Freak Love

by Venithil

Summary

How well does a world handle people being born the way they shouldn't? How well do people handle being loved by those outside of what they were told to accept, or even their comfort zone? What happens to those we condemn, in their minds and hearts?

Not far into the future, a woman gives birth to a set of twins, both with unusual conditions - one that was just deemed rare until now, one that appears to simply be impossible. Can they handle the world, and how will the world handle them?
This is the last story I am starting to upload this year, and potentially, in some ways, my riskiest and heaviest despite being set on your plain old regular Earth. I've been trying my best to convey the emotional baggage of things like unrequited love, heavy bodily image issues, lack of motivation, parental abandonment, long-term effects of past heartbreak on an adult, childhood bullying, premature puberty and development of sex drive, overly strong sex drive and second-wave (emotional connection-based) sexual attraction, forbidden love, and gender identity issues as well as phobias related to people who may find themselves having them.

A combination of those leads at least one of the characters involved to become slightly unstable despite their best efforts, and ends up causing the portrayal of several characters (primarily minor) as irredeemable assholes.

What can you expect? Short and unexplicit depictions and explanations of romantic love, attachment, and sexual arousal in a minor far below the age of consent... pretty much anywhere, with nothing serious to follow immediately.

Scenes depicting masturbation below most countries age of consent (characters shown masturbating and climaxing alone are over 14).

Scenes depicting sexual tension between minors of ages that aren't always thought of as appropriate (14-18).

Initiation at an age that is often still inappropriate or illegal (16-17), although legal in the country this fictional story is set up in; suggestions of other activities, sexual or illegal for minors/overall, of people around that very age. (Implied alcohol and drug usage).

A character essentially developing strong sexuality and single-target hypersexuality.

 Unrealistic physical development, and characters believing someone's inferiority or superiority based on bodily attributes.

 Discussing or downright portraying phobias/hate crimes that, while not necessarily directly affecting characters in question, strongly affect LGBT communities. I upfront apologize if I overstress, understress, or misinterpret an issue - I am not in any way related to any LGBT community myself, and my personal attitude towards them is *mildly* sympathetic, but my views have been occasionally described as 'harsh' by their side (even though they're scandalously and unacceptably progressive for people who are conservative Christians). This story universally portrays harm coming to people due to homophobia and transphobia in light at least mildly sympathetic for the characters harmed, but it does contain descriptions of hate speeches and emotional anguish such acts can cause.

If you can imagine a pairing and *relatively* vanilla sexual position that involves an entirely realistic person and an entirely sexually functional hermaphrodite, it'll likely be implied, pondered upon,referenced, or downright portrayed in this story.

Finally, or perhaps first and foremost, forbidden love, specifically same-generation incest, and trying to follow through on desires that may lead to it, interspersed with self-denial of such desires until they become almost obsessive. For the vast majority of the story, the major characters involved in this are emotionally immature, and at least one of them could be seen as unstable. While I'd like t believe my portrayal is moving and heart-warming at times, this is essentially stuff that many people are wholeheartedly opposed to, heavy, squicky, and risky.

This story is about 90% finished and 60% self-beta-ed and edited, so I should be able to upgrade regularly. The ending is already determined, but I will not update the "ending" tags until the story is completely updated, which may make the experience heavier. Still, the
feedback I've received for this story before proves that if a person is completely aware of what they're reading, this story can be quite enjoyable, and I'm probably being a little pessimistic on just how heavy it is.

Disclaimer: All characters are original and created by me. I do not own the images nor am in any way involved with any people who may be quoted or brought up in celebrity fashion or as authorities on morals, ethics, or science. Any similarity to real world people or situations beyond direct and intended call-outs are entirely accidental. Many of the locations referred in this story are purposefully vague and some are fictional. The majority of this story revolves around and is set in Australia and Canada. Some of the medical, biochemical, and anatomical knowledge contained in the story is accurate or theoretically possible, but much is impossible or simply fictional.
Act 1 : Prologue - Birth

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Chapter I : Childhood

Prologue

„Freaks of nature. Both of them”.
When her long-time fiancée, Michael, was leaving her, those were the words he uttered. They even had a date for their wedding set – just some time after she was expected to go into labor and deliver the babies at last. Everything was going so well. She could practically feel his love and one could just tell he expected the children to be quite the high-fliers, kids that would one day grow up to be amongst the best in whatever they happened to do.

Despite the fact that her pregnancy was described as “weird”, she truly expected both of the children to be healthy and adorable babies that she could shower with love together with her husband-to-be, and brag about to her neighbors.

No such things were meant for her.

At what was their farewell, their eternal breakup that meant they would probably never see each other again, she could only feel hurt, shocked, pushed away. He was the one making the decision. He was the one doing all the talking. The worst thing was he wasn’t really surprised; and there wasn’t true anger in his voice, maybe a hint of a cold, buried wrath, but also equal hints of something like… relief, like he actually wanted her to screw something up so he could break their relationship before the wedding.

“You said you wanted to have a family with me and I decided to give you one. I gave you my precious genes and look what you’ve done with them! I wonder if these are really mine. Were you cheating on me? Are you the neighbor’s cum dumpster or what? Or is it your fault?”
Her words nearly made him hit her, but also finally allowed her to feel natural, expected emotions in his voice. She barely managed to whisper “It’s not my fault”, and she spoke no more during her ordeal, despite the emotional anguish.

“How is it not your fault!? Look at me! You’ve seen me naked, you’ve seen what I can do when exercising or at sports… How can any of this madness be because of me?? If there can be nobody perfect on this world, at least I’m pretty fucking high in the line! It must be your screwed-up genes!
When I saw your brother, I already knew something was wrong with your goddamn family! If only you weren’t oh-so-willing to do anything I asked you to, I’d never waste my time with this stupid infatuation! And where did it lead? They can’t even DEFINE how much of a weirdo that kid is! Oh, you bore TWINS, for fuck’s sake, and what happened? Even the boy is a goddamn colorless FREAK. Look at me! Sun loves me and I love it, so how the hell is that pale, ghastly freak my son? Do I look like some fucking negative picture?!” – Michael shouted, yelled at her, making known his belief that she was not worth him, that it was all her fault.

She sobbed and cried. It was not supposed end up like this, yet it did. She bore twins. Apparently, at some point, it could’ve been triplets, but something went wrong. Fetus absorption, they say. Not frequent at all, but it could happen. Since the pregnancy itself was somehow weird, the situation itself seemed even more unique. Her brother could probably somehow explain and even connect what happened to one of the babies and if it had any bearing in theory, but she was nowhere near being a doctor. She just knew she was supposed to have triplets, somehow bore twins, and in the meantime, something went horribly wrong. The one kid that DIDN’T have anything wrong with him ended up not being “normal” either.

Lack of pigment. Albinotic.

“Freaks of nature. Both of them. This is it, Alice. We’re done. Tomorrow, I’m selling this so-called house. You’ll get your half and get your ass as far as you can from here. I’d probably take that job and leave the country. I don’t want to see your useless, mutant-birthing ass ever again, you hear me?”

He was true to his word. She got some cash, and she’d probably never see him again. In a way, Alice Lunarson’s life ended just before she was supposed to change her last name, right there, the day after she gave birth to these twins.

A son. With a disorder so unfitting for the son of his father.

And that *other* child. Mostly, children like that are “fixed”, since every single one is born underdeveloped in one or both ways.

This one was decidedly *overdeveloped*, with a never before seen level of combination and complexity to the sexual and hormonal part of its organism, not to mention perception and physical senses developed to the level that the doctors actually feared causing phantom pains as in some amputees.

Some of these fears were probably completely without any ground to them, but it was true enough that the child’s groin, despite being so complicated and intermixed, looked more like its bearer was already several years old, rather than a newborn.

Everyone was simply confused by that child.
Alice’s brother Adam was her only source of help during that difficult time. He was always dependable. A quiet but incredibly smart guy, Alice wished she had half of his intelligence and wits. She probably did, but at her breakup with Michael, she took a huge hit to two of her vital areas of life.

First of all, she was never particularly ambitious. She wanted to love and to be loved. Her and Adam’s parents’ ambitions were entirely satisfied with their genius son. Adam was finished with school and university faster than normally expected, skipping grades, and was a quickly rising figure in his fields. Practically nothing short of a genius, he could provide for her and their dad once their mother passed away, and father grew too old to work.

But, when Michael abused their entire relationship with his nothing short of vile method of break-up, both Alice’s confidence and her loving nature were shattered. She felt empty inside.

Alice was a pretty girl at the very least. Nothing special. Breast size just a touch above what seemed to pass for average these days. Slender. Medium height. Blonde hair.

She was in heaven when Michael, a guy who could probably have a one-night-stand with nearly every straight woman (and Alice believed, in her absolute infatuation with him, probably some declared lesbians) in the world, took interest in her. Michael was nothing short of a demigod. They’d probably base the gods’ visages off him if they were in ancient Greece, save for the cultural difference about penis sizes that happened since then. Athletic and muscular, but not in the overblown way some bodybuilders were, with looks that somehow seemed both manly and boyish, making women fawn over him. Alice couldn’t believe he was satisfied with her. Years later, she expected he probably had many girls on the side and stayed with her because she was so stable and had a genius brother. But, at the time… she loved him. Completely, and utterly, and could not believe her luck.

Any skilled psychologist would tell you the breakup, in addition to her original desires and the pieces of confidence she had, shattered her capacity for some of the feelings she once desired.

Nor anybody could believe her misfortune when the children were born.

Alice had no strength to fight for the right of child support. She was too crushed and always too domineered by him to even try to pursue anything at court. She had no heart to decide upon the future of the children. She decided to withdraw and leave things as they were. An albino boy and an “absolutely unique specimen”, “freak” as Michael said, child.

Her brother advised her on the names. She wanted to go with the father’s name for the boy, but he managed to dissuade her. In practice, Adam might as well have picked the names for both of her children, but she did have the last word with the non-albino child.

Gary was the boy. The other kid went nameless for a very long time. Unusually long.

But it was finally decided.
About ten years later, the kids seemed pretty set in their ways. They were growing up, each on their own. Alice at times distanced herself from them, and at times, desperately desired their closeness; despite not knowing how to deal with these feelings or how to show them. She often felt bad when they were bullied or openly rejected by others, somehow feeling like it was her fault, but they also had their own assets… ones she was content to let them use to deal with life, since she did not feel capable enough or, perhaps, didn’t care enough to deal with their problems for them.

Despite their differences and faults, they were human, and soon, they’d have to start facing all the problems humans normally faced; not only ones born from prejudice and differences.
Act 1 : Childhood - His Eyes

Chapter Summary

The twins' first experiences in the world is interaction with family, each other, and school life. For whom what turns out to be uneasy can be quite surprising.

His Eyes

Alex realized it was already late, so she stopped running around the park with her friends and waved them as she ran home, still in high spirits.

She was a lively girl. One hard not to like. Often smiling, always active. Growing very fast – faster than nearly any of the boys or girls her age, it seemed. The type that is good at sports and average with her grades. She cared about her friends as well, so anybody lucky to be called so was delighted that they had the chance to meet her.

So far, so good.

Alex entered her house, already smelling the late meal that apparently had to do for some sort of supper, since their mother was leaving for the evening. Alex wasn’t particularly keen to learn cooking, but she and her brother would survive the evening; she knew there was a certain fun to cooking if it was done right, and she sometimes managed to do the easier things right together with someone other than just her brother, Gary.

Yes, but usually, it was him. Her twin brother. And preparing meals together was one of the few things they were, at this early age, able to do quite well together.

Gary looked different than any of her friends. He was a bit shorter than her. A thin boy who looked like he was so unhealthy… He seemed a total, polar opposite of his sister.

It’s not that he was skeletal, no. It was his overall looks. Alex was a lively girl, and it showed. She was neither the spitting image of her mother nor her father, whom she has never met- rather, she was some sort of mixture between the two, with a few extras. Strawberry blonde hair that she preferred to keep on short to medium length at this time of her life, openly defying other girls who somehow thought long hair was the prettiest. Her eyes seemed pretty unique and beautiful, an amber color with just a touch of green that perfectly suited her hair and her skin. Originally, the latter was very fair, but often being outside, in the sun, caused little Alex to develop some tan.

Gary wasn’t as vibrant or lively in his looks, nor his demeanor.

When they were very little, Alex always thought her brother did something bad and a bad wizard drained all the color from his body except for those eyes.
She hated those eyes of his. So calm and focused most of the time. So malicious whenever he was displeased. Red in color, like these times she accidentally cut or bruised and that strange painful liquid came out – well, now she could identify it as ‘blood’, and learned it was not the liquid that was painful, but who cared anyway.

Those eyes made Alex angry, if everything else about her brother just seemed weird and distant.

Alex knew that other kids did not like her brother. He was different. Not just in the way he looked – no, he behaved strangely. Avoided the sun. Avoided other kids. Having too good grades despite rarely being seen trying to study or learn anything.

Far too quiet and weird not to have other children pick on him. They were cruel like that.

Despite their differences, Alex was a caring person and so, would care about her brother. She stopped the bullying quite frequently, being able to be both more forceful and stronger than most kids, but eventually just abandoned him to his fate. Other kids sometimes cut ties with her when she protected her brother, and she didn’t want to lose friends just because he was a weirdo.

Despite that, despite Alex’s attempts to simply blend in, her brother hurt her. By being bullied. By separating himself from her and the others. By being so weird. By acting and being so smart she sometimes could not understand him. By not being like the others.

But mostly, it was those eyes. They were hard to take when there was nothing inside them. But when Gary was in pain or angry or bullied, those eyes definitely seemed like those of a monster from one of the childhood stories. Alex always worried if her brother really was human and not some strange elf or whatever brought to their home.

She was trapped between caring for her brother deeply and being afraid of him and associating with him.

Gary was reading this time. Not anything for school, either. Seemed like something deep and what she wouldn’t understand. Noticing her entrance and concluding they would be eating soon since she was already here, he put down his book, looking at his sister dispassionately.

- I could hear you even all the way from here again. You’re too loud when you play.

- I can be as loud as I want! If you learned how to play and laugh, you’d probably be as loud as me when doing it! – Alex retorted, annoyed that he was scolding her before the meal.

- You normally have such a pretty voice. Why do you have to ruin this by shouting all the time?

- I… - Alex was slightly flushed, since her brother rarely spoke kindly of any aspect of anyone. She never actually heard he thought she had a pretty voice. – I’ll shout all I want! What’s it to you!? It’s not like you care what I’m doing! It’s not like I want you to think my voice is pretty!

- I won’t say anything else. It’s pointless. Doesn’t seem to have any effect, regardless of my approach. Even reverse psychology failed.
She understood that he somehow tricked her, that he didn’t really think she had a pretty voice. That hurt her a bit.

- *Dumb brother. Just because you hate to have fun outside…*

Their mother entered the room, carrying something that looked and smelled like a delicious piece of meat.

Alex only begun to understand what it means to care about one’s figure, so she was glad to eat. Gary seemed to be thin regardless of what he ate, so he did not discriminate against such a big meal, either.

- *Alex, don’t fight with your brother. I already told you, it’s not that he doesn’t want to play outside! He shouldn’t. It’s bad for his health.*

- *I’m sure he could play if he wanted! It’s like the cold! The more you are outside, the less likely you are to catch one when it’s chilly! Your health im…impa… when your outside, your health im…*


- *Yes! So, if you wanted, you could…*

- *I hate the sun. It’ll never get better. Uncle said so himself.*

- *Kids, don’t fight and eat.* – their mother cut in on the conversation -  *Alex, please don’t be so hard on your brother. You already know other kids pester him.*

- *It’s because he’s different. He doesn’t even want to fit in.*

- *Wouldn’t it be boring if everyone was the same?* – Gary responded.

Alex wondered for a moment, and decided she couldn’t actually answer that without losing. So, she did the next best thing – she focused on eating.

- *The power of food is incredible. If you ate all the time, you’d actually be quiet.*

- *Gary, if you keep trying to talk me into something, I’ll eat your food as well!*

- *You’re scary, sister.*

- *Look who’s talking.*

The pair managed to eat in silence before the evening came and, together with their neighbor, they would walk off their mother to the station.

- *I’ll return tomorrow afternoon. Please don’t fight anymore, OK? You’re a brother and a sister, so you should try to get along despite your differences.*

Alex nodded.
You’ll have to make yourself some food for the morning and before sleep. Please don’t stay up late. Gary, if either of you have any problems, ask Mrs Brown here for help, OK? And don’t try to ditch school just because mommy’s not there to wake you up.

- All right, Mom! – Alex responded, suddenly filled with newfound energy.

The average parent would consider it weird to have the kids make themselves food instead of leaving something ready in the fridge for them. The average parent may try to take steps to stop other kids from “pestering their son” rather than just tell their daughter not to add onto his pile of worries. But Alex and Gary didn’t know the average parent, and after their birth, it was unlikely their mother would actually ever reach the ‘level’ of one.

Their mom waited and got on the train. The two kids were about to be brought back home by their neighbor. Alex turned to Gary, now willing to try and make up a bit from their mother’s gentle scolding, and advice upon her departure.

- Looks like we’ll be having fun making sandwiches together again!

- Last time, when you mixed tomatoes with chocolate butter, I’ve realized that it cannot get any weirder.

- But I remember you liking something I did!

- Yes. Whatever you did to that fish was amazing.

- Te-hee! – Alex said, beaming him a smile. They turned to move back home. She watched her brother carefully.

[“It would be boring if everyone was the same… But brother seems so weird and distant! It’s difficult to get along… Still, he’s so smart… He may be right.”]

Alex watched her brother move in his strange, half-mechanical fashion, sliding slightly faster than their neighbor. She’d have to catch up, but she had to make sure she’d be on the proper side – the one that mattered.

Gary pulled out his left hand from his pocket, so Alex grinned and followed immediately.

[“Gary, you little silly! Even if you say that, I can tell… You’re so sad all the time, so Sister will try to spend more time with you!”]

Alex did not hesitate when she grabbed Gary’s hand in her own, holding firmly. He actually stopped, but she pulled him along, letting out something of a chirp as she did so. He looked at his sister, stunned.

- Let’s hurry up! I want to have fun with you!

- I guess we really need some food to make you quiet.

- I’ll start to whisper… ~if it makes you like me more – Alex responded half-melodically.

That was probably the first time ever she could swear her pale, white-skinned brother blushed. [“Wow, he’s even redder than anyone I’ve seen! How cute!”]

Alex, and Gary at her unbearable prompting, spent most of the evening experimenting with making
food together. She later tried to tease him by taking away his book, but he quickly gave up and simply read a magazine before going to wash himself.

In the meantime, Alex wondered how could she make her brother show his cute side every once in a while.

It was nearly the end of lessons. Just a long break and last one to go.

For the first time in a couple of years at least, Alex was actually looking forward to coming back home.

She felt like she finally realized all the good points of her brother. For all his adeptness at being isolated, Gary was the person who knew her for the longest time – they were twins, after all. Him being a smart boy wasn’t a bad thing – they could learn together at home and he’d probably quickly learn how to say funny things, so they could enjoy their time together.

Gary could be a great friend. Even better than many of those she already had. And since he’d always be at her house, she could have fun all the time. Almost equally important, she wanted Gary to have fun, too. She wanted to see those smiles and blushes and she wanted him to say those kind things he usually said, nay, fired at her only to make her pause even for a moment.

She just wanted things to be better.

Running through the corridors suddenly came to a halt when she noticed she was in a hall with a bunch of other children who were apparently waiting for her.

She looked upward to see the children. Megan, a girl one year her senior, was looking back at her with a raised eyebrow.

Alex didn’t have many people she knew in the higher grades, but Megan was the one and only there who seemed to truly dislike her. The little girl knew she couldn’t be liked by everyone, but this particular relationship hurt.

It hurt because Megan was apparently very, very close childhood friends with this boy, Oliver.

Oliver was one of the tallest boys in their age group, but not clumsy at all – very good at sports and with a great sense of humor. Alex spoke with him a couple of times and it was the first time ever she started being interested in a boy as more than a playmate and a friend, feeling the famed sensations of butterflies fluttering in her stomach. She even asked her mother about boys and girls and all the stuff, something she never did since she simply was the way she was – running around trying to have fun with everyone who seemed likeable. She knew other girls did not act this way and rather stayed friends with girls only interacting with boys for the sake of showing off that the before mentioned perceived them as pretty or smart enough to talk with. This attitude made her popular with some people her age, particularly as a playmate for boys with whom she could hold her own against in physical games and sports, but apparently the same popularity made kids slightly older than her be
more aware of her presence, too. And not always in a good way.

Alex just… acted. And interacted. She was simply herself, not discriminating anyone, not trying to act differently simply based on someone’s gender.

Still, this was the first time her being interested in a boy in a way that didn’t involve them simply having fun. It was something close to those things in books about “romance” or whatever it was called.

And now she could be meeting him and instead, *he was next to* the girl who seemed to half-hate her for no reason.

- *There goes our little Alex. Running around the hallways again like a BOY half our age. Not paying attention that she may run into someone much prettier and more delicate than her, pushing them over and ruining their visage with that big dumb body of hers.*

Alex was stunned. It was the first time she heard anyone being teased because they were too tall, rather than too short. She was sometimes badmouthed by Gary when he was especially angry, but even if his eyes held all that incredible, burning malice, his words and voice never did, they were either reluctant, or half-playful.

This girl was the exact opposite. Looking smug and happy with herself while she was spitting venom all around her.

Alex still believed Gary’s mad look of red eyes was worse than this, though. After all, Megan was just a girl. It were the boys who could usually go too far with teasing and making fun of someone else.

- *I don’t want to talk to you, Megan. I’m going to leave now, if you have nothing important to say.*

- *Oh, sure, it’s okay if you leave.*

When Alex tried to go past them, Megan gently pushed Oliver and the boy immediately took the hint, stopping the younger girl in her tracks.

- *I mean, it’s all fine and good that you agree you’re not good enough to be here with us. I just want to know if you didn’t misunderstand or think differently. You agree with me, right, tomboy?*

Alex looked at Oliver, hurt that he would take part in something like this, especially with her being the target, but when the corner of her eye saw Megan and the couple of other girls present grinning like some witches, she finally burst and retorted.

- *What is your problem!? I have never done anything wrong to you, have I?*

- *Oh? Isn’t your pathetic presence enough? Look at yourself. Ugly. Fat. Big and clumsy. And yet acting as if you were everybody’s friend and everyone liked you.*
- I’m just trying to have fun with people close to me! How is that wrong?

- Then what were you doing with Oliver? He’s too good for you. He complained about you, talking to him, acting all lovey-dovey. I’ll have you know that any good boy prefer his girls to be feminine and act like it. Not some half-boy, ugly, clumsy thing like you.

Alex was at the brink of tears. [“Why is she so mean? What have I ever done wrong? Why is… nobody denying this… they’re just smirking or laughing! Even Oliver! Even he! She turned him against me! Why is this happening? What have I done wrong???”] Her thoughts were frantic, chaotic, angry, and full of grief.

- Nobody likes people like you! You can’t even be played with properly! See, I’ll have Dimitrij here pull on your hair. Dimitrij, please do so.

Somebody indeed pulled on them, and she grit her teeth, trying not to scream, before her hair slipped out of the boy’s hand. She was glad she had them short, until the teasing continued.

- See, if you had long hair or at least a braid, he’d be able to properly convey the teasing but oft friendly gesture of pulling your hair and you’d be able to shout out your pain and displeasure like a true lady. BUT instead, he can’t even do this properly! I’m sure you’d prefer to be teased like a boy since you like acting like on so much! Getting punched and thrown around, right?

She turned around to make sure Dimitrij was the kid she thought he was, and immediately got scared.

Two years older than her and already held up in his education to repeat a class once, Dimitrij, a half-foreign kid could only be described as a giant. He was taller than anyone else including her and Oliver – and the two already pretty much topped most people in their classes. Dimitrij had muscles and he had fat, too, making him seem unnecessarily wide and even bigger than he could be. His face bore a scar from some accident to complete the visage of a criminal-in-making.

In short, if he punched or threw her, it’d hurt for a week or so.

Alex was probably never so scared, sad and angry at once in her life.

Gary was already returning to class since the bell was about to ring. He never had much to do either way. Rarely, he bought something to eat or drink, but since their mother usually provided all he’d need, or, even more often, him and Alex would prepare it beforehand, lately more often together than not, he would mostly spend time either trying to come up with solutions to things other people in class have not yet reached, being cruelly teased by others or being playfully teased by Alex… That, or simply checking if his internal clock was already capable of determining time without the use of watches or other clocks.

He was getting better. And lonelier, but he didn’t particularly care. Given how much weight people seemed to attribute to the fact that he couldn’t stand the sun, had a very pale skin, white hair and red
eyes, he was quick to conclude that the vast majority of all people were complete idiots that weren’t worth his time.

That is, until he passed a certain hall that was the area of events taking place. Events which often made him wonder if the vast majority of all people weren’t cruel idiots deserving every punishment in the book. And these events were happening to a girl… tall one. Familiar one, with strawberry blonde hair, and…

His sister was weeping and crying while being pushed around by some kids. A few boys and girls, but the overall numerical advantage was tremendous. One of the girls was at the verge of shouting out of misguided anger and some sense of pseudo-superiority and… envy? Gary quickly concluded she had her own problems spawned by her personality, and he equally quickly came to realize the teachers were idiots as well – not being there when someone clearly needed help.

Gary let go of his reserved, quasi-mechanical way of moving and approached the spot where his sister was being teased at. Quickly. Very quickly.

*Do you get it now?! Do you get how useless you are? Nobody likes you! Half of the people hate you! You dumb, huge ungirlly ginger tomboy slut!*

Gary was pretty sure slut was a vulgar word a kid just one year older than them shouldn’t know, much less use. Especially, not use in regards to his sister.

Gary understood one thing. Family was supposed to stay together in this world, because rarely you’d find someone you could trust. It was a rule of thumb. People, on the whole, were cruel bastards.

In time, he also came to another conclusion. Alex was the only child AND person he met that treated him naturally. She showed it when she was displeased and beamed smiles at him when she felt like it. She didn’t shiver at seeing him, unless he was angry. She never mentioned him looking weird other than a comment that seemed obvious to her – he looked different than others, all right. She acknowledged it. But never pushed the point. She was always herself, with all these faults.

Also, Alex was the only kid ever that stood up for him.

Deep inside, Gary knew very well he had no one closer to himself than his sister. Even their mother, though apparently caring for them, bore something of a pain inside her that did not allow her to become truly close with her pair of children. Gary always assumed it was a fault of him looking weird and Alex having some birth defects as well. He was all right with that. People had the right to feel pain and displeasure.

However, by the time Gary’s quite tremendous intellect realized just how things were with his relations to people and to his sibling, the young boy was already too withdrawn, emotionally hurt and numbed, as well as awkward to ever express those feelings properly. Being what she was, Alex would also be sure to rub it in if he ever said things like “You’re my best friend” “You’re the nicest and best person I’ve met”, “I like you a lot, sister”. She just couldn’t let something like that pass. He’d be teased for saying such things forever and he’d never hear the end of it.
Yet Gary felt the need to let his guard slip around her at times, just to make sure she didn’t try to increase the distance more than she had in the past years – but also not enough to encourage her to spend time with him. It’d be troublesome for her, to be seen with him too often. Kids would tease her.

And now, kids were teasing her regardless, and Gary realized that his sister was also, for whatever reason, suffering the exact same fate he had. Except that girl over there was even dumber than usual. Gary realized he didn’t look like other humans, but that girl would tease and have someone beat up simply because of their height or hair color; a traits that, in Alex’s case, were far more natural than his seemed to be.

And it was his sister, no less. Even if his feelings of adoration and sympathy to her would never be shown otherwise, this was a point where he had to stand up for her. He nearly whispered, but his voice gradually grew.

- Sister… leave my sister alone. Drop it. Leave her alone! – a few stares finally travelled towards him, raising eyebrows, eyes full of judgment based simply on what he looked like. Gary snapped the way he never did. – LEAVE MY SISTER THE HELL ALONE!

This time, everyone turned towards him. Gary was shivering and twitching, anger boiling within him. He never felt so filled by any other emotion.

- Oh, a freak comes to help his dumb and ugly sister? What exactly are you hoping to achieve, you dummy? If she’s not worth being here with us, then you must not be worth being in the school at all! Dimitrij, get him out of here.

For whatever reason, Gary felt *good* about what was going to happen.

It was difficult to do anything other than reading or playing games when you had no friends, but at times, he had to vent out frustration. He discovered exercises of different kinds on his own. He never showed his true strength in little physical pushing-brawls with Alex, so he usually lost them. Gary was, in fact, pretty strong for a nerd, but primarily, he had enough knowledge of human anatomy already to know how to hit for it to hurt or incapacitate. And now, he was willing to put that strength to the very limit for the simple purpose of hurting those who dared to raise a hand at his sister, or to mock her.

However, he was also too smart not to realize that despite Dimitrij being less strong than he looked like, opposite of him, there was only one way for him to defeat a giant like that. A move popular in games and media directed at nerdy and geeky kids like him.

Hit the weak spot for massive damage.
Alex was sobbing and whispering questions of why was she being treated like that, why was Gary here, and what was he doing. The moment Dimitrij started to approach her brother, who was a little shorter than her, she almost broke through her shell of despair and shouted for him to run, or for the giant kid to stop, but then, she saw something incredible.

Gary was many things, but he was never violent nor would he purposely hurt a human unless very angry.

That’s why a dangerous looking kick to the groin he delivered to Dimitrij with blinding speed was somehow out-of-character.

Also, Alex knew that a hit to the groin was a torture, especially one of that strength and cruel accuracy.

Dimitrij immediately rolled over while Gary practically jumped on his back, propelled himself off the giant and punched yet another kid.

Oliver left her side and prepared to give the newcomer a beating himself, but as yet another kid fell to a strong punch, Alex realized something.

When angry, Gary’s eyes were unbearable for her. Those almost non-human eyes filled with such loathing and malice.

Right now, Gary’s look was that of a demon or monster out of one of her stories. A monster send to punish all these wicked children with something downright scary. And it was all because she was being teased. That’s what his eyes were laying out on these kids. Vengeance. Punishment.

Gary’s eyes stared at the group with so much hatred and disgust that it made the looks of contempt the entire group sent her moments ago seem like a pleasant breeze.

The albino boy didn’t fight like the other kids, who just beat with their little fists with as much energy as they could, hoping the other one would hurt more than them. No, He moved with the grace of a carnivore, suddenly acquired a moment before, there was no such blind action… he punched and kicked and even headbutted so his opponent would HURT. Really badly. It was almost scary to look at, but Alex couldn’t help but watch in fascination as kids older than them both fell down beaten by her brother, a kid smaller than her despite being her age, with such a slim and sickly appearance. When Oliver got his nose busted, she immediately realized he was now neither handsome, nor
strong, nor smart, nor kind, and the youthful fascination with the boy immediately disappeared. Gary stood his ground against Oliver and another kid, while Megan screamed at the top of her lungs:

- What the hell are you doing, freak? You’re telling me you don’t think you and your dumb sis deserve this? Know your place! She dared to make advances on a boy that should love only me! She was trying to “make friends” with people better than her and she dared to think highly of herself because of that! Do you really think your sister is worth anything!? She’s nothing! And so are you! So get beaten already and let me return to punishing her! If you had a brain in that stupid white head of yours, you’d dislike this stupid tomboy, too!

When Alex thought Gary reached the end of the line and when she was sure she never saw him that angry nor will she ever see him angrier, Megan’s words made him snap to yet another, higher level of madness and wrath. He delivered something that seemed like a literal bone-crushing blow to one of the kids’ necks, having him choke dangerously, then lifted Oliver, a guy taller and heavier than him, smashed him onto the ground, and leapt to Megan like a wild cat to its prey. He grabbed her hair and started pulling on it.

Gary thought he had lost something important when Megan spouted her venomous nonsense. Perhaps it was his sanity. He didn’t know. All he knew is that there was no forgiveness. That somehow, he had to make sure this girl would suffer for an eternity. He pulled at her hair. Barely able to speak, he hissed instead.

- Take that back! - That was not the voice of a sane ten years old boy. It was indeed the screech of a wraith from a fairy tale.

- Leave me alone, you brute! Oliver?! Dimitrij?! Anyone? – the girl, practically alone now as her female friends run away once they realized he was ready to hurt even them, boys nearly all lying on the ground… she was now screaming almost in panic when faced with that visage of a vampire, demon, the dark side of humanity incarnate.

The albino kid did something then that would mark him to the end of the school as an outcast. He was violent with a girl. An immediate kick to the abdomen shut Megan up as her eyes widened at a barrage of pain she probably only felt that one time she tripped on the way to the dentist and had to sit and have her teeth pulled at with her leg bloody and covered in whatever that stingy thing was.

The boy was pulling at her hair like no one ever did before and was angrier and scarier than her dad and that stupid drunkard from down the alley put together. Megan wanted to order him to stop, but those eyes were already burning through her.

- Take that back! Take that back, or you’ll die! Slowly, and full of pain and misery! Or perhaps you’d prefer to live disfigured? Then you’d have air-headed girls shouting “ugly” down at you!
Megan was never so terrified and hurt in her life. She wanted to take it back. She wanted to apologize. She wanted to laugh with Alex after this when they’d make fun of that kid saying he’s like a monster from some story.

Words wouldn’t come out. All she could was pant and screech and feel the pain. She also realized the boy was Alex’s brother, and that she, at that point, might even had the right to condone his actions.

Something warm and wet was covering Gary’s thumbs. One of his hand pulled so hard, the hairs were apparently coming off, and she was starting to bleed. He didn’t care. She probably deserved her head pulled out of her neck and played soccer with.

But, finally, the anger of the other boys overcame their fear of whatever demon was inside the albinotic boy at that point. They all threw themselves at him and separated him from Megan, trying to beat him up.

Alex finally moved. She couldn’t fight those boys, she was too scared and shaken, but she could run to the end of the corridor and shout for help. Somebody was bound to hear. And a pair of teachers did.

In a few minutes, it was over.

And in just three quarters later, Alex was holding her brother’s limp, bloodied and beaten body in her hands while the nurse checked him and they were waiting for the ambulance to arrive. He didn’t seem drastically hurt, but the kids did went incredibly violent on him the moment he ridiculed them in a group-on-one fight.

Alex was sure that what Gary did was impossible.

Basically, despite the boys having an advantage in everything, he simply beat them up. Even though he had to be hurt and he seemed to bleed all over the place, he just continued to beat these boys just as bad until the last one stopped moving. He even knocked Dimitrij onto the ground again by hitting him with a flowerpot from the nearby windowsill. Moments after, her twin himself just fell on the ground, limp and beaten. Technically it was a draw, but anybody objective would say her brother just accomplished a miracle of willpower.

Whether it was because Gary didn’t want anybody to bully her once he fell to the ground or because he was simply that angry, she did not know. All she knew is that she wished that never happened, that her brother wasn’t hurt so. And yet, she couldn’t stop a sick feeling of being glad that not only
someone stood up for her, someone kicked the crap out of all these kids, pulled out a few hairs out of Megan’s airhead, and kicked her in the stomach for added effect. Not to mention, it was her brother, someone she saw every day and was close to and could say thank you to without searching for him.

It felt wrong to be pleased at that point. Something changed within Alex that very moment. She would probably never be quite as cheerful, but as long as her brother was going to be all right, she’d be ecstatic to return home to see him.

She also became pretty sure that his eyes were nothing short of majestic when angry and beautiful when calm.

When the ambulance came and took her brother and a few people he had beaten up in, she finally broke in tears. Of joy, of sadness, of grief, and of fear for her brother, of thankfulness, of so many emotions she couldn’t name them all.

Two days later, her mother returned from a meeting at school concerning the incident her son and daughter were into. Listening to both sides of the story and recognizing Gary as so far being a model student, they decided to simply suspend him for a week and warn him rather than remove him from school due to the incident, despite some of the other kids suffering quite some damage – he took as bad as he’d given, though, and for whatever unfair reason, since he technically started a dangerous incident, his punishment was the most heavy.

Alex didn’t really care. All she wanted was for her mother to stop drinking that damn coffee and move to go with her to the hospital already. She waited two full days to visit her brother. To properly thank him. To make sure he’s all right.

Finally, they arrived at the hospital. Alex had her mother tell her the room number and immediately darted forwards. Having still to wait for her mother in order for the nurse to even let her in. When they were finally allowed inside, she suddenly went silent. Seeing her brother in bandages and plasters, even though he seemed to have mostly recovered, was making her heart ache.

She couldn’t find the right words. She couldn’t say what she wanted to say. She was panting, feeling warm, embarrassed and tired for some reason, thinking hard, and probably blushing all over. Something was wrong, because all she could do was listen to Mother explaining the situation to her brother. Apparently, he was in some trouble, he shouldn’t cause an incident like this again, and what he did was “wrong”

[“Well, thank you, mother. Maybe next time they will bully you”] – Alex thought, full of spite at the society’s judgment of the action and admiration for her brother’s deed.

Finally, Alice went silent, and seeing little purpose in drawing out the visit, she asked Alex if she would like to stay with her brother alone for a while. Alex nodded and waited for her mother to leave.
before approaching the bed. Gary looked at her and seemed to try to say something. She already anticipated the question, playing out the scenario a thousand times in her head and coming to the conclusion that if it was this young boy… no, young man in front of her, he’d definitely ask that.

- I am all right, Gary. I feel fine.

- It’s… good.

- Gary… thank you. I sometimes abandoned you when other kids bullied you, but you stood up for me. No, more, you made all these bullies and the pain… Go away. I…

Tears slowly gathered in her eyes.

- I am not as smart as you. I don’t know how can I say that properly. I can only say thank you over and over. I am really…

- Sister, it’s all right. You’ve done the same for me many times.

- No, I haven’t! All I could manage to do was stop them for an hour or so! Ever since then, Megan and her bunch didn’t come within a mile of me! I am free and I don’t have to be bothered with them anymore all because of what you did! What’s more, I… I… You made all that they’ve said and done seem so insignificant. It was like they never even existed. I’m not sure I can ever repay you, Gary.

Her hand gently reached out and grabbed his. She felt she was blushing furiously now, but it was something she felt she had to do. When she grabbed his hand, she felt something she felt only so rarely – utter comfort, safety and warmth. Only Mom’s very best of hugs managed that, and here, all she needed was a squeeze of his hand.

- I’m glad I could help.

- You should have seen yourself, Brother. I never saw you that angry.

- They… were annoying. Of course I was angry.

- Furious! You were like a dragon eating poor villagers!

- Aren’t you overexaggerating a bit?

- Not at all, scary boy. It’s not humanly possible to be as angry as you were. It was funny watching them squirm in fright of a boy younger and smaller than them.

- What are you getting at, sister?

Alex suddenly felt a bit like teasing, so she leaned in conspiratorially, looked him in the eyes, and spoke:

- How about you just say it, brother? Why were you so angry? Angry like never before?
And she answered in her own head, before thinking:
[“Objective : Get Gary to blush, success!”]

- I...

- Mhmmmm???

- I couldn’t let them bully you. You helped me and you’re the only person who sometimes treats me really good, so I guess I got carried away.

- So, all for the sake of poor little me?

- Yes, Alex. I really... care about you. It just...

Something must have been off with her face, because he went silent. Something was definitely wrong with her, as well. Comparing it to previous experiences, it was like she met four Olivers at once after running all the way to school – at least, her heart reacted in such a way.

- Alex, you’re staring weirdly. I know I rarely say these things, but please...

- Gary, I want to hear you say it again. Properly.

- ...

- Pretty please?

- Alex, you’re stepping over a... ughhh, what was the word.... Boundary, yes, a boundary. You heard me just right, so that’s it.

He did squeeze her hand a little more, however, which caused Alex to beam him a smile.

[“He’s not smiling, but… His eyes are so warm. Those beautiful eyes… I need to find a proper word to describe those one day. I want to see Brother’s reaction after I tell him how beautiful his eyes are.”]

She squeezed his hand and felt a sudden urge to touch his hair, so she did. Gary seemed to look at her weirdly, but given a wide enough smile he just put up with it.

- Brother, please be well quickly. Your sister wants to have some fun with you as soon as possible.

- I’ll try to, Alex. But I promise nothing. I... have missed you, too.

Alex’s memory seemed to devour each and every word pouring out of his mouth. Something felt wrong with her. Her body felt a bit too warm, and a tingling overcame her, coming from her chest, and… elsewhere. Between her legs?

- I never suspected my quiet bookworm brother to be a knight in shining armor, but now he also turns out to be so kind... Should I call you my prince from now on?
- And there you go again with your teasing.

- I am not teasing, Gary. I am being serious.

- All right, so, now that I’ve completed my big quest, where’s half of the kingdom and the hand of the princess?

Alex nervously twitched. He was holding her hand right now, wasn’t he? Did her brother not think she was good enough to be a princess, even as a joke?

- Oh, right. I’m holding it right now. But I still want my half of a kingdom.

Her body and the inside of her head begun to twitch even more nervously.
[“So, I am a… princess..”]

Something was wrong with her. She never felt that way before. In her lower abdomen, she felt a warm, constant tingling and pulsing. Her mind was hazy. Instinctively, she blurted out the first thing that came to her mind.

- Would a pizza do?

Gary’s laugh resounded in the cold, white walls of the hospital, suddenly changing it all into a majestic and silvery castle with a beautiful prince laughing in the middle, holding the hand of his princess after an important battle.

Alex froze and her body shifted, bending over as if her stomach hurt. Her brother’s laugh was the last straw. Beautiful. Pearly and clear. Honest. As rare as anything in this world. Alex’s weird feelings reached over the top. She felt something stir inside her, especially in her lower body, in a different way than ever before. She looked at Gary and couldn’t move, even though she wanted to do so many things.

Alex cared about her brother and probably always loved him, but it took something as simple as beating up people that bullied her, sharing a few jokes with romantic undertones, and hearing that precious laugh of his while holding his hand and looking at him to make her *fall in love* with him.

Head over heels. Utterly, and hopelessly.

[“Stop, Gary. Please stop laughing. Please stop… being like that. Please tell me to leave. Tell me you’ll see me later and we’ll make food to shut me up. Tell me I’m a dummy and that I am annoying… Just please… don’t make me… like this… I cannot understand this!”]

By now, Alex was pretty sure something was wrong with both her heart and her underwear, primarily what was inside of it, stretching it and making it oddly sticky. But most of all, something was wrong with her head.

[“Was Brother always this beautiful and cool and amazing and special and incredible and smart and
dreamy and… and… kissable…”]

Her eyes widened. Gary finally stopped laughing, apparently feeling the pressure in the air coming from his sister. She was all flushed, as if she had a fever, and was leaning in over him.

[“I want to kiss my brother. I want to hold him tightly. Then maybe, if I rub my whole body against him, these feelings will go away…”]

Her hand travelled to his cheek. Gary felt that something was wrong, and gave a slight cringe at the touch. Alex was in her own world, and couldn’t see that.

- Brother…
- Alex? Alex, what’s wrong? Should we call the nurse?
- It’s better if we’re alone...

[“If I kiss him, will these feelings be satisfied or will they grow stronger? Will brother let me kiss him now? He has trouble moving, so he cannot pull away, but I don’t want to ruin it…”]

- Alex, something’s weird. You’re too close. Something must be wrong, so please tell me.

[“I wanted you to say “please kiss me” or “please hold me”, Gary! Why are you saying things that aren’t kind? Aren’t you my prince? My knight in shining armor?”]

- Alex! Alex, snap out of it! Alex, what the hell are you doing!?

The girl finally came back to reality, realizing her forehead was already pressed against her brother’s, their noses were rubbing and she was stroking and holding his cheek to the point of redness.

[“This is bad. I must leave now, or I’ll kiss brother so much he’ll suffocate!”]

- Sorry, Gary. I was just checking out if… Nevermind. I’ll save it for later. When you can properly return it.

She moved her cheek to Gary’s and hugged him instead. Whatever was happening in her pants became nearly unbearable at this point of complete contact.

[“Should I pounce on brother when he returns and shower him with kisses? Or should I try to make him kiss me first?”]

She moved away from him, panting from the exhausting effort her will had to undertake to do so.

[“I’ll flip a coin. So much to do, but I seem to have all the time in the world. We’re… family. He’s always there. Always, every day.”]

- See you soon, my dear brother!

As soon as she left, she excused herself to the toilet. Closing herself in the cabin, she pulled down her underwear and checked what the hell was happening.

At two points on her underpants, two miniscule areas of dark wetness were present. The upper seemingly bigger. It was what was causing all the discomfort that made her worry. She never had her body react like that. Not all these symptoms at once.

The place between her legs seemed all hot and bothered, and this thing between her legs… Mom called the similar piece Gary had a “weewee” – was standing upwards, all hard and bloated and twitching. It was the first time it was THAT hard and this big and so warm. Some stiffenings happened before, but only rarely and not to that extent. Sometimes, in the morning, the thing between her legs, which was normal since Gary had it, would be a bit longer and stiffer, but now it was a LOT longer and stiffer, and something was slightly…leaking from the tip? Alex moved her hand and touched it.

[“It feels weird… Kind of ticklish… but good, too…”]

She withdrew.

[“That’s indecent, and I think too much touching would be unbearable”]

She quickly tucked her pants back on. It felt uncomfortable, but should be all right.

[“I’ll need to talk to Uncle Adam about this. I’m not sure Mom can help.”]

Two weeks and one day later, Alex was indeed able to meet her uncle.

Adam’s own accomplishments pretty much justified Gary’s quite tremendous intellect at quite a young age – they shared some genes at the very least. Gary even slightly resembled his uncle, with obvious differences regarding the younger man’s albinism, to the point of Adam occasionally being asked if he was the boy’s father.

Despite his relatively young age, Adam Lunarson was already a quite renowned pharmacist and pharmacologist. Pretty much a genius, getting the proper degrees to work anyway and anyhow he wanted to in the drug-related fields might not have been a piece of cake, but he never considered it particularly straining. Many people wondered why he never simply went into medicine and try one of those wonderful things like curing cancer or AIDS or some other fatal human disease, but Alice’s brother was far too much of an experimentalist and chemist at heart to abandon his own field. Rather, he preferred to study, study more, experiment, and try to do his best in developing medicines and drugs people actually USED to make themselves healthier.
The only bad things that could be said about Adam Lunarson were that he didn’t precisely care about establishing a family of his own nor could anyone point out one thing that was more important to him than his research and work. He put tremendous effort into helping Alice and her children and never seemed to demand anything in return, but his work was always the most important. From a bystander’s view, however, it might seem that Adam was selflessly working his butt off to provide his own sister with good accommodation.

Also, never being especially good with people, Adam tended to use difficult words and patterns of speech that required quick wits, which is something Gary regrettably picked upon. Adam seemed to at the very least be Gary’s role model if not downright inspiration.

At the point of their meeting, however, Alex had his nearly undivided attention. While Gary’s condition was certainly a point of worry for Adam, who knew quite well how ostracized a young, smart person could be – especially if one looked and behaved differently from anyone else, Alex’s condition was a point of fascination to him, so on the occasional visits, he was willing to abandon work and talk in length with her or about her.

Alex breathed some air in, smelling the chemicals. This time, they were nicer than usual, though still smelled somewhat badly. She exhaled and started talking.

- Uncle… Some time ago, I had a strange… incident.

- Well, I figured as much. You wouldn’t be hanging around my lab if everything was all right. So, what happened?

- Ummmm, how do I say this…

- Even if it’s something embarrassing, it’ll be better if you just tell me bluntly and straight away.

- Two weeks ago… in my panties… This thing between my legs got unusually warm and hard and… twitchy. It sometimes got bigger and harder than usual, but that was very rare, and on that occasion… it felt… different. Also, my tummy was burning up and pulsing and it was like there were butterflies or something inside, and it was all so itchy and warm and unbearable…

Adam raised an eyebrow. Obviously, boys got erections all the time, some even at a very young age, so there was no reason for this to be strange. It was the fact that Alex noticed the difference that bothered him. Also, with her unique body make-up, Alex’s sexual development could be compared neither to a boy nor a girl. In theory, her erections should be less often and not exactly “full”, but the way she described it, she certainly got completely excited on a sexual level and her body responded as such. Alex probably noticed her female parts’ response less because it was either a bit weaker or more subtle.

- I see. I think it will be best if I fully explain to you what happened, but first I must ask what triggered that reaction.

- Um, what do you…
What were you doing right before that happened? Or what caused it to happen?

Alex went silent for a moment.

["How much… should I say? Should I tell him I was with Gary? About holding hands and hugging and… wanting to kiss and…"]

- Um… I was… with a boy, alone… talking.

Adam was surprised. He actually wondered if it wouldn’t be a case where Alex’s male part only respond to females, whereas her female part would respond to males. The point would be moot, however, if Alex was a bisexual. Or, more like, naturally inclined to be bisexual with both sides of her body.

- Really? Were you *just* talking? Nothing weird happening? Also, was it a boy you liked?

- Yes! Yes, I definitely like him… we also held hands… And I hugged him, b..but… butmythingwasalreadylikethis, so I guess it didn’t change anything. That’s about it, I think.

- I see. You may want to sit down, Alex. This is a long story.

Alex obediently sat down and prepared herself for the worst. After all, Uncle Adam seemed pretty serious.

- Do you know where children come from, Alex?

- Well… There are rumors… but they’re usually very dumb, so neither I nor Gary believe them much…

- I thought so. Anyway, the truth is… Children are made by their parents. It requires a man and a woman to participate in a certain activity. Said activity is very pleasurable to men and may be pleasurable to women if they both try to make it so. However, with you, the situation is a lot different.

- Activity? Could you please describe it? And… How am I different?

- Well, Alex, let me say this : You’re a bit too young to learn everything. I will teach you in time because I feel as someone unique you should be well-educated, and I doubt Alice has the nerve to discuss all of this. Let me say this : As I mentioned, making children requires a man and a woman. While you always identified yourself as a woman… you’re not exactly one.

- I am not a girl!? – Alex said in complete shock and surprise.

- Yes, you are. Partially. But you’re also a boy.

- Uncle, what are you saying! This is embarrassing!

- I am only speaking the truth, Alex. Surely, you have noticed that Gary has a very similar thing to yours between his legs? When you bathed or ran around naked in childhood, or something?
Alex blushed furiously.

- Y…yes. I noticed.

- This is properly called a penis, and only males, that is, boys, should have one. Yet, you possess one as well. You also have everything a girl should have. Technically, you’re both a boy and a girl at once. People like you are called intersex, or hermaphrodites, but your case is unique even amongst them.

Alex suddenly felt really down.

[“This is… hard. I never thought about myself as anything other than a girl. Should I start using the boy’s toilet occasionally? More importantly, can I fall in love and marry anyone if I am neither a boy nor a girl? I am really an ungirly weirdo after all…”]

- Um, uncle… how does this… change things? In regards to boys and girls and making children and such...

- It is difficult to be sure at this point whether you will like boys, girls, or both, or neither. However, there is a difficulty. Because your body is different from anyone else, when you grow up, many people will have trouble accepting you. That’s why you shouldn’t reveal your… uniqueness to people you don’t trust, and that’s why you must prepare yourself for some rejections in your life. Not everyone will accept you the way you are, because people are, at heart… very close minded. I’m afraid boys will be especially so. So, you have to make sure you found someone really special and open minded before you confess your feelings, or accept theirs. If you’re not sure about that boy you were with when… that thing happened, you should probably try to give up on him before things become serious and you get hurt.

[“Gary… can Gary accept… wait, Gary already saw me undressed… and he probably knows these things Uncle is talking about. Didn’t Gary say so himself?”]

Alex smiled warmly, thinking back on the words of her brother.

[“It would be boring if everyone was the same, wouldn’t it?”]

- I am sure, Uncle. If it is this person… I can probably have them fall in love with me and accept everything.

- If you think so. I doubt it, but you’re still young. Anyway, that thing that happened… It’s fairly normal. It’s called an erection. Young boys get it quite often for no reason at all. You should be at least similar in that regard. But, what you probably had was a different kind of erection, a meaningful one – it happened because you were close and touching the person you liked. With adults, having an erection indicates that one is ready to make children. At your age, it would indicate this is what your body seems to want, but you wouldn’t be able to make them at this age.

- I see. So, if a boy has an erection past a certain age, it’s a sign they’re in love with someone?

- Partially. It’s a sign they like their BODY. Loving someone includes liking the entire person, isn’t it?
- Yes. I guess you’re right, uncle. ~But, if that boy had an erection as well, there is a chance he likes me as well, right?

- Yes, but I wouldn’t bother myself with checking if I can get him to have an erection. It’d be easier just to ask.

- Sure, sure, silly me.

[“New objective for me : Get Gary to have an erection!”]

- It’s a bit more complicated with you because you have both male and female parts. Eventually your female parts will quite probably start to work properly as well. I’m quite afraid about the effect it will have on you, so make sure you talk to me about these things occasionally, all right?

- Sure, uncle! I learned many important things today. I’ll see you soon!

- Alex, wait. There is the last important thing.

- Yes?

- Just as there is no guarantee a person you like will accept your body... There’s also no guarantee that you’ll ever be able to make children normally with said person. At this point, I have no idea if you’ll be able to make children with boys, girls, both, or neither. I... am sorry.

- It’s... a bit sad, but I’m a bit too young to think of these things... Besides, since I have erections, at least the boy parts should work out fine, right?

- Yes, that is possible. But, try not to think of these things too much, ok? You’re still young. You shouldn’t be interested in this for at least five or six more years.

- I’ll try to contain myself, uncle! For now, bye! Have fun at the lab!

-You know I always do, darling.

Alex stepped into her house, worried a bit about how a marriage without any children would look, but far too cheerful at realizing Gary may indeed be her destined person, because he already knew everything and seemed to have a mind ready to accept any differences.

So, when she saw her brother, already out of the hospital, this time, she couldn’t resist pouncing on him. Gary was obviously flushed and displeased.

He would continue to have those feelings in the future.
Act 2 : Teenage Arousal - Obnoxious Overbearing Stalker Sibling

Chapter Summary

Four years of school life has passed since the incident in the hospital and Alex realizing her feelings. The twins are getting along with themselves, and struggling against their own problems, but some behaviors and acts of good will make it harder to improve, and put up walls when they were supposed to tear them.

Act 2 - Teenage Arousal, Part 1 : Obnoxious Overbearing Stalker Sibling

- Gary! Gary, at least eat this before you leave, will you?

The albino boy walked down the stairs, apparently displeased at having his activities cut short by something as trivial as eating.

- Alex, you’re not my mother, you know. I won’t die of starvation if you just let me be.

- It would be very unfortunate if brother did not possess sufficient energy when he needed it! Also, you’re still growing, so you should stock up on nutrients, too.

- I’ve already pretty much caught up to you, sister. As far as girls go, you’re way too tall, so I should be fine the way I am. Besides, what you’re trying to force into me isn’t even a balanced diet. You just stuff me full of proteins and sometimes seem to be picking the foods at random from the internet. I mean, who tries to eat eggs and oysters and what kind of girl tries to share her chocolate every time? Not to mention all that celery! Why are you always trying to give me these kinds of foods lately?

- It’s because I am a girl that you should be taller and bigger than me! One day, you will have to carry a bride on your hands, won’t you? So, what would you do if she turned out to be bigger than you?

- I’d commit Seppuku in the silent walls of my own house. You’re overstepping what is considered a healthy amount of care for a sibling, sister. And, you still haven’t answered all of the questions…

Alex pouted. Since they’ve gotten the connection to Internet recently, and she started to get a lot more… interested… in the topic Uncle Adam told her the same week she fell in love with Gary, truth was, she searched for libido-strengthening foods on the internet and has been trying to feed them to her brother whenever chance arose. Of course, she didn’t get to make much of the food, but a lot of it was simple, something one could explain as a snack for two. Celery, raw oysters, eggs? Almonds, chocolate, bananas… none of these were truly hard foods to obtain and make. She needed an excuse.

- I’ve been… trying to find foods to balance out your diet and help in areas you’re still not fully developed in… I mean, can’t I treasure my brother and want the best for him?
Gary just sighed and seemingly gave up. Or just wanted to drop the topic.

- … Girls…

Alex smiled gently. She truly appreciated her brother’s clear identification of her as female, despite the fact that he most certainly knew and understood her condition. Despite slowly becoming more open-minded about the gender issue herself, Alex still felt she was a woman rather than something in-between.

At the very least, she was something between a woman and the midway on male-female path, so still more a girl than a boy or even a mix of the two.

Also, the fact that he identified her as a girl probably gave her more hope as to where their relationship would be going. Alex realized that she probably wasn’t getting out of the crush on her brother. On the contrary, it seemed to get minimally stronger every year. Whenever there was a closer, nicer moment between the two, the young girl felt very happy inside; on the other hand, making her brother angry or him feeling bad caused her to become very displeased herself. Some people would’ve brushed it off as some mystical twins bond; whatever it was, Alex identified it as a need to be close to him and followed that need whole-heartedly and, at times, almost shamelessly.

Gary seemed a bit less oblivious than initially, but still wasn’t sure what exactly it was sister seemed to expect of him. For him, the fact that she used to sit next to him simply to watch him eat food she herself made for him, all the while wearing that subtle but growing smile… It was both useless and creepy.

- Alex, I really am going to eat it. Stop staring.

- Ohhh, can’t I just watch my bro…

- It’s a pointless waste of time to watch me. Go and do something productive.

- Productive, huh? Maybe I should… feed you today. Hehe!

Alex leaned closer to pull the fork out of Gary’s hand, but he held it tightly, much to her chagrin.

- I swear, sister, if you try to treat me like I’m your baby or something, things can and will get pretty ugly.

She just flicked his nose.

- Garrry, I can’t imagine anything that includes the two of us being ugly. But, fine. I guess you’re not in the mood for this today.

- Not now and not ever.

The young hermaphrodite rose from the table, not wanting to show too much emotion from that last
comment.

["Brother… What do you mean “not ever”… It’s not that abnormal, is it?!”]

She walked back to the living room, feeling somewhat down.

[“It seems like you’re still way too clueless Gary. I don’t even want to consider how I’ll come to feel if you’re acting that way as a hint that I should stay away.”]

Yes, there was a small, dark something crawling at the back of her mind when she considered that option.

[“Yess. Let’s not think about it. I’ll play with you a bit when we’re back from school. Maybe we’ll talk. Perhaps I’ll think of a way to win you over a bit more.”]

Gary finished up his meal and was preparing to leave house for school. He also had a club meeting later.

His schoolwork was going really well, especially given the occasional tutoring by Adam in the pair’s favorite overall field of science. Adam managed to nearly completely infect Gary with his fascination for chemistry and similar sciences.

The way he was going, he’d likely be moved one year up in terms of education. He didn’t particularly care, since he already wasn’t in the same class as his sister and he still had trouble finding friends his own age.

Mentioning his sister, her current attitude was somewhat troubling.

He remembered her saying a few times that she’ll be eternally grateful around their 11th birthday, and it seemed she wasn’t kidding about it. Always looking out for him. Always caring for him. Alex once missed her own classes only to prepare a suitable meal for Gary and drop it by his class. Gary never felt so embarrassed in his life, especially when all these pseudo-popular schoolgirls, class jocks, and low-intellect bimbos at school decided to start asking where he’d get himself such a flat-chested girlfriend and if he had a taste for such.

Gary was on the verge exploding in anger at these comments. He was aware of Alex’s situation. By mere virtue of her hormonal balance – or rather, imbalance - associated with her condition, her overall growth and secondary sexual characteristics would probably at no point truly resemble that of a normal boy or girl. But, Alex always felt she was a girl, and so did Gary. Her behavior was, at the very least, much more charming and often more feminine than that of his dumb classmates, although it was nearly equally annoying at times.

The worst part was that Alex actually took it on herself to *continue* her teasing despite her apparent gratefulness, and, worst of all, she took a growing guy’s most vulnerable point: relationships, as a base for these attacks. Alex acted as if it was a crucial point of her life whether he interacted with any girls, and somehow he felt like she was dropping him some kind of hints regarding girls, while using herself way too directly as an example… or as if expecting her brother to make moves on her simply because he was single and she was around!
Other than that, though, she did seem kind and very dedicated to him, or the family as a whole, given how frequently she visited Uncle Adam lately.

His complex over being unable to establish normal relationships was already showing its head, and so did his immature sex drive. He didn’t find his sister a likely object for these kinds of affections, but if she once took a joke a little too far, he worried he might end up doing something incredibly dumb spontaneously and then, he’d be the villain rather than her.

It pissed him off just thinking about it, but he also started wondering if he wasn’t too stingy and didn’t place too much distance between them lately. After all, she was exactly his age. She probably had her own problems, especially given her not exactly specified gender.

Also, Alex helped him not to slide from slight bitterness into the abyss of utter, unfettered cynicism just by always acting her kind, playful, half-subservient but teasing girly self. He was amazed and always wondered whether it was just an act or her true personality. After all, she faced her own bit of teasing when they started to grow up, and yet, around him, she seemed barely changed. Though, it may have had something to do with her not wanting to worry her already overtly stressed, isolated and focused brother.

Focused. When his mind was getting as dirty as to start obtaining *those* things and worrying his erotic desires may start to erupt in the presence of his own sister.

Gary was disappointed and disgusted with himself due to his growth, but couldn’t help these kinds of feelings. He sometimes thought he might have to end up protecting Sister from himself if his growth would only continue to increase these filthy desires he started to have for women.

The albino boy gathered up his things and left for school.

It was going to be another bad school day for these two siblings. They never had much luck about school life.

The three girls were sitting together in the chairs, looking over at the other end of the classroom and discussing.

- So, Emily, you that’s your big plan is it? Getting that nerdy guy to do the projects for you and help you with your grades?

- Yup, pretty much. This Lunarson kid is bound to skip a grade sooner or later, anyways. Probably after this year, too.

- Well, he is smart, but he looks like a freak and is quite the mean little bastard.

- Come on, a nerd like him is gonna be all sunshine and butterflies if a girl like me acts cute enough. Just watch me.
Indeed, Emily wasted no time going through the class to the albino boy’s desk.

Something that was, fortunately, seen by the person apparently stalking said albino boy. Yes, even albinotic boys had stalkers. She just peeked through the barely opened door and listened…

Listened how that bitch apparently wanted to take advantage of her precious relative! Help with your studying? Demonstrating how things are done?! Studying sessions together!

[“Who or what does she think she is?”]

Yes, that’s right. Her brother was about to be taken advantage of, and she suggested setting something up once lessons are over. He cocked his head but didn’t outright refuse.

[“Using her whorish smiles and feminine viles to confuse a young boy! And he’s not flat-out refusing. What are you doing, Gary! Come on, do I have to save you this time as well? She just wants to use you!”]

She did wonder about what her brother was thinking in this situation, though. It was certainly a possibility he wanted to teach that girl a lesson himself…

Alex moved away from the classroom, thoughts running all over and around in her head. She didn’t actually consider what to do if Gary actually got interested in another girl, or a girl got so interested in him that she’d pursue him. For the last four years, since she felt she fell in love with him at the hospital, it was like she just hoped things would slowly become better from where they were, constantly, at an even pace…

Then she realized why this girl… she thought Gary called her “Emily”… in particular suddenly made her worried.

Emily was basically a prettier version of Alex. One inch shorter, lighter, more classically blonde hair, green eyes, teen curves to her body rather than a boyish build, cleaner, softer skin…

[“No! No! Nononono! Gary definitely looks to the inside of a girl! He’s the type of guy that values smarts and… personality, and…”]

She hung her head low and ran through the corridor, bumping into two girls, almost causing them both to fall to the ground.
- Hey, you, watch ou…

She didn’t listen.

[“And… who am I on the inside? I’m his sister that is starting to cling on to him too much, am I not? A jealous girl that gets these kinds of thoughts from other girls talking to him… and I’m only so much smarter than these bimbos who only see smart guys as help in passing a grade! And why would girls… try to make themselves prettier if guys did not take notice of… of that?”]
She gritted her teeth.

[“Just you… people wait. I’m the person that likes Gary the most. I’ll become prettier for him! And I will definitely not watch as someone else snatches him away! DEFINITELY NOT!”]

Alex received one pretty bad mark that day, but was mostly annoyed with the situation from before. It was sure hard to have a crush on someone, and hers was clearly evolving into something more.

Or it already did.

Emily seemed to be pretty content with how well her plan was going.

Surely enough, turned out the Nerd-boy was quite willing to listen to her after the lessons were over, as she expected. Some of these guys would probably do everything for a beauty like herself, and if apparently one of the top marked pupils in her grade was one of them, all the better.

- So, I was thinking that perhaps you’d be willing to help me with my studies these days. Of course, I could hire professional tutors and such, but I think it’s much nicer to associate with someone who can become your friend over it, rather than just being paid help that will treat you like a moron or as if they were superior, wouldn’t you agree?

- I can see how you’d come to that point of view, yes.

He was glancing over at her, and although he wasn’t blushing or anything, and his gaze seemed neutral, she was pretty sure both her pleasant smell and her looks were softening him up so he’d be more receptive to her offers.

- There’s also the issue of our two projects coming along… I’d be very grateful if you’d help me with at least one of them! Of course, I’d try to somehow make it worth your time other than us befriending each other. Maybe I could invite you to one of my parties, introduce you to one of my friends or my parent’s friends… or a small payment?

Gary pondered on how “delicious” the offer seemed.

It really did appear this girl was one of those who’d make people help them through mere promises of favors, social, sexual – which at their age was something like a kiss on the cheek or two seconds of fondling. Anymore, and they were considered lewd and perverted human being - or whatever. She’d offer “symbolic amounts of money” just in case along with a pleasant, flirty stare, assured they deserved a ‘discount’ to any sort of service simply because they were deemed a bit prettier than other girls, and they considered that fair or simply their right.

He was willing to give the girl the remnants of the benefit of doubt, though, so he decided to reveal a bit of his cards in a moment and see how honest she was being.
-Sorry, Emily, I’ll just go grab something to bite and drink from the machine, and I’ll be right back, okay?

-Sure, sure.

The albino guy moved pretty quick, though both him and Emily had different reasoning for thinking he did so. The blonde teenager looked over the area outside of the classes to see one of her female friends chatting with one of the guys she *really* had her eyes on, Jeff.

Now, compared to Gary, Jeff was way more delicious. Darkish skin befitting of his mixed descent, tall, and toned. Well, stereotypes dictated that a girl would also enjoy herself with a half-black guy if he took after one of the sides in the masculinity department as well, but Emily didn’t want trouble or drama now, so sexual conquests were in the future for her. It was fun to tease guys who were slowly getting more and more charged with hormones, though.

She decided to approach the duo – no point not associating with her friends or handing out a delicious guy to her quietly simply because she was setting herself up so that nerd essentially passes the grade for her – walking down a set of stairs, passing by some flat, but pretty girl (or very, very girly boy), an inch or so taller than her.

Suddenly, the usually quite graceful Emily found herself touched on the lower leg in a manner that tripped her badly enough to cause her to suddenly fall, on her knee, then down the stairs, receiving numerous bruises all over her body and tearing up her clothes, the fall delivering bumps and getting her hurt all over.

She was pretty sure the fall was a result of a small kick delivered to her shin… a subtle cut worthy of a skilled, if dirty soccer player.

And it could only be delivered by the girl that just passed by her.

And said girl already had her back turned to her… and even though Emily saw that Gary-Nerd approaching, something really weird happened. The girl suddenly grabbed him mid-run and embraced him.

- Dear my, Gary, are you that happy to see me that you’ve come running? I’m so flattered! That’s sweet of you!

The albino boy was stopped in his tracks, shocked at what was going on, but one angry look from Emily pretty much explained the situation to him.

- What are you doing, Gary? That… that bitch tripped me! Help me, not let her make it seem like
you’re…

- “That bitch” is my sister, Emily, and you’re not yet at a point where you can order me around.

- Tskkk. Picking a family member over a hot girl. Pathetic. – Emily said as she dusted herself off and immediately turned away, apparently not intent on listening to him in the slightest.

Alex released some of her grip on her brother and was immediately grabbed in turn, pulled towards a wall, and pushed against it rather roughly.

- O-ouch! Gary, by now you should learn that only certain spots can feel good when treated roughly, and only on occasion! I’m a girl, you know…

- What the hell were you trying to do back there?

- Uhmmm, looking out for you? That girl was just going to use you and…

- Thanks for treating me like an idiot, sister. Of course, I’d never even suspect that. Thanks to your watchful guidance, though, I am sure I’ll never even get to see if there are people worth to be friends with, much less actually find some friends.

- I… I was just trying to look out for my brother, okay? What’s wrong with that?! You could show a little appreciation.

- Riiight. Somewhere along the way, one of us forgot that I am the nerdy, apparently smart kid with no friends and assumed I need protection from even just testing whether certain people are worth the effort, not to mention that person assumed I am unaware of the risks. But now, all is fine, since I’ve been protected by my oh-so-wise sibling who knows quite well what a horrible burden friends are.

Alex was stunned. She figured he’d be a little angry, but for different reasons, and that she’d be able to mellow him down a bit. It didn’t seem like she’d be able to do the latter. He was actually right; she potentially stopped him from some serious social interaction he lacked no matter how she looked at it.

- N…no, you’re wrong. I… I mean, I was just trying to… I didn’t mean to…

- Whatever. Just go and play with someone.

Gary turned around. Alex tried to grab him, but he simply shook her off and half-ran away.

- No! Wait! I’m… I was just worried about you! I didn’t mean to screw anything up for you! Please, talk to me for a bi…

[“Chase him down and force it into him.”]

Alex suddenly went silent and shook her head no. That was a weird thought. Gary needed a few moments alone and there was no point in chasing him, as painful as that fight was.

That’s what she tried telling herself before blindly running and trying to catch up to her brother, before a teacher stopped her.
The rest of the day went pretty bad for Alex.

Gary woke up very early in the morning, before the sunrise.

He was annoyed by the fact he got into a fight with Alex.

Her attitude was… annoying and troubling, though. Overbearing. Always doting upon him for some reason. From one point of view, it could be considered sweet, but there was no rational explanation for such behavior. Alex went way beyond trying to be a good sister. She tried to substitute friends and parents too. Plus, he’d never get a girlfriend with a girl-friend like that.

Nevertheless, she WAS his best friend and fighting with someone like that was bad. Alex was… special. She cared and understood, and looked at him with this weird… affection in her eyes, way more often than Mother or Uncle Adam or any of his acquaintances at school did.

Gary tried to avoid the thought that she held more affection than appropriate or more affection than them combined like a wildfire. Sure, she cared a bit too much, but it couldn’t be anything bad. And he yelled at her, scolded her, even pushed her and tried to throw her arms off him when she was clearly trying to explain the situation.

He should probably apologize and try to make up to her after tomorrow’s school and club activities. Yes. She’d tease him, act annoyed, pout, and hopefully they’ll make up soon.
Chapter Summary

When waiting for Gary to come home so they can make up, Alex finds out something interesting. As if she didn't have enough reasons to always watch her brother already.

Alex returned home from her run, feeling slightly better if all sweaty. She was a bit of a mess, with her nipples stinging and her pants probably giving off an awful smell, but at least she kept in shape.

It was kind of a bet to assume her brother liked sleek or athletic girls at this point, but it was one of the beauty archetypes these days, and the only one attainable for her so far. The other ones appeared to be the “overblown supermodel” with inhuman physique and all those chesty girls with extra large but shapely curves.

With Gary’s own physique being very slim, with just a little bit of lean muscles thrown into it, it was fine to assume he preferred his girls thin or a little athletic. At least, that was her guess.

Alex was not a fool. She realized her dislike of large breasts at that point stemmed mostly from the fact that she didn’t have them herself. It’d be normal for a 14,5 year old girl not to be too developed, but her “development” seemed to be completely stopped in its tracks or slowed down to a snail’s pace. Some girls at least had properly-shaped hips to make clear they’re female. Alex still had a nearly-completely boyish figure, which wasn’t too satisfying for her. She hoped she’d at least grow quickly later in life.

For now, she swiftly took off the dirtier clothes, brushed herself with a piece of wet cloth since she’d be taking a bath later that day anyways, and sat down in front of their family computer – something she usually wouldn’t get to do when anyone was home. She had a bit of free time, since Gary would be having club activities that day before returning… postponing their confrontation after the yesterday’s small clash.

Alex was literally setting chaos all over the computer as well as the Internet, having no clear aim with her doings and just seeking to have fun.

That is, until she bumped into a strange folder. Curiously, she opened that one. It's name made no sense for her on the first glance, a mix of numbers and letters, but since it was nowhere near the system files, it was probably a normal, manmade one.

Indeed, when she opened it, there was a single text file and two subfolders with pictures.

The folder contained something she’d describe as tasteful but clearly suggestive portrayals of females in various state of dressed to barely dressed.
As their mother probably wasn’t a lesbian, and Alex had no more than occasional, passing interest in some girls’ looks that would never result in her creating a folder of girls in exotic, tantalizing clothes up to and including garter belts and then abandoning it after giving it a weird name…It had to be Gary’s.

Her brother was growing up and was finally taking interest in things that boys and girls were supposed to do at a certain age.

Alex herself was sex-educated much earlier than usual, due to her condition. Uncle Adam has taught her quite a bit over the years. Obviously, Gary was an incredibly smart guy, but that was the exact same reason why she thought he wouldn’t have sexual thoughts that quickly.

And yet, this proved her wrong. It was rather clever to think of such a unique name. It wasn’t the usual “hiding” sequence of subfolder-subfolder-subfolder-XXXHotXHot folder - Some-Celebrity-Blowjob – the mechanism used by both her friend’s boyfriend, as she heard, and once even a guy at her school… and on a school computer, no less. It looked like it was planned out quite thoroughly. As expected of Gary. Actually, her scatterminded, chaotic way of searching through the computer was the perfect nemesis to that and the only reason why she was able to find his “hidden stash” at all.

Now she wondered if there was more hidden elsewhere.

Alex started to frantically search through the computer for any pictures or movies. She realized this may be her one true chance of finding out about Gary’s tastes and whether she could do anything to match them.

She felt so utterly dirty doing this it was almost good.

Suddenly, a phone rang.

