

Changing subjects, Rose said, "This is even better than that day you rubbed all of our naked bodies with suntan lotion."

Harry didn't need to be reminded of that. It seemed like weeks has passed, but it was in fact only four days earlier when he applied lotion to the naked backsides of Lily, Narcissa, and Rose as they sat by the pool.

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

"We all flipped over to our front sides, but unfortunately you had scampered away. Narcissa had many more fun ideas to torture you with. But since you'd left, she told Lily and me in great detail what the two of you just did, and how you reached orgasm in the pool just a few feet away from us. The three of us were completely wasted on alcohol by the time you came to the pool, by the way."

"I noticed that."

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

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

"I know you have, Big Bro. You make me jealous just thinking about you and her together, and all the fun you two have been having. Anyways, as soon as you left, we all wanted to frig ourselves really bad. Especially after hearing Narcissa's story. But we were still too shy to do it with the other two there. Or at least I was. I doubt at least if Narcissa cared."

She continued, "But then Narcissa suggested that we could use the pool just like you did. So Mom jumped in and quickly brought herself off. She was desperate for relief by that point. Then she got out, and I did the same. I stood right where you stood to do it not long before. By the time I got back, Narcissa had already gotten herself off just sitting on the lawn chair. Lily must have watched that from close up, but I'm not sure. You couldn't miss the puddle of cum Narcissa left on her chair, though."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Thanks for asking about my pussy! I'd be happy to tell you all about it, any time!" she giggled some more. "Honestly, I've given some handjobs, and gone down on some guys, but whenever I get serious with some guy, Mom yanks my chain and makes me dump him. They're never good enough for her little angel. So I'm still technically a virgin. That's okay though, 'cos I'm trying to save myself for my brother."

That was partially the truth. In reality, she hadn't done much at all with other guys because of her lust for her brother, and the only reason she dated other guys at all was because she thought her feelings for him were completely unrealistic and she was trying to "cure" herself of them. But then everything changed.

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

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

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

"You know I'm not really serious, 'cos that would be wrong, wouldn't it? Or am I serious? Wouldn't you like to know!" She laughed again. All of a sudden Harry remembered the time, and then looked at his watch. "Oh my God! There's only a few minutes left before the end of lunch. Let's check to see if you're dry now."

Ever since he'd stopped painting, both Harry and Rose had been standing, so he couldn't really look at her exposed privates, especially since he had desperately tried to maintain eye contact. But now he let the skirt down, then got down on his knees behind his sister and stuck his head underneath the skirt. The idea was this would allow him to see and touch the paint job, but really he just wanted to get his nose back to within inches of his sister's pussy.

It was actually too dark to see that way, but he didn't care. He ran his hands over her butt, ostensibly to check if the paint was dry. It was, but he checked it for another minute or so, "just to be sure." He then pried open her pussy lips with his fingers, and took an even longer time to determine that the paint was dry even there. He deeply inhaled the smell of Rose's nether regions, and liked it.

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

"Ha-ha, Sister," he said humorlessly, even though he was thinking the same thing. He felt things were going too fast though, and was trying not to encourage her. "You really are too much to take, do you know that?"

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

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

"She has, hasn't she?" he said, to buy time.

"Yeah. I'm not too surprised. There really must be an intense battle raging inside her. Not with me, though. I'll soooo ready to help out! So how 'bout it?"

After thinking for a while of a suitable response to her suggestion, he finally said, "Um, Sis, I'm certainly wowed by that offer, but now's not the time to talk about that. We've got to run to class." He was very conflicted about the idea, and didn't really know what he wanted. "All right," Rose sighed. "God, I want to suck it, though." Her whole ass started to shake inches from Harry's nose in response to the movement of his hands.

He watched with fascination as a few drops of cum dripped out of her opened pussy lips.

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

"Rose, you are too a bombshell! I find you extremely attractive." He spoke directly into her pussy. "That's the problem. God, you're so hot! You're centerfold material. Seriously. But you're eager. TOO eager. That's the bigger problem. Where would it all lead?"

Harry ran his hands over her pussy lips in a most un-brotherly like manner, and "accidentally" tweaked her clit. But realizing the bell for class would ring in a minute or two, he used all of his remaining willpower to stand up and take his hands off of his sister. "See? Look. I can hardly control myself, and you're not telling me to stop like you should."

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

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