetie," she said, kissing Katrina on the cheek. "I have to go run some errands. Don't mess your hair up. 'Bye, Alex," she said, planting another quick peck on his cheek as she breezed out the door. Alex looked after her. That was weird, too. She was never that nice to him.

But questions about Tiffany were pushed out of his mind as he turned his eyes back his sister. He felt his cock swelling in his jeans as he visually traced the luscious curves of Katrina's body. She looked back at him, trembling. She was horny, he knew. In an instant, he had decided. He was going to fuck her. And he was going to fuck her now.

Stepping forward, he brought one hand up to touch the fabric of her dress. He could feel her trembling. "God, you're so fucking hot, sis," he said, trying to keep his voice as calm as possible.

Katrina drew in a ragged breath. "Alex... no..." she moaned. "Please don't... oh!" she exclaimed as he squeezed her tit through the thin fabric of the dress.

"I mean, you just have the tightest, sexiest little body I've ever seen," he said, punctuating the sentence with a kiss on her lips. He'd kissed her before, but only in a brother-sister kind of way. This kiss he left on her lips longer. God, he hoped he was doing it right. He fought to control his nerves.

Katrina was unresponsive to his lips on hers, but gasped softly as he withdrew. Her eyes were closed. Alex squeezed her tits with both hands, enjoying the effect this had on her.

"No... Alex..." she moaned in feeble protest.

"Just look at these gorgeous jugs of yours, Katrina," Alex said, squeezing her left breast again for emphasis. Katrina gasped again. Alex kissed her again, and she responded this time, sucking hungrily on his upper lip.

"Please, Alex, n-not now..." she groaned as they broke the kiss, but her reaction to Alex's touch spoke much louder than her words. Alex allowed himself a grin of triumph as he reflected on how well his programming had worked. Riding a surge of confidence, Alex gripped the top of the dress and pulled it downward, exposing her succulent tits. Katrina's nipples stood erect. Alex brought his mouth forward to meet one of them.

Katrina gasped as she felt Alex's lips fasten around her nipple. She fell backward against the wall, Alex following her as he licked and sucked at her breasts. Her boobs. Her beautiful jugs. Her fabulous tits. Oh, God! "Please Alex, I... oh!" Her desperate plea was cut short as his hand slipped under the hem of her dress and rubbed her inner thigh. She felt the wetness deep inside her as her body responded to the intrusion.

"Oh, God, sis, you're just so fucking hot!" Alex exclaimed, his hand sliding up towards her steaming pussy. She felt one finger slip between the wet lips.

Katrina could barely think through the delirious pleasure that fogged her brain. "No... this is wrong... please..." But it didn't feel wrong. She wanted the finger inside her. She wanted a cock inside her. Alex's cock. Her hips bucked slightly, trying to pull his finger inside.

"Oh, fuck..." she gasped. "Fuck... please..."

Alex lifted his mouth from her tit, a sneer on his face. "Are you trying to say something, Katrina?" The finger continued to tease her, wiggling inside her. Then another finger brushed...

"Oh! Oh, God, fuck!" she mewled as he stroked her clitoris.

"I'm sorry, Katrina, but I can't understand you," Alex taunted.

She had to have it. It was wrong, it was humiliating, but she had to have it. "F-f-fuck me... please..." she moaned.

She saw the grin spread across his face. "I can't believe a gorgeous piece of ass like you is really begging me to fuck her," he teased, sliding his finger back between her pussy lips.

"F-fuck me, Alex! I need it!"

That seemed to satisfy him. His hand withdrew. "All right, get on the floor, bitch," he ordered.

Katrina slid down the wall, falling to the floor. Alex roughly rolled her onto her back. Gripping her ankles, still wrapped in the straps of the pumps, he pulled her legs apart. She was willing to be manhandled, to be used like a piece of meat. Just as long as she got fucked. She watched in fascination and a little fear as Alex unzipped his pants and pushed them downward, allowing his erect cock to spring free. He seemed to be unable to contain his eagerness, hurrying forward to place the swollen purple head of his prick at the lips of her pussy. With one powerful thrust, he was inside her.

Katrina shrieked in pleasure and pain as his member filled her up. Her hymen burst instantly and she felt like she was going to split in two. But with the pain came release, sweet release. Her little brother was fucking her. She mewled softly as he withdrew, and then shrieked again as he thrust back inside her.

Alex grunted in triumph as he thrust again into his gorgeous sister. He'd dreamed about this moment for years, but he'd never imagined it would feel this good. The feel of her tight pussy squeezing his prick was like nothing he'd ever felt. But as incredible as the physical sensations were, the sweetest part of it all was watching his sister lying underneath him, panting like a bitch in heat, yelping every time he thrust into her. The expensive, fancy dress was bunched up around her waist, her tits and pussy fully exposed. Finally, the arrogant bitch was getting what she deserved. Alex couldn't resist the opportunity to gloat. "You must be quite a horny little whore, Katrina, if my tiny little prick is doing this to you." He punctuated the insult with a sharp thrust.

"Oh!" she screamed at his re-entry. "N-no, I... unh!" as he thrust again. She was struggling to speak. "You... you're... ah!... huge! Not... oh, God!... small..."

"What?" Alex stopped his movement in surprise, his cock almost completely outside his sister's snatch. "What did you say?"

"No! Don't stop!" Katrina whined, thrusting her hips forward.

"Tell me what you said," Alex ordered sternly. "About my cock."

Katrina fell back, gasping. "You're not... small. You're h-huge. L-Like a horse, okay? Please, Alex! I need it!" She wrapped her legs around his ass, trying to pull him inside her.

Alex held himself outside her. "So then why did you tell me I was so small?"

Katrina hesitated. But apparently she couldn't resist the lure of Alex's prick. "I was j-just trying to m-make fun of you," she said, her cheeks red with obvious embarrassment.

Alex's body shook with rage as he considered this. He'd make her pay. "Well, feel it now, bitch!" he cried as he brutally slammed his massive cock inside her.

He was rewarded with a shrill scream from his sister. Grinning, he withdrew and pounded into her again, eliciting the same reaction. His cock throbbed with power as he continued to fuck the sexy cheerleader. Katrina's legs encircled him, helping to pull him deep inside her. Cheap little slut, he thought.

"Oh... yes! Yes! Fuck, yes!" she screamed, growing more and more excited with each thrust. Her hips were bucking roughly back at Alex as he slammed his throbbing cock into her. Within moments he felt Katrina's twat squeezing tightly around his prick, contracting like a velvet vise. He grinned in savage pleasure. The bitch was coming on his cock! Her back arched as she screamed in pleasure, pressing those delicious tits against Alex's chest. The feeling drove Alex over the edge. He felt his cock pulse rhythmically as Katrina's pussy squeezed him tightly. With an animal-like cry of triumph, he slammed his cock deep inside one final time, his prick erupting in a torrent of jizz. His mind fogged with pleasure as his cock spewed come into his gorgeous sister.

Katrina lay gasping on the floor as she felt her brother's semen spurting inside her. Her little brother's semen. Even as her own orgasm subsided, she still felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought. She had just fucked her sexy little brother. And she had come to the most powerful orgasm she'd ever felt.

Part of her felt shame at the thought. She knew it was wrong. But what the hell was she to do with such a cute, fuckable little brother? She'd spent the past week getting wet practically every time she looked at him. And she knew that he'd certainly been feeling the same way. After all, she was such a hot piece of ass. What man... what boy *wouldn't* want to fuck her?

She was dimly aware that she'd messed up her hair, and that she'd have to redo it before Eric showed up for the dance. And she'd have to fix her makeup. And straighten out the dress. And...

But it was tiring to think about the dance. She knew she'd be the focus of all the male attention, with cocks stirring every time she walked by. But there was only one cock she wanted. The one she had right now. Her little brother's gorgeous, huge (monstrously huge!) cock.

Maybe, she mused, if she got home early he'd fuck her again.

### **Chapter Three**

"Oh, yeah, that's it," Alex gasped. "What a fine cock-sucker you are, sis!"

Katrina Young exulted at her brother's praise as she continued to suck on his rock-hard cock. It felt so good to be appreciated. She tossed her red hair as she began to pump her head up and down the thick shaft. Her left hand slid idly up to cup her tit, giving it a squeeze. It occurred to Katrina that merely a week ago she would have been revolted at the idea of what she was doing now.

She wouldn't have been bothered by the fact that it was Alex, of course. For the last month she'd found her brother irresistibly attractive. Sexy. She lusted for his cock for what seemed like an eternity until that magical night when he'd first made love to her. No. Not "made love". That would never do. He hadn't made love to her. He'd taken her. He'd used her like the hot, sexy babe she knew she was. He'd slammed his meat into her. She'd been all dressed up for the Homecoming Dance, wearing that slinky black dress that barely covered anything. Her stepmother Tiffany had just finished fixing up her hair when Alex had shown up. And as soon as Tiffany left, Alex had taken her and fucked her. He'd made her beg for his cock and then fucked her brains out.

Katrina shuddered with pleasure as she remembered the evening. After she'd orgasmed powerfully on Alex's cock, feeling his cream gushing into her, she'd worked furiously to restore her appearance. Alex had watched the whole process, smirking. She'd barely been able to walk, but she'd managed to make it through the dance somehow. She'd feigned illness after a couple hours and persuaded Eric, her boyfriend, to drive her home. She'd barely been home five minutes when Alex had thrown her to the ground and fucked her again.

Since then, Alex had fucked her daily, driving Katrina to several orgasms each time. But even after this had started, Katrina hadn't found the idea of using her mouth on her brother's tool appealing. If he'd asked her to, she would have done it. Hell, she'd do anything he asked as long as he kept fucking her. But she wouldn't have enjoyed it.

But then, just about a week ago, she'd been watching *Richfield High*, one of her favorite TV shows, and it had occurred to her that oral sex could be interesting. Arousing, even. The idea had stuck with her. Increasingly, she'd pictured herself sucking Alex off, and gradually, she'd come to realize that she wanted -- no, *needed* -- to suck him off.

It had all built to this afternoon, when she'd gotten home from school and come straight to Alex's room. He'd looked at her as though he knew exactly what she needed. Without standing up, he'd unzipped his pants and pulled out his half-erect cock. "Suck it, you gorgeous slut" he'd commanded. And she had, eagerly.

She felt Alex's hands twining through her hair, guiding her head gently up and down his thick tool. "Use your tongue a bit more, babe..." he groaned. Katrina complied, sliding her tongue back and forth along the underside of her brother's thick, meaty shaft, struggling not to gag. She clenched her legs together, feeling the wetness in her pussy. The thought of servicing her brother like this got her so fucking hot.

Alex groaned as Katrina's head slid still lower on his prick. The feeling was incredible! He'd thought he could never know any finer sensation than that of sliding his cock into his sister's tight little pussy. This, though, was at least as sweet. He gazed down at Katrina's shiny red lips as they slid up and down his shaft. And her tongue... it was just incredible.



It still amazed him what he'd done to her. A mere month ago, Katrina had been a stuck-up, self-centered bitch, concerned only with her own appearance and her social status at school. Her priorities in life had been cheerleading, gossip, and television, in that order. She'd treated Alex, her little brother, like shit.

And then Alex had figured it out. Through a series of subliminal messages inserted into Katrina's favorite TV shows, he'd worked some slow changes in his sister's thoughts. First, it had been her boobs. Alex had always thought that Katrina had the most gorgeous tits in the world. The subliminal images had been tailored to give Katrina the same... interest... in her mammaries that Alex had. The text messages accompanying them had reinforced the images, saying things like "I like it when men look at my tits," and "I'm proud of my beautiful boobs, and I wish I could show them off." Slowly but surely, Katrina had grown more and more obsessed with showing off her large, pert jugs, displaying them to Alex as often as she could. Even now, as she sucked his cock, one hand was massaging her bountiful chest.

From that point on, it had been a matter of gradually inducing Katrina to do what he wanted her to do, think what he wanted her to think, and feel what he wanted her to feel. It was just a simple matter of programming. Alex had used another set of images and messages to induce Katrina to spread her legs for him, with messages like "I really want to get fucked by my little brother," and "I need to feel my little brother's cock in my pussy." Her lust for him had grown and grown, until the evening of her Homecoming dance, when Alex had finally taken her, shoving his lust-swollen prick deep into his gorgeous, sexy sister. Since then, he'd been slowly programming her to show an interest in cock-sucking. It had been a simple matter to insert subliminal messages like "I need to suck my little brother's cock," and "I want to wrap my lips around my little brother's thick shaft," into the set of images his computer used for subliminal insertion. The rest was, by now, automatic. Alex's computer intercepted the incoming signal from the satellite dish. Anytime that one of Katrina's favorite programs was on -- *Richfield High*, *Hogan's Bluff*, and a few other sappy teenage dramas -- the computer inserted a subliminal image once every ten seconds or so. The viewer, Katrina, wouldn't notice the images consciously, but the brief flicker of the image would register on her subconscious.

And the system continued to work beautifully, Alex thought, watching as Katrina continued to suck his blood-engorged prick. His sister was now eagerly jerking her head up and down on his shaft. Alex stroked her flaming red hair as he pondered what to do with his gorgeous pet next. He could, of course, just keep throwing the same images at her, and enjoy having an eager little sex-kitten available for his constant use. It would be a long time before he got bored of fucking Katrina. But still, he felt like there was more he wanted to do with her than just screw her. He thought of the massive collection of pornographic pictures he had on his hard drive. Maybe...

His thoughts were interrupted as he realized he was going to come soon. It occurred to him that he hadn't programmed her to want to swallow his come yet. She'd take it if he came in her mouth, he knew, but she wouldn't enjoy it. He didn't want to push her beyond the limits of her programming yet. Besides, that sweet little pussy of hers would be nice and juicy at this point.

Alex gently pulled his sister's head up off his cock. She looked up at him quizzically. She seemed almost hurt that he'd stopped her blowjob. He grinned. "On your back, bitch," he commanded. Her trepidation turned into glee as she hurried to comply. Alex climbed atop his panting sister, positioning the swollen purple head of his prick between the glistening wet folds of her labia. Sure enough, the slut was ready.

Alex howled in pleasure as he thrust into his sister.

Katrina shrieked with delight as her brother's massive meat slammed into her tight pussy. Her hands continued to rub and squeeze her tits as she felt him begin to fuck her, pumping his cock in and out of her trembling snatch. Her big, beautiful boobs. Her gorgeous jugs.

She just *loved* her tits!

She came almost immediately, her pussy clenching tightly around her little brother's manhood, her legs encircling his ass, pulling him deeply inside her as she screamed through her orgasm. She felt him coming as well, spurt after spurt of hot spunk shooting into her stomach. Katrina's orgasm surged higher as she felt the warm liquid penetrating her insides, her fingers continuing to fondle her tits. She'd sucked her brother off so hard that he'd come practically the instant he'd entered her. God, she felt so fucking hot!

Even in the light windbreaker featuring the Tigers' team colors, Tiffany Young was shivering as she jogged up the steps of the high school, pompoms in hand. "Lexie!" she called to the similarly-clad woman at the top of the stairs.

"Oh, Tiff, there you are!" Alexis Donaldson exclaimed, "It's so good to see you again." Tiffany returned the proffered embrace. "We were worried you wouldn't make it! You've been sick for so long!"

"Well, I'm fine now, Lexie," Tiffany responded, breaking the embrace and stepping back from her fellow cheerleader. "I just had some medical complications for a few weeks." Tiffany grimaced inwardly. Medical complications, indeed. "But I'll be back at practice on Thursday."

"Well, let's get inside. Everyone else is waiting in the gym," Alexis said, opening the door and hurrying Tiffany inside. The two cheerleaders were alone in the school's small lobby; virtually all the students and teachers would be at the say-no-to-drugs assembly by now. Well, she'd have to do this sooner or later. Tiffany unzipped her jacket and shrugged it off, revealing her cheerleading uniform underneath.

"Come on Tiff, this way," Alexis called, looking back at her. The leggy brunette did a double-take when she saw Tiffany. "Oh my God, Tiff, you had your boobs done!" Alexis gaped, mouth open, at Tiffany's chest.

"Y-yeah. Well, I just decided I was tired of being so flat-chested, you know?" Tiffany explained nervously.

Alexis was walking back slowly, head tilting this way and that as she stared at Tiffany's chest. "Jesus, Tiff, they're... don't you think they're a bit much?"

"No!" Tiffany snapped. "I think they're just fine!"

"Sorry," Alexis said, raising her hands in placation. "It's just that you never seemed unhappy with your breasts before. And then you show up with *those*..."

"Well... well..." Tiffany stammered. That much was true. It had only been a month ago, while she'd been watching one of those teen dramas she liked to watch during the day, that she'd realized she wanted bigger tits. She wanted men to stare at her jugs, ogle her knockers. She got a shiver as she thought about men looking at her tits. And maybe they were a bit bigger than most women's. She looked down at her tits, straining against the fabric of the too-small top of the cheerleading uniform.

She'd intended to get something smaller, but once she'd gotten into the doctor's office and started looking at photographs, she'd gotten so excited that she'd gone several sizes larger than she'd originally intended. But hey, why pay a lot of money just to look like everyone else, if you could look a lot better?

Then she realized Alexis was still waiting for her to answer. "Well, yeah, I guess I decided pretty recently. And I happen to like them just fine. So does Greg." That was true. Greg loved her new breasts. Her tits. Her bazookas. She shivered with delight again.

Alexis laughed at that. "Well, as long as it's for a good cause," she said, grinning. "Now, let's get going," she said, trotting off down the hall. Tiffany hurried after her.

They soon met up with the rest of the squad, waiting just outside the double doors of the school gym, inside which the entire student body was assembled for a "Say-No-To-Drugs" program. They spent several minutes getting organized, during which time Tiffany's recently-augmented cleavage attracted a few sidelong glances. Before anyone had a chance to ask her about them, the school principal introduced them and they burst through the gym doors and into one of their standard dance routines. Because the routine was one of the squad's staples, Tiffany had no problem keeping up, despite having missed two weeks of practice.

The squad finished the routine with a sharp cheer of "Drugs? No!" and drew a round of applause from the students; especially, it seemed, the male ones. The principal came back to the microphone, thanking the cheerleaders and introducing the motivational speaker that was to present the bulk of the assembly's message. Tiffany filed off the floor with the rest of the cheerleaders to the seats that had been reserved for them in the front row of the mass of students. Tiffany wound up sitting on one end of the row of cheerleaders, right next to a thin, shy-looking boy. "Hi," she said, smiling at him.

His gaze seemed locked on her chest. Tiffany thrilled inwardly. Men had never stared at her tits before. The boy seemed to shake himself loose from the hypnotic spell of her cleavage. "H-hi," he stuttered, looking away nervously.

Tiffany smiled, turning away to watch the assembly. The speaker quickly grew boring, so she began to scan the crowd, looking for Katrina. After a few minutes, she found her stepdaughter in the second row from the top of the student audience. The redhead was wearing a tight white crop-top that showed off her generous boobs fetchingly. Tiffany was pleased that Katrina had such a sexy figure. She was also pleased that the girl wasn't shy about showing it off, either. There was no greater compliment that could be paid to a woman than having men talk about how hot she was, and Tiffany was sure that plenty of the boys in school lusted after Katrina.

Including, maybe, her brother. For some reason, Tiffany had spent a lot of time recently thinking about Katrina and Alex having sex. Images of her stepchildren fucking each other seemed to jump unbidden into her mind. Tiffany crossed her legs, trying to subdue the tingling that was beginning in her crotch. Tiffany groaned softly as she thought about fucking her little brother. She didn't have one, but that seemed immaterial. She wanted desperately to feel her brother's cock slide into her pussy, feel his massive cock slide into her mouth... Oh, God!

Her head turned to look at the boy next to her. He looked to be perhaps sixteen. She was only twenty-three. He could easily have been her brother. Her brother...

Tiffany reached one hand out to cup his knee. The boy jerked at her touch, startled. "Excuse me," she said in what she hoped was a soothing voice. Her nerves were raw with sexual energy. "Could you show me to the ladies' room?"

"Uh... s-sure," he stammered. Tiffany stood up. Seizing on an impulse, she took his hand.

The boy was trembling. He stood up nervously, leading her to the gym doors. Tiffany knew the entire gym was staring at them, but she didn't care. She was just going to the bathroom, after all. She smiled. The boy led her out the doors and down the hall to the restroom door. "Here you go, ma'am," he mumbled nervously, and made as if to leave.

"Wait," Tiffany insisted, gripping his hand tightly. "Will you come in with me? To make sure it's safe? Please?" She squeezed his hand once, for emphasis.

The boy's eyes widened as he slowly realized what was happening. He was silent for a moment, before speaking in a small voice. "O-okay..."

"Thanks," she cooed, leading him by the hand into the restroom. Tiffany glanced around, making sure the small restroom was empty. When she was reasonably sure it was, she pushed the boy against the wall, planting her lips firmly on his.

Tiffany was hardly aware of what she was doing. But she knew she loved it. Her tongue shot into the boy's mouth, probing, exploring. He was unresponsive, still trembling. Tiffany brought one hand to his crotch, feeling the bulge pushing against his jeans. He was responsive *there*.

The kid gasped as she broke the kiss. The kid... little brother. Tiffany sank slowly to her knees, unzipping the boy's pants as she did. A quick pull allowed his rigid cock to spring free. Tiffany gasped at the sight. Her little brother's cock. She brought one hand up to grip it, rubbing it gently, caressing it with her fingers.

The boy stood stunned, looking down at Tiffany as the cheerleader stroked his cock. Tiffany looked up, a smile on her face. Slowly, she parted her lips and brought her mouth down on the blood-engorged prick.

The sensation that ran through her body was electric. She sealed her lips around the cock, her eyes closing as pleasure washed over her. Cock... sucking cock... sucking little brother's cock... Tiffany shuddered. Her pussy was damp.

Slowly, she began to pump her head up and down. The boy began to groan as she did so. Tiffany used her free hand to brace herself against the wall as she dove deeper on the boy's cock. She'd gone down on Greg a couple of times at his request, but she'd never really enjoyed it. Now, for some reason, she found the idea of sucking cock incredibly arousing.

Sucking... little brother's cock.

It wasn't long before an orgasm washed over her. She spread her legs and brought one hand to her pussy, furiously rubbing her erect clit, one finger sliding shallowly into her snatch. She was dimly aware that the cock in her mouth was beginning to pulse.

Moments later, the boy gave a sharp cry as his cock erupted in her mouth. Tiffany fought to control herself. The warm liquid flowed into her mouth, coating her tongue in a sticky saltiness. As her orgasm subsided, a few drops escaped her mouth, spattering onto the tops of her upthrust tits.

Tiffany collapsed on the floor, the short cheerleading skirt splaying around her on the floor. She was dimly aware of the boy zipping up his pants and hurrying out of the restroom. Slowly collecting herself, she pulled her spent body up off the floor, stumbling over to the mirror. The face that looked back at her held a dazed look, with a rivulet of jism snaking from one corner of her mouth down her neck to the twin orbs of her augmented boobs. She grinned in giddy delight at the sight.

She returned to the gym ten minutes later, the semen wiped from her face and cleavage and her hair freshened up a bit. The boy was no longer sitting in the seat next to hers. Tiffany looked through the crowd as she sat down, curious. She found him after a few seconds of searching, sitting with some other boys further up. He was gesturing furiously as he spoke to his friends. Tiffany couldn't hear the words, but she had a pretty good guess as to what the topic of conversation was. Her suspicion was confirmed when the boy pointed at her, drawing his friends' gazes to her.

Tiffany blushed and turned her head away in embarrassment. Embarrassment, however, gave way to excitement as she thought about what they were probably saying. Hot babe. Horny little sexpot. Cocksucking cheerleader tramp. A soft moan escaped her lips.

"Tiff?" Alexis asked.

Tiffany sat bolt upright. "I'm fine," she snapped, trying to hide her arousal. She squeezed her legs tightly together, as though that would contain the wetness between them.

"That's good, sis. Just smile for the camera." Katrina complied with her brother's instructions, flashing her most winning smile as the camera strobed several times. "Chest further out... show off those gorgeous tits." Katrina moaned softly at the words, thrusting her chest forward as Alex snapped several more pictures. "Lean on the bedrail... there we go." Katrina rested one hand on the wrought-iron frame at the foot of her parents' bed. Both of them were out for the evening; Greg had his regular poker night with his old football buddies, and Tiffany had left shortly afterward, telling them that she had just gotten word that she had to go to a surprise birthday party for a friend. So Katrina and Alex had the evening alone.

Katrina thought excitedly about what was going on. Here she was, striking sexy poses and smiling at the camera while her brother shot photos of her. Just like a model. Just like a hot, sexy model that men would lust after. She pouted fetchingly at the camera, imagining men looking at her pictures, men wishing they could fuck her.

The idea had come to her while she'd been watching TV. (It was strange, she reflected, how many new ideas had come to her recently while watching TV. And her teachers always prattling on about how TV rots the mind. Oh, please!) She'd been watching *Hogan's Brook*, one of her favorite shows, and it had occurred to her that the girls on the show were on TV a lot. They were always prancing around in sexy clothes on the show, probably getting all the men who watched the show really horny.