She was kind of annoyed to be forced to pick it up, but did so regardless.

- Hello? Oh, Lanny, it’s you? Hanging out… ~Weeellll, I’d love to as usual, but, you know, I just found out something very interesting and I completely HAVE to check it out. Sorry. Maybe next time.

Lachlan was one of the few people the now less happy-go-lucky Alex could call “friends”. True ones, not people you call friends that you’re barely acquainted with. And it was a real boy-girl friendship. Lachlan made a joke about being permanently friendzoned, but admitted he didn’t want anything else. He was the only guy who had the slightest idea about her complicated love life. Alex confessed to him that she had a certain trait that would probably make people less accepting of her in the future relationships and also that she had a crush on a person a relationship with whom *just might* be considered improper. It was while she was testing him for any faults in terms of friendship and after already having a talk with her mother, who was stunned at her questions about whether close relatives may marry and what to do in these sorts of situations. Alice was nearly panicking by the end of the talk, but Alex somehow managed to get by with just a warning to “not try anything weird”.

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Basically, Lachlan knew he was unlikely to ever know everything about her. He never inquired about this hidden side of Alex. Never suggested he thought less of her because of it. A very good friend, even when she actually admitted to some of her secrets. Gary and Lachlan even met twice. First time, it was all formal, but on the second time, they seemed to even get along – which basically meant, if everything went OK, Alex and Lachlan could be friends for life.

Nevertheless, right now learning what was tempting for Gary’s eyes and his groin was way higher on Alex’s list of priorities than further developing her relations with her best male friend, so she “ditched” him and returned to frantically sorting through the computer.

And she found it. This time, it was a few seemingly webcam shows and strip movies, with the girls finishing topless, and once, completely naked. Again, with the weird letters-and-numbers name. It took her long enough to find just the other one, so she quickly compared the names.

She could see the similarities, only she couldn’t exactly grasp what the hell it was that made the names similar.

Gary’s strip videos seemed nothing out of the ordinary. Classic beauties. Some normal, some a little bit more chesty. Just what you’d expect. It was slightly boring, but Alex somehow knew she did not hit the motherload yet.

[“‘Analyze, Alex. Analyze. How could Brother think? Of course, he’s so smart he should practically teach his teachers, but you know him. You’re no longer a dummy, remember? What could brother…””]


[“‘Brother’s interests? Passtimes?’”]

Numbers. Letters.

She quickly opened a side-window and looked at the prime suspect.

A chess board.

Slowly analyzing, a wide smile came on her face.

[“The folder names are chess notations, written in reverse… No, that’s not it. Every chess piece except for Queen and King has a double, at the very least. One of the coordinates is written in reverse because it’s as if it was a mirror, the other is written normally. Those are all coordinates for
where traditionally black pieces start, with the higher numbers and letters from “a” to “h”. At that point, even brother would think in a simple way, so where the important things are is obvious. Folders for the queen and the king.”

Alex stopped for a moment.

[“I’m surprisingly smart when it concerns Gary’s sex life. Amazing.”]

She quickly done a whole-drive search with the search option for both assumed names. Unsurprisingly, those yielded results.

The King consisted nearly entirely of text files, which she promised herself to read at some point in the future. But the Queen…

[“Holy shit, Gary. You’re growing up earlier than expected, and yet, this is somehow so childish. Animated porn. Hentai. Comics AND movies of those.”]

Alex allowed herself to dabble in the world of her brother’s animated porn for a short while.

[“This is wrong, Brother! It’s all wrong! Those girls are even worse than these chesty ones and supermodel ones put together! Nobody can be built like that, especially not your sister! And what’s with the size of those erections? Aren’t those boys twelve or something? … No, wait, he’s apparently sixteen…Is this some kind of complex coping mechanism? But is it on author’s part or is Gary uncomfortable about his “piece” too? “]

Alex was kind of heartbroken over this. Before shutting it all down, she took one last look at a certain information.

One of the files was downloaded today.

Alex practically beamed.

[“I was all over the place ever since he woke up. He wouldn’t do it with mom around, either. But… mother will return today after not having slept too much for a time. She’ll probably lie half-dead the entire night, and he knows that. Brother had no chance to do it in the morning, so unless something changed and I didn’t notice… It is very… Very possible…”]

The girl probably didn’t realize that her eyes were sparkling and her mouth was slightly drooling.

[“Gary’s going to masturbate to this crazy shit tonight. Right in this room, he’ll be stroking his wiener. Looking at these naughty animated huge-chested sluts. I’d rather he were looking at me, but what if I could…”]

Her eyes darted to the side, onto the balcony. It was constructed to have a wall under two windows and between them, the balcony door. No plants were currently there, meaning the perfect peeping spot.

[“Yes… God has heard my prayers! Well, it’s not like I was really praying for this… and if I were, it wouldn’t be exactly for something like that… ~But! The chance to see brother half-naked, all aroused and hot and bothered and STROKING himself until he ERUPTS… Has just appeared!”]
The house door opened, and it was probably him opening it. Alex immediately closed all the folders, and noticed she was sporting an erection of her own.

[“Nevermind. It’s not like he’s not used to seeing bigger, right, Mr. S-i-b-l-i-n-g?”]

She bolted down the stairs to see if it was him, only remembering at the last moment that normal people, supposedly, would feel the least bit reserved after what happened in the morning. Even if they found out their beloved’s jerk-off inspiration materials in the meantime.

Wait, normal people would be more unhappy after finding them. Nevermind.

Alex gave her brother an inspecting look as he walked in. No foreign long hair from unidentified girls on his body. No change of smell. Seemed all right, probably avoided the sun.

Said sibling had something on his mind himself, and was slowly trying to focus and buckle up for the unavoidable confrontation and his own attempt to apologize… but seeing how she already appeared before him, he almost wanted to run away.

Still, Gary was determined to speak, but stayed silent for a moment, re-gathering his courage. Said moment grew slightly longer after he realized something was wrong with his sister, but he decided he was ready and opened his mouth to speak.

- Alex, about yesterday at school… I’m sorry. I reacted way too strongly. What you did wasn’t even wrong, it’s just that… you’re always pushing slightly too far with your care. I’m really sorry.

- Well, I guess with you trying to socialize further with people, and with your new interests, you need your sister’s dedication less and less, huh?

They were both surprised a bit… Alex, because this came out not suggestive enough and too strongly. Gary, because his hope of her just accepting after some silly and cute antics evaporated after the first sentence she said. Still, he pressed onwards.

- I... honestly want to apologize. I am sorry. Really. Please forgive me?

Alex appeared to be considering it. Of course, he might’ve suspected she’s gonna be lenient, and she planned to be from the very beginning.

- Well, since you’re asking so nicely, probably a person as good as me should consider. Especially if it’s your treasured sister. Am I your treasured sister that you’re asking to forgive you?

She was probably flashing him the biggest mad grin one could imagine, but, after seeing what she saw just moments before and finally being in a position of power over him, she was just so much in
the mood to do these things to her brother that she couldn’t help it.

- Alex, I’m serious here. I thought you’d be, too.

- Oh, can’t you see I’m very serious? I cannot forgive you if you’re not really sorry and if you treat this like you stepped on some unimportant neighbor’s field, can I?

- Stop teasing me. It’s not going to have any effect you may want it to have, you should’ve learned by...

- Huh, that’s not smart of you. Calling me a tease instead of a treasured sister won’t help you.

- It’s pretty clear you’ve already forgiven me and you’re just trying to make me feel more miserable and act more apologetic.

- Oh, he acts like he’s so smart now. And yet, he didn’t think of a girl’s delicate body and her caring heart when he shouted at her after pushing her against a wall... A girl who was just doing her best to look out for him, too!

- You should stop your little act and make up with me already… - Gary seemed to finally lose his patience and his momentary composure. - … Come on? Please?

- No can do. Come on, brother. You know I need to hear it every once in a while.

Her brother clearly hesitated, but she felt his resistance waver. Then, he overdid things, which nearly made Alex squeal in happiness. He walked over to her and embraced her.

- I’m really sorry, my dearest sister. Can you find it in yourself to forgive me, please? It’s an honest apology and request to a sibling I treasure so much.

[“Yes! Yes Yes Yes Yes! I’m MELTING! Please, Gary, keep it up, please continue… Ahh! Don’t bring your hips closer, or you’ll feel your sister’s naughty erection! Or maybe you want to… Gary, you should stop after all, or sister won’t be able to con…”]

- Alex? Alex, is everything all right? – Gary asked, his voice now concerned.

- Yes, brother. I’m sorry. Your sister is just moved… So moved that you hugged her on your own. You often act like… I reacted strongly because sometimes it feels like I’m such a bother to you.

It appeared that calmed him, and actually made him smile

- Actually… it’s okay, sometimes. Sure, you’re always joking around and teasing me, which is annoying, but it’s not like I could dislike my own sister for something so insignificant.

[“Your “dear sister” knows everything, you dirty bastard. You look at these women and animated chicks with lust in your eyes instead of directing your attention at the one that loves you. Bad boy. I wonder if I should expose you… Oh, but if I did, I wouldn’t be able to enjoy Brother’s dirty mind in the future, would I?”]

- Your sister forgives you, but please be gentle with her in the future.
Sure, Sis. I know I overreacted. – Gary said, breaking the embrace completely now, somewhat to her disappointment.

Oh, unless she doesn’t want to, of course. Sometimes, a little force is fun, don’t you think?

Alex smiled meaningfully after saying that. Gary cringed, as if he also caught the double entendre.

Sister, it sounds like… something’s not completely all right with you today.

That’s because your sister made an important discovery!

Discovery? What do you mean, discovery?

Ah, yes, a discovery… but it’s a se-cret! In any case… Please, continue to say kind words and let your sister discover interesting things in the future.

Gary sighed and showed her a small frown.

You’re going too far with the act again, Alex.

He was clearly a bit angry once more. Alex’s mind was racing. Did Brother think her flirtation was just for fun? A method of teasing as a joke?

“No good, Gary! You’re too smart to think that! Do you really need to be told everything straight to the face like the other guys?” – she wondered, as he moved past her, heading for the stairs.

Suddenly, the albino boy was hugged from behind, Alex no longer worried about her softening erection being pressed against him.

I am not acting, Gary. This is the “me” that you’re supposed to see. Not an act. A special, caring Alex just for her brother. Made courtesy of your mother Alice Lunarson and your no good father whom we don’t know. With the added perk of honest affection for her sibling, all in an economic package. Aren’t you happy?

Gary was stunned momentarily, not knowing how to respond to that.

“No, it has to be a joke. The Alex I know would never say such embarrassing things other than as a joke!”

He managed to get himself out of the hug and look at her sister disapprovingly.

You know, Alex… I can’t even count the number of times I’ve been telling you not to joke around in that way. I seem to do it often.
It was Alex’ turn to show a little anger. She didn’t hesitate to punch her brother in the abdomen, and even though it lacked excessive force, it was a strong enough jab to hurt.

- And I already said I AM NOT kidding around at all! Stop treating me like one big joke! Stop underestimating me and thinking everything I do is just to tease! I’ve already been behaving like this for a long time, so accept it at last! It’s annoying when you never see why I really do some things and ignore me because I’m probably just kidding or acting “the way Alex acts”!

That surprised her brother. Stunned him, even – the fact that she was serious. What was he supposed to understand from it? Was it that Alex had some feelings that she shouldn’t have as a sister? Or did it mean she really and truly cared for him as more than a friend and as much as a sister can? Moreover, is it all right either way? How should he treat her after such a confession? And is she really completely serious, or just swept away by one of her moods?

Most importantly, he couldn’t let the situation escalate further than this.

- I… need some time alone… So… Sor…

- Of course you do. You’re a growing boy. You’ll probably start needing a lot more time alone all of a sudden.

Alex just watched her brother look at her, blinking, with rose-colored cheeks before it suddenly escalated and he started blushing so furiously it was as if blood was about to spill out of his cheeks. He apparently worried she might’ve meant “that”.

[“See, brother, your sis can have a comeback too. Now say it. “I don’t know what you’re talking about” or “I don’t have these kinds of interests!”’. Lie to your dear twin sister, pervy bastard. Lie and then go watch those big boobed girls when your sis is sitting here all alone hoping her brother finally recognizes her.”]

- I’ll… go now. Is that all right?

- Whatever you want. It’s not like what I say seems to get through to you.

Gary turned away from her, unable to take the pressure anymore, and practically ran to his room. Alex stared at the floor, pondering on why nothing seems to get across... and if it does, it seems she’s getting rejected.

[“ Is it because I’m not to his tastes? Is it because I’m his sister? I have certainly stopped just a few words short of coming out and saying it plainly to his face. Gary is way too smart to ignore all those hints.”]
Her hands reached her chest, feeling whatever made it just barely more plump than that of a boy.

[“Should I ask Adam for help regarding my figure? It’s really not too girly. Maybe that’s the issue. Maybe brother isn’t really seeing me as a girl and just acts like he is out of concern or gentleness…”]

It was rare enough that Adam came to visit, but this time, apparently, it was because of something important.

More specifically, it appeared he had been offered a job overseas. A job that really interested him. Now, he was talking to his sister about said job.

- I know that such a separation may be difficult, Alice, but this is really a fantastic opportunity. Not only will I improve my qualifications and may become a well-known scientist, also thanks to this new university I will be able to have access to many facilities and technologies that I can’t have here. Just think about it! Think of how much I could achieve if I could focus just on my job there and work with people equally qualified!

- I... understand, Adam. I always knew you wanted to leave a mark on our world and I probably always felt that if it’s you, you can, but... This is just so sudden. Are you sure this is legit? More importantly, how long it would be before you leave? – Alice answered, hints of both worry and pride in her voice.

- It is legit, Alice. This French-English family is apparently pretty old and accomplished, and they decided to gather up their funds and start a project like this. It does help that they won a few lotteries lately as well, which just increased their overall funding capacity. We’re talking about people with, pardon me, a shitload of money wanting to establish a university that will become the best in the country in a matter of years and near the top of the world in a decade or two.

- But... Why Canada?

- I don’t know. Seems like their own fancy. Since their family is cross-nations and they’re practically all bilingual, a country that mostly uses French and English like Canada must seem appealing to them.

- I... I see. That means you’ll be moving overseas in... how long?

- Three or four months. They want to make sure I’m qualified to do this. I just barely got on the list of potential employees due to the distance... But I am there and I can get that job. I’m sure of it.

- I believe in you as well, brother. I’m just sad that we’ll have to part.

- Well, you’ll be getting my house here in Australia, and I’ll try to visit as well as arrange visits for all of you. Also, if he’s interested, I’d like Gary to apply for our university once he comes of age.

- Gary?
Yes. He’s a bright young boy. If we manage to give him the best education possible, he can also
develop or invent something great, and leave his mark on the world we live in.

Well, you can talk to him about it... but only once he is older. I don’t want him distracted like that
when he is still in his childhood. I want him to just... enjoy himself and learn properly.

I see. Then, I’ll refrain from talking with him about this... for now.

Alex wanted to see you about something. She’s probably in her room. She seemed moody and
depressed for all day, but I’m pretty sure she’ll still want to talk about it.

Adam went towards Alex’s room, but instead, saw her sitting by the computer. It was rare. Alex was
always rather the type to enjoy physical activities or, more rarely, reading certain stories rather than
playing or surfing the Net. That would suit Gary more.

He approached his niece, who immediately noticed him and gave him a weak smile. Something must
indeed be wrong.

Hello, Alex.

Hi, Uncle. Ummm, why are you here? You visit so rarely these days... Must be work. I know you
really like your work... It’s just a bit harder because you can always be talked to about some things
that Mom doesn’t seem to want to hear about or understand...

Something’s wrong, isn’t it? You seem especially down today.

Is this the reason you came? Mother called you?

No, I’m here to kind of warn everyone that we may be saying “goodbye” soon. I’m quite likely to
be employed overseas in three or four months, and I’ll be going to Canada.

But... what about mother? What about me? You know you’re the only person I can talk to when I
have problems that relate to my... condition! How will we...

We’ll still be seeing each other, Alex. Just rarely. There’s also the internet, phones, and such... I
can still help you whenever it’s possible, I guess.

I... see. Your work was always important to you, Uncle Adam, so I guess it’s a vital thing for it.
Anyway... I wanted to ask you something.

What is it, Alex?

Alex sighed and tried to wrap her “problem” into proper words.

I’m... developing slower than other girls my age. I have no breasts or hips at all compared to
some. I’m at the very bottom of the well, it seems. I just wondered... Is there any easy way to make
my body more “girly”? I’ve searched the Internet, but all these things... Like implants. They look so
bad! And they seem to have so many possible complications...

Alex, you have a crush on someone, don’t you?

Wa –wha-what? What?! Uncle, I... How did you...
- You’re always rather chipper and confident and you rarely seem down, Alex. But now, you’re complaining about your body as if attractiveness was the most important thing at age of fourteen. You always seemed a bit more patient and understanding as well as accepting of herself. My guess is that you found a guy you seriously like and he just seems to prefer girls slightly more... “Stacked”.

- I’m not sure if that’s what he prefers. But, it wouldn’t seem to bother him if I were… and… well, it’d just be nice to feel I am more womanly and, well, attractive. Wanted.

- You really are a girl, Alex.

- You think so?

- Yes. This is a common problem for girls. The issue of attractiveness. Is their body really what it should be? The best it can be? Are they really the most attractive girls for their boyfriends, or potential boyfriends? Girls worry themselves over this regardless of whether they appeal to their important people, and many make stupid mistakes about changing the way they look because of it.

- It’s not like having other girls’ problems is making me glad...

- The issue is, Alex, we have no idea how your body works. Even after so long. I don’t know if you’ll end up being more boyish or girlish or whether you’ll suddenly start growing and changing into something the other women will be jealous of. It’s impossible to determine at this point. Your body doesn’t even seem to have a set growing type. You sometimes develop everything equally and at other times, it’s growth spurts of specific… parts. I don’t know what we could do to improve it without ruining it.

- I don’t care what’s natural or what my body wants! I want to feel desired and attractive! I want him to look at me and think I am beautiful and sexy!

- So does everyone, I imagine, especially every girl! But, we have to keep your health and the more important things in mind. Most of all, you’re too young for this to really be an issue. I won’t interfere with anything until you are sixteen at the very least! That being said… I will soon be going to work at a place with many excellent scientists, so we may think of something that will help you. But even then, I’ll only accept minimal interventions to push your body, TEMPORARILY, into the direction you want it to move to. The rest has to be nature’s course. Do you understand?

- Yes. It’ll be difficult to wait, but… I guess you know the best. I’m still a kid and really impatient, but… It’s not like I’ll be moving forward for a long time. Then again, maybe I will. Either way, we’re still young, so I guess we can wait...

- I’m glad to hear you’re being so mature. Also, Alex, let me tell you one thing. Any normal guy, or, well, girl, would rather accept their partner’s body as it is than have her undergo surgery, no matter the quality of implants or skill of the doctor. Do you understand? Those things can actually make you seem cheap and less attractive. Opposite of what they were meant to do.

- I… see. But I’ll still try to ask the guy himself what he thinks about these kinds of things.

- I guess that’s fair. Do you feel better now?

- A bit, yes. More importantly, I discovered something interesting. It’s about time boys start getting really interested in sex, right?

That seemed a bit out of the blue. Adam did make sure Alex was more aware of everything early,
due to her uniqueness, but that wasn’t something he was really comfortable discussing, or what he thought they should be discussing. Still, he had to answer somehow.

- Ummm… Yes, that seems correct. But, regular girls most often prefer to wait until they’re sure, and only really develop any kind of interest later in life. Some dislike sex for most of their lives and only do it kinda out of obligation to the men they feel tied to…

- Well, it may be because I’m part boy, but I am… rea, uhh, somewhat interested. I guess you’ll say fourteen is a bit too early for the real thing, and I know that. I do intend to wait until I’m really sure the boy I like returns my feelings and desperately wants to do this… but would you say there is anything boys really like when it comes down to the real thing?

- Alex, you’re still too young to be asking about that.

- I am not!

- Yes, you are. When you’re fifteen or sixteen, you may be mature enough to start asking those questions.

- But you’ll be gone to Canada by then!

- Well, we’ll still have emails and stuff. So please be patient.

- It’s really bad I cannot talk to Mother about things like this.

- Well, you can. I just don’t know how she’ll respond. The break-up after you two were born…

- It really broke her, I know. Gary probably noticed, too. He’s too smart not to. That’s why he always tries to rely on himself and that’s partially why I always make sure he doesn’t have to.

- You are a good sister, Alex.

[“Yet I so, so wish I could be more than only that.”]

- Thanks, Uncle. I will try to contain my curiosity about these things, for the time being, but I’ll probably fail in the short run at least. There’s something I really want to know about really really soon.

- You’re a good sister, and yet you’re taking the tainting of your innocence so easily. That’s a bad thing.

- Not to everyone. I just wonder if that one specific person would like it…

- I will have to get going now, Alex.

- First, promise you won’t leave to Canada without a proper goodbye.

- That I can promise. – Adam answered with a smile.
Alex was lying in her bed, but she definitely will not be sleeping anytime soon.

Gary wasn’t. She could tell. The air was too heavy. He did not lock his door so they wouldn’t make too much of a noise when he tried to open them in the night. He was really going to go through with “it” this very night. And he’ll be so tired and sleepy in the morning, that he won’t be able to defend himself against her affectionate teasing. But right now, what mattered was that she’ll be able to see everything she wants to.

She had everything mapped out. Planned. Even if her beloved brother was masturbating to something other than her, she would like to be there to see it. She wondered if he’d get naked, but as long as she saw his privates, she’d probably be satisfied. She heard the steps moving right beside her own doors. Gary opened it and peeked in, seeing only his sister in all her innocence, resting after a tiring day.

So good at lying, that little minx.

He closed the doors behind him with as little sound as possible and moved forward.

Alex was already on her feet, waiting to hear him move further around the house.

Once she was sure about the distance, she opened the door to her room, and moved slowly and with incredible focus. She even surprised herself at the efficiency. Her brother probably couldn’t hear her.

Approaching the important part of her road to seeing her own brother jerk off, Alex gazed upon the trap door.

Anyone normal would think it was insane.

Alex just deemed it necessary.

Opening the trap door as slowly and quietly as possible, she entered the attic.

Infrequently, Gary would take her to the attic for some tutoring. They’d also hide if they were committing something unsightly and hiding from mother…

Like eating sweets. Or pizza bought with mom’s cash.

They also played hide and seek there.

Other than that, the attic held little purpose and was rarely ever used. Now, it became a crucial part of
her master plan.

[“I am really getting into this… Odd.”]

She approached one of the windows on the side of the attic, and opened it. Staring through it, she measured the chances of reaching the so-much-wanted balcony once again.

[“I am no longer sane. I can no longer stop.”]

It was good enough. She jumped onto the window, leaned out, grabbed the pipe on the side of the roof, and suspended herself in midair. Slowly moving down, her feet against the wall, Alex felt like a secret agent.

[“Gary, you better make it worth this!”]

She went as far as the pipe would allow, then outstretched her arm to grab a cable just over the balcony.

Failed. Tried again. Also failed.

[“Stupid cable! Nothing will stop Alex from watching her bro in the most private and intimate moment possible for a teenager! Gary will be mine to watch!”]

She finally grabbed the cable. Thanking Gods she was still light, she slowly moved down the wall with her legs, before stepping on the edge of the balcony’s enclosure and, then, slowly sneaking onto the balcony proper, behind the wall, and hiding just below the window.

She took a deep breath in.

[“Please be there, Gary. Please have it in your hand or start pulling it out at least. Please.”]

She crawled to the side of the door on all fours before peeking from behind the doorframe. He was there.

[“God, oh God, the computer is turned on.”]

She gazed a little longer and further, noticing her brother sitting, slightly flushed, in front of the monitor.

[“I am as well, metaphorically speaking.”] Alex added in her head.

She moved back to the window, moved a bit upwards from her half-kneeling position, and peeked through, into the room. Her brother was now more clearly visible, but the distance was safe. Or so it seemed. She also saw the monitor.

[“Oh, it’s that one. With the dumb story. Childhood friends and stuff. At least the girl that does pervy stuff in it seems kind of normal compared to all these other hentai freaks. But her breasts are still a bit too big for my tastes…”]
She peeked out again. He was clearly doing that motion.

Alex didn’t masturbate much with either “side” of her sex. As soon as she learned about it, she tested it both ways. Her girl parts seemed too sensitive to pain and not enough sensitive to pleasure. Her male part seemed to take too long to actually feel good, although the ejaculation provided a great feeling, but was just too much work if you asked her, and the afterglow just felt like utter tiredness when combined with all the effort.

Now, watching her brother do it seemed like an even more erotic experience than doing it herself. After a while, she couldn’t help but simply stare continuously, almost as if not caring whether the object of observation sees her or not.

She couldn’t tell how long it lasted, but it seemed pretty abrupt when it ended. She felt the show Gary gave was a little too short. Her brother shot out a pretty tremendous amount of white fluid, getting his pajamas all dirtied in the process. He seemed to pant and try to regain composure, before standing up and… starting to undress.

It was a long, torturous process for Alex, who watched it cautiously and carefully, her eyes wide open and mouth slightly agape, focused completely on what she perceived as a beautiful sight. Her cheeks were flushed and she was breathing heavily as he started to pull up his stained shirt.

[“Flat abdomen, as expected… Brother’s hipbone… And now, that hint of the ribs… He still has some muscles despite becoming a nerd, huh? No, wait, now, the chest… God, how come no other girls can see the way he looks? Are they blind or dumb? Shirt is off… Brother’s beautiful white skin… stretched over this so seemingly delicate but firm body…”]

She licked her lips.

[“You’re going to continue, right, Gary? You’re going to keep undressing for your twin sister. That’s it, grab the hem of those pajama pants… They must be all DIRTY and STICKY just as it is now in your sister’s underwear…”]

She could barely take it. Her erection seemed to get even bigger and her vagina, the part that made her thoughts about being a female actual and real, was responding, too. She couldn’t remember being so horny in a lifetime. She looked down at herself. Her own pajamas were brutally tented by her violently throbbing erection, , not to mention she never felt such moistness on and inbetween her thighs. That was one hell of a difference compared to when she tried to “tease” her vagina on her own earlier.
“Can you see what you’re doing to me, Brother? You’re making your sister all hot and bothered… It’s unfair to give me such a sexy show… You only have to deal with one organ, I have two! They both want you so much, Brother… I need your touch now, but you’re busy… Are you going to masturbate again? Will you at least let your sister jerk off to the sight of you naked? I’m sure I’ll be satisfied for quite a while if you do, so please, get naked and rub another one out. Just…for…me…”

She lowered her own lower pajamas and grabbed her erection. It already seemed to get slightly too big for her hand. She wondered about her brother’s size. From here, when he was still mostly covered and with his hand partially hiding it, it seemed… adequate, but she wondered.

She looked up to see her brother’s profile. With those wonderful, muscular thighs and legs of his. Gary was a good, fast runner, so even if the rest of his body seemed more delicate, his legs would be like this…

She licked her lips as she watched his buttocks. There was nearly no jiggle to them no matter how he moved, confirming the firmness. Alex started to stroke herself.

“Naked. Gary is naked in front of me. If I could just barge in there, we’d be bound to… Something would have to happen, right? Both of us naked, turned on, thinking dirty thoughts all day… Our bodies pressing together and… and stuff…”

She eyed his semi-erect penis as he turned back to the computer, apparently turning down the volume, and putting on one of these striptease videos.

“I see. Not only will you last longer, but also, you don’t lose much from having little to no sound since they’re just undressing themselves. But, to do it twice in a row… Brother, you’re a beast… I want you to get wild like that when we’re alone together…”

Her fingers teased the head of her erection. Neither Gary nor Alex were circumcised, although Alex had seemingly little foreskin to begin with. Even with this, the head was especially sensitive since it rarely came into contact with too much other stuff than the foreskin or her rather delicate underwear.

“Do you feel like this when you’re stroking it, Gary? It’s… seeping some clear liquid out… this hasn’t happened before. Neither did it ever throb so violently for longer than really short periods of time…”

She looked up again, and was treated to the sight of Gary’s full erection this time.

Gary had a proper coverage of foreskin, since he wasn’t circumcised, but now with full erection and after a few strokes, it was partially pulled down. The head of his penis seemed somehow different from hers. It had less color, with a twinge of something unnatural like gray. The skin there was just barely darker than the rest of his body, courtesy the large amount of blood vessels. Gary’s erection seemed somehow smaller than hers, although the difference was mostly in width, not in length. Still, it appeared pretty impressive, especially on the body of someone who wasn’t very big, either in bodily height or width. Alex felt her mouth water even more than when she saw his buttocks.

“I wonder what it tastes like… My dear brother’s body… No good… Slow down, Alex. You can’t
ejaculate already, Gary just got started on round two…”

She twisted her wrist as she added a little spin to her hand’s movement. Her penis was connected to the ground by a small string of clear liquid, but she was lost in a world of her own as she pulled the foreskin up and down, her hand rubbing along more than half of her shaft, occasionally teasing the head.

Her brother’s testicles, on the other hand, seemed much different from hers. Alex’s were smaller and their bottom seemingly overlapped with the very top of her female parts, at least compared to what she’d seen on “regular” girls. For some reason, it felt weird and a bit stimulating to her female and male parts alike to pull on her testicles or tease them, but just a bit of excessive force and she’d scream.

Gary’s balls were a bit bigger and with a little pubic hair, unlike hers, which were utterly bare. She kind of wondered how it’d feel for him if she touched them and rolled them in her hands while he was masturbating.

[“Stroke it for me, Gary. Train yourself for the day you deflower your twin sister. I am very sure right now. One day I want to have sex with my brother. Any way possible. Stroke it faster, harder. I’m at my limit here, honey! Your sister is so very horny because of your little show. You’re such a dirty tease. You understand right? If you’ll do things like this, I won’t be able to control myself. If you rub this wonderful pretty body against your sister ever again, I’m gonna go ahead and force myself on you… Throw both of our virginities into a trash can…”]

She started to gently tease her lower balls and then her entrance with the fingers of her left hand, switching to the right for the male-part masturbation.

Her member was now spewing precum and her masturbation was giving off a shlicking noise, thankfully muffled by the walls and out-noised by whatever sounds the stripping girls were making – otherwise, Gary might’ve heard her. Similarly, Gary’s own member seemed to twitch and expand, his skin flushing, making Alex almost drool with arousal, excitement and sheer want.

[“… I don’t need something as useless as virginity if I get to have Gary… But…It’s no good… I’m just making myself hornier thinking all these dirty things… It would be wrong and I don’t think I’m courageous enough… but… but…”]

Her brother’s breathing seemed a bit irregular, and his strokes were sort-of losing tempo, falling out of any rhythm as he apparently tried to bring about a second orgasm.

[“If brother were to do these dirty things to me on his own… I’d accept happily… My heart would probably pound its way out of my chest, since it gets so fast and all just from watching this.”]

Gary was practically splashed onto the chair, his legs set wide apart and his back arched, giving Alex a wonderful if side-view display. She looked at every single slightly protruding bone and refined
muscle on his body before returning her eyes to the sight of his erection, now again leaking plenty of that clear liquid. She continued to watch. These dirty strippers had some moves, and would have probably looked sexy to her if not for the clearly superior view of her albinotic brother on display. She could not understand why only she seemed to perceive him as so attractive. With his white skin and hair and those beautiful, lovely eyes, he looked like an angel from above. Yet, looking at him now, it was a very corrupted, lewd angel. The thought made Alex’s womanhood twitch and throb inside, and her erection seemed ready to erupt any second.

Gary picked up the pace, tugging on his member rapidly. Alex abandoned teasing her opening and was now jerking herself off with both hands.

[“Yes, yes Gary! Blow a load for your sister! Do it together with her! I want to see you displayed like that, erupting, shivering in ecstasy! I want to see that beautiful face grimacing as you feel the best pleasure possible! I’ve waited so long! I’ve held back so long! I know I’m a sick dirty little sister, but please indulge me today! Give your sister all this white delicious looking cream hiding inside these wonderful cock and balls of yours!”]

Gary’s head was thrown back as a thick rope of semen erupted from his shaft. Alex absolutely couldn’t hold it in anymore. Her voice trapped in her throat, she also couldn’t help moaning, which came out very croaked and silent, thankfully.

- ....A....Ahhhh!

She never felt like this. Her erection was pulsing and pumping enough fiery, thicker-than-ever liquid through it that it should be enough to substitute milk for her brother’s morning coffee, and he used plenty. Now, that was a thought. Making her brother coffee and exchanging milk with her own cum. It made her shaft pump semen even further as the weird, tingly feelings overcame her. It was as if a flashlight covered in feathers was turned on and vibrating in her crotch, making her feel all these sensations and radiance. Her shaft continued to spew the white liquid about, though it was losing the earlier-mentioned thickness and viscosity. Alex’ cock orgasms usually were pretty watery, so she was actually surprised at the early state of her load, even if it barely registered.

The load splattered all over the wall, covering it in wetness. She continued long after her brother was just pumping out the last drops, having held her first ejaculation unnaturally long just so she could see his second.

She was never so turned on in her entire life, and never felt so much pleasure.

[“So, If I just add a little Gary to that barely over mediocre thing called “masturbation”, it’s suddenly amazing?”]

Her brother got up. She licked her lips.

[“Yes, come here, you dirty boy. Your sister will personally wring the last drops out of you. I mean, if you see this wall all splattered in white liquid, there’s no way you’d misunderstand. You’ll know for sure. You will know how much your sister wants you. Your heart, mind, body, those sexy muscles, those dips and curves, those taut buttocks, the hole between them and that dirty penis of yours… everything. Every little thing! Come here and discover for yourself. Your sister blew such a
Alex was practically in the grip of something she hasn’t felt too often before. It was very similar to this dark thing that made her think extreme thoughts whenever Gary rejected her, but it was more… hungry. Voracious, ravenous, and vicious. It was like a part of her wanted to devour everything her brother consisted of, then fill him up with her own essence and keep him as a puppet – or a sex toy.

She slowly brought herself back onto her normal train of thought, which of course realized that, primo, her brother should NOT know that she saw and masturbated to the sight of him masturbating, and secundo, there’s no way to remove or explain the stains on the wall her ejaculation left. She more-or-less came buckets and the only thing that she had to remove it with were her own pajamas. She reached out and scooped a bit of her semen from the upper part of the wall, tasting it.

[“It’s no good. I’m just making my mind dirtier by doing this.”]

Gary gathered his clothes and left the room after turning off the computer. Alex, hesitantly, wiped her cream off the wall using her blouse and gently opened the balcony doors.

She really hoped that one day, she’d get to at the very least masturbate in the same room as her brother, if not have sex with him. For now, however, the walls between the balcony and the room, and the hidden way she had to do this, symbolized the distance between them.

Just like that, though, Alex’s sexuality was fully awakened. From that time on, she often became aroused when in presence of people attractive to her, and her brother was the most attractive most of the time, at least for the couple of years to come.

It would make her life difficult in the future.
Eventually, secrets like Alex's have to come to light, and when they do, they've to be hidden back again. When they're punished for what they are and pushed away, even bright and joyful ones get stained shades that are darker and darker.

It was problematic to say the least, that sort of event happening with the end of the school year still not that close by. After watching what Gary was doing, Alex found pleasuring herself had become a lot better, especially if he was involved in her fantasies or she was able to directly include sexual output about Gary in some way. Trying the first tentative touches about her womanhood and even the other hole while laying down on his bed, sometimes face completely immersed in his pillow, helped her realize just how sensitive her female parts could get, despite no evident magic pleasure spot on the outside of them that some girls interested in doing such actions might find. Imprinting the sight of him in various states of undress to stroke herself off to later. Finding out the names of the models or artists that helped him reach a level of excitement necessary for masturbation and imagining they were doing it together, or just that ‘this was they girl they were both using, were both making dirty’.

It’s not like Gary was *necessary* for her to be excited. He just made things *better*. Even a quick stroke without any input whatsoever felt significantly better than her first tentative attempts at masturbation from the time before she watched her brother do it, and that was what complicated her situation… and ruined her school life.

After all, physical education lessons amongst girls who entered puberty could be categorized as watching attractive people in a certain state of undress.

Some girls in front of her were certainly very girly. Smooth skin. Pretty necks and hairlines. Eyes that draw you in, and lips that promise something.

Some of them were not too tall to be perceived as less attractive because of it – unlike her at the time – but with legs that somehow went on forever. Some were not too plump or too thin, again, unlike her at the time, but with hips that just seemed to have the most delightful bounce to them.

Their budding, developing bodies, occasionally, only at times, made Alex think that these fictional people some folks read about, fantasized about, the ones that Gary stroked himself off reading and watching stories about *were possible*, as long as it was *these* few girls growing into them.

And now, because this was the time they were with another class, there were two girls of this kind in one room. With nothing but their physical education clothes on. Doing these silly warm-up and
stretching exercises, next to each other. Right in front of her.

So it was all visible up close and personal to her. So it was making her angry about why she couldn’t be the one looking that way. It was making her jealous how easy it would be for them to draw stares of people they wanted to watch them. It was making her excited to see the contrast of their bodies compared to boys, and even to herself. It was *almost* making her understand why people found a lightly tanned, healthy complexion, a curve to the hips and their contrast with a flat tummy and visible breasts so attractive, at least in a girl, and why some people apparently were able to go for boys and girls.

Alex had nothing these girls had, except maybe for legs and height – but for her age, particularly for a girl, she was still a little too tall for that to be an asset. But she did have one thing none of these girls had, and that too was too well-developed for her age. Since her birth, and now still. If it was a boy, maybe they’d be able to hide it, but not a girl, and not when the size was, objectively for the tender age of fourteen, as big as Alex’ was.

And as such, when she got excited, aroused, and when it showed, it was not possible to hide, much less for anyone to miss it in a girl’s physical education lesson. In girl’s PE clothes, in a class filled with girls, doing exercises that caused your body to move around, clothes to slide, wedge, and unwedge, hiding something that was already well on its way to approaching the sizes average adult men packed and was throbbing and straining in clothes designed for a girl, in a class supposed to be exclusively for girls, was frankly simply impossible.

That’s what pushed her further down that slope, and that’s what started to make her realize just how badly she stood out in a world of normal people.

The following years were not a nice time for Alex.

**Two years later...**

Not a nice time at all.

Between her growing affection for her brother, even more quickly growing sexual desires and the dark mix that easily came as a result of the two, as well as one horrible event, much of her light-heartedness and cheerfulness was sapped over time.

Because not only apparently her brother didn’t share even half of the love and one hundredth of the
desire she had for him, and made it quite visible, she also had to survive the worst thing.

She had her secret discovered.

It was a horrible day, and it was apparent what she was when she “popped a boner” during a physical education class.

Short things short, lies were fed to other children about her and she switched schools. She hadn’t contacted Lachlan for some time since then, and overall, lost much of her vigor as well as, it seemed, all of her friends.

Of course, there was always this one constant. Her brother. Never ceasing to keep calling her “sister” and treating her like she was, indeed, a 100% genetic girl that happened to be his twin and happened to have problems.

His behavior was the most unbearable teasing and the worst temptation for her already Gary-oriented heart. Throughout the process of her changing schools, he kept supporting her, making an effort to be nice, friendly, helpful with anything and everything.

It would’ve been so much easier for her if he was just his usual shy, distant self. Maybe the feelings wouldn’t build and accumulate on top of each other. Maybe if she didn’t have more and more reasons to feel he was so special and precious, she could give him up eventually.

However, having stopped contacting Lachlan out of fear that he would simply react as anyone else to the information that was the “official” version – namely, that Alex was simply a cross-dresser who wanted to become female in the future, still a better, less freaky and more believable story than her being a fully functional hermaphrodite, and also a more family friendly version.

Of course, said official version still marked her as a freak, but they allowed her to change schools with very little information leakage.

It’s not like there were so many people she was attached to, but it still hurt.

As usual in life, there were also some good moments. Occasional shows of affection and such a strong care on her brother’s part were very enjoyable even if they ended up bringing her pain a couple days later. Also, Uncle Adam finally had send her two small syringes of medications, which were supposed to, respectively, increase her female hormone production for a time while decreasing testosterone production, and to lower her sensitivity to androgens, meaning male hormones overall, for a while.

They came with a warning that the ultimate result may not be what she had imagined and is hard to predict, and to not take everything in at once.

The results of the medications, which appeared after a while, coupled with Alex’s not infrequent
working out and her finally naturally maturing and growing physique changed her into someone else.

Someone girly and attractive. Feminine, even. She was still tall for a girl, but now, at least, she had most if not all of the dips and curves a young woman’s body should possess. She went from being flat-chested to having healthy, perky breasts, now still fitting into a B-Cup bra, if on their way out of it – they seemed to still be growing. Much to Alex’s satisfaction, her newfound attractiveness wasn’t entirely lost on Gary. Or at least, his behavior would somehow suggest that she looked attractive or pretty. Never more than that, though, and the occasions were rare.

At her new school, however, a few boys’ reactions seemingly confirmed her suspicions – her “new self” was quite desirable to the male sex, at least, on the outside. Of course, the problem was that she was partially male herself, only one man currently in her life knew that – her brother. It still couldn’t help her get over the fact that Gary was seemingly only trying to be close to her due to protective brotherly instincts rather than any true attraction or affection, or that she wasn’t able to keep in touch with these few true friends she had.

It also didn’t help the shock that they had to cover up her story with a story that made people call her freak for a while.

It just hit her even harder : How odd, how much of an abomination was she, if they had to lie in order for people to barely accept that and still call that “made-up-story” version of her a freak?

She was clinging on to the last hope, losing which might as well cause her entire personality to collapse and she’d had to rebuild from the ruins and leftovers : that now she had properly grown into a girl, regardless of how much Adam’s “additional medications” – which were illegal and unethical, probably, but now, seeing the effects, she’d never complain - helped to cause it, now, she had at least a shade of a chance to attract Gary’s attention as a woman rather than as the fragile sister who had a bad accident at school. It was the only thing Alex wanted these days. To have a hug that wasn’t “I know it’s hard, but you’ll get over it”. To get a kiss that wasn’t “what are you doing, Alex?” or “there, it will be all better”. She didn’t want her brother to get so anxious and irritated when she required a little bit of skinship or if they somehow bumped into each other barely clothed – not that this was always unplanned.

Most of these were seemingly little things, but that would satisfy her, for now. Yet, she couldn’t get them for herself. They were all out of her reach.

[“Because… how? How could brother love a freak like me the way a man loves a woman? Does that brother-sister thing even qualify as love? It seems to get in the way too much. We’re close enough to tease and irritate and annoy me with delusions of something, but not close enough to… to do anything. Anything at all. Anything would be good…”]
She was checking her clothes for the day after tomorrow. Uncle Adam was returning for two days and they were going to get a couple rooms in a hotel, with a pool, for their reunion. That meant at least a little rest from all the stress…

Not to mention the possibility to show off her body… Or see Gary’s much less covered. Of course, he’d avoid the sun, but still, the possibility was there, when under the cover, or in the shade, or inside, or at evenings.

Alex smiled weakly. [“Gary just in his swimming underpants? That’s a sight to see…”]

She looked over at her clothes. She tried so hard to look cute at the very least… And yet, those words or actions of confirmation were so rare.

[“Why is he always so distant… so harsh?”]

A sigh escaped her lips as she looked at the sets of clothes once again before throwing one of the swimsuits to the side.

[“I guess it’s all pointless anyway… Gary cannot look at me that way, can he? I want him to look. Only at me. Even for one day. Why is it so hard? Is it really so wrong because I’m part boy? Or is it because I’m his sister? Or maybe he’s interested in something I cannot provide? Why, Gary? Why? Can’t you see? I don’t give a damn! I don’t struggle because I had a boner due to a girl’s sexy round butt on PE and everyone saw! The only reason I’m struggling is… is… it’s because…”]

A single tear was shed. She spoke to the empty, shady room.

- You don’t love me. Not in the way I want you to.

She picked two bathing suits in case one got dirty or anything, and started hiding the rest of the clothes back into the closet.

She laid herself down on the bed, trying to ignore the obvious signs of arousal her body gave at the first thought of Gary in underwear. Her libido and sexual appetites were increasing at a no slower pace than her need for closeness, warmth and intimacy. Her thoughts were all too often filled with sexual fantasies of all kinds and she wasn’t always acting like a girl in them. Hell, they were not all about Gary nor even all about boys… not all were even one-on-one. But her brother was quite a constant element, and her presence in dreams or imagined situations was always one hell of a turn-on. She actually tried to research and understand what was wrong about incest.

But the words and images and stories and stuff would not speak a language her body or heart would
understand. “Higher possibility of genetical disadvantages” in children did nothing to calm down the
dull, hungry ache in her loins or the hardness just above them. Destruction of family bonds? Family
bonds would be strengthened or remade by this kind of love, not destroyed. She’d grow closer and
closer until her brother and lover was the most important person in the world to her, eternally. Social
or law issues? Her erect nipples, dreamy eyes and bitten lips – the “products” of her seeing the
albinotic boy anywhere close to nude would tell the world what she thought about those. God’s
commandments? If the Creator had any hand in any of this, then he was a fool and a sadist –creating
a girl with mismatched sex organs, a boy who was close to her and whom she fell in love with, and
making it so they *shouldn’t* love one another as a man and woman? Who does that?
Nothing made sense. Nothing could convince her or make her understand. Gary was the only person
she loved as a sibling, the only one she seemed to love in a romantic way and one of the very few
who really did it for her sexually. She didn’t think finding anyone better and more suited to her was
possible, so explaining this as a “passing foolishness” or “brother complex” was out of the question.

[“You’re in deep shit, Alex. You’re a unique type of hermaphrodite with only a few people knowing
the truth, one of whom happens to treat you as a girl you want to be, is physically attractive, can be
very kind, protected you when you were kids, and you can’t help loving him. That person is your
brother, so his and your relationship will never be acknowledged and it’d probably take hell for him
to even return your feelings. Congratulations. Now, “miss penis”, go down. We’re not doing it
today.”]

She woke up a little later than expected, going down tired. It took her a while to get to sleep with her
head full of images of her twin in inappropriate situations.

He was there, also in his pajamas, equally disheveled as her. The two shared a quick stare at each,
other, both unable to suppress smiles at the look of the other and the realization that they’re probably
guilty of the exact same thing. She approached him and run a hand through his hair, before seeing
what he was doing.

Cereals, taste - chocolate. Her favorite breakfast, recently. Of course he’d like it, too, which gave
them a headache as to how save them and how to keep track of who’s devouring too much.

- So, you’re... Wait, two bowls? Did you...

- Did I make you breakfast? Well, yes, considering you always keep feeding me too much, uncle is
already here, we both overslept, but you did it so marvelously and we’re going to have a few more
guests, I guessed I could at least save you some time.

- Gary, that’s so sweet...

- What do you mean, you always make food for me. Stop acting like it’s a big d...

His quickly approaching sister forced him to go back one step and bump into the table.

- A woman is entitled to her moods. I kind of want to act like it’s a big deal. Are you telling me that I
cannot?
Seriously, Alex, it’s like I can’t do anything without you teasing me!

You should be rewarded for trying to be nice, shouldn’t you? Come here, let me give you a “good morning” kiss, at the very least.

What?!

Her reaching hands suddenly rested on the table on both sides of him. She was kind of slouching while he was stretched backwards and away from her, so there was a small difference in height normally barely there these days – he was finally catching up with her.

Alex, seriously, stop that.

Come on, just a peck on the cheek, don’t be shy! Did you imagine your sister kissing you inappropriately, huh?

“[Ahh, the sweet blush. You did. You totally did. You need to just ask, Gary. *I can’t help but think I’d like it on the lips more.* Hell, just say “all right, wherever you want” and I’ll act on that…”]

He started breathing a bit more heavily as she drew closer, moving one of her hands further on the table in the manner of a walking cat and still resting her other arm on the edge.

But then, someone walked in. Uncle Adam. Seeing two kids nearly all over each other, with their hair disheveled, both of them rather flushed, he couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow and ask.

What are the two of you doing so early in the morning?

Ohhh, nothing compared to what we do at night, Uncle Adam!

Both of the men shot her with a shocked glance and then Adam assaulted Gary with a death glare. Her brother was at a loss of words as she gently surrounded him with an arm and drew him closer to her body as if to reinforce the incestuous image in Uncle Adam’s head.

“No kissing, so at least I’m entitled to this, right? Now go ahead, Gary. Make it seem like you’re an innocent young boy and your sister is just kidding around and teasing you. You imagined me kissing you and you were not going to stop me when I tried, right? So now you have to say these things, or Uncle will get the wrong idea. Or maybe we should simply make it the right idea?”

Uncle, she’s just joking. She was teasing me because it’s the first time since long ago I made her breakfast.

You’re sure? You two really seem like you had a rough night. Or an interesting morning.

Oi, Uncle, if he likes that thought too much, that part will press against me. Surely you don’t want to traumatize your little niece?
- Not so little. And you ruined the image, you see. After hearing you say that, I believe him.

She looked up at him – the albino boy was blushing fiercely, his normally incredibly pale skin only providing a greater contrast to the red color, but noticed something which immediately made a good morning into an awesome morning. Despite the situation, despite the fact that her arm was wrapped around him and the other one was cutting out his movement moments before, Gary made no effort to physically push her away. Realizing that, she beamed him a smile that seemed to relieve some of his tension. She half-mouthed, half whispered to him, all to make sure Adam couldn’t catch it.

- We have all day. You’ll get it later.

His blush became so intense she started to worry about her brother’s health, so she resolved not to put too much eroticism or teasing into her behavior before they arrived at the pool. He squirmed enough for now, and she didn’t want his ego to deteriorate or him to start getting too angry or confused.

She grabbed her bowl of cereal and waited for Gary to sit down at the table.

[“Opposite, or next to him?”]

She resolved on sitting next to him. He looked, but this time she only answered with a gentle smile. She was sure someone as smart and perceptive as her brother couldn’t miss all the glittering in her eyes and the cheerful way her body moved, but hoped he wouldn’t get the wrong idea – that being her mood improved because she got to make him look bad in front of the uncle. The answer was obvious – she was cheerful because he made her breakfast and she got to have some proper physical contact with him, without him acting like she was burning or something.

Uncle spoke:

- You two shouldn’t act like that in front of your mother. She has enough worries, and you almost had me convinced, Alex...

- Thank you. I practiced.

- Ha, ha, ha. Anyway, as you know, we’ll be having other guests today. Alex, they know about your… condition, so there’s little need to be shy. If you don’t want to be around them on the pool, however, we may simply seclude you a part or reserve it for longer hours...

- It should not be an issue. Although, more hours on the pool sound great, so do it anyway.

- Fine, fine. I thought you’d say that. I’ll be upstairs.

Ignoring her uncle, Alex once again turned her attention to her brother. He really did consume a lot of her attention, anyway, even when talking to Adam.
[“You have no idea how much such little things mean to me, do you? I wonder. I wonder if it annoys you if I appreciate every little detail…”]

She gently stroked his arm to get his attention. No jumping. No moving away.

[“I feel like Faust, suddenly. I’ll better wait for something better before wishing for this moment to last forever.”]

- Thanks, really.

- You should stop pressing that point. It’s really not a big deal, sister. You do these things for me all the time.

- It is kind of a duty of a woman, you know. And you always treat me like a girl, which I really like, so that’s what you get in return.

- It may be the duty of a woman, but aren’t you kind of forgetting something?

- And what would that be?

- I already have mother for these kinds of things! And, duty or not, it should be kept to specific people! I mean, you’re not MY woman, last I checked.

[“What do you mean I am not?! What the hell do you mean I am NOT?!? Wait, Alex, calm down. Maybe he’s… just checking. Needs reassurance. You shouldn’t scream at him or you’d ruin everything.”]

- I… I am, if you want me to be. – she said, with a quiet, calm voice that was meant to be anything but teasing or joking.

Gary rolled his eyes, turning to her again before starting to check all the signs. Quiet voice. Gentle flush to her cheeks. Seeming like she was almost trying to hide from his eyes. He went beet red again and started coughing, almost suffocating himself with his own cereal. He almost lost the balance in his chair trying to swallow it all, before spitting out, literally at the table and then, metaphorically, at her. The coughing and spitting left a bit of milk leave his mouth and drop onto the table, and he even spit out a half-chewed flake of cereal.

- You… shouldn’t say stuff like that to people. Especially not when you’re joking.

- You shouldn’t just assume I’m always joking.

That seemed to break Gary’s little shell, if not in the way she might’ve hoped.

- Do you ever stop!? That’s it, I’m done with you! Try to be nice and that’s what you get!

She gave her best “hurt” face at that, but in fact, was excited at her brother’s outburst. Very worried,
but definitely excited. Seeing him this emotional, flustered, embarrassed… was rather rare. As a matter of fact, it was so rare that it turned her on a little.

- *It’s because you say things like that that uncle and other people can misunderstand! Seriously, it’s so hard to be around you sometimes! I’m leaving! I’ll be in my room!* 

He took his cereal, spilling a little bit more milk at the table. He stopped, wondering if he should clean after himself, but did not, and moved upward. Alex decided to do the cleaning herself right away, but as she was about to, she decided she couldn’t help herself.

[“ Stupid clichés about indirect kisses. Gary doesn’t even salivate that much, so it’s pointless! But, still…”]

She leaned over the table and licked the small stream of milk that left the mouth of her brother, along with eating one of the half-chewed cereals. She’d probably continue the unhygienic feast if not for the lack of “food”, as well as her uncle coming down the stairs. She instead quickly cleaned up and acted as if she simply spilled a little bit of milk.

- *Where’s Gary?*

- *He’s in his room. I guess he’s not in the mood for jokes.*

Adam sighed and inspected his niece with a look. Apparently, what he was about to say was considered hard by his standards.

- *Alex, I’m going to have a talk with you about your relationship with Gary. You both claim these are jokes, but there are too many of them, especially recently. Also, you do not always *look* like you’re joking recently.*

- *Talk is cheap, isn’t it?*

- *Well, yes, that’s why I’m worried.*

- *Then, why do you want to *talk* about it? Just get a camera and check whether we bang like rabbits when nobody’s home.*

Alex was speaking with a half-smirk on her face, obviously not taking her uncle’s worry seriously. These people were so concerned about incest, that they couldn’t imagine anyone normal ever thinking about it, much less committing. Her uncle was probably worried she may *entertain* the idea. It wouldn’t fit even in the brain of such a genius that someone he knew, thought of as healthy member of the family with at least average level of intelligence and a mentally stable personality would go as far as to, rather than joke about it or just think about it, be already *dead set* on the idea. Because she was set on it. Occasionally, she made plans or spontaneously tried to lead to a situation where she would *commit* incest with Gary.

Adam, on the other side, went a bit redder with anger and embarrassment, and nearly smashed his
hand into the table to emphasize his point.

- Alex! I am serious about this. This isn’t something siblings should even be considering, yet it seems like such a small thing to you!

- Well, if you really are that worried, then I'll ease your burden. Gary’s too much of an intellectual, proper and composed guy to engage in such disgracing activities, especially with his sister.

- I’m more worried about you.

- Oh, I see. You even suspect something one-sided, and I seem so desperate… Or is it that I seem slutty or dirty-minded? Well, if you really want to talk, we’ll talk. But, later, right?

- Yes. I’ll be back with your mother. Make sure she doesn’t see anything that might be misinterpreted.

- I’ll keep my panties on, then.

- You have a weird sense of humor. And an annoying one.

She finished her meal and decided to go upstairs anyway. She had damaged relationships to mend.

Following proper etiquette, she knocked.

- Uncle’s out already. In case you want to talk to Gary, you may pretend I am not here.

- Brother, is something wrong?

- Obviously. You went overboard. There’s a limit to my patience, nerves, how much I can take and how much I can accept, whether it’s a joke or something serious. Problem is, one may never know which is which with you.

- Then why always assume the worst? Why can’t you assume I’m acting like that from a positive light?

- There’s nothing positive about not having the slightest idea what to think about your own sister’s actions.

- Gary, can I come in?

- No. Stay away.

- Brother, please.

- I already told you. I don’t want another freaky situation. This is really getting on my nerves, Alex. You act so oddly whenever I do anything the slightest bit nice or kind for you.

- I’m just trying to appreciate your kindness! It’s you who goes overboard! You’re always so harsh!

- See, now I’m trying to be angry with you, and you’re about to panic, right?!

- I’m… not panicking. I’m trying not to. I’m really sorry.

- I can hear how “not panicking” you are.
- Brother, do you hate me? Please don’t hate me. I thought this didn’t matter to you that much. If it does, I’m sorry. You know I’d never do anything to put stress on you.

- Alex, we’re siblings. Your jokes were already overboard a year ago. Now you’re acting as if...

- Please let me in. Please. Please don’t shut me out. You’re the only person I can really be myself around. I cannot be natural with anyone else. I won’t be able to stand it if you hate me. Please? I’ll do anything. Anything at all. Ev...

- If you add “even if it’s indecent”, or something like that, I’m never opening that door.

- I’m… sorry brother. I’m really sorry. It’s sometimes so...

The door opened. He was clearly angry, but he opened the door.

Alex kept the face of a deer in headlights outside, but would half-smirk, half-smile on the inside.

[“Just as planned… Though you had me worried. You shouldn’t worry me so much, Gary, or your sister will burst. She’ll either collapse or she’ll spit it out to your face. That confession you dread so much.”]

Thankfully, no one else was home. The loud thump from the floor above would have anyone down worried. The sound caused by one of the siblings tackle-hugging the other and sending them both on the ground.

- Damn it, Alex… shouldn’t have let you in. You’re not as light as a feather, you know. Let me go.

She withdrew obediently.

- I’m… sorry. I guess I really panicked.

- I honestly can’t tell if you’re still acting or not.

- I’m not acting! I really... I mean...

- Listen, Alex, I’m not going to stay mad at you for long periods of time just because you tease me, or act silly and irritating. But you’re starting to become more and more confusing. And... You went really overboard this time, so, don’t expect me not to be angry.

- I’m honestly sorry, brother. I... I really care about you, you know? Much of what I tell... It’s serious, or half-serious. I mean it, really. When I speak of my affection for my brother, it’s almost never a full-blown joke.

- Is that supposed to be calming or comforting? Because, seriously you’re, it sounds kinda creepy. I should be scared.
- Is it really scary that your sister loves you?

- It’s scary when you talk about it that way.

- Love is love, isn’t it?

- Sometimes, I wonder if someone was screwing up with your head when your brain was developing. Look, Alex.

He gently caressed her cheek and run a hand through her hair. She loved the attention, instinctively placing herself to make the touch more intense and cover more of her skin. She was barely stopping herself from purring and cooing happily. Gary seemed to notice, but he didn’t react.

- I know that, after what happened, you’re worried. You’re a bit different from other people, that much is true. But, I am sure if you look around enough, you’ll find a person to love you and accept you and perhaps you’ll even start a family. So, you don’t have to stay isolated and desperate and try to make do with a handy twin brother who is always around now. Go out there, meet some people! You’ll find someone right eventually. I… I probably won’t always be around, either, so…

- But you already know everything there is to know about me. And you treat me like you’d treat anyone else. No, at times, you treat me far better than anyone else does. It’s difficult to find someone better than you, brother… even if we assumed you’re just a substitute I’m taking because I’m afraid of being rejected. You set the bar pretty high for anyone else.

- Now, you’re making me blush! Seriously, Alex. You should…

- You don’t have a girlfriend, and yet, I don’t accuse you of trying to make do with a handy twin sister, do I?

She knew that jab was a little too low, but there was something welling up inside of her recently. And since she usually spoke her thoughts directly to Gary when they came along with the wave of emotion, she didn’t stop that ‘jab’ this time, either.

- Alex!

- You’re not gay, either… I think? I hope. Maybe I should test it.

- Alex, you’re doing it…

- ~Kid-ding! Cheer up. I get where you’re coming from, brother. But, for now… I’m really happy when you act natural. I’m even happier when you act like you enjoy my company, but I don’t want you to lie.

- You know I really care about your well-being, Alex. You’re my sister.

She stood up and moved to leave his room.

- Don’t stay isolated here, okay, Gary? Also, I listened to your requests and advices, so you should listen to mine now.

- What is it?
Stop caring about my abstract “well-being”, and start caring for me as a person. That’s all I ask. The rest… will grow and develop as it should, I guess.

Cryptic. Scary.

Thanks for the tasty breakfast, brother. You should do it again sometime. See what happens.

You’re joking. I already have enough just from doing it once.

So, I’m supposed to interpret all that blushing and stuff as something bad? That’s just sad. You looked so cute.

Are you trying to piss me off?

That depends. If you’re going to tickle me to death in anger, I might consider trying to.

This will never end, will it?

Perhaps it will. Perhaps it won’t. That remains to be seen. Relationships change, don’t they?

She finally left his room, leaving him to sigh in the back. Her skin was tingling at the places where he touched.

“This is an obsession. Such reactions are not even natural, are they? He saw. He saw me pressing against his hand like some freaking cat getting pet. You’re such a tease, Gary. You didn’t pull away when I embraced you. You didn’t react when I acted like this, like a happy animal, around you. How am I supposed to interpret this? Are your resistances falling apart? Or are you simply so used to it? Did you think I won’t notice? Your sister’s perceptions are equal to yours, even if her intellect is not. Of course I’d notice.”
Act 2 : Teenage Arousal - Greet the Pool of Memories

Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary prepare to go with their uncle to rest for a bit as a family. Alex feels something new, and thoughts previously unimaginable appear in her head.

Chapter Notes

Oh. Boy. The beauty of having characters that are deitagonists and sometimes provide POV is that you can add so much more depth to them, but you begin to want to differentiate between these points of view in manner other than "This is what Gary thinks, and this is what Alex thinks." I've never had that thought more than while formatting this chapter. In either case, from now on, I'm striving for this: Character thoughts are almost always described by me or quoted directly in [ brackets].

From now on:
* Asterisk at the start and the end mark that it is Gary's thought. [*I am Gary.*] Anything else makes it the character's mentioned, or if no character is mentioned, Alex'. Ex. [''I'm Alex. Gary is his name.''] Anything else, yes. When you read, you'll know. So it begins, me actually using the warnings at the start of the story. Don't worry, it's not that bad, but be prepared for a distasteful shock or two along the way.

Her almost obsessive feelings were indeed growing on both an emotional and a physical – or rather, sexual - level.

Thinking about the later visit to the pool, Alex licked her lips repeatedly. Both from being nervous and from naughty images that came to her head.

["How far should I go? Should I push him? Should I wait for him to act? Kisses, groping? Something obvious or subtle?..."]

She sighed. Yes, her mind was definitely going into the gutter now, imagining Gary in just his swimwear, and if his physical development “down there” was in any way similar in pace to his twin’s, there’d be quite the decent bulge in his swimming pants. The sighing was slowly turning to panting instead.
[“I want to see your hard dick swelling inside that swimwear of yours, brother. I’m not sure I will be able to contain that desire when I see you half-naked. I’ll guarantee my own piece of equipment will be ready to use, but it’s pointless if yours will not. I’m a girl, after all.”]

She shook her head, her feet slowly taking her down the stairs as she tried to contain herself and look at her desire from a new perspective.

[“Is that kind of thinking sick, because we’re related? Is it even more mad and insane because I’m his twin, and not just a “normal” sibling? Why do I notice so much about Brother? Normal crushes would have long since died, but this need of mine… It just grows stronger. It’s not like I’m doing much to stop that. I don’t remember wanting to stop it.”]

Yup, she was definitely failing with that “new perspective” thing.

[“-It’ll continue to grow stronger until one of us gives in and forces themselves on the other. It’s inevitable, isn’t it? It will either come around normally, or it’ll be quasi-rape. Alex, you dirty whore. You know you don’t have his patience, so why don’t you just do it yourself already?-”]

That strain thought…. Wasn’t hers, was it? It was scary. She shouldn’t think that way. Sex was only good if it was loving and fully consensual.

[“Yeah, right. Like you’d complain if you could jam that dirty dick up his ass, consensual or not. Or maybe we’d like it the other way around, my dear pair of mismatched sex organs?”]

That was even less of her own thinking. Something must’ve been in these cereals. That something was also making her own member painfully hard and her nipples so stiff they’d soon gain cutting properties. Yes, that odd ingredient, not these dirty thoughts that appeared from nowhere. She stopped, and briefly considered returning to her brother and asking him to fuck the dirty evil thoughts out of her, until she realized that also was a dirty evil thought.

She licked her lips. She seemed to do a lot of that today. She should employ someone to do it instead. Gary, preferably. Her head was now full of chaotic, sometimes conflicting, but definitely perverted thoughts.

[“I’m such a dirty girl.”]

[“-You mean slut. Whore. Bitch. Nympho. Which part of him do you crave the most, honestly?-”]

[“It’s those eyes. Those beautiful eyes of his, obviously.”]
“-Well, that’s kinky. So, you’d jam one eyeball up your pussy and another into your ass and you’d cum from this? You gotta be shitting me. Be honest.”"

She nearly vomited. Why was she having a conversation with herself? And why did it turn to such a disgusting image?

“-That’s a thought. Dissect him and play with all the desired parts at once…-

- STOP! I’D NEVER DO ANY HARM! NOT TO…

She fell on the ground, gasping for breath. The strange chaos of thoughts that were to wrong to be her own was slowly dissipating, and Gary was suddenly in the hall, approaching her quickly.

- Alex, is everything all right? I heard you...

Alex then suddenly realized the evil… something may just be waiting to surprise her, take control of her and do these things to Gary when least expected. She had to avoid this.

- Stay away! Don’t come closer!

Other than worrying about him, she was also worried about the situation. After all, she had all the classical signs of being, well, horny, and he was too perceptive not to notice. It’d be hard to explain.

But her brother did not listen, so she got up and run down the stairs.

- I’ll be fine! I’m just a bit annoyed! Don’t worry Gary, just prepare for the pool! We should have fun!

She half wanted him to run after her, but he didn’t.

[“Maybe it’s for the best.”]

The trio of Lunarsons were packing their things in the fourth Lunarson’s car. There wasn’t much to take. Gary was ready and packed with two sets of clothing and a single set of swimwear. Alex had a piece more of both, whereas Alice barely took anything for herself and remembered mostly about some snacks for the group. It was a rare occasion, but not anything deluxe, so they did not need to go over-the-top with the packing.

Gary was rather satisfied with how the morning “conflict” with his sister eventually resolved. It seemed some of what he was saying was finally getting to her, and also, her own affections were less troublesome than he initially thought. It appeared she was really hung on the fact that he cared for something she perceived as abstract, rather than care for her, which, in her mind, probably meant
more affection. At least, that’s what he managed to make out of the analysis of their talk and her behavior so far.

He wasn’t all right with affection. It was always difficult to give. Especially when your twin sister suddenly started to look like a woman should AND made “jokes” based on incestuous vibes. But, if it made her happy, he would be content with being just a bit more physically affectionate with her. He just hoped she wouldn’t try to get over the top with her demands once the minimum has been provided.

[*She probably will. There’s something wrong with her… Nobody’s so lonely and desperate to become so clingy to one’s twin sibling… These days, kids easily form and break relationships. Alex was always pretty, and now, she’s getting rather “conventionally hot” and attractive as well, so it’d be weird if no boys ever hit on her. If they did, why did she reject them? I mean, it’s not like treating your brother like such a catch is healthy… especially if he’s an albinotic nerd.*] – Gary thought.

He’d never be comfortable with this kind and amount of affection. It was just wrong. When siblings got older, they should drift apart a bit, at least physically. Meanwhile, Alex just became more clingy.

[*Her teasing seems kind of eroticized or at least overly… intimate this days. And dropping the bomb like that. ‘Oh, dear possibly-shorter-than-me-albinotic-nerd-brother, I’m yours if you want me to be.’ Come on, Alex. Guys will hit on you, and they can’t all be that close-minded.*] He nodded, trying to assure himself.

[*Yeah. I mean, if she was a boy that looks like a girl in terms of actually physical side and genetics, but she’s really and properly female no matter how you look at it….*]

Or was she?

[*Yes, she is. Breasts, check. Delicate-looking lips and hands? Check. Adam’s apple? No, sorry. Eyes? Girly. Belly? Nothing that goes on a guy. Thighs? Feminine. Hips? Sure, some guys like them and the bum bigger, but many prefer it a little narrow, and hers look nothing like a boy’s, anyway. Long legs. Maybe it’s the height that’s the problem, but seriously, if it generates legs like *those*, everyone her height or taller should be all right with it…. I mean, everyone not related to her. Why the hell I’m explaining my own thoughts to myself?*]

Shit, she noticed him staring. She gave him a wink and stretched in an over exaggerated manner, before entering the car.

With a whimper, he entered after her. Of course, she couldn’t move to the further-up seat. She had to sit DIRECTLY next to him.

- Can you move over a little?
- Come on, you’re so slim, it’s not like you need all that extra space.
- Me being slim has nothing to do with it.
- Ah, so you’re worried about THAT.
- About what?
- Come on, you don’t want me to talk dirty with uncle and mom around, do you? It’ll blow away our innocent image.
- Alex...
- I’m quiet, I’m quiet! Come on, just sit. Surely, I’m not that scary.
- No, you’re not.

She smiled widely. He hated that smile. Made him feel an odd warmth inside, and ALWAYS spelled trouble. Her eyes sparkled in the most amazing of ways, and it spelled MORE trouble.

- Then sit down...

Since his parent and her sibling seemed to become impatient with them, he indeed sat down right next to his sister. She made an overblown move to give him space, even doing a “my hands are up here” move.

[*So, I should be worried about your feet?*]

He sat down and reached for his belt. Of course, she was already handing it to him. Of course, her hand lingered a little too long when their fingers touched.

[*And she’s back in the game*.]

He found it harder and harder over the years to be strict with her. Her actions were endearing and ego-feeding, and most of all, she made it seem so sincere. But most of all, what was making it difficult to oppose her were the looks she gave him.

Starved for affection. Grateful for attention. Melting at any gentle, warm, half-intimate touch.

How the hell could she make him feel like that just by reacting? So… manly and intimate and as if he was a wonderful person that was needed and made someone happy. All at once. He never saw anyone react in such a manner to his words or actions, and barely ever witnessed such expressions on stranger’s faces when they were with their own significant others.

He was ashamed it took him so long to notice all this. He was even more ashamed that every time he gave in, he begun to feel a miniscule amount of greater affection and, possibly, actual attraction to his sister.

The affection part was amazing, because it made them closer and closer, and such things seemed to always be good. He doubted his sister would ever truly, intentionally hurt him, even with how persistent and annoying her actions were becoming over the years.

But attraction? He couldn’t help but be disturbed by the notion. Genetics, ethics, religion, virtually every moral code out there condemned incest. This usually lead to him pushing her away every time
the thought managed to break through the warm feeling being close to an important person caused.

It also caused him to try and rationalize things. Think. Overthink. Strangle whatever became of his bond to his sister to squeeze these improper feelings out of it.

Then, when he was already tired and empty and thinking it’ll be all right, somehow after a few tries, she made him fall again. Or made him sorry about the way he treated her during the “making things proper again” phase. Whether confusion from the odd warmth or panic at trying to preserve the ‘healthy’ nature of a sibling’s relationship, whether he fell into her pace and allowed for more than he should or broke away from her and got too annoyed or unkind to her, he felt like both were failures.

And it just drained him more and more. He wondered how long he could keep doing this.

Gary’s feelings for his sister by no means ever rose to improper or incestuous levels – he was still analytical and sane enough to recognize this as a fact. It’s just that he was perceptive enough to notice whenever anything improper slipped in from his side, and then, immediately, almost paranically tried to get rid of it and the source. He wouldn’t admit it but he wasn’t completely sure of the reason for him being so adamant about their relation being ‘normal’ and ‘healthy’, other than social acceptation and the way he was raised. Apparently, a few years back he was afraid about his budding sexuality turning deviant and trying to make do with a handy sister, which he believed would hurt his only true family bond, and ever since then he did all he could to avoid that.

And in this manner, things continued to happen. A strange sinusoid of being too warm and too cold towards his sister. A sinusoid that started to become strained, chaotic and threatening to suddenly take a dip into the abyss of the lowest numbers, or to start growing and growing into who knows what if left unchecked.

He hated the situation wholeheartedly, also because he, deep down, knew his sister didn’t deserve the treatment he sometimes dished out. On the other hand, he also realized also shouldn’t receive the kinder part of the treatment, especially if it was feeding into whatever brother complex she may have or pretend to have. If her feelings for him were indeed both improper and serious, or at least improper and determined to become physical, he should avoid giving her false hope.

But Gary had troubles recognizing and dealing with all these feelings, not to mention expressing them or seeking advice or dealing with them in a healthy, proper, fair manner that wouldn’t leave either of them hurt.
When he was lost in thought, he noticed her staring. It wasn’t the flirty stare, either. Rather… concerned.

- Are you worried about something, Gary?
- Maybe. Maybe not. It’s a bit too soon to worry.
- ~So mysterious, Gary. Are you suddenly on the teasing side yourself?
- Why would I tease you?
- You tell me. Maybe you enjoyed those jokes of mine more than you admit.

Gary was growing ever more confused by just what she meant by calling her words ‘jokes’. The sensation coming from around his general shoe area left no doubt.

[*No avoiding it. Alex’s teasing you AND playing footsie. Uncle can’t even see it in the back mirror. I wonder how much they can hear…*]

- Alex, stop that.
- Stop what?
- You know quite well.
- Ahhhh, sorry, I get kind of anxious and impatient during car drives.
- You’re a bad liar, you know that.
- It’s not like you think that’s bad. And, you’re not a good one, either.
- What do you mean?
- You think I haven’t noticed? You really think I’m dumb, or do you consider yourself all that subtle and smooth?
- I don’t know what you’re talking about.
- It’s risky talking about here, so let’s wait until we’re completely alone, shall we?

Gary’s thoughts and worries turned inwards again, not being able to surface. They so rarely were ever able to really come to the surface.