The realization had come with a stab of jealousy. These girls appeared on millions of TVs across America every week. Probably thousands of men and boys lusted after them. Tens of thousands, maybe even hundreds of thousands of men dreaming about fucking them. And what did she, Katrina, have? How many guys wanted to fuck her? Maybe a few hundred at her school. It was hardly fair. Here she was, a hot babe with a fabulous set of knockers, and barely anyone could see it. Those bitches on TV weren't hotter than she was; they just had more exposure. Katrina had known with a sudden certainty that if she were appearing on TV every week, men all over the country would be jerking themselves silly dreaming of her body. That was what she wanted. Hundreds, thousands of men lusting after her.

It had been a week, though, before she'd done anything about it. A week in which her thirst to be an object of lust for throngs of men had grown and grown. A week in which, every time she stripped naked to get fucked by Alex, she'd fantasized about cameras shooting at her, flashing as she posed, showing off her sexy young body. A week in which she'd struggled to build up her courage.

She'd known that Alex would be the one to help her out. She remembered vaguely that he'd had a brief interest in photography a few years ago. And with his computer skills, she knew that he could get pictures of her distributed on the Internet, where thousands of men would see them. She knew Alex could help her.

But there were risks, weren't there? What would happen if someone at school found the pictures? Her reputation would be ruined. Everyone would talk about her behind her back. They'd call her a cheap slut. A whore. She wasn't prepared for that. Teasing the guys at school with her clothes and her body was one thing. Getting fucked by her brother's massive cock every day was something else. But neither of these things was the same as being known as a slut. She loved having all the guys *wanting* to fuck her, but she absolutely did *not* want them to think they'd actually get a chance. Her reputation was critically important, and she wasn't willing to risk it.

But her desire to be looked at, to be lusted after, had grown steadily over the past week. She'd finally decided to ask Alex to take some pictures of her. She wouldn't have them distributed. She just wanted to see what she looked like on film, and fantasize about having lots of men look at the pictures. Just fantasizing.

She'd finally asked Alex about it just after he'd fucked her one evening. She hadn't mentioned her fantasy about being lusted after by hordes of men across the country. In fact, she hadn't even mentioned undressing. She'd just asked him to take some pictures of her modeling. "You know, to see if maybe I want to be a model." That was all she needed, really. Her imagination could do the rest.

He'd readily agreed, telling her what she would need to do, what clothes she should use, and what sort of makeup she should wear for the photoshoot. Almost as though he'd known she was going to ask. No, she chided herself. That wasn't possible. She was being silly. And here they were, Katrina striking poses as Alex instructed. She was wearing a low-cut black tube top that showed off her generous tits and a tight, pink miniskirt that clung to her legs. The outfit was completed by a pair of black heels. At Alex's request, she had tied her long red hair up in a ponytail. "It completes the look," he'd explained at the beginning of the shoot. "A sexy little teenybopper." That sentence had brought on the now-familiar wetness in her snatch. A wetness that was still with her.

"Okay, now bend over, hands on the railing," Alex instructed. Katrina complied, bending at the waist and leaning her weight on the bedframe. "Stick your ass up higher," Alex ordered as he continued to snap pictures. He circled around behind her. "Reach around back with one hand and pull the skirt up a little."

Katrina did so, wondering if this was really necessary. After all, the skirt was pretty short anyway, and left little to the imagination. She pulled the skirt up a bit, and heard Alex snap several pictures. "Higher... higher... that's it," he commented. Katrina obeyed, surprised that he wanted it that way. Any higher, and she'd be showing her damp pussy to the camera. She groaned at the thought of her pussy on film.

She heard Alex stepping back, and the clicking of the camera being unloaded and reloaded with fresh film. "Okay, sis, for this next roll, how about we see some of your tits? Just pull up the top a bit, all right?" Katrina froze. She hadn't asked Alex to shoot her topless. She hadn't told him she wanted to be shot topless. But... she did want to. And after all, nobody would see these pictures, so what did it matter?

Katrina turned back to face Alex, nervously pulling up the tube top and allowing her breasts to spring free. "Smile," he instructed as the camera began to flash. Katrina complied, smiling at the camera. Her confidence returned. This felt right. She could easily picture herself in the pages of a men's magazine. She brought her hands up to cup her tits, proffering them to the camera as she leered, tongue brushing her upper lip. That felt very right.

Alex grinned as his sister squeezed her tits for his camera. Sure enough, this was what she wanted. He could read the lust in her face now. He congratulated himself once again on a masterful job of programming her. "Okay, sis, I want you to cup the left one... that's it... now pout for the camera. Make it sexy, you gorgeous babe," he ordered. The words had the desired effect, as Katrina swooned with delight.

The most recent batch of subliminal messages had been things like "I want lots of men to lust after my body," and "I want thousands of men to dream about fucking me." The images that supplemented these were drawn from his online library without alterations: Porn actresses pouting for the camera, models from men's magazines spreading their legs or cupping their tits as the leered at the camera. He'd also included some pictures of strippers performing, thrusting their bare tits provocatively at crowds of leering men. It was all designed to induce Katrina to want to be photographed, and have her photographs viewed by horny men. She hadn't admitted it all to him yet, but he knew that was what she wanted. After all, he'd programmed her.

Alex continued to snap pictures. Katrina followed his instructions eagerly now, fondling her tits and spreading her legs for his hungry camera. Getting her to bare her boobs seemed to have snapped her reluctance completely. She was really getting into it now. She didn't have the skills of a professional model -- she didn't yet understand the best ways to pose, or how best to show off her body. But she was enthusiastic.

And she followed his instructions well, gradually removing the top and the skirt. Slowly he coaxed her through it, moving her from one pose to another -- this one showing off her full tits with their hard nipples, that one displaying her glistening wet snatch. Alex noted with approval that Katrina had shaved her pussy before the shoot. Every image he'd used in programming her this week had featured a woman with a shaved pussy. Katrina had only a small triangular patch of fur remaining on her lower stomach. The lips of her slit were smooth and shiny.

Alex used up roll after roll of film on his gorgeous sister's nubile body. After half an hour of shooting, Alex decided he had enough. He'd used up a dozen rolls of film, and Katrina was now panting from the exertion and excitement, a light sheen of sweat covering her smooth skin. He'd finished up with some shots of her from behind, standing on legs spread wide, facing the bed, bending forward to lean both hands on the bed. The pose accentuated the curves of her luscious ass while also exposing the moist folds of her snatch. Alex's cock felt ready to burst in his jeans. There was just one more thing to be done.



Setting the camera gently on the dresser, Alex stepped toward the horny redhead...

Katrina stood, panting, balancing herself on the heels she still wore. She felt her pussy tingling as she thought about how sexy she must look. How fucking hot. That was what she was. A hot babe. She couldn't wait to see the pictures Alex had taken, to see how sexy she looked.

The camera fell silent. Katrina stood, panting, waiting for Alex to change film rolls and resume shooting. She was exhausted from the session, but still eager for more. Maybe now she'd get to show off her tits some more. Her luscious tits.

Her thoughts were interrupted by a hand on her rear. Alex was stroking her ass gently, his hand sliding across her damp skin. Katrina's pulse quickened as she realized Alex was going to fuck her. Suddenly, she realized how much she needed a good fucking. Her legs trembled as she thought of Alex's thick cock sliding into her pussy.

"You really enjoyed that, didn't you, sis?" he asked from behind her, his hand sliding down to her snatch.

"Yeah... yeah, I... Oh!... I l-liked it," she moaned, gasping as Alex's hand brushed her erect clit. Dammit, why didn't he just fuck her? Katrina's hips swiveled as she ground her pussy against her brother's hand, trying desperately to bring herself to orgasm.

"Well, I was just thinking that we could also make some money out of this," he mused.

Katrina's hips stopped moving. What did he mean? "M-money?" she asked stupidly.

"Sure," Alex responded, still stroking her. His other hand had reached around to her chest, and was now fondling one erect nipple. "I know of a few web sites that would pay good money for these pictures. There's a lot of horny men who'll gladly pay to look at pictures of you," he explained.

Katrina gasped, her body shaking with excitement. Men staring at her. Horny men dreaming of fucking her. She shivered at the thought. But she couldn't do that! "No..." she moaned as Alex gently stroked her clit. His other hand had left her breast and she heard the sound of a zipper. His cock... Katrina fought to focus her thoughts. "No... Someone might recognize me..."

"Nah," Alex replied. "Even if someone from school did see your pictures -- which I really doubt, since they'd have to be twenty-one years old -- they'd never recognize you. Not in these clothes, with all this makeup. Come on, sis, a hot babe like you can make a ton of money selling pictures of herself for guys to jack off to."

Katrina gasped again as she thought of hundreds, thousands of men jerking on their cocks, staring at her naked body. Her sexy body, with its creamy little snatch and fabulous tits. Alex's thick shaft was brushing against her pussy lips now. It was sliding slowly back and forth across her snatch, the skin of the massive pole rubbing against her rigidly erect clitoris. She felt her resistance failing. "Noooo... please... just fuck me, Alex..."

Alex leaned closer, whispering into her ear. "And after they get done looking at you, they'll go and fuck their wives and their girlfriends. But they won't be thinking about the women they're fucking. They'll be thinking about you. In their minds, they'll be fucking your hot little body, sis."

That snapped it. She couldn't stand it anymore. She had to do it. "Okay... okay... sell the... Oh!... Sell the pictures, Alex."

"Sure thing, babe," Alex responded. "You won't regret it. You'll get a lot of money out of it." Katrina nodded absently, but she was so far gone that she barely understood what he was saying. She didn't really care about the money. All she wanted was to be seen. To be lusted after. To have thousands of men fuck her in their dreams.

A moment later, she was rewarded for her patience, as Alex shifted the position of his cock and thrust it forcefully into her dripping cunt. She came barely a minute later, screaming through a torrential orgasm, her hips bucking furiously on her brother's massive shaft as she thought about how many men were going to see her sexy young body.

"Five minutes, Tiffany!"

"Okay," the blonde replied, acknowledging the club manager with a wave. She turned back to the mirror, checking her appearance once more. She'd curled her hair before leaving the house, and now it fell in lustrous blond tresses about her made-up face, a few locks straying forward sexily to brush her cheeks. Eyeshadow and mascara highlighted her blue eyes, and her lips shined with bright red lipstick and gloss. Perfect. She slipped a pair of black sunglasses over her eyes.

Tiffany stood and stepped back from the mirror to evaluate her whole body. Her bare legs balanced on three-inch black heels, stretching up to a pair of black lace panties that barely covered her pussy. Her already-wet pussy, she realized. A matching bra struggled to contain her oversized tits, almost revealing her rock-hard nipples. She caught a few appraising glances from the other women in the room. Jealousy, no doubt. Tiffany knew she looked hot. But still, her nerves were raw. Did she really want to do this?

The idea had come to her a week ago, while she'd been alone at home one day watching TV. She'd been thinking about her new boobs, and how little appreciation they'd received.

They were incredibly fantastic, a really gorgeous set of jugs. But nobody got to see them. Well, Greg did, but that hardly counted. He was only one man. She wanted a lot of men to see her tits. In fact, she wanted men to see her whole body. She wanted men to drool over her, to lust after her.

The thought had stuck with her. Pictures had come unbidden into her head of women striking sexy poses, showing off their tits, asses, and pussies for the world to see. Strippers licking their lips for audiences, shaking their boobs in customers' faces. Women who commanded the attention of hundreds of men, women who inhabited men's fantasies. That was what she wanted. She wanted to be lusted after.

The feeling had grown stronger as the days passed. Days of doing nothing but staying home, watching the teen dramas she'd grown up with. Days of ever more intense yearning for the chance to show off her sexy body, with its fabulous tits. Yesterday, she'd gone out after her TV shows to do some errands. But without really thinking about it, she'd found herself heading to a section of town she usually tried to avoid. She'd been drawn to the Strip Strip, as it was called, a street that boasted over a dozen strip clubs. She'd driven up and down it, scanning the various windowless buildings, thinking about all the men inside staring at bare tits and wet pussies. She'd been too afraid to go inside, but unable to pull herself away from the street. At last she'd spotted a sign in front of one club, the Beaver Trap, advertising "Open Amateur Night" every Tuesday. Tuesday was Greg's poker night.

And so, tonight, without really planning it, she'd come here. Greg had left for his poker game and Tiffany had just known that tonight she was going to be a stripper. There really was no question about it. So she'd packed up a small bag with the black lace bra and panties that she'd only worn once, on her first night with Greg, and the matching black heels. After all, hot babes always wore heels, didn't they? Of course they did. She just knew it. She'd spent half an hour styling her hair, teasing it out into a sexy mane of blond tresses. She'd lied to the kids, telling them that she had to go to a last-minute surprise birthday party for a friend. After leaving a hastily scribbled note for Greg, she'd hopped in the car and sped off to the Beaver Trap.

The sunglasses had been an afterthought, found in the bottom of her purse while fishing for lipstick. She'd tried them on and loved them; they added immensely to the sultriness of her appearance. Without them, she looked like a timid young woman trying to look sexy for her man. With them, she looked like... well, she looked like a stripper.

But could she go through with it? Could she actually be a stripper? She'd struggled with her doubts during the drive over to the club. What if someone she knew was in the audience? Or what if someone who'd seen her cheerleading recognized her here? That wouldn't be good. If anyone found out she was here, she'd get kicked off the cheerleading squad at the very least.

"Tiffany?" She turned from the mirror to see the manager beckoning to her. "You're on next. Come on out; the crowd is eager, and they don't want to be kept waiting," he said, beckoning with one pudgy hand.

Tiffany shuddered in pleasure. A crowd... a crowd of men, eager to see her gorgeous body, eager to feast on her tits, her ass, her pussy. A hundred men, maybe more, all looking at her.

Her apprehensions vanished as she walked out the door, following the porcine manager to the back of the stage. He stopped there, wrapping one meaty hand around her upper arm. Normally, she would have been indignant at the implied familiarity, but she accepted his touch silently, her thoughts only on the crowd of men waiting to see her. She could hear them cheering wildly. Cries of "Bring out the stripper!" and "Let's see some meat!" filtered through the thin curtains.

"Here's the rules," the manager said, wagging a finger at her. "You can't let them touch your privates or your nipples. We get a 25% commission on all your tips. You get one song. Any requests?" Tiffany shook her head no. "Okay, then. Wait for the deejay to call your name, then go out and do your stuff, honey." Tiffany nodded mutely as the manager stepped back.

Mere seconds later, she heard the music fade and the deejay's voice booming in the front of the club. "And now, the Beaver Trap proudly presents the next contestant in our Open Amateur Night. Put your hands together for Tiffany!" Tiffany gasped in fright as she realized she hadn't even made up a fake name. She couldn't... A strong hand on her ass shoved her forward, through the gap in the curtains and onto the stage.

She was assaulted by a riot of light and sound as she fought to regain her footing. Multi-colored lights swirled around her as the loudspeakers pumped out a heavy bass beat. Tiffany fought to compose herself, peering desperately through the sunglasses in an attempt to see what was going on. Slowly, they became distinct as she separated them out from the maze of shifting lights. Men. Dozens, hundreds of men, all cheering as they look at her. She stood stock still, petrified. What was she supposed to do? She'd spent all week fantasizing about this moment, about being on stage with all sorts of horny men leering at her body. But, she realized, she'd never made any attempt to learn what she was supposed to *do* once she got here. She'd never even been to a club like this before tonight! She struggled to stay calm, thankful that the sunglasses hid the terror in her eyes from the crowd.

And then an image leapt into her mind -- a skimpily dressed woman on a dimly-lit stage, her hips cocked to one side as she cupped her tits and smiled. Tiffany seized on it, doing her best to emulate the stripper in her mind's eye. She leaned on one leg and brought her hands up to squeeze her boobs, forcing a smile to her lips. She felt a wash of relief as the crowd gave a lusty cheer. What now? Her eyes caught a metal pole implanted in the stage at the end of a long runway. More images flashed before her eyes as she caught sight of it -- strippers swinging from the pole, wrapping their sleek legs around it, squeezing it between their oiled tits. She had to use the pole. She walked down the runway to the pole, doing her best to look sexy. The cheering of the crowd grew louder as she made her way to the pole. She drank in the catcalls and the stares, the dollar bills tossed onstage. All these men staring at her. Just her. She felt her pussy clench at the thought.

Another image came into her mind just as she reached the pole. She gripped it with one hand, swinging her body around as she used her free hand to pull her bra down off one tit. The released breast popped free, drawing another wave of yells from the men at the tables below her. She pulled the skimpy black top off her other boob, drawing more applause. Another image popped into her mind. She squeezed her tits together, rubbing the erect nipples between her fingers. The crowd exploded with excitement, just as another image flashed before her eyes. She licked her lips lasciviously as she continued to fondle her tits, and the cheering redoubled. Tiffany swooned as she felt her pussy tingle with wet excitement.

The images were coming faster and faster to her now, driving her actions almost without any need for conscious thought. She had no idea where they were coming from, but her brain was too overwhelmed by them to care. She was vaguely aware of ripping off her panties and showing her wet snatch to the crowd. Her eyes traveled from one face to the next, taking in the lust in each pair of eyes, each staring face driving her excitement higher. Still under the control of the images flashing through her mind, she stepped up to the pole, wrapping her balloon-like boobs around the cold steel shaft. The roar of the crowd was almost deafening as she slid her tits up and down around the pole.

Her arousal grew with each passing moment, bringing her to undreamt-of heights of sexual pleasure. And it was like sex. Like having sex with hundreds of men. Each of the men around her, she knew, was fucking her in his mind, and she felt as though she could feel them all -- a hundred cocks sliding in and out of her moist pussy. Her tongue snaked out to lick the pole. The mixture of sweat and oil coating it was hardly appealing, but she was only dimly aware of the taste as the crowd surged again in a lusty cheer. Her orgasm crested and her hips began to swivel furiously as she ground her clit against the steel pole, desperate to squeeze every last ounce of pleasure she could from it.

Moments later, the music faded and Tiffany slowly came to her senses. She'd fallen onto her back during her climax, but her hips had continued to work, sliding her snatch up and down that steel pole, feeding the mind-blowing orgasm. She struggled to her feet, remembering where she was, as the deejay asked for another round of applause for her. She crept to her feet, trembling, and hurried offstage. The orgasmic pleasure was seeping away, leaving her with a coldness inside. What had she done?

She rushed into the dressing room, guilt crashing over her. She'd just stripped naked in front of hundreds of strangers. What had possessed her to do that? And then she'd gone and practically fucked that steel pole! She rushed to re-dress herself, fumbling with the slacks she'd worn to the club. She had to get out of this place!

She'd just finished fastening the pants when the manager burst into the dressing room. "Tiffany! That was fantastic! You're a sure thing to win the..." He paused as he realized what she was doing. "Wait... you can't leave!" he exclaimed.

"I... I have to go," she stammered, pulling on her blouse and struggling with the buttons.

"But... but you won't be able to collect the prize money if you don't stay until the end of the contest. You'll be disqualified if you leave now."

"I need to get home," she replied tersely, not meeting the manager's eye. She didn't want the money. She wanted to get out of this filthy hole. She wanted to get away from her shame at what she'd done.

"But... but..." the manager protested as she picked up her purse and marched to the door. He followed her, still sputtering. "Look, at least take my card. Call me sometime if you want to make some extra money." Tiffany walked past him, not responding, turning down the hall toward the rear door. She didn't want to walk through the club floor again.

"Come on, Tiffany," the manager pleaded, "you could clean up as a dancer. You had every guy out there hard for you."

Tiffany froze, one hand on the door, stifling a gasp. All those men, looking at her. Her pussy clenched at the thought. The sensations she'd felt on the dance floor returned. All those eyes on her, all those cocks getting hard just for her. She turned slowly, trying to hold in the emotions surging through her. "O-okay," she stammered. "Give me the card." She held out one hand impatiently.

The pudgy man placed the card in her hand. "Please, call me anytime. I can work with whatever schedule you need, and hours that are convenient for..."

But Tiffany was already out the door, running to her car. She wasn't going to dance again. She'd just taken the card to shut him up. She didn't want to dance again. She certainly didn't want to be a stripper. Certainly not. She definitely didn't want to have all those men staring at her. All those men lusting after her. All those men dreaming of fucking her... Five minutes later, as the furious movements of her finger on her clit brought her to orgasm in the front seat of the car, she was no longer quite so certain.

## **Chapter Four**

Tiffany Young glanced around the lavishly decorated ballroom, trying to hide her boredom. Hundreds of people were gathered in the middle, mingling and talking. Talking almost exclusively about football. If one more person tried to talk to her about the team's chances in the playoffs, she'd scream.

She didn't want to be here. She wanted to be where she'd been every night this week. But Greg had been insistent, saying she went out with her friends every night, and that with the recent upsurge in her social life, she hardly paid attention to him anymore. So she'd decided to give in and come with him to this charity banquet. And, as she'd expected, he'd abandoned her to go chat with his old buddies from the team, leaving her to fend for herself.

His complaints about her absence at home were true enough; she hardly spent any time with him these days, and she was almost never at home in the evenings. She found herself uninterested in her marriage. Greg just didn't excite her anymore. She felt that she needed someone... younger. However, Greg didn't know the truth about where Tiffany spent her evenings. She told him she was out partying and dancing with her cheerleading friends. Well, at least the dancing part was true.

Every night when she stepped out on the stage of the Beaver Trap, she felt like she'd gone to heaven. She lived for the time she spent on stage, shaking her tits, wiggling her ass, and spreading her legs for her adoring audience. Seeing all those men staring at her, lusting, knowing they all wanted nothing more than to fuck her, to shove their rock-hard cocks into the glistening wet snatch she was waving in their faces, was ecstasy. Each dollar bill waved in her face was a thing of beauty.

Her pussy grew damp as she thought about it. Damn, she wanted to be there, strutting in front of horny men, showing off her finely toned cheerleader's body with its pert, round boobs jutting proudly forth from her chest. Her big, juicy tits... Tiffany closed her eyes and sighed as she thought about them. One hand slowly rose to her chest.

"Honey, there you are!" Tiffany jumped at the sound of her husband's voice. "I've been looking all over for you," Greg admonished, leading a tuxedoed young man over to her. "I'd like you to meet Trent Hillman, the winner of this year's Jacobsen Trophy. Trent, this is my wife Tiffany, one of the Tigers' cheerleaders."

Tiffany shook out of her reverie, struggling to remember her social graces. "How do you do, Trent? I've heard so much about you. The Jacobsen trophy -- wow!" she exclaimed, trying to force as much interest as possible into her voice. She had no clue what the Jacobsen trophy was, and she really didn't care.

"Th-thank you, ma'am," the boy gushed. "It's really no big deal," he said modestly.

"Oh, come on!" Greg exclaimed, "He's the best quarterback in the state! I saw one of his games back in September, and let me tell you..."

Tiffany tuned out, her mind drifting back to the strip club. Her thighs were itching. Those thighs, she thought, should have been spread across a customer's legs, supporting her as she twisted and turned, shoving her tits in his face.

At first she'd refused the manager's pleas for her to give lapdances to customers. She'd been content to dance on stage, drinking in the lusty gazes of the men in the crowd. She'd had no desire to come into personal contact with some hairy, sweaty neanderthal who'd no doubt paw crudely at her gorgeous body.

And then something had changed. She couldn't really put her finger on it, but for some reason she'd found the idea of lapdancing less repugnant. She found herself looking enviously at the strippers giving lapdances. The customers gave them money, and they dispensed... sexual favors. The idea, for some reason, appealed to her. And so, to the manager's surprise and delight, she had started to give lapdances.

She'd found the experience wonderful. Men gave her money, and she provided sexual pleasure. It was so simple, and yet so fulfilling at the same time. She delighted in the groans she elicited from a customer as she pushed her tits into his face. She thrilled to the stiffening she felt as she rubbed her ass against his crotch. Once she'd even felt a customer orgasm as she danced on his lap. She'd almost come herself as she felt him stiffen underneath her.

She collected twenty dollars a dance, plus frequent tips. She loved collecting the cash, although she wasn't really interested in making money. She was just fascinated by the idea of getting paid to provide sexual pleasure to men. It made her feel cheap and dirty, and Tiffany had recently discovered that she loved to feel cheap and dirty. In fact, she'd recently started feeling as though she wanted to do even more...

"Tiffany!"

Tiffany shook out of her musings as she realized her husband had finished the football story and was talking to her. "Yes, honey?" she inquired with forced sweetness.

"Could you entertain Trent for a moment while I go say hi to some folks?" Greg was looking across the room, waving at one of his old teammates.

"Sure, honey," Tiffany sighed, remembering why she hated these functions. Greg always abandoned her with people she didn't know, leaving her to make awkward small-talk.

"Thanks," he said, giving her a perfunctory kiss on the cheek as he strode quickly off toward his friends. Tiffany sighed and turned to face the young guy. What was his name? Terrence?