[*I suddenly don’t like the idea of being alone with you anymore.*]
Act 2 : Teenage Arousal - Our Little Game of Stares

Chapter Summary

Alex’ cynicism about being able to feel the same depth of emotion she has for her brother with anyone else increases and starts to spill over, risking her true intentions being found out by someone other than him. He at least acts oblivious, but also wants the awkward resonance in their bond as siblings to stop, believing he doesn't understand Alex’ attitude towards him after all.
Alex is reminded their family doesn't consist just of the two of them, but to her, it might as well.

Eventually, the group arrived at the hotel of their destination. Alex was very pleased with the assignment of the rooms : the older pair of Lunarson siblings would get one room for themselves, and the younger pair would get a room just for their own use as well. Gary seemed a bit displeased, maybe stressed, by that. Was he afraid that they may do more than pillow fights if left to sleep together, alone?

[“Brother, you shouldn’t be afraid of that. It’s the natural course of things. Hormones will have their way, eventually. It’s not like you were rushing this… And I’m ready, so…”]

There were things she knew she needed to consider, though. No matter how much she disliked thinking rationally about her chances with her own brother, since sometimes, those thoughts would make her depressed.

[“No, stupid, he’s worried that you’re going to be the one making all the wrong moves. I still don’t know how Gary really feels about all that. He seems to accept me as a whole, but… what If that doesn’t extend to romantic or sexual relations? What if he has problems and doubts about doing it with his sister, or with a dual-gendered person? How can I make sure he likes me? Should I just ask? How to signal that I’m okay with everything, that I want this, so he’d know I’m serious?”]

She sighed, waiting for her brother to finally come to their shared room so they may decide on how to share the room’s space between them. The bed was a joint bunk bed, which excited her even more. She wouldn’t even have to pass the room if she wanted to play, and she’d definitely be able to hear his breathing while he fell asleep.

Also, if Gary happened to want to masturbate… She doubted he would – his will was strong enough to withstand a few days, and besides, there was always the bathroom for this kind of thing.

[“I want you to like me. To love me. Desire me. Do you know I’ve grown so desperate I’d take anything? But, recently, Gary… you are no longer resisting, at least not that much, no longer pushing me away, unlike you sometimes did. It’s… giving me hope, so, this time, with us being alone at night...”]
She turned around to the sound of the door opening. Gary entered, slowly, cautiously. There was a light blush on his face. The sight caused her to mirror said blush, given her thoughts moments before.

[“This is bad. He seems so unsure and irritated, and hesitant… He’s not going to make any moves like that. Perhaps I should just stick to acting like a pure little sister…”]

-Hello, Gary, welcome back. I was wondering if you wanted the upper or lower bed. It’s a bunk, so…

-The sheets are of the same color, so it makes little to no difference to me.

-I see… Then, if possible, I’d like the bottom one.

-You can have it.

-Thank you.

She gave him a smile, one more timid and tender than the beaming ones she delivered whenever he satisfied her need of touch or the more naughty, conspicuous ones whenever they got a step closer to crossing the line due to her actions. He seemed to become a bit more relaxed… while she barely held herself from licking her lips.

[“With your bed on top, all I have to do is climb on this small ladder, and you’ll have nowhere to run, Gary. Are you sure you can afford to relax here? Your sister is really dangerous and intent of getting rid of any pretense of chastity any one of us may still have… Such a naughty sister you have.”]

-More importantly, brother, I’ve been wondering… Are you unhappy that the two of us are sharing a room?

-Well, it’d be better if we had single ones.

-So, you are a bit unhappy. I thought so. It makes me sad.

-Don’t try to guilt me into saying I’m ecstatic about sharing a room with you. As I said, it would be better if we had single ones.

Her smile returned, smaller, but with a little bit of naughtiness this time. Why couldn’t she stop teasing?

-Is it because you need your privacy, Brother?

His blush got the slightest shade darker, but he maintained his composure, as usual.

-… Alex, please. Don’t take this too far. And stop joking about such things, too.

Alex decided to stop joking and instead appeal to both his brotherly love and the loneliness she knew they both sometimes felt.
I’m sorry. I want you to know that you can trust me. I’ll try not to do anything to anger you, because I want our whole family to have happy memories together. And this is a good opportunity for that.

Gary finally moved. Not only that, he was getting closer, approaching the bed she was sitting on, but still stopped mid-way. Her heart was pounding.

-I certainly hope you’ll know how to behave yourself. I can take it if it’s just me and you or our family and we can all take a joke, but if you act like that publicly, with Uncle’s friends from work, there’s no way it’s gonna be all right. It would be really bad.

-We’ll be fine, Gary. I’m sorry if I’m being a bother.

-It’s not like that. It’s just that… I’m nervous around you, you know. I can never predict how you’ll behave. I never… know what to expect. And now, I’m worried you could impact our uncle’s image.

-Nervous? In a bad way? That… wasn’t my intention. Then perhaps… maybe we should do something to calm you down. Like, let’s say, a hug.

Alex got up from the bed. She approached him very slowly, to ensure he was feeling secure. Unless Gary was being nervous there was even a chance he may do something to cross the line himself. With that in mind, she obviously didn’t want him to feel endangered, insecure, or “nervous” in any way around her. It could hurt their bonds. The troubling part was that she still sometimes spoke before thinking, and usually ended up teasing him due to his sheer adorableness and the strength of her feelings. She noticed him wavering, slightly, seemingly unsure of what she intended to do, even taking half a step back.

-I can hug you, right? That much is okay, isn’t it?

-Y… Yes. I think so.

She gently encircled her brother with her arms, and, not so gently, but with only slowly-amplified strength pulled him close to her body. Moments later, it became a rather close and firm embrace, to ensure he would have to struggle if he were to pull away, but at the same time, to give him a sense of closeness and security.

Also, it worked to make him more conscious of her body.

For her own part, Alex was very happy when she felt his left hand starting to crawl up her back while his right slowly encircled her just above her waist to join it, returning the embrace. Her heart started to beat faster and faster. It was such a tender moment, Alex once again found herself wishing it wouldn’t end. She whispered in his ear.

-See? It’s warm, nice and safe. I don’t want you to be so nervous around me, Gary. That was never my intention, on the contrary. Do you think you can feel more comfortable around your sister now?

-I think that’s something I should be able to do from the beginning… but it’s confusing and
worrying…

-What is, Gary?

-Never mind.

-You can tell me. If there’s something disrupting our family bond, I really should know. I… I really love you, Brother, so…

The moment after she finished mouthing the words “love you, Brother”, he visibly tried to pull away for a moment, but Alex held him close forcibly. Because her hands were holding him firmly in place, he quickly gave up on the idea and realized this wasn’t going to turn into a teasing session. Of course, the damage was done and Alex felt a twinge of pain and doubt at his reaction.

After a moment of silence, Gary spoke.

-Alex, your heart is really pounding, you know.

-Is it? I’m sorry. I am just really excited about this whole thing. I mean, I will be seen by other people wearing a swimsuit, and we’re staying in such an expensive place, and all…

-Understandable. But, if it helps, I think you have little to be ashamed of… You’ve been growing up, getting prettier and even became less of a tomboy. Just act your age and it’ll be fine.

Did he just say something positive about her body? Something along the lines of it being attractive? Whether those were just words of comfort or truth, or both… she smiled and blushed a little. Even the small twinge of annoyance at her original tomboyishness being put down disappeared.

-Thank you, brother. It makes me happy to hear you say that.

-Ummm, Alex…Do you think you could let me go now?

-I’m… not sure. Can we stay like this just a little longer? So I can be sure? Lately, you rarely…

-I know. Sure, if you really feel like it…

She pulled him even closer, hearing his ragged breath and a single gasp of surprise, followed by a gasp out of need for air. However, she ensured it was not strongly enough to cause pain.

-Thank…

She was cut mid-sentence as their mother suddenly entered the room, witnessing the twins hugging closely… with Alex practically strangling and smothering her brother with a powerful embrace. Alex couldn’t help but be irrationally excited at the idea of Mother seeing the two as an indecent-acting couple, but slowly, regretfully released her brother so he could turn to face her… still keeping a hand on his shoulder in something of a half-embrace. She wondered if she was reinforcing the idea that her brother hugged her a moment ago in Mother’s mind, or in her own. His body language seemed to suggest he also agreed to prolong the action, which almost made her forget that he nearly pulled away at the sound of her saying “I love you”.
Am I... Interrupting something?

-No, Mom. Gary was just... reassuring me. I couldn’t help but feel grateful, so it ended up like this. Is something the matter?

Gary wasn’t pulling away now, though, nor was he in hurry to turn to their mother when she entered, truth be told.

[“Why the hell are you sending such mixed signals? How am I supposed to know? At least get an erection or something, so it’s clear!”]

-I’m just here to make sure that you’re going to be prepared, all set and have no arguments, but I guess I worried for nothing.

-Why did you think we could have an argument?

-Well, it’s not exactly like you’ve gotten along lat…

-Mom, there’s no reason to worry. I love my brother dearly, and I have reasons to believe the feeling is mutual. Teasing, jokes, mistakes and misunderstandings would never break our family bond. I would not allow it.

She instinctively pulled Gary closer during her impassioned speech, but this time, she felt him react and withdraw.

[“So, that much is not okay as long as anyone sees? Or have I overdone it? Or was it me speaking about love? But, this time, I was only speaking about the blood-related part of my feelings, so why is he uncomfortable?”]

Their Mother clearly didn’t know how to react, so she decided to take the path of least trouble. Either that, or her own ability to notice and analyze relations between people has fallen to an entire new time low.

-My, my. I never noticed those feelings were so strong on your part, Alex. See, Gary? You shouldn’t complain about how your sister acts anymore. It’s all in good faith.

-You wouldn’t be talking like that if you actually saw the situations I complain about…

-Gary! You’re giving Mother the wrong image here!

Both of them spoke at once.

-What do you mean, wrong image?

-I’m not doing anything bad. I’m just being affectionate. Even when I “take things too far”, it’s nothing a healthy adolescent boy should complain about. I thought it’d be enjoyable! It’s all Gary’s fault for always acting like I’m pestering him. I don’t even know what to do in order for him to act as if he liked me anymore, so I simply try anything and everything!
Their mother smiled, with just her usual dose of awkwardness. Apparently, she was utterly incapable of thinking the twins she bore into this world were capable of having incestuous feelings for one another, unlike their uncle, who almost caught on the not exactly subtle affection Alex was showing towards Gary as a hint of the improper feelings she had for him. Meaning, basically, she would have to watch it when Uncle was around their home rather than in Canada, but with Mother… Things would be easier to play out and accomplish.

-See, Gary? You’re making your sister worry. I wonder now if I shouldn’t interrupt your hug. You probably don’t show her enough affection. I know you’re both soon to be adult, but isn’t the fact that she still wants her brother’s affection sweet?

Resignation and annoyance mixed in Gary’s voice as he was at a loss for words. He didn’t exactly want his mother to give Alex trouble just yet. He felt they’ve both had enough trouble already.

-Mom, you really have no idea.

Both of the women looked at him angrily, although for vastly different reasons.

-If he ever bullies you or seems cold and distant, Alex, tell me. Boys shouldn’t act like that towards family.

Both of the siblings could only think about how ironic these words have been in their mothers’ mouth in regards to the situation at hand.

-I can handle this, Mom.

-All right. I’ll leave you two back alone. Play nice and be ready. Today, we’ll have just a test run at the pools before going to sleep. They just want to ensure you’re all able to swim and that no one is sick or allergic. Well, Adam also seems to want you to have a little bit of fun before bed time.

-I’m supposed to have a small talk with Uncle Adam as well. Where will I be able to meet him before we go to the pool?

-Just drop by our room, it’s number 17. You can talk while we go to the pool.

-It’s supposed to be a bit private.

-Then you’ll just go to the pool alone, you two, won’t you? Although, it is a bit unnerving that my brother and my daughter are keeping secrets from me. I hope it’s nothing bad. Anyway, see you two later, babies.

[“Mother, you’re suspecting me and uncle of “something bad”, and here you don’t see me trying to get Gary to get into my panties. I think my brother inherited all his smarts from his uncle, somehow.”]

Then, she turned to Gary. Being the vastly more extroverted and direct one of the duo, she couldn’t help but spill out her feelings of annoyance and irritation.
-Why did you say all these things? I thought we worked this out. Weren’t we okay? Didn’t you embrace me?

-This and that are two different things, Alex. Somehow, Mother seems to think any strains on our relationships are my fault, where in truth it’s all caused by your inappropriate actions.

- Inappropriate actions? What inappropriate actions? Nothing we do is ever inappropriate, because it oh-so-hurts you to notice my feelings, at it’s a total pain in the ass to see me as a woman, isn’t it? And now you’re panicking. Did you want to get Mom on our heads so you’d have a little peace? Is that right? I am that much of a bother, even though you just said something else? You’d jump at every opportunity to cut short your sis’ annoying affections, is that it? How the hell am I supposed to read all that?

- There you go with all the babbling. Like a real woman. There, I acknowledged it. Happy now?

Anger and sadness were added to confusion and annoyance, making tears somewhat well up in her eyes. On his part, Gary was trying to be adamant this time while analyzing how to best react in the future. He was starting to lose the ability to read when his sister was actually sad or annoyed and when she just wanted his sympathy.

- You have no idea. You don’t have any idea how much you can hurt me, do you? How I feel?

- Am I really supposed to be sorry because you do a little acting? Sorry, Alex, but that stopped working. I need to stop letting you confuse me so much with your antics. Stop letting you get in my head.

- I’m not acting, you idiot! You should’ve finally noticed! You notice every other fucking thing, but somehow, when it comes to this, you’re dumber than anyone in the family!

- I’ve had enough of this. See you at the pool, miss!

He turned and simply left the room. Alex groaned, and then begun sobbing. After a few moments, she finally let a small stream of tears run down her cheeks.

- There. I’ve done it. He’s mad now. Mad! I called him an idiot. I called my beloved brother an idiot.

Another couple of sobs before she whispered into the room, barely mouthing the words.

- I should just off myself, shouldn’t I? Be done with it and… and…

Oddly enough, speaking those words aloud to the empty room helped her compose herself. Stupid teenage hormones acting up. It wasn’t the end of the world, both of them were just a little mad, and she was sad because of his reactions; now she made him angry and she just had to set that straight. While, for her, it was true that losing Gary might’ve been losing her only shot at love, one fight was not a reason to entertain such sad, dark thoughts.

- We’ll make up. We’ll make up and be all good. And he’s going to tell me he loves me and then, we’ll do things as they’re supposed to be done. With the gentle on the bed things and “I’m happy you were my first” talk. Yes. You’re not getting away, Gary. I will always catch up. I need you. Nobody else. That’s why I’ll chase after you and fight, tooth and nail, every time there’s even a little distance put between us.
About an hour later…

Alex was now standing in front of room number 17, where the metaphorical dragon was waiting for her.

Oh, well, her uncle wasn’t exactly a dragon. But, still. He was the only person so far who even managed to imagine she could be attracted to Gary, or more than just attracted to him, and now, they were going to have a talk about that.

For a few moments, she entertained the thought of just coming out right in Adam’s face, confirming his suspicions, nay, surpassing them, by announcing the complete depth of her interest in her brother, but that’d probably result in separation and “treatment”, not to mention, apparently, Gary himself wasn’t fully aware yet – or rather, seemed to be in denial – so that course of action seemed wrong.

With a determined look, she opened the door, forgetting to even knock. She was going to dodge and elude her uncle’s point as much as she could, confirm or deny as little as she could, and try to figure out a way to throw him off the chase.

While being suspected or caught felt like an exciting idea, Uncle Adam was actually capable of figuring things out and even acting against them - scientific and analytic as his mind was. Alex was prepared to lie or fool her own uncle, despite generally preferring to be honest and being a pretty bad liar to the boot. This was a special case of course, but still!

She was welcomed by her Uncle’s slightly deadpan voice:

-Ah, so you’ve decided to come before visiting the pool. Very well, your mother’s not around and if I happen to annoy you you’ll get an opportunity to make your mood better later and then go to sleep once you’ve calmed down a bit.

-I didn’t exactly plan this out, it just fit. And my mood’s already a little down, but let’s not worry about this now. You’ve wanted to talk?

-Yes, Alex. It’s… about a couple of things, including what you, I hope, joked about in the morning. Although, you’ve made it quite apparent that it was more half-serious than a joke if you ask me.

-Oh, I don’t always keep my panties on around Gary, that much is true. I’m sometimes too lazy to completely dress when at home, you know.

[“What the hell am I even saying? That’s not helping my cause at all, right?”]
The small frown that appeared instead of a more regular, neutral expression that Adam’s face usually held said it all.

-Looks like you really need that talk, Alex.

-Maybe. And maybe I don’t. Still, we’re having it anyway.

-Yes. You see, Alex, your situation is… unique. In many, many ways. I understand you’ve been hurt by the experience in your previous school, and also that your own body reacts differently than many teenagers your age, and my help with your development might’ve made it worse. It’d probably be better if I just allowed your body to develop on its own. Right now, you’ve both gotten hurt and you may have a female element dominant in your body from my “treatment”, so you may lash out with your feelings for the people that are always near you, but it’s not an answer. You should wait till your body stabilizes, then figure out which partners go for you and which you prefer.

-Oh, so me self-identifying as a girl doesn’t technically matter, I should just wait and do what my body dictates me. And, since I have both genders, it’ll probably all cancel itself out and I’ll die a virgin, or become a hopeless nympho that wants both guys and girls.

-Untrue. Male and female hormones often partially cancel one another out when regulating sexual desire, and on the average, but not person-by-person case, male lust is more intense in early stages of life than the female one. I feel bad about disturbing the balance of your organism, so I’ve decided to act responsibly and have this talk with you. There are such things like homosexualism, you know. Liking girls does not stop you from identifying as female, and I actually worry I stopped you from developing in a way that might’ve been better for you.

-Better? The world is over, families are advising their daughters to become lesbian now! How would it be better if I was into girls more?

-Women are generally more open to being bisexual and perhaps would be more open to someone like you. For a lesbian partner, you’d even be able to provide them with ch…

-Uncle, I don’t want to hear this. Not only are you spewing some almost sexist crap, I don’t think I’d be mentally comfortable being someone’s father at this point. Discussing it won’t help.

-Still, if your body was directing your male side as a sexual outlet in a natural manner, girls might’ve been the better target. Males are more… close-minded when it comes to their sexuality, because of the way they were raised. You may be hurt more by them. Transsexuals, which may be the closest to… your particular situation, are sometimes reportedly beaten up by guys who didn’t expect their “surprise” or for them to have a past as a different gender. It’s a tough world. This brings me to the point about Gary.

-Yes, well, Gary doesn’t seem like the type who’d beat me up when he sees my little addition. We took baths together. Not to mention, there are many things to consider when having a romantic or sexual relationship with someone. How do you know a simple bisexual guy wouldn’t be my perfect match?

-That’s not the point. Or maybe it’s precisely the point. Gary may seem like a stable rock, plus is definitely male, always around you, and can be quite caring if he wants. Thus, he may seem like an attractive perspective. Do not mistake any affection he holds for you as romantic interest, nor the moments you share as potential sparks for something more. Gary seems to be the serious type, not to mention you’d make his own development awkward if you tried to pursue such a thing.

-Are you even around Gary? Doesn’t seem so. I’d even risk saying I’m more suited to deduce on
how he feels about certain situations. I daresay with his lack of social and communication skills as well as catching on stuff related to real life and not science or nerdy stuff, he’ll be single for a while.

-Yes, that’s been my feeling as well. That doesn’t mean you should follow the “we’re both single, so it’s all right to try” route. Not to mention all the social implications and genetic complications that may come from trying to pursue your own brother as a relationship prospect.

Alex smiled. First of all, things were going oddly… smoothly. She didn’t have to strain herself to lie, all she had to do was continue with short half-truths. And her uncle’s viewpoint… That was it. That’s what Uncle was thinking and so, it’d be incredibly easy to place him on the right trail.

-Well, you can relax, then.
-That meaning?
-Uncle, I’m slightly offended that you think I’d ever go for a guy just because, conveniently, we’re both unattached and he lives nearby. In my own home in this case. As for Gary… I’m trying to get him to open up is all. Be upfront about his feelings, maybe a little bit more confident, too.
-But what about…
-… Our relationship may be odd, looking from the outside, Uncle. However, it pretty much… creates most of the social interaction I need. Gary cracks me up, he allows me to get serious, motivates me when I have to study, creates tension that helps me deal with conflict and stressful situations… I guess practicing pick up lines or teasing him isn’t something a sister should do, but honestly, he’s just what I need at that point in life, right the way he is and we are. It helps me settle down on many levels. No shady business is going on, so no one is getting hurt, right?

She gave Adam the most reassuring glance she could while feeding him half-truths and small lies.

Of course, Gary was what she needed, but the relationship they currently had was far from what she wanted.

Of course, she wanted Gary to be more open with his feelings and more confident, but only so that they could take more steps in their own relations.

Still, the look of relief and a hint of pride on Adam’s face told her she succeeded in diverting his attentions for now with pretty words and apparent maturity.

-So mature. You’re already behaving more like an adult than I expected you to, Alex. Oh, well. I suppose I’ll let you off the hook this time. But, don’t do anything that’d cause your mother a heart attack, and try to consider which manners of affection are all right between siblings, and which are not.

-I’ll take your words to heart, Uncle.

[“You’re a single scientist. What do you know about love? And… so silly and naïve, too.”]
Yes. Silly and naive. After all...

["-Just this morning, we’ve both came to the realization talk is cheeeaaap, Uncle.-"]

It was time for the main attraction of this small family trip.

Well, it’d be an attraction for an average person, but Gary, while certainly not minding a little bit of physical activity, generally associated swimming with unnecessary sun and warmth, conditions that were, to say the least, not favorable to him.

Meanwhile, Alex herself obviously couldn’t enjoy the small evening test drive of the pool due to the simples possible reason: she did not know how to interact with Gary here, if at all, and she did not have the time to patch the latest small fight up with him, thus, any possible enjoyment of the fact that he was “scantily clad” and she was going to do some serious physical exercise, with a possibility of playing with Gary in a pool, was completely diminished.

That didn’t stop her from staring while the lifeguard explained general crap about the pool. It was just her, Gary, mother, uncle and a single one of Adam’s acquaintances, after all.

Gary could feel a stare practically drilling into him once he himself was done focusing on the lifeguard’s explanation… and turning around proved that he was indeed being observed. This lead to a direct stare clash with Alex, and surprisingly, neither of them frowned, though both were confused by the sudden eye contact. Gary found his own eyes drifting from Alex’s gaze while his sister shamelessly looked him up and down, devouring his form with her eyes once they were out of his direct ‘scrutiny’.

The albino boy had just a simple set of black-and-orange swimming trunks, so most of his body was bare and out there to see. Alex was free to admire the delicate web of muscles playing under his skin. He’s been growing a bit hunkier thanks to the slow work of testosterone, though less of a dramatic change than the one she had with Uncle Adam’s – risky, illegal, and now apparently regretted - help.

Alex herself brought two swimsuits for this trip: a one piece, and a bikini. She opted for the former one today, but was still a rather tantalizing view, with her newly-acquired curves… and the swimsuit apparently getting a little too small in certain areas. It was yellow in color, accentuating her slightly
tanned skin and strawberry-blonde hair nicely. The way it hugged her curves also made for an
unmistakable bulge in her lower parts, which she didn’t have to care about since the pool was private
for them right now… but which she worried would make the view distasteful for Gary.

Right now, the two of them entered the pool, Alex jumping right in and Gary slowly going down
into the water. Alex would stop her own swimming routine to watch her brother’s bottom as it sunk
beneath the surface of the water. Of course, she’d immediately dart back to a swimming position as
the albino boy almost fully descended. Unknown to her, the first thing he turned to see was how
Alex was doing. Watching her, admiring the way she seemed to be almost like a fish in the water,
swimming with such grace and athleticism. He was a lot more clumsy in that particular physical
activity. Still, he’d only watch for a few moments before she’d think she noticed, only to turn around
and see him also swimming, albeit with less speed and grace than she did.

Once they’ve reached the opposite ends of the pool, and the rest of the people started to come in, the
twins’ stares were once again drawn straight into one another, their eyes meeting once more.

Gary could not explain the phenomenon of feeling watched every moment he spent on the pool, or
why he was gazing in Alex’s general direction so much.

Alex herself would just continue to observe him and ponder the situation.
They were no longer fighting, but they didn’t truly make up.
Their eyes just seemed to follow the other where they went.

It wasn’t really something she could explain. She couldn’t really catch all the little emotions in his
own eyes nor transfer her own desire to be back on best terms with her brother with her own
expression.

It was a weird game of stares.
Chapter Summary

Her desire to make up immense and only overtaken by her wish to be perceived as something in addition, or even instead, of being a sister, Alex starts taking steps - bold steps and sneaky steps both - to try and have her affections realized. Certain walls have to fall sooner or later, after all.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex found herself again opening the same door without knocking. This time, it was less expected from her “host”, and said host was a different person to begin with. Funny how each pair of Lunarson siblings got a room, but Alex always only sought out one of them in it, and it was always a one on one meeting.

She didn’t know about how Gary felt on the issue, yet to her, Uncle Adam was a pretty decent “father figure”. However, the previous talk with him proved that he was a little skeptical about her particular chosen set of gender identity and sexual orientation, and thus, maybe, for once, her actual *parent* could prove more useful than the man from whom she learned everything about the birds and the bees so far.

- Alex? What are you doing here, darling?

Her mother apparently just finished slipping into a nighty, and appeared to be in a decent mood for once, although Alex hardly felt like a darling the way her mother usually acted. Looking at her now, the girl realized she was likely to have the same figure as her mother once she matured - “moderately curvy but attractive” - if she kept going the way she did after she received a little “kick-boost” from her uncle’s injections.

This, of course, brought the question if Gary was ever one of these guys who feel attracted to their own mommy. She found it doubtful, to be honest.

- Mom... I usually have these kinds of talks with Uncle Adam, but I believe this time you’re the only one who can help me. At least, the only person I know of.

The look at her mother’s face was priceless. Care was fighting with panic, and losing. Despite her evident lack of preparation to deal with any of her daughter’s issues – she has tried to avoid dealing with them for most of the sixteen years, after all – nevertheless Alice forced herself to respond.
- W...well, if you think I’m the only one who can help you... What’s on your mind?

- Mom, you probably noticed that I spent most of my life being a goddamn tomboy. In different phases of my life this might’ve brought popularity or friends of different genders, but when one actually wants to start dating...

- D-d-d-dating?

- Yes, mom. Or at least, you know, flirting. For the future. I have to get along with the people I’m going to try to build relationships with in the future, and as more as just friends sometimes, yes?

- That doesn’t mean any parent likes to hear that...

- Mom, I have to at some point. And to do that, I need to switch from a tomboy to... something girly. Or at least something balanced? I just feel like I can’t get anywhere by staying the exact way I am now.

Alice sighed, but still considered fighting against her motherly duties forcing her to carry out such ‘awkward’ talks.

- Uhm, you know, many people don’t think boyish... girls are all that bad! Granted, in terms of dating, that mostly...

[“-Fucking A, mom. Yeah. Paaause before you call your daughter a girl. Make a long pause.-”]

- Mom, I ain’t a butch or any of these things. I was doing things my own way for a while, but me and Gary spend enough time together to rub off on one another and he had Uncle Adam as a role model. Time that you imparted some degree of femininity onto me, you know!

Her mother gave another sigh. This time, Alex found out she wasn’t angry at her mother’s behavior. This sight was something else. Resignation, but of another kind. Regret? Sadness?

- Darling, I gave up on having a “femininity” long ago. I may not be the best person for this.

- Mom, you still have experience. Way more than I do. Come on. Spare your daughter some advice.

Her mother’s defeatist attitude was discouraging at one moment and annoying at another, but Alex was pretty certain there was no one else she knew that could be of any help whatsoever. What does one do?

- Okay. Okay, maybe I can help you. But what did you want to know?

- Well, just the regulars. What can I wear that’s still comfortable and yet girly. How do I attract a boy’s attention or ensure he notices mine, without being completely blunt about it? How I ensure
friends stay friends and romance prospects get that they can move a step forward? Annnd…

- You want to know a lot of subtleties about flirting, all at once, young lady. It usually takes time to learn about these.

- I know, I know, but…

Alice rose her hand to get Alex to be quiet for the moment, and closer her eyes, taking a breath in. What followed was perhaps the longest “impairing parently wisdom” monologue Alex ever heard her mom give.

- We’ll try to figure out the clothing part later, but as for flirting… boys react differently to girls having different attitudes. Some don’t mind a girl acting more like them, but in all honesty, differences in behaviors are something casual but obvious. If he notices you fixing hair and smiling to him more often, or if you put your arms behind you and puff out your chest when you talk to a boy you like, he’s likely to understand something is going on. If this doesn’t work, you move to doing such things for him instead… fix HIS hair, give him a massage, and such, like that. It’s generally men that are supposed to give compliments to women, so if you give him a compliment that is honest and not fully related to the current situation… like, you are supposed to tell the boy who did your math homework that he’s awesome, but you don’t have to tell him when returning his notebook or notes that he ‘smells nice today’… he may catch on that. There’s honestly many flirting techniques and some subtler than others, but these rudimentary ones are quite good for showing interest.

- And if these… don’t work? He doesn’t catch on them? If preening up or hands-on approach fails?

- Well, normally girls coquetteer guys through stuff like licking their lips of some more sticky food or… eating certain things… but it’s really hard to miss a stare combined with a roll of a tongue across teeth or lips if you’re NOT eating, you know? And… and if that doesn’t work…

- Full offensive?

- NO! A lady shouldn’t do that.

- But… what if the boy doesn’t seem to share these feelings? What if…

- No, listen. There is one thing that you should ensure that you do before doing any flirting, and that is to make sure this boy is a good one and is indeed precious to you. A girl can get someone to adore her naturally without putting in much effort, but… but you should try and put in the effort if it’s someone good and special, and *only* then. If they don’t return feelings due to one approach, feel free to try to get to know them slowly, to naturally show off the side of you that could make them attracted to you… Changing strategy sometimes is the way, but, first and foremost, confirm that person is special! Do you understand?

Alex had seen something like a shade of tears in her mother’s eyes. Did something remind her of a sad experience? Perhaps… dad?

- M… mom?

- It’s okay, sweetie. I just want you to make absolutely sure… to not make a mistake m…many girls do these days. The mistake I think I did. You have to pick a man who won’t find it in himself to hurt you, and whom you won’t be able to find it in yourself to dump for someone out of raw passion. A special person. Even if it’s minor… a wound on the heart can make a woman a real bitch. So this is more important than pickup advice. We’ll… try to figure out what you look good in later, okay?
Okay, mom…

Now, let’s talk about a few things you do to get boys to be interested in you instead, shall we?

[“This is a slightly unexpected but welcome development…”]

Yes! Of course! Yay!

Gary was already sleeping. This wasn’t really good, as it’d mean no reconciliation between the two of them today, and tomorrow the “wound” may start to fester or they may naturally start to drift apart if they can’t make out fast enough.

Not even to mention the other obvious reason to wake him up, one that carried with it the little truth that made her smile.

[“Gary… in his bed. Sleeping. Defenseless. With only pajamas covering his decency, protecting his skin from a direct touch…”]

She felt blood surge to her penis at the thought. Well, even if things went *perfectly*, she wouldn’t be using *that* today – still, her mind reveled in dirty thoughts about her brother and the excitement they were bringing.
She found it funny how intoxicated she became from mere thoughts. How good could the real thing be? She wanted to try. Oh God, she wanted to try it so badly.

Grabbing the small ladder connecting the lower bed to the upper, Alex climbed the steps, slowly and carefully in the darkness. Moving onto her brother’s bed, she watched out not to touch him, well, prematurely, sit on him or wake him up, although, he had to wake up at some point in order for this to work.

He was sleeping on his back, thankfully. This made it easier for her to handle things, and it allowed her to look at his face.

[“Seriously, how do you call boys who look like that? Angelic? Magnificent? Stunning? Cute as hell? Beautiful or handsome? I don’t know. I want to eat you up, Gary. I’m barely able to take it. I want to jump your bones, do the deed, get down and dirty, however you call it. Then, I want to get kissed, pampered, hugged and fawned over by day. Then, we can be dirty at night again. And then… Marriage? It’s probably illegal, but, whatever. I don’t understand. I don’t get how you get more attractive and cause my feelings to get more intense instead of dying out, even when we fight like this, the way siblings do. It’s illogical, and yet I find myself wanting it, hungering for it, for you… This may not be how a normal person, a regular woman acts, but I want you to give in, indulge in it….”]

She was, by now, so excited that she started to pant… her arousal obvious now. Stiff nipples, moistness between the legs, and absolute rigidity right above said moistness. She tried taking a few deep breaths and calming herself down.

[“Easy, Alex. Slow down. If you start doing it when he’s asleep, it’s pretty much rape. And he was angry. Angry angry mad. You need to soften him up. No action tonight. “Miss Penis”, go down. Go down, I say. How would Gary react to his sister sitting over him with a boner?”]

It didn’t go down, so she shifted her clothes a little to better hide it. She looked back at her brother, who himself seemed to be rousing up a little.. Well, things were not going completely according to the plan, anyway, so she might as well wake him up right now. Only, how?

[“Kiss him, fool.”]

-I… I promised you this morning. I remember that much. So, I’m entitled to this. I told you. If uncle didn’t intervene, you wouldn’t resist. I could tell you wouldn’t. So, I’m going to do this, and you
just lie here, dear, and take…that…kiss.

After whispering this out, she leaned in and finally did something she wanted to do for at least five or six years, maybe not straight after the riot incident, but definitely quite swiftly in the time that followed.

She pressed her lips against her brother’s, effectively finally getting that important thing, her first kiss. Instinctively, Alex licked his mouth along with her own, but gave up on the tongue action quickly, knowing he would wake up and it’d be hard to either explain, or, at the moment, physically speaking, even force her tongue in. Instead, she continued with the soft, lips-only kiss, her mouth trembling at the so-much-desired touch even if it was taken with her brother unconscious.

[“God, more. Wake up. Kiss me back. Whatever. Take me now. I… I can’t hold back…”]

He moved. He was waking up.

[“I’m… just being my usual self. Remember what mother said? Sometimes, you can’t just keep doing the same thing, Alex! He’ll never get closer to you like this. Pull away, lips. NOW.”]

Alex managed to win the battle against herself, just as Gary woke up and stared at her, obviously slightly shocked. His hand rose to touch his lips, which felt… slightly moist and slightly ‘violated’ to him.

- What… What have you done, Alex? And what are you doing on my bed?

- Well, obviously, I gave you a kiss, and giving you one was the reason I crawled into your bed.

- Wh.. What?! - Gary responded, almost getting dizzy from getting slapped in the face with that particular revelation.

Alex, however, continued acting as if it was the most natural thing in the world to do. To her, it was, but the still unblocked spillage of words might’ve been caused by how light-headed she was. Sheer excitement from the kiss was causing it.

- I promised you one this morning, didn’t I?

- A… Alex!

- Hey, don’t get the wrong idea. It was just a peck on the cheek, well, maybe a moderately long smooch. Who do you think I am, to kiss an unconscious person I’ve just had a fight with? I
promised, so I gave you one.

- But then, why do I feel… My lips seem…

- Well, maybe our lips did brush for a moment, it was pretty dark… Not what I meant to do, though. And I'm pretty sure you were touching my cheek nearly constantly. But that's it. All else is your imagination.

- I honestly didn't expect you to go out of your way to keep that promise. More importantly, why are you in my bed?

- Well, how else would I kiss you?

- Come on, Alex. With you, it's the toss of the coin if it stops…

- At kissing? Would you like to do more? ~Kid-ding.

He seemed increasingly flustered. Why was it so impossible to *not* tease him? He tried to re-compose himself. Something was different about both of them. If possible, they were both getting more instinctive, impulsive, and out-of-control with their respective thoughts and reactions.

- Alex, maybe something is eluding one of us here, and perhaps I've got my facts wrong, but let's get this straight. We had a fight. And yet, now you seem intent to make things worse by ignoring the things that caused us to fight.

- I want to make up. I want to make up immediately. I'm not leaving until that purpose is achieved.

- What does this have to do with…

- Gary. Gary, look. I am an annoying sister at times. I know. You've often behaved like you were conflicted on this for a long time, and I was too stupid to notice and understand what that meant. You're quieter and probably more shy than me, and there's nothing bad with that, it's me who couldn't adjust… I apologize for ignoring this, but at times, I also seemed to notice you liking some of my antics, and I'm afraid it partially encouraged me. I'm not sure how your feelings for your sister are at the moment, but you've always been there for me. Since the moment of my birth, I could reach out and my brother would be there. More than anything, this is why I love you. I want you to have nothing but the good feelings for me, too. That's why I can't stand you being angry at me, even for a moment. That's why I've done everything to grab your attention. I realize now that probably wasn't how you wanted our relations to be. I am sorry about… about everything.

Gary listened carefully, but seemed skeptic and shook his head.

- Alex, I don't know what happened, but this doesn't change a thing. You'll just slip back into acting like…

- Maybe I will! Maybe I cannot change immediately, but if you want me to, if you give me time, I can
do anything. I want you to praise me! I want to hear that you care about me, that you think I’m a good sister, an awesome person, I want to hear all these things from you! When you say them, it matters much more than from mother or Uncle, way more, because you actually know me! The real me! You... you understand, you can tell a lot about how I am when troubled, and, and more... You’re the closest person I have, Gary, and I don’t want this to be ruined simply because I’ve been stupid and we didn’t understand each other at first! I don’t want the bond with my brother to go to waste, for him to stop caring about me!

It was the oddest thing. She still felt so close to him as a sibling, and the increased impulsiveness, excitement... it made it impossible for her to say if she was speaking entirely from the heart, or somehow words that she knew would be effective on him were woven into that speech.

- Didn’t I say that...

- No. You said you “cared about my well-being”. That’s not me. That’s not... caring about *me*, loving me.

Another proof of their closeness. She could tell what he was going to say before he did, and refute him immediately.

- You’re really that hung up over my choice of words?

- Can’t you understand? I know you can. You’re so smart.

- Flattery will get you everywhere, as they say.

- Come on. We can understand each other amazingly at times. I can sometimes almost perfectly predict what you’re going to say, so try doing that now, please.

- I’m trying, believe me.

- Then, can we make up? Please? Wasn’t I a good girl?

Gary felt like he was being pushed on the defensive. It was late, he was just woken up, and to be honest he wasn’t even sure how to approach his sister’s needy antics this time. The way she went about it and his own tiredness surely softened his earlier steel resolve to try and push her away while observing for better ways to influence her.

- You’re really bad at distancing and detaching yourself from things, you know? You get passionate about things too much and too often.

- If it’s about you, then I...

- Stop, please. Don’t make it harder. Or weirder.

- Interpret it in a more positive light, please! Think of my words the way that makes you the most comfortable and you like it the most, okay? You never do it that way. Please. I... I need to...

- Don’t try to tell anything in a roundabout way or force yourself to say embarrassing things anymore, Alex. It’s... okay. Let me talk.
The now distinguishably feminine twin nodded.

-  *F… Fine. Go ahead.*

-  *First of all, you’re leaning in too close.*

-  *And second of all?* - Alex asked, looking at him in a slightly flirtatious manner after removing herself by an insignificantly small distance. He seemed to be okay with even that.

-  *Look, Alex. I’m not going to say all this stuff you want me to say right now, because then, you’d essentially just win and get what you want, and things would probably get even weirder and more confusing between us… but, it’s not like the things you said were untrue or incorrect. If you only tempered yourself a little, instead of acting like we were something else than siblings half of the time, or teasing me as if I was a relationship prospect, I’d probably say them… Rarely but regularly. It’s hard for me to say a lot, especially if it’s embarrassing stuff, but if I know you need it, I’d sure as heck try to help you with it. But, I can never judge how you will react to what I say or do. It’s frustrating that you’re unpredictable. Interesting, sure, and I don’t think less of you because of it, but it is frustrating.*

-  *We are something else than siblings, Gary. Or to be precise, something more. We are twins. And I catch myself…*  

-  *Alex? Remember when I said to not say emb…*  

She interrupted him anyway. She had to push the idea through that thick skull of his.

-  *I catch myself thinking, at times, that it wouldn’t be bad if we were just a little, just a tiny little bit more than that, even.*

-  *You just had to say something confusing, didn’t you? Even though I said not to.*

-  *Have I told you that I loved you? I’m not sure I stress that point enough.*

-  *It gets weirder when you stress it. We’re siblings, and I’ve done a couple of nice things for you, so I guess you might feel that way, but if you do, it just makes me feel more and more indebted to you.*

-  *There are a few ways we could even out any sort of a “debt” pretty easily… - Alex suggested in a half-whisper, leaning in even closer.*

-  *Sis…*  

-  *Am I forgiven? This is important. I want us to be on the best of terms.*

Gary ended up sighing. Closing his eyes and opening them up again, he couldn’t find a way to put things coldly enough or diplomatically enough, so he just said what *she* wanted to hear.
-Of course you’re forgiven, Alex. I cannot stay mad at you for long, we’re twins. It’d be like hating a part of myself.

-Then, I’m glad. I was wondering…

- Alex, you’re too close. Really.

She pulled her head and body away from his own, immediately and more drastically this time. The way she blushed and panicked at the action made her seem really cute at the moment.

- I’m, I’m sorry! There I go again, making you feel uncomfortable, about to do or say something dumb! I apologize, truly!

- Alex, what were you “wondering” about?

- Just forget that! We should be getting to sleep, so I’ll be go…

- Wait. You’re obviously agitated and disappointed. At least let me hear what’s the reason.

She pulled a little bit closer, one of her hands on his stomach, the other on his side. Gary, curiously, didn’t flinch. Truth be told, he didn’t seem nor was he uncomfortable, contrary to what she just whined about..

- Gary, when I told you I kissed you, what did you imagine?

- Hey, that’s not…

- You can tell me. I’m Alex, your twin sister, remember? I love you and I’m hard to offend. I’ll take everything and anything. I can take it.

- Alex… You telling me it’s okay to say it doesn’t change the fact I’m embarrassed to… to admit… and say such…

- That’s okay, Gary. You see… I was wondering if we could… kiss like that. The way you imagined.

The increasing amounts of exasperation in Gary’s expression and voice could by now probably be *touched*, not to mention heard.

- Alex!

- See, you’re nervous. It makes you uncomfortable, so I didn’t want to say it… But then again, it proves I was right this time...

- It’s just, it’s just wrong! We’re siblings! It’s not like it’s because it’s you, it’s because of the blood relation and…

- It’d be our first time, right?
- Yes, I guess that would count... with what I had... in my mind.

[“This is a miracle. Gary isn’t annoyed. Not pushing me back, or off the bed. He’s not even shouting... much. I can make this happen. I can do it. Most of all, I want to. Please, words, form yourself into something that’ll convince him.”]

- Well, I guess if you feel that way, there’s no helping it. I just thought it may be a good way to reconcile, and since I’m such a bad girl, it’d be a good way to pay off the “debt” you feel you have... I’m just curious, Gary. I may not get to do it with anyone anytime soon, and it’s not like I’ll be forcing you into this regularly, so...

- So you guessed, if it’s with someone you already know and are close with, it’d be better.

- Yes. We really are twins, you read me like a book.

Gary looked a little down, then realizing that if not for the darkness, he’d probably be looking right at her chest, cast his gaze to the side, a small sigh escaping his lips. It was time to admit his defeat after all.

- I’m... confused. I don’t know what to do.

- I sometimes find myself wishing...

- Don’t. Don’t say that. Everything is... all right. It’s okay the way it is.

Gary was a little stunned at his own words, because he wasn’t sure whether he was saying that because he wanted Alex to be his sister or because he was essentially okay with the concept of adult-kissing his sister.

[*I don’t understand. I want to have Alex as a sibling, yes. But if it came to stuff like *kissing* her, it would be infinitely better if we were not related. Is the fact I’m uncomfortable with... what she may seem to want the only reason why I said she shouldn’t say that?*]

Alex seemed internally conflicted as well. After a few quiet moments, she responded.

- I’m not so sure.

- I can stand a lot, but there are limits, so, please, don’t push anything more onto my head right now, okay?

- Yes... Yes. That would be too selfish. I’ll be leav...
He grabbed Alex’s hand while blushing fiercely. Even in the darkness, on his bright, white skin, the intensity of a deeply red flush could clearly be seen.

- I… I want to make up, too. There’s a part of me that’s really uncomfortable and angry with all of this and it’s pushing you away and I don’t really understand any of this. I know this is all wrong and it’s not supposed to feel like this and everything is so goddamn messed up! But, I am hurting you a lot, right? You said that yourself. There’s something a bit off with our bond, but right now, there’s nothing wrong with it, and yet, I keep… hurting you…

- Gary, you’re talking too fast.

- Point is, point is… Point is I am so indebted to you and I feel so bad about all this… and it’s not like… You know, you and me… It’s better than someone random, so…

- Gary?

They both blinked several times. Gary’s mouth stayed open for a few moments, then he shook his head energetically and continued talking. He was trying to ignore the way his sister’s eyes watched his lips in that short interval, and trying to understand exactly what brought this sudden desire to please her and reconcile to the surface.

- Let’s do this. This once. I’ll probably feel bad and never want that again, but we can. Just this once. I won’t exactly be able to say with public that my first real kiss was to my sister, but it’s not like I’ll be ashamed of it. I… love you too, Alex.

The hermaphrodite was squirming on the inside, the deepest part of her already somewhere between a land of milk and honey and Heaven itself. She tried not to show too much, but in truth, she wanted to dance, sing, purr, and do many other things.

- I… want to. But are you sure about this?

- Don’t ask. It’s probably as sure as I can get about this, which means totally confused and not sure at all.

It wasn’t the most encouraging explanation, but Alex’ hearing – and most of her thinking – seemed turned off after he admitted being “as sure as he can get”. She leaned closer, starting to feel his irregular breath, the smell of toothpaste… How should she do it? He was awake. Chances are he’s going to panic or kiss her back and then panic. Going straight for the prize seemed wrong. Not to mention, she really was nervous. One wrong move, and Gary will never want to kiss her again. The teachings of her mother from earlier that day evaporated from Alex’ mind.

Slowly, she leaned in and delicately pressed her lightly pouted lips onto his. Her lips, still thin, slowly blossoming into ones that were more appropriate for her increasingly girlier self, simply connected with her brother’s, ones that were once completely identical to her own, not long ago – they just never really took the time to notice it. They stayed like this for a moment, and separated.
That was… Gary started, but his thoughts were a little

… no matter how you look at it…

Um, was that…

Yes. A regular, pure kiss between siblings. Not what I was aiming for, Gary. I guess… We should try one more time.

You're pushing it.

Call it softening you up and preparing you. Ready now?

Yes.

This time, her lips were slightly parted open before they latched and closed onto his. His sister mustered every bit of patience remaining in her body to postpone the altering of the kiss, prolong each phase. Eventually, Alex switched to gentle sucking after his initial lack of response, feeling his lower lip slightly slip into her mouth. The girl’s tongue squirmed, shifted, and slowly protruded, again, licking the outside of his mouth tentatively… And then, gently, tentatively, she slipped the tip of her tongue inside her brother’s mouth, and then out, continuing the kiss. Slowly and unsurely, Gary returned the tender, but quite passionate gesture. Their tongues touched, danced for a split second, and, at an almost sluggish pace, they removed their lips from one another.

Alex was the first to break the short period of silence.

Wow…

That was… nice, I guess.

That makes me happy. You're nervous, aren't you?

Yes, but I think it may be the good kind of nervous.

I am, too… though, you know, for me it's definitely the good kind... I worry I'll push it too far, but, Gary, every part of me tells me to do this… So, I'm going by instinct.

She leaned in immediately, and kissed him again. This time, their tongues clashed and danced with passion, together, and the kiss was longer. On Alex’s part, it ended up being even more hungry and passionate. Gary was left stunned from the assault. Slowly, he felt something pressed against himself from her abdomen.

[*Ah, Sis’ physique… Is that how it is? Is kissing me making her hard? That's wrong no matter how you… wait, is kissing her making me aroused as well? Wait, stop, stop, pull away, pull away…*]
The kiss was broken by Gary, who panted as he looked into his sister’s eyes. A mix of amber and green met with his red. Between the twins, an understanding was finally present. She could feel his guilt was being buried under a ton of the exact same thing she has been feeling for the past couple of years, or at least something distinctly similar. In turn, her ability to *think* was getting buried by more and more of these very feelings.

It was a good thing they were so closely related, that they could understand each other so well.

No words were required thanks to that very aspect, after all.

Alex smashed her lips back onto Gary’s, her hips strongly pressing against his body. Gary’s hand squeezed the sheets as he looked for anything to grab to with the other, returning the kiss with full passion.

[*Damn, what is this? Is this what I wanted? What I imagined myself doing? What I secretly hoped her teasing would lead to? This is so wrong and bad and dirty. I almost want more. I’m taking advantage of my sister. Our sibling bond will be ruined, and my body only seems to think this makes it even better. Stop. No, don’t… and yet…*]

Alex thought’s were more in the gutter.

[“This is amazing! This is so amazing! I want this! I want more! I want to fuck Gary! Every way possible! Please don’t stop! Kiss me, devour me, violate me! This is the side of you I waited for so long! I’m a woman, you’re a man, so at the very least, do not stop this! Your lips are as good as the rest of you! I want to put my tongue in and lick your cheeks and your throat and have you suck my tongue and… god you’re sucking on my tongue… My dick is so harrrdddd, my pussy is so so so wet! Never stop! Don’t stop!”]

Grinding her crotch against his body, she grabbed his free hand and put it on her breast, while changing the dynamic of the kiss and trying to suck his tongue inside her mouth. There was a small squeal when she begun to succeed, drowned out by saliva and her brother’s mouth. The two organs played a bit with each other, hers overpowering, stunning, and finally drawing his in, and Gary whimpered and half-moaned from under her. She felt his own male organ stiffen quite a bit under the covers. Hers was already close to full mast.

[“Make it big and hard! This will go inside me! I want that! I want you inside me, Gary, but I can’t remove my lips from yours and say it! So please, use that big brain of yours and take a guess!”]
His hand was extremely gentle with the way he cupped her breast. He only squeezed minimally for a moment and would quickly withdraw his arm if she hadn’t held it there. Her lips were on fire, and devoured his like a hungry animal, drooling and salivating just a bit too much. She let go of his arm and moved her own hands elsewhere.

It was finally clear to her that when she tried to ‘go by instinct’, there was more than one instinct involved. There was something deeper inside of her now, something so impossibly greedy it made her regular neediness seem innocent and humble by comparison.

But even that couldn’t stop the way her heart felt on the matter.

She felt his cheeks under her fingertips and moved them upwards, holding his face in her hands, lovingly, gently caressing it, wanting to feel everything. He was surprisingly warm to the touch, his skin uncharacteristically soft and smooth for a boy in quite late teenage years. His own palm moved to her cheek stroking it in the most delicate of ways, but the other one was very, very reluctant to leave her breast, and had equal problems being actually allowed to do so, yet finally the hand and her chest came apart… slowly, with the former making sure to cup a single last feel before it did, with a small, gentle squeeze.

She loved being treated like something easily broken on one side, while they were both clearly burning with violent passion and need on other sides.

Finally, they both broke the kiss out of need for air.

[“How do I say that? How do I get to the sex part from here? How do I make a move that… isn’t bad? Does he want that, too?”] Those were the thoughts in Alex’s mind. Gary either didn’t think much, or his mind was completely infested by the chaos of what just happened…

Her twin brother was lying below her, his hands now laying limp on his sides. He seemed flustered and very confused… and apparently a bit aroused or at least embarrassed. His skin was red from his blush – and probably from being tenderly suffocated by his sister’s intense session with his lips, his hair were disheveled. Gary’s lips were slightly parted, still wet, probably more from her saliva than his – she was a bit on the sloppy side when she finally got her hands and lips on her brother. Then she realized – during the kissing, she hadn’t even noticed when she started straddling him and only now became aware how much she grinded her erection against his lower body, and his own awakening one against her thighs and behind. Not exactly the kinds of sensations you’d expect during your first adult kiss with a girl. She blushed, but was determined to keep moving until stopped by the other party. Her hand reached to undo one of the buttons on her pajamas’ top, and that’s when Gary finally realized what, in truth, this might’ve been leading to… Or at least, that’s when his body and mind finally pushed themselves to action.
- No, Alex, wait! Wait!

- Making me wait so long, and wanting to prolong it… But, isn’t this natural? That was hardly the way to kiss someone if you don’t want to proceed to that… part. At least if you ask me!

Gary shook his head empathically, though he knew he let the reluctant part of him take the protest too far and react too strongly.

-I’m, I’m sorry! I let us get carried away, but I never… We still have to stop! Alex, this wasn’t supposed to go like this, I have reasons to apologize, you have reasons to feel disappointed but, but… This is still wrong! I’m sorry!

[“B…but…”]

Alex paused. This hunger inside of her was teased and tantalized by what she has received, but hardly seemed to be nourished at all.

[“Rape him. He deserves it. Stupid bastard. So, it is okay to kiss you, grope you, but when it comes to payment and he is supposed to stuff you with his baby batter, it’s wrong? Just do everything you want. Force him to ejaculate into that hungry fuck-hole of yours, then rape his sorry ass. Or in reverse. Or…-“]

Wait. Again.

[“God, what the hell I am thinking? This… This isn’t me! Gary said he’d be confused! He said he might feel bad, and we weren’t even supposed to get this far! This is good, Alex, don’t ruin it! Just… don’t think… about this… about the lips, the touching on the breasts… his erect cock slipping inside, and, and… and… DON’T!”]

[“Oh, but please, do. How else are we going to get anyyywhere near sane and sound if we don’t run a few laps of a sex marathon with your brother’s holes, and his dick if we’re feeling nice?–“]

[“T…This…That much is okay! It’s okay! I cannot traumatize him! I cannot make him feel any more bad about this than he may already do! I need to fix anything and everything bad and leave the good parts. If Gary sees me as a sister AND something more, even a little bit more, then desire for sex *right now* means nothing! The good influence was already achieved, the deed is done, don’t waste it, Alex!”]

- Of… of course. You were saying that from the beginning. I’m sorry, Gary. I didn’t intend… it got out of hand. I had so much of it kept inside me, I…

Alex seemed to be unable to put her thoughts into words, but sighed and continued.

- I’m not like other kids, girls. I get like this… flustered, aroused… easily, way too easily, especially when… Well, you see, I haven’t had this type of physical contact before, and I couldn’t predict what
I'd feel like turning it into. It was so good and intense... And I apologize I've shown you all this, that side of me. But, I'm really happy. I'm happy because you kissed me like you meant it. We just acted naturally, intimately, like we're close to one another, and, and, and this was way better than I could've hoped, and you didn't resist, no, you returned this... so please, don't think bad of what happened. Think of it as playtime. Some naughty thing you wouldn't tell Mom about, but nothing *wrong*. We didn't do anything *wrong*, all right?

- Alex, what we did was...

To his surprise, she silenced him with a kiss. This one was definitely clean and sisterly.

- Amazing. That’s all that matters. Now excuse me. I’ll be back in a few minutes or so. Don’t be angry. Don’t feel ashamed. You’re a boy, I’m a girl, we crossed no border. We just... explored. I’m sorry, I’m babbling.

She removed herself from top of him and went down on the ladder. She ran to the bathroom. She was going to masturbate like crazy to the residing feelings of his fingers touching her breast and their lips pressed together.

[“Jerk off like crazy. Until you cum.”]

After a moment of afterthought, she figured out that might not be enough.

[“-Until you cum twice~!-“]

[“Yes. Yes. Until... twice... Going to be tiring, huh? Good, I’ll manage to sleep at all if I do that, maybe. Also, Gary may want to do it as well, so don’t just back rush into the room... Oh, yes, that’s a thought. Gary, please jerk off to thoughts about your sister. Leave the result in a glass for me to taste once I get back. Fufufu.”]

Chapter End Notes

With this, we're over halfway through Act 2. The Acts as you can see have varying length - the first one only had the birth and the schooltime scene, but this one's pretty long despite only covering a small number of days. I believe act II is the second-longest out of the ones I've intended, but things may be shifted around inbetween acts before the story's ultimate version comes to light.

Hope you enjoy reading and feel free to leave comments. The uploading pace should slow down a bit now, regrettably, due to duties and act III being the one requiring the most edits.
Act 2: Teenage Arousal - Such Cute Siblingfriends

Chapter Summary

Gary and Alex have to deal with the awkwardness of the walls between them falling from their own deeds on the night before, and the pretenses under which both of them were operating so far are becoming quite transparent.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next day…

The next day, Alex was a mess.

A total mess.

When she laid back to sleep after her masturbation session, she couldn’t stop thinking about which part of Gary’s body was on top and which was on the bottom. Which was directed towards her, and which towards the ceiling.

If she crawled on top of him and took matters into her own hands, which part would be easier to access?

How long was his dick hard after their makeout session? Because that’s what it was, wasn’t it? A hot makeout session. The couples would share, but also the kind that doesn’t proceed further because of silly reasons like time constrains or one of their parents being in the next room. Just how erect did he get? Did he also try masturbating afterwards? If so, exactly what did he imagine when he came?

That was an assumption, however. Did he get to have an orgasm in the first place? If so, was it while imagining her body, the feeling of it against his?

It was so *hard* to resist throwing herself at him the moment she saw him. Just from remembering the taste of his lips, the touch of his tongue, the gentle squeezing and cupping of her breast, the sensation of his body as she rubbed her groin against him, it was all making her head go blank.

Turns out, when she received her portion of affection, things did *not* get better inside her head.

[“I seem to keep getting more desperate. More obsessed. It’s like an addiction. No matter how much I get, it just deepens the thing and makes me want more. It will grow stronger. No matter what we do, Gary, it isn’t enough, it may never be enough… Should I try to cure this thing? Is it like a drug?
Would withdrawal be bad?... Is this unladylike? Mother always seems to pause for a little before calling me anything female or girly.”]

She saw the face of her dreams and obsessions as Gary stepped out from the kitchen, and into the room.

[“Aw-kward…”]

He sat down and gave a very shy, slightly embarrassed smile. But it was an honest one. She felt butterflies in her stomach.

[“God, yes.”]

- Is... everything all right, Gary?
- You seem... tired. And it’s... weird, isn’t it. After yesterday. I just don’t want you to think...
- You’re so sweet.
- Alex?
- I’m not in the least bit embarrassed about what happened. I... am happy. Even if you can’t be, I don’t want you to feel bad about it, okay?
- I’m... relieved. I wouldn’t want this... to come between us and... stuff.
- Don’t be ridiculous. How exactly would this come between us? Even if it’s a bad thing, I wouldn’t want anything to increase the distance. But, what we did... Was NOT a bad thing. I cannot stress that point enough. Please think the same way, Gary. Please. I need you to understand.

[“To hell with addictions and withdrawals. Gary is closer than ever. It’s like if he’s falling and I can catch him...Aa...a-and lay him down and straddle him and... I’m getting wet... Wait, where’s all this perviness coming from? I’m pretty easy to get horny, but not THAT easy!”]

- It feels difficult to understand, right now, or to cathegorize, but... What exactly... what exactly are you saying, sis?
- I’m saying that... Well... It’s kind of difficult, complicated. I... I want to be honest. I want you to know. I... Between you and me, I...we... the two of us...

And then, the doors opened, with the older couple of Lunarson siblings walking in.

- Sorry for interrupting your little secret conversation, but we wanted to make sure you’re set and ready and to tell you what we’re going to do today.

[“-I’ll kill you, Mother. Uncle, you too.-”] [“I almost had the courage. I was almost... almost ready, and you ruined it. It would clear everything up. I’m sure Gary would understand. He’d probably even accept my feelings, and you...”] [“-You...-”]
- You told us yesterday, mother. It’s insulting that you think either Alex or I would forget. Not to mention, were you eavesdropping? What the hell?

- Watch your language, son. I’ve only heard the part about something being complicated and your sister wanting to be honest, but I guess…

Then, Uncle Adam cut in.

- Sorry about eavesdropping, but that reminds me. Alex, you still remember our talk, yes?

- Do I seem so forgetful?

- Good. I hope you’ve been behaving since then.

- Of course not, Uncle. I’ve done bad, bad things. Can’t you see the aura of sin around the entire place?

- Smartass.

- She takes after you, Uncle.

[“Gary is on my side. Well, well, Elder Lunarsons, seems you’re about to get your asses kicked.”]

- And apparently, so do you. Since when you’re taking her side?

- I think any teenager would be a little annoyed at getting a room only to be eavesdropped on in it and with people walking in anytime they want.

Gary wasn’t entirely sure what caused him to be so defensive, other than not wanting his sister to get in trouble for her shenanigans.

- Oh, and since when is bonding with your sister so important? It appears I should have a talk with more than a single Lunarson kid here.

Their mother seemed a little confused by the entire exchange, and finally interrupted it.

- Adam, is something wrong? Did they do something bad or what?

[“Mom, you’re oh-so-bad at reading the atmosphere. I’m pretty sure that if you saw me straddling Gary while taking my pants off, you’d think we’re having a wrestling competition.”]

- They just… had me worried. Alex, especially. Nothing for you to worry about, sister. You’ve done enough for these kids, there’s no need for you to get nervous over something so small.
[“Like hell she did. Then how come Gary is the closest person I’ve ever had? How come she was *unsure* if I identify as a girl? How come three quarters of our growing up talks, sex talks and morality talks are handled by an uncle who lives halfway across the world? This mother of ours is the thing that made the connection between me and Gary so strange. Apparently, I cannot be his sister and his lover at once without problems. If this mother of mine didn’t mess it all up, it would be possible. I need Gary. I need him to be mine. And you two are in my way, even if I needed your help before…”]

- Sis? Sister, is something wrong? You seem…

- Angry? Damn right I am angry, brother. We’re leaving. Now.

Alex grabbed Gary’s hand and tried to lead him out of the room, with their parent and uncle staring in disbelief.

- This is private. No eavesdropping.

- Young lady, the way you’re behaving…

- Funny, how you only call me a lady without a second thought when it suits you, mom. I wonder what would you be calling me if you’ve had an appropriate word for what I am… We need just a little bit of privacy, so let us have it. We are not doing anything WRONG.

Gary was seemingly also stunned at her behavior, but when Alex grabbed his hand, he allowed her to lead him out of the room. They took a couple of turns and twists all over the place to make sure their “parents” would *not* find them quickly. Both of them were also quite shocked by their uncle’s words, although only Alex would admit to it - after all, it was the first time his words felt so entirely wrong and incorrect.

After one final turn, Gary was, much to his surprise, gently pushed against the wall. Alex placed a hand on his cheek, and stared deep into his eyes before admitting something that had to sound surprising at first.

- I’m scared, Gary.

These words were kind of contrary to what she was doing, and the dumbfounded boy could only respond with:

- Alex?

- I’m scared that you’re hating me even when we become closer. I’m scared that if I abandon all the pretense and all the half-truths and pseudo-kidding atmosphere, you’ll end up scared or disgusted and push me away.

- Alex, I… think I’m starting to get the picture, but…

- Please, don’t say it’s “wrong”. I will… try my best. I’ll show you. I’ll make it all okay. I’ll try to contain myself to whatever you’re comfortable with, I’ll really try.
- Liar liar pants on fire."

- Alex, you’re making little sense, and the sense that you are making points to a direction that should be closed off.

- You kissed me, Gary. You were not just *laying* there. What do you think… If we didn’t know we were related, or if we weren’t related, what would happen?

Her albinotic brother started to go a little red at the mention of yesterday and possible courses of events that might’ve transpired. Getting worked up also meant he was losing a bit of his usual composure.

Something was different about this talk. Alex was not mentioning something that normally caused Gary to panic during these sorts of talks, while at the same time there was something in the back of her head insisting she’d fail to take the ‘gentle’ route and at the same time the gentle way of bringing her and Gary together was useless in and of itself.

She felt like she was lying in both of their faces when she took a ‘vow’ to try and restrain herself in any way. Like she was not able to do that anymore, but said it anyway because it was what her twin wanted to hear. Where did the sudden manipulativeness come from? Why did she feel guilt and such a visible split in her desires to keep her word?

- What *would* happen doesn’t matter! We are, and…

- Stop, Gary. Please, stop. You’re the only one… There’s no one else. In your eyes, I’m a girl, regardless of body parts. If me being your sister is so much of a bother, we need to consider how to overcome that ‘bother’.

- You’re making me worried, Alex. Don’t you think this is a little too much to digest at once? I’d prefer it if you were kidding right now… just teasing your virgin nerd brother since we’re entering such a phase and all.

Two people left the room nearby, a man and a woman in their late twenties or early thirties or so. The woman was the first to take notice of them, leaning into the man and gently tugging on his jacket to bring his attention to the two siblings.

- Look, James, a couple sneaking out for a little tete-a-tete! They look so cute, just look!
Unlike her immediate reaction, the man took a far longer look before voicing his own opinion, the scrutiny causing both siblings to go silent for a moment.

- Oh? My, my. We’re embarrassing them. Sorry, lad, excuse me, miss. But, well, since I’ve already seen so much, let me tell you something, older guy to younger man - I saw that look in a girl’s eyes once. Hang on to her, that one’s a keeper.

There was probably a huge protest trying to make its way to the forefront of Gary’s response, but the proper words just wouldn’t come out for a couple moments as the couple prepared to leave. Finally, in a barely audible manner, he squeezed a couple of words out:

- Mister, you don’t understand, we…

- Okay, okay, we’re leaving. Get your secret smooch or whatever you need. Come, Maria, they’re waiting for us.

- Good luck, you two! And if you like it, you should…

- Maria, they’re too young for that! We should go now. See you two somewhere and sometime!

The silence after the couple went away seemed so thick one could almost reach out and grab it. Both of the siblings were thinking about just why and how did the two strangers come to that particular conclusion.

[“We… Look like a couple. A cute one.”]

- That was awk…

- That was speaking for itself. Gary…

- Alex?

- What they said… Would it really be bad to hear it when people look at us?

- I… don’t know, but it’s not something we should test.

- Just… think about it. Please. For your sister.

- Stop throwing sister in when it’s useful and out when it’s not!

That was true. While Alex certainly didn’t want to get rid of the family bond they’ve had, it seemed like she entertained the idea verbally whenever it could lead to the two of them gaining some ground on the romantic level - or tried to convince Gary to ‘forget’ about their sibling relationship at these times. It felt wrong to do such a thing, and the apology that came to her mind seemed to immediately spill out on its own.

- I’m… sorry, Gary. That’s just… That’s just who I am. How I am. I’m… a terrible person. I cannot
stop this. I’ll try to explain one day, but right now, this would really be too much for you to handle… So I’ll try and protect my brother from that side just a little bit longer, but it won’t last long. I cannot last long. Try to… understand. You’re the only one who can.

The level of cryptic monologue Alex’ apology had just made Gary shake his head a bit.

- I wouldn’t be so sure that I am.

- Stop talking, or it’ll also be more than I can understand and take. I also can only handle so much. Don’t break your sister. We only have each other, Gary. I’ll leave you alone for now, okay?. You need time. I’m sure all you need is time, so please think… about us, all right?

- Alex, the two of us ca…

- I can’t I can’t hear you! I cannot listen to this! It would be too much. I have only one heart that can only take this much, so, you will not say this, and I will leave. See you at the pool.

Alex indeed left then, leaving Gary with words unsaid and thoughts getting all mixed up in his head..

[*She’s on the verge of crying. My twin sister might’ve actually been serious all this time… All the crazy semi-pick up lines, romantic wordings, sexual and intimate teasing… all that… could’ve been real? What’s more… no, what’s worse, and she refuses to acknowledge such a thing would be impossible?. It makes her break inside and cry. And I… my stupid self kept her so confused all the time. I kissed her. I kissed her. And that made her *believe* all this. I made her believe there’s an Alex and Gary that aren’t siblings, or are more than siblings, or something… This is incest. This is wrong. Genetically speaking, morally speaking, ethically speaking, psychologically speaking. Alex should have some sort of block against this, right? She should prefer hanging out with boys or girls that aren’t her sibling… I’m sure something like this exists. Siblings don’t go thinking their siblings are dreamy, much less wanting to bang them. So, how can she even think that?*

A - much quieter than his inner “voice of reason” - voice in his head called him a hypocrite.

[*Come on, Gary. The way she acted, you considered it at least a few times yourself. She’s just… way higher on the “wrong” scale. I shouldn’t, no, I cannot confuse her anymore. I have to find a way out. Even if it hurts her, it’s better to do it now than continue… This sick thing. This crazy flirting. She… She is so sweet, she was acting so determined, I almost allowed her to pull me along. Why? How can things get so difficult? No father, a sister that has people doubt her gender … And now this? Now incest? Is there no justice? No freaking concept of balance or goodness or a benevolent greater will in this universe? On the other hand, that may be just it. I was never a believer, Mother is just so… passive, so is the greater will of the universe punishing us, or something? How come I couldn’t see? How could I allow this to develop all the way into… whatever it is?*]

He had to fix it. Only he could.
[*Can’t I just be your brother, Alex? It’s still intact, us as siblings, our bond. I’m your brother. All you need to do is find someone who can fill the other important spots… but it cannot be me! I’m not fit to do it. And that’s without going into the “we’re siblings, this is wrong” stuff. I just think I am anything but good boyfriend material for a 16 year old hermaphrodite who just happens to be my TWIN!*]

Gary failed to realize this was the first time he really thought of his sister as a hermaphrodite rather than a girl.

If the albino youngster’s emotional intelligence matched his more traditional IQ, he’d probably realize with the two of them combined that there was no good way out from this situation - at least, not without standing his “moral ground” - and that it’ll all only go downhill. However, trying to be rational and not follow his heart at the moment he realized his sister was being IRRATIONAL and following her heart all the time just had to lead to something with rather bad, if not downright tragic, consequences.

And because he was being rational, her or his feelings or people getting emotionally hurt were pushed into the background. He already surpressed a lot, so things like feelings of, or for, his sister being a little more complicated than just a normal sibling relationship, or his desire to not make her hurt anymore for now, were relatively simple to surpress even further than he might’ve been doing up until now.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter's going to be big, so it may take a while to edit. It's also important, so I want to make sure things are portrayed correctly as I intended them to be when I revised the initial draft for the story. I don't think many changes will be neccessary, though.
Chapter Summary

Alex’s ability to control herself continues to plummet, and her brother’s confusion reaches its pinnacle just before he learns just how deep her feelings run, after hearing things that sound so horrible both about her and from her all day. Something has to be done. Is it what Alex wants to happen?

Chapter Notes

This is the final update for Freak Love before the proper Christmas period. I thought a lot whether I should make this update, but given I'll be busy for some time after Christmas, I believe it is better to quickly push out the final updates that I can to people have more reading material.

That being said, if you value the Christmas/holiday atmosphere and are in a good mood about it, I'd recommend leaving this chapter for after you're done with these holidays. It's an important plot point, true, and sort of a breakthrough in the story, but it is still early in the story, and this particular breakthrough I fear is not likely to affect people's mood positively.

That being said it's far from the end of the story. This act has 2 more chapters still, although I could easily call these chapters part of the next act as well, or a separate arc. The story itself is less than half posted even with this update, but I did get a chunk of writing done again as well as important edits, so I feel better about being able to upload it before I get ultra-busy again after the closest busy period.

Nevertheless, the choice to read the chapter is yours.

As always, I'd welcome comments and constructive criticism both.

One way or another, I'd like to wish everyone a well-spent and warm time this Christmas. Whether you're a faithful and religious person celebrating something important, a spiritual person noticing that for many, this time is special, or just a regular human living from day to day thinking this is but tradition, I do hope you rest well and have a pleasant time with your families and friends. I also like to thank everyone for consistently reading this - the amount of views seems to be increasing at a very fast pace for this story - especially the people who left their 'kudos' or the ones who subscribed to the story.

They were visiting the pool again.

And, while there, some introductions were in order. Uncle Adam’s co-workers also visited, and as it turned out, they’ve already heard their own fair share about both Gary and Alex. Apparently, they were interested in both kids – uncle Adam didn’t forget to mention how smart Gary was or what
exactly Alex was to his colleagues in the past, so some talk at least revolved around that. Alex quickly grew bored with the egg-heads and the atmosphere was clearly a bit strained between her and Gary, so she couldn’t take him along or try her usual shenanigans in both his and their uncle’s colleagues’ presence. She decided to go and take a dive inside the pool.

As she did so, Gary noticed those “guys” staring at his sister, walking away in her one-piece swimsuit.

To be honest, he half-expected her to put on the braver bikini - though he was somewhat disappointed with himself for realizing he almost wanted the eye candy - but what she went with was better. At least, not too much showed. There was a slight bulge in an inappropriate place, but it’d be even harder to hide in a two-piece.

- The body is still somewhat a failure, isn’t it, Adam?
- Do you really have to comment on these kinds of things in front of her brother AND her uncle? - the male Lunarson responded.

- Her? Isn’t ‘she’… both? It’s visible, you know. You mentioned both sides work properly, unlike any intersex child or person to date. There must be another way to refer to Alex’ characteristics. Like “its”.

Gary’s eyes widened, gleaming with hints of anger, and he turned to the offending bastard.

- “Its”? What do you mean, “its”?

- Well, I guess it sounds like she was an object, when in truth, she’s simply a unique specimen of a lifeform. I suppose we need to think something up. “His, her” for regular genders… Then… Xer? Xis? Xir? Hes? Hir??

Gary still attempted to control his temper, barely gritting his teeth when he once again asked:

- Excuse me. Just *what* are you talking about?

- Well, as you mentioned, David, it appears the hermaphrodite’s hips and pelvic bones are, at least as of yet, underdeveloped as far as bearing young would be concerned. This probably means that body is oriented towards the male physical build, particularly bone construction, unless the hermaphrodite developed shorter pregnancies with smaller fetuses and newborns.

- Have you ever done any fertility checks on her, Adam?

- Listen, guys, really, talking about her in that way in front of her… - Adam tried to salvage the situation, even if he was only partially as disturbed by the talk as Gary was.

- Her? Both of you used ‘her’, but didn’t I already mention that it’s not accurate? Let’s go with using “hir” for now.

Adam seemed to be having none of it and just finished the sentence as if he wasn’t interrupted at all.

- … HER brother is NOT all right.

- Come on, didn’t you say he had a scientific mind? You even consider inviting him to Korrine
University, right? He should be able to detach himself and think of his … sibling as an object of research, shouldn’t he?

Gary finally reached his limit. People shouldn’t speak of people as ‘objects of research’ simply due to something being a novelty. Alex had enough problems without that.
- Excuse me, mister. Could you please tell me how long do you intend to continue calling my sister an object or refer to her in some mutated genderless pronouns before you finally acknowledge she is a person identifying herself as a female regardless of whatever sexual organs she possesses?

The man raised an eyebrow and responded with the same high-and-mighty attitude.
- That’s an unusual and unscientific point of view. You see, humans, in nature and by nature, are not fully functional hermaphrodites. Apparently, your sibling’s hormonal development is absolutely mutated as well, both kinds of hormones *increasing in intensity* of production as she ages. Said sibling also went through a pregnancy normally unseen in most human fetus development. You *do* realize that the being you identify as “Alex” is two people at once, in a sense? He… she… Xe? is your fraternal twin AND your identical twin at once. You see, fetus absorption sometimes happens during pregnancy, but in this case, it went differently from usual. According to my friend Adam here, your sister has sets of cells with three different combinations of gender chromosomes, most of them already a mutation as far as humans themselves are concerned, trisomic or above. It’s not uncommon for sex-related chromosomes to differ in number between cells, but to have three sets and be a functional hermaphrodite is unheard of. As often is the case, the additional sex-related chromosomes over the expected pair can be associated with slight intellectual deterioration, which is precisely why, or at least part of the reason why, your sibling is not as academically adept as you are, despite partially being your clone… sorry, identical twin. It’s also the reason why “she’s” not albinotic like you… an interesting quirk in and of itself. “Her” entire development is unpredictable, and, plus, we only discovered it recently, even her brain works differently. “Her” senses are sharpened and more developed than in normal humans. Basically, Gary, there is a possibility your sister is no longer a “homo sapiens”, meaning humans as we know them, but an entirely new species! Regrettably, to prove all of our thoughts and theories, we will have to wait for her to reach full physical maturity and start to have actual sexual relations. You wouldn’t happen to be able to confirm her sexual orientation and whether she’s had any encounters of the sorts already? In my belief, her being a bisexual or pansexual would be the most fruitful development. Asexual would just be boring because it’d suggest her sex hormones work roughly like they should in a ‘regular’ Homo Sapiens.

- Sorry, Uncle. Excuse me, doctors, professors, or whatever. I see Alex as a person, and as such, I cannot listen to this bullshit any longer.

Gary saying these words with an amount of righteous wrath that surprised even the annoyed and embarrassed Adam, but more importantly gave the blabbering scientists a moment of pause. Still, the man continued after a few seconds of silence.
- Heh, seems you overestimated your nephew, Adam! You’re nonobjective as usual. He is still so young and…

- I don’t want to hear you badmouth ANYONE in my family, mister. You may find your old bones just aren’t enough to take an angry young overestimated guy. - the younger of the two Lunarson men present stopped the apparent criticism of his uncle before it even started.
Adam was a little stressed – straight-up threatening an established scientist would not be a good thing for Gary’s future, most likely – but was also glad his nephew managed to silence his colleague for now. Teenagers being teenagers, they should be able to spend some time just taking it easy before the world falls on their shoulders with all its weight.

Gary just ditched the scientists, and, in a manner eerily similar to his twin, moved to the edge of the pool, just in time to meet his sister swimming towards the side he approached.

Alex looked up at her approaching brother, who leaned over the water and, as a result of her movement, herself as well. It was precisely as she always felt a scene like that would be - quite a sight and a dose of eye candy. Gary wasn’t exactly ripped. He had some lean muscles and practically no fat. He was, at the moment, just a bit taller than her – they always stayed close in height, and both of them had their periods of being just barely in the lead - and very slim, just the way she liked. Though, perhaps she thought she liked men that way simply because Gary looked that way. It was difficult to be sure. She tried to not ogle and gawk at him too obviously, being quite aware her uncle and his colleagues were observing. Regardless of her overall feelings, she wanted to at least make sure she kept the promise to Gary when it came to not making things worse for their uncle.

His eyes were half-closed - to him an obvious reaction to the light. It was difficult for him to stay in bright places because of his condition. Just as it would be difficult, normally, for her to simply expose herself like that because of her own condition. Anyone looking hard enough at her, even in a one-piece swimsuit with just a little extra padding, could tell that there is just a little too much of a bulge on the front. Regardless of how much she moved “the thing” around it either looked or felt unnatural. As such, Alex never went out to the beach often, and while she enjoyed springs, summers were a trouble for her as she disliked dressing in a way that exposed *too* much outside their family house.

That’s the kind of twins they were. Both much different from the usual human. She wondered if it strengthened their bond over the years, this common sense of separation, of being different from others…

But, now he was speaking, and looking at her, and she was instead thinking about his body. As he spoke, she switched to thinking about his lips, which did NOT help. A little embarrassed at the slip, she blushed lightly.

- So… Sorry, brother. Could you repeat? I kind of went blank there for a moment.

- I’m tired of our “guests”. I wondered if you wanted to get a break from the swimming and grab something to drink. They’re supposed to have chilled soft drinks or lemonade around.

She reached out to him and he helped her pull out of the pool. Alex couldn’t help but put her other hand on his body during the action, which led to her arousal starting to build up from the contact, and
a wet spot on his skin.

[“It’s so wrong, and yet feels so right. He’s tempting me, isn’t he? Is this on purpose, Gary? Do you
want your sister to grow so desperate that she’ll rip your pants off you? That’s what you want, right?
Dirty boy.”]

[“Okay, I can admit. This is me. Not that… weird, disgusting, forceful new voice, but me. Still… I’m
just building higher expectations, am I not? Not very well-based ones either. I’ll just get more
worked up if I think that way.”]

They turned and started walking towards the drink stand. It was close enough to the two separate
hotel pools, meaning they wouldn’t risk Alex’s “gender identity” getting compromised to anyone.
She tried to brighten the mood and chat him up, partially to distract herself from lewd thoughts.

- So, Gary, couldn’t help but crave my company for a little bit?

- It’s not a bad alternative, but, honestly, I just grew angry with the previous “company”.

- The scientists from uncle’s university? What, are they that boring? I thought you were interested in
all that stuff.

- This and that are different things. Whether they’re a scientist or not, if they’re being a bunch of
bastards, I don’t want to be around them.

That was rare. Gary was normally more composed unless teased sexually by his sibling.

- Oh? I rarely see you “pissed off”, Brother, and I have quite the experience. What did the eggheads
say or do?

- Ummm… I’d rather not mention it.

- Come on, come on! Worried I might pick up on it later?

- I seriously doubt you would say something bad about yourself just to get me ang…

Gary stopped mid-sentence, realizing he spilled the beans, with Alex’s little smile growing to a full-
blown grin. She turned to him, some surprise in her eyes in addition to pure, simple satisfaction from
his admission, and handed him his own cold lemonade.

- Gary, you’re so sweet.

- You know, continuing to say that is just going to make me embarrassed, or unlikely to do any more
kind stuff for you.

- It’s probably one of the chief reasons why I…

- You say THAT often enough to make it pretty embarrassing, too.

- I can’t help it. You know that much. I really, truly l…

- Don’t push it, sister. We were doing well here.
- Were we? If I may ask... have you been thing about what happened between us? I’m sorry, but... It was amazing, and I need to know. I’m going to ask often. I’m probably going to keep asking until I hear the answer I like, so if you’re afraid you may give in just to have peace, maybe you should just do so from the start... Although, on the other hand, it won’t help anything if it’s a lie.

- Alex, I was serious. It is... a difficult thing, I know. But, we cannot. You see, there’s a number of...

- I’m not listening, not listening. Wrong answer, pick another.

Gary felt a little annoyed, but mostly worried, at his sister’s sudden complete denial. Did something change?

- Are you a kid or something? At the very least, listen to why it is impossible. For someone pushy with trying to convince me, you sure as hell don’t let yourself hear anything that may convince you the other way.

- No, Gary. You didn’t really consider what happened, or wasn’t honest about it. We... have a connection. We’re brother and sister, all right, but there *is* something else. It’s on your side, too, I know this.

Alex put her hand on her brother’s pale white cheek, smiling a bit sadly.

- Lately, you see, I could tell we got closer, things got better. The way you kissed me... Do you know how aroused I was? My mind went completely blank. There was only one thought in my head, and you know damn well what it was. I think you realize just as well as I do where the situation would lead if only our relations were the slightest bit different.

- But they aren’t, Alex. Nothing... will happen. I wish I didn’t confuse you more by sharing that kiss. I’m sorry for leading you on.

- No! Don’t say that! That kiss was the best thing ever!

She suddenly grabbed him, causing him to spill some of his lemonade. The close contact was rapidly making her erect, but she couldn’t help wanting even MORE contact. She was searching for something to say, but as always, Gary’s mind worked calmly and quickly, compared to her frantic, chaotic thoughts.

- Alex, I’ll cut to the chase. There are only a few ways we can do this. We can either try our best to deal with it ourselves, or we can try and get you professional help. I’m sure such things happen and they’ll be able to help you get over these inc...

- NO!

She pushed him onto the wall but held him firmly. He was then pulled back immediately. Alex’s actions shook his body hard, the girl unsure how to deal with the sudden burst of panic and rage. The only thing that stopped their scene from grabbing too much attention was the fact her voice was too broken to be loud, even as she tried to shout at him.

- No! Don’t you get this? I want it! And you’re not honest with yourself! I could *feel* your excitement. Your dick was getting *hard* from *groping* your sister and her stuffing your mouth full of her tongue. Don’t deny it. You returned that kiss and got horny because of it, so why the hell are you lying? Why are you telling me it is wrong? You want this! You want me! Your sister made you horny and if your stupid inhibitions didn’t stop you we’d already have the deed done!
Gary looked around to check if anyone heard this outburst, blushing a bit but still keeping his temper in check.

- Alex, that was an uncalled for biological reaction. I couldn’t help it. Again, I am sorry for leading you on, but we should try and approach this rationally. It’s not like people only seek help for major and completely crazy issues. I don’t understand the basis for it, but I’m sure all you’d have to do is find a way to relocate your feelings, desires, or whatever it is that makes you feel like you do. If this is really difficult for you, I’m sure we can get you help.

She pushed him back against the wall, her body and mouth following his, though, trying to kiss him. All this caused Gary to finally drop his lemonade, and the glass shattered. The way he dodged and pulled his lips away made her mind even more ablaze with lust, anger, confusion, and panic.

- I can’t believe this! What is wrong about this? How can love be wrong? Why does every part of my body twinge and pulse and feel good and want to surrender to more and more every single time we touch if this is wrong? Why can’t I just get you out of my head if this is wrong? You just said that, those strangers, they see me as something else, but you, you’re just as smart as they are. So why do you call me a girl? Why do you treat me so right? Why do you seem so sweet to me? Why why why? I can’t think of anyone else. I don’t want anyone else. I want you! You, do you understand? You kissed me, you touched me, so why do you think it’s wrong now? You acted on your feelings, so why is this wrong? Do you understand how difficult it all is to me?

- Alex, stop. Let me get the glass. Don’t… be angry. We’ll talk about this.

- Calm down. As you can see, me being so ‘sweet’ to you is mostly in your head. I may not treat you as bad as some people did, but I am not the world’s greatest and kindest gift to you, either. Now, let me pick that glass up.

It was just a way to give himself some time to think and her some time to calm down. While he himself was trying to act detached, it pretty clear to him that his sister was much further gone than he expected, and as intelligent as Gary was, he knew he wasn’t wise, experienced, empathic, or mature enough to deal with it - then again, neither was his mother, and even uncle Adam might’ve been lacking - which meant for Alex’s safety he would *have* to take care of this on his own, or convince her to get professional aid if at all possible.

He turned around and Alex started to move away, wanting to give him just a little more space - and yet, her body partially resisted that command and when he bended over, it wasn’t exactly the most fortunate of positions. Gary’s entire barely-covered backside rubbed against Alex’s crotch, right into her groin, causing her to gasp, then half- moan. She looked down, seeing her brother’s slippers-covered ass pushed against her, and she couldn’t help it but grind lightly against it.

[“Would that be better than the other way around? Gary’s ass is awesome, as is the rest of him, so that would probably feel… so good… There’s barely any control left in me…”]

He moved to throw the glass out, obviously embarassed from the contact himself, because she saw him blushing. He was trying to ignore the uncomfortable touch, but that was something she couldn’t
recognize right now - her thoughts went somewhere else entirely. It felt like this odd second set of instincts, the new way of thinking and perception, was really being dragged out to the surface at the worst moment possible.

[“See the way that slut rubbed up against you? See how flushed he is? His body wants it, it wants every single part of you, he just doesn’t have the balls to admit it. Come on, Alex, what would be so wrong? Don’t you want your little brother’s white skin colored even prettier with a huge load? You’ve been keeping it- inside of yourself for so long…”]

She tried to shake off the sudden desire to use her cock on her brother, but her body seemed no longer able to handle her own lust.

[Oh god my dick is pulsing, it’s pulsing, Gary, come over here, TOUCH ME YOU BASTARD, ah, wait, no…”]

Then and there, with a sharp breath and a stifled half-moan, half-gasp, it happened.

-A… ahhnnn…

Like a hopeless premature virgin boy she in a sense half-was, her penis twitched, and she felt it pumping something warm and wet into her swimsuit.

Alex had an orgasm. With little to no stimulation at all. It felt incredible, exhilarating, sublime. If their clothes were off, her cum would be shooting out right over her brother’s body, which was the cause of this erotic release, and she was well aware of both facts - not that it made her mental state much better. She swooned and quickly sat down in the corner to keep herself from losing consciousness.

After several longer moments of panting, she managed to only spell out a single word:

- Ga.. Gary...

Her brother seemed even more embarrassed from all the unintended petting, but at the same time unaware of her accident due to the bit of additional padding in her swimsuit that made her gender status just a little less obvious. However, noticing the state she was in, Gary got worried right away.

- Alex? Alex?! Is something wrong? Alex, what happened?

Alex looked up at him. Her skin was flushed completely red and her eyes were lacking focus. Gary himself appeared confused, even a little scared, by that look after taking it in for a couple of moments.

- I’m sorry, Gary. I’m sorry for getting angry. I… I tried, Gary. I struggled and strained against that, but… I cannot. I cannot take this anymore. This is… this is beyond what your sister is capable of enduring.

Gary misunderstood the situation as Alex being embarrassed and ashamed as well as apologetic, so he just answered her calmly, concern clear in his voice:

- Alex, look. You can always count on me. You can always depend on me if it’s hard, but what you’re suggesting is…
His sister still had the same half-broken, half-elated expression as she interrupted him.

- Can you listen to my request?

- Uhh… Is everything okay? What can I do to help out?

She bit on her lower lip, shivering as she looked at his own expression, her voice coming out as an unintentionally needy and seductive purr.

- Let’s go somewhere private, where there’s just the two of us, and…

It took him a good moment to respond. More so than her words, his mind actually worked on the way she sounded and intoned that ‘request’ to process what she was asking for.

- W-wait. You… can’t be suggesting that right now…

- Ohhh, but I am. Once it’s just the two of us, we will… you know… Do the things people our age do when in private.

- Alex, snap out of it!

- There’s nothing to snap out of, Gary. I’m no longer… suggesting anything. I’m dead set on it. I want you to be my first, Gary. I… I want this, I desire it. This lust is so strong and I… and I… - she stopped for a moment, looking for the right words, but finding only the ones she always spoke - …I love you, Gary. This “incest”… I don’t care if it is wrong or right. I love you, not only as a brother. To me, there’s no other option. There just isn’t. My entire being *craves* you like air. Please do this for me.

There was a shudder coming from his body as she listened, although it was surprisingly late into her suggestion. It seemed like her first declaration of love caused no reaction other than listening to her intently, but for some reason, the second one shook him to the core and he quickly refuted her, voice quiet and subdued despite his clear intent to try and snap her out of her ‘delusion’. That, however, just made it easier for her to quiet him.

- Alex, no. Look. The two of us cannot…

- Who says we cannot? Dad doesn’t exist. Mother doesn’t know and she doesn’t even act like our parent. Uncle? Uncle wouldn’t care if not for the genetics shit and society’s reservations. He told me as much. Since when do we care about society, Gary? It doesn’t like us. You’re an outcast, and I’m a total freak of nature. Please. Gary. Every part of me tells me we’re meant for each other. I love you with all my heart and soul and body, so why? Why can’t you accept and return these…

This time, he managed to spell out his refusal a little more intensely.

- You’re too forceful, this is too sudden, too wrong, and I only see you as my sibling.

- But my breasts and my lips are good enough to molest as if I wasn’t your sibling? - Alex responded, getting frustrated with how stubborn he was.
Gary’s skin got slightly more red from the reminder of their contact the night before.

- Alex, please, calm down. As I said, we can work this through. I will offer any other support, but...

- Do you want to be seduced or raped? Is this what you want? A girl who won’t take no for an answer? You’re making me into this. Into a forceful lewd woman. I cannot have you refuse. This is beyond my ability to accept. To understand and live with.

- I’ll… I’ll leave. I’m sorry, but I’m leaving. You obviously need to calm down.

- You could calm me down pretty easily, brother. Just give me what I want.

Gary already turned away and was preparing to leave by the time she finished that sentence. His response was short.

- I cannot do that. I’ve repeatedly told you this is a thing we can’t do.

- You will. I’ll do *anything*, Gary, so prepare yourself.

Gary sighed. It was a miracle they didn’t manage to bring a ton of unwanted attention, and it appeared there was something indeed going wrong with the entire development. She looked at him, and saw in his eyes that he probably wanted to do something for her, but worried what it’d lead to. He turned and left.

[“I think… I think maybe trying for Uncle’s university is a good idea after all…”]

Alex’s mind was in a whole different kind of mess.

[“Leaving your own sister in such a shameful state.—I should make you lick that swimsuit clean.—”]

She got up and quickly ran to their room, ignoring any people on her way.

[“Why can’t you see? -Don’t you care about me?- Why are you so stubborn? I cannot handle this, Gary. I cannot stop *now*. I want you.”]

Her breathing was becoming rapid again, and the erection in her pants ceased to subside, left at a semi-engorged state.

[“I can no longer wait. I wanted to soften you up, to make you comfortable, then relaxed, and then affectionate and cuddly with me before we got to the sex part, but you keep doing this shit and I cannot resist anymore. I’ll be even more aggressive now, and -if you keep resisting, I’ll- *steal* your precious virginity from you, and then I’ll stomp on these worthless morals of yours until you’re begging me to commit the dirtiest, most incestuous acts imaginable with you.”]

She stopped in her tracks. These kinds of thoughts were overcoming her again, somehow… Taking a deep breath, she tried to settle down and allow her body to come down from the high of extreme
arousal and sudden, wet-dream-like release. She shook her head, trying to get rid of the angry, but sexually aggressive thoughts.

[“That’s not right. I love my brother. This kind of thinking is… It’s not the way you treat a loved one. I was supposed to change my strategy about these things. Why can’t I? I’m getting worse instead of better! This kind of thinking is wrong!”]

But something in her head was screaming that this wasn’t true anymore. Not for her. Not for the two of them.

[“-God, I’m so stupid. Why deny this? It feels so right. To see Gary squirm and call my name and beg me to make him orgasm with my body… That’s where he belongs, that’s what he’s meant to be, an outlet for my desires-. Gary’s my twin. He’s a part of me that was torn away and -must be mine again- for me to be happy. He just cannot see this yet. He cannot see he’s destined to sate and quench the desire of both of my sexes... -I’ll show him his place, ohhh, I’ll show him like hell. Yes, that *will* be the kind of siblings we’ll become. Dirty perverted siblings. A sex slave and his double-equipped, insatiable Mistress.”]

Her breathing was shallow and fast again, and her groin was confused about whether she was aroused and looking for sex, or not. She opened her lips and spoke upon entering the emptiness of her own hotel room.

- I’m sorry, Gary, but I cannot fight it anymore, and I will make sure that you won’t fight it, either.

She slipped out of her cum-stained swimsuit, now completely naked in her own room.

- It would actually be better if you came to apologize soon, Gary, but you’re probably too scared right now. Wasn’t he sweet when he was scared? Oh so incapable of dealing with his own twin’s desire and arousal. All you had to do was take me here and stick it in, or let me stick it inside you, whatever. And it’d deal with all that. Instead, you’re acting like this.

A small part of her was getting worried over the sudden influx of uncontrollable desire, and even more so the rather objectifying thoughts she had about her brother. Mainly, she realized that thoughts of being in the penetrative role when having sex with Gary were much more frequent than in the past. Back when her sexual fantasies first started, she was the girl, he was the boy, and that’s it. Later on, she did play around with the idea of having both of her sexes interact with her brother somehow, but now… Now, ever since she seemed to gain a new, odd voice inside of herself she just wanted to have sex with him in all possible ways. The warm fuzzy feeling she had when they hugged or when she imagined them sleeping together or cuddling afterwards, or the overwhelming feelings of adoration and care she had for her brother were also rapidly disappearing, completely consumed by this odd, unnatural lust.

It was as if before, those dirtiest desires she could ever possess were like a separate, smaller person hidden inside her, and now, that person was emerging from her psyche fully grown. Gaining control over her, even.
“Who gives a crap. As long as I get Gary into the bed… no, not exactly. As long as both me and Gary get off while having sex, I’m fine with everything and anything. My dick in him, his cock in me, whatever.”

She started to put on something a lot bolder than before. Originally, she didn’t want to put on her bikini piece, knowing that if she were to move around the hotel in this, someone would be sure to spot that she has her panties more stuffed than a girl should. The one-piece swimsuit was easier to pad out to stop her member from moving inside and making the situation *utterly* obvious, but in the bikini there’d be both accessibility and absolutely no doubt as to her configuration downstairs.

Well, if someone spotted her when she was hanging around Gary in these, her panties would probably be a LOT more stuffed, wet and sticky, or even straight up useless.

She realized something when she got that thought, and immediately tested it in practice - sliding a finger over her female parts. This caused her to shiver from the sensation.

“How does this crap work? I can never really understand it… not enough sexual experience, I guess… Do these parts get aroused separately, at once, partially in sync? I surely can orgasm from only a single one without an orgasm from the other, so how it’d feel to be stimulated with both of them at once?”

She licked her lips.

“I’m gonna have to do a little experiment related to that with my boytoy *later*.”

She slid the panties over her legs and somehow stuffed her naughty bits inside them, not bothering to spare a second thought over Gary being reduced from her beloved twin brother and soulmate to a “boytoy”.

“Let’s go braless, show him how they’ve grown. Fufufu.”

Despite the stray thought, she did put on the top for the underwear. The bikini swimsuit was a dark purple. She remembered considering red and black for a long time before going with something she saw on the computer in one of Gary’s carefully hidden photo-shoots a few years back. The swimsuit was very recent and nobody had a chance to see her in it yet, and if she continued to grow she might have trouble fitting into it pretty soon. She was definitely gaining some feminine assets without compromising the growth of her member, which combined made her feel more of a sexual being than ever before.

She quickly returned to the pool, to witness her brother, mother and only one of Adam’s acquaintances already there. Her Uncle wasn’t there, and Mother wasn’t even capable of considering that Alex wanted to get down and dirty with Gary for two or more years already, so this was quite a good situation for her. While the third party might be a problem, she was delighted to see he seemed completely absorbed with both her mother and the book he was reading, so there was no chance he’d actually be observing her and her brother in the pool. Gary himself was already in the water, enjoying the fact that it was already sunset, little light on his sensitive skin and delicate eyes.
Thinking little of it, she jumped into the pool as well – rather silly of her, as she then had to waste a moment to shake off the effect of sudden change of temperature - and swam towards the boy quickly.

- Wanna race? Or are you too scared?

Without another word or waiting for his answer, Alex begun to try and overtake him. Gary had a small starting advantage and somehow, her words had the intended effect of provoking him and egging him on despite his own attitude towards such sudden and silly challenges.

Her brother allowed his cautiousness to slip. He should’ve remembered Alex was a much better swimmer than he was - after all, she spent much more time outside – not to mention, unlike him, Alex *could* go to a sunny beach - assuming the beach was safe at a time of the year, which wasn’t always guaranteed with Australian wildlife. Despite this, he didn’t seemed surprised at all when she was at first dead equal, and then started to lag behind him. Just when he was about to win and get to the end of the pool, Alex picked up the pace. When he stopped at the other end, turning around to announce his victory, she practically pounced on him, having him back out into the edge of the pool.

- Caught you, ~Gary!

That was certainly one of the dumber things he’s done in his life. Allowing himself to be provoked and trapped like this by his sister not even half an hour after that awkward moment in the hallway. [*Come to think of it, Alex changing her swimsuit cannot mean anything good, either… I need to push her away and get out of here, or convince her this isn’t sane…*]

- I should’ve known… it’s just impossible for me to suddenly be able to beat you at swimming.

- It’s pointless to chase the bunny if you catch him immediately, isn’t it?

- You let me win?

- To be more precise, I got you where I wanted you. The fact that I did it by managing to trick you means only that this time, the real ‘victory’ is mine.

- There you go again with this. I thought this was for sport.

- Sport? Well, yes. The things I’m about to do to you…

She pushed her body closer to him, pressing her budding breasts against his chest. Alex could now feel his heart starting to beat a little faster

- Doing these things is supposed to burn quite a few calories, so I suppose you could treat this as sport.

- Haven’t I told you already that…

- You’re a virgin, too, but I know you masturbated in the past, Gary. So, you have perfectly normal desires and a sex drive… and I’m going to try and bring those out, then satisfy them, okay?
Gary tried to withdraw, his skin flushing red when she said that. Alex would have none of that, and pushed more strongly onto him. Despite the pleasantly cool water, it was difficult not to feel the warmth from her body.

- Can you remember, right now in this moment, how an orgasm feels? All that white liquid rushing through your organ, muscles tensing, brain overproducing this… dopamine? Yes, that was the thing. Stuff squirting everywhere… It feels really good, doesn’t it?

Gary realized backing away was completely ineffective, and his sister indeed had him in a pretty tight spot. He didn’t want to get violent with her, partially because of their mother and the uncle’s colleague still being around, partially simply because he still couldn’t bring himself to really harm Alex.

- Look, I’ve told you already. Many times. What it seems you want to do, it’s…

- Dirty? Inappropriate? Well, I say I deserve to be allowed to get a little dirty and inappropriate right now after holding back for so long. You can spank me later, if you want to. You know, brother, if I had a little less self control, you would probably celebrate your loss of virginity a lot quicker, back when I was a bit stronger and taller than you were.

It was surprising enough to learn his sister wanted to have sex with him quite honestly and upfront. It was way, way more surprising to learn she was now playing around with the possibility of being able to essentially rape him in the past.

- Alex, please stop this… We’re not even alone, and you’ve been behaving oddly for the past days…

He started to try to push her away, but was too tender and slow about it. Alex grabbed his hands and guided one to her breast, the other moving towards her bottom. He managed to wring the latter one out, but she immediately grabbed it again and smacked it against the edge of the pool, without that much tenderness included, pinning him even more than up until that point. Gary felt a pain in his wrist. It was really surprising to feel Alex use this much force when teasing him, and once again his brain registered the person in front of him was not a classically gentle and physically delicate specimen of a girl. Then, again, the sensation from under his fingertips was perfectly reminiscent of one, and he only barely held back on the reflexive fondling of the same body part he managed to touch when they were kissing in his bed.

- There, there. See the difference? If you try to resist, it’ll hurt, but if you get along with it, see how nice it is? Come on, squeeze. Don’t be shy. You weren’t so shy last night.

[*I was starting to get the feeling she’s really serious about trying to have sex with me… Maybe even ‘loving’ me romantically. But Alex was never so forceful. Is it really affecting her that badly?*]

He was visibly shocked and couldn’t bring himself to say anything for the moment, lost in his thoughts and the suddenness of the situation, so Alex just continued her verbal teasing.

- Now, Gary, I want you to use your imagination. You can do this, right? You’re smart and creative, I’m sure you can. Imagine that orgasm. And now, imagine that instead of that cute sweet little hand
of yours, imagine something hot, wet and tight that you’re buried inside when you shoot off. And
when you do, it squirms and squeezes and clamps down happily, trying to *milk* you of it until
you’re either squeezed dry of your seed or hard and ready to go again, Gary. That’s how it’ll feel
when we have sex. Don’t you find yourself kind wanting to try it now?

His blush was really fierce now, probably to the point of making him feel light-headed. She could
feel she was winning. Gary had a desire for either her or sex in general buried there somewhere, and
her fierce behavior was also slowly forcing him into his meeker, shyer side. Combining the sex drive
which, as her sibling’s, was probably quite strong, being brought out while he was both embarrassed
and shy was making Alex confident she could be having her first properly sexual experience too, and
it’d be one where she was the dominant party. It was clear he had trouble composing himself. This
was the first time ever Gary seemed to be both lost for words, and completely and seriously
stuttering. It was also the first time she’d seen him this red if he wasn’t out in the sun earlier.

- A-Alex, listen. P-please listen to me. This is too…

- Stimulating?

- Immoral! Mother and uncle’s colleague can see, and we are *siblings*. Which makes trying to
  have sex illegal, too.

- Well then, maybe I am immoral. Maybe I want it so much because you’re my brother, or maybe in
  spite of it, I don’t care anymore. All I know is that I want this, and it’ll feel right. You see, Gary, I
  always wondered why other girls aren’t all over you, but I don’t care. On the other hand, we both
  know why boys will probably never be all over me if they learn the truth. You felt it tonight. That
  piece of me is lively, horny. Perverted. It gets up easily and all that. You know it, you own one

She slowly guided his hand between her legs, under her already raising erection - a rather sizeable
one - and relatively small testicles. He then noticed her panties were already pulled halfway down
her thighs.
[*When did she even do that?*]

His finger brushed against something and then, despite the water, there was something stickier
covering a warm part of her body. Alex squirmed; the muscles of her thighs and what was in-
between them contracted and flexed at the touch.

- You can tell, right? It’s hot and wet, and *not* because of water. You’re the one who’re making
  me like this, dearest brother, so it’s only proper manners that you take care of this.

It was only then and there that Alex remembered her original idea was to get him comfortable before
trying to have sex. When did she really decide to drop that? There was something in Gary’s eyes
when she got him to touch her, for the second time on this trip, but it was suddenly replaced by
something akin to panic. It was pure luck that his throat wasn’t able to make his voice any louder at
the moment, or they’d be found out.
- I... I've done nothing! I haven't done anything! Stop teasing me!

There was a faint detection of panic from her sibling inside of Alex. Of his absolute loss at to what to do in order to get her to talk with him, to listen to his own wishes and his own stance. Somewhere inside of her, the empathetic side that couldn’t help but detect someone as close as a twin was quietly screaming at her, telling her to reconsider.

This other hungry voice appeared to just be consuming that voice.

- Done nothing, you say. You give me breakfast, you don’t pull away when I molest you, you hug me, you kiss me at night, you parade all around with this freaking swimwear, you brush your sexy ass against that part of me and you look so delicious I want to make you into my dessert, and noooow you claim innocence.

Gary clearly had no counter for all these points; obviously these were only valid because of Alex’s screwed-up perspective, but he knew no words would make him out to be innocent of these. He paused for a moment, then shook his head, returning to the “denial” strategy. While eloquent when it came to rational thoughts, putting feelings into words or trying to discuss anything when it came to doing so with breasts and genitals at his fingertips was not a forte of his. Gary was simply too worked up to try and explain why he was opposed to this right now. Perhaps even he was not so sure anymore.

- Look, Alex, this is really wrong! No matter what you say or think, this is wrong! This would hurt both of our development as people! Besides, we’re too young, and even though you think of yourself as a girl now, your body...

When Gary lost patience and composure, he panicked. Alex doing the same just resulted in her becoming more forceful and angry. He felt his hands suddenly being more tightly clenched.

- Shut up! Such underhanded tactics. You always treat me as a girl, and now, suddenly, it’s “my body” that’s in the way of me being one? If you’re worried I’ll want to be a man, then make me into a woman. With this thing between your legs. Push it inside me until I can’t think of myself as anything else than a little minx hungry for my brother’s dick. Not that I am much of anything else at that point.

He tried to push her away, but instead, she lunged at him, burying his lips in a fiery kiss. No prim and proper woman has probably ever kissed their sibling in such a manner, lips mashed tight into his, tongue trying to force its way in and explore him thoroughly, the sudden silencing effective enough for Alex to not try to prolong the assault on her brother’s mouth excessively. Once the one-sided kiss was over and she pulled away, her hand was already tugging at his swimwear.

- Come on, Gary, you don’t want Mother and a stranger to see me with my pants pulled halfway down, all hot and bothered, and playing with your naughty bits, do you? Keep quiet and stop squirming. We’re going to do it properly now. You shouldn’t last that long for your first time, so it’d be no problem, right? Then again, if you want to do it where you *won’t* be seen, just tell me you’ll fuck me properly in my bed, and make it a promise.
She felt his penis and rubbed it while uncovering it, gasping in surprise at feeling his pubic hair; Gary’s skin being relatively smooth for a teenager his age, she expected there to be almost no pubic hair in place. While Gary wasn’t exactly hairy, it was clear she was not the only one undergoing proper puberty.

- I see… you’ve been growing as well… very manly. But it suits you. I want it inside, I want you inside me. I’m surprised you’re still resisting, you’re only half erect. You want me to act sluttier, or something?

The perspective of how close the two were to actually engaging in incest was finally helping Gary to find his backbone and his regular composure. The stuttering was gone, replaced by concern, worry.

- Alex, it’s not like you’re the only one who can be forceful. I just… I don’t want to hurt you…

His sister gave him a dirty smile, obviously choosing to misinterpret his words.

- I cannot be hurt by sex. I want it too much.

Gary’s hand managed to break free of her clutch, moving away from her breast and pushing at her abdomen instead, stopping her from directly rubbing their genitals together. He still felt a bit light-headed at the constant fondling of his member.

[*I’m… responding to her body? It won’t go soft no matter how much I protest. Is it just that she’s so good with her fingers because she practiced on herself?*]

- I’m a tough girl. Besides, it’s better if it’s consensual, Gary. Raping you will be kind of counter-productive if you somehow will yourself not to enjoy it. On the other hand, you pushing me down for a change seems kind of… exciting. Now, you’ve grown big and stiff enough for it to slide in, I think…

She completely pulled him out of his swimwear and rubbed his erection against her testes, then further towards and against female parts. He could feel something definitely stickier than water, slightly slimy, cover his erection before it slowly dispersed in the pool. His mind went blank for a moment, but quickly returned.

[*Fuck, Gary, what the hell are you doing? You’re actually going along with this? This is your sister, for god’s sake! And she has an erection of her own, bigger than yours! You can’t do something like this to a sexually undeveloped person of mixed-up gender, plus, this is freaking INCEST! Why am I not resisting? Why the hell does she act like that? Why does that part of her feel so inviting, why can’t I just… push her away?*]

Something else hit him.

[*She couldn’t get me fully erect, but it did seem enough. And yet, the moment I am about ready to get put inside her, it’s… growing? What the…*]
Alex felt the sudden change as well. She was aware Gary was fighting it, forcing back his excitement, she just wasn’t sure how much. Judging by the thickness of the tip and her sudden need to reposition herself for the last part, he had quite the willpower on him – and quite the manhood.

- Yes, you dirty boy. That’s it. Get big and hard for Alex. It’ll be better that way after all, won’t it? We’ll stuff you inside me, the blood will be washed away from the pool, assuming there’s any, we’ll do a little rubbing, jumping, pumping and whatnot. Those dumb fucks out there won’t know what the hell is happening. Of course, you’ll have to pump it all inside of me or it’ll be clear someone had sex in the pool, so try to be as deep as you can when you fill…your sister… up.

He shivered at her words, and clenched his fists, summoning the last bits of his strength he had control over. How to do this and not hurt her, physically and emotionally?

Alex was in a world of her own now.

[“See, that boy wanted it all along. You see him resisting? No, the blood from his brain is probably flowing right to his cock. It’s waiting for you to devour it and make it spurt all the white cream inside you. God, I’m so horny. Virgin, like hell. I want that pussy of mine to drink up whatever he stored inside those balls. There must be quite some, it’s problematic to jerk off with two women in the same house, and he has no girlfriend…”]

Her panties were already at the bottom of the pool. She raised her leg and pressed the sole of her left foot right next to Gary, while lining up his erection once again to thrust inside her. The light-headedness made her forget this position was quite a bit more *obvious* than the previous one, something Gary, on the other hand, would be painfully aware of. It did seem the two adults out of the pool were beginning to notice them.

- See, it’s easy. You feel it at your tip? That’s your sis’ pussy. If it could speak, it’d probably be saying things like “looks delicious” or “thanks for the meal” or “all for me? Really? Gosh, thank you~” Congratulations on losing your virginity to your twin sister, Gary.

The sudden display of thinking and athletics surprised them both, not just Alex. With his legs propelling him off from the pool, Gary took advantage of Alex’ own limb pushed into its edge to support himself further. With this, he managed to jump out of the pool, away from her, supporting his body onto his hands as he pressed them at the edge, was above her leg. On the other hand, her neck and head probably still provided enough cover to make his boxers not being pulled sufficiently up less obvious to the duo of adults. It was surprising to see Gary pulling himself up on just his arms, even after using her leg to help the initial force of the jump to carry him out of the pool, and Alex herself was pushed off balance, falling on her back softly, floating on the surface of the water. Gary quickly pulled up his swimwear to cover his erection, using these events to make things more sudden and confusing to both Alex and his mother, which seemed to finally be looking in their direction.
Alex stared upwards, at first with empty shock and utter, confused disappointment in her gaze as she seemed to look at nothing in particular. She then shifted and turned her gaze to her brother. There was something inside of her begging her to apologize, make up immediately, alter the course of the entire scene *somehow*. But the ache in her loins combined with her current mental state made quite a different set of words roll off the tip of her tongue.

- If you’ll say something like “we can’t” or “Hurr durr incest is wrong” right now, I’m going to chase you down, beat you up and rape you.

This caused Gary to shudder, mostly because it did not sound like a cute, innocent joke at all. Stopped in his tracks, he didn’t know what to do from that point onward. Clearly the other two would approach or call out to them at some point, and clearly trying to force his sister to take some sort of therapy would have to involve letting his family members know just how deeply her problems ran.

She kept looking at him, and he even glanced back at her over his shoulder. But his eyes… they were weird. Alex never saw Gary look at her like that. It wasn’t sadness nor care, it wasn’t anger or irritation. It was something she wasn’t even able to identify, and it just grew stronger from seeing the chaotic mix of lust, neediness, and irritated wanting on her own face.

- I’m sorry, Sister. For… for everything.

- If you’re sorry, just let me do this. If we only do this once, Gary, I’ll show you. We’re special. We were born and meant to do this. I’ll give you so much pleasure you’ll never want anyone else.

- You’re… you’re intent on ruining it all? We can’t be lovers, Alex. Do you really want to push it so far that we cannot even be siblings?

- All I hear is talking while you could be moaning.

- It seems like I was right. You’re either already crazy, or slowly going insane…

- Well, maybe if you let me have a go with your body instead of complaining, I’d be more mentally stable.

- I see this is beyond what the two of us can deal with on our own.

Alex shifted in the pool, managing to get her panties off of the underwater floor and slowly slide them up her thighs. Putting her panties on, she went in his footsteps by trying to get out of the water and follow. Her body language was completely obvious and obscene as she did, trying to bring his gaze to the body she was trying to lure him in with. She got pretty and feminine, but it wasn’t to the point where she’d be able to drive Gary crazy with her body alone – in fact, far from it.

- You mean you’re into threesomes? Sure, why not, as long as I get the most of it. Your body, that is.

Shaking his head, Gary looked at her with that weird emotion plastered over his face again, and started to walk away.

- You’re not even listening! – he said, walking away from the edge of the pool.

- And you are? It’s like you don’t even care. No approach works. Do I really have to force myself on
- You just tried to, and it doesn’t even seem you cared how I’d feel. We’ll never do this, Alex. Not as long as I’m me, and you’re you. But, you’re already too far gone to understand that. This is it. I’m *leaving*.

[“This… this thing in your eyes Gary. Is it… pity? Is it regret? Grief? And what’s with this weird accent at…”]

- Wait. What’s wrong? Don’t go, just...

- No. I’m leaving, and...

He could only finish saying that in his thoughts.
[*And I don’t just mean the pool.*]

He sprinted towards their room. By the same time, Alex only managed to get herself out of the pool completely and stand up. She was confused and angry. With both herself and her brother.

[“If I spent less time talking, and more time acting, would it end up different? Would Gary be inside me right now rather than running all over the hotel with a boner meant for *me*?!”]

She shook off her thoughts and, after making sure her lower clothes were put on properly, was about to run after him. But, in just that moment, her mother interrupted, with the sudden inquisitive questions about what happened, what was going on, why did her brother seem so angry and did they stay so long at one end of the pool to have a fight. Alex snapped, telling her mother to leave them alone for now, and tried to go after him, but the gap in time between their starting points already widened.

Come to think of it, despite the slipper floor, she’s rarely ever seen Gary dash so fast in the first place.

Following him to their room - but he was no longer to be found there. Back to the pool. Neither. Snacks stand? No. Drinks? No. No sign of Gary.

[“What was wrong? What changed? He was giving in, I could tell. In the bed, last night. In the kitchen, the morning before. So, what changed? Why’d he pull out at the last moment, when I already had him all hot and bothered?”]

- Think, Alex. Think. Is it that your brother is still uncomfortable with something? Was it the approach? The method? The position? No. It had to be the approach. Banging each other’s brains out with your mother and a stranger at the other end of the pool, without even asking as much as “do you want to be my first”, that had to be wrong. Gary isn’t like you. He loves you, but he’s less dirty minded and more… more like Uncle. That’s it. Maybe he went to talk with Uncle. This isn’t…
fixable, anymore. I just have to go through with it. I’ll have sex with Gary on our own terms, alone, and I’ll use it to make up with him.

After some consideration, Alex decided to ask in the reception where Uncle Adam’s friends were staying. Turned out she had to take an elevator back up, with them having a room two floors above the Lunarson family; the room was locked, but upon looking left and right, she noticed there was a terrace or balcony of sorts at the end of the hall. Rushing there proved that indeed, Uncle Adam was on it, with two of his friends, one of whom apparently took the conversation outside to get a smoke.

- Uncle Adam! Uncle! - Alex quickly interrupted any conversation they might’ve been holding. After all, her problems were much more important than whatever they were talking about right now.
- My, my, Adam, looks like your niece and nephew are almost synchronized. This one looks a little heavier, may be the reason they weren’t here together.
- So Gary was here! Where is he, Uncle? I have to talk with him! And why was he here?
- Calm down, Alex, I’m sure he wouldn’t leave without proper goodbyes! You see, some time ago Gary and I spoke of a certain educational opportunity for him. We established that he could transfer to Canada back with me, and if he passed a certain set of tests could move up a year, maybe finish some bonus course or a pre-university college course like the ones in Quebec, and start on the university I teach on, Korrine University. Gary wanted some time to consider, but he just got up here and told me he decided he wants to come with me and try to get into it this year, as fast as possible.
  So, I told him to pack the things he wanted us to take into the cases in my room, he’s most likely there.

It was Alex’ turn to panic. Said panic was the only thing pushing the flood of words out of her mouth through the sheer shock she just experienced.
- Wait, Uncle. So, that means… Gary wants to come with you after this little family trip of ours and go to Canada to study and pass some crazy exams that will allow him to *stay* there for university studies? Won’t he even… finish school here? Won’t studying for even a minor degree take years?
- Yes, you got that r… Alex?

Before Adam managed to finish that sentence, Alex was already running down the stairs to their own floor upon noticing the elevator was gone.
[“ WHAT THE -HELL, I can’t let him leave cantlethim muststaywith-mevenifgetnosex… How can I babble in my thoughts… -Push him down and… What the hell is this chaos in my head…”]

The one static in Alex’s head was that she had to stop Gary from leaving. Rushing into their room, she saw him, already fully clothed, standing over a case he slowly filled up with his clothes and some other necessities.

There were way too many thoughts running through her head at that point, dozens of scenarios of how this situation could play out depending on what they do… on what she does. In fact, she hoped that by some miracle he’ll take a while to notice her and the current position of astral bodies or will of supernatural beings will slow time for this very moment so she could take a while to consider what she should do.
Of course, immediately upon her entering, Gary knew someone else was in the room, and turned towards the door.

She wanted to stay quiet, her entire being froze in one place, with zero certainty whatsoever about what she should say or do, but this was a desperate situation. She knew quite well she can’t afford inaction.

-Gary…- she started, unsure of where to begin. She had no plan nor an argument that could convince him to stay; again she’d appeal to his emotional side, but something deep in her mind, something she was trying to shut up, was telling her it won’t work anymore, that she exhausted the patience and Gary’s willingness to be manipulated by their bond. It wasn’t even a day since she herself promised him gentleness and patience, and she already broke that promise and took things much further than he seemed willing to overlook.

-Alex, get out and leave me alone. I’m not particularly… comfortable with your presence right now.

-No. I won’t let you run away from this anymore. I’m not going to just stand by and watch you leave. Escape isn’t the right call.

-I’m not running away. It’s you who is being unreasonable. So, I’m going to take the thing that seems to be making you so. You said it’s my fault that you tried to do this, so…

-I’m being myself, Gary. I don’t know how or why, and I barely even know when, but I developed into this. It may be because I have both genders, I don’t know. I… want to do this kind of stuff with you. It’s because…

-Because you love me? You don’t threaten to rape people you love, Alex. You listen when they say *no*. You’re immature. You’re half-crazy. You say one thing, but virtually any random event at all can make you go back on your own word. Somehow, it’s my fault. So, I’m…

[“Oh my god he is right what the hell is wrong with me –I gotta stop him mine take him NOW– how could I ever… think acting like this was… -It was all right because he is a damn tease-.”]

-No. Please, don’t push me away. Not now. It’s not your fault at all. I’ve… I just continued to make myself too excited and work myself up all on my own from silly and minor things. Don’t… don’t leave me alone when I’m like that. *Please*.

- I have to. Otherwise, you’ll never get better.

She hang her head low. It was a do or die situation. She had no way out. She was aroused as all hell, still, and he was trying his best to resist and was so stubborn and stuck-up…

-Look, Gary. I don’t… I never really understood what is wrong with this. I wonder if it’s because of my body, or something got fucked up in my brain, or whatever is the reason I don’t buy loving one’s brother… romantically or wanting him sexually as bad. I don’t know if you’re uncomfortable with the fact that I have male parts or maybe female parts, or simply the fact I have both, or maybe that I’m always chasing after you… Maybe you think we’re too young, or maybe you don’t want to do this without protection, or maybe you only like girls that aren’t actively pursuing you all the time, or maybe you prefer some other way to have sex, or perhaps it’s just that my body shape is still not to your liking… But… But…

-Alex, these things don’t matter. As siblings, it’s illegal, improper, and even dangerous to try to do this kind of stuff. We’re too young for sexual initiation or relationships anyway. If we tried getting a boyfriend or girlfriend these days, Mom and Uncle would probably disapprove. What would you
think they’d do if we tried *becoming* boyfriend and girlfriend? And that’s just their point of view, since you seem *utterly* unwilling to take mine into account.

- Look. Look at me, Gary. Please. This is me. This is your sister. Half-naked and aching for your touch. Your comfort and your caress. I know it’s weird. I know my body is imperfect. I’ll try to make it better, but, if you tell me that you can accept me… that you can accept this… I’ll be the happ…

- I can’t say that in the meaning that you want me to. I’ll do my best to never say it in a way that’ll make you misunderstand, to not hurt or deceive or provoke you anymore. That’s it.

[“Why? Why is he so cruel? There’s no hesitation at all?! At all!”]

- Ga… Gary, please. I… I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll change myself in any way I can. I’ll wait however long you want and I’ll only do whatever you’d like me to and whatever you’re comfortable with, but I… I need…

[*If I give in now, this was all pointless. They’ll find out. They’ll send her somewhere. Pump her full of drugs, make her half a vegetable. She just needs time. Time away from me.*]

- Never happening, Alex. When Uncle will leave for Canada, I’m going there with him. I’ll be studying and I’ll get into this university he teaches at. We’ll be seeing each other once in a while. Try to get better, both at studying and with… this. I’m sorry, but that’s the way it’ll probably end, since I cannot be there for you as your brother without you… mistaking it for something else. And you need me away from here to get better.

- NO! – It was more like a screech this time than a shout or mere words, making Gary twitch nervously at the sound as Alex seemed to abandon the last shreds of rationality holding her back from physically uniting with her brother in any way possible.

She pounced onto him reflexively, but he also had years to build up against her touchy-feely attempts. Closing the case he was packing, he turned on his feet and blocked her with it, causing his sister some minor pain for a change as he took advantage of both of their momentum to push them apart. He was fully intent to keep his sister at bay. She hissed as she hit a surface quite different from the body she was expecting, and tried to grapple him again, this time only for him to sidestep, making her lose balance and go on all fours. The way she suddenly spun on all fours while on the ground was more reminiscent of an angry predator than a human trying to get back up

- Why? How am I supposed to live alone? Why so sudden? Why the change? We kissed! Everything was going all right! I want you, Gary, I need you, so pl…

- I made up my mind! Stop behaving like a needy dumb whore! Grow up! These feelings would die in a few years anyway, no matter what we’d do, no matter what I’d agree too, so grow up! We’ll find other people and dump them and find other people and get dumped, and then we’ll find yet other people and form working relationships! Your stupid incestuous fling is short-timed and all I’m doing is helping you get over it quicker!

It was obvious he didn’t know and couldn’t understand. It seemed he was still thinking that she only grew into her emotional and physical need and desire for her brother from a couple years of
noncommittal teasing, out of being unable to find love elsewhere rather than being unable to even *look* for it elsewhere. Rather than having loved him for almost seven years now.

- It isn’t! It’s been like this for a very long time! I’ve loved you like this since way, way back! It only gets worse the more we are together!

- Then when I’ll leave, you’ll get better! You’re just proving me right, Alex! It’s my final decision, I’m not changing my mind!

- No, being apart won’t fix it! I’ll die! I’ll kill myself! Maim myself! How can you leave your sister alone like this? No man would leave a woman aroused and hot and bothered in a *pool* like that, much less running away from the country!

- Well then, I’m sorry, Alex. I told you I’m not the proper “man” for you. And apparently was right once again.

- S-stop manipulating my words. Stop, Gary! Stop behaving like that, you’re all I have, you can’t just...

- I’ll leave to pack my things at home in an hour. You’re staying the night with Mom. Uncle seems intent on leaving for Canada soon enough. I can take all the documents immediately needed while staying at his place, and have the rest mailed. Don’t try to chase after me, or change my mind. If you do, we won’t even be able to have a proper goodbye.

Alex could barely remember the rest of the conversation, which consisted more of Gary hissing at her attempted prods at weakening his resolve, or awkward moments of silence when she hung her head low and tried desperately to remove the thoughts about how life *without* Gary would be like. That left her alone with other thoughts, however – with a terrible understanding that she had no idea what was wrong not only with her feelings, but with *herself*.

An hour later her brother was gone, driving back to their regular household, and she didn’t even know if Uncle Adam took him or if he was going by bus. All that mattered is that she might be losing Gary and it was outside of her power to stop it. What did one do in such a situation?

Alex instinctively knew what most people tried, but she hasn’t done that since she was a much smaller child. After all, when you’re a freak of nature with a super-rational smartass genius scientist for the only father figure, and a nerdy brother that seemed to be following in his footsteps, you don’t think much of religion or praying - you don’t consider any gods or spirits or any higher power as an option, any sort of answer to your problems.

Desperate times called for desperate measures, though. After all, some said that there were few atheists amongst the dying, and for any teenager losing their first love would be a big deal. Especially given Alex’s condition and how strong and long-lasting her “first love” was at that point. So she knelt in the dark, lonely room, put her hands up, and started to pray. It was difficult and awkward. She figured there was a certain way to go about this, but she only could repeat a few prayers before delving into a personal monologue to god – a god, the God, she didn’t know - and even that, due to her state of mind, was very chaotic. After a while, she was just silent for at least a good dozen of minutes. The chill from still being in a wet swimsuit seemed to disappear soon after the moisture just
dried up on her body, and she realized her uncle, scientists, the receptionist… They’ve all seen her in a bikini, and she made the bottom bed moist when she sat down after Gary’s scolding. Managing to push through those thoughts, she was finally able to speak. It was somehow easier to speak out loud than just in thoughts, and whoever was out there might’ve had an easier time listening, too. She didn’t know if any being, human or spiritual, listened, nor if they needed her to spell it out.

- Dear God… no, that’s wrong. Um, the Highest Being in Existence… sounds impersonal… in either case, any divine creature that may be listening to me. I am sorry I probably broke dozens or hundreds of your rules while down here. I am sorry I have probably not given you the necessary respect and worship. These are things you may feel you have the right to punish me for by causing all this, by making Gary in a way that he’d be so resistant to loving me. But I always figured if you put us all down here the way we are, you have to have some sort of a plan, perhaps even a desire to see us happy, a love for us. Well, right now, if you take Gary away from me, I will not be able to be a part of your plan… Nor I will be able to be happy. If you take him away, I just don’t think I can keep moving on… Not right now, I don’t see any way out right now. So, please, if you have the power to do so just make him stay with me! I need him! I understand his feelings on the matter are important and it is clear it will be hard to change them, but even if I can’t have him as a lover, I need him as a brother!

She gave a single sob before continuing.

- I really need him a whole lot… So you have to help me and get him to stay, okay? I’m… too lost, beaten and confused by literally everything else… to lose him now. Don’t take the one healthy and important constant away. It’d be like killing me. Please? I… I beg of you!

That was really all she could say before her mind devolved into sheer chaos. She eventually fell asleep just like that – in a swimsuit, on her knees, her back resting against her bed – the bottom one of the bunk. But there was no point to a bed that her brother couldn’t be found in, so there was no point to laying down on either of them.

Desperate people often expect some sort of miracle will happen if they feel like the current turn of events is unfair, especially if they attempt to ask the divine or otherwise supernatural forces for aid in said situation. Those people who actively attempted praying or waiting for a miracle and survived through such desperate times know that rarely if ever said miracle happens, and even those that feel they’ve been helped by an outside force rarely feel like they’ve received precisely what they asked for.

Alex had over a couple dozens of hours to wait for her own miracle. To mull over every thoughts in her head, and to think over everything she has done and could do. To reconsider why, exactly, was the person most important to her in her life not only actively resisting her affection, but escaping from her, leaving her behind. She could analyze every single mess-up and every fault or flaw Gary or any other potential partner could’ve found in her.

Of course, her smart, analytical brother might’ve resisted progressing further than just siblings and trying to get intimate with her due to the reasons he suggested the scientists her uncle befriended were speaking of; her condition wasn’t something actually found in humanity. Every single case of
“hermaphrodite”, or rather, “intersex” for people that were ‘close to her case, but not quite it’, birth meant that something went wrong with the development of the fetus and generally produced two sets of underdeveloped sexual organs that could be “fixed” by surgery in a manner slightly similar to a sex reassignment surgery. She was different; she came from two people mixing in a never seen before way, had a bunch of hormonal and a couple of chromosomal aberrations that would’ve rendered other people heavily crippled or dead, and was born with two sets of mostly separate sexual organs that were developed to a level completely inappropriate for an infant – especially an intersexual infant. Until just barely before their teens or so, she had a penis quite a bit bigger than that of her twin brother, and she didn’t know if he ever completely caught up. For normal people, a mixture of male and female gender hormones acted as a kind of a buffer on sex drive, something especially true in case of females. In Alex’s case, instead of experiencing lowered sex drive in at least one side of her sex, as one might’ve expected from an absolutely chaotic mix of hormones, she instead seemed to have increased sex drive compared to the average with both of her organs. Her thoughts were often tainted with sexual dreams, fantasies, visions, and wants; and because of her emotional attachment to Gary, most of this drive focused on him, hence why she was being so perverted around him. Perhaps there was a complicated explanation about her sex drive becoming stronger around people she actually cared about, but she didn’t know even where to look for one of those explanations.

And that might’ve been the answer to all questions, even more so than her having a cock of her own. Perhaps he wouldn’t accept her want of him not just out of morality, but out of being offended at how easy it would be for him to get her, and yet at how hard he’d have to work to equal her in the sexual department and to keep her satisfied. Perhaps it simply felt wrong, or perhaps he worried she’d definitely cheat on him or find him unsatisfactory due to being such a sex-freak even before she hit adulthood.

She did analyze. She did despair. She did hope for miracles or an opportunity to fix things. She did try to talk to him again, to call him, to text him, to beg him, at one moment she even considered a suicide threat.

But it was all for naught. Gary’s time with her came to an end, and after a while, the only thing she could do was take one of the pillows that seemed to have the faintest smell of him about it, and cry her eyes off deep into the night on the eve of his departure – a departure that could last several years or even much more. There’d be no miracles; nothing, physical, emotional, spiritual, absolutely nothing would force Gary to stay, give him a reason to stay, create an alternate personality of his that was addicted to pleasing (or pleasing) her or make his current personality suddenly realize the inevitable and immense amount of love that was thriving between the two of them.
Act 2 : Teenage Arousal - Heart-Scarring Farewell

Chapter Summary

Gary leaves Australia to study under his uncle's direct supervision and then join Korrine University, where Adam's a lecturer. Alex has to start dealing with how to live without her brother at her side, but it's likely she's going to need help to even start to do that.

Chapter Notes

For some inexplicable reason, the Word punctuations that I use to signify dialogues are all out of whack and changed into something else entirely in this chapter. I lack the strength or enthusiasm to fix that, so I hope you'll forgive me this time.

This is the last chapter that requires absolutely no alterations that I have on the penultimate chapter of Act II : Teenage Arousal. It's also the last chapter I'll be updating this year.

I wish you all everything best in the incoming year 2016!

The love of her life, dressed so formally, with a suitcase and backpack full of his things, getting ready to abandon her - if not forever, then at least for years, years during which she'd see him clothed about as many times as she managed to see him naked during the past decade. Which wasn’t much, especially since her interest developed less than seven years ago and it didn’t turn so intensely sexual until a couple years later.

It was a dreadful day, but she knew it was coming for a while. Stressed as she was, Alex wasn’t motivated to do anything and mostly drowned her sorrows out with food. She couldn’t get alcohol legally yet, and didn’t have enough self-confidence nor enough friends to try to obtain any sort of adult products on her own. So, the outlets were gorging herself on food and masturbating, and trying to masturbate mostly caused her heartache due simply to how many of her fantasies were related to the brother she knew she was going to lose. The amount of anguish and guilt she felt the single time she managed to bring herself to an orgasm without losing her erection inbetween their visit at the pool and Gary’s departure lead her to the level of suicidal thoughts, so she stopped doing it at all for now.

And finally, she was going to say goodbye to her first love and the only person who she felt a real connection with. She couldn’t help but realize how damaged that connection got when she looked at her brother once again explaining to their mother that he had his reasons for such a sudden change of mind regarding leaving with their uncle and trying to get moved up a year. With Canada’s education system, it appeared Gary would have to enroll to some sort of two year long pre-university program for a diploma before starting to study for a degree, but Alex was fuzzy on the details in regards to the sudden transfer. All that she wanted was so that transfer doesn’t happen at all. Of course, Gary was smarter than her, and academically, his hard work and smarts created enough of a gap to justify moving him up a year if he crammed hard enough to pass the necessary tests and whatnot, but that
didn’t mean they could just take him away from her. It was the first time she resented having someone as smart and accomplished as Adam for an uncle – she knew if he hadn’t pulled some strings here and there, Gary would never be able to attempt to transfer or skip grades so suddenly, especially not inbetween countries.

The two siblings shared a long look in each other’s eyes as the time came for the two of them to say their farewells. Both of them were aware of the uneasiness and awkwardness coming from the other. Alex was angry at being torn apart with her twin, and Gary was worried about whether he was doing the right thing and how much his sister would hate him in the end.

She was the first to turn her gaze to the side and look away from her brother’s eyes. Gary gently placed a hand on her shoulder.

- I want you to try your best at everything and don’t let stuff hold you back anymore, Sis. I’m doing this so we can be free of relying on each other socially anymore, and so I don’t have to explain to mom and uncle what’s going on between us. You’re tough and whatnot, so I’m sure you can pull through on your own, without a shrink or that sort of thing. Think of it as a detox.
- You sure know how to smoothtalk your way out of things, for a virgin.
- No good?
- You’re basically breaking my heart and telling me to suck it up. Of course it’s no good. No good at all. I’ll be devastated, and I don’t know whom I’ll start hating how much when you’re gone.
- I’m not telling you to suck it up. I’m telling you to give it your best, and make everyone proud. Make me proud. If you can’t make me proud, at least try to make me regret I wasn’t there watching you in a *positive* way. We’re twins, Alex. Pretty much everything I can do, you could probably do as well if you really try. Don’t waste yo…
- I’m not even seventeen. This talk is… no good either. Maybe in a couple of years, I’ll get what you wanted me to do, but right now, it really is no good. Thank you for trying to cheer me up with your goodbye speech, Gary, but you just end up wounding me more with only caring about this sort of stuff *now*. Still caring for my “well-being” instead of *me*. Maybe that’s what you need a couple of years to get, but I make no promises as to whether or not I’ll still be anything you can come back to when you finally get what my silly words of wisdom meant.

It was Gary’s turn to remain silent. He slowly raised his arms to try and give Alex a hug, but she pushed his arms away while shaking her head. Leaning in, she gave him a quick, almost cold kiss on the cheek, and he realized it felt a little bit ‘chilled’ because of a tear that came down from both of their eyes almost at the same time, somehow mixing up and meeting when she planted the smooch.

But both of them already didn’t want to show the other how bad of a situation this was. How much they were aware they’d miss the other. Both Alex and Gary turned away from one another to wipe the small amount of tears from their eyes before the other could really see the other one crying and doing the same thing.

Alex knew that if she got a goodbye sign of affection from Gary, her body and mind might not be able to take it, and she’d just regret it in the end. At the same time, giving him a little kiss on the cheek was the barest minimum to prove to herself and perhaps even to him that her heart was really in the place she claimed it was at all along. She tried to not look back when she heard the car’s engine running, her uncle going back to work – and taking the person most important to her life
away from her at the very same time.

For the next couple of days, Alex was worse than a mess. Barely getting out of the bed, barely talking to anyone, and even trying the things most common for people to dull their pain – trying to buy alcohol in the stores, but being rejected due to her age. Trying to convince someone to share a cigarette with her, but having the situation stopped due to a meddlesome neighbor.

She wasn’t enough of a bad girl to know any of the drug dealers, and even if she did, she’d need her depression and problems to fester for a while longer to even consider something so terrible.

There was one last thing people *claimed* helped them, and something she *could* do, so she did. Her mother would be away for over 26 hours to visit some person or another elsewhere – Alex couldn’t bring herself to care for stupid things like where her mother went, now that the only person she truly thought of as close family was gone – and as such, came the first attempt at something that made Alex realize that perhaps she really was insane. Of course, the second voice in her head telling her about doing disgusting things like mutilation, rape, or calling the person dearest to her a ‘toy’ was a little bit of a tell-tale, but this was the real deal.

The young, hermaphroditic woman took advantage of the chilly day and late hour to sit down on the swing in one of the parks she played in as a kid. Looking at her arm, she shuddered at what she has become.

A single erection from having a strained libido roughly two or so years back forced her to transfer, switch schools, and start trying to build up her reputation and a circle of friends anew—not that her circle of friends was ever large to begin with. It forced her family to lie to the girls’ parents about her sex status, and it was obvious many people learned of it eventually. She couldn’t go to the same school as Gary for a while, making her all the more starved for attention when they were at home. It was attention he provided, and it was clear he cared, but her greed stretched his patience to its limits, and it felt like the same greed and the same lusts that caused her to lose so much now put enough of a wall between her and her sibling to separate them utterly.

Gary’s affection for her run out, while her self-control and patience were never even there to begin with, and now seemed to reach somewhere into the negative zone and cause her to break every single promise she made about treating him more preciously, more gently.

She didn’t know whom to hate. Herself? The brother who couldn’t accept her feelings for reasons she couldn’t understand? The society that raised people so that the relationship she sought was impossible, and in which her sexual configuration marked her as so much of a freak fifteen year old kids, on the brink of adulthood, and their close-minded parents were deemed unable to accept what she was?
For now, she wanted to hate herself, so she did. The darkened stain on the bandage she applied proved it. Alex’ first attempt at self-mutilation didn’t go well. It didn’t give her any sort of relief. It was just more pain, only physical this time, and it made her realize that indeed. She was a girl. She was delicate and she felt that physical pain to the core, no matter how big of a tomboy she was, but it hadn’t helped her at all for some reason.

It was difficult for her to even notice there was someone else there. Passing the park in which she had a couple fun days almost every month in her earlier life, the person spared a glance at the decidedly late adolescent or early adult woman swinging alone on a toy designed for someone much smaller than her.

They approached, with the intention to explain that to her possibly, or ask why she was alone in a place like this. Alex stood up, ready to evacuate in case she really didn’t feel like being scolded or lectured, but there was something familiar about the voice, and even more so, about the person that approached.

- W…wait. Excuse me, but… you’re Alex Lunarson, right?

Alex took a full glance at the person in question. It was unmistakable, given that compared to herself, he barely changed that much. The only significant difference was height and a small stubble of facial hair thrown in.

- Lachlan… At such a time, too…
- So, it is you, Alex? It’s been almost two years since I’ve seen you, we haven’t been on the phone in almost twenty months, either. How come you never tried to get in touch?

Alex snarled a bit, looking to the side. She clenched and unclenched her hands uncomfortably.

- After these events at school, and that explanation… when I had to transfer… I wanted to leave it all behind. Since you didn’t live in the area, I was sure we wouldn’t be meeting all that easily again. I thought you wouldn’t actually want to, being lied to like that.

It seemed like Lachlan observed her for a couple moments.

- The only thing I’m offended about is that you thought I couldn’t like you if I learned the truth. Not to mention, seems like the ‘lie’ is a thing of the past, too. You’re quite a pretty girl now, Alex.

She felt her heart moved a little at hearing that from a person who was fooled into thinking – at least if the parents ‘leaked’ the knowledge to their children, like it seems they did in this case – that Alex was born as a boy. This proved Lachlan to be a good and open-minded person, but it didn’t change the fact he still didn’t accept the entire truth of past events.

- W… what are you actually doing here, if I may ask?
- There was an accident in my family. One of my grandparents and an uncle were affected, and
now need more support to go through their days. Well, my uncle will recover, but in the other case... it's likely my family will have to take care of that person for the rest of their life. So, since I was considering a certain place in here for further education, we moved closer to these two folks' without much trouble. I live around the area now... I just didn't expect to actually meet you. When we stopped getting in touch, I just managed to learn your uncle is now a big shot in Canada or somesuch... I was sure he'd be taking your family with him.

Another snarl from Alex had her clenching her fists again, and gritting her teeth.

- **Lachlan, I'm... I'm sorry, but today... today's no good to be talking to me. I'll... go home now. I'm sorry for your family, and I hope they get better...**
- **Alex, wait.**

Her former friend stopped her in her tracks before she managed to fully turn around. He seemed to notice something was not quite alright.

- **You know... It used to be that we could rely on each other, right? We were friends. Friends help one another. I... was angry at you for not keeping in touch with me, but I understand you've had quite the revolution in your life when you had to transfer. So, rather than just tossing me away again, let me help you out. We have a lot of catching up to do, but I still consider you a friend, no matter how complicated your situation got. So, if you think talking it over will help, I want to listen, or even advise you if it's something I can help out with. I mean... now that we live closer to one another, I'd feel bad if I managed to see you every now and again, but was treated like a stranger...**
- **But, like I said already... Today's no good. I'm a total wreck. I can't go over... this sort of talk today. Lachlan, what they told you about that situation in school... isn't exactly correct. You could say I had to put a lie atop of another lie. So, the situation really *is* complex, and...**
- **How about this Friday, then?**
- **Huh?**
- **We'll go to one of those places you said you liked to eat or drink at, sit down, and talk. Like I said... there's no reason we can't try being friends again.**
- **I don't want to burden you with my crap, Lachlan.**
- **That's what friends are for, Alex. Besides, I just told you some pretty sad stuff as well. You probably had to go through quite a lot after you moved, and yet I couldn't be there for you... so at least let me do that now, hm?**

Alex stood in one place for a moment. That desolation inside of her... could recovering a friend really fix it? Was Lachlan the key?

She didn't know. But this was the one person she owed the truth to.

She looked up at him. The considerate, calm, and honest face didn't change. This was the same kid who managed to make her life bearable together with her brother, only a tad more adult.

All she needed to do was set the place and the date, and he'd probably try to at least listen to her, if not actually help her out. Maybe then, she wouldn't have to be scared of what she was going to become.
So, rather than act proud and mighty, she did just that. Friday at 5.30 PM. Would her life change from meeting that person again?

That remained to be seen.

Alex arrived ten minutes too early and was fairly nervous about the “date” she set up with Lachlan.

It was true they were once friends – while it was hard for her to determine just how close they were objectively, Lachlan was pretty much the best friend she’s ever had – he’s been fed a lie to excuse her transfer from school and she never tried to contact him or clear it up – out of a, possibly misguided, idea that folks who learned the ‘fake truth’ about her wouldn’t want to talk to her afterwards.

And yet here he was. Lachlan. A friend she lost more or less twenty months ago when she decided to not pick up a call from him and not send him her cell phone number when she changed phones.

The only person who actually kept calling after her transfer, now that she thought of it. He was a little taller now than back then – even taller than she was, by an inch or so, facial hair started to manifest more seriously as his puberty appeared to pass its peak and slowly start moving downhill. Practically black hair, blue eyes, and a body still retaining a bit of carving from all those rough tumbles they’ve went through back when they were kids, though he seemed to outpace her just barely and already put on a little bit of extra ‘soft’ weight.

She felt a small smile lightly show on her face as he gave her a small, up-close wave in greeting.

- *So, are we going to be eating, or drinking?*
- *Depends on where we go. There’s not many spots on this street, but I don’t mind any of them. I want a place that’s feels like nobody will really listen to us at.* – Alex responded.
- *There’s a place down the street, on the other side and past a huuuge fucking green neon. They recently added a couple of booths there and there’s a chance it won’t be stuffed full at this hour, so let’s check it.*
- *That sounds like a good spot.*

Walking hand in hand, they managed to find the spot Lachlan spoke of.
Act 2 : Teenage Arousal - Friends and Rebounds

Chapter Summary

Alex has to start dealing with her own desires without her brother around, and that's the least of her problems that come from his sudden departure. What's a girl to do? Can reconnecting with an old friend help her at all? Should her new and old friend know of her condition, and what's the dating pool of a hermaphrodite obsessed with her own sibling for so long?

Chapter Notes

This is the final chapter of Act II. Act III's format will be a little different, as it'll cover a wide variety of shorter timeskips and events between Alex and Gary. I think Act III will turn out to be the second shortest (after act I), but it'll have a lot of small chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Alex remembered that place for late-time meetings with folks, especially for allowing ones during which she’d need the privacy to talk. Her and Lachlan they stepped in once they realized over half of the booths were empty.

Purchasing two pieces of cake each and a drink, and reserving a booth, Lachlan insisted on a specific cost split. Rather than fifty-fifty, he kept insisting on something along the lines of three to one. She remembered that at the end of their time together he did occasionally mention that as some relatives’ motto in regards to treating girls. If you split the costs evenly, it’s a business meeting or you’re an asshole, if you take half of what she should pay, it’s a friendly meeting or you’re a gentleman at a business meeting. Finally, paying all of the girl’s part was, by said relative, deemed to mark the meeting as a romantic kind of date. Alex felt glad that she was apparently recognized as both a girl and a friend, or at least on a friendly meeting.

- Well, we’re alone. It was good to see you again, Alex, and I’m happy we got to meet here. Do you feel like you’ll be all right with talking here today?
- Y…yeah. But before we get to the complicated parts and whatnot... I wanted to apologize. I pretty much broke contact with you and everyone else all on my own. I was sure you wouldn’t want to be meeting with me again. That nobody who listened to that story, firsthand or not, would. You’re a pretty wonderful person for trying to reconnect with someone who treated you like this over a past friendship, you know...
- I did it because you were worth it, and I’m sure things were pretty bad on your side as well. Think nothing of it.
- So, now. About what’s... the problem. Back when I was forced to transfer out, did you learn what sort of story they told your parents to explain that event?
- But it never really mattered to me. I’m adult enough to know it’s what on the inside that counts, and you’ve already started to grow into a pretty gi...
- Thanks for the compliment, and you’d be able to pick up anyone genderqueer with that line, but what they’ve told your guardians and what they told you was a lie.
They lied to us? How come?

It’s… complicated. I really am a freak of nature. Uhhh, where to start… Do you know what an intersex person is? When someone’s born without a clear distinction on whether they are male or female, on levels of genetics or simply due to the kind of… well, gonads… they possess at birth, they’re called an intersex person. Most of them are surgically ‘corrected’ to one gender or the other, and some then undergo hormonal treatment through puberty to help stabilize them as one or the other. This may cause problems if the decision was made on the spot, and not all intersex people develop such characteristics by the time they’re born.

… And you were like that?

Yes, and no. Intersex people are usually ‘normalized’, like I said. What happens with them is a rare but… relatively normal condition in a human, I guess. I’m in no position to judge how good for anyone the normalization to a binary gender system is, but most of those people live as one or the other. Sometimes switch midway. Intersex people can be raised one way and become transsexual later on, or can stick to one gender and sex all their life, or they can develop intersexual characteristics much later in life, and so on, and so on.

I’m guessing this is related, but not exactly it.

That’s right. All these descriptions I’ve just told you… don’t apply to me.

Both of them ate a slice of the cake in silence for a moment, before Lachlan spoke.

Go on.