She found him staring at her boobs, and smiled a bit. Now that she thought about it, he was pretty cute, like a little boy. Like a little brother. Tiffany felt her crotch growing moist as she looked at him. "Like what you see?" Tiffany asked teasingly.

The young man jumped, startled. "Oh! Uh... Sorry, Mrs. Young, I d-didn't mean to..."

"Oh, that's all right," she cooed in her sexiest lapdance voice. She stepped forward, bringing her face inches from his. "Why don't we go take a walk and maybe I'll give you a better look?" she murmured.

The boy's jaw dropped for a few seconds as Tiffany licked her upper lip. "O-okay," he croaked, allowing her to lead him away by the arm. Maybe, she thought, the evening wouldn't turn out to be such a waste after all.

"Okay, now bring your other hand down and spread that pussy, you cheap little slut." Katrina's ruby-red lips parted at her brother's words, a soft moan escaping between them. Damn, she was horny. He'd been giving her this sort of verbal abuse all evening -- calling her a slut, or a tramp, or a whore -- and she'd grown more and more aroused each time. This was the fourth time she'd posed for Alex's camera. Each photo shoot seemed to be even sexier and more arousing than the last.

This time she was wearing a tight, shiny, pink dress several sizes too small for her. Well, it wasn't really accurate to say she was *wearing* it anymore -- it had been pulled down off her tits and up off her ass and now lay bunched up around her waist. Her feet were tucked into shiny, transparent plastic pumps and the outfit was completed by a bubbly pink purse. She looked like a cheap street whore, Alex had told her.

A whore. Katrina felt a tingle of pleasure run up her spine as she remembered Alex's words. She loved it when he talked to her like that. She loved thinking of herself as a whore. A slut. A tramp. It was strange, she thought, how quickly her opinions had changed on the subject. She was sure that even a week ago, she would have gotten angry at Alex if he'd spoken to her that way. Now, though? Well, now he was doing it and she was getting hot as a result. A hot little whore. Oh, yeah.

"Okay, now I want some pictures of you on your back, you horny little slut," Alex said.

"Let's see you finger that tight, dripping snatch of yours." Katrina groaned audibly at his words as she rolled onto her back. She didn't think she could take much more of this.



Alex grinned as his sexy older sister obeyed his commands, turning onto her back and spreading her shapely legs for his camera. "That's good. Hold it right there, sis. Let's see that slutty little pussy." Alex pretended to ignore the effect his words were having on the voluptuous redhead, but noted with satisfaction that she grew more excited each time he talked to her that way.

It was hardly a surprise, of course. The first few photo shoots Alex had done with Katrina had produced some very nice pictures, and Alex had had an easy time selling them to internet porn sites. But Katrina, despite enjoying the photoshoots very much (and being very eager for a fucking after each one) had been nervous when not in front of the camera. She'd started asking him questions about where the pictures went and who would see them. It was clear that although she was excited by the idea of men masturbating to her nubile young body, she was concerned about someone she knew seeing the pictures. She was worried about her friends at school discovering what she was doing. Katrina's thought processes were still very much governed by those inane teen dramas she watched on TV, and just like the girls on those shows, she didn't want to be known as a slut. Alex had begun to get annoyed by her constant worrying.

It had annoyed him until he'd remembered he could fix it. It was entirely within his ability to make Katrina not only not worry about having her hobbies discovered, but make her enjoy being a slut. The most recent set of subliminal messages and images Alex had been inserting into her television shows had been designed to give precisely this effect. The messages had been simple statements like "I want to be my little brother's whore" and "I love being a cheap slut for my little brother." The accompanying images featured scantily clad women engaging in a variety of sex acts. In each image, the man had a thought bubble containing a phrase like "Wow, what a horny bitch!" or "This bimbo is one hot little slut!"

And now it seemed that the pictures and messages had had exactly the effect Alex had wanted. He'd selected the outfit specifically to provide a whorish look in order to test the most recent set of subliminals. It had only taken the slightest verbal prodding from him to get Katrina excited. "God, you look like a cheap little whore," Alex had said, and Katrina had gone wild.

"Okay, let's see you on all fours, slut. Show that slutty pussy to the camera." Alex grinned as he heard Katrina gasp in pleasure at his command. He raised the camera and began shooting.

Katrina felt herself panting heavily as the camera clicked and whirled behind her. She'd never experienced anything like this before. She loved the idea of being her little brother's whore. His bitch. His slut.

The noise of the camera stopped and Katrina heard Alex setting it on the bed beside her. She squealed in anticipation. He was going to fuck her! Her already-moist pussy clenched in anticipation as she felt him climb onto the bed behind her, his hands coming to rest softly on her hips. She heard him unzipping his jeans and felt the round knob of his prick softly touching the lips of her pussy. Katrina tried to push herself backward onto his cock, but Alex held her firmly in place.

"Are you a whore, sis?"

"Y-yes, Alex," she stammered.

"Say it."

"I'm a... a whore," she said in a small voice, trembling. Oh, God, it was true! She felt a surge of excitement as she said it. She wanted nothing more than to be her little brother's property.

"Are you a slut? Are you a bitch?"

"Yes, I'm a s-slut. I'm a... a bitch," she moaned.

"Then take my cock, bitch," Alex responded as he shoved his erect member deep inside her. Katrina shuddered in pleasure, squealing as she felt his massive shaft penetrating her damp pussy. Her slutty pussy. She humped frantically against her brother, desperate to stimulate herself to orgasm.

She felt Alex bending down over her, and gasped as she felt him rubbing her clit with one hand. Katrina could feel him breathing into her ear as she desperately humped herself against him. She felt her spine tense with orgasm as he softly whispered in her ear.

"Slut."

Katrina screamed in pleasure as she felt her brother's massive shaft explode inside her.

Vincent Stabone cast about the Beaver Trap speculatively, evaluating the various girls with a practiced eye. He recognized most of them from previous visits to the club, but there were a few new dancers. Time to get to work, then.

He took a seat at an empty table and examined the prospects while waiting for a drink.

The redhead on the far side of the room looked intriguing. He watched as she gave a lap-dance to a middle-aged executive. Vince liked her moves, but they seemed a little too enthusiastic. Too... happy. The smile on her face was almost sickening. She obviously enjoyed being a stripper. Vince wasn't looking for a happy girl.

A few tables to the right of the redhead, a petite brunette was sitting on a customer's lap, chatting him up. Vince watched carefully as the drama played out. The stripper was looking for a lapdance, and the customer was clearly trying to keep her on his lap as long as possible without paying. Vince noted her growing frustration with approval. She was definitely a possibility.

He'd been doing this so long it had almost become second nature to read these girls, even without talking to them. The brunette was like an open book to Vince. A snobby college bitch, she had discovered after a year or two that the spending allowance she got from Daddy wouldn't pay for all the fancy new clothes and jewelry she wanted. So she'd started stripping. It had probably been just stage dances at first, but the call of money had worn down her resistance, and she'd started lapdancing. She lived in fear of her parents discovering what she was doing in her spare time, but she needed the money to fuel her shopping sprees.

Maybe he didn't have the details exactly right, but he knew enough. Vince knew how to work her. It was a scheme he'd developed and perfected over the last few years. It had started as a hobby, something to do to amuse himself in his free time.

Vince was a dealer by trade. He'd begun in the streets, but his small frame and boyish looks had been a liability. To deal on the streets, you had to be tough, and almost as importantly, you had to look tough. Few of the street gangs had taken Vince seriously, and he'd realized his life expectancy wasn't very high under those circumstances.

But he'd discovered an alternative almost by accident. At a strip club, he'd gotten into a conversation with a high-powered corporate executive and wound up arranging a sizeable sale. One week later, that executive had turned him on to another sales prospect. Vince had quickly realized that there was a sizeable market of wealthy businessmen interested in high-grade product. These men, by and large, had no contacts with the gangs in the city, primarily because they were intimidated by the violence associated with them.

At last, Vince's youthful appearance was an asset rather than a liability. The executives didn't fear him, and he was thus able to gain their confidence. Since Vince was the only real conduit for the product he sold, once he had broken into the rich-executive market he effectively had it cornered. He purchased from the gangs and sold to the executives, making a killing in the middle.

One night, while Vince was living high off the brisk trade with the suits, he'd met a stripper named Cynthia. Vince had never had much luck with women. Most of the women he met in his line of work were interested in men with power. While Vince did have power, in his own way, he didn't look like a powerful man, and in this case, appearance was at least as important as reality.

But Cynthia reacted differently, perhaps because she hadn't known what Vince did for a living. She'd spent quite a bit of time on his lap, chatting him up well beyond the usual for a stripper looking for lapdances. It had dawned on Vince that she was interested in him because he looked innocent and non-threatening, and she'd seen far too many seedy men in her time as a stripper.

Vince had played on her attraction to him, bringing her to his apartment that night and drawing her out. She was, it turned out, a college student who'd started stripping "to make ends meet." Vince explored her psyche, discovering that she was bitter and angry with herself, tired of earning money by offering her body to sleazy men. Vince had played off her emotions, allowing her to talk about herself without revealing much of his own life in return.

At last, when he was sure he had her confidence, Vince had casually mentioned that he had a little bit of cocaine lying around that a friend had given him. He'd been afraid to try it himself, but maybe if they tried it together, it would be fun. After a few seconds of worried thought, she'd agreed.

It had been a simple matter to get her high on the pure-grade stuff while only snorting pure flour himself. Getting flour in your nose was annoying, but there was no way Vince was going to fuck himself up on his own wares. She got high, and they fucked like bunnies.

Over the next few weeks, Vince had played on her affection for him, continually buying little presents for his "girlfriend." Meanwhile, he'd continued to provide her with a steady stream of high-quality dope, intending merely to make sure she would still need him even if she got tired of him.

It surprised him when he got bored of her, instead. When he'd insisted that she start paying for her own coke, she'd begged him not to. She couldn't afford it, she said. He then hit upon an interesting idea. If she couldn't pay for it in cash, she'd have to make good by providing services for his clients. She'd rebelled at that and left, but after a few days away she'd shown up on his doorstep, promising to do anything he wanted, fuck anyone he wanted if he'd just give her a fix.

And thus Vince had begun dealing in a second vice, sex. He already had the clientele; many of his customers were eager for a pretty young piece of ass like Cynthia, and Vince made good money pimping her around. By that time, he'd picked up two more "girlfriends" with his innocent, boyish charms.

Vince was now the proud manager of a dozen different sluts, all of them picked up in high-class strip clubs. He'd found that his customers liked the fresh-faced girls he employed, and were willing to pay premium prices for the chance to fuck some college-aged pussy.

Vince had made a killing by combining the two businesses; he had his bitches make deliveries for him. The customer was told to treat the slut like a hotel minibar; she was available for whatever he wanted, and he'd be charged for whatever he did with her. Vince made a killing with this scheme, and supplemented his earnings nicely by arranging extra dates with the whores for his clients.

Vince grinned as he watched the petite brunette trying to elicit money from the man on whose lap she was sitting. He could see her frustration building as the portly businessman continued to string her along. She would do nicely, Vince thought. He accepted his drink from the waitress and tipped her generously. He would probably have to wait awhile until the brunette worked her way around the room to him, but he could be patient.

Tiffany arched her back, thrusting her balloonlike boobs into the face of her grinning customer. It was getting late, and she needed to be getting home soon. Greg still thought she spent most of her evenings hanging out with her cheerleading friends, and she couldn't stay out too much longer without him getting suspicious.

This had to be her last dance of the night. Determined to make the most of it, the blond cheerleader wiggled her torso, causing her tits to bounce in front of the customer's eyes. Tiffany giggled as she saw his eyes widen. The song was almost at an end, so Tiffany pulled out her final card. Leaning forward, she mashed her chest into his face, burying him in her cleavage. While he was occupied with this, she slipped one hand between his legs to cup the rock-hard lump in his pants. He gasped in surprise. What Tiffany was doing was against the rules, but she couldn't restrain herself. *Guess I'm just a slut*, she thought to herself. She felt her spine tingle at the thought. A slut. Yes, she wanted to be a slut. She loved the idea of being a slut. Or even a whore. Oh God, that one was even better. Her hand worked on its own, furiously rubbing at the stiff cock as she thought about being someone's whore. She'd been fantasizing about this for a few weeks, most often while watching TV during the day. She wanted men to think of her as a mere sex object. The idea made her incredibly horny.

Tiffany stifled a moan as she felt the swollen cock under her fingers throbbing with release. The wetness she felt moments later brought a smile to her lips. For a moment she toyed with the idea of going home with this guy, throwing herself at him recklessly, begging for his cock, becoming the wanton slut she so wanted to be. But... well, it didn't feel right. He was too old. She wanted someone younger. Maybe even younger than her. Besides, she really had to get home.

"Thanks," she whispered as the song ended. "I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did." She placed a soft kiss on his cheek and smiled. He gaped at her as she stood up, zipping up the tight white dress. Tiffany favored him with a final wink as she turned toward the door that led to the dressing room.

Tiffany made her way between the tables, politely refusing the twenty-dollar bills thrust at her. "Sorry, I have to go..." she repeated. She wanted to stay, she really did, but Greg would be getting worried soon.

She had almost reached the door when she noticed him. He was seated at a table by himself, nursing a drink. Approaching him from behind, Tiffany could only see his back. He looked... well, he looked young. There was something captivating about him. She cautiously edged forward, craning her neck for a better look at his face.

Tiffany gasped when she saw him. He looked even younger. Hell, he looked too young to even be in the club. Tiffany felt her pussy moisten as she looked at him. He was certainly younger than she was. He could have been her little brother. She gasped at the idea. Being a slut for her little brother.

All thoughts of Greg and getting home left her mind. She stepped forward with as much confidence as she could muster.

Vince relaxed as he watched the brunette give up in frustration and move on around the room. She was heading in his direction. Good. It wouldn't be long now.

He was startled by a hand on his shoulder. "Hi there, handsome," he heard a soft voice say. "Looking for a little fun?" Vince turned to see a stunning blonde addressing him.

She was amazing. Everything about her radiated class, from her immaculately-applied makeup to her elegantly styled hair to her smooth, tanned legs. Vince couldn't recall ever seeing a woman this attractive lapdancing before.

He knew there was no chance of seducing her the way he'd seduced those insecure, self-loathing college girls. This babe was clearly an expert. Her appearance showed an obvious expertise in making herself look good. An experienced stripper, likely.

And yet, somehow, she didn't quite look like it. She seemed less confident than he would have expected. Nervous, somehow. Uncertain. Vince knew that he shouldn't accept her offer; he didn't want to be occupied when the brunette finally reached him. But he was curious as to what was going on in this stripper's head. Besides, she was fucking gorgeous.

"Sure, honey," he replied casually.

He sensed something like excitement from her as she slid down to sit on his lap. Her eyes remained locked on his, her lips slightly parted. She bit her lower lip nervously, something Vince found incredibly appealing. "You... you wanna see my tits?" she asked, one hand going to the zipper at the top of her dress. The question stunned him for a second. He recovered, but he was still mystified. Vince noticed her breathing was quick and shallow. She was clearly excited. This was just weird. Her appearance was that of a seasoned stripper, but she acted almost like a nervous schoolgirl on a first date.

"Sure, babe, I'd love to see your tits," he replied. A happy grin spread across her face as she pulled the zipper downward, allowing her boobs to spring free. They were impressive: large, round, and obviously fake. Vince gazed at them intently, admiring them while trying to understand what was going on.

"Do you like my boobs?" she asked timidly.

"Yeah, they're fabulous, honey," Vince responded. "Nicest pair I've ever seen." The delirious smile on her face grew wider at his words. Vince couldn't understand. The blonde's augmented chest was another clear indication that she was a professional, but her giddy reaction to his compliments made that hard to believe.

She was facing him now, straddling his legs, the firm, round globes of her tits rising and falling inches from his chest. Her eyes were still locked on his, her lips parted and moist. He watched in fascination as she unzipped her dress the rest of the way, exposing her sleek, tanned stomach and the soft thatch of her pubic hair. Vince gulped. Jesus, she was hot. He hadn't even paid her yet.

And there was still the look of nervousness in her eyes.

Tiffany struggled to stay calm. He was so goddamn cute. She wanted to throw him on the ground and fuck him right there in the club. But that wouldn't be right, she thought. She wanted him to fuck her, but she wanted more than that.

She reached down to rub his cock through his pants, just as she had the customer she'd been lapdancing for a moment earlier. But this was different. Before, she had been teasing. Now, she was serious. Her hand squeezed him tightly and began rubbing urgently. He groaned out loud at her touch.

She didn't want to ask him. Not here, not now. But she had to know. She had to know if he would be what she needed. Her breath grew even shallower as she leaned forward to whisper in his ear. "I want... I want to be your slut."

She leaned back and watched his reaction, her heart in her throat. Her pussy clenched with desperate need as she waited for his reply. She needed this so badly. She needed to belong to this... this boy. "Please," she pleaded softly, "let me be your slut. I w-want to be your whore."

He was silent for a long moment before responding. "Okay."

Tiffany almost collapsed with relief. She leaned forward and kissed him hungrily, her lips and tongue struggling to taste him. Her hand squeezed his cock through his pants as her hips humped up and down involuntarily. She began to unzip his pants.

It came as a surprise when he pushed her away. She blinked, gasping. Had she done something wrong?

"Not here," he told her firmly. "Go into the back, get your things and freshen up. Don't change. Keep that dress on. Meet me at the side entrance in five minutes." She mewled plaintively and reached for his cock again. He slapped her hand away. "Do it," he said firmly. "Do it now."

Chastened, Tiffany stood up and hurried toward the door, looking back only once. He was still sitting there, watching her. "Go," he mouthed at her. She obeyed, only dimly aware of how many people were staring at her.

She stumbled into the dressing room and found the athletic bag she'd brought with her street clothes. She opened it to change, but then remembered her lover's instructions and closed it again. She zipped up the skimpy white dress and freshened her lipstick. She heard one of the other dancers enter the room, fresh from the floor, followed by furtive whispers among the girls in the room.

Tiffany finished touching up her hair and stepped back into the hall just as a chorus of derisive laughter erupted from the room behind her. She heard one of the girls muttering in a voice just loud enough to hear. "What a slut!" Her legs almost buckled. God, yes. A slut. A slut for her little brother.

Vince idled his engine by the side door of the club. He still couldn't believe what had happened. The stripper, the gorgeous blond stripper with the perfect makeup and the boob job, had actually begged him to make her a whore. It couldn't have really happened, could it? Part of him didn't really expect her to come out the door. It was probably some sort of joke. Right now, she'd be inside with all her friends, laughing about how she'd toyed with the little boy.

But the door opened, and there she was, still wearing the slutty white dress and the matching heels. She'd freshened up a bit, as per his instructions, but otherwise she still looked like a stripper. Vince popped open the passenger-side door of his red Porsche. "Get in." She did so, seating herself opposite him in the low-slung sports car. She closed the door and Vince peeled out of the parking lot, heading for his house.

He looked across the seat at his new bitch. She still looked nervous as she stared back at him. She was for real. Vince still had no idea why this babe was so hot to be his slut, but it was obvious that she was. She'd need some training, but her looks alone guaranteed that once he'd taught her how to fuck she'd be the most valuable piece of pussy in his stable. Training, he decided, could start right now. "What's your name, honey?" he asked.

"Tiffany," she replied in a small voice.

"And you want to be my whore, Tiffany?"

She licked her lips. "Y-yeah," she responded.

He grinned. "Well, you can start by giving me a blow."

Her blue eyes flicked momentarily downward to his crotch. "You... you mean n-now?" she whispered.

"Yeah, now, bitch," he replied, allowing a touch of anger into his voice. "A good slut does what she's told."

Her eyes closed and Vince could have sworn he saw her shudder at his words. "O-okay," she replied. Ever so slowly, she leaned over and began to unzip his pants.

Vince groaned as he felt his cock straining to get free. There was a look of almost rapturous pleasure on the blond stripper's face as she pulled his pants open. His cock sprang forth, already erect. She reached out gingerly to touch it, then looked up at him questioningly. "Well?" he asked impatiently. "I don't have all day, whore."

She quickly took him into her mouth and began to pump her head up and down. Her technique was inexperienced, but she was definitely enthusiastic. Vince could hear her moaning as he watched the mass of blond hair rise and fall in his lap. Damn, the bitch was hot! "A little deeper, babe... That's it..." he coached. "Now use your tongue on the underside... oh, yeah!"

He sure as hell didn't want to get pulled over by a cop tonight, but he couldn't help breaking the speed limit as his foot grew heavy on the pedal, his engine stoked by the eager mouth of his newest whore.

"Oh God, yes, fuck me!" Tiffany screamed as she felt Vince's cock pounding in and out of her pussy. She'd learned that being vocal was really important to Vince. "A good whore always makes a lot of noise while she's getting fucked," Vince had told her. He'd been giving her all sorts of instructions, teaching her how to talk like a whore, how to suck cock like a whore, and finally, how to fuck like a whore. Tiffany found the whole thing incredibly sexy; she'd lost count of how many orgasms she'd had.

Vince's house was quite fancy, sitting on a large lot in the suburbs. His lawn was nicely manicured, and there was even a gate at the bottom of the driveway that Vince had opened with some sort of electronic key. Tiffany had been amazed at the opulence; she couldn't believe that someone so young-looking could be so wealthy.



After parking the car in the garage, Vince had wasted no time ushering her into the bedroom, where he'd begun to lecture her on exactly how she was supposed to behave. Tiffany had been confused by this; she was horny and she just wanted to fuck. But it seemed terribly important to Vince; he seemed to have very definite ideas about what it meant for her to be his whore.

So she'd played along, listening as he'd instructed her on how to walk and how to talk. He'd made her approach him again and again, offering herself in a different way each time, sometimes pretending he was someone else. "Wanna fuck, baby?" "Here's your package, Mr. Johnson. Is there anything you'd like to give me?" "Oooh, I've got an itch I was hoping you could scratch." And so on.

It had been repetitive, but it had also been extremely arousing. Tiffany had found herself getting wetter and wetter between her legs as she repeated the sexy come-ons to her boyish lover. She loved playing the part of the slut. Her little brother's slut.

At long last, he'd ordered her to get on the bed and undress. "And make it sexy," he'd added. That she could do. Tiffany went into her best routine from the club, licking her lips seductively as she pulled the zipper down the front of her tight white dress. She noted with delight that Vince's eyes were locked on her balloonlike tits; she made sure to wiggle them slightly as she slipped the dress off her body.

Apparently, Vince had been satisfied with her performance; at least he hadn't forced her to repeat it over and over again. Her pussy had clenched involuntarily as he'd made her unzip his pants and pull out his swollen cock. She'd wanted to jump him right then, but he'd lectured her again, telling her that a slut's duty was to pleasure her man first, and only after that to worry about her own orgasm.

He'd then gone into exactly how she was supposed to behave while he was fucking her. She was supposed to be talking the whole time, telling him how good his cock felt inside her, how hot she was getting, begging him to keep fucking her. Tiffany was starting to get a little annoyed at this. Sure, she wanted to be his whore, and she was ecstatic that he wanted to treat her like one. But all this talk was just getting in the way of getting her slutty pussy filled with his cock. Christ, how big was this guy's ego that he had to give her all these instructions? But she sat through it, and at long last he'd finished. "Now, just like I told you. I want to fuck you."

She'd struggled to remember his instructions. Laying back on the bed, she'd spread her legs wide. He grinned in approval, and Tiffany thanked her cheerleader training for giving her such flexibility. She'd licked her lips lustily, spreading her pussy open with one hand while the other idly cupped one tit. "There, that's a good little whore," Vince had praised her. As usual, the mere sound of the word "whore" was enough to send a tingle up her spine.

It had taken Vince mere seconds to jump on top of her and thrust his cock into her damp snatch. "Now remember what I told you, bitch," he'd moaned as he began to stroke his cock in and out of her. Tiffany had done her best, continually rubbing her tits, caressing his shoulders and chest, tossing her head back and forth, and keeping up the dirty talk as best she could.

Vince seemed pleased enough with her performance. "That's it, honey..." he moaned. "Oh, yeah, gonna fuck you good, you little slut!" he growled, emphasizing the point with a quick thrust of his cock.

Tiffany squealed in genuine pleasure, but kept enough presence of mind to keep talking.

"Oh, yeah, baby, give me that cock! Give it to me hard and deep! Fuck meeeeeeeee!"

"Oh, yeah, that's a good whore," Vince growled as he continued to fuck her. "You're going to be the best slut I ever had, Tiffany." Tiffany humped furiously against him, desperate to bring him off, desperate to fulfill her duty like a good whore. She felt him stiffen as he thrust his cock deep inside her snatch one final time. "I'm coming, bitch!"

"Oh, God! Give it to me!" she screamed. It was no longer an act. She felt a desperate need for Vince's jism. She wanted it inside her, to prove that she was really a slut. Vince's slut. Her little brother's slut. He gripped her tightly as he erupted into her, shooting wad after wad of jism deep into her pussy. She arched her back as her orgasm crested and rolled over her.