At birth, I had genital areas more appropriate for a preschooler than an infant or a toddler, Lachlan. And I mean *both* types of them. The doctors didn’t know what to do with me, and neither my mom nor my uncle made the choice for them. I grew up like this and while secondary sexual characteristics… kicked in at pretty weird moments, and the ones I wanted only started appearing lately, I developed properly ‘both ways’, so to speak.

That means… you have everything a boy your age should, and everything a girl your age should… if I’m getting this right?

I have both testicular and ovarian tissue… Apparently mostly separate. I have … all the right holes, but all the equipment a boy has. I do everything a boy would with it, too. Both parts are sexually stable and usable, though I don’t seem to have a clitoris… I guess these tissues are too similar and it disappeared when my boy parts grew. I’m like a snail or an earthworm more than an intersex human. I… don’t think what lead me to this is the first time it happened amongst humans, but I’m pretty sure I am the most drastic example in history so far. To be frank, I’ve had someone say I may not even be a human already. It’s not like I think it’s all really *that* shameful or anything, but apparently it was at the time too shocking and odd to tell anyone.

So, speaking…. Theoretically, you could be both a mother and a father?

I don’t really have any experience at doing that, but my uncle seems to believe that’s correct. Although, we don’t know what sorts of conditions I’d pass to the child in either role yet, so… you could say I’m not in a hurry to try parenthood one way or the other, even if I had a choice.

So the two sexes don’t give you a bigger sex drive for y…

What? N..no, no. I just meant… experience. And wanting to try being a parent at this point. Well, I think I may actually *want* it, but I’m not sure how irresponsible it’d be. To be frank, uhhh… I’m fairly certain my sex drive as a total is bigger than most boys our age. I just had to burn it all out m… What am I saying…

It wasn’t at all frequent for Alex to turn so terrifyingly beet red. In fact, it was her specialty to turn her brother this particular color. Yet here she was, purposefully telling someone outside of her family her secret for the first time in her life.
In... either case. They lied to you all, and I never cleared it up. I never had the courage to talk to anyone from my past life whether they’d see me as some ‘weird’ transsexual kid or whether they were someone I thought I could trust with the actual truth. Like... like you. I pushed all of the truth and tried to put all of my feelings into one person... the person I found to be the closest to me, but I ended up making it overbearing for them. Scaring them. I... I lost that person now. I won’t be seeing them for at least a couple of years, at least not frequently enough for it to matter. That’s why I wasn’t really feeling up to talking to anyone, but... I’ll be no good without them if I keep on the way I was. I have to try to change... something.

Lachlan gently reached out across the table, placing his hand on Alex.

*Frankly, I can tell how someone could feel this was all pretty shocking and unusual... but it doesn’t feel like it’s all that shocking or unusual to me personally. As a kid, you were always cooler than a girl, and even when we hit puberty and you seemed to lag behind the quickest-growing folks, you were always way too pretty and girly to be a boy. Rather than slap yourself over how you may ‘not be human’, you should continue on that path. Back then, when we were friends. Unless you really, really want to be one or the other, try to take in the good and leave out the bad. Best of both worlds. Everyone has their own potential. Even if I am wrong here, why not at least try to approach life with the stance and point of view that you have the potential of both a man and a woman? That you *can* have the best of both? In an innocent, childish way, that’s how you’ve been when we were twelve, thirteen, or so.*

Alex blushed and bit her lip before looking up at Lachlan.

*Uhhh... You’re not trying to pick me up or anything, right? When did you become such a smooth talker anyway? Is such... exotic stuff your thing, or something?*

Lachlan stopped for a moment, tilting his hand and getting a small blush of his own before recognizing Alex was only half serious, and partially trying to tease him like back in the day. He shook his head.

*Good start. But no. You see, I’ve made someone officially my girlfriend more or less three weeks ago, so I’m committed. I want to be your friend again, Alex, but for now, let’s stick to being *just* friends.*

It was Alex’ turn to look down. Indeed. Why did she put things that way and ask that question? The way she was now, Lachlan would be nothing else than just a rebound after Gary if she tried to take things there. He deserved more. Deserved better. He was her friend, and it was one of the few bonds she had – so she should try to preserve it.

*Yes, yes, I agree. I was just in a weird place, and you *did* sound pretty freaking smooth. If they ever make a transsexual bar or nightclub anywhere here, you should give folks pick-up advice.*

*I don’t know if that’s a useful skill... I’m just glad you were able to open yourself up a little. So, that person you depended on... Was that your boyfriend? Or was it quiet, or even platonic relationship? Did they know about how you felt and still left?
• It’s… It’s complicated, Lachlan. To say the least, they’re someone I shouldn’t love, but did. I think in their mind they’d be helping me out by leaving, but that’s just because of something they couldn’t understand and me pushing too much onto them. But… but maybe something about what they’ve done was right. Maybe being separated from them will help me grow one way or the other, if I stay brave. Can’t… tell you anything else, though. Long story short, I was dumped, and still am not over it. I don’t even know if I’m supposed to be seeking a rebound or go into mourning. This is all way too new to me.
• First order of business, try to be more social. I don’t care what’s happening with you, Alex, but you’ve turned quite pretty, like I said, so at the very least people will want to interact with you if you give them the opportunity. It’s up to you if you go so far as to try to do anything with them, or become a party animal, or anything. Just go out and meet folks. I know it’s not easy for you now, but you have a friend that wasn’t a shut in for the past two years now, so maybe you’ll be able to get along with others through me. Oh, and… I take it I’m supposed to keep what you said here a secret?
• It… would be preferable for now, I think. Though, if there’s someone you think is really worth knowing the truth, feel free to ask me about it. But for now, if you could… keep it between us.
• My lips are sealed. Now, there’s a lot of catching up we have to do, don’t we?

Taking the first bite out of the second slice of cake, for the first time in weeks, Alex’ face was positively beaming.

• A lot. So, how have things been with you?

During the first half a year after Gary’s departure, Alex’ life indeed begun to change.

The combination of rediscovering the tomboyish confidence of her youthful days with attempting to drown out the sadness of separation from her brother in food, parties, nightlife, and relaxation. Her sports’ abilities and grades slightly deteriorated, but not to the point of it becoming a tragedy as of yet. Spoiling herself caused her to become a little less depressed, a little more lazy, and heavier.

Alex was putting on weight, but it wasn’t affecting her appearance in a negative manner yet. It appeared to be the opposite instead. With her body clearly suddenly delving in a growth spurt of female assets, the additional weight, while coating her stronger layer of muscles in soft coating, seemed to rearrange itself fairly strategically. She lost count of how many times her bra size changed significantly in the total period of the last year, but she definitely wasn’t going to be ashamed of the size of her chest anymore in the future.

She was ascending through the C-cup sizes, and as she expected, even if she lost some of her slim figure from before, that was enough to give her a little bit of popularity and an additional confidence boost. This translated to going a little deeper into the life of a teenager. Sneaking onto parties easier
and increasingly more often, or just joining more of them when they were hosted at people’s own houses. Her heart was able to beat faster again when she became aware someone was flirting with her, or at least complimenting her.

While Lachlan expressed worry about her taking a little too many ‘dives’ into it, it was a bit difficult for Alex to return when she realized a whole world of experiences she didn’t have up until now could reveal itself soon. People were there. They were flirting. Some were clearly taking it many, many steps further. At first, it was just boys with girls, but it seemed clear to her that in the world of teenagers, the values and lessons of conservatives, the heteronormative view of the world, did not apply. Expectations of boys were more harsh; the silent, timid first steps towards checking if they were really as heterosexual as their parents wanted them to be took the form of shy glances and occasional, ‘accidental’ touches nobody noticed or took seriously – except her, with her ever-sharpening senses, her slow adjustment to the vivid beat of everyone’s sexuality budding out and through societal limitations. She wasn’t the only one with drive and hormones, and she could see others explore what these lead them to do.

It was different for women. Girls were actually enticed by the groups they hang out with to try at least touching and kissing other girls, and it was obvious some did so as a ploy to gain interest and popularity while others simply enjoyed how much easier and more acceptable amongst peers was for them to try out both genders. Alex herself held back on making out with women on parties or in private so far. This wasn’t because she was unable to find girls attractive, but she knew she’d be in trouble if she got really excited at a party… Not to mention, she still considered herself primarily interested in men for relationships, and she did want to try whether or not she could date someone even semi-seriously, create a relationship before just diving into sex. Every passing couple of weeks her interest increased and her resolve to not have meaningless coitus decreased, however.

So, when it was safe, she’d occasionally indulge. Grinding on a barely illuminated dance floor, or having a kiss under one of the walls when no one had an eye on her, were the furthest she went, and occasionally, she’d still feel guilty afterwards. Trying to toss away the feelings of her first love, or at least bury them with a new one, weren’t working so far; but meaninglessness of just having a teenager as horny as her practically hump a soft part of her body never knowing she occasionally got a bigger boner out of it than he seemed to have did drown out the guilt when it happened, precisely because of how meaningless it was.

And it wasn’t criminal, either. Alex knew she had to be careful on public parties and private ones, for different reasons; most clubs had a specific age limit set to 18, and she never attempted sneaking inside any of those too often in a single month. Her new assets and respectable height generally helped, but there were some pretty diligent keepers at times, and she wouldn’t go as far as to trying to make false IDs or change her documents to say she was 18 or above. At private parties, the only thing she really had to watch out for was getting found out; which is why she usually tried to attend the parties of people Lachlan both knew and liked. She developed some amicable relationships with people so far, but nobody could be her friend in the same way that boy was… Which was making her just a little bit awkward sometimes. It was clear to Alex that her sex drive was strong, but it was also becoming clear to her it had a tendency to try and focus on someone; someone close to her. All her life, it was Gary, but now, she had to watch out in order to not fall hard in lust or in love for her best friend, who still didn’t break up with his girlfriend, even though a couple people seemed quite interested in both of them.
Sneaking into adult parties and partaking of certain things was bad, and even illegal. But, considering having her first sexual experiences, to the best of her awareness, was not. The age of sexual consent varied from place to place around the world, and even in Australia, but the age of consent for everything but anal sex or sex with a teacher or lawful, but not blood-related guardian was either 16 or 17 year old, which meant she was, for all intents and purposes, legal in all of Australia unless it came to pretty perverse acts.

“Such as having sex with one’s brother” was a thought she still sometimes had when thinking of that.

She stopped her ‘hobby’ of finding out where what kind of relation was legal roughly a month and a half after Gary left, however. And right now, her brain was somewhat managing not to think about her brother.

So far, she was still not deeply enough into all these things to experience the ugly side of people giving in to attraction or excitement; sticking to Lachlan and his friends was almost like a protective bubble stopping her from experiencing the uglier side of sexual exploration and the small revolutions that were happening in the world.

Homophobia and transphobia would still be problems for years to come, and her intuition was just barely warning her that she may be subject to those. Sure, amongst friendly but horny teenagers who never found out what was in her pants, it would not matter for them whom she kissed. Until it became an object of rumors, that is. People she met through Lachlan were friendly, nice, but she was well aware even them could turn meaner when you were away from them. Those she met on her own, rarely, when she snuck out to parties or Lachlan wasn’t around to warn her?

She was already called a slut once when someone thought it was behind her back, and the same behavior that helped her take her mind off of Gary right now were not very convincing in regards to making anyone think she was undeserving of the nickname.

Any hypothetical person of wisdom and insight that could be privy to Alex’ secrets might suspect Matthew would be nothing but a rebound. Their heights were similar. He was fair of skin. His eyes were amber, so not red enough to trigger a warning. His hair was a bright blonde – so not white enough to trigger a warning. He was slim from trying out tennis and futsal out-of-curriculum at school, so the reasons for his body shape were entirely different as well.

Of course, Alex’ current mood was entirely preventing her from seeing his looks were simultaneously ‘enough Gary’ and ‘far enough from Gary’ to make her excited about his body or lips pressing against hers, or risky moments expressing mutual attraction. She met him recently, this was only the second actual party they were both on, and she knew he was at least a year older than her. But she could feel the pull towards him, and she could tell he felt some sort of attraction as well. He wasn’t particularly shy about it, either, but it was exciting to be wanted physically, even if she was sure the boy wasn’t as of yet interested in her personality quite as much. Her body shape was a little off compared to the popular hourglass since she started to put on weight, but maybe this time her hips and butt being slightly smaller was working to her advantage.

They didn’t put a name on it. Alex was mildly embarrassed about it all, but she felt wanted, and lost
herself in that feeling. Lost herself enough to become intoxicated, like she did with her brother.

Turned out that when such a quiet, lustful intoxication snuck itself into her mind with a guy who wasn’t afraid to touch her body in a way that expressed sexual desire, it was way too easy to lower her guard, and far too simple to get discovered.

The twitch in his arm was the tell. It was their fourth kiss, despite them never putting any sort of a title to what they were doing other than being ‘party animals’. Her lips were pressed tight against his and her nipple was stiffening as her – newly at least a little abundant – breast was being pressed out of her bra only to spill, along with her top clothing, into the questing fingers of the boy who thought the girl he was fondling and making out with was the type just horny enough to let him score all the bases in a short amount of time. The corridor was on the floor above where everyone else was, and quite a bit away from the stairs, so they’ve had a moment to do just what he was doing to her.

While once quite the sportsgirl, Alex was fairly confused about likening bases in ‘baseball’ to touches in dating or hanging out between sexes. Apparently some people defined it was where the touch was, while others claimed it depended on what touched what.

Evidently, either Matthew thought four kisses with no relationship to speak of other than short chats and dancing were enough to go from second to third, or considered fondling below the waist part of the second base and thus okay.

This lack of communication meant that, for the first time in her life, a boy’s hand was pressing down on her groin. Because of how that groin was formed and how it behaved, frankly enough, even though it was through clothes, even though she took some steps to make boners less-than-obvious, he had a handful of dick while trying to make out with a woman.

The twitch in his hand was the tell that it was *not* what he expected, and the sudden parting of lips and bodies evidenced it was *not* okay. Despite suddenly feeling unwanted, betrayed, and exposed while left with absolutely no support from anyone, in hindsight, Alex would consider this ‘surprise fondling’ one of the better ways these sorts of situations went in her life.


It was not easy to speak. When she touched Gary, it wasn’t hard to explain things, because no matter how much he pretended, he *knew*. When Lachlan noticed her ‘extra’ padding at any random situation, he’d more than likely subtly help her fix it, or shrug it off if they were alone and she had a ‘semi’. But this time, it was a stranger, a boy she barely knew, grabbing a handful of her dick all on his own – which was kind of a new and, for a short moment, pleasant experience – and she was unaware how to resolve this situation without it going *terribly* downhill.

- I... I know. I should’ve... should have the courage to tell people before I kiss them or let them touch me like that. I’m... I’m honestly sorry.

- No, no, t... that’s okay. I mean... whew. Really, girl, you’re too pretty to be that way. You’d pass almost every single time, believe me. And your breasts feel good too. So maybe you’re right, maybe you should tell people, because they’d never suspect.

She raised an eyebrow. Well, it was predictable that he’d think she was transsexual, but it was also
I don’t know if I should be happy to hear that, but from your first reaction... I take it that’s sort of a deal breaker.

Yeah, sorry. Not open minded enough to... be around that when I’m trying to get off. In any way. No offense. I’m not close minded enough to punch you or call you a guy or a trap either, you know... not any more, at least. But... I’m *soooo* not into that, I can’t even begin to explain how fast the perspective of another dick being thrown in kills my boner.

Well... no offense taken. Believe it or not. I expected it to go... a little bit worse than this if I got found out, actually. Can I ask you to not tell any...

Actually this is an opportunity.

Ex...excuse me?

Oh, sorry, I sounded like a jackass there. I don’t intend to blackmail you or anything, and I don’t mean to shame you either... make no mistake, a horny person with a body like yours is an *awesome* thing in my book, but if I’m taking this correctly, you being this eager to make out with someone marks you as the type that really wants to try having sex, right?

... The only reason you’re not being smacked right now is because it’s kind of true, and you seem just a tad embarrassed by what you’re talking about.

Sorry for being upfront, but I’ll probably need to carry that a couple steps further to make it simple. May I?

Sure thing, go ahead...

When a person turns into an ex, nine times out of ten, or more like, forty nine times out of fifty, things turn sour, right? Well, I’m the lucky number fifty. There’s a girl. An ex of mine. We bang once in a while, which makes it cool, but it’s also a little bit time-absorbing, and I’m trying to stop. That girl is turning juuust a little bit bicurious herself. If you catch my meaning...

I’m in the buffer zone.

Buffer zone?

Folks close to me are into chemistry. The amounts of use folks have for the word ‘buffer’ is high enough for them to shove even unrelated ones into my head like that. What I’m saying is, I’m girl enough for her to feel it’s an adventure, and yet have enough to make her feel, shall we say... secure about what she’d be doing.

That’s what I was getting at.

... A couple moments ago we were kissing, and now you’re whoring me out. I don’t know if you’re a good guy or a terrible one, Matt.

N-nooo! Sorry, sorry. Again. This isn’t blackmail or anything. I just think it’s an opportunity. I mean... I can’t tell if you’re into girls or anything, and I’m sure you both being, well, girls would mean you need a little bit of time, but I could try getting you two to meet. While only telling her as much as you want to be told. And my lips would be sealed in regards to anyone else, of course, unless they told me straight to my face they wanted to shag a girl with a d...

You could be a little more quiet and subtle with talking about that.

I’m blunt and direct. You knew this since we first kissed.

Okay, I’d be bitchy if I shifted all the blame to you. But, I am a little bit... worried. I didn’t mean for this knowledge to spread too far, too fast. And I’m not ready to date... a girl. I think I could try sex with one, but relationships would be weird. You’re certain she’s not going to turn serious after having sex once?

Matthew nodded.

If you’re really as horny as you seem, you may be having more luck with seeking amongst
them girls, though. You know how guys are... about that stuff.

- Mostly, I just know how guys are *pressured to be* about ‘that stuff’. But, yes. The moment you touched something you didn’t expect was the moment you got all Ice Queen on me. Fine, Matthew. Nobody is to know about this, and give me until next month before you try setting me up with that girl of yours. What’s her name again?

- Yes, Bethany. Matthew’s bicurious ex whom he’s trying to pawn off. Nobody’s to know about this, and about our accident here, either. And you’re not getting videos of that happening either.
- Photos?
- If we’re feeling adventurous, a single one, maybe.
- What do I get out of it?
- Soooo, you *are* an ass after all. Waaay to go.
- I was joking, actually.
- Well, nobody will know you fondled a girl, nobody will know you touched a dick, and… you’re over 18, right?

- Well, I can’t *buy* you one, but we’ll get together sometime soon and you’ll have a good drink on me, then. It was the first time a guy touched me there like this, so I owe you that much.
- That sounds like a pretty fair deal to me, as a matter of fact.
- Now let’s go downstairs before they think you’ve gagged me and are scoring a homerun or whatever. Before we go, we’ll set up the dates for meeting “Bethany” and buying you a drink.

Another three months have passed. During this time, both Alex’ explorations and her sexuality’s awakening continued. Getting along with others was no longer trouble, and it was the time to start taking things a step further.

It was time to start seriously attempting to date. Her experience with Matthew taught her that people without prior knowledge or without sufficient investment into her were unlikely to try and understand whom she was, no matter how gallant and cavalier they seemed about their refusals in the end. She also realized the emotional connection to someone seemed to intensify her sex drive, and kisses were just better if they had some kind of feelings in them, but ultimately she ended up disappointed and frustrated from that approach, too.

Not that she could exactly have a full-blown opinion yet, but the two attempts she pulled off were absolutely *dreadful* in their results and consequences.

Her first quasi-official mostly-boyfriend came to have the opinion that she was gaining overall ‘too much, too fast’, and the Prince of All Things Pristine also came to the understanding that somehow when she got sweaty she smelled ‘weird’. After several such unpleasant comments, it was clear attraction died on at least one side and enthusiasm died on both, so they split up before they even attempted getting into what was in Alex’ pants.
The other party actually was interested in Alex both for daylife and nightlife, but the ultimate attempt at doing something sexual with limited clothing ended up with the one experience she wouldn’t recommend to anyone; Getting physically kicked away and walked out on, because of the ‘sudden reveal’ she was packing at least as much heat as her partner.

Not very encouraging experiences so far at all, and the fact that the few methods of communication Gary had with the family that he used readily – primarily, he wrote emails and sent postcards and letters, refusing to use more frequent, easy-to-use computerized communication methods that would allow Alex or his mother to get in touch with him often – were becoming more rare, it appeared as if her first love succeeded in moving on way before she succeeded in trying sex with someone who *wasn’t her brother*, which might be helpful in confirming how ‘bad’ her sex drive was and if she was able to feel the same desire or form the same connection for another person.

So, after a couple of meetings primarily as friends since two months back, and even exchanging contact info of each other and people that ‘might’ve been interested’, Alex landed in just the same spot as on that party three months back – Matthew successfully “whoring her out” to another girl.

A hermaphrodite virgin in bed, with a girl, called Bethany, recommended to her by a guy who fondled her penis and gallantly backed away, but confirmed he still shagged said Bethany occasionally at the time.

It was confusing, but Alex realized one simple thing. For most intents and purposes, she wanted to have sex and more so than not, wanted to get it over with already. She was finally reportedly attractive to people and her sex drive was as strong as ever, now once again serving as a way to escape her attachment to the person who ran away from her.

And so, she decided to build up her confidence by losing at least one kind of virginity, for starters – and evidently, either her or Matthew gave Bethany a good enough impression of her to eventually get the two girls into bed.

Now, when they were alone and already partially undressed, Alex tried her best to block out any embarrassment she might’ve had and go with the flow. She was unsure how to react to Bethany herself seeming not so confident about what was about to happen.

- S… soo, I take it you’re still the same as when Matthew first… mentioned everything? Or did you go through further procedures? I have to admit, I didn’t expect you to have such a well-developed body… I guess the height is the only thing that’s unusual compared to a regular girl, huh?

Alex rolled her eyes a little bit. Of course, everyone who’d touch her groin and feel how much of a ‘manhood’ she had, especially when erect, would suspect a backstory of a well-endowed – which meant lucky, or with a lot of money to spend on doctors - transsexual, and now, she was more well-endowed than ever. Her most recent bras, because of her constantly increasing chest circumference
and general weight and softness, were no longer able to contain her at all; she spilled out of them, and they were uncomfortable and popped frequently. This meant either her chest got too wide, she surpassed even the largest and most underbust-accommodating set of C-cup bras, or both. Her height was impressive for a seventeen year old girl, too, breaking well over 170 centimeters line.

- Well, since we’ll... try to have sex, Bethany, you should probably know the truth rather than what Matthew assumed about me.
- The truth? What do you mean?
- Well, I’m sure a regular person like you gets confused when it comes to things like queer or transgender or transsexual people at times, right? You don’t even know if you’re bisexual yet. You’re just curious for now.
- Well, it’s not really that confusing. A person born one way, but identifying as and trying to be another way is transsexual. If they don’t undergo direct surgery, it’s probably because getting the other set of genitals isn’t guaranteed to be satisfying, I guess? That’s what it was with you, right?
- Not exactly. You see, I know perfectly well how either set of genitals feel. When excited and caressed, that is.
- … Now, *that’s* confusing.

Alex didn’t waste much time sliding out of her clothes, and Bethany was just watching her body as it was revealed.

The hermaphrodite had these minor telltale signs before anyone even got to inspecting her panties. She lucked out on the so-called Adam’s Apple being indistinguishable from a girl’s, but her shoulders were a little more developed than they should be. She was tall for a woman, too. Her hips were a little thinner than they should be. Since she put on weight and developed breasts, nobody would really notice, and her figure was majorly on the womanly side at last, but under her own scrutinizing, merciless gaze, these things tended to become more apparent, as did the side-effect of her sudden breast development.

Bethany tilted her head when Alex was reduced to barely underwear, since said underwear only managed to magnify the apparent effect of things spilling out both above and below the waist.

- W... wow. How did you...? Wow.
- Just so you know, I’ve had image issues all my life because this right here? Seems like it only developed in the past nine months, and started budding in the past twenty or so.
- Even the dick?
- Oh, the gentle and considerate words of a woman. No. That’s been relatively large always, and was growing slowly but constantly, if I say so myself. But it’s not the only thing that I have, which is the thing I am trying to explain.

Alex lightly spun around, then gasped, and finally sighed in a somewhat resigned manner. Bending forwards to make sure Bethany had a perfect view of it, Alex grabbed the hem of her panties – she tended to *hate* being in underwear designed for women, but decided she’d try wearing it for the situation – and peeled them away to the side after struggling with it being devoured by her increasingly expansive buttocks. Bethany became fully aware of just what the mound and the barely visible slit that seemed to, in this position, be placed behind or ‘right above’ her somewhat visible balls was.
Ohmigosh you are... you’re a girl! I mean, you’re a girl as well? I mean, you...

Half a minute ago you thought I was a transsexual, but now, a vagina is the thing that makes me a girl?

I... I’m sorry. I’m just... totally shocked, I mean...

It’s something I had to keep a secret from a lot of people all my life. Barely anyone knows. But, if there’s such a thing as a ‘true hermaphrodite’ amongst humans, I’m it. Everything down there works. There was no tissue left for a proper and more obvious clitoris, but I’m sensitive inside and I feel like I might’ve gotten a better idea of what’s going down there if I had more experience with sex or masturbation.

So you can get... wet? *And* hard?

More often than not, both happen at once, though it’s a little more complicated than that.

Orgasms?

Not enough experience to really tell the how’s and why’s in the girl parts. It... I’m sure it could be pleasurable to me, but there’s been nobody brave enough to try giving me some attention there properly. The orgasms from the un-girly parts are intense enough.

Well, if you want to, I can try playing with your... your pussy. Part of the reason I’m trying this it to see how I feel about women and all. I also wanted to see if it’s true what they say about girls getting each other off better, so it’s actually a good sign you have one of those.

Something felt a little wrong about this to Alex.

[“It’s all so... empty. There’s neither formality nor emotion. No ceremony. We’re going to shag and all I know is that I’m a fucking Kinsey Scale-o-meter to that girl, and she wants to see if I can get her off better than a boy would. I can’t even bring myself to say I’m fucking pure as snow unless mind dirtiness and trying to get laid for years like a desperate nymphomaniac count. Well, I better not mention who was the most frequent target of these attempts. To anyone. Ever.”]

... Well, that’d explain how your body looks so soft and natural. There’s a charm to that, too.

[“Are you trying to compliment me, or sound condescending, miss waist-of-a-cheerleader?”]

So, I take it you still didn’t get your precious bicurious experience before now?

Nah, you’ll be my first. No worries, though. I’m not the kind of gal that falls in love from sex. Even good sex.

Y...yeah... Do you want to do something beforehand, or just, you know, go at it straight away?

[“No point in treating her well or trying to lay on any charm if it’s meant as something purely about fucking from the start, I guess... Heck, I don’t even know if I can fall in love with people myself. At least with girls.”]

Well, some foreplay is a good idea, and at first we’d need to get acquainted and used to one another without clothes, but... I don’t think there’s a need to pretend this is about wining and dining. I’m temporarily out of the dating game and emotional side of things, and we’ve both known why we were introduced to one another know. I think the ‘playing the field’ part was already done by us waiting for so long and occasionally meeting as... friends, I suppose.

[“-Bitch, you’re not halfway on the way to be called a friend. You’re a cocksuck.-“]

[“And by that, I mean that you’re just nowhere close enough to compare yourself to Lachlan, and you’re selling yourself way too easy simply because I have this sort of body... well, this’d be the first time I got laid, both with, and through that kind of body, so I can’t complain.”]
[“-Is cumdump more courteous and that’s why you’re complaining-?”]

- Alex? Something wrong?
- Ah, no, sorry. Just… remembered something I hoped I wouldn’t at this kind of time.
- Ex? Was she a bitch?
- It’s not an ex. Just so you know, I’m not exactly a lesbian, either, though I guess you don’t mind either way.
- I just thought since you said your pussy didn’t have much experience… It’s probably not easy getting guys interested in these times. Your upper body is lovely, but they have a one tr…
- I know, Bethany. Quite well. Let’s not… mention that. I mean, we don’t want me suddenly developing impotence at the wrong moment. It’s a tad depressing and doesn’t concern us at the moment, after all. About getting used to each other… let’s undress. I think you have nothing to be ashamed of in regards to your body, unlike me… Which makes being a little blunt and direct somewhat helpful, I guess.

With that, the two of them went about slowly removing one article of clothing after another. Bethany really did appear like the traditional, popular high school girl – almost like an American cheerleader, one could say – with a slim, relatively fit body, average height, and breasts a tad smaller than what Alex came to be carrying. Since the hermaphrodite herself seemed to have just freshly and barely outgrown C-cups as measured by British or Australian measurements, it was fair to assume Bethany herself had the mentioned size. She had brown hair, long and flowing way below her shoulders, as opposed to Alex, who only just got to the point of ceasing to cut them once they reach that length. Her nipples seemed to have that perfect proportion to them as her bra dropped – with only barely noticeable areolas, cute, pink, and with nipples long enough to stick out and suck on, but not being particularly prominent.

Alex also came to the point where she had to remove her – slightly too tight – bra. Her sportsy past combined with her muscle’s being constructed just a tad differently from those of purely female persuasion left her increasingly more abundant breasts a tad more resistant to the effects of gravity than usual, meaning she didn’t have to be embarrassed about her size nor her perkiness. But the sudden growth was hardly something perfect or to be proud of, and the area around her nipples seemed to be particularly affected, especially in regards to one of the traits many considered to be the most attractive in humans – symmetry.

Alex’ left nipple was starting to grow to be larger. The areola expanded, the tip appeared to become thicker, and while both of her nipples were darkening to a somewhat sensuous, somewhat worrying shade of red, even that they didn’t do at the same pace – at this time, her right nipple, with a smaller areola and being little more than a cute bump surrounded by expanding and by now, somewhat impressive breastflesh, was brighter than her left one, even if it was barely noticeable. Also barely noticeable was the fact that her left nipple’s areola was definitely wider than the right’s, the nipple was plumper, and had about the same length as on her other breast. It didn’t look bad *yet*, but Alex noticed the tendency for the discrepancy to grow along with her breast size.

Regardless of her new set of breasts being imperfect, Bethany seemed quite enchanted with them, and being watched mostly naked was exciting Alex as well, causing her heartbeat to quicken.

The two looked at each other, up and down, with Bethany reaching down to take off her skirt, pantyhose, and underwear; Alex already had only the latter on her body, and it was already heavily stretched from her member being partially erect and throbbing occasionally, trying to get more so.

- You’re… not the smallest one I’ve seen, definitely. It doesn’t even look fully hard yet!
It… does beat the average already, I suppose… Is it a big of a deal with other girls?

Well… many guys don’t really know how to touch a clitoris, and when they can’t really find the sensitive spots inside, either, the best bet they have is simply having a huge dick to rub them automatically. And some girls just need to be stretched to enjoy it, too, so bigger’s more popular easily.

I see. Well...

Alex slowly laid herself out on the bed by Bethany’s side, kicking off her shoes and pulling herself up so her legs could be spread.

I only really masturbated myself down there when I got really hot, personally, but it felt like it was pretty sensitive. I was a bit silly, trying to keep my hymen and whatnot. Never even knew if I had one. If I did, maybe it’s gone, maybe it isn’t, but I’m a bit backed up with both… and a bit more experienced with cock-orgasms, I guess. Part of the problem may be that I don’t know where the heck my clit is. I mean… you may not know, but technically clitoris and penis develop from the same cells, just differentiated and spread in a different manner, so it may be I simply have a penis instead of what girls have on the outside. Does make girl-side masturbation harder if I’m not to keen on fingering the heck out of myself.

I… I see. I think you’re rather pretty, and I’m curious about how it works… down there. Are you okay with me starting now, and from there?

S…sure. Just… go easy on me, and if you feel anything remotely hymenlike, please don’t push forwards through it, whatever you do, okay?

You know, it’s actually not a bad idea to just pop it and enjoy your first time having sex normally… but I’ll respect your wishes. Okay, here comes nothing.

[“Now it’s “Here comes nothing”. I’ll give it to you, Bethany. You are with a girl and make me feel like a girl, probably because right now, you seem somewhat… shallow. And we’re both unsure what the fuck are we doing.”]

It was indeed an odd sensation to be allowing another girl to explore her body now. Alex had limited experience when it came to sexual fantasies that didn’t involve Gary or boys she met on parties, but she did know she was able to be excited by a female body – just not whether she was actually able to have sex with a girl. Or anyone, for that matter. Bethany’s sleek and dainty fingers rubbed up and down Alex’ spread thighs, and she seemed fascinated by the texture.

Those are soft, but seem so strong. D…don’t clench them too tight around my head even if it feels good, all right?

I’ll try.

[“I don’t even know if I’m the clenching type. Do I have to spell out I’m a total virgin in this situation, or… Or what?”]

Regardless, Bethany seemed pretty dexterous and used to handling male parts. Simply softly tugging up and down with her fingertips while gently pushing up at the male side of Alex’ sex with her fingertips to uncover the entirety of the hermaphrodite’s female sex was proving to feel both pleasant and comfortable.

I think you might’ve been right. Your labia lips are all sorta different here than mine or any
I’ve ever managed to catch a glance on, and there’s no visible clitoral hood anywhere. I’m going to try running my tongue on the lips and flicking it on the inside a bit, all right?

[“… Do I really need to confirm I want to get oral sex?”]

Hearing no refusal, Bethany did however seem nervous herself as she flicked her tongue across the area closest to Alex’ opening, rubbing the labia lips with it, then moving across the slit, and flinging her tongue upwards experimentally a couple of times. The blonde seemed to feel that different areas had vastly different levels of sensitivity, but couldn’t really find it in herself to get fully ready ‘down there’ at Bethany’s inexperienced and experimental touches.

- B-Bethany?
- Yeah?
- Is it… okay down there? With the taste, scent, and whatnot… And also, are we going to need a condom?
- I’m healthy and on the pill. You?
- … Healthy.
- Then we don’t, but it’s good you’ve thought of it. And you taste and smell all right, I guess. It’s girly of you to be concerned.

Alex’s eyes did kind of roll back a bit when Bethany lowered herself towards her sex again, this time fitting the moist muscle from inside of her mouth into her passage, the inner walls tightening even further almost to the point of clenching the invader. That felt good, almost good enough to let her voice out, but now she was stressed out about some other aspect.

Girlyness. Thousands of thoughts. How did things really interact down there for her? Did her sexes have different drives and needs, or melted together into one large pile of sexual desire? Furthermore… If she didn’t smell much like a guy down there, what was happening to her male side now that she was finally becoming girly? Alex remembered trying to shave off what seemed a bit of excessive facial hair twice in her life back when she hit 15, but she never had that trouble again. It coincidentally was about the same time when her uncle illegally “helped” her with a dosage of bonus female hormones and all that… Did that push her growth off the rails in some manner?

Bethany continued, flicking her tongue in and out of Alex, then slowly tracing along her balls, and up the shaft. Alex shivered, which caused Bethany to giddy up.

- Maybe you were right. The shaft normally isn’t that sensitive. People lick and suck along it to show off, let the other person chill off, differ the sensations, and because it looks good in porn, but you’re genuinely feeling it at this point, too, right?
- Uhhh… The base feels good… then it’s weaker along the length… and it grows stronger again near the tip.
- You’re a sexologist’s dream, I bet.

With far more practiced and confident movements, Bethany’s tongue reached the tip of Alex’ member. Pulling back the rather humble amounts of foreskin that didn’t manage to cover Alex’ tip when she grew fully erect, Bethany’s tongue started to roll and drill across the tip of Alex’ member and this time the hermaphrodite really had to let out an eager moan. It seemed that either her womanhood wasn’t as keen on having a girl down there, her Bethany was just that much better at handling masculine organs, or, what scared Alex, that her member was just better developed in terms of bringing her pleasure from sex.
She’d have to properly try having her girl-parts pleasured in a variety of ways to know, however. Right now, her thoughts were managing to slowly, but surely dissipate and ease off on the self-doubts simply because of the fact the other girl was doing a fairly good job out of pleasing her cock. Bethany’s lips followed what was probably already a year or – god forbid, if she started illegally early – two or more of practice, focusing her attention on lightly slurping and suckling at the crown after putting it inside of her mouth, and flicking her tongue across the slit and very tip until she had to release Alex’ girth with a loud “Puah”.

Alex looked down and the reason for the sudden stopping was obvious. Her girth seemed just large enough to make Bethany’s mouth hurt a little just by stretching to accommodate the tip, even if she wasn’t going in deep.

- Sorry, will need a moment to adjust to all that. Geesh. You’re quite blessed all around, it seems.
- Didn’t help so f… d-don’t drill your tongue against that spot like that!
- Sorry. I guess your sensitive spots in here are roughly as usual. Hey, wanna try doing mine at the same time?
- S… sure. Just remember I’m not going to be magically adept at it, even if some girls seem to be.
- Ohhh, going all humble and shy.

Bethany proved athletic enough to easily swing her leg over Alex before the latter even noticed, slowly lowering her own hindquarters closer to the other girl’s face. There was a certain odd attractiveness to her hips, which Alex noted was precisely because they *didn’t* seem overly big nor was Bethany heavy-bottomed. Another stray thought about how this reflected on Alex’ own sexuality. Rather than excessively ponder, Alex quickly pushed her thumb around where she knew what she herself was lacking should be located, flicking the other woman’s clitoral hood while slowly, tentatively trying to push her fingers inside. Bethany responded by lightly spitting over Alex’ own member and rubbing the resulting extra lubrication all over its length, trying to make it easier for herself to push Alex back inside of her mouth, even if it was only to tease the most sensitive area.

Alex shuddered from the sudden increase of pleasure, and from Bethany getting significantly less gentle with her attentions, which had both the positive effect of getting Alex’ member stiff, throbbing, and lightly dripping, and had the negative effect of other sensations becoming far more present. Alex’ sense of touch was apparently overdeveloping mildly…

The blonde tried to focus on returning some of the pleasure she was experiencing. She wasn’t at all sure how to provide oral sex to anyone, so for now she focused on manual stimulation, which she was a bit more used to since she occasionally tried it on herself. First and foremost, however, Alex’ sharp senses and perceptiveness allowed her to learn Bethany’s reactions by heart, the brown-haired girl’s hips twitching, rolling, and shivering in different ways depending on how deep and at which angle the hermaphrodite’s fingers went inside. Some movements even granted her a pause in being orally assaulted in favor of the other girl stopping for a short moment and releasing a pleased sound into the hermaphrodite’s shaft, the vibration of which was certainly confusing Alex as to what point of her ascent towards orgasm she was at.

Bethany seemed appreciative of the dexterity and mix of tenderness, enthusiasm, and capacity for forcefulness the blonde’s slightly androgynous in appearance palms and fingers had. Alex, for her part, was evidently surprisingly incorrect about not becoming ‘magically adept’ at pleasing her partner’s inner walls, purely because of how perceptive she’s been in regards to what provoked a reaction. Wanting to stimulate her counterpart even more, Alex leaned in and started rubbing and
curling her fingers inside the brunette by memory and instinct rather than relying on her eyes for any longer, and tried extending her tongue against Bethany’s clitoral hood.

This evidently prompted Bethany’s competitive side into action, the darker-haired and more slender of the duo grasping Alex’ testicles, extending a single finger to slowly rub and tease along her entrance, and starting to rapidly bob her head up and down the other girl’s length.

The sensation was surprisingly rough and, once again Alex’ genitals seemed a little confused in regards to what was happening. But, after several moments of sliding her tongue and fingers long the most sensitive of Bethany’s parts, the hermaphrodite realized one thing – her member was still too sensitive to this sort of stimulation for this to continue much longer, and Bethany was just too *skilled* at stimulating male parts compared to the relatively experimental masturbation Alex was used to. The blonde parted herself from Bernadette’s groin momentarily and released a groan, before warning her.

- *I don’t think I’ll last long if you keep going!*

It’s not that she expected Bethany to decide to give her an orgasm regardless, but the brunette girl immediately moved her hand up to Alex’ length, squeezed it down almost to the point of pain, and extracted her tip from the inside of her own mouth while pulling her tongue away from Alex’ member as much as possible. It was like all of the stimulation and pleasure was suddenly denied in favor of making sure the male side of her genitals didn’t get to climax.

[“G-guh? Wha… Is… is this what girls and boys do to prolong the experience? Isn’t this kind of…”]

Bethany just giggled cheerfully as she spun over again, pulling her butt out of Alex’ face.

- *Your fingers are quite good, so that got me fired up, sorry, sorry! But your tongue’s surprisingly not that good yet for some reason. Well, if we’re going to do it the biblical sense, you should probably learn on how to best prepare a girl to be penetrated. Could you go down on me now? My jaw’s gotten a little sore, and you need to cool off before you stick it inside, anyway.*

Bethany’s hands moved up to Alex’ breasts and started to rub and fondle them lightly without a pause whole she was speaking, which sent another shiver through the hermaphrodite’s body.

[“That’s the first time she touched them, come to think of it, but it’s like it didn’t matter at all. Neither a question asked, nor that adorable near-dumb enthusiasm the more forward guys have when they try to touch them. It’s like they were her own. And what’s with that… that… sense of self-entitlement she has?”]

- *Alex? Something wrong? I just thought you may wanna learn how to…*

[“Oh, right. She’s the bicurious one and touched my pussy for roughly one minute, but I’m the one who should practice going down on girls. Oh, might as well.”]

- *No, I was just thinking… about something. It’s okay, let’s keep going.*
With little else to do, Alex shifted her body so she was now on her hands and knees above Bethany. Wanting to properly experience a difference with touching a girl – while not in a fully sexual situation, she did manage to kiss and touch several boys up until now – Alex started by placing a hand along Bethany’s own breast, then pressing her lips underneath it. Her nipples dragged across the brunette’s skin – which was so prodigiously smooth, it managed to make Alex excited again – as she made her way with the little smooches down to between the other girl’s legs again.

The scent there was mild and gentle, but definitely teasing, sexual, and something Alex was only used to because she sometimes detected something similar during her own masturbation sessions – if they were prolonged enough and she didn’t shower beforehand. Earlier, she managed just the barest taste, but this time, she was going to do it properly – even if she had no idea how. Leaning in, she pressed her lips against the other girl’s nether ones in something that resembled a chaste smooch, then altered said chaste smooch into a deeper kiss. Bethany just giggled.

- You’re not making out with your date, Alex, you’re eating pussy. Try to find a creative way of rubbing on the clit while doing stuff with your tongue. That tends to work if a guy knows what he’s doing.

[“A guy. Yaaay.”]

- No problem, but most girls won’t like telling you what to do.
- It does feel kind of… awkward, doesn’t it?
- Well, your face’s pretty, so I could get used to seeing something like that here, and when you angle yourself right, your breasts could… Oh. Oh, you mean telling someone what you want. I suppose for girly girls, yeah.

Alex at this time only supposed it may be a little better if Bethany were to shut up now, but she couldn’t bring herself to really be angry at someone who apparently thought they were doing her a favor, and who was giving her the first sexual experience, so rather than tell her that she opened her mouth wide, tried to slide her upper lip over Bethany’s clitoral hood and slide her tongue inside of the other’s proper womanhood at the same time. It wasn’t actually that easy given Alex had no practice with these sorts of “exercises”, but it was effective enough that moments after the blonde was detecting more wetness between the brunette’s legs, and Bethany actually raised a hand to her mouth and lightly bit her finger with a relaxed smile before releasing a small groan of pleasure. Continuing, Alex had to release Bethany’s sensitive bean, so she slid her tongue out of the other girl – not to escape, since Bethany’s ‘juices’ seemed mostly tasteless – and run her tongue back up against Bethany’s upper labia lips and that most sensitive spot. After several moments of focusing there and daintily prodding at the brunette’s opening with her fingers, Alex slid back down to try not to overdo things when she felt the other girl’s clitoris stiffen, emerge out of what was covering it and engorge lightly, and she detected Bethany’s reactions were varying before less intensely pleased than moments before and more intensely shocked and overwhelmed than moments before.

The oral service and preparation continued for quite some time. This was partially because Alex was almost enjoying the way Bethany seemed to be feeling pleased, partially because she wasn’t sure when to stop and deem her partner ready, and partially because Bethany seemed to be a tad greedy lover. Alex was starting to believe the other girl was trying to get herself off with her tongue and lips alone, until Bethany finally motioned for her to stop and pull away.
A…almost there. Let’s put you inside now, m-maybe we’ll be able to go for a series of big Os.

[“Oh. Right. Girls can do that. Well, good that I got to experience sooooo many.”]

Eager to get some additional pleasure out of this experiment, Alex slowly pulled herself up from between Bethany’s legs. Being the larger of the two thanks to height and weight, but not exceedingly so, a classical position of her pinning the other girl underneath should probably work well, although she doubted Bethany’s legs would be stagnant in this variant of missionary. Indeed, one of the brunette’s legs quickly pulled itself up and placed along Alex’s shoulder, the other instead pushing up against her thigh. With that, it took some re-angling to properly bury herself in Bethany’s passage, but the more experienced girl was quite eager to help Alex realign and then feel the hermaphrodite’s rather sizeable, thick length start sinking inside of her.

The length twitched and throbbed as it immediately turned back to its previous, somewhat messily leaking state. The experience was confusing to Alex. She usually found herself more attracted towards boys, and felt like she was definitely a girl, but the magnitude of sensations that came from burying her length for the first time inside of another girl threw her off balance enough to make her forget about her inhibitions and controlling her orgasm. Instead, she was quickly lead to just pumping her hips forward, quickly, roughly, dragging her rather impressive Dick through Bethany’s moist and slick passage with enough force and speed to produce audible noises and cause the other girl to toss her head back.

- T-that’s i-int..n.e Fhhaakkkk…

It was clear that Bethany expected something else entirely at first, and that she underestimated just how forcefully Alex’ hips could work when it came to trying to have sex. The sensations were confusing both of them, as a matter of fact, and neither had enough will in themselves to make anything of it other than place hands on each other’s bodies. The sweat-slick skin of either girl could only be described as erotic in the dim light of the room, and certainly the sensation of another’s soft, feminine, pliable body under their fingertips was something neither Alex nor Bethany was familiar with.

Not being a virgin, Bethany didn’t at all require a lot of time to adjust to Alex’ wild thrusting. In fact, she set herself up to be easily pushed over the edge in that way, the angle at which she accepted the other girl’s already over-average length. The sensitive part of the brunette’s walls was easily and eagerly being humped at, and the sensation of being stretched and taken roughly by one of the biggest, longest, and thickest cocks she has ever received, one attached to a girl that could only be described as statuesque, more or less beautiful, and with enough femininity to spill over the place more than Bethany herself did.

With her defenses down and her body unaccustomed to the sensation, Bethany could only toss her head back as she clearly approached her climax. Alex didn’t seem to fully notice or care, eagerly pumping her hips – as wide and probably coated in more softness than the shorter brunette’s – forward in a rather blunt and uncreative manner, lead on by the feeling that the powerful release that could be obtained by joining with another like this was right at her fingertips, for now depending entirely just at the angle of the entrance and her sheer girth – and, to a lesser extent, length – to extend the enjoyment to more than herself. Alex’ increasingly feminine and soft body jiggled and swayed against and over Bethany’s own in a way the bicurious brunette found herself utterly unfamiliar with, making it, while her hips plunged in and out at one of her more sensitive areas energetically with force that she only came to associate with boys beforehand.
Finally, Alex was experiencing her first time. She felt disconnected with herself, disconnected with
the woman she was pumping her length into. But she didn’t feel displeased or frustrated. Not at all.
The sensation that came over her when her almost wild pumping more or less accidentally brought
the smaller brunette to an orgasm washed over her, the at-first intuitive realization that she was, for
the first time, responsible directly for another person’s orgasm seemed to wash away the last of her
self-control.

Bethany’s passage reflexively squeezing and kneading at her length took care of the rest. As the
quivering muscles of the brunette’s passage squeezed down and gripped on Alex’ length, the
hermaphrodite couldn’t resist the temptation anymore, her member twitching, testicles tight, as the
first shot of semen was pumped from her tip and right inside the woman under her. Alex couldn’t
resist the pleasurable, toe-curling and moan-wrangling sensation that came from having an almost
simultaneous orgasm with someone else, her shaft spewing rope after rope of seed inside of the other
girl, only coaxed to do more by the constant squeezing along her length.

At the feeling of being stuffed full of seed once the second spurt of what Alex was releasing was
over, Bethany’s eyes opened wide with realization of what was happening once the first wave of her
orgasm passed through her.

- W…what, already? – the brunette asked with indignant surprise in her voice as Alex tried to
  successfully ride off the last waves of the messy accident she had, caused by Bethany’s own climax,
hers hips now moving eratically and with less force than before. The brunette was surprised, to say
the least.

- W…what do you mean, already? You came too!
  
- Well, yeah, but… I’m… I’m multiorgasmic and pretty much no cocks are, so why didn’t you hold
  back a little? I told you I was thinking about going for several!

- Hold back? Going for several? Well, why can’t I do that, too? Besides, it was my first time, how
  am I supposed to hold back when you’re squeezing so tightly all of a sudden?

- First time? You’re a… you’re a virgin? With your dick, I mean? I thought you said…
  
- That I knew my orgasms better with it than with my pussy! I never said I had more experience! I
  never went after girls before, and guys aren’t exactly keen on having *any* sort of sex with me! I’m
  pure as fucking snow, except in the mind! Well, I was, before miss “Wanna-go-for-multiple-
  orgasms” decided to try her bicuriousness out with me!

- Psh! Guess even if you’re a girl with it, a virgin cock is no fun!

- You came all over my dick!

Bethany suddenly bit her lip, realizing she might’ve went the wrong way about all this. With Alex’
body and the size of her member, it was hard to believe she didn’t get any sex up until that point.

- You’ve really never done it? With anyone? Weren’t you weirded out about doing it with someone
you barely even know?

- Of course I was! But I’ve been trying to date or play around with guys for a long while now, and none seemed to accept me if they learned the truth. All the while, I’ve been wanting to try sex while trying my best to *not* go after girls which everyone convinced me were the better or more accessible option for someone like me. I’m just too fucking frustrated to pull it off anymore. Apparently, you get more confident when you’re through with that, and things get easier.

- That’s only true for boys you know. But oh well. By the way… your load’s different from what I’m used to.

Alex sighed as the last dregs of her semen were slowly flowing from her freshly-climaxed shaft and into her partner, deciding to drag herself off of Bethany and falling to her side.

- I don’t know why. I think my liquids get just a tad mixed up. Like, there may be some seminal fluid mixed in with the girl-juice when I orgasm from there, and my sperm’s watered down with what’s normally used for lubrication of girl-parts. It shouldn’t be a huge mixup, but maybe it’s detectable… I don’t know.

- Might be because of how much you seemed to put in there. See? It’s all leaking out now. That’s normal, though, just not at this odd pace.

- You’re completely sure you took your pill and everything, right?

- Yes, I’m not so silly as to not take it the day I get dicked by a girl, geez.

[“It’s better than when she was saying virgin cocks are no fun, but… I practically feel used. What the heck happened, and why did it last so short? Shouldn’t… shouldn’t my first time make me feel connected to someone, too?”]

Suddenly, without much ceremony to it once again, Bethany shifted to turn towards Alex once more, the girl’s smooth and dainty hands coming to rest against Alex’ breasts and starting to rub and squeeze them. One of her palms, however, was slowly moving lower, over her navel and eventually grasping the hermaphrodite’s member in her hand.

- W… what the?

- Finger me.

- Excuse me?

- Neither of us got to really enjoy it thoroughly this time, and if you’re a virgin you should still be able to go again soon enough just from remembering how good it felt. So we’ll try to get you back up, and in the meantime, finger me.

Alex shrugged with a little sigh. She felt a little odd about feeling a girl’s hands on her breasts, and about Bethany focusing on her cock out of the dual set of genitals she sported, put the girl was
certainly skilled at what she was doing and right about Alex wishing she could enjoy the pleasure a
little longer – or again, as the case may be. Her shaft sensitive, it felt a little risky to consider that
option, but after spending so many years unable to enjoy any form of sex, it was a welcome change
to be able to try it with someone who actually seemed eager to do more.

With a hand wrapped around her flagging erection, tugging it up and down, softly at first, but with
increasing tightness, the new sensation along with the teasing of her quite sensitive breasts had Alex
yield to the pressure exerted by her current – so far, only – partner. She angled both of her hands
towards her partner’s groin, slowly, manually stimulating it by placing the fingers of one hand over
the other’s clitoral hood, rubbing tenderly, while her other palm’s fingertips dug inside of Bethany,
burying themselves in the leftovers of their almost synchronized climax, stirring up her own seed and
semed inside by plunging in and out and wiggling her fingertips lightly.

Bethany seemed to enjoy that as she squeezed Alex’ breasts that much harder, and her hand
momentarily lost the discipline in its actions over her cock, but quickly she instead redoubled her
efforts, stroking the other girl’s shaft faster and harder as if that would ensure it went from half-soft to
fully hard again. Having never had the opportunity to do so despite her many attempts to get her
brother and then other boys to bed her, Alex found it oddly enjoyable to bury her fingers in a cum-
filled pussy, and wondered if masturbation with that side of her would also be better after someone
came inside of her – a thought she knew would remain but a wish for a while, still.

Regardless of her thoughts, Alex continued to tease over Bethany’s womanhood and be stroked and
breast-fondled in return, until she begun to notice the telltale signs of another approaching climax in
the brunette. Annoyed, Bethany stopped fondling the hermaphrodite’s breasts – a little more
impressive than her own – and lowered both hands between Alex’ legs, this time starting to rub
along the lips of her pussy to add to the sensations assaulting the hermaphrodite. With this, Alex’ sex
seemed to finally stir fully, filling out Bethany’s dainty hand as the hermaphrodite’s erection
returned.

- Huuh, trying to touch both at once seems to be having an eff…geeze how… your fingers are getting
really good Alex…

The room was filled with the smell of sex and the naughty sound of both women trying to bring the
other to a higher level of arousal as their attempts at masturbating each other continued, until
eventually Alex could feel Bethany’s passage becoming really twitchy again.

[“First thing close to a compliment in the last half an hour, I guess.”]

With a small whimper, Bethany took Alex’ fingers out of her passage and crawled over onto the
other girl, straddling Alex’ waist and using her breasts as purchase and a resting spot for her hands
before slowly moving one hand to where their waists connected, sliding the blonde’s sizeable length
and girth back inside her and quickly starting to bounce and gyrate her hips while using the fingers of
that hand to stimulate her clit at the same time.

- I’m… close again, so I’m gonna try cumming and we’ll see if you can resist it now…

- It’s… freaking sensitive, don’t do it so f:fast!
- You gotta work up some experience resisting these sensations if you don’t want to be a quickshot!

[“W…why is this happening? I feel like I’m a set of boobs, dexterous appendages, and a cock. Why does a girl act like this? Why did it come so e-easy?”]

The sight of a pretty girl bouncing away on her length while slowly pushing herself towards a second climax was the only balm on Alex’ thoughts, the seventeen year-old growing quite jaded and regretful of putting herself in this situation momentarily, at least until the sensations on her sensitive member stopped being irritating and got pleasurable again.

Before Alex could make up her mind on whether sex was worth all these confusing feelings, Bethany tossed her head back and squealed in pleasure, the powerful contractions moving throughout her inner walls squeezing and rubbing across Alex’ erection in just the right manner to have her moan and shudder as well, although this time, it was still far too early for her to have an orgasm. Still, the intense, slowly dulling sensation of having her freshly climaxed dick treated in such a manner, squeezed and milked inside someone’s hot and wet body made Alex’ decision for her. Until she’d be able to find someone to have sex with meaningfully and with some emotions, some feelings, she’d just make do with this.

Bethany rolled her hips once more, licked her lips and looked down at Alex.

- So, I take it… we’re up for round two?

A little while later...

[“Greedy and self-absorbed. The first person I managed to have sex with is an instant hookup, and a girl who is greedy and self-absorbed.”]

- I expected you to have it in you since I learned you were special. The second round was quite decent, and you got up for it so easily, too. Definitely the least disappointing virgin cock I ever tried out, thought there weren’t many of those.

[“Focusing on her cunt and my dick, but rubbing my breasts like they’re decoration. Why does sex have to feel… so good? Why was I so adept at it over just one try? She did seem to think I am catching on quickly, but I still felt pathetic at it at so many points. W…why couldn’t it have… Why couldn’t I have done it with…”]

Alex gritted her teeth to stop herself from sobbing, and this time, did so effectively.

- Well, maybe you’ll get a chance to try it out again when I brush up on my endurance.
- We’ll see. I’ll still want to try doing it full-blown lesbian style somehow, but while the bonus girl assets are nice, I think I’m a dick kind of girl. You? Feeling more inclined to turn dyke now?

- My dick’s bisexual, but that’s not all of me, so I think I’ll still try going after guys. Not that my relation or sex attempts concern you that much. Right?

- ~Right.

[“Vapid. I’ll just do that. Empty emotionless sex for release. It’s working for her… No. That may… not work for me. I’ll just… I’ll take things slowly and see if waiting’s any good, or if I should really go for it.”]

With that, Alex and Bethany did the only thing most people who were only in it for a romp didn’t usually do in this sort of manner.

They went to sleep, still in one bed, each with a different attitude regarding what the just learned about themselves, and about each other.

Neither predicted their meeting would affect them in the future, and probably neither would bet on what kind of change that’d be.

Chapter End Notes

The sex scene was not meant to be particularly *good* in this chapter. In fact, I still feel like Bethany and Alex were too lucky and successful with their sexual affinity. If I managed to portray the feeling of awkwardness between the two of them and confusion as well as a little bit of despisal for both herself and her partner over the event in Alex, I’ll be feeling a lot more successful than if the scene excited someone or was to their liking.
Act 3 : Siblings' Conquests - Social Circle

Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary strive to push through the goals of their respective educations while trying to fill in the void left behind by being separated. For both of them, life this far away from one another is only really starting.

Chapter Notes

This "Act" is written a little differently compared to the others. It is meant to cover a certain length of time (to be revealed by next act, but it's well over dozens of months) after Gary’s departure from Australia to Canada by portraying certain important events in both of the twins’ lives, and as such not only almost every featured chapter should be considered to be quite a while removed in time from the one preceeding it, they may portray events in a less-than-chronological order (although this only really extends to when we jump from Gary to Alex and vice versa). Act 3 as a whole is essentially an interim of sorts.

As a result, the length of subchapters of Act 3 will vary wildly and so will the differences in upload times. I hope it will still manage to portray the characters well in terms of what I intended for the story, both as a message (as many stories are meant to convey some type of message from the writer) and in terms of character development and plain old smut both.

Social Circle

After her ‘bout’ of sex with Bethany, Alex’ state of mind in some ways improved, ironically.

First information about how Gary was dealing overseas came in, and evidently, as always, Alice and their other would-be parent had reasons to be proud. Taking the exams overseas and managing to get into a two-year pre-university course – though it appeared he may not even be taking the first year, which, to Alex at least, sounded a little silly. What’s the façade of him taking the course for, then?

[“Just let him apply at this Korrine-whatever university straight away in the first place…”]

With her head just a little bit cleared – at last, she had some intimacy with another human being, as emotionless as it was, and she finally got to find out what the entire ‘sex’ thing was about, what people her age seemed so driven to do – although she was not much better than any of those people, also wanting to try it badly, and in various configurations to boot.

With the worry of being a virgin with her 18th birthday slowly approaching gone, Alex’ head cleared
up at least a bit. She finally knew what sex with a girl was like, and it confirmed one fact about her sexuality – she’d benefit from occasional meaningless sex, and she could have such with women at least, but she still hoped to compare it against *meaningful* sex sometime. For now, though, she temporarily wanted a short break from the race to get laid, and as such, she gained some veneer of calm, focus, and seriousness.

Which soon, prompted by her twin brother’s success overseas, changed into something she lacked for a while now since his departure.

Drive and ambition. So, for the first time since Gary left for Canada, Alex studied for an exam way ahead of its actual date.

For Gary, however, despite the praises, things didn’t initially go quite well at first.

In fact, he was starting to be confused about what Adam actually expected of him. He insisted that he’d take this prep-course for university, and it should’ve taken two years. When really drilled for answers, Adam insisted that Gary should have a taste of “college life” and “Develop some relations in the country before he goes to a university, so he has people to fall back on.”

[*Why the hell you’d push me to try and get admitted for the second year of the course immediately, uncle? Is this even legal? They probably allow special cases, but how many strings would Uncle have to pull for me to be considered a ‘special case’? Isn’t it kind of bad? Won’t people over a year older than me be unhappy I’m suddenly transferring in out of the country and starting from third semester rather than first? Not to mention… The amount of studying to catch up was… no, it still is ridiculous! And so was the amount of paperwork even with Uncle taking care of most of it! What kind of setup for having any ‘college life’ is this? MOST OF AUSTRALIAN STATES DON’T EVEN HAVE PRE-UNIVERSITY COLLEGE COURSES SO WHY THE HELL DO I NEED ONE?!*]

It was indeed difficult speaking to anyone at first. Most of the people were polite, although he was occasionally worried if it sounded like a particular group had an accent totally different from everyone he was used to hearing.

But, finally, it felt like through his hard work and hours spent attempting to at least start some sort of contact paid off. He tried a lot - exchanging notes to comparing data sources for projects to informing one another of little tricks and favorite aids for learning or answering… Unlike his sister’s friends, for Gary’s new acquaintances this meant energy drinks, non-dulling sedatives for the particularly nervous people, sleeping, learning, and napping hours, and such, rather than attempting to get alcohol or not-entirely-legal entertainment, although to be fair all of Gary’s classmates were older than him by at least a year and as such, already 18 at the time.

In either case, he finally had a small social circle he could move in. Counting it in its entirety made it actually feel rather large to Gary, but long story short, his closest acquaintances consisted of two girls
and one guy, while the extended circle was four girls and three boys including him.

The first one and the one he got along with best so far was a bespectacled redhead by the somewhat unusual name of Kailene. She was born at the beginning of the year and so was over a year and a half older than him, but appeared to immediately start respecting him when she realized he managed to catch up with the studies anyway and wasn’t there just on the whims of some university big shot of a relative. Respect seemed to slowly evolve into friendship, but Gary didn’t honestly expect to meet anyone he’d fall in love with in this place, so for now they were approaching said friendship somewhat professional on both sides. Still, he couldn’t help appreciating her intellect and admitting there was a charm to her behavior, although it was the kind of charm a strict office lady would have. Kailene was just marginally shorter than him at the time he started attending, meaning she was likely just below a hundred and seventy centimeters in height, had a small amount of freckles that didn’t seem to make her more or less attractive, and hazel eyes. He tried not to stare at her body too much, because apparently here overseas she managed to get teased about some part of it being ‘too thick’, though he couldn’t find it in himself to find the flaw. It’d be rude to ask, anyway. Despite her demeanor, Kailene was a great help to everyone who befriended her, so he just reasoned maybe she wasn’t exactly much into conveying her feelings through kindness and just preferred to do it pragmatically. She never spoke about any relatives or boyfriends, so so far much of her private life remained a mystery, but a peculiar friendship with a ‘secret’ relative was revealed later once he met some of her friends. Gary felt it was somehow unfair as she was able to provide some of the others with some quite good advice. He felt a couple steps closer to her from the start partially because neither of them handled sun well; from what Gary understood it wasn’t uncommon in natural redheads to be a little sensitive to it, although nowhere near as much as an albino like him would.

Introducing the second girl in the group next, Susan, who was long-legged and statuesque, being a little taller than Gary when he begun attending. She was several months younger than Kailene, had blue eyes, a face that was somewhat above plain but not found truly beautiful by others. Her legs drew more eyes in, although some boys here seemed to prefer girls who simply were shorter than Susan was, so as he learned pretty early on, she was single. From what he noticed so far, Susan was quiet, thoughtful, and rational, but with a kind side she showed more readily than Kailene, as if striking the balance to her friend.

Gavin’s name unfortunately had them be referred to once as the Ga-Ga combo, but thankfully it didn’t stick. Gavin was 183 cm tall, which he proudly mentioned at times given most people in class just happened to be close in height but fall short of 180 cm line. He had a dark blondish hair color and amber eyes, which gave him a tad of an exotic look, and a British accent inherited from his mother’s side, apparently, which likely would’ve made him a killer combination with the ladies if he wasn’t just a tad on the sportless side and coming close to combining geeky, nerdy, and dorky in perfect measures. For someone like him, however, Gavin might’ve ended up being a good friend, although occasionally the current male friend-candidate’s eye color reminded him of his sister at the oddest of times. Gavin was upfront, honest, and a little louder than the others, but unlike most people with these characteristics he was perfectly able to shut up; these characteristics made interacting with him quite pleasant. Out of the four, he was the weakest in most subjects but was hardly a bad student.
These three were Gary’s closest circle of would-be friends, but through interacting with them he was forced to try and be accepted by their wider circle as well, essentially doubling the number of people he had to try and get along with.

Shaina was a blonde with hazel eyes and a personality that would’ve mirrored Kailene if not for the former’s tendency to break into singing or humming when she heard some sort of music, enjoying many variations and types of it. She matched Kailene’s intelligence and diligence in almost its entirety, which could only end with the two girls being rivals or close friends. When the two were teased on being siblings separated in childhood, they accidentally revealed they were in fact cousins, explaining at least some of the similarities. They had similar body types, too, except with some transfer of width here and there and Shaina seeming to be just a little more fit.

Marcus completed the group’s “official” feel with his own professional, ambitious attitude and frequently-expressed political views that seemed to bore everyone by now, but he had enough natural charisma to make people a little drawn to him and enough sensibility to eventually shut up about it when he recognized everyone involved knew everything he was going to say.

The group’s otherwise serious image was ‘ruined’ by the inclusion of Emily, who was a shorter, brown-haired, green eyed girl prone to throwing cheerful expressions, complaining her bra or top felt too tight, and learning things through putting them into crazy rhymes and little songs that seemed to help no one else but her… And yet in her case seemed tremendously effective as she regularly had amongst the best scores in the group. She seemed to have some past with Marcus and Shaina that the latter two didn’t want to discuss, but was evidently amicable with them and tried to be so with everyone involved.

These were the people who completed Gary’s social circle.

And now, that social circle was insistent on discussing which university everyone would be going to *after* they were done with the pre-uni college course.

Which made it doubly awkward as thanks to their ‘backstories’ being more or less revealed no one had to ask Gary anything about it.

- So, we all know what and where the young mister Lunarson will be attending, but what about the rest of you?

- It’s kind of rude to say that, Marcus. – Kailene cut in. – Especially given the fact that at least some of us may end up attending with him. Even if it’s a different course.

Emily tilted her head and rose a palm to her mouth.

- Do, ho, ho~! Should we take it as indication on Kailene’s answer? The super serious Kailene certainly won’t go to Korrine University in pursuit of a boy, though?

- Don’t be ridiculous. Yes, I will be applying to Korrine University, but my interest lies elsewhere. It’s prone to give me a job in industry or at least in some lab or the other. I’d likely choose a course related strongly to chromatography or spectroscopy rather than anything related to the strictly medical side of chemistry.
Shaina half-smiled at that, taking over from her cousin.

- I take it all of us expected this sort of serious attitude from both of us. I may turn to polymers myself, but I likely won’t be attending with you two. I sort of hoped to stay around this state. I may reconsider one way or the other, but that’s what I’m leaning towards right now. Although I still consider things like bio, organic, and medical chemistry, since that’s what the college course was primarily leaning towards.

Susan decided to join in before they completely dropped the topic of the university Adam was teaching at.

- I’ll… likely also apply at Korrine. I do want to go biochemistry or something medicinal, pharmacy perhaps.

- So, for now that’s the two of you in addition to Gary. Frankly I did consider applying at Korrine, I’m just unsure about going to a private university that’s so new and in a different state. – Marcus responded.

- Well, then double negative points for initial rudeness. – Susan teased, prompting a giggle from Emily.

Gary decided to finally say… *something* to add to the discussion, since it was pretty much obvious where he’d be going.

- It’s sort of funny when you think about how many sub sciences are out there now. I mean, when kids are little they mostly just say stuff like “I like chemistry” or “I hate Physics”. Now here we are, each and every one of us having been educated in chemical and biochemical sciences and yet we’ve already gotten so much diversity on what we may be studying at university proper. Though Shaina’s a little brave to be considering a twist like that now, knowing her she’d be well-prepared.

- Well, Gary, we’re no longer in Middle Ages, where we’d all be alchemists.

- I’m betting Kailene could actually discover the Philosopher’s Stone back then, but that’d annoy Marcus and he’d try to prove her a fraud. – Emily cut in on Gavin’s joke.

Others also shared their goals for university. Shaina seemed the only one planning to turn relatively sharply out of the field of organic chemistry, biochemistry, and medical-related chemistry sciences the course has been preparing them for. Kailene’s interest in technical and analytical aspects of a related field didn’t seem to be particularly strongly shared in the group, with Gavin complaining chromatography and most techniques for separation of mixtures only looked fun before you started trying to learn the whole technical and scientific background to them. Korrine University was mentioned occasionally as one of the choices, but only Kailene and Susan seemed set on making it the first choice.

And him, that is. He felt a little bad about it because he was worried his uncle was going to pull another number on him to get him admitted more easily. Then, again, maybe he wouldn’t. Perhaps the entire reason he insisted on Gary taking a course preparing for university was because he wanted
him prepared for a thorough examination of his skills.

Emily took the reigns and suggested a small change of topic.

- Anyone you guys think you’ll be reconnecting with on university? Family? Friends? Gary, you do have some family other than parents and your uncle, right? Will they be attending Korrine as well?

Gary shook his head.

- I have a twin sister, but I think she’d be staying back in Australia. Didn’t ask her yet, so not sure. It’s doubtful she’d… - Gary paused for a moment. For some reason he felt bad talking about Alex with others. - … She’d try to apply for Korrine, although I wouldn’t put it past her to make it in if she honestly tried. I just always figured her own interests would be far removed from mine and my uncle’s is all. So probably something non-scientific would be the direction she’d take.

- Well, that’s good. I know he’s a genius, but I sort of already had this vision of your uncle as a great tyrant forcing everyone in family into chemistry.

Gavin shrugged.

- Gary would never be here if he wasn’t good at it. Personally I keep in touch with old friends so I doubt uni would be any sort of a chance to reconnect.

This was followed by Kailene.

- There are two or three people I’m hoping to meet once more when I’m at Korrine, but it’ll also be nice to have some friends from here to attend it with. So try your best and make sure you pick the courses you want to try the most.

- Sure, mom~! – Emily beamed with another smile before considering. – But that mysterious line makes me want to really drill you for answers on this…

- Drill your hair, I’m not telling a gossip like you nothing.

- That’s mean, Kailene!

- I know we’re taking a break, but we *do* intend to start reviewing for the next exam at *some* point, right?

Gavin got up, with Gary and Susan following.

- We’ll get everyone some coffee, and we can start right away.

It seemed like, perhaps, his uncle had *some* kind of point.

As small and hastily-put as his social circle was, there was a chance he’d still interact with some of those people in the future.
Act 3: Siblings' Conquests - There's no "S" in "Texting"

Chapter Summary

Alex’ life keeps moving on as she learns emotional connection doesn't always mean a fulfilling and wholly satisfying relationship. However, will the care shown to her by others help her in continuing to recover, mature and improve?

Chapter Notes

The updates may slow down somewhat as I need to spread my time between my RL and my stories in a way that favors the first again, but I may try focusing on Freak Love for a while in hopes of giving it 100% completion and slowly uploading the chapters, as it seems to be the most popular.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Alex was immediately aware how badly her attitude showed just moments before. How irrevocably dreadful her reaction to the situation was. How much her frustration bubbled up to the surface after festering her inner ‘bitch’ for… who knows how long. She also immediately regretted everything that she said, or at least the manner she said it in, even though it did seem like *some* girls she interacted with would react precisely in the same manner with much less actual excuse to do so.

After five minutes of a walk of shame and ten minutes of trying to sort out her feelings properly and think of a proper response and apology, getting on public transport in the meantime, she finally whipped out her cellphone and started to write down the apology message in as honest and warm tone as she could muster in the state her body was put in. It was a long one.

To: Oscar <3

“I’m sorry. I’m… really sorry for how I just acted. You didn’t deserve even the smallest slice of all of bitchyness that came pouring out. I didn’t want to hurt you nor did I mean what I said to come out so badly. I don’t regret a single moment spent in your presence or a single time I managed to make you show me that pleasure-filled face when we were alone. Really. It did wonders for how I felt as a woman at the time, and you were like a soothing balm on a heart with more scars than you think are there, some probably self-inflicted by how I treated people. I was really into you, so don’t think personality’s your only good point, either, honey! But… I’m just too desperate by now. I was really excited at the prospect of doing it with you, so excited that even getting off once didn’t tone it down, so I guess I overreacted on what happened after. That’s the issue sweetheart: You’re a *really* great guy, and I’m into you emotionally and physically, which is why it just may be the wrong move to try to keep it up. I feel like we could keep dating, like we could fall in love, but from experience, I know that if we did it’d just drive me mad. I don’t want to hurt you, but if we go any deeper, I really won’t be able to hold it in anymore. I know this is not how regular girls are… But I can’t both love you and *keep waiting for sex*, much less can I try to connect with you further emotionally while seeking it
I want you to know that I really appreciate you and am happy if you enjoyed yourself so far.

But I hope you can find someone else who will make you enjoy yourself even more, because I think I’m starting to get where trying to pressure, guilt, or force you would lead us.

If you have something you need to tell me face to face, I’ll gladly go on one more date with you, even if it’s final. If you can let it rest and find it in yourself to be my friend eventually – yeah, I know how badly it sounds, trust me – I’d be *glad* to have you as one. But I’m well aware what we’ve just had in that room was probably a break-up, and the one thing I need you to know is how sorry I am it didn’t go any better.

Because you deserved better. I know that much.

Be happy,
Alex”

[“This is sort of like a letter more than a text message. A “dear John letter” too. There’s no way he’d delete my contact number in 15 or so minutes, either, so there’s no way to sign it at the end. Oh well.”]

It took another 10 or so minutes for her to get a message back. Actually, it was two messages. She was worried it’d be something along the lines of “My answer” followed by “Fuck you” or “never message me again”, but it turned out both Oscar and her uncle wrote her almost simultaneously.

Oscar’s response was shorter than hers, but sweet enough, as appropriate for him. It was hard not to feel charmed, but Alex held no doubts how the text would end after she read the beginning.

From : **Oscar <3**

“I think anyone would be annoyed if they were teased for so long and didn’t get what they were promised, but… You’re probably right. I’m sorry, but I don’t want to see you for a while. I need to calm down. I don’t think you were bad for me, but you *will* be bad for me if we try to play make-believe with relationship or friendship right after that mess happened. I do also know I wasn’t the best you could get or the best you deserve, either.

If you’re fine with that sort of ‘insurance’, I’ll try to contact you as friends once I’ve calmed down and gotten myself someone steady. You try being happier than with me, too.
Oscar.”

Her uncle’s text was more serious.

From : **Adam Lunarson**
Your mom says you’ve seemed to ‘bloom’ lately. I’ve heard it is better at school, too, which is good since you’re finishing it. I can’t help but worry though. Your body’s completely different than just a short while back. Are you getting check-ups regularly, Alex? Are you healthy? Is everything all right?

Alex just shrugged at that, and sent a response back.

To: Adam Lunarson

“Too late to worry about that, and if I had to go back and do it all over again, I would. Before and just after the injection, did you know I was actually getting facial hair? More than a girl should, I mean. Now everything’s gentle and smooth up there. I can’t exactly be happy with my body yet, but it’s an improvement. If you ask how I’m feeling, I feel fine, except I think I should try getting fitter – only it’s not easy now that I’m actually trying at school once more. And the food’s so delicious, too. I guess maybe being more girly erodes willpower? If yes, then no, there’s nothing wrong with my health. You don’t have to worry. I’m fine.”

There was a long pause between her response and her uncle’s return text.

From: Adam Lunarson

… The number of receipts and the budget and cost efficiency of you buying underwear seems to suggest something a bit more dramatic and extreme than a newfound weakness for food and lack of exercise, Alex.”

To: Adam Lunarson

Mom called it “Blooming”. Ever heard of “Late Bloomers”?

From: Adam Lunarson

That normally refers to talent, Alex.

To: Adam Lunarson

Some people joke that they are a double talent. I really am fine, but will try to get a checkup. Preferably when you’re here, though. Is that all right? I don’t want you to worry. You’re constantly acting as a parent to one of Mom’s kids already.

From: Adam Lunarson

You both deserve the same level of care, though. And Gary’s fine. Tired, but fine. Turns out I pushed him just hard enough.
To: Adam Lunarson

You’re about to border on fatherly pride, Uncle. I ain’t going to be Daddy’s Little Girl no matter how much you ask. I’m different from you two.

From: Adam Lunarson

We’ll see about that when you start catching up again, miss “Late Bloomer”. Please take care of yourself. I’m sorry I can’t be there, but I’ve got to work, and it’s a great job out here. Your mom took a lot of time to step up, but she did, too. I’m glad you’re not worrying her anymore. We’ll be there for your birthday, so pass the exams and wait. It’d be good if you can get yourself a check-up on your own, though.

To: Adam Lunarson

See you then, in that case.

That was it for that long exchange with her ‘not-Dad’. She removed the heart from Oscar’s contact data and added his surname instead, a little sad about the fact, but trying to stay strong. It was easier with what she was given by her ‘now-ex’ so far, even if she still couldn’t lose her ‘other’ V-card to anyone decent.

Chapter End Notes

This is probably the shortest chapter in the whole story other than the prologue. Alex’ relationship with Oscar will be referenced to and expanded upon in some of the other chapters of Act III.
Act 3 : Siblings' Conquests - His First

Chapter Summary

Another birthday and another new year come to pass in the siblings' lives, and both of them have some steps to take forward. Will they be able to push on, or stop right after?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was just odd on so many levels.

In this day and age, people were pretty lax about teenagers dating, and some weren’t even blinking an eye on them attempting more adult relations or experimentations below the lawful age of consent as long as it was with their peers and childhood crushes, annoyed at the irresponsibility as a doting parent may be.

And so, Gary realized it was odd to begin dating the first person he was ever in a romantic relationship with just after he turned 18 – just below four weeks after his birthday, to be exact.

Teenage girls were normally interested primarily in the sufficiently ‘princely’ – depending on a girl and her principles, this could’ve meant fit, handsome, popular, charming, rich, or a carefully measured mixture of more than one of those traits – peers, or guys older than them. Sometimes a fair bit older, as several females on campus proved. Gary was aware everyone was allowed to have any standards they wished and nobody had any rights to complain about others’ tastes. It was odd for a mature woman to date someone younger than her, let alone for a teenager, even if Gary could list several logical reasons why it shouldn’t be so.

And so, Gary realized it was odd to be dating a girl over a year his senior, even if they were classmates in college thanks to his influential uncle’s help in skipping grades.

Most of the highly serious and averagely – or below – attractive people that dated at their age did so with people they randomly struck a good relationship with, with people introduced to them by their friends, or with people they’ve known for years and came to desire romantically.

It was really similar for the attractive or popular people, really, although the spontaneity factor was often much higher, and they were singles far less often.

And so, Gary realized it was odd for a ‘serious’ girl to be dating someone she first met a year backwards.

For all the body shaming many girl endured from their peers, male or female, or the media - often for the purpose of selling a product, no less – the standards upon which a guy’s general date-ability in a girl’s eyes were determined were very much physical. Of course, a girl who wouldn’t date a guy
who wasn’t taller than her in her ‘favorite high heels’ wasn’t much of a loss to anyone in terms of being unable to date in Gary’s eyes, but most of them certainly had a preference for men at least a little taller than they themselves were.

If a guy was too short, his dating pool decreased. If he was overweight or too thin, he was also less likely to find anyone interested romantically.

And so, Gary realized it was odd to be dating a girl he only barely caught up to in height recently after being shorter than her for most of the time they’ve known each other.

Finally, most people had their first serious crushes, the first times they felt truly charmed, the first times they fell in love, relatively early on. They’ve often developed them on people who’d never date them or return their feelings, such as actors, musicians, slightly older neighbors, friends of their older siblings – and not the siblings themselves, something stubborn inside of the albino boy would remind him, teachers, and so on. In short, most people had a first crush or even a first love at an early age and it was more or less hopeless.

And so, Gary realized it was actually odd to be dating the first girl he developed a crush on, even if he took a while to feel that way.

And despite all those oddities, seeing her turn to face him as she was already waiting for him before their date was making him happy. Truly, honestly relieved and happy. Seeing her long, black hair lightly tossed around by the mixture of a chilly late-autumn wind – Gary was still not used to winters starting in December, after all – and her cool, blue eyes suddenly somehow convey such warmth when she saw his sorry form dragging itself to their meeting spot barely four minutes before the hour they settled on made him happy.

The fact that she was there earlier was always a little worrying, but simultaneously it conveyed something. Something that didn’t need to be put into words. She was always tidy-looking and attempted to be at her prettiest when they met, yet he found out she more often than not appeared several minutes, even half an hour before agreed-upon time.

Meanwhile, most of his guy-colleagues were joking with one another about how their girlfriends always either turned up way late or showed up on time but as if they hadn’t seen the meeting as a ‘date’ at all, no makeup and ultra casual clothes.

Gary wouldn’t mind if Susan did the latter, but the fact that she didn’t do either of those things made him feel… appreciated.

Like she specifically took the effort to both look pretty and get there early whenever they met in a non-spontaneous manner. And then, she greeted him with that change in expression and that clearly-visible emotion that made her icy blue eyes seem to be incredibly warm somehow.

- I feel a bit crappy that you’re the one waiting for me more often than not.

- Nonsense. You’re almost always just on time or five minutes early, so I know when I should expect you.

- Then why are you here earlier?
Susan smiled mysteriously.

- It’s a three-way tie, honestly.

- Between?

- Between seeing the look on your face when you see me already here, that anxious bit of happiness I feel waiting for the last five or ten minutes before you arrive, and a silly fantasy of mine.

Gary raised an eyebrow.

- Fantasy?

- Yes. Fantasy. That one day I’ll be standing around, waiting for you, oh-so-prettied up, beaming with enough positivity that someone will come up, try to hit on me, and I’ll proudly declare I’m waiting for my boyfriend.

Gary’s lips pursed to the side a little.

- I don’t know if it’s ultra girly or very non-girly of you, honestly. I don’t know if I should be happy hearing that little ‘fantasy’, either.

She offered him a slightly apologetic smile.

- No, it’s not at all that I actually want anyone else to hit on me, you know. It’s just that, growing up when it seemed to be a thing amongst girls and on the Internet at times to so proudly declare “I have a boyfriend” as a deterrent, and having spent so many years single, it turned into a quiet little hope I’d be able to do this just once.

- I see. Unexpectedly silly, then.

- Teasing your elders again?

- I dread the day I instinctively spank you in bed and you pull that line on me.

She sighed, tilting her head just a little bit.

- It’s still… a bit too early for that. – Her expression was sad for a moment, but then jumped right back to playful again. – Though if you promise to omit spanking, there’s a chance of skipping a grade and getting that course early…

- Teasing your juniors again?

- Let’s get in before the situation gets flipped upside down entirely! Whatever shall we do then!? 

It was more nervous at first. More… awkward. But they grew into it relatively quickly. They were never going over the top with teasing each other – as some couples were prone to do, but they also
were able to recognize when the other party was just being playful and both could play along with it reasonably well.

He was charmed further every time. In the beginning by the awkwardness as they shifted from friends to a couple, and even more so by how easily they fell back into a closeness and mutual understanding thanks to the time they’ve spent as just friends – well, he did have to suffer a period of time where he wasn’t sure whether his feelings would ever have a chance to blossom.

It was the simplest sort of a date, really. Short walk, small meal, short shopping spree, all spiced up with a little bit of conversation and comparing of how their first year at university started out. All of this was to be followed with the classic – watching a movie in a cinema – but given how strained their minds were with the traditional sets of smaller tests and exams right before the Christmas period, such simple relaxation seemed to be just what they needed compared to their everyday life and even their slightly less run-off-the-mill meetings. “Dating” was a concept they only barely acknowledged as something they were doing, being the sort of couple who simply did stuff together when time allowed.

Sitting opposite one another in the café, the relatively fresh couple made of not-so-new former friends exchanged a long glance over the table on which their small meals and drinks were settled.

- Well… we’re both bound to have some lessons with professor Adam, so I guess I’ll be getting to know some of your family soon enough, but since I’ve been treating this as something serious from the get-go, I guess it’s time to figure out whether or not we’ll be meeting one another’s families anytime soon…

- As you know, mine’s in Australia. My mother and sister, to be precise.

- You don’t talk about your family all that much… And I always just presumed your dad wasn’t exactly a big part of the picture. I wondered if it’s a bad topic or if your mother just got fertilized in vitro with a donor…

- Your grace when moving along such topics is so magnificent to watch, Susan. – Gary responded tongue-in-the-cheek.

- It’s… pretty normal these days. Many people don’t want to start families while others are quite eager to do so. Some women would like to birth and raise a child, even by themselves, or with a partner they can’t have children with.

- That’s true. In my case… I just never knew my father, and I know his relationship with Mom has turned sour. Maybe it’s because of my our conditions, maybe it’s because of something else that happened. By neither my mom nor my uncle talk about him, on their own or when asked.

- I see… sorry to bring it up. I just wanted to learn a little more about you. What is your sister like?

- When I left… she was the tomboyish sort. But the period of time right before I left and my moving here has turned our contacts a little sour, so we were not exactly keeping in touch. I… I’m worried about you meeting her. It could turn out pretty good or pretty bad, honestly.

- Well, it’s not like I can’t understand stuff like sibling rivalry or plain old misunderstanding between...
different-gendered siblings… And even more so I can understand the feeling that someone dear to us has been setting up a life somewhere far away without us in it. There’s a chance your sister feels frustration or may be angry at me because of that… I promise I’ll do my best to be patient with her no matter what her attitude is.

- Susan…

The two young lovers stared into one another’s eyes over the table, Gary’s red irises darting left and right to take in the features of his girlfriend’s face. Her expression softened to that visage she wore sometimes amongst friends and with him – calm and kind rather than mature and stoic, he couldn’t tell if Susan’s face was prettier that way… but it was definitely more touching and his heartbeat got quite a bit faster. Deciding not to resist the impulse, he leaned in to press his lips against hers, the light croaking of the table and the audible ding of glasses and dishes tilting into one another from that causing him to snap out of it and break it a little short, in turn leading to her beaming a smile at him up close as he settled back down, trying to make sure his drink wasn’t going to spill.

- I think during the summer break… well, it’ll be winter in Australia… We should try and visit my house. Maybe earlier, if time permits. Would you be okay going there with me at that time?

- Well, my parents should first confirm that you’re fairly serious and trustworthy, and if your accent’s anything to go by I’ll be able to understand Australians…

- I’m cutting your valentine’s day gift budget by 25%.

- That’s nooooot faaaaiiirrrr!

The two of them shared a little laugh and finally settled down to finish their meal.

Not that long after her brother had that particular date with his new girlfriend, Alex’ mind was occupied with something that was more suitable to being given great importance in her brother’s brain.

Education, that is. Although most of the worries relating to that subject were evaporating at that time.

Alex’ secondary education – her high school years – came to a close together with the current academic year in her country of origin. The school campus saw quite a few parents for a change, but primarily it was about students – saying goodbye to others, getting their contact information, or expressing their appreciation towards teachers whose lessons they particularly enjoyed, or just to their homeroom teachers. The rustling of paper in classrooms was for once not caused by exams or school books, but by students quickly finishing up on the final pages of books taken from the library – probably keeping them to this point was against school regulations, Alex thought – and by
documents received on this occasion, primarily graduation certificates and such.

High school was an all right period in her life in terms of the school she attended. Most of her friends were from the outside, but teachers were all right, and her classmates rarely got her into as much trouble as in primary education grades – the instances from years ago where she’d get bullied or where she’d have to change schools because of an unexpected erection were not something that’d happen in her high school, and she was grateful for it.

Then, again, she didn’t get close enough to most of her classmates to have anything to do in the time she had to wait after the official ceremonies, being asked by her homeroom teacher to stay for a short talk. She doubted she got in any trouble, he likely just wanted to do some preaching. She figured her rapid shifts in grades received during examinations between her high school years were something of a surprise to her teachers, especially when they happened both ways, so it was likely some manner of lame encouragement when it came to pursuing and using her ‘full potential’, which she frankly had no idea how to do, and where to go in order to continue from that point onwards.

The other students’ talks finally came to an end, with one or two shy voices asking Alex if she’d go part of the way home with them getting a silent answer that the teacher wanted to speak to her after everyone was gone. Shrugging, the slightly closer of her colleagues and classmates decided to leave ahead of her, and finally, it was just her and her teacher.

Mister Jawun-Jones, nicknamed JJ consequently by some students, decidedly had roots in one of the ‘reeducated’ lines of native Australians but evidently also had a relative whose family settled out of an English-speaking country, whether way back in the past or recently, somewhere down his family line not long ago. He was Alex’ homeroom teacher through the second half of high school and appeared to be a level-headed man with a slightly stern but helpful attitude.

That actually made Alex a little worried about what was his reason for asking her to stay behind, but the gentle smile he gave her when she was the last remaining student turned her thoughts to a different direction.

- Please seat down, Alex. It may take us a while… I made sure to call your mother so she wouldn’t worry, but you don’t have to be nervous. There’s nothing disciplinary about our talk. In fact, since it’s my last day as your teacher, I’ll be speaking in a manner that may feel a little off to you, because it doesn’t really matter anymore. Even if you feel awkward about our talk, you won’t be required to talk to me anymore.

Alex obediently sat down, although the fact “JJ” spoke in such a way already made her a little awkward.

- What is this about, teacher?

- It would appear to me now, at the end of your highschool period that you’re a bit of a late bloomer type in many ways. I guess with your body suddenly… developing there was no way you wouldn’t notice others, or wouldn’t realize you’re now able to get far more attention to yourself than in the past.
“What the heck’s he talking about? Is this sexual harassment? What kind of teacher starts a conversation by pointing out their student has bigger tits than in the past? Is he one of those old lecher types?”

Alex’ expression must’ve shifted a bit, because her teacher raised a hand to signal she should let him continue. It was no wonder really that the thought was a bit disconcerting… the only boys she ever got truly long-term serious with were respectively a little younger than her and of the exact same age, down to the day of birth.

- With your interest in peers in that manner and acknowledging they might’ve developed interest in you as well, you developed a slightly different style of dressing yourself and decidedly more skill and affinity for using make-up than in the past, so I’m certain you think you’ve managed to cover it up, but… Well, let’s just say teachers are sensitive in that regard, miss Lunarson. The crux of the matter is this – no matter what kind of and how much makeup you put on, it is visible that you’ve taken at least a bit of a beating. A teacher’s first question would be about your parents, but I’m aware what your family is like, and given your change in attitude, social circle, and such, I think my suspicion that it was date violence is well-founded.

Alex’ eyes opened wider at that, and she almost gulped audibly. Clearly, the senses of a teacher who took his job seriously were indeed sharp.

- I was, I… I mean…

- This isn’t a subject that you’d come up with by yourself if you didn’t now, so I’ll ask straight away. Is this a case of purely physical violence, or did he hurt you otherw…

- No! No, no. I wasn’t… We just had a fight. Over something he decided I was lying about. I hit him back too, and in a way that surely left him with pain and marks of his own. You could say that other than if concept like chivalry was included, he’s not any better off than I am. It’s nothing I… consider worth reporting, I think. It’d be too weird to talk about it and claim it was just his fault.

- I have to trust your ability to analyze the circumstances, but… Do analyze them well when coming up with such a decision. Regardless… this is a topic that is mighty difficult for teenagers to talk about with any adult, stranger, teacher, or family, so I won’t press to learn if my suspicions about some of the reasons for your behavior and interactions with others are correct. But I feel like I have to say this. No matter what the past has burdened you with and what sort of pains and failures you’ve had to endure in an attempt to just let the flame of youth burn properly or find a true romantic bond with another, regardless of how you look at those kinds of people, you’re a human being. A precious one and decidedly not a worthless one. Do not settle for something or someone like that, even if it begins almost innocently. This is the last serious preaching I’m going to give you, so please take it to heart.

[“… Half a minute ago I thought he was going to molest me, now he’s trying to make sure my self-esteem isn’t what got me into this… He’s really a teacher, that one. He knows way more about me than I ever bothered to learn about him or my classmates.”]
I understand. Thank you. I’ll keep it in mind. I’m trying to find a way to no longer have any reason to go into such relations blindly, so hoping that won’t happen again has a good foundation of realism, too. I can promise you I won’t end the type who’d settle for someone who acts like they hate me simply because I think I’m in love. Like I said… I struck back in this instance. I hope you treat it as something positive rather than negative this time...

Well, I’m glad you’re okay mentally at least, despite this sort of situation, though I do still have my doubts. Like I said, digging into the subjects of how and why it came to this point would be a long and awkward talk… which we may have anytime if you wish to, I just won’t push for it, especially not now that you have free time. Going into a topic more suitable for a teacher, that is, your grades...

- Whooooaa, how’s that any less stressful or awkward?

Her now ex-homeroom teacher smiled more giddily at that.

- Good one. Especially given that you have nothing to complain about. You’ve struck a certain low in the latter part of eleventh grade and earliest part of the twelfth grade, but you’ve been making a magnificent recovery through the rest of the twelfth grade. Your scores in almost all subjects improved so dramatically you’d definitely have exemplary grades this year if the first couple of ones didn’t lower your averages this year. Good job. I’m sure your teachers are proud and as your homeroom teacher I’m glad you were able to obtain enough focus and willingness to study in a manner that let you catch up with many high-graded students despite the worse period you’ve suffered in the penultimate grade. It takes a lot of work to make such an amazing recovery.

Alex smiled a little bashfully.

- I’m… not used to being praised about academic ability. – it was true enough. Alex usually hanged close to the average scores of her class, except for her lower scores through the latter half of 11th grade. Things like losing her ‘male’ virginity without it particularly affecting her lifestyle and managing to develop some more positive relationships helped her finally focus enough in school to unveil her true potential, it seemed, now that the greatest point of distraction was gone for almost two years.

- Which is part of the reason I’m praising you now. Looking into your records, you were usually pretty close to an ‘average’ student in most subjects, although with more stronger than weaker points. But you’ve caught up even on difficult subjects like sciences and almost excelled in them, so you deserve praise. I also have a good idea about the reason why you may feel underappreciated so far or why your motivation was lacking. Your uncle’s a genius professor and your own twin brother excels in similar subjects, studies abroad, apparently skipped a grade and passed final grade exams in some sort of outstanding manner… Not an easy environment to shine in academically, I presume.

- Yes. We’re all very proud of my brother. – Alex responded, trying to avoid sounding mechanical.

- I wasn’t praising your brother. I was praising you.

- Uh… Oh.

- Your grades obviously show you’ve inherited some of the potential in the topics relating to your uncle’s field, but you have to remember that you’re a person and not some sort of artificially made tool produced from what seems to be a good matrix. You’re entitled to your own interests, and your grades also suggest your talents may lay in areas that are only somewhat related to what we teach.
our students in school. Nobody can force you to go in your uncle’s or siblings’ footsteps, nor can anyone tell you how far you should stray off of their road, Alex. You’re quite smart. You’ve proven yourself capable of hard work. You can succeed at what you want to do, and you should never allow the achievements or lack thereof of anyone in your family to drag you down in any way. Like I said, it appears you just needed a little bit more time to mature than some, and as a result, you have everything to look forward to from now on. Did you pay some thought about what you’d like to do next?

- I… did, but couldn’t really come up with anything that would make me feel particularly strong about it… I’m worried I’ll take too long of a time to decide, too…

- Well, you shouldn’t worry too much and go for what feels right. Your grades are overall good, once again. I’m sure you’d be able to do well at a college or a university, so you should definitely consider pursuing some manner of higher education one way or another.

- Does it really seem… I’m good enough?

- Certainly. There are students who pushed themselves further or just appear to be more academically gifted, but the combination of what you have definitely made you no slouch. I can’t stress that hard enough. I don’t mean to push you either… I just want what all teachers want. For my pupil to realize they *do* have wings, metaphorically of course, and for them to spread them and catch a wind they want to drift on.

- Metaphorically, of course.

- Yes. Yes indeed. Feel free to talk to me or other teachers about your options at further education. If you feel like you need some time to decide, make sure to not get your brain too lazy in the meantime, even if you go into recruitment half a year or a year from now rather than at the soonest opportunity available at the start of next year. It’s an important choice… one many feel like we rush our youths to take. But it’s also a choice that can, to a point, be withdrawn from, allowing for a different path to be taken. Think the way you’d think and of a way that’d leave you happy. Don’t be too careless, but don’t get too careful, either.

- Mister Jones?

- Yes?

- Thank you. For talking about all of this. I’m surprised I didn’t notice how good you were at being a teacher earlier, but you’re definitely a better teacher than I am a student.

- Only time will tell… but thank you for the compliment, nevertheless.

- I don’t want to go into my situation too much, but, from my point of view… it’s a well-earned one.

Sometime after the New Year, in Canada…
Being alone, together, like this, it didn’t feel at all unnatural to be developing this kind of excitement. This sort of anxiousness. And because of whom he was with, thoughts about the person who forcibly tried to create these sorts of situations and cause this kind of arousal didn’t cross his mind. His only worries arose for entirely different reasons, for now, at least.

- Are you sure about this, Susan?

- What are you getting all bashful for? There’ll be no surprise visits, phonecalls, no supervision nor interruption…

- No, I meant… I meant if you were sure that you are ready.

- You’re really kind and considerate… you have to be a little mindful of that. I mean, I’m certainly not complaining, but sometimes that’ll be seen as inactivity, lack of passion or even as something unmanly… Well, hopefully, it won’t come to that since we’ll stick together.

Susan seemed to go just a tad bashful herself, running her hand through her hair, then rubbing her neck.

- I’ve… known you for a while now, Gary. I trusted you ever since before we became a couple, I just… didn’t want to make it seem like we were going too quickly. But I have been meaning to do this since the start. I mean… we were already good friends before we started dating. We’re close. There really isn’t much left to do in order to cement our relationship as lovers rather than just friends. And now, yes, I think we’ve waited enough.

- It’s… not like I’m going to complain about it. I love you, Susan. I did for quite a while…

- Could’ve confessed it a little sooner, but I guess things worked out in the end.

It didn’t take long for them to settle in Susan’s bedroom, Gary’s pale fingertips slowly pushing at, then pulling apart the thick layers of warm clothing that covered his girlfriend’s body. Black-haired, blue-eyed, and fair-skinned, she served as a small reminder that his own complexion was nevertheless appearing unnatural, somewhat bright even in comparison to Susan’s soft and smooth skin.

She didn’t remain entirely passive, either. Gary felt his jeans being unzipped with the top button over the zipper already popped open, and Susan tried to sneak her fingertips inbetween his pants and underwear to try and get him to have a full erection without making the space inside completely cramped. For the occasion, she wore pants instead of a long skirt herself, given the chilly weather outside.

The two of them watched each other’s expression for a moment before leaning in, smooth lips exchanging a bit of saliva virtually on reflex, moistening both of their mouths beyond the norm as Susan’s tongue snuck out to lick and lap at Gary’s own semi-opened mouth and lips. She playfully patted his own timid tongue twice with her moist muscle before drawing her tongue back inside her mouth, eyes opening a little wider at the sensation coming from under her fingertips, drawing her face back with a gasp.

- You’re… rather gifted when it comes to size, aren’t you…
- I know the length is already above average, but other than that, I’m not sure.

- Well, is it true about boys? That they measure it and whatnot?

- Haven’t done that in years… it’s grown since.

- I see. Let’s get rid of a little more clothing. I… I, uh, didn’t mean to hurt you by getting you stiff in that, but it’s getting more difficult to pull off. I’ll need to take my hand out of there to remove my blouse, anyway.

Slowly, Susan pulled her fingertips out of her boyfriend’s jeans and put both of her hands up. Gary’s own fingers reached to pull up the blouse that protected her from the cold, revealing a cuter T-shirt underneath with some visible texture of a bra covering Susan’s breasts.

They were plenty for him, although she was hardly big. He didn’t have much to compare them with, but they looked a little bit larger than Alex’ were almost two years back when he left his house.

It didn’t matter. They were attached to the girl he loved, and he knew he was going to love her truly and honestly for at least a very long while, if not forever. To him, the entirety of Susan was beautiful, and seeing her reach underneath her shirt to unclasp her bra and pull it out had him pulling his own pants down as quickly as possible to avoid trapping his member in far too confined a space.

Shuddering, Gary felt his underwear fill out with his increasingly stiff member, rapidly hardening from seeing Susan’s stiff nipples underneath her shirt and her own gaze looking him up and down. Slowly, she hooked her fingers into her own pants and started to pull them down, with her partner soon remaining in nothing but a shirt of his own. Her features flushed once she saw his member in its entirety.

- It’s way above average now… Not that I’ve seen that many in person to compare, but… I’m worried that’ll hurt if it’ll go inside me. Did you have any problems with it in th…

- It’ll be my first time.

- Oh. Right. Girls are silly, putting so much focus on appearances like that… One way or another, let’s enjoy our first time together as much as we can, okay?

Gary wasn’t sure if he should be asking Susan if she had any prior experience, but deemed it unnecessary and rude to do so. Instead, he slowly tilted his body against hers, wrapping his arms around her in a hug before directing his lips towards hers. This time, he was less bashful, his own tongue inviting hers for a moment of play. It was clear they were both not very experienced with deeper kisses, particularly with using one’s tongue, but the way they seemed reluctant to pull apart, the natural and stubborn attempts at finding a matching rhythm and not getting in one another’s way while trying to gain more experience in such matters conveyed enough passion for Gary to hope that eventually they would gain plenty of experience with all sorts of kissing.

Slowly, she pulled at his arms and invited them underneath her shirt. It was cold, so the last articles of clothing they wore – said shirts, shorts, and panties and stockings, in her case – would likely remain on their bodies for at least as long as it took for them to warm up after being outside. Gary’s fingertips brushed experimentally on her areola and nipples, feeling them stiffen even more – arousal
added to the results gained by chilliness alone – and then he softly, gently, sunk his fingers into her flesh, kneading, a little greedily, but with a tenderness that likely couldn’t be replicated by anyone other than actual lovers.

With this, Susan slowly sat down on the bed, her fingers removing her underwear slowly, brushing against Gary’s erection along the way. The albino’s member twitched at the contact, excitement evident from how stiff it was, with a small bead of fluid appearing at the end.

*I think it’s better if I at least try to prepare you a bit before we put it in.*

*Y…yeah. Sorry.*

*Don’t be silly. I’ll be happy if it makes you feel good. I’ll just pull my condom out and…*

*N-no. It’s our first time together, so… I got a set of morning after pills. They’ll probably make me sick, but I want it to be special for both of us.*

*I’m fine wearing one, you know.*

*And I’d likely talk to you about it now if I didn’t just learn it’ll be your first time ever. You’re supposed to be able to enjoy it, you know, and I’m already making it a bit difficult, so… let’s do it raw and natural.*

With this, Susan was sitting at the end of the bed, and Gary slowly sunk down to his knees beside it, tenderly placing his hands on her thighs and spreading them. She was already a little bit moist and her netherlips seemed to spread slightly under his gaze, the color of her insides and the region in general a little darker and more vivid compared to her fair skin tone.

Gary didn’t really have any experience performing oral sex, and only knew the basics from his period of interest in sex overall as well as attempts to brush up on his knowledge after they started dating. He knew how to find an average clitoris by following the labia minora and he knew not to put touch on it immediately nor overfocus on it in *most* instances – women apparently differed in that regard, but it doing too much too soon might’ve lead to ticklishness and irritation rather than pleasure.

With this in mind, Gary’s initial motions were soft and almost tentative or teasing, fingertips running over Susan’s netherlips to grow accustomed to the texture of her pussy and to measure how moist she was already. She took a breath in sharply, finally her turn to have her body shudder a bit the Gary extended his tongue to try and trace the outside of her lips with it. Anticipation evident in her voice when she felt a tender suction being applied to most of the outside of her womanhood, dragging out a little bit of moisture more than already present only for most of it to dissipate in Gary’s mouth, swallowed with his saliva. It didn’t take long for him to run his fingers over her pussy again, breathing out softly but purposefully against her exposed womanhood, the air alone making her feel how her sensitivity was slowly building up from the caresses. His tongue was probing her soon enough, dragging with it plenty of saliva to make up for the small amount of natural lubrication he already swallowed, and she let out another little moan of pleasure when the tip of his tongue actually snuck inside of her.

*Y-you’re doing fine… You’ll be really good at this in the future, I feel…* - she praised him slightly while placing a hand at the back of his head, somewhat comfortably, but also with a tender pull that
was met with the push of her own hips.

Gary recognized it as the signal to push a little more of his tongue inside before dragging it in a long lick across her womanhood, all the way up to the ‘hood’ and glans of her clit, finally touching the latter. She felt like he waited just the right amount of time with it, biting her lower lip to stop herself from another moan when she felt trickles of his saliva running all over her sensitive regions and then being rubbed into her crotch with his tongue and lips, an audible slurping noise heard as he – in her mind, somewhat adorably – actually kissed her netherlips with his own.

Susan kept rocking her hips lightly in response to the caresses of his lips and tongue, getting herself increasingly more excited and prepared for the proper act. When his tongue was inside, she gently tried angling his head back and up a little, looking down at his face and instructing him.

- I-if it’s on the inside, you can try searching for a couple good spots here… inside and upwards… but I’m not sure you’ll be able to reach it with your tongue, though. Try to give that bean above a little suckle and then move your tongue over it in a swirling mo… oh… Yes.

Following her instructions, Gary’s tongue first tried finding the mentioned area inside of her, having some trouble but realizing his tongue could almost feel that the texture of her inner walls seemed to be, or slowly become, a little different where she mentioned. Dragging his tongue out of her again, Gary placed his lips, as tenderly as he could, on the upper side of her labia lips and sucked at them together with her clit, before starting to spiral with his tongue zeroing on her special spot.

With another shudder, Susan seemed to release another trickle of lubricant, and bit her lower lip. It was tempting to try and push herself over the edge already, but she wanted to give him confidence, and she had little doubt that she was as ready for his member as she could be.

- That’s enough, honey. L… hah, it’s so warm and wet down there… let’s try doing it for real now.

Gary slowly stood up, but before they settled on the position, Susan leaned in and opened her mouth. His shaft already had some precum at the tip, which she promptly tried licking away. It was a bit salty, but tasted a little more pleasantly than she thought. Wasting no time, she tried fitting as much of the member as she could inside of her mouth – struggling as she were with putting anything more than the tip in, with the limited amount of time she had. Releasing a lot of saliva at once, she rubbed it into his member while at the same time gently sucking at the tip to give him some pleasure and remove some of the precum. After a moment, she withdrew to get a good breath.

- That… surprised me. I didn’t expect you’d put it anywhere near your mouth on our first time… - Gary said, almost absent-mindedly focusing on the sensation of Susan’s dainty fingertips rubbing her saliva over his shaft.

- It was only fair, you know. And it’s be pointless for me to be moist if you started off bone dry, too. Uhuh, let’s settle on the bed for now. I want to do it with both of us sitting and being able to control some of the movements, if that’s okay.

- Sure.

Sitting down on her bed, Susan slowly inched her body towards Gary’s, placing her thighs over his and allowing his member to drop down and meet her body, rubbing over her pubic bone. She appeared to be trimming her pubic hair to manageable states, the little patch of black tickling the
sensitive tip of his member, the throbbing against her upper netherlips and clitoral hood rubbing on his underside causing them both to shiver. Deciding that was enough in terms of ceremony, Susan tilted her hips back, lifted them, and moved them forwards once more, with Gary’s hands wrapping her body and also gently pulling her against himself. She froze and groaned for a moment when she felt his tip attempt to push inside of her, then started taking deep breaths as it was clear they’d struggle with putting the tip in. Nevertheless, Susan pressed forwards stubbornly, determined to be connected at last. Another groan, from both of them this time, signalized that them managed to push the crown of his member past her opening and slowly the length of his shaft was pushed inside, before a sudden ‘ouch’ told them they were going in too deep, clamping of Susan’s womanhood over his length causing Gary to hiss in return and try to stop himself from having an ‘accident’. The young man’s length never felt anything quite like this, but what he focused on primarily was the warmth, physical and emotional, from the realization that, slowly but surely, their bodies intertwined and connected.

Hyps gyrating, Susan managed to slide a bit more of his length inside, her vaginal walls relaxing, then flexing around the invading tip, struggling to accept more as she felt one of his hands lower and gently squeeze one of her buttocks. With a sigh and then a little whimper, Susan started to push her hips forwards insistently until her womanhood seemed to clamp down again, forcefully shoving the twitching length of her lover’s cock through her excessively tight and inexperienced pussy.

- D-don’t force yourself, Susan! It’s… too tight…

- A-at least there’s no bleeding… It only hurts a bit, unless I really try to push it in too deeply. Urgh… I thought this much would be enough to enjoy my first time…

Gary sighed with the realization that Susan was also a virgin, although he certainly wasn’t the type to pay that much attention to such things on an emotional level, other than care for his parent. Leaning in, he placed his lips against hers in a deep and passionate kiss, and finally, both of them started to move. Shallow gyrations and thrusts were helping Susan’s pussy adjust, and before long the two of them were actually quite aware that more and more of his member disappeared inside. She could also feel how tightly her vagina clamped on him, a mix of greediness with a bit of pain and anxiety slowly milking his precum into her passage and adding to the already decent amount of wetness inside and out of her pussy.

With her wet, tight, and excessively warm walls gripping at him and rolling their muscles against the most sensitive parts of his length, Gary was fighting a battle against a fresh and new stimulus that was threatening to push him over the edge of an orgasm rather quickly. They parted their lips to release further gasps of exasperation and pain mixing with pleasure. Susan was starting to finally experience the latter as it appeared she was getting used to the invasion, although her muscles seemed overstrained and her entire body felt like it was fighting rather than making love. Still, the sensation of Gary’s large shaft pumping deeper and deeper inside of her brought back the perspective of an orgasm as she was learning to enjoy the way his thickness seemed to rub all over inside of her, trying to angle herself in search of the most sensitive spots. Seeking each other’s touch, they kissed again with palms roaming over the other’s body, the pale skin on both Gary’s and Susan’s flesh reddening a bit from the little fondles and eager kneading of the other. There was at least half of Gary’s length already buried inside of her and regularly he was getting more and more in, bit by bit, when a particular sway of her hips caused his girth to plunge itself in a little deeper, dragging across
her inner wall on the way in and out in an almost torturous manner. Almost screaming, Susan’s hips pushed forwards even more, inadvertently enveloping more of Gary’s member in her moist womanhood which then proceeded to almost coil around his length and squeeze him tight.

With the unexpected sensation, he wasn’t able to hold back, releasing his own groan and starting to orgasm, thick ropes of seed quickly lubricating her passage and allowing her to withstand the sudden additional pain from having more of his length in. The powerful pulses and first, pressured and somewhat larger ropes of seed shooting out inside of her made her realize what was going on.

- H…hah, al… Oh… Shit, shit…

The sensation was frankly too tantalizing for her to not enjoy, and she quickly placed her hand over her clitoris, rubbing at it furiously with her fingers throughout Gary’s orgasm, feeling it slow down to a trickle and a pulsing, aching dribble with the slowly softening member still wrapped up in her folds.

- Just a moment! I know it’s sensitive but bear with it for j…

Leaning into her again, Gary shut them both up by pushing his tongue into her mouth and kissing her deeply. The emotional charge was enough for her defenses to just collapse, and the combined stimulation of his flagging orgasm filling her up quite a bit and her hand furiously rubbing her clitoris finally triggering her own climax, the twitching of her womanhood causing Gary to groan into the kiss as it seemed she was almost milking him with the squeezing, clamping motions. His seed seemed to be almost dragged around with the muscular contractions only to leak out with a trickle of what seemed to be more intensely produced love juices, and they both realized they managed to orgasm during their first attempt at lovemaking, although a simultaneous one seemed impossible for now.

Susan was drained. Gary was more tired mentally from holding back and trying to match her rhythm than he was from his actual climax, but they fell on the bed nevertheless, hugging one another closely and placing several kisses on one another’s features before Susan giggled.

- Sorry for not showing or telling you directly it was my first time… It’s probably difficult to tell if I’m not bleeding, but it doesn’t always happen, and I did try some masturbation down there at least, so it’s not an entirely ‘fresh’ flower down there…

Sighing tiredly, Gary hugged her close with one hand as he tried to grab the bed’s cover and pull it over themselves with the other.

- I… it’s fine. I wouldn’t mind it anyway, but I’m glad we were able to share our first time. D…did I do all right?

- I orgasmed on my first try, so minor inconveniences and accidents notwithstanding, I’d say you’ve done marvelously. Thanks for being patient, and sorry for messing up at the end…

- It’s… all cool. Thank you, Susan. For… letting me try. And being here.

- Awhh. Wets pwocwaim our wuuub, Gary-poo!

- I’m tempted to try spanking now.

- Nooooooo! It hurts as fuck as is!
- I love you, Susan.

- Yeah. I know. I hope it’s roughly as much as I love you, honey. I’ll… never forget this. We might’ve hurried it up a bit too much, but… It was a good first time. Thank you.

With this, they covered themselves and snuggled into each other’s warmth, Susan sneaking in another kiss. Their love affirmed with their actions, all that remained to do was spend the night together, with Gary’s softening member finally slipping out of her as they shifted, embracing the other and squeezing what seemed to be the love of one’s life close.

Chapter End Notes

I’m having a lot of trouble, including health trouble, so technically most of my stories will not see a lot of updating. Another chapter of Freak Love will get updated today or tomorrow depending on how quickly I will do the check-up and formatting, but afterwards it may take me a while. I'll need to check up whether the health issues are anything serious.
Act 3: Siblings' Conquests - One's rebound is another's chance

Chapter Summary

Some time passed after Alex' graduation, but it appears she's finally close to a breaking point when it comes to certain desires and hopes she has for her love and sex life. And she's not the only one. What if two people really close to one another feel the same? What's the full history of what's been happening when Alex attempted to get close to others?

Chapter Notes

Stories are primarily written for one of two purposes, I believe. To provide entertainment, often for some sort of monetary gain on the part of the writer, they focus on things they believe would have an impact purely in terms of making it fun to read and imagine with a chosen demographic.

The second purpose for one's stories, and reason for writing them, is to convey certain messages. Some authors can, through experience or skill, leave them subtle, others explain them through thoughts, words, and actions of characters analyzing the situation that carried the message, and others make note of what they attempted to convey in afterword or, if an author's known enough, interviews.

Freak Love also conveys certain messages, and with the sort of skill, time, and waxing and waning interests and focus on writing it, I occasionally turn to convey it in a rather straightforward and brutal manner, especially if it's not meant to be a 'kind' message, but rather a viewpoint that could be, in a way, perceived as a lesson.

Which is why occasionally characters are portrayed as if they were somewhat on the worse side of modern humanity even if they have traits that are often basis for stories treating them sympathetically. This chapter has one such instance that may not sit well with everyone.

Before you condemn it, or me, for putting things in this manner I hope the words of the characters and the situation itself provide you with enough insight as to what is one of the chief 'messages' I wanted to convey when writing a story like this, and putting so much 'plot' next to the kinks and sexual tantalization. Just think about it calmly, because I sure as hell never intended to put anyone particularly down, regardless of their physical traits or personal beliefs.

This may be the last chapter I upload in a while, so I hope you can enjoy it on some level, or find something soothing or a level of understanding within it despite how grim it seems at the first glance. Feel free to comment in the meantime; it'll be highly encouraging to come back and see if you're enjoying this, or if you managed to guess the kinds of messages I am trying to convey.

Ps. Alcohol consumption is, to the best of my knowledge, allowed from ages 18 up in
Australia without parental supervision, in case any people from countries with a higher drinking age are surprised.

One’s rebound is another’s chance

At the end of twelfth grade and their last year of high school, things were going pretty bad for Lachlan and his girlfriend.

Alex knew as much. She was well aware said girlfriend wasn’t really the person Lachlan originally hoped she was when he went into a relationship after breaking the last one, on said new girlfriend’s insistence. Apparently the young woman in question was sexually reserved, but not to the point of not letting *him* pleasure *her*, which, as he once far too bluntly put it, gave them a give-receive orgasm ratio of roughly five to one. To make things worse, the start of academic year for post-highschool graduates was approaching, and quickly.

Alex was fairly familiar with the concept of a girl being greedy, but she could only imagine the level of self-depreciation Lachlan would feel after being so patient in a relationship only to see it broken before the next five-to-one round managed to get to that magical ‘one’ point.

Actually, what was more important was the fact yet another of his relationships ended fairly quickly. So, essentially, he still had to make a single one of his serious dating efforts last a full year.

Not that she had any grounds to compete with him on. Her longest and most serious relationship only lasted a single season.

Said lackluster in her own ‘serious’ relationships, combined with her recent dating efforts being a tremendous – and anyone would agree calling them tremendous wouldn’t be out of line – downgrade compared to that Australian autumn back when she was just starting to approach her eighteenth birthday, spent at the side of a boy who was her junior and training her ability to get men off without having sex with them – but at least receiving seriously sweet affection in return.

Lachlan’s girlfriend was apparently barely half a class above Oscar that when it came to giving her partner sexual release – for far less serious reasons, in Alex’ eyes, especially since for quite a while she was the one avoiding showing Oscar her genitals - and two classes below Alex’ ex-boyfriend when it came to the affection part.

So what was the duet of old friends to do, other than meet at a bar and decide to get themselves at least tipsy, if not entirely wasted.

Walking into the bar with a relatively manly guy like Lachlan introduced Alex to the sweet feeling she never could’ve produced in the past until the very end of her relationship with Oscar – the feeling of provoking jealousy in people who looked at her and the man at her side. Of course, many people quickly recognized that these two were here commonly and always as friends, but not *all* did, and
not all of those who realized the truth did so quickly. The strawberry blonde found this feeling – awareness of making others impressed or jealous – was the sole reward for butchering what would be considered her bra budget. It combined with the realization that, visually at least, her body type was enough to attract stares, even if many men wouldn’t admit to finding her attractive. She received another custom bra as a birthday present from her mom, and evidenced by how tight it felt now, four months and change later, her chest was still growing. She was eventually going to jump out of the single-letter D area as the difference in centimeters between her underbust and breast circumference seemed set to eventually leave her ‘age’ number quite far behind, but so far stayed just underneath that magic 20 centimeters that were generally required for her to proudly proclaim herself a double D in British measurements. At least it was the case last time she checked.

Not that it would’ve mattered much longer. Between the last dregs of her ‘boy side’ making her chest – the actual chest, without breast considered - too wide for Australian measuring system to cope with easily, more and more of her bras would have to be either custom or very, very elastic. And no woman wants to test just how elastic her bra is in practice.

Alex and Lachlan settled down, both with loud sighs, finally enjoying the full benefit of being able to drink anything and everything even without parental supervision. In Alex’ case, this benefit was only as old as the bra she was wearing, and only a little bit longer than her record in prolonged dating.

- Let’s… try not to get wasted, actually. Let’s complain about how shitty our generation is and how bad it is to date them. – Lachlan started the talk.

- I’d watch out if I were you. People are going to think you’re trying to make yourself cougar bait.

- I never understood why it’s more socially acceptable for a younger girl to date an older guy than for an older woman to choose a younger man.

Alex smiled a bit, if without any joy in the expression. [“That sounds like something certain people in my family would argue…”]

- That applies to serious dating. Consider casual sex at the verge of ages of consent and it suddenly becomes the reverse. – was Alex’ response.

- So, the world’s fucked up?

- And majorly. But, hey, if it cheers you up, I’ve known that for a while. Plus, your long term relationships actually work out way longer than mine, and believe it or not, landed you more orgasms. And remember I have higher capacity to get them in that regard.

- Pssssh, talking about such filthy things after just one sip. Who’s the one making themselves bait?

- Do you need to be escorted back into the friendzone?

- Please, every man my age knows his way there.

They took a deeper gulp of their respective drinks, with Lachlan looking sideways a little worriedly.

- But that does actually worry me, you know? Last thing I know is that failed attempt at relationship upgrade you tried with Ayla… around your birthday, I think?
- Actually it was hers. Precisely four weeks before mine.

- Don’t tell me you went without getting *any* for … fuck, five months? That’s twice as long as me!

- You make it sound like getting any more often is supposed to be normal if you actively pursue it. Yuuup. I’m mentally supporting my brother at the fuck-far-off university by having no sex since roughly the start of his school year, and remain non-shagged in the biblical sense in any shape or form through my nineteenth year of life so far. Well… there was that part where I was doing the shagging, but you don’t want to hear about that.

- Fuck, now you’re making me feel even *worse* about complaining.

- Complain away. For all I know, the ‘happy hour’ you got near Christmas was two rounds of being a cunning linguist for no pay.

- That’s a little later… on… uhhh…

- Oh dear fuckin… ain’t that just precious, your New Year’s kiss was Australian!

Both of them made nasty-sounding mock cackles to that little joke, Alex’ lasting far longer than Lachlan’s.

- Aren’t you a bit too sober to be making that sort of metaphor?

- I am. Indeed, I am.

- Well… it’s actually your turn to complain. At least I’ve had something ‘biblical’ after graduation… Which might’ve been the reason she started being such a bitch actually. What about… you? I mean… You sometimes mention that rather than getting another girl, you’d like a guy to manage getting to that last base. Any luck in that?

- I’m getting the whitest gown on my wedding day at this pace. To be frank, I’m starting to lose hope I’ll get there before some people my age start getting diplomas.

- Are you for real? Is everyone really that much stuck up over it? Or are you just trying for the wrong type?

Alex gave a heavy sight before downing her drink and ordering another one.

- Well, you see, no matter what I try, guys… guys tend to just be total and ridiculous assholes about it. Even when I’m upfront, because they seem so nice, it’s either “ewwwww” or it’s somehow… gosh, somehow doomed to fail. – Alex said to him, not yet tipsy enough to justify this manner of speech, but plenty nervous. – This guy recently? I thought he’d know enough about discrimination, even if it’s not as bad as in America out here, but naaaaaah.

Lachlan, as usual, seemed greatly concerned.

- What was he like? And what’d he do?

Alex continued to get little sips of her drink. It had a very small kick to it, but she was just drinking
for the taste, and for things to spill off her tongue more easily. She was still plenty sober, and she noticed Lachlan was stopping with his own beer on her account. It was sweet of him, really.

- Well, you see. I don’t think I have a… type, specifically? Maybe a little bit. I do like them not too tan, lean rather than plump or muscular, and I like guys who are similar in height and age to me. I think that’s the closest I have to a ‘type’. Well, this guy was an experiment of sorts, you see, someone I hoped to date through the Christmas, maybe give a new year’s kiss to. I tried a guy of mixed descent where both would be a racial minority, because that’d be a first for me and because I believed he’d probably know enough about discrimination to not be fucking cruel. To not rub my… shortcomings or inappropriate additions in my face. Half-native here, half asian, he seemed.

Aborigine-asian, putting it brutally, unless there was some African or Afro-American mixed in. So… dark skin, just a tad taller than my 175 centimeters at the time, and no matter how badly racist you insist on being when it comes to down-there sizes, the guess would be his should even out somehow, right? Sooo, we’re trying to date. He’s cool and all, not bad with manners, but open, not a huge white knight or crazy on chivalry, but seems like the type you’d like to at least be friends with. He’s complimenting my figure, which is fuuuucking great after everything that was going on with it until way into mid-late school grades, even if it seems redundant now other than telling me I’m “not fat”.

And then he pulls out the ‘let’s try something new’ card, tells me he’d like to move past light fondling and making out, but doesn’t wanna push me. My first guess was that he actually believed when I told him I was a virgin, or was acting like he did. I’m not sure anymore. He kind of smirked when I told him that, you know? Like, big breasts automatically mean I got to screw with someone for real. I didn’t even have those a year ago! Fuck!

- I presume he wanted something specific, like… a handjob, or doing more stuff naked?

Alex smiled at Lachlan, although with a hint of annoyance or maybe resignation mixing with irritation in her expression. He noticed the second drink was now gone as well.

- Yuuup. Heavy petting it was. Told him it may be a bad idea, and said he should probably know a secret about me, so this smug fucker tells me “It’s okay, I can kinda guess it already”. Woooowww, big shock. It’s like suddenly I’m dating this super open and pro-free love rare exotic-ethnicity guy. I’m… a little bit on the emotional side when it comes to being sexually attracted to people, I guess. So the thought of him being like that really turns me on. I straddle his goddamn waist like there’s no tomorrow and let him grind himself on whatever the heck he wants. I can feel him getting excited, and I have nooo complaints. You know, it’s not like I’m freaking numb or frigid down there. It’s not like I’m picky about the size, either. Frankly I think everything between twelve and twenty four centimeters would work okay on me. It’s nice to feel him get hard for once. I’m super happy. Too happy. – she leaned in to whisper to make sure nobody but the conversation partner gets it. - Boner happy.

She studied his expression for a moment, to make sure she wasn’t being too crass or disgusting him, but it seemed all right. After she set her glass down, Lachlan seemed to realize what happened in her story next. Her ‘boyfriend’ candidate probably thought her secret was something along the lines of “I’m not really a virgin” or “I think I may end up being a freak in bed”, rather than “I’m a hermaphrodite. And I mean the proper technical meaning of the term.” Really, he knew his words would probably be both way too obvious and an understatement.

- And things went downhill from there.
A nod from Alex confirmed it.

- Well, at first, it seemed like he suddenly decided to take the lead when he tossed me to the side of the sofa and stared down at me. I felt like an amateur wrestler about to get owned by some hottie. Because, you know, wrestling’s fake and all that. Not super-real fucking bone-breaking violence. But this guy ain’t no wrestler, he’s honest-to-god MMA, it seems.

Alex took Lachlan a little deeper into the bar, away from everyone, and settled back down at the new table… then closed her eyes and relived this story once more. She continued to describe, as best as she could, what transpired on that day.

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Alex’ memories of her date…

Alex still remembered her two most vivid memories, the primary “shock moments” when it came to revealing what was in her pants to men, as far as her experiences before that day were concerned. When Matthew touched her down there for the first time, soon after her seventeenth birthday, he almost came off as an asshole in more ways than one, but he was *gallant* about the issue. The second guy who made a serious impact didn’t really mistreat her verbally, like many of those whom she tried being more upfront with, but he did push her away and leave without a further word.

The person she was dealing with in the ‘present’, however, seemed like she somehow betrayed his trust and befouled the memory of his ancestors. It was the first time a guy who touched her breasts punched her on the same date. It might’ve been the first time someone who touched her breasts – particularly well-developed as they were now - punched her at all. And yet, somehow, his words coming with the hits were filling her with about as much, if not more, pain as his strikes did.


Every one of those three words, more spat out with venom and quiet resentment than spoken, was accentuated with a punch. One to her face, one to her shoulder – this one was damn strong, like he meant for it to damage something, and the final one to her abdomen. He then tossed her off the couch and to the ground, only to kick her back onto her side as she tried to stand up, a breathless sob and a whimper the only sounds escaping her lips.

- Bitches like you should stick to your filthy clubs and gay parties and hang out there, not mix around with normal people. Fucking freak.

Alex felt him stomp at her rump as she tried to get up once more, pushing her across the floor, towards the door, making her realize he likely wasn’t going to stop with the abuse at just letting her
know she disgusted him. She was also dimly aware that he was actually committing what was more or less a hate crime, but the emotions welling up inside of her were just too strong for her to ponder that.

- Filthy manmade bodies, the whole lot of you fakes. Do you honestly think that if you stuff your bra enough or get enough silicone or fucking injections it makes you a honest to god woman? You think that if a guy ain’t that popular, but he’s within the strike zone for a freak like you, that means he’s in ‘your league’, do you, huh? You must know you’re a fucking lowlife, otherwise you’d have the decency to say it what kinda freak you are right fucking away!

She coughed and sobbed. It felt like blood might’ve been coming up to her mouth, and that would be bad.

[“ ’Freak. Lowlife. No decency.’ Considering bullshit like… ‘leagues’ or ‘strike zones’. What the fuck is a strike zone? Why am I not in anybody’s goddamn strike zone?”]

She took a deep breath in. Another kick was incoming, another blow to her body and dignity at once. Alex wasn’t like that. She wasn’t weak. She kept forcing herself to pull through, telling herself that she wasn’t a flower, she wasn’t an excuse for a girl in distress that’d let him do whatever just because she was so desperate to try it with a man at least once.

Certainly, the young woman was not a tomboy anymore and nowhere near as physically fit as in the past, but her body didn’t forget everything it’s been through.

The strawberry blonde grabbed his leg, and sharply, forcefully yanked him. She could tell the sudden action caused her bra to snap. She was wearing one she just barely outgrew to save up on money and to have her already abundant breasts spill out a bit more while not bouncing *that* much. Suffering back-pain and chest-pain from both the size and the treatment of her breasts so this guy or another could have eyecandy. Like she was giving him some sort of service.

-[I FUCKING TRIED TO TELL YOU THIS ‘SECRET’ FROM THE START.-]

He wasn’t huge in terms of overall physical size, but he probably didn’t expect a girl to send him on the floor, then whack him right in the solar plexus with both arms, immediately making him the one who had trouble staying on the offense and moving. She straddled him, with far less pleasant a gaze and attitude than before, and started laying down punches on him in turn. Each one seemingly stronger than someone of her build should be able to pull, and each delivered with the vicious, boiling anger and resentment at being not only rejected, but punched and kicked around by someone she hoped would have at least the barest amount of understanding before he shut the door on her. Before he shut her out,

- Do you think I fucking enjoy this? Do you think I’m fucking trying to trick somebody? That I don’t *know* doing it with me would be fucking! – A punch. And then another at every word. - Confusing... you! Fucking! Jackass!?

A good ‘finishing’ punch to his jaw had him stopping his recuperation, his attempt to counterattack. Alex wished she kept up with physical activity, but for now mass, muscle memory, and shock would have to do.
- I don’t know what the hell I should do! I don’t know what the fuck I’m doing! But I can’t just say
everything to everybody! Nobody understands, everyone’s just pushing me away! I can’t have
friends without them staring at my goddamn body like it’s a piece of meat and... and then... when
they think they don’t waanaat to be just fucking friends anymore, suddenly I am not good enough for
being friends. I’m not good enough to be a good piece of ‘meat’ either once they find out! Fuck!

He tried to strengthen up and grab her hands, so Alex simply headbutted him, stood up, and raised a
leg for her own kick.

- Thin! Tall! Tomboy! Ugly! Then... Cow! Fat! Good-for-nothing! Tits for brains! Boobzilla!
Ogress! Chunky bimbo! Do you fucking know what it’s like to have everything about your body
change this many times? Do you know... what it’s fucking like... To be unable to find anyone
completely fine with you? NO ONE AT ALL!?

The kick laid down, Alex simply grabbed her things and went for the door, careful to not get caught
up in the man’s own revenge. He locked the door, so she had to spend some time unlocking them.

- Strike zones, damn it. I wish I was in anybody’s strike zone. Someone being in my ‘league’ or my
’strike zone’? I just fucking hoped you’d turn out to be all right. I just fucking hoped someone who
might’ve gotten trouble simply because of who their parents were, or how they’d look like... or some
fucking stereotype would at least let me... Fucking... - several louder breaths came out from Alex’s
chest as she finally managed to unlock and open the door - ... Explain.

She got out and slammed said doors behind her. The guy was barely managing to get up before she
opened them up again and growled at him.

- And my tits are fucking real!

Another loud slam of the door ended their conversation and acquaintanceship.

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Alex looked at Lachlan, who had an eyebrow raised, and lightly rubbed her palm comfortingly.

- Need a hug after sharing that?

- Hell yes.

The two old friends simply wrapped their arms around one another and squeezed gently like it was
the most natural thing in the world. Despite the casual nature of the action, Alex was well-aware
even Lachlan, who was only interested in her as a friend, couldn’t fully get over the results her current breast-size had in this sort of situation, and wouldn’t blame him if he felt awkward, especially now that he got dumped by a tease himself.

- You really said that last line just before leaving?
- Yeah.

He quieted down for a moment, as if considering, and then continued.

- If it’s about men… maybe you should just try someone you knew was curious about what it’s like with the types he’s not used to, or straight-up bisexual? I feel like you’d have much more luck with the overall ‘queer’ folk.

- I don’t know. I mean… how’d I feel if he liked my man side more than my woman side in that arrangement? I’d … need some time to consider that. But you may be right. If it was an ideal relationship, I’d get to use both at least a bit.

- Did you have any good relationships? At all? Like, I don’t know. A guy who’s too shy or far away enough from the jock type. Geeks or such.

- Well… those guys aren’t much better, you know? They can get just as vicious if they feel cheated. I don’t blame them, they have their own problems. But for folks with such issues of their own… many have complexes or super-low self-esteem when it comes to trying out dating, but damn, can it sting when they put you down verbally with an angry look in their eyes. It’s how I found out I wasn’t a masochist. If they did it to me and I was, I’d get off on the spot.

Lachlan shook his head at the failed attempt to brighten up the mood.

- So, no good relationships with guys whatsoever?

- Actually there was a ‘good relationship’. Autumn last year. Juuust this once before I tried taking it further with this lesbian friend of ours. He was sweet. Looked average, not scrawny, not brawly, dark hair, green eyes. A year younger than me, too.

- Not picky about that like some girls? - He seemed surprised.

- If he’s legal and can get the fuck over me having all that, I don’t care at all. Anyway, his name was Oscar. Our first kiss was pretty sweet, and I had the feeling I was the one trying to rush the physicality up. But before we got to the fondling, I realized he wouldn’t be angry like that guy I just told you about if he found out at the wrong moment. Instead, he could be sad. Or hurt. Or disillusioned. So I came up straight away, making sure he’d get out with at least one solid boob-squeeze as an excuse for ‘feeling my heartbeat’.

- You’ve gotten surprisingly perverted, Alex.

- Sue me, they just grew another formal cup size back then.

- Stiiiiil going.

- Aye. That’s me. I’m a horny slore.

- Is that even a word? Anyway, Oscar.

- Yup. So I give him the speech. Not like other girls. Not like any other girl he met until now at all.
Soften it up by going into explanations of intersex. He understands. He says I’m still pretty by his standards and in his viewpoint, and he respects me trying to pursue who I want to be and not giving up on guys after the abuse I might’ve suffered from revealing that to others. Claims nobody would even know if I tried to hide it really hard after all. Which is kind of true *now*, I guess, but still sweet to hear after what it’s been like in the *past*. I ask if he’d still be that keen on it if I told him hearing him say that makes me feel tingly and warm, and I get… direct with people I feel warm for. He says we should take things slow… Seriously. Take it slow. Ehhh… fuuuuck his father and whoever gave him this much respect for women, but we’re into petting in weeks. I unceremoniously tell him the moment my breasts or mouth get him off, we’re becoming exclusive, while unbuckling his goddamn belt, hot and bothered as I am from years of fucking dick-denial.

- Slow down on the drink, Alex. And the cussing.

She set the glass aside, nodding.

- Enough percentages for me, true.

- … Can we skip the unnecessary details of just how did that progress?

- Sorry. Is it gross, or just about…

- Just my frustrations.

- I can stop, you know.

- I don’t want you to. I want you to get it off your chest. Gods above know it is heavy enough as-is.

Alex beamed him a smile when he picked up her attempts at making the conversation seem lightly on the dirty side.

- I’ve… gotten some foreplay practice with him, always giving, because he honestly seemed to want to try at times, but his face got so nervous I reminded him to take it slow. So, finally. The special night. It’s all in the clear, our first time, I do a show – no descriptions, but it was a solo, and I did get off on him seeing it, then…

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Alex’ memories…

And then, what always happened during these sorts of situations, happened. Oscar was flushed and breathing heavily, and she could tell his heartbeat was quickened… but not once did she see a single evidence of a boner.

Not once.

She still had her hopes, so when she found it soft, she even coaxed it with a hand. He got hard, then started softening when they tried to put it in.
Oscar turned his eyes away from hers as if ashamed of it. Then she understood that maybe, just maybe, it wasn’t the fault of *her* body.

- Oscar, honey. I don’t want to shift the blame, much less embarrass you, but I need you to be honest with me. Is this your first time? Having sex? And if it isn’t, is it the first time you couldn’t… go through with it?

- I… I’m not a virgin! I… don’t know what’s going on. This never happened before. You know it doesn’t happen! You already did such things with me, but I… I… Suddenly, it’s…

- I see. So this is the first time you can’t get hard with a sexual situation on your plate. It’s understandable with you being young and all… should be easy for you to get into things. And always was until now. That’s correct?

- I’m… I’m sorry. I don’t know myself. You’re beautiful, and I think I am falling for you… Maybe I’m just nervous, or I don’t want to sully you anymore, or I feel too indebted and…

- No, Oscar. Your dad raised you right, taught you how to treat the ladies, but I could tell how easy it was for me to get you out of that attitude. I am not a pure girl at all, and you did know that up front from how much I liked playing with you. Getting you off. Seeing your pleasure-filled face. I believe you do like me. You’re too sweet to lie about it now. I just think the problem is… your body cannot accept all of mine.

- But… but your body … earlier, it…

- That was above the waist, sweetheart. I had a lot of issues with it before, but I can state that, at least when it’s not about how freakily my nipples look, I don’t need to have issues with my body image above the waist *that* much anymore. Some people like the body type I have now, at least.

- But I don’t want to just date your breasts or you above the waist! You’re a human being, with sexual needs and desires! If I can’t help you with them at all, that makes me a bad boyfriend!

- That’s what makes it so sad. You got my hopes up that I can lose my virginity… and yes, despite all that I seem to be able and willing to do, my girl-parts were only played with by myself and occasionally another woman…Well, I hoped I could sweep that under the rug by just doing it with a sweet, nice, loving guy. Like you. Way to crash my hopes.

She suddenly got silent. Alex wanted to smack herself on the head, and hard. Oscar just expressed a beautiful sentiment full of heart and care, and she was pretty much guilt-tripping him. It wasn’t even his fault. She was a woman inside, and mostly out, true, but some – most, really - straight guys just *would* get frozen in presence of a penis bigger than theirs, which they just saw getting off.

[“Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.”]

She could see it in his eyes. A mix of heartbroken and angry she recognized well enough from her own reflection in the mirror. He was too sweet to feel this. She got up, starting to dress.

- Nothing can be done if your body can’t accept mine. You said you’re sorry, but I am more so.
She sighed heavily and smacked her own face, ceasing her attempts at fixing the situation immediately and her talking to him. It was clear he somehow noticed her new emotional turmoil, and even looked concerned as she ran out the door…

And once she was out, she immediately started writing him that long text. About how she just behaved like a bitch. About understanding him and not regretting a single time seeing his pleasured face, but telling him she’s just too desperate to keep waiting without throwing herself at opportunities, and he’s too sweet to date him and try to get them to fall in love with one another while she waits for sex or tried to get it elsewhere.

And then she tried with Ayla, ‘their lesbian friend’, and finally, after a couple more attempts with one of the most recent ending with her getting beaten up, got here.

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Lachlan seemed half-stunned, but with a deduction ready this time.

- I don’t even know what to say anymore, Alex, but my first piece of advice would be to *not* overdo it with getting *them* off if you want them to easily get hard no matter how confused your lower body could make them. Or stick to girls. Or find a bisexual guy. Or go to a club where a girl, to put it in the crudest way possible, ‘packing extra’ is *normal*.

- What’s the second piece of advice? Or any extra?

- Sticking to the first piece for now... Check out places where someone like you wouldn’t be hated. I mean, seriously. Our country’s not even bad with that kind of stuff anymore. It’s like you’re purposefully making yourself a magnet for people who just don’t understand what’s ‘the problem’ with you and are shocked by it, or try their best to ‘overlook it’, even though there may be places where you’d be seen as an attractive whole.

- I… get it. Maybe I’ve been wrong, but… I’ve been trying to hide my… ‘uniqueness’ for most of my life, you know? After those couple parties and dates, the process of just ‘coming out’ to my current dating partner felt natural. Going to a place and having everyone ponder what I’m doing there… wouldn’t be. I don’t even know how attracted I would be to someone remotely like me, you know?

- Yeah. The second piece of advice would be to *not* go for the people who seem, well, immediately into what they see, because there’s literally no fucking way someone will look at you and think “I bet this person has…”

She interrupted that attempt at putting something in the ‘crudest of terms’.
- Shhhh… We’ve had too much to drink.

- Not really. It seems you’re sobering up already, too. We stopped at just the right moment.

Alex threw him a dirty and mischievous smile as she poked his thigh.

- Then how do I explain the sudden wish to tease you about *you* right now matching the description you just gave me, Lachlan? “Getting hard despite confusion” and “being immediately into” things… well, the former rather than the latter? Do I chat it up to my greediness? Is it a game? Did you say it that way on purpose, or did your own frustration just came boiling to the surface with all of mine?

For the first time in a long while, she saw Lachlan getting a little bit flustered. He was focused on trying to cheer her up and help her out, however, so he beat that fairly quickly.

- Alex, we’re both, and you in particular, in a bad place when it comes to love, so it’s normal for you to feel frustrated. But, while talking or joking about this is okay, risking our friendship to go on rebound or fool around… I mean, we’re not in an emotionally bright and warm spot right now, and things aren’t all butterflies, sunshine and rainbow, but…

- Lachlan. You’re right. I didn’t drink enough. If I did, I’d be throwing myself at you. Literally.

- Uhh, did you hear what I just said?

- I’ve been in a dark place about this all my life. But, hey. I got off with a lesbian fuckbuddy. What’d you have? Months of blueballs on you? Pussyjuice on two shirts?

- You don’t have to be a smartass about it. And we did confirm you’re actually longer into the celibate period.

- Just say it. ‘Bitch’ is the term, not ‘smartass’. I don’t want to be so crude and, in a sense, violent about it, either. I care about you, Lachlan. You’re my best goddamn friend. You’re the only friend who’s always been ready to stand by my side no matter where things went or what was happening to me, my mind, or my body. This is why I can understand why part of me would feel like it’d be *okay* to be your rebound girl, because you’ve treated me *plenty* good enough to justify *using me to get your rocks off*.

- That’d be one night stand. Pity sex, too. After years of friendship. And a couple percentage points of alcohol.

- We can sleep together and think if we should do it when sober.

- We shouldn’t be thinking if we should be at all, Alex. We’re friends. Always have been. – he protested, but he didn’t seem as disturbed by the notion as he was making himself out to be.

- Because by the time you developed smooth-talk, you were in two relationships in a row. The second one happened by the time I’ve torn up and ruined my first outgrown C-cup bra, by the way. And said relationship also left you with blueballs big enough to get you hard when drunk-hugging your best friend.

- I… I didn’t get like that from hugging you!

- Mentions of blowjobs, titfucks, and striptease then. In my silky sweet voice saying such innocent...
nothings all the time. I’m not saying I really, really, really think this is the best course of action. I am not saying I even think it’s a good one. But god damn it, Lachlan. If there’s someone I’d be fine with being my first even without a shred of proper courting, as a goddamn rebound, if there was someone I thought *deserved* to be helped with their own frustrations and to whom I’d *gladly* toss out that stupid V-card if it meant helping him be a little more relaxed, cheerful, and helping him blow off steam after his relationship was screwed up, you’d be pretty damn high on that super short list, Lachlan.

- But I don’t want to hurt you. In any way. Or for you to just be a way to vent frustration. You’re too important for this, Alex.

- Then maybe you should listen to what *I* want. I want to do it. With a guy. Who thinks I’m a girl. Not a bicurious girl who doesn’t know if she’s excited by my tits or my cock. Not a lesbian who tells me finding my clit is a pain in the ass, decides it’s nowhere, and tells me she’d date me in a heartbeat if I chopped the stuff I was born with off. Not a guy who thinks he might be gay, or a guy who can’t get it up when it counts even if he’s made from sugar and sweetness. Not a test with someone who is either transgender or super into people who are. I want affection, connection, emotion, or a goddamn pale imitation of them, as long as it’s a good one, while I’m finally fucked like a *girl* my age with the sex drive I *kind of* have. I know you would not hurt me, which is precisely why I think I’m feeling like this right now.

- Doesn’t mean it’s a good idea.

- That’s why we’ll sleep over it. Preferably together, so you can check out how awkward it makes you.

- Alex, doing any of those things can make things awkward. It may sound pretty good right now, it does seem like it wouldn’t be hurting you, but we may not be able to stay friends. And I know you still want to find someone special. Maybe you’re even still holding a candle to…

- If I had someone like you after me, that would be enough. If I can be your girlfriend after this, it’d be cool. If not, we’ll let the awkwardness go out for a short time, and go back to being friends, because I will *not* let you go again. But this is our once in a lifetime chance to check if we *can* be more than friends, and if not, to help each other out with the biggest sexual frustrations of our respective lives.

- You don’t really sound all that sure. I mean, you’re bisexual, right?

- Maybe. Possibly. But it’s not wrong to lose my virginity to a boy if I am a girl. And I am. And I’d have nothing to be ashamed of if my first time was with someone as special as you.

It was the heaviest, longest sigh Lachlan gave that evening. Waiting for a couple long, heavy moments in silence, he eventually seemed to come to a conclusion.

- Then I’ll finish my beer, and we’ll sleep on it. Just promise me you really won’t give up on our friendship, no matter what, and that if you have any significant doubt about it when we wake up, we will not do it. And that you won’t get mad at me if ‘sober me’ thinks this is a terrible idea.

- I can promise you that. Promise you won’t sneak out of the bed to jerk off?

- You really need to get fucked. You were never *this* nasty, Alex!

- You’ll get to spank me to, if you really want to.
- To deliver the appropriate and just amount of spanks would leave no time for the vanilla things.

- Mhmm. Vanilla. Hot, delicious, vanilla sex in the missionary position. Gotta have the covers up and lights out, too. Even though it’s harder to stick it in the right hole then.

- I already get that you need vaginal penetration, Alex.

- Driving the point home. Then ooooff into the sunset, and back home. By a looong drill through Mother Earth. So it’s driven home several times.

- Maybe you should try a…

- One more suggestion of doing it in a toy, and I’ll be whispering in your ear all night. And it’s going to be terrifyingly inappropriate things, too. I’ll get a toy for that when someone properly fucks me. I already did things with my fingers, so now it’s time for the real thing. And god damn it, I am almost giddy about it being yours, potentially.

- Chill out. We’re drunk. Still don’t know if it’ll be a good idea in the morning.

- Any more denial and I’ll have dicks on my brain permanently. Then, it’ll always be a …

- Check, please! Can you stop? The inside of my pants has seen calmer days than you speaking vulgarities while trying to make your voice husky like that.

- I’m your husky. Woof, woof.

- You know what I mean, silly. And don’t make it awkward. It’ll be fucking awkward as hell, anyway, we don’t need to make it more so. Please.

- All you needed to do was say that. My lips are sealed.
Act 3 : Siblings' Conquests - Almost, Just Because it's You

Chapter Summary

Alex' best friend ends up being her bedmate. Is their friendship at risk? What can happen from a girl losing virginity to someone so close to her, and how will he feel about it after the dust settles?

It was the easiest she ever managed to get on, or in, a person, particularly a guy's, bed, and probably the longest and hardest time she ever had to spend on top of it, partially because of them both being clothed for what should've felt like an unnaturally long period of time considering how quickly they ended up in his room and on his bed. They had every time to look at one another and see how each fared in one another's eyes as a potential sexual subject, object, or partner. They had enough time to consider how bad of an idea it would be. Not just during their lifetime so far, just on that day alone.

And they apparently had enough time to only mumble and bumble a little from time to time, mostly staying quiet and wondering when would be the right time to initiate the actual 'action', or try to steer the situation towards it.