It was nearly a minute before she came to her senses. Vince pulled his spent cock out of her still-twitching pussy. "That was fabulous. You're one fine fuck, Tiffany," he remarked casually. Tiffany sighed contentedly, still basking in the afterglow of her mind-shattering orgasm.

She felt Vince get up from the bed. "Okay, I want you dressed when I come back. I need to get some sleep. And fix your makeup, too. A whore should always look sexy." Before she could respond, he walked out of the room, throwing on a bathrobe as he did so.

A little miffed at his perfunctory treatment of her, Tiffany stood up and dressed herself. It didn't take long; she'd kept the heels on all through the sex (because Vince had told her that was that a good whore did) and the only other thing she'd had on was the skimpy dress.

She'd just finished reapplying her lipstick when Vince came back in. He handed her a small cell phone. "When this rings, answer it. I don't care where you are or what time it is. You can set it to vibrate, but you'd better answer it. Answer it and do exactly what I tell you. Understand?"

Tiffany didn't really, but she nodded anyway. "Good. There'll be a cab at the front gate in five minutes. Here's some money to get home. And a little extra for the fuck. Now go let yourself out. I want to get some sleep."

Dazed and confused, Tiffany stumbled out of the bedroom and down the hall. She found the front door and walked down to stand in front of the driveway gate. The cab, as expected, showed up momentarily, and she got inside, all the time hating herself for fucking that asshole.

She was aware of the cabbie's eyes on her upthrust tits as she gave him directions to the strip club, where she had to go to retrieve her car. It was obvious what he was thinking. A young woman in a sexy dress taking a cab back to a strip club was obviously a whore.

A whore. Well hell, she pretty much *was* a whore now. She'd met a strange man, gone home with him, fucked his brains out, and then gotten some money in return. That was it. She was Vince's whore. Little Vince's whore. Little brother Vince's whore. Her hand crept down to the hem of her dress as she thought about it.

Five minutes later, the bumpy ride in the cab and the urgent movements of her fingers brought her to a climax. She no longer cared what the cabbie thought.

## Chapter Five

"You should totally buy that for your next date!" Tiffany gushed. "With boobs like those, you'll be lucky if some guy doesn't fuck you right when you meet him at the door!" Katrina giggled at that. "Oh, come on, Tiff, do you really think this works for me?" She ran a hand across the shiny black leather tube top.

"Oh, absolutely, honey! That outfit just screams sex! Get it with that red skirt and the black fuck-me pumps and you'll have every cock for miles around standing at attention. Guys go crazy for that slut look." Katrina swooned at that last statement, And with good reason, Tiffany thought to herself. Any girl would be proud to have a body like Katrina's. It took a special kind of woman to be a slut, and Katrina should have been rightfully proud that she had the body for it.

That was, of course, why Tiffany had brought her to this erotic boutique in one corner of the local mall. She wanted to get Katrina some new clothes that would properly show off that fabulous body. Tiffany was so glad to have a stepdaughter with such potential. Maybe with a little nudge in the right direction... "You know," she remarked slyly to the redheaded teenager, "if you showed that outfit to your little brother, he'd probably want to fuck you, too."

"Tiffany!" Katrina gasped, her face pale with shock. "How do you know... I-I mean, how could you say something like that?" she demanded.

Tiffany was taken aback by the reaction. "I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean to upset you. It was... well, it was just an idea." Tiffany knew that if she had a little brother like Alex, she'd be eager to be his slut. If Katrina couldn't see how sexy that would be, that was her problem. "You have to admit, he is kind of cute..."

"Tiffany!"

"Okay, okay... sorry, honey."

"Well... okay," the redhead replied, turning back to the mirror, her face flushed. Tiffany wondered what the hell had gotten into the girl. Surely she couldn't be that big a prude. Just then, her phone rang. Vince. Her pussy squeezed involuntarily just at the sound. She blushed at the thought that within thirty minutes she'd be taking Vince's cock up her pussy, just like the hot slut she was for him.

Every single day for the past two weeks, ever since that night he'd picked her up at the strip club and took her home for a fuck, Vince had called her. The message was always the same: she was to meet him immediately at a certain location, dressed a certain way. Once he'd called her in the morning while she was making breakfast for Alex and Katrina and told her to meet him at the train station downtown in business attire. It had been difficult to explain to the kids why she had to leave so suddenly, but she'd made up an excuse about needing to be at the bank when it opened. Vince had found her at the station and fucked her in an out-of-the-way custodial closet, all the while praising her and telling her what an obedient little slut she was. He'd sent her home with a fifty dollar "reward".

Once he'd called her at home in the evening, telling her to show up at a hotel room downtown wearing nothing but a fur coat. That had been a bit more difficult, requiring her to explain to Greg that she had to leave in the middle of dinner to see an unexpectedly sick friend at the hospital. Thankfully, she'd managed to sneak the coat into the car without anyone noticing. Vince had been in the hotel room, of course, and had been quite pleased to see her nude body under the coat. He'd rewarded her with a good fucking and another fifty dollars.

And once he'd even called while she was dancing at the Beaver Trap. She hadn't gotten the call, of course; she'd left the phone in the dressing room and Vince had let it ring for a full half hour before one of the other dancers had come out to tell Tiffany. He was extremely angry when she did answer. She'd done her best to apologize, explaining that there was no way to carry the phone while she was lapdancing, but he'd refused to listen. "When I want a whore, I want her now," he'd explained. "I don't want her in half an hour. That's no good." Tiffany had begged him to meet her anyway; she'd already gotten horny just from talking to him. But he'd refused. "No, I've already got someone else here sucking me off," he'd told her. "You lost your chance. Now, the next time I call you'd better answer right away or I'm not going to call you again. Understand, bitch?" Tiffany had agreed, crying as she did.

She had never let the phone out of her sight after that. She kept it on the nightstand while she slept, and even took it into the bathroom with her when she showered. She wore it on a belt under her skirt at cheerleading practice, setting it to vibrate rather than ring. He'd called her once at practice, and she'd been forced to fake a bathroom emergency so she could answer the phone. Faking a sprained ankle had gotten her out of practice quickly so she could meet Vince at his home and get her pussy plowed.

Turning away from Katrina, trying to get as much privacy from her stepdaughter as she could in the tiny dressing room they were sharing, Tiffany flipped open the phone and brought it to her ear. "Hello?"

"Where are you?" Vince, of course.

"Ummm... at the Northbridge Mall." Tiffany was confused. Normally Vince just gave instructions without asking questions.

"Hmmm... Okay, what are you wearing?"

"Ummm... well..." She looked at herself in the mirror. She'd been trying on an outfit.

"Ummm... sort of a pink top... r-real small, and a black skirt, and... and some shoes," she finished, looking down at the five-inch long spiked heels.

There was a chuckle at the other end of the line. "You mean slut wear?"

"Y-yeah," she responded, feeling her heart beat faster at the word "slut".

"Perfect," he replied, chuckling again. "Fix up your hair and makeup and meet me at the Ashton Street entrance in ten minutes."

"Okay," she whispered just as Vince hung up. She turned to look at herself in the dressing room mirror. The sheer pink top clung to her upper body, displaying the round globes of her tits. Hot pink fuzz lined the low scoop neckline and the lower edge of the top, which barely covered the bottoms of her boobs. The skirt was a tight black patent-leather number with an ostentatious silver zipper on one hip. The heels matched the top in shockingly bright pink, and walking on their five-inch spikes was a skill Tiffany had only recently mastered.

The outfit was fine, but her makeup and hair certainly weren't. She'd come to the mall dressed casually, in a crop-top T-shirt and denim cutoffs, her blond hair pulled back into in a ponytail. That simply wouldn't do for Vince. She pulled the band off the ponytail, allowing her hair to fall to her shoulders. With only ten minutes to work before she had to meet Vince, there would be no time to style it properly. She began pulling it apart, teasing her soft blond hair to increase its volume. She continued working with one hand while she rummaged in her purse with another. She wouldn't have time to do a full makeup job, either, so she'd have to stick to the basics. Eyeliner first.

"Tiff?"

She almost jumped at the sound of her stepdaughter's voice. She'd been so preoccupied with taking care of her appearance for Vince that she'd forgotten Katrina was in the dressing room with her. "Oh... uh, honey, I just found out I have to meet a friend in a few minutes. Do you mind going home by yourself?" She continued to put on makeup, applying a little blush to her cheeks.

"Uh... no, Tiff. That's fine." Katrina responded in a tone that was somewhere between shock and suspicion. Tiffany didn't have time to deal with that right now, though. She continued to fuss with her hair, teasing it into a wild mane while her free hand rummaged through her purse for the right shade of lipstick. "So... uh..." Katrina stammered, "are you going to meet your friend dressed like *that*?"

"Well,,, I... um... I don't have time to change, honey. Besides, we're going out. Say, could you take the clothes I wore over here and get them home for me?" She found a tube of hot pink lipstick that matched the blouse and began applying it.

"Uh... yeah, sure, Tiff..." Katrina said disbelievingly.

"Thanks, honey," Tiffany said. "I owe you one. Oh, and would you mind not telling your father about our little shopping trip. I mean, you can tell him we went shopping, just don't tell him where, okay? I don't want him to worry over anything. Just tell him I had to meet some friends and I'll be back late."

"S-sure, but I don't see why..." Katrina began.

"Look, he's your father. Do you think he'd like the idea of you running around in *that*?" She gestured at the black leather tube top Katrina was wearing. Katrina looked down, then shook her head. "So," Tiffany continued, "let's just let this be a little secret between the girls, okay?" She grinned. "A little secret between sluts."

"Okay!" Katrina agreed, suddenly smiling. Tiffany was pleased. The girl seemed to have a positive attitude toward sluthood. Now if only she could be convinced to give her little brother a shot...

But she had barely five minutes to meet Vince. She looked back at the mirror. Her lips glistened pink in the overhead lights and her wild hair looked like a golden halo around her head. Best of all, her pussy was wet and ready to get filled. "Okay, I gotta go, honey. Here's the keys to the car." She handed them to Katrina. "Oh, and here's some money to pay for the clothes." She gave Katrina a wad of bills -- the money she'd earned fucking Vince, she recalled, her pussy clenching -- and hurried out of the dressing room, throwing her purse over one shoulder. She was vaguely aware of all the heads turning to watch as she strode quickly through the mall to the Ashton Street entrance. She would have preferred to walk around the mall on the outside, where there were fewer people, but she didn't want to keep Vince waiting.

Katrina gnawed nervously at her lower lip as she parked the car. She looked at the pile of bags in the passenger seat. They contained the clothes she and Tiffany had picked out at the boutique. Several hundred dollars worth. She was excited about the idea of showing them off to Alex, getting him hard until he threw her onto the floor and fucked her. But at the same time she was nervous. Did Tiffany suspect that she and Alex were fucking? Did Tiffany know that she loved nothing more than the idea of being a slut for her little brother? Katrina didn't see how it was possible for her stepmother to be aware of that, but her comments in the dressing room at the mall had seemed so... pointed. Alex would know what to do. She just had to tell Alex and he would take care of things. As long as she was a good little whore, Alex would take care of her. She picked up the bags and hurried into the house.

Alex smiled as he put the finishing touches on another picture. This one featured Katrina dressed in a skintight leather suit, her hands cupping her generous tits as she gave the camera a smoky gaze. This one would be part of the next set of subliminal images. All of these featured pictures of Katrina wearing various slutty outfits -- mesh bodysuits, see-through blouses, super-short skirts and the like. The text messages that went with them were things like "I love to look like the whore I am," and "I want to dress like a slut so everyone knows I'm an easy fuck."

The current set seemed to be working quite well. Alex had designed them to ensure that Katrina would do whatever he told her, immediately and without question. "A good whore does what her little brother tells her." "I must not displease my little brother." These messages didn't really create any new behavior; he was simply trying to ensure that she wouldn't hesitate to do what he told her from now on. He had some interesting ideas...

"Alex?" he heard Katrina ask from the doorway.

He turned in the chair to look at her. Despite himself, he felt his jaw fall open. Over the last few months, he'd watched as Katrina had gradually relaxed her dress code, wearing skirts that stopped shorter, tops that scooped lower, and heels that rose higher. But through it all, she'd still maintained a sort of respectability.

This... this was different. What stood in front of him now was not the girl he'd grown up with, nor the woman who'd stripped her clothes off for his camera. The vision in front of him was the distillation of all his sexual fantasies, an angel of pure lust. From the swells of her breasts above the jet-black leather tube top to the curves of her calves as they disappeared into the black spiked heels, she seemed to have been designed for one purpose: to excite and satisfy his cock.

"D-do you like it?" she asked, biting her glistening lip nervously. Her lips were painted a fiery red, matching her luxurious hair.

"Oh, yeah, sis," Alex replied breathlessly. "God, you look like a slut." Alex grinned as she closed her eyes and moaned at his words. It was so easy to manipulate the bitch. "Jesus, you look like the easiest fuck in town," he continued, watching as she leaned against the doorframe to support herself, her knees buckling as she whimpered in pleasure. "Everyone's going to know what a sex-starved tramp you are if you go out dressed like that. Now get over here and blow me, you little cock-hungry slut."

Katrina stumbled toward him, sinking to her knees between his spread legs. Alex twirled his fingers through her hair as he watched her eagerly unzip his pants and fish out his rigid cock. "That's it. Good little bitch," he murmured as she took him between her ruby-red lips and began to pump her hair up and down. He could tell she was getting aroused just from the contact. God, she was hot! He leaned back, savoring the feel of his gorgeous slut-sister's lips on his prick.

The computer! It was still on, a doctored picture of Katrina displayed on the monitor with the matching text message below it. "I want to dress like a slut so everyone knows I'm an easy fuck." It was only luck that Katrina hadn't looked at the monitor yet. In her current state of supercharged fuck-lust she might not even notice, but it wasn't smart to run the risk.

Still... Alex read the message again. "I want to dress like a slut so everyone knows I'm an easy fuck." He hadn't actually worked this set into the lineup yet, and it was already obsolete. Katrina had dressed like this on her own. So what was he going to do next? He looked down at the gorgeous bitch sucking him off and an idea occurred to him. Well, why not? He deleted the text message and typed a new one. "I love to sneak into Alex's room in the morning and wake him up by sucking his cock until he comes in my mouth." Alex smiled as he switched off the monitor and leaned back in his chair.

Moments later, his young body shook as his cock exploded into Katrina's mouth. She swallowed his load eagerly, looking up at him with adoring eyes as she did so. "What a magnificent bitch you are, sis," he whispered. Her eyes closed and her body shuddered. She was coming.

At last, his cock softened and Katrina let him out of her mouth, planting one final kiss on the purple head. She was silent for a few seconds before speaking. "Alex?"

"What is it, slut?" he replied lazily.

"Tiff... Tiffany has b-been saying some strange things." She seemed upset.

"Like what?"

"Like... how she thinks I should dress up for you... to get you to fuck me.

"Really? When did she say that?"

"Today, at... at the mall. When we were buying these," she said, running one hand along the leather tube top.

This was odd. "Tiffany took you out to buy this stuff?"

"Y-yeah. She was telling me how I should try to dress like a slut, and helping me pick out clothes."

Alex thought about this. He'd noticed some odd behavior from Tiffany over the last few months, but this went beyond anything he'd seen. Actively encouraging her own stepdaughter to dress like a slut and seduce her brother? Maybe her marriage to Greg was going sour. It had never been much of a marriage to begin with, of course; Greg thought of Tiffany as a trophy and a sexy young plaything and Tiffany thought of Greg as a source of money and social status. But perhaps things were even worse.

"Alex," Katrina asked, looking up from between his legs, "this isn't going to ch-change anything, is it? I m-mean, I'm still going to be your slut, right?"

Alex grinned. "Of course, sis. You'll always be my little bitch-slut." He reached down to squeeze one of her ripe tits through the leather top, causing her to squeal excitedly. "Now get on your back, whore. I want to fuck that juicy little snatch!" Katrina complied eagerly, laying back and spreading her sleek legs. Alex pushed up the red miniskirt to find the bitch already wet. She mewled with pleasure as he drove forcefully into her tight pussy.

Two hours later, Katrina could barely walk out of the room.

Vince grinned as he saw his blonde slut standing right in front of the entrance. Apparently she'd learned her lesson about being late. He took a better look as he pulled up next to her. The pink top, the black skirt, the wild hair -- damn, she looked hot. There was no doubt, he thought as she opened up the passenger-side door of his car, that this bitch was born to be a whore.

She settled into the seat next to him and closed the door. Vince pulled away, navigating through the parking lot to the freeway ramp. "Damn, you look hot, babe," he exclaimed as he stole a sidelong glance at her.



"Thanks, Vince," she said in that shy little voice of hers. Vince loved that voice. Not the hardened, cynical voice of a whore, but the soft voice of a woman who still wasn't quite sure what she was doing. "D-do you want me to blow you?" she asked timidly.

Vince chuckled. He usually took a blowjob while he drove her somewhere. "No, not this time, honey-tits. I need you fresh when we get there."

"O-okay," she replied. The uncertainty again. Vince felt his cock stirring at the thought. He toyed with the idea of pulling the car over and fucking her right there. But he couldn't do that. Not today. Time was short enough as it was.

The trip passed in silence as Vince navigated the freeway to a residential neighborhood on the edge of town. He stole occasional sidelong glances at his newest bitch, and she pulled out a mirror a few times to touch up her makeup or adjust her hair. Damn, she was a fine slut.

It wasn't long before they arrived. Vince stopped the car on the street in front of a large, expensive-looking house. Light from a few windows pierced the evening darkness. Vince shut down the engine and opened the glove compartment. He pulled out a small package wrapped in brown paper and handed it to Tiffany, who took it, her eyes questioning.

"You're to deliver this package to Mr. Barrett, in that house right there. He's a good customer, so you don't have to press him for the money. He'll give it to you before he leaves. After he takes the package, he may want you to entertain him. In fact, he almost certainly will. You do whatever he wants. He's not into kinky stuff, so don't worry about that." Her eyes grew wide as he spoke. Shit, what was the matter with this bitch?

He continued on. "Now, you're a high-class whore, so if he asks for a price, you tell him that I said your mouth costs two hundred dollars and your pussy costs three hundred. After he's done he'll give you the money for the package and for the fuck, and then you come back to the car, okay?"

Her mouth opened, but it was several seconds before she could speak. "But... I... Vince, I... I... I can't d-do that," she exclaimed in shock.

What the hell was this? Did she want to be a whore or not? Vince spoke angrily to her.

"Listen up, honey. You told me you wanted to be my bitch. Well, this is what my bitches do. They deliver my product and they fuck and blow my customers." She shrunk away from him as he pointed a finger at her. "Now, you've been playing the eager little slut ever since I met you, always happy to do whatever I want just as long as you get my cock in your pussy. All the time you kept telling me how much you wanted to be my whore.

"Well, don't you dare go frigid on me now, bitch. This is it. You're a whore, and I'm your pimp. Your job is to fuck who I tell you, when I tell you. And I'm telling you to go into that house and fuck Mr. Barrett. Do you understand?"

She sat there, trembling, for a full five seconds before slowly nodding. "Y-yes, Vince."

"Good," he replied. "And one more thing. You act like you enjoy it. If I hear even one word from Mr. Barrett about how the new girl didn't do what he wanted, or didn't seem to be enjoying it, I'll toss you out and find someone better. Am I making myself clear, slut?"

"Y-yeah," she stammered, biting her lip and looking away from him.

"Good. Now fix yourself up and get up there."

She seemed to settle down a bit as she used the sun-visor mirror to touch up her lipstick and hair. When she was done, she took the package, opened the door, and stepped out. It wasn't until she'd closed the door that Vince realized he'd been holding his breath. He'd been worried about the consequences of talking to her like that, but he had no choice. With a slut like that, you had to let her know who was the boss.

Tiffany struggled to stay calm as she closed the door and strode up the stone walkway to the front door of the house. Her mind raced as she struggled to come to grips with what was going on.

The whole idea of being a whore had never been quite real to her. Sure, she came running whenever Vince called, no matter what time of day or where she was. But that was just... well, it was just that she found him so irresistibly sexy. And sure, she let him call her a whore and a slut and a bitch, but that was part of the fun. It got her so fucking horny to be talked to that way, to be treated like a tramp. Dressing like a slut... well, that was just for fun. A joke, almost. A very sexy joke, but still a joke. And so what if she took money from him each time they fucked? That was... that... well, it was just part of the play-acting, wasn't it? Part of the weird, screwed up fantasy she had of being a whore for her little brother.

Except that now it wasn't a fantasy anymore. Now she was walking up to a strange man's door carrying a box filled with God-knew-what, dressed like a street-corner hooker. If anyone who knew her saw her like this, they probably wouldn't even be able to recognize her.

She reached the front door and froze, terrified. Could she really do this? Could she really fuck a complete stranger? If she rang the doorbell, she was a whore. It was that simple. She turned to look back at the car. She could only vaguely make out its shape in the dim light, and she couldn't see inside at all, but she knew Vince was watching her.

She... she couldn't displease Vince. Vince, her little brother. *I am my little brother's whore. I must not displease my little brother.* The sentences came into her mind unbidden, almost as though someone was speaking to her. And instantly, she knew they were true. She couldn't displease Vince. Not because she was afraid, but because... because it was just wrong for her to do anything that would make her little brother unhappy. *A good whore does what her little brother tells her.* Yes, that was it. Of course. She turned back to the door and rang the bell.

Nervous seconds later, the door opened, revealing a portly, middle-aged man with thinning brown hair. He looked her up and down, a smile coming slowly to his round face. Tiffany found herself unable to speak as she watched him appraise her like a piece of meat. "Well," he chuckled, "you must be Vince's newest acquisition. And quite a hot little piece of ass you are, too." He stepped aside, waving her in.

Tiffany stumbled on the step as she walked in, but quickly righted herself. The inside of the house was quite nicely furnished, but lacked any real personality. It was clear that Barrett lived here alone. "Well, sweetcakes," Barrett said, sliding one hand across her ass as he walked around to face her, "you have something for me?"

Tiffany struggled to find her voice. "V-Vince says my mouth c-costs two hundred and my p-pussy costs three hundred."

Barrett laughed out loud. "Getting a little bit ahead of things, aren't you, babe?" he asked. Tiffany didn't know what he was talking about. "I meant the package," he said, pointing to the box in her right hand.

The package. Right. Her face reddening with embarrassment, Tiffany handed him the box. He took it eagerly. "Come on into the living room while I check it out," he said, walking through a wide doorway into the spacious living room. He motioned Tiffany to a seat on the plush leather couch, which she nervously took, and sat himself down right next to her. He opened the package on the coffee table, revealing a number of plastic bags containing a white powder.

"Mmmm, looks good," he enthused, opening one bag to take a sniff of the contents. Tiffany blanched as she realized what she had just delivered. Her suspicions were confirmed when Barrett opened a small box on the table and removed a mirror, a razor blade, and a small metal tube. He tapped a small amount of powder onto the mirror, used the blade to push it into a straight line, and finally snorted it up through the tube. Cocaine. Jesus Christ, Vince was a drug dealer. "Oh, yeah, that's good stuff," Barrett murmured as he wiped his nose. "You want some, honey?"

Tiffany did her best not to show the disgust she was feeling. "N-no thanks, Mr. Barrett." He looked at her as though she were crazy. "You sure? It's pure shit. Most of you whores love it."

"No, r-really, that's okay, Mr. Barrett."

He shrugged. "Okay, suit yourself. Why don't you get started blowing me while I do another line?" he said casually, spreading his legs apart to provide access to his crotch.

"O-okay, Mr. Barrett," she stuttered, sliding off the couch and positioning herself on her knees in front of him. She brought her hands up to unbuckle his belt and pull open his fly. She pulled down his slacks, allowing his member to spring free. She hesitated, but only for a minute, before wrapping her lips around it and sucking on it.

She heard him snort again, followed by a groan of pleasure as she began using her tongue on the underside of his cock. She struggled to remember everything Vince had taught her about giving a blowjob. She pumped her head up and down vigorously as she sucked, eliciting a series of moans from Barrett. "God damn, that's good," he exclaimed, one hand coming to rest on her head. "Best two hundred dollars I ever spent."

Two hundred dollars. That was what her mouth was costing him. She was earning two hundred dollars for Vince by sucking this guy off. Two hundred dollars for her little brother. Because she was his whore. Tiffany felt her pussy grow damp as she pumped faster on Barrett's shaft.

"Oh, God, oh God!" he moaned. "Stop... stop..." he said, pushing her head back off his cock. Tiffany looked up, confused. "Gotta have your pussy, babe. If this is a two hundred dollar mouth, I gotta get my prick into that three hundred dollar pussy. On your back, on the couch," he growled.

Tiffany complied, pulling herself up onto the couch and reclining. Wasting no time, Barrett pushed the tight black skirt up her legs, bunching it up around her waist and exposing her moist pussy. "No panties," he grinned. Gripping one of her upthrust legs with each hand, he pulled her wide open and slid his shaft inside.