Something inside Alex became keenly aware that Lachlan wasn't the type she normally went for, and also became increasingly more aware that it didn't matter all that much. She didn't realize what it was, but she knew herself enough to be aware of her wish, desire even, to actually go through with it, and part of her thought becoming intimate with a friend shouldn't turn out badly at all.

And yet, she was also considerate and empathic enough to realize something inside Lachlan himself had almost the opposite viewpoint. She couldn't tell where the sudden shift in interests and viewpoint came from, but she could tell that was the problem. There was nothing in Lachlan's personality that would cause him to make a move on someone he shared mutual sympathy and trust with just because he was sexually frustrated. There was no instinct that caused him to desire someone he came to view as a companion, a friend, and as such nothing led him to want to jump over the wall that separated friendship from romantic, physical, or sexual intimacy.

It wasn't the dream situation, and it was not ladylike, but Alex realized one thing quite well; either she would have to push the whole situation forward, or it wouldn't move forward. And the longer they spent hesitating, the more it became apparent they may break down and not do what they were meant to at all.

Her amber and green eyes looked into his, a little sadly. She was able to quench the part of herself that noticed all the little differences. Lachlan's hair, far too dark and seeming to be the dirtiest mix of brown and blonde she could imagine. His skin, adorned with a light bit of additional facial hair she seemed unused to, and definitely kissed plenty by the sun; more tan than the boys she seemed an immediate attraction to. Taller than her, something she appeared unused to. And with that sense of closeness, of trust... Even if it wasn't the precise same type most people had between one another when they tried to have sex, with that feeling of intimacy, somehow it became a simple act of will for Alex to change. To stop seeing Lachlan as just a friend. Maybe the fact it came so easily for her
indicated something important she didn't realize so far, but for one day at least, it was enough.

The physical differences from what might've been 'her type' weren't jarring anymore. They were a novelty instead. Exotic, attractive. In just a moment, she was able to move from conflicted to wanting, and she truly wished she could understand how, or why, but she was no psychologist, nor was her brain exactly on the right track to consider such things; the only thing it deemed worth considering was how to make Lachlan's attitude shift the very same way hers did. And considering the way they've always acted with one another, it felt like the most natural way was to simply deny him the chance to see her as anything less than sexual. She found herself honestly wishing everything went okay and that they'd be able to have sex with one another.

And she found herself quite honestly putting out the moves to make it happen. Alex' hands wrapped around his shoulders and neck as she leaned into her, a position clearly exposing and accentuating her chest; at first, visually and then further so by making her by now well-grown, soft breasts sprawl against his own upper torso by leaning in. Her first kiss was on his cheek, on purpose; the other was on his neck. Soft lips seemed to carefully taste and rub on his skin; almost lovingly, and almost lustfully. Enough to convey her intention, but would it be enough to make him feel the same?

Her worries seemed to slowly evaporate on their own simply from that man's closeness. Finally, she closed the distance, their lips meeting for the first time in something that was more than a friendly peck - which they didn't do often in the first place. Unlike her, Lachlan seemed slack, and then tensed up. It took a long while of her just tilting her body into his and tenderly brushing and suckling with her lips against his own mouth for him to start properly responding to the kiss, and their tongues touched for but a moment, before withdrawing, as if despite their earlier decision to have sex, neither of them was ready for a so-called French kiss. Very gently, Lachlan grasped her shoulders and pulled her back, looking her in the eyes. Her lips stayed lightly open, and her eyes seemed to have a gleam to them he never thought he'd see. The way her breathing sounded so close to his ear made it clear to him that the once tomboyish girl he hanged out with since they were kids, and which he considered one of his closest friends was in fact very much a sexual being, and had a need much like his own which was just as backed up. It was almost enough to make him throw caution to the wind, but...

- *Are you *sure* you want to do this, Alex?* - Lachlan asked, clearly either not convinced, or having to make sure she really wanted it despite his frustration.

- *I... guess I just *thought* I wanted to before. But I *am* ready. I really am now. And I'm convinced I want to.*

Alex mustered all the sincerity she could, trying to not show how much she'd prefer if he simply acted like she did, on impulse, and showed that he wanted it enough to not worry this much about what would happen afterwards, too. She couldn't bear to hesitate, but his own hesitation made her aware of the risks.

Slowly, she pulled her chest away from his, but she did not stop. Pressing their foreheads together, Alex slowly begun to undress. Pulling her top off to reveal the rather new, carefully selected red lace bra, the young woman having the assumption black just wouldn't look well enough on her relatively fair skin.
She wasn't nervous enough at any point to feel the worry that somehow her panties didn't match. It felt a little more comfortable, a little more *right*, to her with every moment. The same couldn't be said for Lachlan; he was either completely stuck in the same hesitant phase or was gaining more doubts by the minute.

With a gentle, but firm grip, Alex took one of his hands and placed it atop her left breast, with only her bra in the way. Her other hand, far more slowly and with even more grace and tenderness moved to rub along his groin through his own pants.

If this alleviated any doubt of Lachlan's, it was likely to only convince him Alex' breasts were, in fact, real and not something she got by going under the knife. She also could feel a more than noticeable twitching, engorging and hardening movement under her palm, suggesting he was getting aroused and was at least somewhat 'gifted', but his palm only barely squeezed her breast before reverting to an almost ghostly light touch. She captured his gaze with her own and looked him deep in the eyes, pressing her forehead against his own and staying like that for several moments... Before using the palm on his crotch to start undoing his pants. It was an even slower motion than the rubbing beforehand, not out of a lack of confidence, but out of a desire to provide comfort. Lachlan could try to stop her if he really wanted, or protest verbally...

... But if there was one thing him and Alex were together, it was comfortable. Close. Relaxed.

And when he leaned in to press his lips against her own this time, they both realized that maybe, at least for today, that was enough.

Lachlan's help was crucial in moving things along pretty quickly after that point. Once he took off his pants proper and Alex begun stripping herself from the top down, their hands instead moved to one another's body and instead took care of the other's clothes. Alex's fair but healthy skin tone tenderly contrasted Lachlan's mild tan and her own bra and panties when her best friend's hands slid over her waist and across her back to undo the straps of her bra. The lace only mildly misplaced itself from cupping her increasingly more voluminous breasts, but she quickly leaned forwards, kissing his neck and swaying her shoulders while grabbing the waistband of his underwear and pulling it down.

As expected, Lachlan's relatively long period of technical abstinence left him almost achingly hard at this point. Alex managed not to giggle from odd thought or sigh in relief when she finally saw her friend's manhood. He was relatively well-endowed, which took away one of her worries about losing her virginity - she imagined a lot of boys would get performance anxiety or start imagining things going quite a different way if it turned out she was noticeably bigger than them. They had similar thickness - she might've had more girth than him, actually, but it'd be left unnoticeable unless they pressed them together. On the other hand he was visibly longer... Just as he was taller and slimmer than her, which was somewhat funny in Alex' mind. She hesitated and shifted to arch her hip towards him and press her thighs together when he tried taking off her own underwear, which provoked a raised eyebrow from him in turn. Leaning into her body, Lachlan pressed his lips on top of her own and cupped one of her breasts in his palm. It visibly spilled over, and to the best of her knowledge she was still growing - even if that was more the result of her overall weight and size increasing and not just her finally developing there.
How long has it been since a man both touched her and kissed her in such a way?

- You know I know what you have there, right? There's no need to worry about that...
- Well, there's no need to put it completely out there and shove it in your face, either.
- It's almost impossible to take them off like that.

Deciding cooperativeness was more important than squabbling over the idea of how many seconds of unobstructed viewing of her dick Lachlan could take, Alex mildly spread her thighs and helped him slide them off, although she was still laying on partially on her side even though her back was arched to face him fully.

This gave him a fuller view of her asscheeks than it ever did her not-exactly-womanhood. She always got the feeling her testicles were on the smaller side of healthy thanks to the Internet and a very occasional seeing of them in real life - she certainly played with Oscar's shaft and family jewels enough to get a realistic impression, and comparing them with Lachlan's certainly reinforced that, to the point that at a certain angle her mostly-exposed pussy and asscrack didn't seem very different from that of a regular woman. The lazily throbbing, but increasingly bigger, harder and livelier shaft between her thighs was a lot harder to ignore, but also a lot less in the open.

Alex had properly developed hips, but originally they didn't feel 'womanly', 'voluptuous' or what people would call 'birthing'. Her body entering chubby territory helped her rear end to make up for that, presenting a full, smooth and soft bottom to her best friend.

Alex' shoulders were wider than most girls, if very much slimmer than almost any boy. The softness of her upper body, especially her round and sizeable breasts, more than made up for that.

Assuming Lachlan was straight and not some variant of bisexual, the way his erection continued being hard and throbbing when looking at more or less all of her told them both he definitely saw her as a woman.

And that put yet another delaying, troublesome thought in his mind. One he immediately voiced.

- We're going to need a condom, aren't we?

Alex pushed herself up on her elbows in surprise, eyes opening wide.
- No! No, no. I... I want it to be fully... you know. My first time. I want everything to be sweet and, well... Idealized? I want to be able to feel the person taking my first time without anything... inbetween. Sorry for being silly.

Lachlan raised an eyebrow.

- Alex, you realize this is sounding pretty crazy, right?

- Yes, but... I just wanted it to go as if...

- Alex, we're both fairly... resigned and maybe a bit desperate and frustrated, but that doesn't excuse taking unnecessary risks and doing stupid crap.

- There'd be no risk! I brought morning after pills! And I never did... that, so nothing worse than a kid either!

- ... Still sounds crazy to me. Just for your own good, I'll be checking if you took that pill, and only if you promise never to complain about the extra side effects. Because this was your choice, and I don't want either of us to mess up too much.

- Yes. I swear I'm not asking you for any creepy or bad reason. I just want this to... Go as normally as it can. Not an easy thing after how much talking we did, is it?

- No. Not easy at all. But let's try doing it anyway.

Lachlan did as he said he would. Very slowly, he pressed his lower body against Alex' own, then tenderly continued to drape his erect member down towards her moist slit. With a careful, measured motion, he pressed one against the other and watched the look on her face as his shaft begun to sink inside, trying to figure out if it'd be better to try and go in slow or push it all the way inside at once and make the pain be a big short sting rather than slow ascend - he was just experienced enough to know the latter was rarely a good idea for a girl's first time. Indeed, Alex seemed more recipient to the former treatment, but she still opened her eyes wide at the sensation. Something was entering her, stretching her, then almost melting with her in an odd mix of various sensations, and that something was her best friend's most pleasurable spot on their body. Alex' pussy squeezed far tighter than she intended on reflex, momentarily making it almost impossible for Lachlan to move forwards or backwards.

- G-geez... Relax a little... If you squeeze this tight, a guy'll either get hurt or pop right away...

- It's not like I can control these muscles fully! I never practiced with... you know... something inside! And it IS my first time, so y-you try relaxing! Dang it...

Despite her words, just bantering with Lachlan actually significantly alleviated Alex' anxiety about the situation. Very slowly, her moist pussy relaxed around the invading, throbbing member and in turn got treated to the sensation of a cock throbbing in excitement and reacting with vigorous
When Lachlan begun slowly thrusting in and out, Alex was treated to a whole new feeling yet again. She did not expect to be this sensitive inside, and she could certainly describe the experience of having his sizeable member drag itself along her moist inner walls as, at the very least, pleasant, leading her gasp to turn to a moan... And for her body to twist lightly and push back into Lachlan's own. Encouraged, her friend slid himself deeper in on the next thrust, enough to bury most of his length and girth within her folds, Alex' eyes opening wide at the sudden sensation...

Then staying open at a certain realization. One Lachlan seemed to share as well.

Yes, she was moist down there. It was to be expected. She was both anticipating this all day, and was actually excited and physically aroused at that point. Nothing weird at all about that.

It's the kind of moisture down there that was slightly unexpected. She was slick. Probably just a little bit away from what some would call 'drenched'. Lachlan's thrusts were easy to pull off, and the discomfort she experienced was lesser than expected.

Her and his sensation overall was wrong. There wasn't enough of something she expected would be there. Pain, yes, but more importantly, there was no odd sticky sensation, no additional fluid getting rubbed into her own walls with his motions or simply traveling via the tightened and then relaxed spaces between her body and his.

With a look in her eyes that spoke only of worry and a deeply buried sense of wrongness she quickly glanced down towards where Lachlan's cock was pumping in and out of her pussy, a little slower and shallower now that she seemed to have a stronger reaction. But, before, he was almost balls deep, several times in fact, and that's what pushed Alex over the edge into grieving.

- T-there's no blood. And it only hurts a bit.

- Huh?

- T... there's no blood. I... held back from trying to have my first time there, held back from toys, even from fingering, I tried to do everything right, I tried to have a connection and... There's not even any proof I'm a virgin. None. Nada.

-... Alex? What's this abo...

At that point, Lachlan realized tears were forming in Alex' eyes. He stopped all movement. His first thought was that the pain intensified or that he messed up, but then his arousal subsided enough for him to actually register what she was saying.

- So long... I... I was waiting for such a long time and I can't... Why can't I even have *THAT* properly?

Lachlan could safely say he never made a girl cry for whatever reason during sex.
It was a new sort of experience and most men wouldn't really know how to treat a crying girl on the first time that happened to them.

Well, at least he knew how to act with and treat Alex.

- Hey, come on, calm down. A lot of girls don't bleed just because it's their first time, and the degree of pain is not the same either. That hymen thing is apparently not exactly how we imagine it is and that's why it can remove itself even from rigorous activity or exercise sometimes. It doesn't really matter.

- I just... I wanted it to be sp...ecial and obvious and...

- A little bit of blood doesn't make it special, and I believed you from the start, because you had no reason to lie. Just because you're not bleeding doesn't mean you have to let out something else. Like, y'know, tears.

- You ass...

- Yup. Besides, you... totally work down there, just... No reason to assume you're not slightly different than other girls on the inside, you know? Any guy you'd let to do it should be glad to be your first. Don't make a big deal of how red some of the sheets are afterwards.

- T...thanks. Did I kill your boner?

- Confused it. I think it's still working. Should we keep trying?

- I'd... like that. Sorry for testing the mood overmuch.

She felt Lachlan's palms slowly move to her thigh and hip. With her laid down on her side, he couldn't really grab onto her hips or ass for purchase, but he could gain some by placing his palms in just the way he happened to. Rather than use the potential grab to quicken his pace up, however, he begun thrusting in slowly while his digits stroked and rubbed along Alex' exposed, smooth skin. Alex definitely appreciate it. While the pain and initial discomfort of her first genuine penetration were not overwhelming by any means, they were definitely there, and now that the initial emotions of both being connected to someone and her outburst about the exact value of her virginity without a hymen to show it off, she was definitely feeling the less dreamy parts of a girl's first time getting penetrated - especially when her partner was relatively endowed - more clearly. Still, it wasn't all bad, and Lachlan's slow and incredibly carefully increasing pace was certainly making her get back into the track of things. She blushed faintly when she realized his digits were lightly digging into her asscheeks every now and then and the extra pull and bumping of their bodies were causing her soft body to sway and even jiggle lightly, around the hips and chest both.

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While strategic areas benefitted, maybe she put on just a bit too much weight. Still, Lachlan seemed to appreciate the mild amounts of extra cushion as well, at least judging from the fact his member was still completely stiff and quite energetically twitching within her folds. She never guessed she would experience such sensations from penetrative sex, but she appeared to certainly be receptive as well, feeling the way her by now even more wet sex accepted his member quite vividly and thoroughly; it was as if both her sensation and pleasure spots were consistently lightly batted with something insistent on exploring her, and her body seemed more than willing to let her feel pleasure from the sensation.
Enough to make it so her thighs coming together like this was actually necessary. If she spread them even a bit, her erection would certainly pop out from between her legs. She was actually feeling herself dripping a bit of precum before Lachlan reasonably could reach any state of leakiness. Alex could not resist getting a bit more active however, reaching back to spread her soft cheeks in order to give Lachlan better access, not to mention her hips rolling and her body gently pushing back into his, as much as her position allowed for, anyway.

- I-I expected first time to not feel so good no matter who it was with... I guess I'm relaxed enough to enjoy it. F-fuck. Keep going.

The moist folds of her pussy squeezed down hard on his member, and it was his turn to pause and gasp, gritting his teeth to hold back a stronger vocalization of pleasure. Alex's eyes widened and looked deep into his when she realized it wasn't at all just a one sided affair at this point. She was at the very least making her friend feel good the way only a woman could - arguably, at least, and that, at least, she knew was something he really needed after his oddly frustrating previous relationship.

With a warm expression on her face only lightly breaking into a half-smirk at the right side of her lips, Alex pushed back into Lachlan and held herself close for several moments, then tried working her vaginal muscles all over his cock consciously rather than by reflex alone. This time, her friend responded with a quiet little moan and with his fingers digging deep into the soft flesh of her asscheek and thigh.

It hurt a little, but not in a bad way. His hard, throbbing cock definitely hurt in a good way at this point, and the hurting wasn't even the best part of it.

- Are you trying to prove you're some sort of sex savant or just teasing me about having blue balls?

Alex couldn't help but giggle at her best friend's vocalization, but kept up the playful squeezing of her inner muscles around his entire prick.

- There's no point in only me enjoying it, is there?

- I won't last that long even if you're not trying, since... you know... So don't go overboard if you want us *both* to enjoy it. I mean... Since you're taking to it surprisingly well, and all.

Nodding in response, Alex relaxed somewhat, letting him take most of the reigns once more. After all, he knew the pace at which he could thrust in without accidents better than she did, and had more experience fucking a pussy than she had taking a cock - though given by how quickly she was taking to it, she certainly hoped she'd get the opportunity to make up for lost time. He was gentle, but also observant, or maybe he just instinctively knew her body was able to take a little more soon into the act.

Lachlan's body shook and smacked against Alex's soon enough when he begun driving his cock
home inside her accommodating pussy, just at the very brink of the more painful side of sensations
assaulting her becoming more than the background for the pleasure she experienced. The noises
prompted her to playfully reach back and smack her bottom right in front of his eyes, earning a
chuckle from them both and a much gentler swat when she pulled his palm over her rear with her
own hand. Lachlan's fingers were by now digging into and exploring her body, allowing the
hermaphrodite's pleasantly plumped-up behind to be kneaded thoroughly by masculine hands for the
first time. Occasionally, the hand holding on her thigh would release its grip, slowing down their
fucking so that Lachlan's hand could do the same with the flesh of her breast. Alex couldn't help but
shudder every time that happened, since rather than just squeeze, Lachlan bothered to note her
reaction and purposefully rubbed his thumb on her nipple and a finger on her areola every time he
did that, before, after, or both before and after an experimental questing squeeze. Her nipples were so
hard she could swear her breasts were swelling, but Lachlan's own palms were more intent on
touching her lower body instead. When they moved between her legs, she stopped him; intertwining
her fingers with his and holding on while they both used it as purchase to pump his hips into her
exposed backside and drive his cock fully inside of her pussy. She knew he meant well, but 'clitoral'
play was not exactly an option with Alex - not without her panicking about how her shaft would be
treated or how he'd react to her testicles. Several moments of passionate tug-of-sex later, she groaned
and panted for several moments before asking.

- S-slow down a little and... t-try to finish. It feels really good, but the pain's not dissipating anymore
and I'm actually g-getting sore.

- ... Think there's any way we can try having you orgasm? Or does... that not feel likely from just
that? At least today?

- I-i think we can, but I'm worn down on the vigorous fucking. Let's try a slower climb for a finish if
you're this stubborn, you ladies' men, you.

Lachlan nodded in response, staring down at Alex' own body. She stopped hiding quite as much as
she did earlier, so now he was able to admire most of her.

She did put on some weight in the last years, which softened her body up and made her look more
feminine compared to her younger, tomboy-like self. It successfully hid the fight that her hips were
just a little too narrow, and her shoulders just a little too wide, by giving her a plentiful and soft
bottom that readily swayed and bounced to his earlier, more vigorous and deep thrusting.

There were slight hints of what was between her legs. Higher up her thighs than their point of
connection, her skin was slick with something, and occasionally a glance at an angle showed very
light flashes and hints of the masculine side of her equipment, especially when it twitched between
her thighs and peaked up above them as a result. Lachlan was beginning to think even it being
completely out in his face wouldn't be cause enough for them to stop, but decided to let Alex have
this the way she wanted, especially after her outburst.

Her breasts developed the most out of her body, not at all similar to the times when she was worried
about having none or too small ones. Now, they were prominent even on her tall and sizeable body,
still growing even now that they were noticeably past average. Despite their attractiveness and
beauty, one could easily spot their growth didn't come without its own pains and problems; Alex'
body seemed to be looking for positions that supported their weight better, and her breasts mildly
lacked symmetry, the soft, malleable left tit very slightly bigger than the right one, accentuated even more by it having a slightly bigger areola and, to his eyes, a slightly shorter actual nipple.

Alex' best friend didn't exactly consider himself a breast man, but they both looked appealing and Alex seemed to find some enjoyment in having them touched. So, slowly, he leaned forward and altered the angle at which he was pumping into her own body - one that should be prone, but was swaying, wiggling and pushing itself up against him in an effort to help them both attain more pleasure - and reached a palm out again to start more thoroughly teasing her breasts.

His digits slid across her delicate skin and only gently cupped the sizeable mound, before putting a lot more focus on the spots that were particularly sensitive, both the tip of her nipple and the area right around the base of it. Lachlan's hip motions changed to instead purposefully drag his cock's engorged tip on the way in and out of Alex both, right across one of her inner walls, and doing little adjustments until he was sure he struck the most pleasurable spots he could in that position. Exertion was starting to take its toll, as did Lachlan's long period of denial, however; he was lightly sweating and panting, and Alex herself made very much similar sounds when she felt her best friend's cocktip slowly expand and engorge while his testicles' pouch appeared to tighten up so close to her body instead.

It was quite clear he was slowly getting close to his own orgasm, both from that physical reaction, and from the fact he slowed down even more and his body seemed to strain, muscles contorting, as if instincts and will were fighting for control. Alex' green and amber colored eyes stared into her friends as his plunging into her first changed to light pumping, then more to a slow, sensuous grind that seemed to focus even more on the areas he deemed sensitive than before. Lachlan was sizeable, yes, but his girth and overall size was not such that he'd either be able to blindly bump into all sensitive spots at once or completely diminish the pleasure through stretching someone as tight as Alex to the brim.

During their short but sweet romp, he managed to wear her down physically and cause a bit of hurt when they got overly enthusiastic, indeed, but he also managed to start learning what she responded to well. Alex' lips opened slightly as she stared at her best friend and watched both his own expression and the way his body responded to the physical exertion and pleasure, as well as attempts to keep his grip on both, while he pushed himself up close against her and filled her up.

Alex has not experienced it before. She did not witness a male's sexuality proper in its fullest before nor was she able to witness the effect having sex had on them in person. So far, her only remotely good relationship with a man was fairly one-sided from her own efforts sexually, and completely failed at the attempt of having proper sex. Now she was witnessing and experiencing the very culmination of both for the first time and she was realizing how much it affected her own desires and pleasure.

Her pussy was starting to quiver and drenching both his and her sex more and more. Her cock, while not actually close to an orgasm, was pulsating and dribbling precum much like as if it was being actively stimulated. Her nipples were incredibly stiff and her breasts felt much more positively sensitive than usual, and even in a passive position her body was trying to push back against the pleasurable sensations, as well as return them.
It felt like a lot of her body and mind wanted this, and compared to the times she experimented with women, she was now completely sure her pussy just plain old wanted and liked men, or cock at least, or cock attached to people she genuinely liked, better than female fingers and tongues - all this with her own thick cock not exactly complaining about the situation either.

The rest of what happened was something of a mild blur, and Alex only moments after realized why - because of the pleasure-induced light-headedness. Her cock was lurching and pulsating between her thighs as if demanding more stimuli than rubbing on her soft skin, and she was definitely leaking more than before, but ultimately the strawberry blonde blueballed herself, effectively, denying her shaft a proper climax.

As far as her pussy went, it was a different situation altogether. The rhythmic, almost pulse-like squeeze-downs and quivering, and completely uncontrollable contractions she seemed unaware of combined with the blissed-out expression on her face told both the instinct-driven part of her mind and body, as well as Lachlan himself, that she was pushed over the edge and into a climax. Lachlan himself was not really able to pause and consider whether or not it was one of those fake ones or not - the way her pussy clamped down on him repeatedly, with strength and intensity as well as motion-type he normally never felt from a girl, he was unable to hold back from his own orgasm afterwards.

Something about Alex' bodytype and physical as well as hormonal makeup just made the way her abdominal and vaginal muscles contracted that much more intense and climax-coaxing than most average girls, and when treated to that in his blueballed state, Lachlan and his cock wanted nothing more than to pain her up inside with his cum. But while he could be convinced to not wear a condom to make it special, Lachlan certainly wasn't going to be *that* risky.

Alex lay there and panted when her friend managed to pull his cock out of her with something sounding almost like a wet pop or even a squelch, and pressed his tip into the smooth skin of one of her asscheeks. Coming down from her orgasm slowly made her realize the instance she lost her virginity was about to finish, and her stiff cock protested with intense throbbing against being left on its own and unattended. Still, there was something damn sexy about the way Lachlan involved her even in a pull-out orgasm, gently pushing against her body and more stroking the top of his cock with his palm while the bottom rubbed on her skin than he just jerked off over her.

She released a stiffled gasp and watched in fascination as semen poured out of the tip of her cock. She was surprised by the amount until her brain registered how long he went without an orgasm not caused by his own hand once more. Several moments of ropes of seed splattering right into her skin, a couple more of smaller amounts drooling out and, slowly, softly, Lachlan laid down next to her - raising the hand opposite of the one he just used to jerk his cock off to an orgasm in order to brush her hair away from her face and rub her cheek and ear. He actually quickly remembered Alex' state of uniqueness and stared down, not able to hold back a little unknowing smile at the state the top side of her thighs was in, with some of her cockhead peaking out from between them.

- I, uh, I don't know how that works for you, but did you want to get that down there off? W...was what I felt at the last moment an orgasm, or is it only one if both...

- I don't understand it all myself. There's... A spill-over effect of sorts, I think. But hell yeah I came,
definitely, even if it was one side only. And... No. That... That was fine. More than fine, even. I didn't expect my first time to feel... This good. Thank you.

She leaned in up close to press her forehead against Lachlan's own, then moved in even more for a kiss. Pressing her lips against his again now that they were both relieved of the worst of their frustrations felt like a little challenge all of its own. Were they still as certain of what they did? It was a challenge to the way their relationship so far was as well. After all, they had an emotional connection, *and* they had sex. Could they move forward in that direction? Should they stick to this being a one time thing? Should they try to keep their relationship the same it was before except occasional sex?

Those questions were definitely appearing in her head when she parted her lips from Lachlan's. But, somehow, she could almost believe after what they just experienced - after what he did for her - that no matter what their choice would end up being, they'd be able to make it work.

- So, did I do good for... the sex part of things? I'm not like... super bad for a first timer, or feel way weirder than most girls, right? Did you feel good?

- ... Yeah, it didn't feel super off at all. You clench differently I guess, but not it a bad way. I definitely feel... Satisfied. Physically. Heck, I'd say you might have a knack for sex of some sorts.

- Te-hee~! That's what I like to hear. I guess we'll both walk away glad we did it after all, won't we? I'm suuuuper happy right now.

Lachlan gently removed his palm from her cheek, leaning in to kiss it as he pushed himself up on his elbows. He looked at the wall, concerned, or maybe a little ashamed.

- I mean, I definitely don't *regret* it, especially with you feeling so happy. It's just that... The more I think about it and the less clouded my mind is, the more it feels kind of... Out of place. Not right. Not like, major not right, just kind of... Off. Like diddling a cousin, or kissing a sister.

For the second time that day, Alex, for a few moments, was not fully aware of what happened, and then realized it and went with it anyway.

First time was that satisfying orgasm moments earlier, and Lachlan cumming all over her.

First time was caused by pleasure.

Not the second time, though. Maybe subconsciously, she knew why it went that way, what kind of button was pressed to push her into such a strong emotional response, but she'd only be able to regret it later, if at all.

The second time that day it happened to Alex, it happened because she saw red.
Act 3: Siblings' Conquests - Conquest or Purchase

Chapter Summary

What encounters with others one can be proud in or ashamed of? What can one learn from doing something one's not proud of?

Sitting down in front of one another with a small number of documents in hand each probably wasn't the way people generally finished something that was supposed to be recognized as a 'date', nor was it the way they wanted it to finish, but in this case it was merely part of what was the prelude to the main play, and something Alex was capable of accepting as vital and, most of all, necessary.

- Well, it does seem everything you said checks out, and you did even go so far to repeat the tests before we arranged this, so there's no reason for me to hold any suspicions... Except mild ones about just how happy you were to ditch the initial part of the process. Des gustibus non est disputandum, and all that, sometimes standards of beauty kick us harder than usual, but frankly it'd be uncommon for someone of your looks and age to seem so... eager to proceed.

- Desperate?

- Your words, not mine, miss.

- I have my reasons, ones you'll be unable to miss once we get into things. Anyway, age checks and health status checks, same on your end, we've already went through the part that'd make it 'legal', so now we have to get over everything which will make it safe, sane, and consensual, right?

The man raised his eyebrows. Thanks to looking into the document in front of her, she was now aware what his true name was, but since they came to the hotel they seemed to eschew using names entirely.

- You don't seem like a particular prude or a particularly kinky one... What is it that you think needs discussing? Any... unusual limit I should know of?

- Actually it's more about your limits. And it's not because I think I'm particularly kinky, but because of how my body is like.

It was certainly an unusual way to deal with her own thirst for experiences, and an unusual way to deal with the stress she accumulated, too. Ander, or rather Daniel Nestor as his documents have claimed, was around five years older than herself. He wasn't particularly close to or far from her type, with mildly tan skin and dark brown hair along with a shade of facial hair that apparently was meant to give him a rugged look. Latino and Caucasian features melding into a whole quite appropriate for the warm climate, but still just exotic enough to make him popular with the ladies that were a little
bored of slightly more 'common' types of looks.

Alex might've been just barely aware of a difference between prostitute and escort prior to this talk, but the whole exchange made her quite assured the difference was pretty cosmetic once nothing but clothes and lights in the room separated the 'consumer' from the 'provider'. Regardless of the gender of prostitute, or 'escort', in question.

Ever since she spend a night with Lachlan, things were... amiss. Despite their thorough determination that it would not, something - his words and her outburst to them, she'd remind herself - about that night damaged their friendship; in fact, it damaged the very perception of sex for her. She wanted quality more than quantity, and she needed to know what gave that night that special feeling she experienced. She thought gender might have something to do with it after all, and she knew someone who was in this sort of business was likely to have the sexual experience to truly give her pleasure, but what she didn't know was whether or not that'd be enough.

Other than semi-serious distancing from Lachlan, her annoyance was added on top of her stress. Alex might've not had any particularly jaded or malevolent intent when her sibling finally visited with some friends, but even with how little contact she managed to get herself to have with his 'party', Gary's girlfriend apparent somehow made her tick. It wasn't even possible for her to explain it; Alex did not like Susan. And, likely because she might've sensed herself not being liked, Susan did not appear to particularly try to get along with Alex.

Which, of course, made Alex dislike the other woman more.

She dressed conservatively during her short meetings with her sibling and his friends gained through Canadian education under their uncle's watchful eye, if only to pass herself as what she believed she was actually somewhat managing - over her youthful infatuation with her brother, that is, and uninterested in bringing it up - but even with that she managed a quiet clash of personalities with practically everyone who was over, including Gary and his girlfriend. She just evacuated out of there as often as she could and effectively spent less time in the guest's presence than her mother, which already said something given how Alice's amount of maternal care and interest seemed incapable of increasing no matter how much she was denied contact with her children.

And then she had to buy new underwear. She outgrew several of her older ones, and even some of the new ones.

She was worried she was getting hooked on sex, but she wanted the kind that would actually satisfy
her. So here she was, hiring a whore, essentially. A manwhore, to be exact.

She realized that she was about to expose herself to a male prostitute. That thought somehow was both mildly disturbing and arousing. She couldn't just lift a skirt or a dress the way she normally would be able to do it, however, the relatively cold weather during this time of the year keeping her more interested in wearing clothes that actually provided some warmth. So she did the next best thing; pulled her blouse a little up, shifted her hips to push up and towards the man, and slowly, carefully, guided his palm towards her groin.

Thankfully the pace at which the male side of her genitals was growing ended up nowhere near as quick as her other, 'secondary sex characteristics' or as some would call them 'female assets', seemed to be catching up to what they missed during early puberty, but fact remained Alex was big; around eighteen centimetres long when erect and rather thick for that length, too. Any angling or mess-up within her pants could make her member visible if it was at least semi-erect, and it was so now; that's the reason for which she wore longer coats, tops, blouses, and so on during winter periods when she preferred pants to skirts.

Daniel's, or as his job would have it, rather, 'Ander's', facial expression for a moment seemed priceless. She was certainly sure she'd avoid a punching this time because of the nature of the meeting, but she was still quite aware he was free to refuse 'providing further services'.

- Oh gosh... Let me just say whoever got you through your treatments and operations was absolutely brilliant. I don't think there's any way to tell...

- I'm sure you're trying to be courteous here, but my situation's a little more complicated than that. I'm not a transsexual. I'm possibly the world's most functional intersex.

- Inters...ex? That means some tissue from both or something like that, right?

- In my case, almost all imaginable tissue from both. And all of it rather, uh... 'functional'.

That gave him pause, momentarily, but he quickly recomposed himself. Apparently he wasn't completely squicked out by his initial thought that Alex was a transsexual, and even less so when he learned there might've been a working vagina in the mix.

- I see. I realize you didn't intend to deceive me or anything of the sort, but I still only allow myself to be 'hired' by women for these sorts of... meetings. I guess you could say not doing it with men is still a point of honor to me.

That stirred her temper up a bit, and her eyebrow twitched.

- And what does that mean, exactly?

- It means I'll have to see the... state there to be sure how fine I am with giving oral attentions, and I'll have to remind you pegging's not in my offer.

- It means I don't get a go at your ass no matter the price. Some courteous assumptions you have.
- I merely wish to not disappoint.

- Sorry, I'm in... a dreadful mood lately. Stressed. Which is exactly why I'm getting myself into this. But you're basically not saying 'no' if you could do the same thing with a healthy woman, and the only confirmation you need is actually seeing my junk, is it?

- Pretty much, yes.

- Okay. I guess I would've needed to take my clothes off for the act itself anyway, and worst case scenario I'm flashing a man who asked for it with nothing coming out of it. Somehow I'll be able to live with that.

She made sure not to accidentally undress herself fully. A guy who wouldn't be able to handle her bottom didn't exactly deserve to be ogling her top, she reminded herself.

["Except maybe sweethearts like Oscar."]

Instead, she only pulled on her bottoms and panties until her genitals were out there in the open. Her member was of course the more prominent one, which Alex was well aware would always immediately feed into the suspicions she didn't have a vagina; her testicles were small but healthily sized, after all, so generally they'd hide away what was behind them except at some angles, most of them impossible to catch when staring from above or even looking at her when she stood up and the observer was comfortably seated on furniture.

She was only a little stiffened up, not even semi-erect, but her shaft was engorged enough to almost match a cock on the smaller side of averages. Tilting her body backwards and spreading her legs out a little, she reached between her legs to lift her shaft a bit more along with her testicles. As such, her pussy lips became more visible and clearly indicated their presence to the male escort, with Ander staring with surprise and curiosity, if not fascination, even. He ended up sliding off his seat and crouching close to her.

- It's my first time ever seeing anything like this. Does it... get wet on its own?

- Nobody I had sex with mentioned anything weird about how the getting ready for it part goes. If I'm excited and anticipate something it moistens up, yeah.

- Hmmm. The clitoris? No jokes, I can find it myself all the time.

- I get more nerve endings at the top of my pussy lips and the back of my balls. Something about the penis and the clitoris coming from the same initial tissues and blah blah blah. Didn't have enough of that to get the *fully* complete set, but touching around the area where it'd normally be will have a similar effect.

- I see. Well, I was worried when you described your state, Miss, but frankly it all looks quite fine. Perfectly healthy, even. There's nothing... discouraging or distasteful.

- So both sex and oral sex are fine? And you won't be... performance lacking due to feeling disturbed by my extra parts?
Tongue inside the woman-parts is acceptable. Tonguing where your clit would be should be fine. I'll consider oral on the other part but if it'll be on the table, it will cost extra. And no, the presence of it nor its reactions won't really bother me.

Alex raised an eyebrow.

- I thought you said it could be a dealbreaker and that you don't like men.

- No, no. I said not getting into arrangements where men pay me for sex is a point of honor for me. True, there's very few men who interest me in that way and I have yet to found one that I wouldn't mind bottoming for, but I'd say I'm past zero on the Kinsey scale. Heteroflexible, if you will.

- Ah. That type. Well, I'm not interested in exploring the male side of things just yet, but if you're fine with it being there I'd welcome a gentle touch, too. Unless that's extra as well.

It wasn't difficult to ponder about something else as well, even if Alex wasn't going to judge a stranger based on one line, and she has not exactly intended to befriend this 'Ander' after paying him for sex, so it's not like his point of view affected her.

The thought momentarily appeared even so.

["How is being hired by a woman for companionship or sex that much different from getting the same from a man if you don't mind having sex with either? How's that a point of 'honor'?"]

He ended up answering without pretty much a stutter, however.

- Not a big difference from clitoral stimulation during the biblical act, I'd say. So no. That's free. Anything else on and off the table? Nipples too sensitive to bite or pinch or even quickly lick? Finger in the butt, or are we censoring the anuses altogether? Spanking, biting, cock slapping, names?

- I, uhhh... I'm not that experienced. I don't know which of those are completely off the table. Play it safe? I like my nipples touched but unsure about rough, I never explored my ass and don't want to here yet to be honest, and if you really, really, really feel like the spank or bite would flow well, do it, I'll complain if I hate it.

- Excellent. I can accept your terms on the agreed upon price, then. Shall we get fully naked or go through the process slowly while starting things off?

- Naked. Definitely. And you strip first.

Apparently the male escort was willing to accommodate, although he did it with a cocky smirk that she found mildly annoying, as if he was thinking about how much lust he was inspiring despite having inspired very little as of yet in practice. True, her behavior might've suggested a level of 'thirst' and desperation, but still, something did not quite yet 'tick' with this man in front of her that got working more easily with Lachlan before.

Obviously, when naked, Ander was extremely physically attractive by the average standard. His
body was more sculpted than trained; obviously he put more than a decent amount of effort into physical exercise, but exercises crafted specifically to make him look chiselled and attractive. His rather tan skin stretched tautly over his sculpted abomen and moved lower to fairly long, slim but fit legs and a sizeable, if still almost entirely soft member.

Of course, he leaned, almost posed. It was subtle, but it was there, making any viewer pay attention to first his chest, then abdomen, then that lightly swaying member.

The sight was enough to finally rouse some light excitement out of Alex, but not enough that she'd be ready to take his cock in right away - especially if his size when soft was anything to go by. Alex watched him for several moments before starting to undress the top part of her clothes herself. For a moment she felt slightly uncertain about revealing her body again, all of its good points, but even more so, all of its bad points, imperfections, blemishes and what it was lacking. She was nowhere near as well-shaped and fit as her partner, after all - but with but a moment's hesitation she then realized she shouldn't be, and had no reason to be ashamed. She was paying for this after all.

She tossed her clothes and bra on the nearest piece of furniture. It was a boost of confidence at least to see Ander's own member twitch and stiffen at the sight of her breasts, although she herself was also getting steadily harder and moister between her legs.

With the same slightly cocky smile as before, Ander put his palm on his shaft, and gave it a few light sways, squeezes, pumps and tugs to encourage it to grow even bigger and harder. He was more than semi-erect now, and Alex was growing convinced that his might end up being biggest cock she saw so far in her life outside of maybe some odd porn video. She doubted he'd be much bigger than Lachlan, though, and even then it could've been he was more of a shower than a grower.

- So, everything's to your satisfaction and comfort so far, miss? Are we going to go through with that little deal, then?

- Yes, yes. It's all way too complicated for me but I'm up for the original 'deal' for sure. Even extras if I feel like it. Now, uh, we'll be getting it done fairly normally, so I guess we'll better finish making me ready and get to it.

- Ah, so unused to this size you'd rather be on the safe side, are we? Fine, let's lay our young miss down and get her prepared for some serious cock.

Alex decided to just keep quiet about the fact he wasn't fully hard yet and that she likely had fun with comparable cocks already and instead just did as asked. Ander was definitely physically attractive enough to be an exciting partner to have sex with, but something mildly felt amiss, and that stopped her from growing fully wet - or fully hard, for that matter - at the same pace she managed to with Lachlan when they had their own fun.

Maybe it was stress, or thinking about her friend too much. They did end up fighting because of him claiming the whole thing felt wrong, and part of her was worried it was because of what he compared his feeling to when he said that.
With Alex on her back now, her breasts mildly splayed out to the sides. Her cock was not stiff enough yet to fully support itself on its own, so instead it laid mildly on her thigh pointing up towards her hip and stomach. She spread her legs wider and lightly arched her hips upwards to give easier access to her pussy without actually having to push anything up with her own fingers. Ander looked over at her prone form laying there, and although his cock mildly twitched it didn't harden anymore - perhaps this was just too routine for him to be of much excitement anymore. Nevertheless the somewhat olive-skinned man - older than her but still young by any other stretch of thought - did quickly follow through on their agreement, placing his face between her thighs and using one hand to slowly push up her semi-erect member and testicles. Holding back a comment on her state - likely simply because he wasn't certain if he should tease her about getting 'hard' so quickly, ponder how hard she could get with her bodily status, or do some other weird thing overly cocky sex-workers might say and do in such a situation - he focused two fingers on the underside of her testicles and started moving them in a gentle rub, clearly remembering her notion about a clit. Alex gasped lightly from the pleasure, then did so again when his wet tongue started tracing the lips of her pussy. He was still teasing her, clearly, moving it along barely sensitive areas then dipping very quickly into spots that had more sensitivity to pleasure, only to go back and further tease her around with his tongue. His fingers seemed to specifically be avoiding the original spot he touched on the area where her twin sexes conjoined, only barely tracing around its ridges.

The fact it was clearly intentional became obvious when he suddenly focused all of his attentions on that exact sensitive spot and then sprawled his tongue out wide then slid it right up her pussy, both covering her passage with his saliva and causing natural lubrication to flow out more than before. The touch on where her clitoris would normally be both caused a shiver to pass along her lower body, muscles contracting and balls almost shrinking for a moment while her cock throbbed more powerfully than before and reached its full size. Alex did not obsess over the specific size of her cock, but she knew he had a decent one compared to the average; while slowing down with the growth and seeming close to reaching the biggest it'd ever be, she at the very least passed the eighteen centimetres mark, making her shaft amongst the biggest she ever touched.

Even the male escort seemed impressed when he felt just how much was his palm pushing up to get to her pussy, but the look of shock in his eyes was quickly replaced by one of his usual confidence when he felt her pussy moisten up from his simultaneously experimental and experienced touches. He clearly wasn't completely sure how Alex worked, but he knew how to treat a woman in terms of pleasure and preparation and could get to a pretty decent result based purely on that and what she said.

She was mildly surprised at his next action considering it was not part of any deal nor was suggested at all before, since the escort suddenly slid his body on top of the bed, swung one leg over her prone form and head and tapped her breast and chin with his by now more than semi-erect member.

- *You have me at a disadvantage here... Let's get me ready as well and we can then move on to what the young lady desires, hmm?*

Alex barely kept herself back from snarling with irritation. There was a cock in her face, as opposed
to where she intended it to be - roughly at the opposite end of her body, though not exactly so - and her partner was getting more self-assured and cocky by the minute. He pretty much told her oral sex on her had to be something they agree on and suggested she'd only get a blowjob if he was 'up to it' and she paid extra, but treated her touching his dick with her breasts and mouth as if it was completely natural.

Equally irritating was the fact that seeing his somewhat large testicles and taut buttocks attached to narrower, masculine hips caused her own cock to lurch up a bit and rub on his cheek in obvious sexual arousal. Apparently her dick was equally capable of going haywire for male equipment or male asses as it was capable of working next to girls.

Alex leaned in and begun with a tender kiss to the back of Ander's sack, trying to bring feeling of some tenderness and intimacy into it almost by instinct. With a satisfied huff when he felt his stiff cock rub on her large, smooth-skinned breasts and sensitive nipples and areolas the man pushed her dick out of the way and immediately slid his face further below to her pussy, starting to lick at its outside again and slowly move down towards the bottom of her slit. He was much less teasing now, occasionally poking his tonguetip inside in order to more properly push his saliva into her, moisten her up and feel her insides, but his hand only tenderly rubbed the man-like part of her sexual organs, not giving it enough pleasure quite yet for Alex to see it as significantly distracting. Slowly, she pulled further down herself and begun licking the tip of his dick, then the sides, then finally further below with her soft lips just pressed against the slit at the tip, and her tongue tracing down below and marking progress with a shiny coat of drool.

He was fully hard now, which is why she hesitated with putting him inside her mouth for a few more moments, but eventually pushed her lips further forward and opened wider than before. Holding the tip of his dick within her mouth, she playfully slapped the exposed tip with her tongue while building up suction sure to wake up the nerves of one of the most sensitive areas on a man's body. Alex noticed three distinct things about Ander's own cock. First of all, it seemed like he was circumcised, with barely any foreskin to speak of, leaving his cock in the open - something she was unused to. His size was truly impressive; it felt like he was as long as Lachlan, so probably just barely under twenty centimetres long, and as thick as her own cock, combining together the biggest length and girth she ever saw on a dick in real life. Of course, unlike him, Lachlan was likely still physically growing, so she smirked around the dick in her mouth at the thought of her partner getting this cocky too early.

She didn't have too much experience with sucking a cock nor with circumcised shafts, having only given a blowjob a few times in her life - only Oscar got the treatment semi-regularly and only he got a repeat of it, ever. Still, having a reasonably similar shaft herself, Alex knew both by experience and by instinct what might've felt good and she seemed to be going toe to toe with the male escort on how many stifled, pleasured noises they managed to get out of one another.

Without her input on the matter, Ander suddenly switched positions and sat down on the bed, under her waist and between her thighs.

- Mhm, you were right. You do work just well enough down there to do it. A little bit of tongue and drool and you can even handle a decent cock in there, I bet. Did you get so good with your mouth because you were worried how people react to your dick or because you usually don't moisten up quickly enough?
Alex barely held back another roll of her eyes or sigh. If she had a subtler reaction, Ander missed it; he was busy putting a condom on to avoid any unnecessary risks. For Alex, it'd be hard to explain to him that she pretty much took a prostitute - or rather, an 'escort' - for her second 'biblical' time ever. Even harder to explain that she didn't really give many blowjobs, and the hardest part to explain would be telling him she actually gets wet much easier than she did with him at times - because that might require trampling his ego.

- Let's not focus on my sexual past and instead get into the here and now.
- Fair enough. Hope your pussy can handle all of this without going all spoiled and slack for a long time... let's give it a moment to adjust, shall we?

This time, finally, Ander shut up and pushed his cock inside of her while carefully observing what the penetration seemed to be doing to her. He slowed down when he felt just how tight she was and when he noticed initial discomfort, then again when he realized how efficient her inner muscles were and how much they clamped on his cock, actually causing a shudder in the seemingly experienced manwhore. Still, he did take steps to help her relax rather than just impale her young body on his sizeable dick, not only rubbing his thumb on the area he identified as being as close to a clitoris as she had, right on the underside of her sack and above her pussy lips, but also grabbing her cock properly this time and starting to stroke it.

This surprised him again, how hard, responsive, and sensitive her shaft was to the touch, and how much it filled his hand. Clearly a little confused by the conflicting sensations of being buried deeper and deeper inside a tight, well-squeezing pussy while having an unusual but perfectly healthy cock in his hands, Ander paused again for a longer moment, and she could swear she felt his personal record-breaking member deflate the slightest bit within the folds of her pussy.

Just when she was ready to think back to her attempt with Oscar, the man leaned in, starting to stroke her dick off while also placing a palm on one breast and his lips on the other. The immediate reassurance he was fucking a completely biological, healthy and well-endowed woman combined with the sensation of her pussy reacting to the new sensations and clamping down on him again, quivering repeatedly had his ever so slightly flagging stiffness return with full force.

She arched her back and pushed her hips out into him, enough to smear his taut, well-muscled abdomen with her cocktip while he stroked her off and managed to ease ever more of his meaty shaft inside of her. Not being a virgin anymore and having experimented with fingers since, Alex didn't feel as much pain as she was initially worried she would because of his girth, and instead was quickly growing to feel more and more pleasurable as her cock throbbed in his palm and against his stomach, lightly adorning the skin over his well-defined abs with the first beads of her precum.

Her nipples stiffened even more than before, now that his palms and lips were teasing and cupping them while also indulging his own desires, and her pussy's lubricant flew a little more easily again, causing a small squishing noise from where their hips were joined. She was starting to breathe a little more heavily and becoming more consciously aware of the hard dick that was pumping in and out of her, now at last almost going balls deep inside of her, the stretching causing her whole body to shudder and for her to release a little groan. Squeezing down on his shoulders with her palms, she indicated he should slow down, but instead he just altered the angle of his thrusts first and pace second; seeking out the spots that caused her reaction to be based purely on pleasure and with
minimal pain, if at all. Alex quickly realized his size and cockiness were not just for show, causing her fingers to clench and toes to curl as he continued bumping into the more sensitive part of her inner canal, the walls of her pussy relaxing and going slack for a moment only to begin gripping at and wringing the thick cock pounding into them. Soon after, it was the male escort's turn to give a heavy, pleased sigh and a half-stifled noise of pleasure that emitted through her soft, squishy but sensitive breast, her only confirmation he was holding back on his own satisfaction or showing it.

Very slowly, the male escort pulled out and away from her breasts, then slowly dragged his thick cock out from her pussy, still teasing and very gently grinding along her inner walls on the way out, continuously stroking her cock with a grip that oddly accurately matched her own strength of masturbating; perhaps he was going slightly less tight and fast than he would with his own dick on the account of her being a lady.

- Let's do it from behind. - Ander suggested, though she had the distinct impression it was not entirely for her sake.

Maybe he was playing it easy and trying to not get excited too much. Alex strongly pondered doing the opposite of what he asked for and tackling him to the ground just to punish him for his earlier cockiness, but as she was feeling good and was curious about whether or not she'd actually be hard to 'handle' for an experienced gigolo / escort/ 'manwhore' even on his terms, she slowly pushed herself up on her hands and knees and stuck her rear out towards him. Moving his palms down, he tried kneading and squeezing her asscheeks before parting them, as if it was another way of teasing her with the promise of excitement and pleasure, but she hasn't reacted as much as she did earlier when he touched her breasts. She wasn't sure if he noticed her body was not a proper hourglass because of her hips being mildly on the narrower side, but he seemed to appreciate how soft and sizeable her cheeks were, all up until the point where he started burying his condom-covered cock back within her wet folds.

With a sigh, Alex pushed back against him and gave him the show of his moistened erection quickly disappearing in the slit underneath the asscheeks he seemed to be having some fun with, prompting a quiet gasp of his own in turn. Not wanting to be outdone despite being the one in the lead, the male escort leaned over her body and quickly resumed the thrusting motions of his hips, this time directly aimed at the area he already found out was more sensitive than the rest of her pussy; he'd be hitting there anyway due to his sheer girth, likely, but a focused assault was bringing Alex much closer to the edge much faster than just that. His hands both moved between her legs; one clenching her cock and stroking her off while the other moved a little past that and, with slow, disciplined motions rubbed her upper pussy lips and the back of her balls to overwhelm her with pleasure. It was clear he tossed out his initial plan to tease her and was now instead using everything he knew about her body and women's bodies in general to get her off.

Alex shuddered at the intensity which caught her completely off-guard compared to his more measured teasing and pleasing earlier on, but her hips instinctively pushed back into his again and again, soft asscheeks smacked with taut abdomen and narrow hips as they continued pushing his cock inside of her just deep enough for the stretching and spearing to ever-so-barely hurt while overwhelming her with the more positive side to her sensations. Alex' body shook all over from the assault and she released several loud moans in a row, her pussy and abdominal muscles clenching and unclenching while she felt something not dissimilar to what she experienced with Lachlan and
while masturbating, only less intense.

She had no idea about how varied orgasms could be in intensity and wasn't in the frame of mind to really consider if her pussy climaxed over the overconfident, hung escort's dick or not, but he seemed to realize he was really pushing her towards intense pleasure and whispered some stuff in her ear that initially made no sense, but at least brought a modicum of a sense of intimacy back, enough to cause Alex' hips to resume bumping back into the relative stranger's at full strength and then let her slowly focus on what he was actually saying.

- Yeah, there you go, let your pussy leak all over that dick. You really like it, don't you? A girl like you wouldn't get such big high quality cock easily, so I bet you love it. Best you ever had, isn't it? And that's how a real man rubs a pussy and jerks a cock, not like those squirming half-virgins and nerds you convinced to...

... After some consideration, Alex decided against listening to his cocky spiel once more. Instead, she focused on the sheer sensation of having someone breathe in her ear like that and take her from behind, and her mind flashed with several images of her previous experiences, ones she deemed exciting or intimate. She couldn't hold back from imagining some scenes and scenarios she knew she shouldn't be indulging in at this point; she was too close to climax to care.

Ander was already edging close to an orgasm and using his breadth and width of experience to stave off his climax in favor of pounding Alex from behind even longer. He himself was surprised at the sensations her pussy could bring to a man's shaft when properly excited and honestly didn't expect her to be such a problem to handle. But now he had her right where he wanted her and where all women wanted to be, squirming at the end of his cock and surrendering to the pleasure he could provide when they gave their bodies over to him.

Several minutes after, he managed to get her where he knew his clients really needed to get in order for him to maintain his income and his good name. To a loud and noticeable orgasm. Alex didn't just squeeze and clamp down on him more tightly, thoroughly, and intensely than most women he had the pleasure of fucking - comparable only to a few bodybuilder and fitness maniac types, really, despite the amount of chubbiness on her form - but he also got the experience of feeling a large cock attached to such a feminine body squirt out a pretty tremendous load under his stroking. She shuddered and shouted something incoherent, her load pumping out on top of the bedsheets while her pussy covered his cock with moisture.

The former seemed slightly more watered down than most sperm he had experience with, but more copious, while the latter felt ever so slightly thicker and stickier than usual lubricant - if less noticeable in difference compared to her 'cum proper'. With a soaked and genuinely sticky pussy clinging to his dick like that, he was glad she was already riding off her orgasm - otherwise he'd be in trouble when it came to holding back. And once he managed to pound her through that climax, he needed to make a quick decision on how he was going to end the act in a manner pleasurable but not overwhelming to the client.
Very slowly and tenderly, he pulled the not-yet-filled condom off of his twitching, throbbing member. He was already very much on edge, trying to be careful to not accidentally push himself into a surprise or semi-ruined orgasm with too intense accidental stimulation of his member. He made sure the moisture from Alex' pussy ended up wiping on his cock's underside while he spit on the tip before tossing the condom onto the nightstand, then gently pushing Alex from her side onto her back and straddling her.

His erect cock ended up sliding right between her soft, sizeable breasts, a little too big to be properly buried within them, but she certainly had enough for the pretense of titfucking to seem like an alluring idea. Grasping her soft mounds and rubbing her nipples with his digits, he begun to bounce Alex' breasts against his erection while doing small plunging and grinding motions with his hips to satisfy his own desire and reach climax while still provoking something he noticed in her earlier.

"You liked having your tits played with, didn't you? Well, let's see... How you like... having them FUCKED and coated... Hah..."

Alex blinked several times now that the pleasant haze of her climax finally was drifting off from her mind. She did end up using her breasts quite frequently during her relationship with Oscar, especially later on that they've grown even bigger, but usually she was the one in full control and moving them. Ander's attempt to do it instead wasn't really barbaric or anything - in fact, he was still showing off his expertise by teasing her nipples and mounds just the proper amount and making the movement of his wet cock between her breasts a sensuous slow pumping and gyrating rather than actual hard banging, but somehow, while physically titillating, mentally the whole thing felt... dissatisfying. Displeasing, even. In fact, even with her just having one small vaginal orgasm and a combination of a stronger female climax with simultaneous ejaculation, her emotional desires did not feel like they were being met anywhere near close to the extent they were with Lachlan, and he was years of experience behind the male escort.

Still, the sensations were pleasant. Even when Ander finally tossed his head back and started erupting, shooting up to her neck then slowly drawing back to stroke his cock all over her breasts, the sensation of semen coating a sexual and erotically sensitive part of her body was not all that displeasing at all, and yet, Alex' shudder was not purely one of pleasure.

Something was amiss, and it wasn't just the fact her erection didn't subside. Even the escort's rather funny reaction of bouncing forward and sliding off of her almost in panic when he tried withdrawing with a smirk on his face and ended up having his asscheek pressed together with her wet shaft didn't fill that particular little void...

... Which meant she had to figure out if it was even possible to do with this man after all.
It was a somewhat rare occasion for him, to be honest. Yes, they dated, yes, they were definitely very much a couple, but perhaps it was exactly things like this some people missed in longer term relationships. The intensity and effort they've put in when the relationship itself was still a novelty.

As such, it was indeed a novelty for Gary to walk down the street, the neons on the other side of it just dim enough to not truly irritate his over-sensitive, albinic eyes. Or rather, it was a novelty to do it dressed up smartly, in a suit with a tie and everything in its place.

It was a novelty seeing Susan with a little handbag, in a fancyish dress and with a little bit more noticeable makeup than usual as well right at the entrance to a place where meals were just a little too expensive for what they consisted of for a student to consider this place a good spot to eat at.

Keyword being 'a little'. They were treating themselves, not trying to become bankrupt.

- Oh my, such a handsome gentleman. Could you please help me out? Somehow I've ended up dressing myself up perfectly for a place such as this and setting aside time as if I planned to spend a pleasant evening, but I forgot to bring an appropriate date. Perhaps you know someone or would be willing to sacrifice yourself?

Gary snickered at Susan's words, especially as her little act seemed to increasingly be breaking apart into a smiling expression and a broken-up excessively high tone of voice at the end.

- You look great, but I don't remember us agreeing we're roleplaying strangers.

- Dang. I had my whole seductive but high-class persona all made up and ready.

- I wouldn't know how to counter that. Maybe I'd just act the gold-hearted but slightly jerk-like brute. Or the naive wide-eyed freshman.

- That's unfair, those are both way too close to your usual personality! It doesn't count as roleplaying if that's the case!

Gary playfully bumped his girlfriend on the shoulder before extending his arm so she could intertwine her own with his and walk into the restaurant together, as a couple.

- We'll end up ordering something of the simple sort of taste and vaguely Italian again, won't we?

- It's not my fault neither of us can handle spicy for too long and sweet feels... Wrong and not nutritious half the time, Gary.

- Well, maybe this time we'll spend more time studying the menu.

- Yeah, you do that, I'll be studying the cute boy in a tux sitting at the same table.

- You already got a passing grade on Gary anatomy.
- Oh my, such boldness in public. There, let's sit down and study your... menus.

- My menus are the thing you should not be studying in public. Let's get the restaurants instead.

- Gasp. Outrage. My purity has been forever spoiled.

- Or was it mine?

- It was probably yours, actually.

Sitting down at the same table, Alex and Gary ended up indeed taking their time with the menus. There was no hurry, after all; on this particular night, clients were few, waiters fewer, and as such they just left it to the clientele to call upon a waiter when they were ready. Perhaps outrageous for the ones too intent on spending their money on food, but very convenient to a couple that wanted to take their time. Especially when Susan leaned in and gave Gary a smooch on his cheek.

- Thank you for... humoring me. I promise this will be rare. I just think we never really got through that... dating process, since it wasn't our style, so doing it very occasionally every now and again now can instead be fun and beneficial.

- Learning how to date for your next mark?

- Indeed, I plan to break up with you dramatically only to hook up with that only albino boy in my university's department. Imagine the scandal!

- My heart's shattered.

- Seriously, though, there's nothing wrong with knowing how to date, is there? I don't *plan* to make use of the experience, I merely wish to have the experience. Dress up pretty, eat nice food, flirt, maybe spend a very impulse-caused evening together.

- We did it this morning.

- A day started well and ended well is often a good day indeed!

Susan and Gary shared a little laugh before staring at one another across the table, before leaning in close to one another for one more kiss, this time done together and right on the lips. Then, they looked back down at the menus. Susan was the one to suggest something first.

- Not a lot of countries have meat broth soups as a national dish, and I'm pretty sure Italy's not one of them, so we could dodge the bullet on that one while still getting something pretty delicious in a simple way.

- Yeah, that's one option. It tends to be thought of as healthy or boosting one's immune system too. I think the most popular variants are Scottish, Polish, Portuguese, Spanish, and variants from the countries that speak Spanish and Portuguese in Southern America. So yup, We're definitely dodging the Italian mafia here.

- Great, but... It's cheap, isn't it? We were supposed to be treating ourselves.

- Let's take smaller portions and fill up the rest of the bill with something expensive, then.
- Such as?

- We rarely even eat fish let alone 'sea fruit'. Let's order one of the frutti di mare things. They're semi-expensive, usually slightly overdone to provoke better tastes than they'd naturally have, and with plenty of essential fatty acids.

- Pouring it together with the meat broth soup, we're going to be so thicc eating like that every now and again.

-... Did you really just say thicc?

-... Yes. I lied. I'm not really Susan. I'm that girl in the back always staring at you and I just took over her body.

- The back row's full of guys.

- I love that you're both nerdy and observant enough to know and remember that. But, I think that's a nice idea, with the meal Very dependable, my Gary is. Ho-ho~!. Let's order up!

Alex couldn't help laughing a little at Ander's almost panicked reaction, before giving a deep sigh. She still felt his cum all over her breasts, but she held back some of the instincts fighting within her when it came to its presence. She could've tasted it or she could've reacted with revulsion, but neither would be the full truth.

- Ah, uh... You're still hard? Is that... Normal for you?

Alex giggled again.

- Why, is it normal for you to lose all rigidity when you're done? You said it yourself. I enjoyed having my breasts played with and touched, but rather than finish by yourself, you tried teasing me by going for them. So my excitement is not properly... relieved.

The male escort pursed his lips to the side and seemed to ponder heavily, with just the mild look of discomfort on his face. It was clear what the reason was.

- Well, I'm not going to be able to... perform again immediately.

- Of course not. That's the privilege of ladies, total horndogs, and the hormonally overcharged youths. But that means you haven't done your job properly because you messed up at the end, is it not? So now, you'll have to finish it even when not performing.
Alex felt like she was slowly beginning to understand some of the circumstances of what was happening. Her first sexual experience with a man has actually lead her to an orgasm, but only once and only from one of her sexes. It was incredibly emotionally fulfilling and pleasant on a mental level, up until the point where the communication afterwards happened.

Here, her body was granted pleasure and relief at the hands of a lover clearly more experienced and very mildly more equipped than her best friend. She climaxed, more than once, no matter how one would've counted. And yet, her satisfaction was lacking somewhere not exactly in the physical realm of things. Maybe Ander was just not able to deal with a certain type of woman, or maybe coupling her with the escort simply lead to the pairing lacking something important her and Lachlan had, or at least almost managed to create and have.

The solution was obvious and simple. If she wasn't going to receive satisfaction, she needed to take it.

- What are you sugg...

- Get on your knees and do it with your mouth. Simple.

- But...

- I'll pay. Do it.

Alex shifted over to place her shaft hanging mostly-erect right above the floor at the perfect height for a kneeling person to reach with their lips or hands.

'Ander' seemed a little hesitant to follow through on Alex' request, but he did end up kneeling in front of her. The younger woman wasted no time in returning his own gesture from earlier, although in reverse, pushing her hips out until the underside of her cock rubbed across his face and then slowly sliding her still slightly leaking cocktip along the bottom half of his forehead, the side of his nose, his cheek - almost under his eye - and then along the corner of his mouth. Her expression was slowly changing into a slight but calmly confident smile, while her cock hardened right back up to its full size by the time she was done smearing precum and leftover seed on the man's face.

- Time to earn your bonus, 'working boy'. - Alex suggested, butchering a name once applied semi-frequently to girl prostitutes and shifting it for the male gender.

Ander opened his mouth. Perhaps it was to protest, perhaps just to follow her request, but it honestly didn't matter to Alex. The moment his olive-skinned lips parted, her cocktip was upon them, lacing the lower lip and making it shiny with a little dollop of creamy leftovers, then pushing his lips further apart with the head of her cock. Alex was completely inexperienced with blowjobs but she knew the principle - don't be too rough and don't choke them, and don't try to go in a way that may cause them to accidentally clamp down or use teeth. She also knew Ander was experienced, so she followed the 'guidelines' while still bravely exploring his oral cavity.
Her thick, sizeable cock throbbed within the man's mouth and seemed to try and lurch into an even greater level of hardness, but it was impossible. Instead, a fresh dollop of precum emerged, washing the leftovers of her previous ascent to climax down her urethra and right up against the roof of Ander's mouth, then slowly hanging lower to drip down onto his tongue, infusing her taste with the escort's own saliva. She very lightly pushed back and forth to rub his tongue and the mixture of drool and sex juices she just helped him create over a larger portion of her erection, then finally stopped, simply placing a palm on the top and back of his head.

- *Suck it.*

He did start trying to follow her instructions, very slowly starting to bob his head along and using his lips and mouth to create some suction that mostly succeeded in mixing in more of Alex' taste inside of his mouth. She rubbed his scalp almost comfortingly then gently pulled him forwards to encourage more motion and feed more of her pulsating erection into his mouth, sighing in pleasure as she felt him try to handle her thick cock filling him up. He clearly had very little experience doing it, but as someone in possession of a cock, he also understood the bare basics at the very least; making it not too disappointing for Alex, who wasn't exactly a master of getting blowjobs, either. She made sure to wiggle her hips and grind her cockhead on top of his tongue, as if trying to make sure the overly cocky escort would be forced to remember the taste of both her cock and its juices for a fair bit of time.

He wasn't exactly enthusiastic at first, but it seemed he got into it a little when his eyes strayed around, looking up at the undersides of Alex' tits and at the way her own amber-green eyes stared down at him while he serviced her orally. Alex' smooth-skinned, increasingly slick cock slid back and forth inside of the mouth that was preparing her pussy not that long ago and then tried to talk her into praising or giving in to his own shaft not long after. The late-teen hermaphrodite licked her lips at the realization the man at her feet was either accepting her cock willingly now or even growing to feel a sense of perverse, likely shameful enjoyment out of doing it. She pulled out of his mouth but once throughout this, grasping her cock to slap his face with it several times and leave it messier prior to resting her cocktip at the entrance to his mouth, urging him to take it in and suck on it on his own. She felt his humid mouth pull the tip of her dick inside once more and he even flicked his tongue over her sensitive cockhead several times before she was pushing a lot deeper in. That was making his jaw tired and was getting him more short on breath and tired as well, but Alex felt more excited than worried at the realization he was struggling with her size and enthusiasm.

["This feels nowhere near as good as what he was familiar with and did to me, but somehow it's more satisfying like this... Hnnh..."]

- *There we go, call-boy. This is as much of my c-ah--cock as you can handle, isn't it? You clearly need some practice to REALLY pleasure your clients in some areas, don't you. Well, you better be thankful I'm doing half the work and helping you polish your skills... Well, you're only really polishing my hard cock now. The first half of it anyway. Like the taste?*

She didn't bother giving him and opening for an answer this way. Her cheeks didn't flush despite the realization her attempt was as corny and awkward as how she perceived his tries to be earlier. Maybe it turned out some women?
"But not all women. He's used to getting eager or desperate types that easily submit, or ones that are submissive anyways. It's what he knows. It's what he thinks they want."

She placed both hands on his head now, helping him pull his head and lips along the length of her cock. Clearly more than nine or ten centimetres of her girthy shaft were impossible to stuff into his inexperienced mouth without more serious preparation, but right now, Alex did not care for a long blowjob; she wanted to pursue the new experience and get a quick orgasm. Her shaft was pulsating in his mouth and her tip was distending. She tossed her head back with a moan when she accidentally overdid it and almost clogged up the very start of what was his throat proper with her leaking, pulsating cockhead.

- Not so mouthy now, hmm? Well, time to learn your lesson, little... Daniel. - She opted to use his real name for this, as if talking to the person behind the prostitute, not knowing how much of what he did was an act or if it was his real self shining through. - Some ladies will like it better when you're like that. Compliant, not mouthy, a good, quiet boy. A good quiet boy ready to have his mouth filled with stuff he should swallow down for his own good.

She sighed in pleasure as she realized her orgasm was obviously approaching. She eased up on the pressure on the back of Ander's head, but when she detected no extra resistance, she kept guiding him to slide his lips up and down her ready-to-pop dick.

["That's right. It didn't feel right because I'm not submissive. It wasn't so different with the girls, either. Lachlan had something that made it not really matter, but this guy doesn't. So it feels better for me to *take* my satisfaction and use him. Like a toy. To be the one in control. To fill up this whore's little mouth and fuck his breath out of him."]

She released another only half-stifled moan as her cock begun pumping out another load of seed. She orgasmed not long ago, so there weren't buckets of it, but maybe it was for the best - easier for it to go down the hatch and into the escort's throat to complete his lesson. Her cockhead nevertheless pumped out three rope-like streams of semen before it slowed down to smaller shots and dripples running down on top of Ander's tongue, then onto his lower lip once Alex had mercy and pulled partially out after hearing a swallow. It had a creamyish consistency that felt ever so slightly watered down compared to cum. With her vaginal juices being slightly thicker and more viscous than normal instead, she was beginning to wonder if the two fluids had the slightest amount of mix-up between them.

- There we go. That wasn't so... - Alex pressed the bottom of her foot against the front of Ander's groin. Just as she expected, she found his cock to be almost completely erect despite him not seeming to outwardly enjoy or verbally approve of the treatment he received. - ... Hard, was it?

He needed a moment. Even with the unusual consistency, the stuff clung to his throat and made it awkward for him to speak, being unused to swallowing any semen at all. A little of it he spat out, the only real result being a stream of cum running down his chin that he'd need to clean later. Alex actually chuckled at both his erection and futile gesture since he already swallowed over half of her load. With an oddly raspy, slightly panting voice, the man asked her.

- Is this... All? As you can see, I'm...
- That'll be all for today. I've came a bit more than you, so I'm tuckered out, you see.

- Ghh... Then I'll have to charge extra for the additional oral service and... Half of the price for the orgasm denial service.

- A third. It's not my fault you get hard sucking a girl's cock, 'Ander'. I can give you as much as a sign of good will and hope you'll learn to treat a lady more appropriately at some point.

The way he stared at her negotiating the price for forcing him to leave with a boner was so priceless to Alex that when he bashfully suggested the middle ground between the two suggestions, at over forty one percent, she agreed immediately just so she could get him out and have a little laugh about the whole situation. Even when he left after getting cleaned and paid, she didn't; the whole thing was still a little too emotionally empty for her likes.

But it got her off and had her head cleared out, and was both funny and *fun* enough to let her rest on the bed with an obvious, wide smile.
Act 3 : Siblings' Conquests - Tears for Lost Treasures

Chapter Summary

Alex' next birthday is closing in. Her 'Gap year' must soon come to a close if she is to progress, yet her life doesn't seem to have gone in any permanent direction over the time she spent away from education. What's more, most of her relationships don't seem to have improved. Can a few last ditch efforts improve her standing, or will she have to wait to meet her brother and uncle on her 19th birthday for things to truly change?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Part 9/9

Tears for Lost Treasures

Despite her efforts to do both rather than just one, Alex felt like she was really more just learning a little about herself than she was genuinely progressing forward with her life, her social life in particular. Despite starting out incredibly promising, her night with Lachlan turned out to put their friendship in jeopardy and not because of the fact they had sex, but because of a big fight that came as a result of them expressing their views on it.

She learned something about her own sexuality by hiring a prostitute, or rather, an 'escort', but this got her no closer to finding a more permanent partner she could enjoy herself with, nor did it really help satisfy her physical and emotional needs for the long term.

So she was going to take people up on some advice she received a long while ago and visit a place meant for those not fully or altogether fitting in with two genders or their birth-assigned gender, despite her initial doubts and reservations about meeting people who were supposedly close to her in that regard - and more so, trying to meet up and form relations or relationships with people who, for whatever reason, had a fondness for what people often initially assumed she was when they learned she had a cock through whatever circumstances.

Bars and other meeting places catering specifically to the people often called LGBT, LGBTQ, or LGBT+, or specifics subsets of them, used to be common not that long ago. The waxing and waning of social changes caused by the revolution in perceiving of both sexual orientation and identity lead to many such places being established, but not that many surviving. Reasons were many : Some people were embarrassed to come out, other people preferred a varied company even at the risk of said company not always being accepting of them and desired a natural, non-regulated environment. In some countries, initially or later on, people's conservatism or other specific political viewpoints
lead to such places being perceived as excessive in some way or another; in other countries, the social changes moved along so strongly and quickly such places simply stopped being popular due to folks identifying as LGBT being widely accepted fairly easily.

One way or another, while they didn't exactly disappear, bars, pubs, nightclubs, and similar places specifically for various sexual minorities became more rare and somewhat less specific. The level of exclusivity was lower in them as well, since people were bringing their more 'ordinary' friends or places that focused on identity rather than orientation obviously allowed friends and folks curious about dating or exploring their own identity as well.

She had to take a trip to find one such club at all. She was an adult now, with about a month until her nineteenth birthday.

And her birthday party meant Gary would be coming home for his own party as well. That or uncle Adam would be taking them to Canada to celebrate. But more likely the first option.

After having some time to think it over, Alex realized something must've been stuck in her for a very long time now. Something related to her brother. It might've been something petty, like a desire to prove that if that nerd could have a permanent romantic and sexual partner, so could she, or maybe it was something far more serious, and something she'd have trouble understanding even if she thought about it. One way or another, a mention of familiar relationships mixing with sex triggered something strong enough inside of her that she exploded in anger, directing it against her best friend, despite the whole situation otherwise being something she quite wanted and was happy with.