Tiffany mewled in pleasure at his entry. She was surprised, shocked even at how horny she was. But her body responded on its own, her hips meeting Barrett's in a perfect rhythm as he began to fuck her. "Shit, you've got a sweet pussy, babe!" he exclaimed as he slammed his cock into her.

The training Vince had given her kicked in almost automatically. "Oh, God, your cock feels so huge inside me, Mr. Barrett. Fuck me! Fuck me hard!" she squealed.

"You got it, honey!" he growled as he slid into her once again. "God damn, you are so fucking tight!" he exclaimed.

Still acting on the lessons she'd learned from Vince, she pulled the pink top up off her boobs, bunching it up on her chest and letting her balloonlike tits bounce free. She used her hands to fondle and knead them, hoping to arouse Barrett even further with the display.

It worked. "Holy shit, those are the most incredible tits I've ever seen!" he exclaimed. His eyes locked onto them even as he continued to pound her snatch.

"Do you like them, Mr. Barrett?" she asked coyly. "Do you like my tits?" She rolled her erect left nipple between her thumb and forefinger, licking her lips lasciviously.

"God, yes! They're fucking fantastic!" he exclaimed, pistoning his cock furiously in and out of her sizzling snatch. "Vince was r-right," he moaned, "when he s-said you were the best slut he'd ever had!"

Vince's best slut. "Th-thank you Mr. B-Barrett," she cried, the lust in her veins rapidly coming to a peak. His best slut! She was Vince's best slut! She was so excited to be able to please Vince like this. Please her little brother!

That thought sent her over the edge, her pussy contracting in orgasm around Barrett's thick cock, her back arching as she continued to fondle her beautifully big tits. "Fuck me! Fuck meeeeeee!" she screamed.

Moments later, he came as well, his cock throbbing inside her as he shot his load deep into her tingling pussy. Her three hundred dollar pussy. She felt so proud to be earning money for Vince. She was his best whore and she was determined to make him proud.

Her orgasm persisted, fogging her brain with delight as she savored the feeling of Barrett's prick buried inside her. The torrent of come spewing from him abated, and he pulled his cock out, rolling off of her to kneel on the floor. She whined softly at the vacancy in her pussy. "Wanna fuck s'more..." she mewled plaintively. "Please... cock..." She reached her hand out to gently stroke Barrett's softening member.

"Not now, sugar-tits," Barrett said. He turned back to table and began pouring out another dose of cocaine. Frustrated, Tiffany began to stroke her still-sensitive pussy with her fingers. She worked one finger inside, closing her eyes as she worked on her pussy. It was a poor substitute for a cock, but she had to get herself off!

She heard Barrett snorting another line, but paid no attention, moaning softly as she wiggled the finger inside her snatch. "Well, damn," she heard him say, "looks like you really do need another fuck. Tell you what. Blow me until I get it back up and I'll do you doggy-style."

Tiffany squealed with delight, clambering down off the couch and rushing to take Barrett into her mouth. She sucked furiously as Barrett snorted again, and it was only a few minutes before his shaft hardened in her mouth. The ensuing fuck was much slower than the first, but no less satisfying for Tiffany, bent over the coffee table, her ass high in the air as Barrett took her from behind. She came three times before she finally felt him shudder and empty his cock into her. This time she felt satisfied, although she still wanted to fuck some more.

But Barrett was worn out. He retrieved a large wad of bills and counted off two thousand three hundred dollars, handing the wad of cash to Tiffany, who was struggling to re-dress herself in the pink top and black skirt. She had to let herself out; Barrett had gone eagerly back to the coke. She felt a thin rivulet of come drip out of her pussy and trickle down her leg as she walked back to the car. Vince let her in and she handed him the cash as she sat down.

"Let's see..." he muttered as he counted the bills. Tiffany felt her body grow tense as she watched him. She had done all right, hadn't she? "Fifteen hundred for the package, which means you earned me... Wow, eight hundred. Eight hundred on your first trick! You got him to fuck you twice?" Tiffany nodded eagerly. "Damn, you're a fine whore!" She beamed at the compliment. "Well, a quarter of that is yours, so here you go," he said, pressing two hundred dollars into her hand. "You've earned it." Tiffany took the money, proud that Vince was so pleased with her.

He started the car. "Fix up your makeup and you can suck me off," he told her. Tiffany opened her purse and eagerly began touching up her lipstick, already anticipating the sweet taste of Vince's cock. She was happy to please her little brother in any way she could. Happy to be his whore.

Alex grunted in frustration as he struggled to move the pieces of the puzzle. It was one of those sliding-number games. He was usually a whiz at these, but this one wasn't cooperating. He felt like he was on the verge of solving it, but every time he tried to move a piece into place it just got more confusing. And now, just to add to his distractions, his slut of a sister had started sucking his dick. The stupid little whore couldn't stay away from his cock. But it felt...

Alex opened his eyes to see the ceiling of his bedroom. The dream melted away as he savored the sensation of soft lips sliding up and down his shaft. Katrina had been waking him up like this for a week. Alex congratulated himself on his own cleverness. Having a cock-hungry slut to use as an alarm clock actually made waking up a pleasant experience.

His cock rapidly stirred to attention. Katrina's technique seemed different somehow this morning. More experienced, perhaps. Alex closed his eyes and sighed as the slut picked up the pace of her pumping. He was going to come in record time if she kept this up. Well, perhaps the slut deserved a little reward for her hard work. "Okay, hands and knees, bitch," he declared. "I'm going to come in your tight little pussy this morning."

"Silly Alex," Tiffany giggled. "I don't have time for that."

Alex's head snapped up, looking down at his crotch. His eyes bulged out of his face as he stared in disbelief. The lips wrapped around his cock weren't those of his sister; they belonged to his blonde stepmother. She was wearing nothing but a skimpy red bra, matching lace panties, and high heels. "Tiff... Tiffany?" Alex asked incredulously. "Wh-what are you doing?"

"Waking you up, honey," she replied, removing her mouth from his cock for an instant.

"Now lie back and let me finish," she admonished.

Stunned into silence, Alex fell back onto the bed. What the hell was going on? This wasn't a dream; he'd already woken up. Surely it wasn't possible to have a dream about having a dream. Was it?

It felt too good to be a dream; Tiffany's cocksucking technique was quite well-developed, and despite his confusion and embarrassment Alex found himself quickly approaching orgasm. He felt his crotch spasm as his cock shot its load into his stepmother's mouth. All through it she continued teasing him with her tongue and lips, drawing every last bit of come out of him.

At last, he was done. His body sagged as he felt the last of his spunk leave him. He was aware of Tiffany rising from the bed. She looked down at him, fixing him with a lusty gaze as she brought a finger up to wipe a small rivulet of his come away from the corner of her mouth. She brought the finger to her mouth, licking off the white cream. "Good morning, Alex," she whispered lustily.

Just then, Katrina appeared in the doorway, wearing an outfit very similar to Tiffany's, albeit in black rather than red. She looked at Tiffany, then at Alex, then back at her stepmother. "Tiffany!" she yelled.

Tiffany grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, honey. You snooze, you lose. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go fix breakfast." She slid past the stunned redhead and out of the room. Katrina looked back at Alex's flaccid cock, her lower lip trembling. She looked to be on the verge of tears. "Alex..." she whined.

"Not now, Katrina," Alex said. He had to figure out what was going on.

"Alex..." Katrina pleaded, "Please... let me... let me suck your cock..."

"Oh, fine, go ahead," Alex sighed, leaning back to give her access to his cock. His cock-hungry slut of a sister gasped in relief as she ran over to the bed. Moments later she had taken him into her mouth and begun sucking eagerly. Alex was only dimly aware of her efforts, however; his mind was busy trying to understand Tiffany's behavior.

Tiffany pulled a compact out of her purse and checked her makeup as she rode the hotel elevator. She touched up her lipstick and fussed with her hair a bit, making sure she looked as sexy as possible. Satisfied, she put away the compact and pulled the fur coat tighter around her. This was her first job without Vince along, and she was feeling a bit nervous.

Over the past week, she'd made at least one delivery for Vince every single day. Just the day before, in fact, Vince had driven her around town to make three different deliveries in one afternoon. Every delivery, of course, meant a fuck, sometimes more than one. After the first few days, Vince had doubled her prices, telling her she was the finest slut in town. She'd been so proud to hear that. That meant she got paid a thousand dollars for a suck and fuck. Well, actually Vince got most of that. She was his bitch, after all. But it was enough for her to know that her body was worth a thousand dollars.

Tonight, though, was different. There was no delivery tonight; tonight was purely a sex job. That was fine with Tiffany. She would do whatever Vince told her -- she wanted nothing more than to please him -- but it really made her nervous to be delivering drugs. Tonight she was a birthday present. Vince had already been paid; all she had to do was go to the hotel room, fuck the birthday boy, and leave.

The elevator reached her floor and she stepped out into the hallway, holding the coat closed with one hand. She found the door she wanted and knocked softly. Letting the coat fall open to reveal the skimpy dress she wore underneath it, she struck a sexy pose, leaning one hand against the doorframe. This was probably the only time in the guy's life that he'd get the chance to fuck a thousand-dollar pussy. She wanted him to know he was in for the time of his life.

The door opened, revealing a nervous-looking young man. He was well-built and athletic-looking, but definitely underage. Something about him looked vaguely familiar, but she couldn't quite remember where from. Well, no time for that now. She licked her upper lip and spoke in a lusty voice. "Happy birthday, honey." She ran one hand along her hip, caressing the thin material of the silver dress.

"H-hi," the boy stammered. "C-come on in," he added, stepping back out of the doorway, his eyes flicking feverishly up and down her body.

She stepped into the luxurious hotel room. "So how old are you, stud?" she asked, looking around at the elegant furniture.

"Eighteen," the boy responded in a small voice. Tiffany groaned with excitement. Like a little brother to her. She felt the familiar clenching in her pussy as she thought about it. Fucking her little brother. Being a slut for her little brother. The idea got her so horny.

She turned to face him, smiling coyly. "A handsome guy like you, you're probably pretty popular with the girls at school, huh?"

"Uh... well..."

Tiffany ran one hand along his arm, squeezing his bicep. "Damn, you're built." It was true; he was very muscular. "You've got those cute young things throwing themselves at you, don't you?"

"Well... I..."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, pulling the coat open to reveal her fabulous body.

"Be honest with me..." She thrust her chest forward, emphasizing her generous cleavage.

"Am I as pretty as they are?" She ran one hand idly over the round globe of her right tit.

The boy swallowed, trembling. "Y-yes."

She smiled. "You're so sweet. Now come here," she said in a husky voice, running her tongue along her upper lip for emphasis. He stepped nervously toward her, and she pulled him down to her, kissing him lustily. Their tongues met eagerly as she sucked hungrily on his lips. "Oh, you hot young stud," she moaned as their lips parted. "Tell me..." she whispered. "Have you ever fucked a cheerleader?"

"N-no," he stammered, eyes widening.

She kissed him again, shrugging off the coat and caressing his muscular arms. "But you want to, don't you?" she asked. "You see them around school, wearing those skimpy outfits..."

"Oh, God," he moaned, his eyes closing as she pulled his body down to meet hers.

"... jumping up and down at football games, showing off their hot little bodies. Makes you just want to throw them on the ground and fuck them, doesn't it?"

"Y-yeah... oh, yeah," he gasped as she slid her pelvis against his crotch.

"Well, guess what, honey?" she asked coyly. "Tonight's your lucky night." She kissed him again. "Tonight I'm going to be your little cheerleader."

"Oh, God," he moaned as she caressed his back.

Tiffany felt her pussy growing wet as she seduced the boy. It was too bad she hadn't brought her cheerleading uniform with her. Oh, well. "But I want you to promise me something..."

"Wh-what?"

"I want you to promise me you're going to fuck me like you want to fuck those little cheerleader bitches at school." She smiled wickedly. "When you're fucking me with that delicious cock..." She grabbed his crotch for emphasis. "... I want you to imagine I'm one of those sexy young teases at school. I want to feel like I'm one of those stuck-up little bitches while you bang me." The youth was gasping already as she unbuttoned his shirt.

"Can you do that for me, honey? Can you make me feel like I'm the bratty little cheerleader, and you're the studly captain of the football team popping my cherry?"

"O-okay"



"Oh, good, I've always wanted to get my pussy fucked by a hot young hunk." She pulled him down to the bed, gripping his shoulders tightly as she wrapped her legs around his ass, grinding her crotch against his through their clothes. The fantasy she was constructing was getting her incredibly horny. She didn't roleplay like this with the regular clients. The older men didn't really spark her interest like that.

But this was different. This young man... this boy got her incredibly horny. The idea of being a hot young high school cheerleader getting fucked by him had her pussy dripping with lust. In fact, there was only one thing she wanted more...

Swiftly and certainly, Tiffany rolled the boy over, pinning him face-up to the bed while she lay over him. "I know," she whispered, "something even hotter. Let's pretend I'm your sister. I'm your horny older sister." The boy was staring at her, transfixed. "At school, I'm the snobby cheerleader, showing my hot little body off to all those horny boys, just being a stuck-up little cock tease."

Tiffany slid down his body and swiftly unzipped his pants. She was making it up as she went along, and yet it was like she knew every word by heart. "But there's only one cock I really want." She freed the boy's shaft from the confines of his slacks. "I want my little brother's cock. And when I get home from school, all I want to do is be my little brother's slut." She stroked the erect member with one hand, licking her lips as she stared at it rapturously. "I'll do whatever he wants just so I can have his cock."

Tiffany dove onto the boy's rigid member, slurping hungrily as she pumped her head up and down. He gasped and moaned as she swirled her tongue along the underside of his cock. She paused after a few strokes, her lips hanging just above the swollen purple head. "Do you like it, little brother? Do you like it when your sexy big sister sucks your cock?"

"Oh, God! Don't stop! Yes! Yes!"

"Tell me to suck it. Tell your sister to suck your cock."

"Suck me, sis! Suck me!"

Tiffany obliged, taking his member into her mouth once again. She groaned with pleasure as the boy's words fueled her own incestuous fantasy. Never before had she delved this far into her little-brother fetish. It felt almost real this time.

That morning, when she'd sucked Alex off, she'd felt a glimmer of the excitement she was feeling now. The urge to give Alex a blowjob had hit her every morning for the past week. Finally, she'd yielded to her desires and done it. It had been an incredibly erotic experience. If only Alex could be her brother rather than her stepson.

She continued to suck the boy as she felt her pussy clenching with desire. She felt him approaching orgasm and slipped his cock out of her mouth. Not yet. She couldn't let him come yet.

Tiffany massaged his engorged prick gently with one hand, stimulating him just enough to maintain his erection. He humped desperately against her fingers. "Oh, God..."

"Not yet, little brother," Tiffany said soothingly. "Your big sister still wants to feel your cock up her pussy." She rose to her knees and straddled his stomach, pulling the flimsy dress up to expose her dripping snatch. She positioned her tight ass against his erect member and began softly humping up and down, massaging his prick with the firm cheeks. The boy gasped and moaned as she stimulated him, and Tiffany felt her juices dripping from her pussy to pool on his tight stomach.

Tiffany shrugged the dress's straps off her shoulders, letting it fall to expose her boobs. She smiled as the young man goggled at her chest. "Do you like your big sister's tits?" she asked, massaging them. "Does your sister have a nice rack?" She twirled her left nipple between thumb and forefinger.

"Oh... oh, yeah," he gasped.

"Well, why don't you show your sister how much you like her big tits?" she asked, leaning forward. She fell to her hands, hanging one ripe melon over the boy's quivering lips. She gasped as she felt his mouth encircle the erect nipple, slurping and sucking at it. "Oh... Oh, God, yes! Suck it, little brother." Bent over as she was, his cock was now nestled against the folds of her smoothly-shaved pussy. The youth sucked harder at her tit as she ground her pussy against the rock-hard shaft.

"Yeah! Suck your sister's big boobs!" she exhorted, shifting her body so the other erect nipple was in front of him. He took it eagerly into his mouth as she kneaded the tit with one hand. "None of those little cheerleader sluts are built like your big sister, are they? None of them have tits like these, do they?"

"N-no... no, sis," he groaned around her tit. Tiffany growled with delight and pushed her boobs harder against his eager lips and tongue. In her mind, she really was seducing her little brother. God, Katrina was so lucky to have someone like Alex. If only he were her brother. She'd almost felt like he was that morning when her lips had been wrapped around his gorgeous cock.

She had to have it! Tiffany rolled onto her back, pulling the breathless boy on top of her. "Your sister needs your cock in her pussy," she breathed. "Show your big sister what a stud you are." She spread her legs, pulling him toward her. "Fuck me. Fuck your big sister." The boy needed no further encouragement and promptly sank his prick into her dripping snatch. "Oh, God!" Tiffany gasped as she felt her pussy split open with his penetration.

"Yes! Fuck me like you want to fuck those little cockteasing cheerleaders at school!"

"Oh... oh, yeah..." the boy gasped as he slid his shaft in and out of her cunt.

Tiffany humped back at him, her pelvis rising to meet his thrusts. The sensations were more intense than any she'd ever felt before. But there was more she wanted. "Tell your sister what a filthy slut she is!"

"You're... you're a s-slut, sis!"

"Tell her she's a whore! Call your sister a whore!" Tiffany groaned, pinching and kneading her tits as she ground her hips against her young lover.

"You... you whore! Slut!" he growled as he continued to fuck her.

"Harder! Harder!" Tiffany shrieked. "Show your big sister what it's like to have a real stud in her pussy!" She was rewarded with an acceleration of his pace. She grunted every time his cock slammed into her, each thrust driving her one step closer to the powerful orgasm she felt building within her. "Tell me... ugh! Tell me... ohhh!... I'm your bitch!"

"You're... Ugh! You're my bitch, sis!"

He had barely done more than echo her words, but it was enough. Her body exploded in ecstasy as she screamed incoherently through the most incredible orgasm she'd ever experienced. Her pussy spasmed around the boy's cock, and she was aware of his seed spurting into the depths of her cunt. Ever the showgirl, she arched her back and cupped her tits as the burning pleasure consumed her body.

After what seemed an eternity of release, she collapsed to the bed, exhausted. Sweat ran off her face into her hair, its scent contributing to the odor of sheer animal lust that permeated the room. Her chest heaved as she sucked in great gasps of air. The boy, mercifully, was able to support himself on his outstretched arms and didn't collapse on top of her. She lay there, panting, the young cock in her pussy slowly softening. Her mind drifted. She'd come so close to realizing her dream. Fucking her little brother, blowing her little brother, being a slut for her little brother. In her mind, she'd done it, and as a result she'd come more powerfully than she ever had before.

"Happy birthday!" The shout came from several men at once. Tiffany looked up and struggled to make sense of things through the post-orgasmic haze. The walk-in closet on the far side of the room had opened up, revealing perhaps a dozen or so large men. Familiar men, somehow...

"Quite a performance, there, Trent," one of the men said enthusiastically. "You handled this sweet little filly just as well as you handled that touchdown drive in the state championship."

Trent... Football... Tiffany turned to look at the boy, her mind reeling as she recognized him. The young quarterback from the banquet! Christ, not only had she met him before, he'd already fucked her! Surely he'd recognized her. Had he been too shy to say anything? Too horny? Then who were...

"After seeing his workout," another man remarked, "I think we're going to have to recommend that the Tigers draft him when he gets out of college." The group laughed uproariously at that, slapping each other on the back and exchanging high fives.

Tigers... Oh, God. Tiffany turned to scan the faces of the group, praying that she wouldn't recognize any of them.

"Tiffany?" asked an astonished voice.

She looked, and there he was. Strangely, the only thing she could think of was the trickle of come she felt dripping from between her wide-open legs.

"Holy shit!" Greg exclaimed. "That's my fucking wife!"

## Chapter Six

"God damn it! How could you do this to me?" Greg thundered. Alex heard his fist slam against something and recoiled from the door where he'd been listening. He replaced his ear in time to hear Tiffany sobbing something in response. Greg continued to yell at her. "Do you have any idea how humiliating this is? To have everyone know that my wife is a fucking *whore*?"

That was typical of his father, Alex thought. His marriage was falling apart and all he could think about was himself. Then again, Tiffany had never been more to Greg than a pretty face to show off to his friends and a sex object to inflate his own ego, so his self-centeredness now was hardly surprising.

Alex jumped as he heard another loud bang from inside his parents' bedroom. "And everyone saw you, too. All my friends saw you fucking that kid, knowing that you got paid for it! I'm a goddamn laughingstock!" he bellowed. Tiffany just continued crying. "Who is he?" Greg yelled. "Who's your pimp, you slut? Tell me where he lives! I'll break his fucking neck!"

"His name's Vince. I... I don't know where he lives..." Tiffany said, almost too quietly for Alex to make out. It was the first coherent thing he'd heard from her.

"You don't know? Doesn't he talk to you? Tell you who to sell your ass to next? Give you your hard-earned money? Tell me!"

"I d-don't know. He just calls me and picks me up and t-takes me to... deliver his drugs and... and do it..."

"Jesus Christ, you stupid slut! You deal drugs, too?" The sound of a breaking lamp came from within the room. As quickly as he could, Alex turned and hurried down the hall to his room. There was nothing more to learn from listening to this, and Alex was worried about what might happen if Greg discovered him eavesdropping.

Alex sat down at his computer and tried to think. Greg and Tiffany had gone out separately the night before to party with their respective friends. Alex had taken advantage of the evening to do another photoshoot with his sister. He'd dressed her up in the leather tube-top and microskirt she'd bought a week ago and had her model on the hood of Greg's luxury car. She'd performed admirably, cupping her tits and spreading her pussy for the camera as she writhed all over the sleek car. Alex had rewarded her for her efforts by fucking her over the car's hood and depositing a nice large load of semen in her hungry twat.

Greg and Tiffany had come home together around midnight, after Alex and an exhausted Katrina had already gone to bed. He'd almost been asleep, but Greg's yelling had woken him up. He'd tried to listen, but hadn't been able to learn anything useful. All he'd been able to make out was Greg yelling "Whore!" over and over again, Tiffany crying, and Greg periodically hitting things.

This morning, though, he'd been woken up by more yelling, and had taken the risk of sneaking down the hall to eavesdrop at the master bedroom door. It sounded as though Tiffany had actually behaved like a literal whore, having sex with a stranger in exchange for money. And she was being managed by some pimp who'd arranged things so she couldn't trace him. Smart guy, it turned out.

What had driven her to this? What had made her want to be a whore, to take orders from someone? Granted, she'd always been more or less a sexual ornament for Greg, but at least that had been a conscious decision on her part. She was a gold-digger, sure, but she'd always been in charge of her own life.

"Alex..." He turned to see his sister standing in the doorway, her voluptuous body barely contained by the black lace nightie she wore. "I'm sorry... I didn't know you were going to get up early," she said remorsefully.

Oh, right. She was here for his morning blowjob. Well, it might help him relax. "That's okay, slut. You can suck me now," he said casually, spreading his legs.

Katrina squealed with girlish glee, hurrying over to kneel between his legs. Alex watched as she pulled down his boxer shorts and began rubbing his cock. He never got tired of watching her, proud of how well he'd programmed her. Mere months ago she had been an arrogant bitch to him, and now she was a well-trained sex toy. Among other things, he enjoyed these morning blowjobs.

Yesterday, though... yesterday had been different. It had seemed like a dream at the time, but he was quite sure of what had happened. Tiffany, not Katrina, had woken him up with an exquisite bit of fellatio. Alex had been utterly shocked, and had spent most of the day wondering why that had happened. He'd forgotten about it when Greg and Katrina had come home fighting and not thought about it again until just now. Why had Tiffany done that? She certainly wasn't being programmed to.

Or was she? Alex was only dimly aware of his sister's supple lips sliding up and down on his cock as he used his computer to check out the last set of subliminals he'd used on Katrina. "I love to sneak into Alex's room in the morning and wake him up by sucking his cock until he comes in my mouth," read the first one. Not "little brother's cock", the language he'd used in the other messages, but "Alex's cock". He'd gotten sloppy, apparently. But still, Tiffany wouldn't have had a chance to see this message, would she?

His fingers flew across the keyboard as his luscious sister sucked his cock more and more eagerly. Alex opened up the log for the subliminal-insertion program. The last time the images had been used was in a block between 9 and 10 PM the evening before. Sure, that was the regular timeslot for *Hagen's Brook*. He'd let Katrina watch it while he set up the photographic equipment in the garage.

The next most recent entry in the log, though, was a surprise -- 1 PM that afternoon.

What the hell? Could that be right? Apparently it was. It was *Richfield High*, appearing on one of the local rinky-dink stations. Syndication, then. And that was during the day, when Tiffany would have been home alone. So Tiffany was watching the teen dramas in syndication during the day. And since Alex had configured the software to insert the subliminals for any airing of the show, Tiffany was getting the programming as well as Katrina.

Alex let out a whoop of delight. He didn't have all the answers, but he'd made the breakthrough. Tiffany had been programmed, and was still being programmed. The excitement sent him over the edge, and his cock exploded inside his sister's hungry mouth. "Swallow it, baby! Swallow it!" he growled, sliding his fingers into her fiery tresses, bucking his hips into her wet mouth. His mind marveled at the possibilities in front of him.

As his orgasm subsided, he heard a distant thump as Greg hit something else. His sister looked up at him, a rivulet of his semen running down her chin from one corner of her mouth. "Alex," she said softly, "I'm scared."

Alex felt a deep pang of concern. He didn't want to see Katrina so upset. Sure, she was a cock-craving slut, but she was still his sister. "Don't worry," he reassured her, gently caressing her soft hair. "I'll think of something."

Tiffany groaned as she looked at herself in the mirror. There was no denying it; she was fucking hot! She was wearing one of her slut outfits -- a tiny pair of black shorts that clung tightly to her crotch and a black and white zebra-striped halter top. Black spiked heels and an assortment of necklaces and bracelets completed the outfit. It was a look that had served her well as a stripper, and later as a prostitute.

She felt another surge of arousal as she remembered. It had been over a week since she'd dressed like this. A week since that night at the hotel when Greg had found her fucking that boy. She hadn't dared wear anything sexy since then. Greg was already angry, and Tiffany was frightened of what he might do if he saw her dressed so provocatively.

There had been publicity, of course. The story of the cheerleader moonlighting as a whore had been on the front page of all the papers. Tiffany had, of course, been "temporarily" suspended from the cheerleading squad. She had no doubt that the suspension would soon become permanent. She was pretty sure Vince hadn't tried to call her; he wouldn't want the publicity. At least, the cel phone hadn't rung.

And now, with the kids at school and Greg out getting drunk with his friends, she had her first opportunity in a week to dress up in her finest slut-wear. It had also been a whole week since she'd gotten fucked. She didn't know how much longer she could go without a good fucking. She didn't want to see Vince again -- she was leery of re-exposing herself to the drug trade -- but she still wanted to be a whore. A slut. She needed a man to take orders from. A younger man. A boy, even. She reached down to stroke her pussy through the shorts.

She heard the front door slam. That would be Alex, home from school. Her pussy clenched as she thought about him. She'd found herself fantasizing about him a lot lately. He was only nine years younger than she was. They could have been brother and sister, couldn't they? If only it had been that way. She wanted nothing more than to mount his shaft and ride it until he came inside her.

It was wrong, she knew. She shouldn't be thinking about her stepson that way. But she couldn't help it. She remembered how delicious his cock had tasted a week ago when she'd snuck into his room and sucked him off. To have it in her pussy...

She heard Alex going to his room. Well, damn it, how long was she expected to go without getting fucked? She needed cock, and Alex was here. Greg hadn't even wanted to fuck her recently, so it was hardly her fault. She had no choice but to go and give Alex the ride of his life. After taking one last look in the mirror to fix her hair and check her makeup, she strode confidently down the hall to Alex's room.

Alex squinted at the computer monitor as he fiddled with the mouse. He was putting the finishing touches on the next batch of subliminal images and messages. He was entering unexplored territory with this new batch.

After he'd figured out that Tiffany was watching *Richfield High* in daytime syndication, he'd started programming her separately from Katrina. It had required a trivial modification of the image-insertion software he'd written, but the bulk of the work had been in producing a second set of subliminals for Tiffany.

By re-examining the subliminals he'd used in programming Katrina, Alex had been able to make a pretty good guess as to how Tiffany had interpreted the programming. Most of the images and messages had been aimed at making the target into a sex toy for her little brother. In Katrina's case that had, of course, been Alex. Tiffany, though, had no little brother. As a result, Alex suspected that she'd latched onto this Vince character as a substitute. He wasn't sure how she'd met him, though. Professional cheerleaders didn't usually come into contact with pimps, as far as Alex knew.

"Alex?" The timid voice came from the doorway. He turned and there she was. Alex's jaw dropped. It was one thing to know that his stepmother was a whore. It was another thing entirely to see her dressed up like one. Alex felt his cock rapidly stiffening at the sight of the stunning blonde in the doorway. "I... I was wondering if there was anything I could do for you," she murmured.

Alex could think of a million things she could do for him. The programming had clearly taken. She was his, body and soul, just like his sister. He wanted her to suck his cock. He wanted to lick her tits. And of course, he wanted to fuck her tight little pussy.

But for a moment, his curiosity outweighed his libido. "Tell me where you met Vince," he demanded. She hesitated, biting her lip and looking away from him. "I said tell me, bitch!" For a brief moment, her eyes closed and her body shook. Alex grinned. "I... I met him at a club," she said nervously.

"What kind of club?"

"A s-strip club," she stammered.

"Ah, I see." And he did see. He'd programmed Katrina with an exhibitionist streak and used that to get her to pose nude for his camera. Tiffany had gotten the same programming, but without anyone offering to make her a porn model, she'd been forced to find another outlet for her desires. Interesting... and potentially quite fun. Alex turned back to his computer for a moment and pulled up a music player. "So you're a little stripper-slut, aren't you?" he asked.

She gasped at being called a slut. "Y-yeah."

"Well, then, strip for me, you little tramp." He hit a button and the speakers next to his computer came to life. The song was the latest Chrissy Knight tune -- total crap, admittedly, but Alex kept it around because the strong beat and the overt sexuality made it good jacking-off music. Or in this case, good stripping music.

Tiffany seemed to respond almost automatically, her hips swaying sultrily to the music. Alex watched in fascination as her hands slid up and down her sleek body, pausing here and there to cup her round tits or rub her pussy through the thin fabric of the tiny shorts. She seemed almost to become part of the music. Alex grinned as she blew him kisses and licked her shiny red lips. His cock was already straining against his jeans.

It had taken him months and months to turn his sister into his own personal sex toy. It had taken barely a week to do the same to his stepmother. Of course, he hadn't been starting from scratch with Tiffany. She'd already been programmed into sluthood; she'd simply been without a natural master. Once Alex had realized she was available, it had been simplicity itself to retrain her to serve him. "Alex is my little brother," the message had read. Tiffany had slid the shorts down her sleek legs and discarded them on the floor, and was shaking her tight, round ass at him. Alex found himself more aroused than he'd been in a long time. Tiffany was a lousy stepmother, but Alex couldn't deny that she was a fabulous stripper.

Tiffany sat down on Alex's lap, smiling lustily at him over her shoulder as she unzipped the front of her top. She felt her pussy clenching as she continued to sway to the teenybopper music. God, she was so horny. Alex was her little brother. She no longer felt like she was pretending. He was her little brother, and she was going to fill herself up with his wonderful cock.

Tiffany reached behind her, wrapping each of her hands around one of Alex's and pulling them forward to place his hands on her pneumatic tits. She gasped as he rewarded her with a quick squeeze. She ground her ass against his knees, feeling the heat rising in her snatch.

Tiffany removed his hands from her melons, putting them in his lap behind her. Then, with a practiced flair, she lifted one leg and swung it over his head as she swiveled her body to face him. She was thrilled to see the stunned look on Alex's face. She'd wowed dozens of customers with that move, but none of them meant as much to her as her dear little brother.

Letting the music drive her, she wiggled her boobs in Alex's face, licking her lips as she did so. Alex took the proffered snack, licking first one nipple, then the other. Tiffany experienced a minor orgasm, partially from the physical stimulation but mostly from sheer pleasure that Alex liked her tits.

Unable to restrain herself, Tiffany reached down to unzip Alex's jeans. Still wiggling to the pulsing music, she pulled down his boxer shorts, allowing his magnificent cock to spring free. Tiffany gazed at it in fascination, reaching down tentatively to stroke the thick shaft. She'd sucked on it a week earlier, but it hadn't looked quite so... beautiful... then.



The music ended, and Tiffany looked up at Alex. She needed his cock. She needed it desperately. He was smirking at her. He knew how desperate she was. She just looked at him, silently begging. At last, he spoke. "Go ahead. Take a ride, slut."

Panting with lust, Tiffany wasted no time lifting her ass and positioning her snatch above Alex's long, thick cock. Quivering in anticipation, she lowered herself onto the fleshy shaft, shuddering as she felt her insides split open by the meaty phallus.

A surge of ecstasy shot up her spine as she impaled herself. Tiffany felt more full than ever before. Alex's dick wasn't the biggest she had ever been fucked with, though it was close. But somehow, Alex's cock seemed to *fit* better than any she had ever felt. It was as though her pussy had been designed to sheath this wonderful cock, every curve of her cunt fitting snugly against Alex's manhood.

Slowly but surely, she began to hump her ass up and down, sliding her pussy up and down her little brother's prick. The skills Vince had taught her kicked in almost automatically. "Oh, fuck... yeah... fuck me... huge cock... feels so good... pussy..." Her panted words were partly the result of her training as a whore, and partly the result of the pure fuck-lust coursing through her body. Tiffany noted triumphantly that Alex's eyes had closed and his mouth gaped wide open. He'd be ready to come soon, ready to shoot his creamy load into her eager snatch.

She grinned. It was time to show him what this pussy was capable of.

Alex groaned as the sexy blonde rode his cock. This was simply incredible! He'd never thought anything could feel this good. Katrina was a pleasure to fuck, there was no doubt about that. But Tiffany was something else. It was obvious that Tiffany was a professional. She lacked the youthful exuberance of Katrina, but her experience made up for it. There was no wasted effort; her every motion seemed calculated to drive him closer and closer to orgasm. He'd been proud of turning Katrina into a slut, but now he realized the truth. Katrina was still a girl playing at being a slut. Tiffany was the real thing -- a creature who cared only about cock.

Suddenly, he felt something new. The walls of Tiffany's cunt began to alternately tighten and relax, squeezing his cock with a regular rhythm. "Oh... god..." Alex groaned, his mind reeling with the sensations coming through his cock. He would never have even though something like this was possible.

"Oh... yeah..." Tiffany moaned, "cock... so big... fuck... pussy..." A steady torrent of profanity issued from her mouth in a soft, gasping voice. She was obviously enjoying herself, but the words seemed calculated to arouse him. And arouse him they did; the bitch had clearly learned a lot from her career as a whore.

The massaging action of Tiffany's tight snatch drove him quickly to orgasm. She could apparently sense it too; the stream of lewdness grew louder and faster as the pressure built inside his balls. "Oh, yeah, fuck fuck fuck, big cock, tight pussy, fuck fuck fuck!" His hands gripped the blond stripper's thighs as he felt his prick explode inside her.

Tiffany was coming, too, her cunt spasming around his throbbing member. Alex struggled for breath as he shot his load into the slut's snatch, her muscles squeezing him tightly, sucking every last drop of jizz from his balls. Never in his life had he imagined an orgasm like this one.

When it ended at last, Alex slumped back into his seat, exhausted. Tiffany still sat astride him, the globes of her tits heaving as she panted. Her body was covered with a sheen of sweat, and her hair had fallen in a tangled mass partially covering her face. Alex reached up to idly caress one of her nipples. Even in her freshly-fucked state, she moaned at the touch. What a fantastic bitch, Alex thought. He was lucky the programming had worked out the way it did.

The next piece of programming, he knew, was also going to require quite a bit of luck.

Greg Young lowered himself once again into the recliner, popping open his third beer of the afternoon as he returned his attention to the game. It was only the beginning of the second quarter, and the Tigers were already down by two touchdowns. They'd just gotten the ball back, but Greg swore as he watched the first-down pass attempt fall incomplete.

The TV cut to a shot of the cheerleaders on the sidelines. Sluts, Greg thought. He felt the anger rising within him as he remembered the night two weeks ago when he'd discovered the truth about Tiffany. She'd told him she loved him and pretended all along to be a devoted wife, but in truth she'd been a whore.

His lips curled in a sneer as he watched the cheerleaders jumping and kicking, waving their pompoms. Sluts, no doubt. Any one of them would probably spread her legs if the price was right. That, he realized, was what he wanted. Fuck marriage. He didn't need a wife. *I just need a few good sluts*, he thought.

The action resumed as the Tigers tried a running play on second down. The play began smoothly, but the running back was met at the line of scrimmage by an opposing linebacker, who hit him like a freight train and laid him out flat on the ground. *I used to do that*, Greg thought. Whenever some uppity running back had tried to run into his turf and steal yards from him, Greg made sure to teach him a lesson. Back in his glory days, no one stole from Greg Young.

But that was what that damn pimp had done, wasn't it? What was his name? Vince. Yeah, that was it. Vince had stolen from him. Vince had stolen his goddamn wife from him. Greg shook with rage as he thought about it. That bastard had taken Tiffany from him and turned her into his whore. His slut. Damn it, Tiffany was Greg's slut!

And what was Vince doing now? Probably getting laid. Vince probably had it all. Vince had money. Vince had power. And most importantly, Vince had plenty of hot pussy whenever he wanted it. It wasn't fair. Greg had worked hard, and what did he have? He had no job; the network had fired him when the news had broken that his wife was a whore. He had no respect; he'd become a laughingstock in the community. And to top it all off, he wasn't getting any pussy. It wasn't fair. *I deserve better*, Greg thought. Better than that cretin Vince, certainly.

The Tigers tried another running play on third down, this one a sweep around the right side. The running back got a good five yards of penetration into the backfield before getting hit by the same linebacker. The hit knocked the ball loose, and the linebacker stumbled after it, scooping it off the ground. Greg groaned in frustration as he ran into the end zone, but he couldn't help but admire the guy. That was the way the world ought to work. If someone showed you disrespect, you should just beat him up. And take his stuff.

Tiffany sighed as she picked up the black mesh bodysuit. She didn't know Katrina had one of these. She held it up, inspecting the thin, soft fabric. The bodysuit had a filmy translucency to it; it certainly would leave the wearer's body fully visible. Good. This meant that Katrina was buying slutty clothes on her own. Tiffany was glad that her little sister knew the importance of showing off that hot body of hers.

Well, okay, technically Katrina wasn't her sister, just like technically Alex wasn't her brother. But it was just so easy to think of her that way. After all, Katrina was only six years younger than her. It made a lot more sense for Katrina to be her sister than her daughter. Besides, Katrina was almost a grown woman. She needed a big sister more than she needed a mother.

*I need to teach Katrina how to fuck.* It was true. She'd come to realize over the last week that Katrina needed guidance if she was going to become a good slut. Tiffany had a duty to be the big sister that Katrina needed, to show her how to please a man.

Tiffany finished folding the laundry, pleased to find an almost complete lack of female underwear. Good. Another thing Katrina had learned well -- underwear just gets in the way. Tiffany herself wasn't wearing any. All she had on was a tight pair of cutoff jeans -- she just loved the way they hugged her pussy -- and a short-sleeved pink shirt tied off under her tits, leaving her tan tummy bare. If Alex wanted to fuck her, there wouldn't be any silly underwear to deal with.

The thought of getting fucked by Alex sent a shiver of delight down her spine. The past week had been the most sexually fulfilling time of her life. Alex had taken her daily, shoving that massive cock into her mouth or her pussy -- Tiffany really didn't care which; she came either way just from the pleasure of servicing her little brother. And she loved the way he treated her; always telling her what a good whore she was. She truly was her little brother's slut, and she'd never been happier.

Picking up the basket full of folded laundry, Tiffany headed down the hall. She walked quietly past the living room, stopping only long enough to make sure that Greg was still watching the game. As long as he was still in front of the TV she didn't have to worry about what he might do. Greg had never hit her, even when he'd flown into screaming fits of rage. But it seemed that every time his anger was a little more intense, and more things got broken. She was afraid of him. They no longer slept together; Greg spent every night on the couch in the den.

Trying not to think about Greg, Tiffany headed on down the hall to Katrina's room. Thankfully, her high heels were quiet on the carpeted floor, so Greg hadn't been aware of her presence. Katrina's door was open, so Tiffany carried the basket in without pausing. What she saw inside certainly made her pause, however.

Katrina was there, crouched on hands and knees on the bed. Her clothes--a frilly white skirt and a skimpy peasant-girl blouse--lay on the floor. Katrina herself was naked but for a pair of white heels. Her brother lay under her, his pants unzipped while Katrina pumped her head up and down on his cock.

They hadn't noticed her yet; Katrina was facing away from the door, and Alex's eyes were closed. Tiffany watched for a moment as Katrina's head pumped quickly up and down on her brother's shaft. The teenager's fiery red hair flew wildly about as she sucked her brother's member with wild abandon.

"Oh, Katrina..." Tiffany said sympathetically.

Katrina sat up in alarm, her brother's cock popping free of her mouth. "Tiffany!" Alex looked merely surprised, but Katrina seemed to be in a state of panic.

"Oh, honey, please," Tiffany said soothingly. "Really, I'm happy for you. It's great that you're doing this."

Katrina's panic changed to confusion. "Wh-what?"

"Oh, Katrina, really, I don't want to embarrass you. It's just... well, you're doing it all wrong." Katrina just stared at her blankly. "Oh, stay there. Let me show you," Tiffany said, setting the laundry basket down on the dresser and closing the door. She walked over to the bed, kneeling beside it and placing her head next to Alex's cock.

"Now you can't just treat a cock like a popsicle. You have to caress it. Let it out of your mouth every once in awhile and just lick it. Tickle it a bit. Here's a good spot," Tiffany said, pointing to the spot where the purple head met the underside of the shaft. "Like this." She extended her tongue and ran it lightly across the base of the helmet, eliciting a groan from Alex. "Try it."

Cautiously, Katrina stuck her tongue out and licked the spot Tiffany had just shown her. Alex groaned again, his hips shifting a bit. "That's it, sweetie," Tiffany encouraged. "Now run your tongue all the way around the base of the head... yeah, that's it. Now a couple of strokes up the length of the shaft. Make sure you hit that sweet spot I showed you!" Alex was gasping for air as Katrina followed her instructions.

"Okay, now hold back for a minute, honey; we don't want him to blow his wad just yet." Katrina backed off, looking to Tiffany for further instruction. "Now, if you want to cool him down a bit, just play with his balls for awhile. But remember, they're tender, so you have to be gentle with them. Watch." Tiffany used her tongue to tickle the nearest of Alex's testicles, her tongue lightly brushing the wrinkled surface. She looked up to be sure Katrina was paying attention before gently taking the entire thing into her mouth. After a moment of gentle sucking, she let it go. "Now you try it, baby. Hold his cock while you do it, and remember to be gentle."

Hesitantly, Katrina followed Tiffany's example, ticking Alex's nuts with her tongue before taking one between her deep red lips. "Yeah, that's a good girl," Tiffany encouraged. "Now do the other one." Katrina switched, leaving Alex's scrotum covered with her saliva. "Okay, if you think you're such a hot slut," Tiffany said impishly, "let's see you do both at once!" Katrina struggled to take both nuts into her mouth. Alex's eyes were wide open and glued to his cock as his sister spread her mouth wide, finally engulfing his entire scrotum.

"Wow!" Tiffany gushed, genuinely amazed. She was rarely able to do that herself, and certainly not to someone as well-hung as Alex. "Okay, tickle him a little with your tongue and then let him go." Alex spent a few seconds gasping and moaning before Katrina released him from her mouth. Katrina looked up at Tiffany expectantly, one hand encircling the base of Alex's cock.

"Okay, I think it's time to get him shoot his load with a little sucking. But it's important to get this right. You need to go slow and deep. Take him as far in as you can and then let him out slowly. And suck hard on the upstroke, too. Watch." Tiffany leaned forward, wrapping her lips around Alex's member. She lowered her head until his pubic hair brushed her nose before withdrawing slowly, sucking as she did. After one more stroke to demonstrate the technique, she let him go.

"See? Okay, now go ahead and suck him off, honey." Katrina complied, following Tiffany's example. "That's it, sweetie, suck him good," she encouraged, noting with approval the concavity of Katrina's cheeks as she slowly withdrew her head from Alex's cock. "Slowly, slowly... good... Okay, now keep doing that but start sliding your tongue back and forth on the underside while you do that." Alex grunted, his back arching as Katrina continued to suck him. Tiffany quickly shed her clothes as she watched the horny teenagers.

"Now honey, this is a visual thing for him as well. Nothing gets a man hotter than seeing those lips of yours sliding up and down his shaft. So make sure to keep your hair out of the way. Just sweep it all over one shoulder, like... there you go, that's a good girl. And make sure to tickle that sweet spot whenever you can," Tiffany added. Alex's groans grew louder as he thrashed on the bed.

Tiffany placed a finger at the base of Alex's cock, feeling for the telltale throbbing. Sure enough, there it was. "Okay, honey, he's going to blow his wad soon. Just keep going, and when you feel him about to come, stop what you're doing and take it all in." She leaned in to whisper a final piece of advice in the redhead's ear.

Sure enough, Alex came a few moments later, his hips bucking, ramming his cock into Katrina's mouth. Katrina held on, though, her lips remaining fixed on her brother's shaft throughout his orgasm. "Good girl, good girl, he's almost done..." Tiffany said encouragingly. When at last Alex had finished coming, Tiffany climbed up onto the bed, kneeling beside Alex's midsection.

"Now, let him go... that's it..." Katrina let Alex out of her mouth, rising to her knees. "Oops, you let some get away, honey!" Tiffany exclaimed as a strand of jism dribbled out of the corner of Katrina's mouth. She'd done it on purpose, of course; that was what the last whispered instruction had been. Men loved to see their spunk dribbling out the corner of a whore's mouth, as though she'd been trying to swallow but just couldn't keep up.

Speaking of things men loved to see... "Here, let me take care of that, sweetie," Tiffany cooed, leaning over to take Katrina by the shoulders. Slowly, Tiffany extended her tongue to lick the stray come off her sister's chin. The taste was delicious. She traced the sperm's path upward until her tongue brushed Katrina's lush lips.

*I want Alex to see me kiss my sister.*

Katrina was trembling, her eyes locked on Tiffany's. Slowly, Tiffany brushed her lips against the redhead's. Then both women opened their mouths and tasted each other with abandon, their tongues snaking between their locked lips. Tiffany was surprised at how much this aroused her; she'd never been interested in other women before. But... well, Alex was watching. She couldn't tell if she was responding to Katrina or to the fact that Alex was watching.

They continued to kiss for a few minutes, Tiffany savoring the taste of Alex's come in her sister's mouth. Tiffany ran her hands over Katrina's nubile body, cupping her firm tits and stroking her lush hair. Tiffany gasped as she felt Katrina's hands on her own nipples.

At last they broke for air. After looking into each other's eyes for a few seconds, they both looked down at Alex's cock, which had once again begun to stiffen. "Well," Tiffany said wickedly, "now that I've shown you how to use your mouth, let me teach you a thing or two about what your pussy is for."

Spreading her knees wide, Tiffany reached for Katrina's hand. "Half of being a good fuck is in the muscles. Now, stick a couple fingers up my pussy, honey. Go ahead," Tiffany urged. Somewhat hesitantly, Katrina complied. Tiffany did her best to ignore the stimulation Katrina's fingers were providing in her cunt. "Okay," Tiffany said as she began to rhythmically flex the muscles of her pussy, "do you feel that, sweetie?"

"Yeah," Katrina replied, her voice small.

Tiffany took her sister's free hand and placed it flat against her lower abdomen so she could feel the muscles flexing inside. "You see? It's all in the muscles. Now you try it. Go ahead and mount Alex's cock, baby. There you go, that's a good girl..." Tiffany said soothingly as Katrina gently impaled herself on the now-rigid shaft. "Now flex your muscles just like I showed you, honey." Tiffany felt Katrina's stomach, offering pointers as Alex began to groan.

"That's it... a little slower, honey. Make it sensual..." Katrina was learning remarkably quickly. She was going to be a very talented slut. "All right, baby, let's start pumping now, but make sure you keep your muscles working. Flex those legs... there we go. Good girl," Tiffany praised as Katrina began to hump up and down on Alex's cock. "I think you're getting the hang of it, honey." Alex was once again thrashing in pleasure on the bed.

"Now honey, the half that isn't in the muscles is in the mind," Tiffany said. "I want you to just concentrate on your pussy for now, but pay attention to what I'm saying because you're going to have to learn this, too."

Tiffany leaned forward, speaking in a throaty whisper. "Oh, God, you're so fucking *hung*, Alex. Look at that huge cock crammed into that tight little pussy. The poor little bitch doesn't stand a chance against a cock like that."

"Look what you're doing to her, Alex. She's such a cock-hungry little slut. She's already swallowed that massive load you shot down her throat. I could taste your sweet jizz in her mouth. And now she's back for more. You can see how fucking horny she is. She loves to feel that thick cock of yours."

"Just look at her. She's like a bitch in heat. The poor little slut needs your come, and she's going to keep humping and humping until she gets it. The little whore wants your jizz. She wants to feel your cock blast that sweet jizz right up her tight little pussy. Fuck her. Fuck her! *Fuck her!*" Tiffany exhorted, her cries becoming more intense as Alex's groans grew louder.

Alex came at last, his body shuddering. Katrina orgasmed simultaneously, shrieking in ecstasy as her back arched. Tiffany smiled as she watched her sister come. Katrina's orgasm was uncontrolled, without any real art to it. That was something else she would have to learn, how to channel and control her own orgasm to maximize Alex's pleasure. But she could learn the fine points later. She'd performed well so far, and the slut deserved her reward. Tiffany leaned over the joined crotches of her siblings, extending her tongue to lick up the milky white fluid leaking from Katrina's still-spasming pussy.

When at last Alex's orgasm subsided, Tiffany rose to her knees, planting a soft kiss on her sister's lips. "Good girl," she said. "I'm so proud of you, honey." They kissed again, deeply. Tiffany felt Katrina probing her mouth eagerly, no doubt desperate to taste Alex's come, just as Tiffany herself had been a few minutes earlier.

At long last their lips parted. Katrina heaved herself off Alex's cock, falling exhausted to the bed. Tiffany stifled a frown. Katrina had to learn that pleasing a man didn't end after he'd come. But there was time for that, too; ample time for Tiffany to finish training her sister. In fact... Tiffany looked at Alex's semi-erect cock.

"Okay, that was fantastic, sweetie, but there's more to it than that," Tiffany said, swinging one leg over Alex's body to straddle his torso. "Now watch me, honey." Alex was staring at her disbelievingly. She flashed him a sultry smile as she massaged his cock with one hand. He'd be good for one more ride; she could feel his member stiffening in her hand. Maybe under normal circumstances she wouldn't be trying to bring the boy to a third orgasm, but there really would never be a better time to demonstrate proper technique to Katrina. Tiffany groaned as she slipped Alex's cock into her dripping snatch. Besides, she felt like she'd go crazy if she didn't get a good fucking.

"Now the first thing to remember, honey, is that your hands should always be busy..."

Alex rolled out of bed the next morning feeling like he'd been kicked in the nuts. He sorted through his memories of the previous afternoon, trying to remember everything the girls had done to him. After demonstrating proper technique for Katrina by riding his cock until he came, Tiffany had then insisted that Katrina take another ride to show that she had learned. And *then*, as if that wasn't enough, Tiffany had insisted on riding him one more time herself, to show Katrina what she'd done wrong. The horny little sluts had been insatiable!

Alex limped over to his computer and pulled up the files he'd been working on for the next batch of subliminal messages. He opened a new text message and typed carefully:

I will not use my brother as an educational aid. With a grunt, Alex saved the message and stumbled down the hall to the bathroom, wincing with each step as his overworked cock cried out in pain. He was quite certain that if Greg's football game hadn't ended, Tiffany would have spent several more hours instructing Katrina. But the only thing stronger than the girls' cock-lust was their fear of Greg.

Everyone was afraid of Greg now. He never talked to anyone, and his face bore a permanent scowl. For the most part, the other family members avoided him. He looked like a man ready to explode, and Alex knew that Katrina and Tiffany were afraid that he would turn violent soon.

Alex sighed as he looked in the mirror. The girls didn't know it, but Greg would get violent soon. Alex had made sure of it. Every sports show that had appeared on the family TV over the last two weeks had been filled with violence-inducing subliminal imagery. No doubt Greg would have been a real pain in the ass with or without the programming, but Alex was pretty sure the subliminals had built up far more rage inside him than would otherwise be there. It was not a matter of whether Greg would turn violent, it was just a question of when, and who would be in the way when it happened. Alex had set everything up as well as he could. At this point it was all down to luck.

Alex stepped into the shower, trying not to think about the delicate balancing act he was trying to perform.

Tiffany stirred slowly as she became aware of the phone ringing. Stretching languorously, she picked up the handset. "Hello?" she yawned. There was nothing but a dialtone. The phone continued to ring.

A realization hit her and she sat bolt upright. The cel phone was ringing! Still nude, she dove across the room to her purse, which was sitting on top of the dresser. She fumbled within it until she found the small blue phone. Trembling, she held it in her hand, watching the lights flash as the phone continued to ring. She felt a warmth in her pussy as she remembered how important this phone had been to her. The tool Vince had used to summon his best slut. She lifted her finger to turn on the phone.

No. She couldn't answer. Alex had been very specific about that. She had to take the phone to him. Gripping the phone tightly, she hurried down the hall. The shower was running. Alex would be in there.

Alex jumped as the shower curtain flew open. It was Tiffany, nude, thrusting a cel phone at him. What the hell? He looked at her blankly.

"It rang," she said. "You told me..."



"Oh, right, right!" Alex exclaimed. He stumbled out of the shower, taking the phone from the confused blonde. Pausing to wrap a towel around his waist, he ran back to his room. This could be the chance. If he was lucky...

After a few minutes of digging around, Alex pulled a short telephone cable out of a box of miscellaneous junk. Fumbling, he plugged one end into the back of his computer and the other into a slot on the cel phone. Struggling to stay calm, Alex loaded the interrogation program, and the computer began talking to the phone.

Alex sat back to wait while data flowed back and forth between the computer and the phone. He'd done some research over the last few weeks, tracking down obscure information on cellular phone communications protocols. It turned out that modern cellular phones, including the one that Vince had given Tiffany, transmitted and received a lot of extra information in the course of a phone call. The programmers of the phones had stuck in all this extra information transfer in order to make it easier to debug the software. As was typical with projects completed in a hurry, they hadn't had time to remove all the extra data-transmission routines. The program Alex was running was designed to pick up the little scraps of data left behind by the debugging routines. With any luck...

The program finished, spitting out a few lines of text. Alex grinned as he read it.

Last received call:

Status: unanswered

Domain: local

Time: 12 JAN 09:12:14

Originating number: 3085556943

Alex quickly ran the phone number through a reverse-directory website, which gave him the expected name, Vincent Stabone, and an address. Pay dirt.

Alex jotted down the name and address on a scrap of paper before running down the hall, still wearing only the towel. There was only one thing left to be done, and the sooner the better. He burst into the master bedroom without knocking, surprising Tiffany.

"Here," he said, thrusting the scrap of paper at the still-nude blonde. "Copy this down. Quickly."

Greg groaned as he lifted himself off the couch. His head spun as he reached out to steady himself. Struggling to remain upright, he tried to remember what had happened last night. He remembered going to a bar with his few remaining friends and getting plastered. He'd made a pass at this incredibly hot little bitch and gotten angry when she'd shot him down. His friends had dragged him out of the bar and somehow gotten him home, where he assumed he'd fallen asleep on the couch, fully clothed. And so for two full weeks in a row he hadn't gotten any pussy.

Another shitty night out. And it looked like this was going to be another shitty morning, which would inevitably lengthen into another shitty day. After finding his bearings, Greg dragged himself into the kitchen, looking for some food. He'd finally sat down with a bowl of cold cereal and a glass of orange juice when he noticed the note. It was a small piece of pink paper, folded carefully and lying on the corner of the table. Tiffany's, no doubt. Curious, Greg picked it up and unfolded it.

It was Tiffany's handwriting, all right -- all curves and swirls. Greg read it once and then read it again. Slowly, he stopped chewing. His hands shook with rage as his growing anger burned through the hangover. *Got you, you little bastard*, he thought.

His mind clear, Greg stood up and strode quickly to the front door, pausing only to make sure his keys and wallet were in his pocket. Maybe it wasn't going to be such a shitty morning after all.

"Oh yeah, that's it... Good little slut," Vince groaned as the sexy brunette sucked his cock. What was her name? Allison? Angela? Didn't really matter. What mattered was that she was his whore now. His first new bitch since Tiffany.

Tiffany. Vince grimaced as he thought of her. The finest bitch he'd ever owned, lost to sheer dumb luck. True, renting her to that birthday party had been reckless, especially before he'd had complete control of her. But how the fuck could he have guessed that she'd be a fucking cheerleader married to some ex-jock? Well, it was all part of the past now. The fact that she hadn't answered the phone a few hours ago was pretty much the clincher. She wasn't coming back. Best to concentrate on the future.

Vince grinned as he returned his attention to his new slut. He'd picked her up a couple of weeks ago at a strip club. She was a typical spoiled college bitch, doing laps at the club as a way to pay for all the expensive things that Mommy and Daddy wouldn't buy for her. Vince knew exactly how to handle her type. He'd played on his boyish looks, getting her to trust him before bringing her home and getting her high. Snorting coke provided a welcome change of pace to her dull life.

That had been a week and a half ago. He'd brought her to the house every evening since then, giving her lessons in how to please a customer before letting her snort a few lines. He didn't phrase it in those terms, of course; she had no idea that within a month she'd be giving blowjobs to any john that asked. She thought he was just teaching her how to please him; as far as she knew it was just a simple drugs-for-sex transaction. Although she tried to hide it, Vince knew she was a bit miffed at being treated like a piece of property. The thought made him grin. If only the bitch knew what was in store for her.

In a couple weeks she'd be firmly addicted to Vince's high-grade cocaine and Vince knew he'd be tiring of her body. At that point, he'd inform her that she'd have to start paying for her blow. She'd beg and plead, telling him she couldn't afford it. Some of the bitches actually tried to pay for it themselves for a few weeks before despairing and begging him for it. Once she'd realized how dependent she was on him, he'd make her the offer: He'd give her all the coke she needed, and she'd let him sell her pussy to whoever he wanted.

Vince grinned as he looked down at his cock, sliding smoothly in and out of the slut's red-painted mouth. This one had picked up the basics real fast. Vince never had to remind her to put on her makeup or fix up her hair; she'd already learned how important it was to always look sexy. The bitch would make a fine addition to his stable. Vince felt himself approaching orgasm. Time to teach the slut to swallow, he thought.

Just as he felt his orgasm start to build, the doorbell rang. "God damn it," he muttered as he pushed the brunette off his cock. Swearing profusely, he stood and threw on a bathrobe. "Stay here until I get back," he instructed the slut. She nodded meekly as he strode out of the room. *Whoever this is, he thought, it'd better be good.*

"Whaddaya want?" he growled as he opened the door.

The caller was a tall, thickly-built man. A goon sent by some crime lord? "You Vincent Stabone?" he asked. He looked a little too clean-cut to be someone's muscle. Besides, Vince couldn't think of anyone he'd pissed off recently.

"Yeah. Who the fuck are you?"

He had barely finished the question when a meaty fist slammed into his stomach, knocking the wind out of him and sending him sprawling to the floor. Gasping for air, he looked up as the man walked in and closed the door behind him. "Who..." he wheezed. "Who sent you? I'll d-double whatever they paid you..."

The man reached down to grab him by the neck, lifting his skinny frame off the ground like a rag doll. "I sent myself, asshole. You stole my wife." With that, he swung his arm around, throwing Vince into the wall.

Greg smirked happily as the little shrimp collapsed to the floor, his face bleeding. "You won't be so pretty when I'm through with you," he growled, picking up the gasping Vince by the throat. Weeks of pent-up rage came to the surface as Greg pummeled the pimp's body with his free hand. Revenge was a wonderful thing. "You stole my wife and made her one of your whores, you sonofabitch!" he yelled, tossing the battered Vince to the floor again.

"T-Tiffany?" he asked in an almost whiny tone. "P-please, man, I didn't know she was married!" He struggled back to his feet.

Greg walked casually over and punched him in the jaw, spinning him around and sending him back to the ground. "Well, that was a mistake, wasn't it?"

Vince made no move to get back up this time, merely rolling over onto his back so he could see Greg looming over him. "P-please... I'll give you anything... anything..." Greg picked him up by the throat again, pinning him against a wall.

"W-who are you?" asked a small voice from behind him. Greg turned to look. The speaker was a girl -- a gorgeous girl. She couldn't have been older than twenty. Thick brown hair framed a fresh face, and the bedsheet she was clutching in front of her could only partially hide her voluptuous body.

One of the whores, then. Greg looked at her for a long moment, his cock stirring in his jeans. He looked at Vince, bleeding on the floor, and then back at the girl, and came to a sudden decision. "Go back to the bedroom and don't come out," he commanded the whore.

She glanced down at Vince before whispering "Okay," and turning to hurry back down the hall. Greg watched her go, enraptured by her tight, naked ass. *Obedient whore*, he thought.

He turned back to Vince. "Do you want to live?" Vince nodded weakly. Greg grinned. "Then you're going to give me *everything*."

Greg spent the next hour squeezing everything he could out of Vince. He forced Vince to write everything down. Names, addresses, and phone numbers of clients, suppliers, and whores. He forced Vince to dig up the deed to his house and sign it over to Greg. Some of the clients were lawyers; Greg expected he'd be able to blackmail one of them into making things nice and legal. Vince showed him the secret strongbox where he kept his money and his products, and Greg memorized the combination to the lock.

Once Greg was convinced he'd gotten all the details of the entire operation, he'd forced Vince to start making phone calls. With the phone in one hand and an ice pack in the other, Vince told the suppliers that he would be leaving town for awhile, and that his good friend Greg was going to be overseeing his operation for a year or so. The suppliers were the important ones; Greg knew that he could strong-arm the customers and the bitches.

Once Greg was satisfied, he handed Vince the key to Vince's second car, a beat-up Dodge he used occasionally when he needed a low profile, and a thousand dollars from the safe.

"Now," he told Vince, "you're going to drive out of town and keep going until you're out of the state. And you are never, ever going to come back. If you do, I'll kill you. Do you understand?"

Vince's lip was too swollen for him to speak. Defeated, he nodded silently. Greg took him to the car, searched it, removed the handgun from the glove compartment, and threw Vince into the car. He tossed in a clean T-shirt for Vince to change into; the cops might have noticed that the one he was wearing wasn't supposed to have all those red spots. Greg stood and watched as the former pimp drove down the driveway and off down the street.

Satisfied, he walked back into Vince's house -- no, *his* house now, and strode back to the bedroom. The girl was waiting as instructed. Her brown eyes widened as he stepped into the room. "W-who are you?" she asked, shrinking away from him.

Greg grinned as he strode over to the bed. "I'm your new boss," he told her as he unzipped his pants. His rock-hard cock sprang free. The gorgeous brunette's eyes grew wide as she stared at his shaft. "What's your name, bitch?" he asked as he climbed onto the bed.

"A-Alicia," she stammered.

"And what was your arrangement with Vince?"

"H-he gave me... d-drugs and I... I..."

"You were his whore, right?"

She looked away. "Yeah," she muttered.

"Well, you're my whore now. I'll give you the shit you need and you'll do whatever I tell you. Understand?"

"O-okay."

"Now spread your legs, bitch," Greg commanded. He felt a thrill as the slut obeyed him. And there were a dozen more just like her on Vince's list... Greg surged forward, grunting powerfully as he slammed his cock into the sexy brunette, savoring the tight feel of her wet pussy.

It was barely a minute before he came, his pent-up frustration exploding into the moaning whore beneath him. He grinned in triumph as he watched his jism seep out of her pussy around his cock. He still had a lot to learn, he knew, but he was looking forward to his new life.

### **Epilogue - Nine Months Later**

Greg Young opened the front door. A lone figure stood on the porch. "Hi, son," Greg said. "Come on in."

"Thanks, Dad," Alex replied, stepping inside. He was dressed in slacks and a shirt. The clothing couldn't entirely hide the changes in his body. Alex had started to put on some muscle.

Greg felt a pang of regret at having gone so long without seeing his son. "I've really missed you, Alex," he said, trying and failing to meet the boy's eyes.

"Yeah, me too, Dad." The words were simple but sincere.

Greg looked at him. Had he ever really known the boy? "I... I'm sorry... I..." The ex-football player choked up, unable to continue.

"It's okay, Dad." Greg felt Alex's arms around him -- small but surprisingly strong. He hugged his son back, struggling not to cry. "It's good to see you again, Dad."

"Yeah. You too, son." By unspoken agreement, they released each other. "So... um... how's Tiffany?"

"She's doing good. Her... uh... her career is really taking off," Alex replied.

That was good, Greg thought. He knew that his ex-wife had started stripping again. With a body like hers, it was only right that she should be showing it off and making money from it. A pity he hadn't realized that when they were married. But then, nobody was ever perfect. "She's taking good care of you, right?"

Alex smiled. "Yeah, you could say that."

"And how about Katrina? You two are getting along all right, aren't you?"

Alex's grin grew broader. "Yeah, we're fine, Dad. Don't worry."

"All right," Greg said, ruffling his son's hair playfully. "Come on in," he said, leading the way to the living room.

The room was largely the way it had been when Greg had "acquired" the house from Vince. A black leather couch dominated one wall, flanked by a matching easy chair and love seat. An elegant brick fireplace was built into another wall next to a well-stocked wet bar.

The only real addition of Greg's was the big-screen TV on the wall opposite the couch. Perhaps the only thing that hadn't changed for Greg in the past nine months was his love of sports. He still spent every weekend on the couch in front of the TV, just as he always had. Of course, these days he always had a couple of the whores around to take care of things -- getting him beer, fixing him a sandwich, blowing his prick, that sort of thing. Tonight, of course, he had made sure to have a few extras available, just in case.

The six scantily-clad young women sitting in the room turned their heads almost in unison as Greg led his son in. "Girls," Greg said, ushering the boy into the room, "this is my son Alex."

As if on cue, the girls stood up and swarmed all over the boy, cooing excitedly. Greg watched as the six party-girls fawned over the boy. "He's so cute!" gushed Cindy, a slender blonde wearing a shiny gold tank top and matching bikini panties. She rested one hand lightly on Alex's shoulder and began to softly caress, looking at him hungrily.

"Just like his father," enthused Lisa. The top-heavy brunette, clad in a low-cut, high-hemmed black dress, was busy rubbing her barely-contained tits against Alex's other arm. The expression on her face was equally lusty.

Brandy, a statuesque, raven-haired beauty wearing a tube top and microskirt, was standing directly in front of the boy. "I wonder how *much* like him," she remarked slyly, winking at the others as she gently brushed her hand against Alex's crotch. The six hookers erupted in a fit of collective giggling.

Greg smiled as he watched his finest sluts fawn over his son. He'd told them before Alex arrived that they'd be expected to treat Alex well and do whatever he wanted. But he hadn't expected them to be so infatuated with the boy. He could see it in their eyes, though. They wanted him.

Greg didn't understand it, but he was proud nonetheless that the bimbos found his son so hot. Alex, too, seemed to be pleased as he looked up and down the girls' trim bodies. No doubt the boy was trying to decide who to fuck first. Greg looked on as the boy began reaching out to the vixens, stroking an ass here, squeezing a tit there. The girls giggled at his touch and flirted back, presenting their bodies for his perusal. Greg was proud of them, too, proud that his son found his sluts so sexy.

Smoothly but firmly, Alex pulled his collection of fawning females over to the couch, where he sat down. Brandy and Cindy snuggled up on either side, while Lisa positioned herself behind the boy and began rubbing his shoulders. The other girls began to pout, but Greg stepped in quickly, sending Stacy and Nikki to the bar to fix drinks for everyone. He pulled Alicia onto his lap as he settled into the easy chair. The brunette purred contentedly as Greg began idly rubbing her legs and ass.

"So is the TVBox working okay for you?" Alex asked from the couch. Alex had his arms around the two bitches flanking him, his hands idly caressing their breasts. Brandy and Cindy sighed contentedly as they rubbed Alex's legs and shoulders.

"Huh? Oh, uh... yeah, it's working fine," Greg replied, glancing nervously over at the black VCR-like box that sat on top of the TV. It had been a gift from Alex several months ago. It was plugged into the TV on one end and into the feed from the satellite dish on the other end. According to Alex, it was supposed to work kind of like a VCR, except without tapes.

But Greg had been totally unable to figure out how to work the damn thing. The remote control for it featured a bewildering array of buttons and switches with labels like "MXP ON" and "FTCR 2". The directions that came with the unit were written only in Japanese. He'd spent a few hours trying to work the thing before giving up and watching a baseball game. He'd fully intended to take it down and put it away, but after a few hours watching TV he'd changed his mind. After all, it was a father's obligation to accept his son's gifts gracefully. And the box didn't interfere with his regular use of the TV. It just sat up there on top, the green power light shining happily.

And really, the box had made him realize just how bad a father he'd been to Alex. A good father, he'd realized while watching TV, had certain responsibilities to his son. He had a duty to make sure his son was well-supported financially. He had a duty to respect his son's wishes and do whatever he was asked. And, of course, he had a duty to make sure his son got plenty of pussy.

Greg smiled as he watched the horny sluts on the couch fawning over his son. Cindy was gently tickling the boy's ear with her tongue while Brandy had pulled up her tube top to show Alex her firm, round boobs. Alex toyed idly with an erect nipple, eliciting a moan from the black-haired bimbo. "And the tapes? Are they working out all right?" he asked. "They're great! See for yourself," Greg replied, chuckling. Shortly after the TVBox had arrived, Alex had sent Greg a box filled with copies of an instructional video titled "Pleasing Your Man in Bed." The note accompanying the shipment had suggested that Greg might want to distribute the tapes to his girls. The whole thing had seemed a bit weird to Greg, but he'd decided that as a father it was his duty to accept his son's gifts gracefully. So he'd given them out to the whores.

Surprisingly, the sluts had loved the tapes. Whenever he had a few over for an evening of fun, they'd invariably start talking about how much they enjoyed watching the videos, and how much fun they had practicing what they'd learned. For the first time, it seemed that the girls really enjoyed the sex.

And they'd apparently learned quite a lot. Greg's customers had always been very happy with his girls, but shortly after the tapes arrived, customer satisfaction skyrocketed. Demand for Greg's whores had nearly doubled, and he'd been able to raise his prices and increase his revenue substantially. When a second box of videotapes ("60 Minutes to Giving Better Head") arrived from Alex a month later, the sluts had eagerly accepted them, and shortly thereafter Greg had raised the prices of his hookers again.

It was shortly after the third batch of videos had been distributed that Greg began noticing another change. The girls had slowly begin to lose interest in the drugs. At first, Greg had been worried -- if they got to a point where they no longer needed his supply of coke, then he'd have no power over them, no way to keep them in line.

But at the same time, he'd started to think that being in the drug trade wasn't a good idea anyway. While sitting in front of the TV, he'd start to feel guilty about extorting his sluts that way. And he'd worry about what would happen if the cops tracked him down. And so Greg had sat by while every girl in his stable had stopped snorting. Amazingly, none of them had wanted to leave him. Their hunger for cocaine seemed to have been replaced by a hunger for cock, and his cock in particular. They remained faithful and obedient, happily letting Greg sell their mouths and pussies to anyone with the cash, and they fucked their johns with a passion that had been missing before.

Greg had taken the opportunity to get out of the drug trade completely. Some of his customers had grumbled, but they still came to him when they needed an enthusiastic girl to fuck. Greg's whores were making him money hand over fist, and it was silly to endanger that by exposing himself to the drug trade.

Greg's reminiscence was interrupted when he realized that his cock was straining against his jeans. Alicia had been grinding her tight little ass into his crotch for several minutes now, and his body had naturally responded. Time to do something about that. "Blow me, babe," he ordered.

The brunette smiled at him as she slid off his lap and came to her knees between his outstretched legs. Sweet little Alicia. She'd been the first of his bitches, and she was still his favorite. He rarely pimped her anymore, preferring instead to keep her around the house as his personal maid, cook, and sex toy. Greg watched as she pulled his rock-hard shaft out of his pants, brushing her thick brown hair out of the way as she fastened her luscious red lips around it. He sighed in pleasure as the horny slut slowly began to pump her head up and down on his prick, her eyes shining with lust.

He looked again at Alex. By this point, Cindy and Brandy were both nude, save for their high heels and the dangly jewelry that tinkled merrily as they rubbed their bodies against the boy's. Alex's pants were lying on the floor and his legs were spread, with each girl straddling one leg facing him. The little tramps were slowly sliding back and forth, rubbing their exposed pussies against him as they stroked his erect cock with their hands. Greg was pleased to discover that his son was quite well-hung. The girls seemed quite happy about it as well. Lisa was still standing behind Alex, rubbing his shoulders and chest while her pillow-like tits cradled the back of his head, her eyes locked on his massive member. "Gawd, Alex, you're so big!" Brandy cooed in her sexiest voice. "I sure would love to have that monster in my tight little pussy," she groaned, squeezing the base of his shaft.

"Not now, bitch," Alex said dismissively. Brandy seemed a bit taken aback by his response, biting her lip nervously. Greg chuckled softly at the slut's discomfort. He was quite sure that Brandy wasn't used to having men refuse her advances, and he was proud of his son for reminding the strumpet of her place.

"So business is good?" Alex asked, turning to his father.

"Pretty good," Greg replied, running his hand idly through Alicia's hair as the whore continued to blow his wand. "Except..." He paused. Should he really be burdening his son with his worries?



"Except what?" Alex prompted. There was an odd tone to his question. Almost as though the boy already knew what was bothering his father.

"The girls are earning me plenty right now, but... Well, there's no new blood coming in. All I've got are the whores that Vince left me. They're great, but I'm not getting any new ones. I'm afraid the customers are going to get bored without some new pussy." He felt guilty immediately. Surely he shouldn't be bother Alex with his business problems. "Sorry, I know there's nothing you can do about it..."

"Well, actually," Alex said as he reached between Cindy's legs to rub her pussy, "maybe I can." He continued on, seemingly unaware of the blonde's sharp gasp of pleasure. "Tiffany mentioned that some of the other strippers at her club have been asking about what it was like to be a whore. Maybe she could feel them out a bit, see how interested they are, and maybe send a few of them to you?"

Greg was amazed. "Yeah... yeah, that would be great. Even if it was only one or two, I could really use the help. I've doubled the prices on my bitches since I took over this operation, and I'm still having a hard time meeting demand."

Alex grinned. "I'll see what I can do, dad."

"Thanks, son," Greg replied. More than ever, he regretted all the years he'd spent without really knowing his son. What a great kid Alex was. "By the way, are you getting enough action at home? If you want to borrow one or two of my sluts for a week or so, I could..."

"Uh... that's.. that's okay, Dad," Alex replied hesitantly. "I'm... um... I'm doing all right. Thanks anyway, though."

Greg chuckled. "Silly of me to ask, I guess. You probably have a couple of foxy cheerleaders giving you pussy night and day, don't you?"

"Well... yeah, I guess you might say that," Alex replied with a wry grin.

Brandy chose this moment to make another play for the boy's cock. "Alex," she breathed in a sultry sex-kitten voice, "have you ever fucked an eight hundred dollar pussy?" She used one hand to spread her cunt-lips open, displaying the wet pink flesh inside for the teenage boy. She licked her shiny red lips for emphasis. Brandy's snatch was the most expensive in Greg's stable, which made her something of a prima donna.

Alex seemed nonplussed. "I don't know," he said. "Maybe later." He turned his attention back to Cindy, his fingers caressing her lithe body.

Greg smiled as he watched Brandy grow more agitated. "Alex," she said urgently, "don't you want to try my pussy? Everyone says I'm the best fuck in town."

"Not now, slut," he answered sternly.

"Please, Alex," Brandy whined. "I can make you feel so good!" She leaned forward, her crotch humping urgently against Alex's leg.

The boy turned to look at Greg. "Horny little slut, isn't she?"

Greg chuckled. Alex had reduced the stuck-up bitch to desperate pleading. Greg felt immense pride in his son. The boy... no, the man knew how to twist a slut around his finger and make her beg to be used. A real chip off the old block, even if he wasn't a football player.

"Alex..." the raven-haired bimbo mewled. "Please... fuck meeeeeee..."

"Oh, all right," Alex sighed. "If you're going to keep whining about it, then go ahead and show me this wonderful pussy of yours," he said, leaning back into Lisa's plump chest. Brandy squealed with glee and climbed onto Alex's lap. The horny bitch wasted no time impaling herself on Alex's manhood, groaning unintelligibly as she slid her pussy around his cock. Greg watched as his prime-cut slut began humping up and down his son's shaft, her hips twitching and rolling as she did so. Alex would be experiencing the ride of his life as the whore's well-trained muscles massaged his massive prick. Greg noted with pride that Alex had the presence of mind to guide Cindy's head down to his crotch, where the blonde began to eagerly lap at Alex's cock and Brandy's engorged clit.

Greg tore himself away from watching his son long enough to push Alicia's mouth off his cock and reposition her on the floor, lying on her back. Greg climbed atop her and thrust his engorged member into her sopping wet snatch, eliciting a cry of delight from the gorgeous brunette. Stacy and Nikki, who until that time had been waiting patiently on the love seat, came over and began caressing Greg's body, occasionally licking the base of his pistoning shaft and rubbing Alicia's erect nipples and clit.

Fifteen minutes later, Greg shuddered and came, his cock pumping wad after wad of jism into Alicia's hungry twat. As was always the case with his sluts, Alicia came when he did. The walls of her pussy tightened rhythmically around his throbbing member, squeezing every last drop of man-cream out of his balls. Greg rolled off of the spent whore, and Nikki and Stacy dove in to clean up, their tongues eagerly licking the sticky fuck-fluids from Alicia's snatch and Greg's shaft.

Greg looked up and realized with a start that Alex hadn't shot his load yet. Brandy was still humping furiously, groaning in frustration as she sought to bring Alex to orgasm. Greg was amazed; he himself had never lasted more than five minutes inside Brandy's exquisite pussy. The hussy looked to be on the edge of tears as she struggled to extract the come from Alex's cock, her chest heaving as she bucked against him.

At last, she fell on top of him, panting with exhaustion, her crotch lying still. "I... I... I can't..." she gasped.

"Then get off," Alex commanded. Brandy looked up at him pleading with her eyes. "Now, bitch!" he growled. The whore nodded, lifting herself off his cock. Alex turned to Cindy. "Climb aboard, slut," he commanded.

The black-haired diva-slut sank to her knees in defeat beside Alex as the slender blonde, her lips and chin shining with love juice, positioned herself astride Alex. Trembling, she placed her dripping wet snatch directly above his meaty prick. With a shriek of pleasure, she gratefully impaled herself on Alex's tool, moaning in delight as her tight twat was stretched to accept his manhood. As Cindy began her first upward thrust away from Alex, her head dipped forward, the blonde tresses hiding her face, but not the groans of a bitch in heat.

Greg looked on, amazed. Somehow Alex had withstood a quarter hour of Brandy's well-trained pussy. He noticed Lisa was almost smiling as she continued to massage Alex's shoulders and chest. The whores were all friends, but there was always a bit of rivalry among them. Brandy would surely catch a few catty remarks about her eight hundred dollar pussy coming away empty. Well, it served the stuck-up bitch right, Greg thought. It didn't take long before Alex shot his wad inside Cindy, causing the blonde whore to shudder with an orgasm of her own. Greg watched proudly as Alex's spunk dripped out of the slut's tight twat. Alex wasted no time ordering Brandy to clean up the resulting mess. The humbled bitch did so willingly, responding to Alex's command without hesitation. The kid was a natural at handling sluts. A real chip off the old block.

"Now spread your legs a little further, Tiffany," Alex ordered. The blonde complied, pulling her legs open with her hands. "Tongue a little further out, Katrina... there we go." Tiffany watched as the gorgeous redhead's tongue extended toward her pussy. Alex's camera flashed appreciatively. Tiffany moaned as Alex moved his camera in for a close-up shot of Katrina licking her moist snatch. The whole scene was getting her so fucking hot! "Alex!" the blonde gasped. "Hurry up! I neeeed it!" She squirmed under Katrina's curvaceous body, trying to grind her overheated crotch against the redhead's moist tongue. "Stop fidgeting, slut!" Alex snapped. "You're going to stay there until I get this shot." "But AIIIII-eeeex!" Katrina whined, "we've been doing this for hours! I need it toooo!" Alex lowered the camera and fixed the two girls with a stern glare. "Listen to me. We're going to finish this shot if I have to tie you sluts to the bed." Tiffany gasped in pleasure as she thought about the last time Alex had tied her up. But she fought down her excitement. Alex was angry, and it wouldn't do to get him angrier. A good sister always tried to keep her little brother happy. "Now," Alex continued, "if I hear another peep out you bitches before we get done, you're both going to go to bed without getting any cock. Am I making myself clear?"

Tiffany nodded silently and saw Katrina do the same. Alex had stayed at his father's house over the weekend, and it had been almost three days since either of them had felt Alex's manhood inside them. Both girls' pussies ached for the filling that only Alex could provide. They'd tried everything they could think of over the last two nights to satiate their cock-lust -- tongues, fingers, and even the assortment of toys they posed with for pictures.

Alex had come home that afternoon to find the girls passed out on the bed, their pussies joined by a huge double-dildo. They'd spent hours and hours grinding it against each other, desperate to reach orgasm. Try as they might, neither of them had been able to come. To make matters even more frustrating, Alex had insisted on doing a photoshoot before fucking them. The hours of posing for the camera had worn Tiffany's nerves raw, her cunt aching for Alex's wonderful manhood. Tiffany knew that her sister was just as desperate for cock as she was, and neither of them wanted to risk going another night with a painfully empty pussy. Besides, it was the right thing to do: good sisters always did as their younger brother told them.

"Good," Alex said. "Now spread your legs a little further, Tiff. There you go. Good slut. Now Katrina, let's see a little more tongue..." The boy raised his camera again and began snapping pictures. Tiffany tried to relax and let her mind wander as Alex continued to shoot. Tonight was her night off from work, and she was looking forward to it.

Not that she didn't enjoy her work; far from it. Tiffany was the most popular stripper in the Beaver Trap's lineup, and she took pride in the fact that men drove in from miles around to see her perform. Tiffany was the club's featured entertainer, the showcase attraction, and she worked hard to put on the sexiest performances she could.

Of course, her success wasn't entirely due to her sultry good looks or her energetic, sexually charged dancing. She owed a lot of her popularity to the public-relations work Alex had done for her. Alex had figured out that the publicity she'd gotten in newspapers and on TV after being exposed as a hooker could be used to her advantage. Tiffany sighed. Alex was so much smarter than his sisters.

Alex had set himself up as her manager and started making phone calls to all sorts of places -- supermarket tabloids, daytime talk-shows, porn magazines -- setting up interviews, TV appearances, and photo shoots. The next two months had been a whirlwind of activity as Tiffany bounced from one appointment to the next. One day she was being interviewed for one of the supermarket scandal sheets, the next she was spreading her legs for some adult magazine photographer.

In between appointments, Alex had insisted that she watch plenty of TV to help her relax. Tiffany had been uncertain about this at first -- she really wanted to spend her free time getting fucked by Alex -- but she had complied with his wishes. After all, a good sister always did what her little brother told her. And it really had relaxed her. She had been amazed at how comfortable she felt through the whole process. Everything seemed to come naturally. She was perfectly at ease spreading her pussy and cupping her tits for the photographers' cameras. She had no trouble discussing how much she enjoyed stripping with a tabloid reporter.

The whole process was tiring, but in the end it paid off. The publicity had made her the hottest sensation on the strip-club circuit. Tiffany had nearly orgasmed on the spot the first time she'd seen herself on the cover of *Party Girls* magazine. Horny men flocked to the Beaver Trap from miles around to see the legendary cheerleader-turned-whore-turned-stripper.

Alex had used her popularity as leverage to strike an exclusive deal with the Beaver Trap. Tiffany didn't know the details; she let Alex manage the money. He was so smart... and so sexy. All she knew was that her name was up in lights on the Beaver Trap's marquee. Even after all these months, she still got a thrill out of walking on stage knowing that all those horny men were lusting after her fabulous body, that they'd come from miles around just for the chance to see her shake her tits and spread her pussy. And she still orgasmed every time she rubbed her clit against that steel pole.

Tiffany worked five nights a week. Usually, Alex would take her and Katrina to bed around eight and spend a couple of hours fucking them both, or letting them suck him off. Then Tiffany would leave for work and spend the next four or five hours performing at the Beaver Trap. She'd come home around three, exhausted but happy, and climb into bed with Alex and Katrina.

And then three hours later she'd wake up to find Katrina rubbing her pussy or licking her nipples. After a few minutes of foreplay, the two horny vixens would go about waking Alex up, their lithe tongues caressing his magnificent cock, bringing him to orgasm as he awoke. Some mornings, Alex was frisky enough to give his bitches a good-morning banging afterwards. Once Alex was satisfied, Tiffany would make breakfast for the family and see Alex and Katrina off to school before crawling back into bed to sleep until noon, dreaming about the steamy fuck-fest the three of them were going to give her that evening.

The past weekend, of course, had been different. Alex had spent two nights at his father's place for the first time since the divorce. The divorce had been quite painless; Greg had allowed Tiffany to keep the house and custody of the kids, and had agreed to pay a rather generous amount of alimony and child support. Or at least that's what Alex said; Tiffany found it easier to let Alex handle that. Numbers were just so confusing.

Tiffany thought it was just wonderful that Alex and his father got along so well. She'd been afraid that their first visit since the divorce would be stressful for Alex, but he'd come home very happy and very relaxed. And that TVBox that Alex had given his father! After buying it, the boy had spent days in his bedroom with the device open and electronic parts lying everywhere. When Tiffany had asked about it, Alex explained that he was making some special improvements to the box so that Greg would be able to get the most out of it. What a wonderfully generous boy he was!

"All right, sluts. One last set and then we're done." Tiffany felt her pussy warming anew, eager for Alex's cock. "Tiffany, you stay right where you are. Katrina, climb on top of your sister and give her a nice big kiss. I want to see those wet little pussies snuggled right up next to each other." Tiffany smiled as the gorgeous redhead positioned her voluptuous body above Tiffany's own and leaned down to touch lips.

Tiffany melted into the kiss, sucking hungrily on Katrina's full, pouty lips, her tongue probing the redhead's soft mouth. Knowing that Alex was watching and taking pictures was a huge turn-on. "That's it, you horny little lesbo-sluts. I'm getting hard just watching you," he said, his camera clicking furiously. Katrina groaned into Tiffany's mouth, and the blonde felt her own pussy clenching at her brother's words. The two sisters always loved to fuck each other, but they found it doubly erotic when Alex was watching. Tiffany got so excited at the thought that they were putting on a show for Alex's entertainment.

"Okay, you little bimbos, let's see some pink. I want you to spread each other's pussies wide open." Growling with lust, Tiffany stretched one arm out between Katrina's legs, spreading the lips of her sister's clean-shaven snatch. She whined softly as she felt Katrina mirroring the action with her own pussy. Their kissing became even more urgent as Alex moved the camera in close to their exposed cunts. Tiffany's spine tingled as she thought about all the horny men who would be looking at those pictures.

She gasped as she heard Alex set down the camera and unzip his pants. "All right, you horny little sluts, that's all for today. Time for some fun. Now just stay right there and keep those cunts wide open." Tiffany's body grew tense as she felt Alex's hands on her hips and the head of his cock brushing the sensitive lips of her snatch. She was going to get to go first!

The blonde ex-cheerleader screamed in delight as Alex gripped her hips tightly, his massive cock slamming into her aching pussy. All the tension of the last three days flowed away as her snatch stretched to accommodate Alex's wonderful cock. "Oh, God!" she moaned. "Give it to me, Alex!"

Alex grunted as he felt the blonde stripper's cunt squeezing his rock-hard prick. Tiffany's pussy didn't have the same tightness to it that Katrina's did, but Tiffany's technique was still better-developed than the redhead's. Alex slowly slid his shaft out of the moist snatch, withdrawing himself until the purple head of his tool was almost visible before sliding his manhood back into Tiffany's dripping cunt. The blonde groaned in passion as her well-trained body once again began rhythmically squeezing his meaty shaft.

He smiled as he watched the two sexy sluts on the bed eagerly kissing each other, their hands caressing each other's lovely bodies. Katrina's tongue glistened with wetness as the redhead eagerly licked her sister's luscious tits. It was all for his benefit, of course. The bimbos always made sure to give him a good show. Tiffany had taught Katrina a lot of things about putting on a performance.

And Tiffany knew a lot about performing. The blonde stripper spent ten hours a week just practicing -- working on new dance routines and learning how to take off new costumes in the most lust-inducing ways. Alex had arranged to have a metal pole installed in the basement just for Tiffany to practice with. And all the hard work was paying off -- the sexy ex-cheerleader was drawing record crowds to the Beaver Trap to see her tits, ass, and pussy. The club was making money hand over fist.

As for Tiffany, she wasn't making any money at all. Rather, she was being paid in the form of equity in the club. In another three months, Tiffany would own a controlling interest in the Beaver Trap. Six months after that, she would own the whole thing lock, stock, and barrel. Which meant, of course, that Alex would own it.

And what a fine day that would be! Alex had big plans for the club. The first order of business would be to install video monitors in all the backstage areas of the club. The monitors would serve to help the dancers to more fully enjoy their jobs. It was important, after all, for employees to have a high degree of job satisfaction. Of course, as the manager, Alex would have to make frequent trips backstage to pump up the employees' morale. He chuckled at the thought.

Alex was also rather impressed with the job his father was doing managing his own business. He'd been taking a gamble by sending Greg after Vince, but it had paid off handsomely. Greg was making a bundle, enough to support Alex and the girls through alimony and child-support payments while Tiffany earned a share of the Beaver Trap.

It had also been risky to try to get Greg's whores off of the drugs. Two of them had been so addicted that going cold turkey had almost killed them. Greg had given them each several thousand dollars and cut them free so they could get professional treatment. Alex hadn't micromanaged that; it had come about naturally as a result of Greg's programmed compassion for his bitches. It was a shame to lose them, but Alex knew that both he and his father slept easier at night than they otherwise would have.

And anyway, the sluts Greg still owned had turned out to be fantastically good lays. Alex had had a thoroughly enjoyable weekend, taking the opportunity to sample the skills of each of the six bitches on hand. Six talented mouths, six exquisite pussies. Alex loved Tiffany and Katrina dearly, and thoroughly enjoyed fucking their brains out regularly, but the weekend at his father's had taught him the pleasure of variety. He was already looking forward to his next visit with Greg. Of course, he already had another plan in motion to acquire some fresh playthings. The new scheme had meant delaying Katrina's debut as a stripper, but Alex felt it was worth that.

Tiffany was bucking and screaming now, an orgasm crashing through her luscious body. Alex chuckled as he felt her pussy contracting around his member. The poor slut had been starved for cock all weekend, and she had barely lasted five minutes on his tool.

Alex himself was nowhere near orgasm yet; he still had to fuck Katrina, so he was pacing himself. Over the recent months, Alex had taught himself to control his own orgasm, staying calm and savoring the pleasure of fucking his bitches for long periods, sometimes hours at a time. He wasn't one of those men who never let himself come; far from it. Alex always made sure to give his sluts a nice load of spunk at the end of the evening as a reward for all their hard work. But he'd found that he preferred one big, long ejaculation to several small ones.

That self-training, of course, had allowed him to withstand the skilled pussy of that stuck-up slut Brandy at his father's place the other night. Even then, it had been a near thing, requiring all of Alex's willpower to keep from exploding inside her. But he'd done it, and he'd thoroughly enjoyed teaching the arrogant bitch a lesson.

Tiffany had finished coming. Alex withdrew his cock from her exhausted pussy, drawing a moan of pleasure from the spent blonde. Now it was her sister's turn.

Ah. Katrina. Alex's thoughts went back to the beginning of their relationship. He remembered how his lust for his sexy older sister had started this whole adventure. There would be other cock-hungry sluts, other sex-starved bitches, other dripping-wet pussies. But there would never be another quite like dear old Katrina.

Alex groaned in pleasure as he slipped his rock-hard member into his sister's dripping cunt.

Katrina screeched in passion as she felt Alex's massive manhood stretching her tight, wet snatch. After a whole weekend without cock, the feeling of her brother's meat inside almost sent her into an immediate orgasm. "Fuck me, Alex!" she screamed, grinding her pussy obscenely against his crotch, desperate to get herself off. "Fuck meeeee!"

"Settle down, bitch!" Alex responded sharply, slapping her on the ass. "One more outburst like that and I'll go back to your sister's pussy."

Katrina felt ashamed as she fought to control herself. She'd been so horny that she'd forgotten everything that Tiffany had taught her about pleasing a man. How selfish she'd been to think of her own pleasure before Alex's! She forced herself to be calm, letting Alex dictate the pace of the fucking. *A good slut takes care of her man's needs before her own.* "Oh, Alex... Your cock feels so good..." she moaned lustily, her pussy squeezing her brother's rock-hard shaft. Tiffany had taught her how important it was to remind Alex what a stud he was.

Tiffany had taught her so many things in the last few months. Like how to shave her pussy bare so it would shine in the lights of a strip club stage. And how to use her tongue to tickle the sensitive spots on a cock. How to oil her tits before mashing them around a steel pole. Exactly how to lick her lips in order to make men cream their pants. How to take care of inch-long fingernails and how to hold a cock without digging them into it.

"Oh, God, yeah," the redhead moaned, twisting her head back and forth as Alex continued to pound into her. Her pussy was quickly heating up as the pleasure from Alex's prick rocked her cock-hungry body. "Fuck my tight little pussy with your big dick," she groaned. She felt Tiffany's agile tongue on her nipple, and reached up to cup her generous tits, making sure Alex had a good view. "Oh, God, you're so huge!" she cooed in her best sex-kit-ten voice.



Katrina was frustrated, though, that she wasn't able to use most of her new skills. She couldn't start stripping professionally until she turned eighteen. She wanted so badly to go out on stage and show off her sexy body with its tight round ass, ripe juicy tits, and soft pink pussy. She wanted to have hundreds of men lusting after her body, dreaming of fucking her. Katrina had begged Alex to let her lie about her age. She knew she could pass for eighteen. But Alex had been very firm: she'd have to wait until she was legal. It all seemed so unfair, but she didn't try to argue. After all, a good sister was obedient to her little brother. So she did what she could, practicing her moves downstairs, looking at herself in the mirror, and putting all her energy into the photoshoots she did with Alex. And of course she still spent plenty of time watching TV.

"Oh, yes!" she shrieked, pumping her hips desperately back at her brother's cock. "Fuck me, Alex! Fuck meeeee!" No longer able to control herself, Katrina screeched and moaned, her body thrashing madly as a tidal wave of orgasm washed over her. Tiffany's mouth had moved from her tits to her pussy, driving the redheaded teenager to new heights of ecstasy as Alex continued to pump her pulsating snatch.

Katrina mewled as she felt his shaft sliding out of her cunt. "All right, you little sluts, you better be able to finish what you started," Alex said as he sat down on the edge of the bed, spreading his knees wide. "Let's see if your mouths can do what your pussies couldn't."

The two whores raced off the bed and dropped to their knees in front of him. Katrina leaned forward, snaking her tongue out to gently stroke the base of Alex's shaft. She watched patiently as Tiffany took him into her well-trained mouth and slowly began to pump her head up and down, her shiny red lips sliding smoothly along the thick phallus. "Share with your sister, now," Alex instructed. The blonde let his shaft slide out of her mouth, a sheepish look on her face. Katrina brought her head up, swiftly devouring Alex's manhood. She carefully began to suck him off, trying to remember all the little tricks Tiffany had taught her. She brushed the long, red hair away from her face, making sure Alex had an unobstructed view of the blowjob. "Oh, yeah, that's it, babe," Alex moaned. "Blow me, bitch, blow me!" Katrina loved it when he gave her little compliments like that. She really wanted nothing more than to please Alex and service his cock.

In a few weeks, though, school was going to start, and she wasn't going to be able to spend all day with him anymore. Katrina had begged Alex to let her drop out of school, telling him how much better a slut she could be if she could spend all day at home practicing. But again, Alex had been firm, insisting that she was going to go to school and complete her senior year. And so Katrina had accepted that she'd have to wait; after all, a good sister did what her little brother told her.

But at least there would be some good things about it. Katrina was looking forward to seeing her friends again. Her gorgeous, sexy, cheerleader friends. She didn't know why, but the thought of being in a locker room and seeing them naked had been getting her really excited recently. Alex had even suggested that she could have a lot of slumber parties with her girlfriends. Staying up all night and watching TV with all of her sexy friends sounded like so much fun!

"Katrina," Alex said, his lightly scolding tone jerking her back to reality. She looked up, startled, her head frozen in mid-stroke. "Share with your sister." Embarrassed, Katrina let Alex slide out of her mouth, moving her head down to resume licking his balls as Tiffany moved in to continue the blowjob.

The girls continued for another twenty minutes, alternately sucking on Alex's cock. At last, though, Katrina felt Alex's massive member begin to pulse in her mouth and began to increase the tempo of her strokes. It wasn't long before Alex bellowed in ecstasy, his hands firmly grabbing Katrina's head. Moments later, the cock between her lips pumped mightily, sending spurt after spurt of thick, salty jism into her hungry mouth. Katrina sucked eagerly on the exploding prick, savoring the wonderful taste of Alex's man-cream. This was what she loved more than anything else, the sensation of Alex's come flowing into her body. She felt so close to Alex when he came inside her, so... *sisterly*. Nothing made her happier than being Alex's slut. Not stripping, not posing for the camera. Nothing. *A good sister*, she thought once again, *is a slut for her little brother*.

At last, Alex's cock stopped pumping come into her mouth, and Katrina relaxed, gently sliding the softening prick out of her satisfied mouth. She leaned back, looking up happily at Alex, her cheeks filled with his spunk. She knew what was coming next, but she waited for him to say it.

"Share with your sister, Katrina."

Katrina turned to face her gorgeous older sister. The two girls embraced, their sexy bodies squeezing tightly against each other for Alex's viewing enjoyment. Their lips met softly and the girls kissed deeply, Alex's thick jism flowing from Katrina's mouth to Tiffany's. Katrina felt the blonde's tongue sliding into her mouth, eagerly lapping up the milky fluid. Katrina felt the come leaking out of their mouths, trickling down her chin and falling onto her boobs. She heard Alex chuckling and experienced another warm glow, pleased that he was enjoying watching his come drip all over his bitches' tits.

She was so happy that the three of them had grown so close. She knew that whatever happened, Alex would take care of her and Tiffany, keeping them safe and giving them all the cock they needed. And together, the three of them would face the future as one happy family.