So she came to a decision that, before her nineteenth birthday, she was going to try and find someone she'd have a genuine *relationship* with. Romantic, sexual, and as good friends, all at once. She was not going to whine and deem it a tragedy if she failed; the decision was simply to give her best, and try in ways she has not considered or has downright refused before.

At the entrance, she was checked for documents and the bouncers confirmed she was of age. They pulled several small bags, four to be exact, and turned to her with a question.

- You'll have to introduce yourself however you like, but there's a small policy in this club... Everyone wears one of those.

- A badge? What are those for?

- They're so others can know how to refer to you. Blue means you want to be called and spoken to as a man. Pink means a woman. Yes, cliche, but turns out it's simpler and more appreciated than other colors. Green means "whatever you see me as is fine". Gray means it's best to ask for an explanation... often used by genderfluids and nonbinaries.

Alex blinked several times, opened her mouth to speak, then went quiet again.
Yes, of course. It was the pink one. But it'd feel good to be called a woman by everyone if she got a green one and that happened.

- So this is... purely based on what I want? And it's best to be upfront, yes?

- If possible. You're meant to be true to yourself or what you want, here at least.

- I'll take the pink one. Today at least.

- Ah, still discovering yourself?

- I feel like I am. Anything else needed?

- No, just remember, you're safe here. If someone makes you feel uncomfortable, be polite and respectful, then firm but gentle. After that, you'll generally be helped out. Now, have fun, miss Lunarson.

- Thank you. I'll make sure to try.

Entering the club itself, the place seemed to be surprisingly filled, and the kind of people that filled it did make Alex initially feel out of place. Many of the visitors were either people still exploring themselves, transgender but not yet going under the knife or taking hormones for long, or simply crossdressers that also happened to want to hang around others people as much or more queer than them.

As a result, on a physical level, she was surrounded by surprising amounts of androgyny and masculinity clad in clothes girlier than her own.

["I guess a place like this isn't exactly a place where you find a man... Unless he's been brought along by a friend or has very specific interests. Some probably take those interests to some weird, creepy level. I think I need just a tiny bit of liquid courage."]

She went by the bar and of course got asked for identification immediately. She didn't want to get wasted, of course - just a single glass of wine. Around the bar, there were plenty of varied types of people and groups. Some bantered playfully, some kept in pairs that looked to be quietly but obviously blooming in one another's presence, and some seemed to be flirting. Pretty aggressively at times. And not even always one on one.

She ended up being close enough to one of the latter groups that she misunderstood a line as being spoken to her for a moment.

- Well hello there, girlie. Couldn't help but notice you drifted away on your own. Not having enough fun yet, it seems? Well, don't worry, we're here now.
Being ready to turn around and answer, Alex didn't quite catch the response of the person those words were directed to due to both being surprised by the fact she wasn't the one being asked because of the closeness of the voice and the individuals actually undergoing the conversation.

Two of them were fair-skinned and black-haired, at least that was their natural hair color. Cool blue eyes on both of them, and very similar in height. They were maybe two centimetres shorter than her both, and while one of them was a girl, although a tomboyish-looking one, their facial features were pretty similar as well. Alex couldn't shake off the feeling they might as well be twins... The guy, one of the few men she saw so far that were not in drag or didn't seem like they were in transition from a girl, had a clean-shaven, well-groomed look to him, although an upturned-collar black vest seemed to make him be less out of place next to his companion. The girl had one lock of hair on her head dyed purple, and said hair was also shaven clean on the other side in a hairdo commonly associated with punks and similar subcultures. The rest of it was semi-long, reaching her shoulders.

She turned her eyes to their little club badges. Surely enough, blue and pink, no surprise there. The person opposite them had a green one and was dressed in a skirt and a cardigan. They wore light makeup and had smooth skin but small facial traits and features along with the shoulder to hips ratio made Alex feel like they were not a female in the biological or physical sense. The green badge seemed to encourage confusion rather than distinction on that regard, and Alex, having not been amongst transpeople and genderqueer folk much during her life frankly had no idea how she'd call the person being aggressively flirted with if she was asked to figure out their gender.

Speaking of aggressive flirting...

- Awww, come on, don't get all shy and bashful now. Tell you what, if you're feeling stressed out, we can pass the courtship phase entirely and get right to stress relief. - The somewhat punklike-looking girl continued. - Just tell us how you like your cock, with a chick or a dude attached, and we can be playing with your girly hole and clitty in no time at all.

["Wait. Cock... with a girl attached? That's a... Uh..."]

Alex was surprised. The girl with a purple streak in her hair looked rough and tomboyish, yes, but unlike the pristine and fairly feminine-presenting person with a green badge she seemed to entirely lack the signs she was biologically male at any point in her life. Maybe that was part of the look she was going for; to present any potential blemishes or flaws of her femininity as a rough, tomboyish charm. It was definitely working, too. Not only that, while her hips were somewhat narrow, they and her buttocks did look very much like they could belong on a girl, and she had noticeable breasts too, on the larger side of B-cups, Alex reasoned. If she was pushing them up somehow or had them 'done', it wasn't something one could notice.

For a moment, she even thought the girl might be exactly like her. The thought quickly disappeared. The sheer unlikeliness of it seemed to make that option impossible.
The person with a green badge struggled to respond and find the right words. They obviously took the bouncer's words to heart and tried to start off being gentle and polite, but their own shock at the situation or natural shyness took over. Alex felt bad for a moment and protective the next. Downing her glass, she was ready to get up and give the duo a piece of her mind, when suddenly she swore she heard something else that might've been directed at her - frantic but half-whispered series of words that sounded vaguely Spanish and didn't seem polite at all to an untrained eye - before a passionate but still soft-sounding voice called out to the trio.

- Calm down there, friends. That's totally a newcomer. They don't know how to handle your brand of getting in their pants yet. Heck, they're probably not even sure they want their pants to have someone in them on their first day. Am I right, ~lindo~?

The person with a green badge likely didn't know what that word meant - Alex wasn't familiar enough with Spanish to know what it meant, although she did have a feeling that unlike the two lookalikes, the woman didn't exactly directly call that person a girl. They did take a deep breath and finally calmed down.

- Y...yes. I'm sorry. I'm here mostly because I... I wanted to figure some things out. I'm flattered by your interest, just... Not ready. Wouldn't want to be a total disappointment when it came to 'that', either.

Alex felt like the girl's face took a sour look to it, and she held back from rolling her eyes, but instead she closed them and gave a sigh, followed by a light and tender smile. Noticing his companion didn't seem able to find words that appeared comforting and friendly enough, the man intervened.

- Don't worry about it. Sorry if we seemed so brash and abrasive. Laura was... pretty straightforward lately and seems to be really into using sex to destress. For various reasons. She meant well, believe me, even if she was going to show it in a rather rowdy manner if you let her.

- Ah, so her name is Laura... And you are?

- Her cousin. The name's Frank.

- And unlike you, they're regulars. So am I, frankly. My name's Melanie, and I hope you feel welcome here, honey. If you want to sit down and chat to explain your situation, it's the least we can do. We may not all flirt or act in the same manner but I promise you, a whole bunch of folks here are supportive.

Despite her somewhat obvious background, even Melanie had a name that did not seem out of place. She had a pink badge, surely enough, and olive skin, clad in a stylish black dress that subtly accentuated the curves of her figure. After the revelation that Laura was a pre-op transsexual, Alex didn't feel brave enough to guess what exactly Melanie's genetic, hormonal or biological status was, especially given that while Melanie was slightly shorter - placing Frank at maybe 176 centimeters, Laura barely anything shorter, Melanie at maybe 173 or 174 and the as of yet nameless greenbadge person at barely over 170 - her figure was actually very similar to Laura's own. Slim, but with an obvious femininity to it.

- My name is... Tom. I'm not yet sure if it's the name I want to be known by, and that's the point.
- You're fairly girly, Tommi. If you ask me it's either an identity thing or a sexual thing, and you should...

Frank bumped Laura in the rib in a friendly manner. Alex was still surprised they were just 'cousins' and not twins, fraternal at least. With them eagerly flirting up the same person at once, she also couldn't shake off the thoughts of their relationship potentially not being fully proper either.

-What did Melanie, Marcus and Moira tell us about giving advice before we know squat, Laura?
- To not think with my dick?
- That's the gist of it, though we used different words. - Melanie interceded. - Let's sit down and talk it over, Tom, and then maybe we can give you *actual* advice rather than more suggestions what Laura wants to call you while playing with your butt in bed.

Alex couldn't help but snort a little at that. The sound she made was only greeted with a playful little smile from Melanie as she went past to sit together with Laura, Frank and Tom.

- I'm... actually an orphan, never knew my biological parents. I was adopted when I was five, in March about thirteen years ago, so I've been living with my family for pretty much all my life, definitely all conscious and formative years, at least.

- I hope your mom and dad support your quest to find yourself? - Frank asked, trying to make up for his cousin's initial brashness. Laura smiled, at first thankfully at her lookalike, then at Tom as he continued to speak.

- My dads. I was adopted by a gay couple.

- March thirteen years ago? Wow. That's, what, a month after it became legal in SA? Assuming that's where you're from, of course.

- Yes. They wanted to raise a boy and they took the first chance they got. So I've been raised by a gay couple with closest friends and relatives involving one gay and one lesbian couple as well. I learned somewhat early the rationality behind things working otherwise, mind you, but to me, guys being with guys and girls being with girls was actually the norm.

- It may be on the unusual side, but it's completely normal, sweetie. Do you think your exploration is a problem somehow, or something born from a problem?

- Well, I sort of... I think I imagined myself in a relationship much like my dads and people close to them. But eventually I was met with other things. And... There is something about girls that draws me in. Or more precisely about femininity, or maybe womanhood. I... I don't know much about women at all. I have no idea what it is, just that there's a pull, and... it's strong. I don't know if I like girly things, or being in girly things, or girly people, or if I'm sexually and romantically attracted to them. There's just... no point of balancing it out for me.

Lara finally seemed to compose herself enough to speak up.

- But you've confirmed somewhat that being a man with a man doesn't exactly feel right for you? And... You mentioned your dads have a lesbian couple close to them. They so butch I look positively girly next to them, I guess?
- I, uh, don't know if it's a bad thing to say about either of you... But that's pretty much the issue, yes.

- So after being surrounded with masculinity and not-traditionally-feminine womanhood - Frank spoke up, supporting his cousin's path of following things to the source. -You found yourself drawn to womanhood in some way you can't identify. I don't want to pry into your dating and sexual life after that awkward welcome we've gave you, but my guess is you've already confirmed that a guy-guy relationship won't... work? Romantically or sexually?

- Yes. I dated boys. I... exchanged handjobs. Once on a date in a cinema in the back row. Not much other experience, but... How do I say this...

Melanie decided to speak up at that point.

- Touching another guy down there doesn't make you feel as fascinated or drawn in as something about girls, is that it?

- Yes... I expected to feel more excitement, or some sort of fascination. It was just... I guess it was just too mediocre compared to... Trying this out. Even if I feel like a fish out of water both amongst girls and trying to present myself as one. But as exciting as those can feel, it also feels... wrong. Like I'm going against what I think is normal, or was taught, or believed in. I decided to try... Crossdressing and considering transition first because I didn't want to just try the easy way and alienate my...

Tom's voice started breaking apart in confusion and inability to put his feelings into words. Alex knew that last part well, at the very least. She was, however, realizing she herself was a fish out of water here. True, she had to *confirm* she liked men more, romantically and sexually, on average, but she always felt like a girl and always thought her liking boys might've been normal. Now, Tom seemed to believe a guy-girl relationship was wrong and the easy way out, and their anguish was not only about other people misconstruing something about their identity; it could come from being unsure of the identity itself.

If everyone here was like Tom, she'd actually have to struggle and actively try to understand and empathize with these people, even if sympathizing came naturally and extremely easily. And they'd likely feel the same way towards her.

- Honey - Melanie spoke up again. - I hope you're not thinking it'd somehow disappoint, hurt, or betray your parents if you lean towards being heterosexual. Trust me, they were in a position where they had to understand their own sexuality too, and they faced a lot of adversity for it during their time. I'm sure there's no way your fathers, any parents from a sexual minority really, would think or feel that you're somehow betraying them or going against them by...

Knowing a few homosexuals herself, however, Alex, who almost felt like part of the conversation now, couldn't help but disagree with the opinion stated.

Openly. Verbally.

- Being an asshole is not reserved for heterosexual people, or any majority, really, you know. That includes being an oppressive parent with asshole expectations without even knowing you are one.
With four sets of eyes on her, Alex immediately knew speaking up against Melanie and in favor of what they probably considered a majority pressuring them into something,

Melanie seemed to actually think on Alex’ words, but Laura’s carefully build veneer of peace crashed immediately. She sat up, then slid off her chair and came closer to Alex.

- Look what we have here. Shit, I can't even imagine what a huge-titted cow like yourself is doing here. My best bet is that you're a cisgal with a fetish or you're one of those super jaded wannabe lesbians that still can't forewear cock, so you came for ones attached to chicks. Hate the man, not the equipment? I could pump and dump you later if you're so desperate, but right we're actually trying to help someone here, wise-ass, so...

- Calm down, Laura. Everyone's experiences shapes what we expect and think of people. Maybe she's right. I don't know Tom's parents. Maybe I'm just too optimistic about 'our folk', in some ways, and we did end up letting a person completely by themselves listen to the entire conversation. Besides, you're making too many assumptions about someone again... Ironically, you're confirming her worries.

- You think she has a place here? A cis with unidentified fondness for...

- You're just assuming something again. When I saw her, I actually felt proud trans-girls can look both so feminine and so natural nowadays, because of *my* assumptions.

- W...what? She's...

Laura scanned her once more from top to bottom. She did stare for a long while at her breasts, but moments later her focus shifted to something else. She was obviously observing her chin, neck, and shoulders, probably places from which one with a good eye could divine some hints that even the most feminine transgirl was just that - trans.

- I don't know, Melanie. I mean, maybe you...

- You could just ask at the source, you know. I... I'm not here to antagonize anyone. I think it's wonderful you're trying to help someone else. My personal experiences just convinced me assuming someone is automatically free of suspicion or completely innocent or obviously well-intended and accepting just because they themselves were treated to a lack of acceptance... is just wrong.

- Very well. Tell us your name, and maybe why're you here. Or at least if we're dealing with a frustrated cis chick, a curious wannabe benevolent cis chick, or if you're actually one of us here.

- Honestly, both of your assumptions were not exactly... correct. I'm not a transsexual, no. But I am... Intersex, I guess? Even more than you'd usually associate with the term.

- So you lived your life with hormonal problems because they snipped something at birth. That still doesn't give you the right to...

- They snipped nothing. Everything was too developed and packed together for them to be able to decide what to snip, and my mother was too panicked and empty inside from my asshole of a dad to make a choice. My dick probably works almost as well as yours or your bro... Cousin's over there, and my vagina is... Well, it's in place. It works. Not sure if I have someone in the immediate vicinity to compare it to.
Both Laura and Melanie seemed absolutely stunned. Frank and Tom were pretty shook as well, with Tom being more so. Frank only managed to mouth a simple statement in response.

- You don't, Laura, be cool.

Laura did seem to take that piece of advice to heart this time. Taking a deep breath, she calmed down, and looked back up at Alex with none of the previous adversity or aggression.

- I'm... sorry. I really am. Even if your situation is not the exact same as us, everyone needs a place to belong, and I was sure as hell making you feel like you don't belong here. You do. You have a place here. Sit with us and we'll try to figure you out too, if we can, once we've dealt with trying to help Tom there. Promise I'll keep myself in check better if you simply disagree with something. I'm working on it, when i'm not busy trying to take advantage of my body stabilizing and my new diet making my, as you charmingly put it, dick work 'well' again.

- Indeed. Sorry about making only one newcomer feel welcome. - Melanie spoke up after Laura. - I didn't catch your name yet, but we'd be glad to have you sit down with us. We'd love to try and see if we can help or reaffirm you somehow, too, and you'll be able to provide a perspective we cannot as well.

- Alex. And I'm not sure if I can be of much help, but seeing as it's my first time here, sure, I'd welcome the company.

Alex sat by with the other four having a talk and the attention went back to Tom, who clearly was almost at a loss in regards to explaining anymore.

- I do feel like my parents sort of... expect me to be with a man just like they were, but I also think they're aware I might not end up like them. It's more on the level that I was so used to thinking this is how it should be and that's the sort of relationship I'll end up having... Like it's morally superior to be one type of person with another type of person compared to anything else.

- This is probably how some more conflicted straight people thought about having a gay relationship themselves. - Frank remarked while waiting for the others to figure out how they could support Tom's problem.

- Sometimes it's our environment that generates expectations, but sometimes we do it ourselves. - Alex remarked. - No matter how close they are to you, your family can't decide who you like for you, and there's only a limited amount of influence they ultimately have over that. Worst case scenario they can just confuse you, but most of the essence of who you'll want as an adult is not something they can change.

- So what you're saying is...

- Decide when to let your parents know. In the meantime, figure what it's possible to learn on your own, I'd say. You're my age, a few months younger, even, so there's no real rush, Tom. Explore at your own pace, but not only in one way. Figure out what you want in a relationship with another person even if it leads to a few failures along the way - as long as you're being fair to the people you had failures with, there's nothing wrong about that. And whether you just like it kinky or you feel like you maybe should've been born a girl in the end, or it's indeed just a confused desire to be *with* a
girl, or any mix of the three, it's still all right. And judging from what I heard here, you could've picked a lot of worse places to help you learn about yourself, too.

- Yes - Melanie reaffirmed. - There's nothing inherently wrong about any sexual orientation or identity, dear. No matter what those closest to you have as their own. If it's just crossdressing, we have plenty of visitors into that and some of them are long term and welcome veterans that even help others find themselves, just as we're trying to help you. Transition as well as any type of figuring yourself out is a process, and sometimes we don't feel the same way about what we are and what we have at every step of the way. As you learn more about femininity, you may indeed realize you have a level of dysphoria, or that you just don't wholly fit in the gender models and opinions people have, which is probably the most difficult position to be in, since in essence humans have been using masculinity and femininity as a compass for certain things about their identity for thousands of years. It's a compass that helps most, but not necessarily all. Or you may find that your fascination with womanhood is something much more simpler, some would say natural, and if you try too rigidly to fit in your parents' model of a relationship, you'll just be doing what a lot of bisexual and gay teenagers years ago tried to do for their straight parents... Only you'll be doing something that essentially is self-posed difficulty more than actual difficulty. The process may be over quick or it might take years, depending on a lot of factors, but I assure you you're welcome here and everyone will be glad to give suggestions and share their own experiences.

- I'll... keep that in mind. And I'll think about telling both of my dads once I've figured out at least a little bit about yourself. I think right now we're all really curious about what's Alex' story and state, though.

Alex blinked. She did not expect the topic to shift so quickly.

- I mean... I can share, sure. But fair's fair, I'd like to learn at least a little bit about the rest of you people too. To be frank, I've never expected either Laura or you, Melanie, to be transsexual just from looking at you... And I thought Laura and Frank were siblings or had some similar close relation. So, to avoid any assumptions like Melanie suggested, I'd like to at least know a little bit...

- We get the siblings thing often. - Frank explained. - She's only two months older than me. My dad is her father's identical twin. My mother is her mother's cousin. So I guess we have a whole lot of random genetics in common there. The surname's also the same. Before Laura transitioned, literally everyone assumed we were twins, so there is that. Well, I'm 21, cisgender, and I'm only really here because of and thanks to her. I'm bisexual with a fondness for feminine men and transgirls ever since, uh...

- We've had our first experience together a few years back. I already knew I was a girl, so we waited until he hit age of consent and tried things out. I'm sure we do emit a bit of a ... vibe, picking people up together and all that, but I assure you outside of getting a little enthusiastic about threesomes we're out of that illicit period to our relationship.

Alex was mildly stunned for a change.

- Isn't that... a bit of a personal thing to reveal? And also illegal?

- You just told me you had two working sets of junk. And, *technically*, consenting cousins are fine, so we were sort of lucky, even if we were stupid. Thankfully it's not like we could hurt any potential baby with it, and we don't live in a state where first cousins can't do it, but uncles or aunts can touch nieces and nephews for some reason.
- Ah. I wasn't aware law was more... gentle on cousins, like that. - Alex' head begun to hurt a little from weird thoughts that appeared in her head.

Thoughts of unfairness and feelings of mild envy, along with self-depreciation and self-contempt about thinking that way.

- We're both 22, though Laura's two months older. I'm a university student, she helps at her brother's bike place and at a friend's tattoo parlor. And yes, never have any jobs been more stereotypically fitting.

- Well, going forwards, I'm Melanie, turning 25 in two and a half months. I delayed it a little with other courses, but I'm trying to focus on getting a nursing degree now. Despite my age I've been one of the longest visitors here, so sometimes I may come across as older than I really am, especially since I transitioned really quickly. As a result, I try to make sure everyone feels welcome and helped, but I also sometimes get distracted here and there by interesting people, so I'm trying to make sure others are just as helpful as I try to be. This is your first visit here, correct, Alex? Have you ever been in an environment like this before?

- No. Frankly, I... don't club much. Nor did I feel like I should've searched for a feeling of belonging with queer people. All the people I've ever been with or into, romantically or sexually, were cis, and I don't think I have quite as much baggage or of the same sort as most people here, so... I'm turning 19 in four weeks and six days. I called myself intersex before because it's the closest description that fits and is considered polite... Technically I'm as close to a true hermaphrodite as a human can be, and my uncle still believes I'll be fully functional once completely done with puberty, reproduction both ways and everything.

- That sounds... Almost unbelievable. I know a lot of intersex people are born compared to what you'd think - Laura butted in after making sure Alex paused for the short term - but I'm also fairly sure most of them are 'naturalized' at birth, and none that weren't have high functionality in both sets of genitals. Any idea how are you this different?

- I'm a biological mess that somehow got lucky, frankly. Fetus absorption. Me and my brother were supposed to be triplets, with one potentially having a hormonal disorder. Over the course of the pregnancy, two of the fetuses begun bonding and overgrowing in previously not encountered ways. As a result, I have way too much sexual and reproductive tissue to spare, and my cells have way too many sex chromosomes, and not all of them have the same set. This is the biggest worry about me having children, frankly... By now, my uncle and his friends in the field are almost certain I'd be able to have them both ways, but they're also fairly worried they'd have to inherit some sort of chromosomal abnormality from me. I'm supposed to be more thoroughly examined soon, then once more soon after my 25th birthday.

- How... does it feel to have... - Laura and Melanie both found themselves asking.

- I don't know how it feels to have anything else, you know? The pleasure from one overflows to the other, but not entirely.


- I don't want to discuss how strong my sex drive is in such a public setting, and I'm still discovering what I'm attracted to. So far, it feels like men or people with a penis seemed a better match. But sometimes I think I just met the wrong girls... Then I remember my family and such sometimes implied I should look amongst girls primarily, and I wonder if I wasn't being pressured myself.

Melanie and Laura both grew solemn as the former asked the next question.
- Have you ever been... Harmfully exposed by someone, or mistreated, physically or mentally, over your status by someone who expected... Something else?

Alex pursed her lips together. That, she definitely did not want to reminiscence.

- Yes. Often has been mistaken for me being a transsexual, too. The first girl I ever did it with, however, came to me precisely because she learned I have a penis.

- So that was somewhat...

- It was fucking awful honestly. She was demanding, self-absorbed, completely unsure what she wanted out of the whole thing, and I felt borderline blamed for failing to be everything she dreamed of in her semi-lesbian fantasies. Plus I had to do a fairly embarrassing 'vagina reveal' while being a lot less... Just in general a lot less than I am now.

Melanie and Laura both seemed to sympathize and empathize at once. Alex' mind and thoughts grew more and more grim.

- A lot of us do have to deal with it, honey. Especially some of the lesbians and over half of the men, when they find out they've been dating, often kissing and sometimes caressing or fondling a transgender individual, they seem to feel cheated over the perception of their own sexual orientation being challenged, over something that was unfairly ingrained in their heads from the start. If you ever wish to share your story or otherwise vent out about this, we'll be here for you.

["I just mentioned the one time I supposedly 'got lucky' due to being mistaken as a transsexual, with a girl, being a total waste of time and a borderline tragedy full of emotional emptiness, disillusionment and disappointment and they don't grace it with a word, but knowing someone reacted violently or exposed me in a bad way, they immediately focus on... And with that same 'we can share and help each other' mentality, too. A girl that acts so lovingly like she's their mother or sister, and a girl that got to fuck her relative's brains out the moment they turned 17. Sex. With her own blood. She's trying to build a connection and mope about one thing... Not realizing how much I just can't say. Teaching one another about assumptions and overwhelming one another with kindness, but... Not treating things that might be important to others as that big of a deal."]

She looked at Tom across the table.

["How ingrained that kid's gay parents made him into some weird variant of masculinity doesn't matter now because they're part of the group. How... unnatural... how angry and self-destructive my desires made me and how they affected others probably won't matter because I've been accepted. But a kid who doesn't know who or what he... or perhaps she... is doesn't matter right now because he may turn out to just be a confused straight dude... what matters is this mutual pity over bad guys finding out a girl has a dick."]

Alex held back... something from inside of herself. For some reason she realized she wasn't thinking straight.
"Wait, Alex. Just because... Just because being pushed towards girls and things never working out with them or guys hurt you just as much if not more as a black guy beating you up over having a penis doesn't mean that you're bad people for focusing just on that. They just have their own trains of thought. They... They mean well. I can tell. Melanie at least is full of this... Love and acceptance. And it feels genuine. So, it's not like they're blind or hypocrites, maybe just..."

- Alex? Alex, are you okay, honey?

"They think differently. They are... they are just different. What they experienced was similar to some of what I experienced, but the root of their problem and mine are not the same. I'm a mix of kin and curiosity to them, something... something they want mixing with something they can relate to. But try as they might, they can't figure out what I want... or help me find what I want... Not over one try, not over the same super accepting, but group mentality thoughts they've had with all 'queer' visitors so far. F-fuck... Why am I so negative... What... What is wrong with me? Why do my cheeks feel wet? Wh...what the heck?"

- Alex, don't cry. Take a deep breath and calm down. You don't have to share anything

"I... I'm crying? This is no reason to cry. I know they've misjudged some things and misunderstood and it's not EXACTLY where I belong, I know I won't find all the answers here but... Something's just wrong and... And I'm horribly misjudging those people in some ways myself so... I can't be getting sad over this. What am I so sad over? What's going on?"

Alex's eyes opened wide as she started almost hyperventilating. She was right. It definitely wasn't just feeling mildly disillusioned with her visit simply over their assumptions and focuses compared to what she assumed and expected.

Something was *terribly* wrong. She wasn't sure what, but she was completely certain she was not well right now.

- I... I'll be right back. I think... it's just a memory. I don't know. I feel sick and... I'll be back in a moment. Sorry.

Alex barged into the women's toilet and immediately locked herself in a stall. Pressing her back against the wall she tried to slow down her breathing. It did not seem possible. Something in her thought patterns at that moment, in her feelings, in her intuition and maybe even in her imagination about what was going on with her, with them, with people they talked about and she thought about, felt familiar, but she was too emotionally shaken to analyze it, to figure out what, or why.

She slowly slid down to the toilet seat, hiding her face in her palms, alternating between quiet sobs and something almost like wailing.
She felt absolutely terrible, and she couldn't exactly pinpoint why.

Gary didn't even have the strength to reach his bed. He simply pushed his back up against the wall and slid down on the floor. At first, he supported his chin with his hands, and then, slowly, he let his entire face hide inbetween his palms and digits, as if ashamed of what was going on with his eyes and mind.

Streaks of wetness slowly rolled down his cheeks and the front of his face. He made a loud, sobbing noise before trying to quiet down, going so far as to bite his lips.

Tears were wrong. Bad.

For decent people in general, of both genders, and men in particular, tears were simply the ultimate show of defeat, powerlessness, inability to deal with a situation, the plain old fact they did not have a solution to a situation and they couldn't cope with the situation as it was.

For manipulative people, children and women in general, tears were merely a summoned tool to inspire sympathy and get what they want.

In short, Gary didn't believe something like tears was ever good. That crying was ever necessary or a good thing.

And yet, knowing all this, with the way he was feeling right now, he could not stop crying.
When Alex went out of the restroom, she managed to clean her face sufficiently already, but it was obvious she was crying earlier, and some of her make-up needed to be cleaned up and removed as a result. Thankfully she never wore much of it.

Of course, everyone seemed concerned with her when she left. She didn't care anymore how much of it was just conditioned and how much was genuine; she was thankful for the offered support but refused to talk about herself anymore, explaining they 'seemed to touch something incredibly painful' and that she 'wasn't ready or sure how to explain it'.

Of course, they accepted that as well. Melanie in particular.

The rest of the night was more like how a clubbing night was supposed to be. A little bit of dancing, a little bit of silly singing, a fair bit of stories, and an incredible amount of drinks and shots - almost enough to make her feel sick and dizzy, but thankfully just short of that.

She wondered about the people she met today. Tom felt... precious, like something to protect, but he might end up being someone she really cared for, or even felt enough emotional connection to to consider attractive in that one particular way.

Laura was... intense. She was more good-natured than Alex gave her credit for, and she clearly meant well, but she couldn't shake off the feeling Laura was like an overly self-righteous warrior. Ready to fight people over a misunderstanding simply because of how much she believed it was meant as malice and, most of all, how much the people on the other side of misunderstanding were wrong.

With Tom not ready and Laura feeling somewhat extreme in her reactions, it was Frank and Melanie that Alex felt drawn to and drifting towards. When her initial desire to find someone to form a real relationship with was remembered... Those were the two she genuinely felt like they'd be good for her at the time, even though they were each several years older than her.

Frank might've looked like a mix of a perfect young gentleman and, due to his cousin's influence, a brash and impulsive, sexually assertive bad boy type, but what shone through was his ability to get to Laura and bring out what was better in her despite how abrasive and rash his companion was, as well as honesty and a genuine attempt at understanding people he wasn't that closely connected to. He spent a lot of time with, flirted together with, sometimes had group sex with, and seemingly lost his virginity to a girl that was transsexual, but he himself was not. A declared bisexual, he did seem to often opt for feminine partners that'd completely allow him to pass for 'standard', however, and he
expressed some fondness for transgirls and crossdressers in terms of sex and relationships... So while his openness and desire to treat both her and Tom well was, as far as she could tell, completely genuine, she was worried that if she pursued a relationship he'd agree more out of kink or curiosity than out of genuine emotional connection beyond care and being a decent human being.

Melanie was... Well, Melanie. She seemed incredibly caring, open-minded, attempting to make everyone feel welcome, and yet still maintaining those last bits of youthful playfulness. As a result, it was very difficult to tell if Melanie was actually attracted to anyone she met that night, or her in particular, or otherwise interested in relationships within the club-goers. Alex herself, after all, went there preferring to meet cis-sexual men who were open minded enough to date a girl with a little extra, even if she didn't close off other possibilities. It was completely possible Melanie was taken, or didn't want to date people she acted as an emotional guide to within the club. And because of her caring and positive attitude, reading her on that front was impossible, and Alex struggled in thinking on how she could actually approach her about the issue if she developed a stronger interest in the Hispanic transgirl in the future. She didn't want to seem like a naive girl that completely misunderstood the way she was acted towards.

That's why Alex felt simultaneously uneasy, confused, and relieved when Melanie spoke to her close to the time they were going to leave, soon after Laura and Frank left themselves. She could swear Laura was definitely taking someone home as well. Hearing Melanie's soft, friendly voice up close was more than surprising.

- Alex, ~mi reinita~, can you spare a moment to talk?

- I'm going to be up front here and mention that no matter what Spanish nickname you give me I won't be able to pick up on and understand what it means.

- Ah. They don't translate easily either, do they? 'Little Queen'. You're a precious mix of youthfulness and regality, even wisdom, though I'm not sure I feel comfortable calling you little. Would make me feel defeated in some ways. But, well, I'm the elder one, so I have to be able to deal with it.

- I... See. But yes, I have a moment to talk. What is it?

Alex felt like some of her tipsyness immediately dissipated. Some people did call girls they were romantically involved with 'princess', after all. A little cheesy, maybe, but it felt vaguely similar to this nickname.

- As I promised, we won't talk anymore about the more difficult aspects of your past until you feel more ready and comfortable with opening up, but I noticed something specific about when you spoke, and wanted to make sure everything was all right in that regard... Maybe ask a question or two.

- I'm sorry for reacting so strongly earlier. I'm not entirely sure what came over me. Feel free to ask, I doubt I'll feel so bad against from a question about something I already said...

- You mentioned before that 'so far', men or 'people with a penis' seemed like a better match, but also mentioned you never really were in a circle of transgender people or known a lot of queer folk. So my guess is, you only ever really dated men.
- And girls... but cis-girls, yes. Your guess is correct.

- It also seems like you mostly but not entirely compared how you felt with them... sexually. Like it was important to the relationships and those that were dissatisfying fell apart easily. There's nothing wrong with wanting a relationship to be sexual, I just wanted to make sure you weren't accidentally hurting yourself over putting too much emphasis on it too quickly, or by mistake limiting yourself too much over the wrong aspects of it.

- I'm not sure about doing it too quickly or hurting myself with it part... Maybe. But I don't know what you mean about the latter.

- I mean I think we should talk about and you should consider why things felt how they felt with cis-girls and cis-guys so far when it came to you dating them, and how would trans-guys compare to them in your books, both hypothetically and in practice. I mean, we just met, so I'm not declaring myself yet, but you're clearly mature in many aspects, so I think you're ready to try dating a transperson, too, especially with your unique perspective. And if we knew one another better and had a better idea of what we both want out of relationships, I'd likely be making a personal offer rather than an impartial suggestion right now.

- You're saying... I should consider dating transgirls, and maybe getting to know you as a prospect?

- Yes. Of course, we only know one another a little, so the suggestion's a little blind... And I mean no offense nor do I want to negate your own experience so far! It's just a suggestion. Keep it in mind. If you'd like, we can exchange phone numbers, maybe talk or meet sometimes out of the club where I won't be worried about supporting others and you might build up trust with an individual rather than a vague rapport with a group.

- ... No promises, but... Yes. I think... I think we might try that. Hopefully it's not just the booze speaking through us here. Well... About that phone number...

Later that evening, when she was out of city transit and just walking the final piece of distance home, a little tear came to the side of Alex' eye as she stared at the little paper with Melanie's number on it. Of course, she already put it in her cellphone, this was just a backup and a souvenir at this point.

She wasn't sure why that little tear came out. On one side of things, having one of the people she was considering for the future admitting they were interested in her too was extremely hopeful.

On the other, part of Alex couldn't get over that panic attack, that deep desire to cry earlier. And she couldn't shake off the feeling she'd be giving up something important if she simply settled on trying to pursue a relationship with Melanie, or even whoever else she'd meet at that club.

And just like what caused her to cry so much, she really had no idea what it was she'd be giving up on.
Chapter End Notes

Finally chapter 3 is over.

As a whole, it was the most difficult chapter for me to write, because it included things I do not like writing, but felt like they were necessary for the characters to truly progress. Hopefully this means things will become easier now...
Gary returns for Alex' and his birthday party. How did the twins' lives unveil so far, and how recent events and old issues change their relationship?

Part 1 : Joint Birthday

Gary and Alex were due to turn 19 in a few days, and he’d be returning home for the occasion.

He visited a few times over the last two and a half years. It was only hard the first time. After that, she pretty much… felt nothing, or convinced herself it was so. It seemed to actually be the case after that one time he brought his girlfriend. “Susan”. Surprisingly, she was the “statuesque” kind, nearly the same height as Gary, who was still growing at the time and seemed to finally move into the range where he could be considered a relatively tall guy. Alex predicted that this year they’d end up about the same height again, and she was looming just one or two centimeters below the barrier of 180 herself. Susan herself, from what Alex remembered, was pale, had black hair, rather long legs, and… well, she couldn’t really describe her endowments as other as “adequate”. Nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be proud of, except for these legs, long, pretty hair and slender figure.

Although she tried her best to hide it, for some reason, despite knowing that the girl was quite taken with her brother, which was visible and, quite suitably for him, seeming like a rational, thoughtful, intelligent and quiet young lady… For some reason, Alex disliked her from the beginning. She wasn’t sure how much it showed, but she resolved to be the more mature and act properly around the girl this time around. It was like her presence managed to silence the last wisps of her unnatural attraction to her brother, but she received Alex’ resentment for that act, anyway.

And, after some time…

There she was, standing with her mother in front of the door. Compared to her mother, who was pretty but close to average, Alex on the day before her 19th birthday was already quite the sight for anyone who appreciated a little more flesh on a woman. Tall, with long legs that had both muscle and feminine softness shape them into something rather desirable. Her hips grew due to the time she spend with less exercise and more hedonistic pleasures, thankfully taking the edge off her tummy, which became soft rather than ripped. Despite the attractive traits, the latter was worrying to Alex, making her feel like she was practically standing on that line past which people could objectively be called “fat”.
To continue on the “thick with a hint of Amazonian underneath” image, her breasts were now wonders of femininity, the object of envy rather than something that could instill her own complexes and insecurities – with the single exception of her having a mild complex which would only show when they were out of a bra. Through finally partying out her sorrows and griefs, Alex regained some focus and gained knowledge of other people, particularly on the romantic and sexual side. By now, she was both smart, experienced and mature enough to know that not every man disliked small breasts or appreciated large ones, as well as to handle herself in school once more. Alex was, by now, thanks to her own hormonal eruption, the really pleasant and tactical distribution of fat in her body, and possibly the slight intervention of uncle Adam into her body three years ago, equipped with E-Cups – and that was in British sizes - that retained a bit of perkiness from her times before and her occasional exercise, but were clearly and obviously real and natural, with a little sag, sway and jiggle to them.

Moving on from the topic of her breasts, there was also the topic of her estranged-in-Canada side of the family coming home for their birthday.

Uncle Adam got out of the car first, and her brother followed. He looked exactly the way she expected. Stuck midway between 5’10” and 5’11 inches tall, pretty much the same height as her down to fractions of a centimeter. Slender. Pale. Just a bit of muscle. Nothing to be proud of.

She wondered now if people saw him as “plain” except for the albinism.

Never mind. She wondered how Susan looked like now.

But, Gary shut the car door, and nobody else was coming.

Now that she thought about it, he seemed a little down. Probably because his girlfriend couldn’t make it.

The two men approached the two women. The elder Lunarson siblings hugged. Gary lagged behind, seemingly with no energy or enthusiasm for this.

[“At least act like you’re happy to see Mom if no one else, brat.”]

The older pair separated just as the younger siblings shared a handshake rather than a hug. Embracing one another would probably seem awkward with Alex’s ‘relatively’ new build. While of the same height, or nearly so, she seemed… wider and overall bigger than her brother. He also slouched a bit, which didn’t help changing the impression.

- Hello, brother. Long time no see. On your own this time?
- Y...Yes. Hello to you as well, Alex. I’ll give you a proper gift and birthday wishes tomorrow…
- All right. No enthusiasm, I see, though I don’t blame you, since she couldn’t make it, that gi…

She was jabbed to the side by her mother, and reacted instinctively by shutting up, easily noticing the change in her brother’s posture, attitude and body language at the bare start of a mention. Probably better not to say anything about it. Maybe something bad happened? Breakup?

[“Not my business. He seemed unlikely to keep a girlfriend, anyway.’”]
Anyway, it is good that you visited. I hope you’ll get to have some fun tomorrow, it’s probably hard work, getting ready to try and get your first diploma at the university so soon.

A bit, since I’m a year too early. But I can keep up.

I never said you couldn’t. Now, back to you, Uncle. I hope things are going well?

The research is fine, and the students are smarter and more diligent than at most other places. How about you?

Well, I still haven’t decided 100% on my own university, and it’s a bit of a mess, really… Really have to start hurrying up with that. Now, shall we go inside?

For the rest of the afternoon and evening, Alex was rather formal and cold. She helped prepare the place for the few guests. Lachlan, of course, was invited, but she was unsure if he’d come. Since the day he took her virginity, their friendship was… a little strained. He seemed somehow angry and unsure of how to proceed, and most of all, guilty. Honestly, sometimes, so did she. She confessed to herself that if they repeated the action, she had no idea how her feelings would develop. Whether she would get a crush on him, or whether she’d start feeling like all the emotions were completely burned out by the sex. Immature and moody as she was – even with the improvements in that regard - it’d only hurt them both if they attempted a relationship.

Things finally got a little bit better again after that sudden outburst she had the time they were intimate, and they actually tentatively got in touch, but she still wasn’t sure they were Ok.

At night, she woke up after an hour or so of sleep, and went down only to see her mother sleeping on the couch, her uncle pouring himself a drink. He brought some pretty expensive whisky, but was barely even using it, mixing just a bit with 7up only to exclusively pour the soft fizzy drink on the next glass.

Mom could never hold her liquor when she was tired. I hope she didn’t make a mess?

Not at all, Alex. It’s been a long time since we could drink a little and chat, but I guess she’s overdone it a bit lately. She’s sounded worried on the phone, to be honest.

Worried? About what? I helped with the party and told her not to worry about anything.

Well, to be honest, she was worried about you two. It didn’t take a genius to realize the both of you were getting along below averagely, and she sort of hoped that you could reconcile. She sometimes complained how I took a “good influence that your Brother was” from you. But then, a lot of things happened and she just essentially started hoping you wouldn’t make the situation worse.

I’ll behave myself, no worries. I could care less, but I definitely won’t blow Gary’s birthday party. It’s my own, as well, after all.

See, that’s what we’re talking about. Detached. It’s like you don’t care, and simply act politely because the situation calls for it. I recall you being quite a bit more caring for him in the past. Someone who’d want to comfort him after these lately events.

If bro has problems, he has you or Mother or Susan to look for comfort. He left when I was alone and we haven’t had much of a relationship since. I’m not sure if I still know him, and even if I do, he’s smarter than me, so he’ll neither take my advice on anything nor would he actually need it.

Smarter… Academically speaking, yes. But, in other areas, you’re often his equal. You may actually be superior at some. It didn’t escape my notice how easily you reacted to Gary’s change in mood and your mother touching you when you two greeted each other. You were
curious why Gary didn’t bring Susan along, weren’t you?

• Well, yes. I figured they’re having a hard time. Maybe a breakup. It would be bad to talk about in this case.

Uncle poured them both a drink. She tasted hers, but he took down a large swing, with more whisky in it than before.

• She’s gone. Susan… is dead. Died in a car accident returning from the inauguration of the academic year almost exactly a month ago.
• …Died?
• You don’t keep in touch with your brother and you talk less to your mother these days, so you couldn’t know. He might not show it now, but first half a month or so…
• Ah, so he can show emotions and care.
• Why the cruelty? I still remember you two looking so close that I mistook it for something improper, right on this table. Or maybe it was the next room.
• These times are over, Uncle. Sorry, I’m going back to sleep.

Alex picked her glass up and gone upstairs.

[“She’s dead.”]

She didn’t think things were that bad. That meant, when she started to mention her…

[“He hurt. Badly. It was his first relationship ever. The only relationship he had. I should’ve been more sensitive.”]

Sure, Gary wasn’t there when she could use a brother. She had no one to complain to about the guy who changed their first attempt at sex into a fistfight, or about the bitchy girls who could do nothing but lie there and complain about something she was doing or fake orgasms while creating an impenetrable emotional barrier, or the lesbian girl, or the guy who was happy enough to get sucked off but the moment they were about to get serious “sorry, I cannot work with that. I know you’re a girl, but a dick is suuuuch a turnoff”.

[“Thaat’s unfair to Oscar. You’ve been through that. And as for Gary… All that doesn’t mean I have the right to be a bitch to him.”]

She stood over her bed a moment.

[“He wasn’t the one who ruined everything. I tried to tell myself this over the years, but it didn’t work. Not caring about him, being a bitch towards his girlfriend simply because she was his girlfriend and I had something of a grudge… Alex, that’s not befitting of you to act like that anymore. Things changed. We’re both adults now.”]

That was it.

[“I want to… have a brother. A long distance one, maybe, but it’s not proper for twins to try and separate from each other. After all, we were this close to being one person. Or at least, part of my cells was this close to being his cells. Stupid medical and biology stuff.”]
The next day, the guests were already there. One of their common friends passed Alex a letter from Lachlan. It basically said he simply couldn’t make it, and wished her everything best on her 19th birthday. To her surprise, however, it also said that he’d love to meet her in a few days and give her a birthday present and that he’s very sorry he couldn’t make himself available. In his message he requested to call him under a new cellphone number in the following days. Alex was fairly glad about the opportunity to either make up or at least get in touch properly again.

The house was metaphorically on fire. She didn’t even know they asked this many guests to participate, but she guessed if everyone brought their other half…

The celebrants themselves being single, it was an especially hurtful jab to think of this.

To add insult to injury, other than the drinks and the games on the upper floor, right outside the house Mother decided to start a freaking contra dance party, like it was 20th century coming to a close. It was actually a good way to make up, if she could convince Gary to ditch whatever he was engaged in and just dance with her for a while. Neither had any reason to partner with anyone else.

She finally found him on the upper floor. Right next to the poker players, Gary and one of Mother’s friends were engaged in… chess.

[“Still not changing that, Gary? Not very social. Chess is really just a one on one thing. Heck, it’s hard to even play as a two versus two.”]

She stood behind her brother as his opponent made the move, immediately analyzing the play. It was quite advanced already and her brother seemed set to move in for an attack on the king very soon, however, his opponent appeared to make a mistake with this move that she wasn’t sure Gary would notice. Not being a chess expert, her own perceptions were nevertheless very sharp, and she was somehow sure that if Gary spend a moment and witnessed that error, that’s the move he’d make. She leaned over her brother and moved his piece.

Both participants looked at her a bit surprised.

- *That’s unfair, Gary.*
- *Didn’t know you developed an interest in chess while I was gone, Sis.*
- *Me and chess share a certain funny story, but it’s a bit too embarrassing to tell. But, no, I’m not interested. I’m just quickening the play so I can snatch my brother away for a moment. Your move, Mister.*

Of course, the opponent could only move their king, but the way he was placed…

Gary and Alex both reached for the piece and Gary withdrew for a moment. For some reason, Alex found that rather cute, but somewhat worrying. Encouragingly, she put the piece in his hand and he didn’t need a lot of guidance to put it in the right place, although she did keep a hand on top of his, if just to reaffirm the notion of closeness.
• – both twins said at once. Alex added – Sorry, Mister, looks like the Lunarson Twins win this day.
• That is cheating, Gary, so I’ll be asking for a rematch. But, your sister seems to really want something, so I’ll leave you to her now.
• Thank you, mister. Giddy up, Gary, we have to hurry a bit.

Her brother got up and gave her an inspecting look. He was seemingly trying to formulate it properly, but gave up and just asked straight away. She recognized the lack of enthusiasm as a symptom of “I still have a funeral shroud lodged somewhere near my heart, sorry.”

• What do you want?
• Come, come! I’ll explain on the way.

He actually moved, which was a small success.

• You see, they’re dancing below. Since this is a rare opportunity…
• Couldn’t you have picked someone else? I’m not really in the mood.
• Can you see any boyfriend hanging on my shoulder, or me on his? Nope. Since you’re on your own, I’m on my own, and Mother’s organizing this contra dance thing, I figured it’d be good if we show up together. Since it’s *our* party.
• Alex…
• Bro, don’t you think for a second I forgot about you disliking to dance. But, Uncle said something worrying to me the other day. We should probably show Mom that we can get along despite the separation, just to ease her mind. You can do that much, can’t you?
• I’m not sure…
• Come on, come on. Surely, you’ve missed your family just a little bit. I’m sure it’ll get the blood flowing, cheer us up, make Mom happier, and then we can exchange gifts properly. Want me to say “pretty please”? 
• All right. I get that. Let’s do it.

They did engage in some dancing. It was a while for both of them, and Gary really hated it, but ultimately, it was an easy way to break ice and have some silly fun, even if both of them slightly embarrassed themselves publicly at some moments. After a few bouts of dancing and being adamant about not changing partners, Alex grabbed her brother’s hand like the times when they were little and led him out of there.

• Go get your gift, you said you had one. I’ll go get mine. - Alex suggested while they retreated from that side of the party.

She ran upstairs to get the case. Inside, there was a suit. She hoped he still didn’t buy one for graduating and moving onto diploma studies. After looking at her brother yesterday, she was pretty sure they would not have any need to exchange it – he had nearly exactly the same proportions she expected him to have.
Gary was waiting for her downstairs. He looked a bit relaxed, if somewhat annoyed, rather than the
down and distant look he had yesterday and today’s morning. Alex motioned for him to go up and
he did. They were alone.

- *Let me go first – he said.*
- *Ohhh? Fine, I don’t mind.*

He handed her a fairly large box. She opened it, to find a large, somewhat pyramid-shaped box of
one of her favorite sweets. She raised an eyebrow, but then, he handed her a smaller box. Inside,
there were earrings, gold or gold-tinted with green gemstones. She wasn’t sure if those were
emeralds or even if the gold was real at the first glance, but they surely weren’t cheap.

- *You can afford this as a student?*
- *I’ve been away for two years and even meeting, let alone spending time or exchanging gifts on
  our birthday during these times were difficult. Uncle mostly helps me with all the costs of
  living in Canada, so I tried to save up make this present special.*
- *The sweets I like and earrings. Why these colors in particular?*

His skin flushed, if ever so slightly.

[“Wow. I can still make him do that, after all these years.”]

- *Um… I have no idea what you’d like. Simply, I thought these would… Go well, you know.
  With your eyes.*

She raised an eyebrow, but moments later, beamed him a smile.

- *Well, Brother, ~so-rry, but I have nothing as personal as that for you.*
- *Well, it’s okay, since you bought me a gift either way. What is it?*
- *A suit. Here, look.*

She opened the case and he took a good look at it after pulling it out.

- *Seems like it’ll fit. You asked Uncle for…*
- *I guessed.*
- *You… guessed?*
- *Well, we have nearly always ended up being the same height over the last few years. Given
  the metabolism you have and the fact that academic life probably keeps you from exercising, I
  could guess pretty well what measurements you’ll end up having. Of course, I did have the
  opportunity to exchange it if it turned out I was off the mark.*
- *A suit that my sister guessed would fit on me. How is it not personal again?*
- *~Well, it’s nothing like the sweets you like. Or jewelry that your own sibling thinks fits your
  eye color. To be honest, I’m not even sure you like the coloration, so… Oh, by the way, since I
  mentioned exercising. You’re staying for quite some time, aren’t you? Would you like to go
  jogging tomorrow, together? I’m sure your health could use it, and, well, I rarely get the
  chance to exercise. I’ve put on some weight, as you can probably see, but… I’ve been wanting
  to get it off, and it’s an opportunity to do something together without expending our already
  violated budgets. Not that I think there…*

The way Gary looked at his suit, and then at her made her uneasy. Something was clearly wrong.
Nice act, Sis.
What do you mean?
I mean it’s nice acting. You almost caught me, and I really did relax. You’re acting the way you did when we were fifteen or sixteen or so.

That was an odd remark. It… stung. Alex felt a bit offended, in fact.

And… What’s wrong about that, again?
Well, I can get that you want to make mother comfortable, but I’m not that easily fooled. I noticed how you were changing on the few times I was here over these two and half years. You’re not the same person. You wouldn’t act like this. There’s no need to change your behavior so much on my behalf. In fact, depending on intent, it’s a little insulting…

Despite her own irritation, Alex calmed down and decided to drop the act, which it really was. She was not the happy-go-lucky sister anymore. She was more jaded, more detached, in a sense, also more mature. But she had to make one thing clear.

We really are twins, or you really are a genius, noticing on your first day here.
So, I was right. Never mind. I’ll be go…
Wait, Gary. I acted the way I did when we were younger to make you comfortable. What I said or did or the gifts, those weren’t “acting”. I wanted to have a dance, I wanted to make up with you, and my offer for jogging tomorrow still stands. Unless it rains, that is.
Why would you…
I’m not all rational like you. Let’s just make up and forget the reasoning this time, okay? We have enough physical distance day to day, no need to increase the emotional one as well. So, are we set?
For the jogging?
Of course, we’ll pick a shady enough place. I guess you being in Canada for so long made you a little spoiled as well. The weather’s there must be a bit more agreeing with you than over here.
It is. And… Fine. It’s not like…not like we stopped being sibling. We are twins, after all. And what you said does seem true.
So, now…

She took a step closer towards him and smiled, a decidedly more calm smile this time, rather than the half-fake beaming ones.
Thank you for your gift, brother. Happy birthday.
Thanks to you as well, sis. I wish you everything best.
So…
So…

Their arms twitched. They both raised one, but incompatibly, so they both lowered one and raised the other… at the same time, meaning once more the pose was incompatible. Alex reminded herself of a picture that she once saw on the internet, and couldn’t help but chuckle.

Hug failed. – she quoted a, by now somewhat ancient, the internet meme.
Aw-kward.
I expected as much. Listen, I’d like to talk… tomorrow. So, maybe once we get to the talking part, we can do it properly and more comfortably.
Sure thing.
Gary?
Yes?
Make sure to have fun. And seek me out later. It *is* good to finally see you around here on our birthday party. Only a jerk misses the party of someone who’s born on the same day as you, you know.
Here we go again. Barely a day in, and you already insult me.
Let’s have a drinking competition later. If you win, you can get back at me.
If I lose?
Do you prefer to eat my home cooking or buy me another box of these?
Doesn’t seem like a fair exchange no matter how I look at it.
How about both?
Ok, Ok. Whatever you want.
All right. See you in an hour or so.

The next day, Alex woke up with just a little bit of a hangover.

She won, of course. Body mass beats focus, raw seriousness, and willpower, apparently. But she was more surprised at suggesting it, then going through with it, and then, at the way Gary and her behaved when drinking.

She hasn’t felt so relaxed or playful in a long time. Exceptions being times with her best friends. Or, occasionally, sex. But, that didn’t count.

What did count is that the very day she saw her brother again and they tried to make up turned out to be a very good day, and that alone was both surprising and amazing. Even Gary, a young man who recently lost his first entirely serious love, appeared to be able to finally let his guard down around her.

She hoped things would continue to get better.

Alex went down and nodded to Gary who was passing her in the hallway with his own breakfast. She remembered the times when the two would make breakfast together or one would do it for the other, and the teasing she’d impose on him if he was the one getting her breakfast done.

Such simple, childish things. She was only now realizing how much she missed those innocent days.

Trying to deal with being binary-gendered, with her body first being underdeveloped, and then suddenly going all the way into overgrown in terms of sexual characteristics, never finding a partner
she’d find to be adequate or one that would find her completely adequate, getting so desperate as to spend money to have sex with a man… She was hardly the same person she was in the days were she would just wander around the house with her brother, carelessly, teasing him and then fighting and making up and fighting again only to make up in an even more heart-touching manner.

Such foolishness.

She ate breakfast and told Gary that she’d be waiting for him at a spot in the park in 2,5 hours, but now, she had to do something else. After brushing her teeth and getting dressed, she left, opened her cell phone, and called Lachlan.

- **Hello, Lachlan. Alex here.**
- **Alex! Great to hear from you. How does it feel to be an old lady?**
- **Surprisingly good actually. I had fun. Of course, I would have more fun if you were here, which is why I wonder if you intentionally denied me the pleasure of your company as revenge for some long-forgotten slight.**
- **No such thing. We… haven’t talked much, recently, did we?**
- **Well, it’s an improvement. For some time, we didn’t talk at all.**
- **Sorry, I’ve made it awkward.**
- **Lachlan, we are…. We are friends, right? I mean, we’re STILL friends?**
- **I hope we are. It’d be a shame if we weren’t.**
- **I was worried that I might’ve ruined our relationship due to my selfish request.**
- **I might’ve complained once, but… Actually, nevermind. We’ll talk it over when we meet. It’s… fine now. I want to be friends like before.**
- **Exactly like before?**
- **Well, we’re a bit older, since we’re both past our 19th birthdays… So we may chug more beers together if you prefer. But, otherwise…**
- **I’m happy to hear that. So, about that meeting…**
- **Sorry to be unable to attend your birthday party. I’ve also heard your brother finally came around, huh? High and mighty air from being a student one year earlier than he should be, and at such a prestigious place?**
- **Actually, no. We got along… surprisingly well. Better than I expected, or than we did in past two years or so. And that’s despite a certain really bad thing happening to him before, which I didn’t know about. Seeing him again today… It was fun.**
- **Glad to hear he’s still sane. Anyway, about that meeting. I have time five days from now. Are you free? It’ll be Sunday, I know.**
- **It’s fine. I’m not yet focused on learning for exams or anything. I’m free overall.**
- **So, how about half past two P.M? Is it ok with you?**
- **Sure, why not. I’ll look forward to meeting you.**
- **Likewise, Alex. Likewise.**

She hung up and went on with her business. Meaning, buying some make-up, and some sport clothes. She did put on a bit too much weight for her tastes and she worried that if she put on clothing that was too tight-fitting, her brother may see it as a sign that her immature self from two and a half years ago is still crushing on him. After all, she had to conceive a point : Tight clothes over big breasts were erotic and arousing, especially to the male gender.

Not a chance she’d risk ruining it with something that wasn’t there after such a long time of missing him, and such a successful short time of getting her brother back.
Act 4: Post-Birthday Magnetism - Quality Time's Run-out

Chapter Summary

Alex is about to spend some time getting to know and getting closer with her brother again. What can the twin's feelings about one another be after all this time?

Gary arrived at the planned spot of the meeting, already clothed for a jogging session. The sun was thankfully gentle on that mid-spring October day, the weather creating plenty of pleasant shade and the wind smoothly beating down any excessive heat. The park thus had a pleasantly shady atmosphere with the rays just barely breaking through the surface of the line of trees along the road, so he would not need to worry about his eyes, much less his skin. He looked around and saw a feminine figure waving at him. Approaching his sister, it seemed she was already dressed for the occasion as well.

As he moved closer, Gary couldn’t help but marvel at the change that happened in Alex over these last two and a half years, the results of which he was only able to see as staged points broken by long intervals up until now.

Because the Alex most ingrained in his mind was still the one from over two years ago. The one he remembered… that Alex was always tomboyish, with an athletic figure, petite endowments, and lean hips. At the moment of their parting, she changed to look quite girly, but was still light, lean, tall – for a girl their age, that is, and sporty.

Now, she looked like a totally different person. Her skin fairer and her body so developed that clothes seemed unable to confine it. Gary wondered (and worried) if she had drown her problems and sorrows by overeating when he was away. Her figure gained a definite layer of soft fat and thickness that made her look larger than he was even though they had the same height. Combined with the leftover underlying muscle, her looks were beautiful, but with the feeling that something was mildly just a ‘bit off’. The result was that between her light, sporty if well-covering clothing and her practically excessive body, Gary suddenly find himself at a loss as to where he should look.

[“She was a slender girl, a tomboy just two and a half years ago… but now, she’s suddenly a woman. So much that it’s striking. I can’t look at her and think anything else, even in this outfit that would’ve suited the old Alex so much.”]

He quietly thanked the powers that be for the fact it her clothes weren’t any tighter, or he’d probably be staring too much. Finally, Alex brought him out of the stupor.

- Hello, Brother! Good to see you haven’t ditched me to play some chess rematch.
- Well, you had a rational explanation for this, so I guessed it’s okay. Also, you wanted to talk, so…
- Let’s warm up and get to it. We’ll feel better once we burn some energy.
- All right.
Gary’s eyes managed to keep themselves from wandering when they warmed up, and so did Alex’. She was fairly certain she’d be able to just normally interact with her brother if they shared some regular, friendly quality time like this, but it was better not to tempt her old demons just yet.

They went for a run. This was the one sport-related thing, unless you count chess, that Gary was always roughly equal to his sister, running. Especially so now – he was slightly out of shape, while she was both out of shape and carrying a lot more than her legs were used to for this sort of pace. Not to mention, no matter how good the sports bra and the top, the way her body shifted and swayed when she run threatened to comically knock her out – or turn way, way too many heads at least - if she picked up the pace too much, even if she didn’t get tired. However, they established a pace – one which made looking sideways at Alex only a little bit distracting - and soon started chatting.

- I hear you’ve been doing well enough in terms of getting where Uncle expected you to be. I presumed with skipping a grade and all the admission requirements to an actual university overseas, there’d be some problems along the way even for you, but all you’ve done is excel, right?
- Are you trying to make me overly proud of myself here, sis? It wasn’t easy. Thankfully, the grades are set up similar as they were here... Except for starting dates Uncle insisted I try to get the pre-university course diploma somewhere and enjoy, as he put it, “college life”, but kind of forgot that if he’s going to try to move me up a grade, “College life” in a pre-university course will last only one year. So, in a matter of a couple of months, I had to pass final exams for grade 11, get admitted to college, and pass an exam proving I was already up to date with the curriculum.
- That’s uncle for you. A year and a half of education in three and a half months or so. And the entire process sounds hella complicated.
- I died from paperwork and extra exams, and Uncle was still the one taking care of most of the former. Apparently, he really wanted me to attend where he was teaching. To the point of letting me live one year in the state of Quebec with almost zero supervision just so I’d be “ready for the hardships of private university education”.
- Died, you say...
- I think by the end of it, I may end up being a zombie unless I miraculously reincarnate. I’m not Uncle after all, I guess, although the first year at that place was... good.

[“But now, you’ve lost her, so year number two is not.”]

- Well, maybe you’re not Uncle, but you’ve done more than enough for your age, and for pulling this sort of a double stunt, too. Did you expect anything else? Mother should be proud of you, but you know how she can be.
- First giving me meals like you were my mom, now when I return, you try to overtake her in that, too. I’m starting to doubt whether you’re really the sibling and she’s the parent.
- Hey, birth papers say we’re twins. I should’ve grabbed you by the ankle when you were coming out, so we’d have a permanent mark as proof. Yup, we’re twins. A rather weird pair, but still.

Gary smirked.

- When you look closely, we do look quite a bit like each other, except for the albino thing. The height is once again the same.
- Our faces were very similar before we’ve turned sixteen, so anyone would believe we’re twins.
- We used to have very similar body proportions, too. Then, puberty. And then, it seems you’ve hit … whatever you call it. Second puberty.
- First, I became girly, and then, ekhem. You on the other hand at least managed to have it as one normal phase of your life. Even though the only one there who could’ve managed any of
Gary was surprised by how smoothly his unintended joke went. After probing about how Alex would react if he pointed out the changes in her body, Gary noticed her attitude towards herself and him noticing it became… Not necessary more light-hearted or healthier, but more mature and a little more detached.

- I kind of regret the fact that I couldn’t see the faces of girls that sometimes made fun of you when we were younger once your female hormones finally seemed to get to work. Must’ve been priceless.
- Not really. Girls are that way, Gary. They’ll dislike you if you’re not as pretty as them and dare not to worship them, and if you do overtake them at something, anything, they’ll start teasing you about something else just to feel superior. In my case, I changed nicknames like gloves, and…
- Let’s stop here, shall we?

They sat down on a park bench, in a comfortable distance, and looked at one another, slightly panting. Alex was also surprised by how well and natural the conversation seemed to be going, and slightly embarrassed but flattered on how easily Gary addressed her figure, and not in a bad way, either.

- Look, Alex, there was something…
- Let me finish, since I’ve already hit on that topic. You won’t like what… I’m about to say and talk about.
- Go ahead, but I’ll still have to say what I want to say.
- I… Heard about Susan. I… Am sorry.

He frowned and seemed like he was about to throw a snarky remark, but stopped himself and merely responded:

- This doesn’t really need to be discussed.
- No, Gary, it does. I am your twin sister, and yet, when she was around, I was… cold to her. To both of you. I never even learned anything about what girls you liked or got to know your first love. I was a borderline bitch to her and to you when you got here. And I was insensitive when you came here without her.
- Alex, you weren’t, and we really don’t need to talk about…
- Let me finish. As I said, I am sorry for the way I acted, but it isn’t… of utmost importance. You lost someone who was clearly close to you. It must’ve hurt like hell, and with Uncle focused on work and your education, you probably didn’t have many close people to talk to about it, to lessen your burden. I… I want you to know that if it’s difficult, or if you need consolation, or just want to get things off your chest, I’m there for you. I guess I should always be, but… never mind. I know I can’t change the past, but I can recognize my mistake. I allowed us drifting apart to leave you hurt without help for weeks. Even if we were kids…
- That’s not the trail of thought you should have after saying “I can’t change the past.”
- This fits more: We should make the most of what is right now, and right now, facts are you lost your first love, and I’ve done nothing to help you. Neither did Mom. So, there, I’ve said it. I know you’re a strong person, I have no idea how I could help you, but if there’s any way I can…
- You don’t need to say that. Actually, I have the exact same things to apologize for, if not worse.
- Bro?
- Alex, I’ve abandoned you during an important phase. I kept creating more artificial distance at first, too, even when what Mom or uncle mentioned about you worried me. You… Well, you
haven't even had your first relationship when I was leaving. I was never there for you when you got hurt by boyfriends or girlfriends. Or rejected. Or made fun of because you put on weight or grew in hips and... chest... Mainly, I was a failure as a brother at a time where you needed me. I had a lot, and I mean a lot of problems establishing that one single relationship where I was in love with someone. For you, I can only imagine it would’ve been hard, especially with your... secret. I am really sorry for that, for abandoning you. I thought... I thought it was the right thing to do, at the time. I probably still do, but I wish... I wish things could've been solved without such drastic measures.

Alex tilted her head.

- So, we’re even and all is forgiven?
- Not exactly. There are a couple more points. When I visited, I could notice that despite all these... problems, you’ve grown. You became more mature and down-to-earth, although also more jaded. Don’t think I never asked mom how you’re doing.
- Well, if you asked early enough, then you’ve probably learned that I lost “your good influence” and became a “problem child”.
- And I tried to ignore that. I knew well enough about you going out more, and I thought it’d be good even if it came at the cost of your marks in the penultimate grade. I did worry when it seemed things didn’t change over the summer vacations... But then, something changed. You managed to not give up on social life and to do things... do things without Uncle, and without me. You got up, dusted yourself off and improved in every single area of your life, especially school. I understand that it was difficult and draining for you.
- You bet. Why do you think I’ve taken a gap year before choosing whether I wanna work or try some more ‘education’?
- My guess was, actually, that you were not entirely sure what to do. What you wanted to study, if you were ready to take any admittance tests, if you wanted to stay in our family house, or even in the country. I mean, we’re pretty lucky there’s not just one country that speaks English as a native language. Makes it easier to study elsewhere, like I did.

Alex... paused. Was this the bond between twins? Or did Uncle Adam figure that out together with Gary? She never gave her reasons for not pursuing anything immediately after her graduation. Yet Gary knew. Gary knew from the start that if she didn’t get back on track with schoolwork as she pretended to be, that she felt a little lost and unsure, even without her telling him. There were perspectives appearing, things she thought she may want to do, but she wasn’t sure if she wanted to do them in the state she grew up in, or even in Australia as a whole.

[“Read like a book. Two and a half years of trying to separate us... and I’m read like a book.”]

- I’ll keep talking, all right? There’s no need to say something you’re uncomfortable saying, or explaining stuff to me that you think I have no bu...

- No. You’re right. I pretended to be tired after improving my grades in the twelfth year, but it wasn’t entirely true. I was still lucky in terms of schoolwork, since we didn’t have to change from high school to a college like in some states. But the real reason I took a ‘gap year’, so to speak, was because I had no idea what it I wanted to do. I felt... left behind. You were doing well on your own, but I wasn’t. I clung to Lachlan, to mom, to partying... And I never considered what I wanted to do. I felt like...

- Despite the uneasiness of your situation, you picked yourself up, Alex. You went on to be even slightly better at school. You returned to that state you were in earlier. Having friends. You managed to be brave enough to open up and try relationships. I know some of them ended with you frustrated or crying. Don’t think me and Uncle never asked Mom about that.
- You’ve had a girlfriend. Me trying is not so impr…

- Don’t talk about her. Susan was a year older than me and I was lucky to meet her. I’d never be able to go out there and try dating or meeting people I didn’t know. I’m not as brave as you. That’s all that needs to be said about my love life. Don’t think for a second you have something to be envious of in regards to my ability to build any, because it built itself.

- Love and relationships don’t build themselves, Gary. No matter who takes the first steps, it takes two to dance.

- Then you should be congratulated on a marvelous solo performance in a category for pairs, still. A valiant effort. It’s just one of the things that made me feel like… That you should be…

It was Gary’s turn to be at a loss for words. It was clear he was trying to pass something onto her, and it was clear he felt like she needs to hear it. But, after all those years…

Alex smiled mildly.

[“What’re you doing, nerdy boy. You’re just Gary. You flush red and stutter or exclaim loudly when the situation turns embarrassing. Don’t force yourself to say something unnecessary.”]

- I wanted to say that I, likewise, feel that she should be proud of you. I’m proud of you. It wasn’t easy on you. Even if you made mistakes, you’ve dealt with everything all on your own, so it’s right. It feels right to be proud of you, even if you don’t know what direction you want to take now. It’s a hell of a lot more difficult when you’re the one abandoned and left behind and nobody’s getting the path ready for you. Don’t think for a moment I don’t know that. Don’t think for a moment I don’t feel sorry that… with all you’ve already suffered… you had to go through all of that without us. I’m glad you found new people to help you, I am, but most of all… I’m proud of you, Alex.

She was stunned. Her brother was actually apologizing – and to her face, not ‘owning up to his actions’ over a letter - for the way he solved things and considered the way she dealt with herself something to be proud of. Was he joking? Or just trying to make her comfortable?

[“Look at him. You can discern if he’s a lying bastard. It’s still Gary. You’re still you. You can see such… things…”]

The thing that mostly disturbed her and made her unsure what to do was the feeling of achievement, accomplishment. She was surprised at how pleasant it felt to hear him apologize and say he was proud of her, as should Mother be. Far too pleasant. She was probably blushing too much. The worst part, however, was…

- You’re… actually serious and honest, aren’t you? I can’t seem to detect falsehood in this…
- Of course! Why would I lie? Do you really think I’m such a bastard as to…
- No, you aren’t. I know you aren’t, Gary. It’s just that… I don’t really think I grew up all that well to make anyone proud of me. Especially compared to you, I’m a bit of a failure. And when you were away, I was so angry with you, especially at the start, and then, I distanced myself, so now… This kind of reconciliation feels surreal. Almost too good to be true.
We weren’t honest with each other enough in the past, at times, so I hope we can be now. You’re more mature than before, you’ll probably have a shot at a good university if you really try, you’ve handled yourself quite well without falling into the wrong company, plus, you’re more feminine than any of the girls that bullied you now.

[“You naïve, foolish boy. I paid a man for sex a couple weeks back.”]

The pure straightforwardness and honesty in his gaze broke her self-condescending thoughts, and scattered them on the next breeze of the spring wind.

She blushed at that.

[“I spend money on a gigolo, I was so bitter that I nearly told our uncle I don’t care about you at all, I drowned my sorrows in food when you were gone, kept gaining more and more weight, which is probably the main reason I have these… Lumps of flesh now. You know, many guys say big boobs don’t count if you’re fat, and I worry I may be crossing that threshold if this keeps up, so why the hell are you complimenting me? And why do I feel like hearing… more of this? Why are you looking at me with these… eyes of yours?”]

• I don’t really think…
• Here you go. Trying to make me feel proud of myself, but acting all shy and humble. I’m going to say this because we’re twins. Alex, when someone compliments you, stop saying “oh no, it’s not true, I am that and that and that and dumb, fat fugggly…”. It’s seriously annoying about most girls our age, and any normal guy will tell you that. Especially that I’m not complimenting you due to ulterior motives, I’m just telling the truth as it is.

[“Yeah. You wouldn’t have ulterior motives. You wouldn’t, for example, want to bang your sister. You’ll just look at me with those eyes and *now* try to make up for everything. Because you know I can’t resist those… those eyes of yours.”]

• I… Am glad you feel so, then.
• Also, thank you for your offer. I really appreciate it. Yes, it’s been hard, but… I’ve decided not to wallow in it. I just want to… I want to keep the parts that were happy, but not drag myself down with the fatal ending for the rest of my life. Not that I feel at all like talking about… about Susan. I think if I just avoid the topic, it’ll be easier to get over all of this… Get on with my life.
• Like I said, you can talk to me anytime. Sober or drunk, too! Now, come here. Let your big sister give you a hug.
• We’re twins! – Gary protested over her calling herself the ‘big sister’.

[“A hug. A hug, now. This is risky. It’s risky to have a hug, Alex. Quick, Gary. Don’t agree. Do not agree. Get paranoid. Think it’s an excuse to make you feel guilty, or tantalize you with my porn-level lumps of titflesh. Speaaak, Alex. Postpone it. Say something ridiculously irrelevant.”]

• Come to think of it, we never asked Mother which one of us was born first, did we?
• We didn’t. Still. We’re twins, though I’m not opposed to hugging.
• Then c…
Another pause.

[“Why the hell am I so eager to hug this stupid damn brat who abandoned me to study overseas and then got himself some dumb brunette girlfriend who just happened to die and now he’s all sad and I suddenly wanted to comfort him and…”]

But it was too late. Gary already approached, seeing no reason not to, and started to wrap his arms around his sister’s frame, which he didn’t get to do properly when sober on their birthday party.

Indeed, just as she asked. This time, there were no clashing hands as he embraced his sister, and her hands hugged him back. The sensation of pressing their bodies together with such affection after over two years had her heart racing.

[“This is impossible. It’s just a hug, you dumb girl! A hug between siblings! It’s been long overdue, sure, but it’s nothing to get so happy about!”]

There was something wrong. The way Gary was pressed against her body, the incredible sensation of closeness to an important person when she finally hugged her brother after going two and half years without a single serious and truly honest show of mutual affection with him, it all… Was awakening something she thought she was totally over with, and it prompted her to hug her brother stronger and more closely, one of her breasts flattening out against his chest while the other moved to the side, escaping the pressure.

[“Ah, yes, I didn’t have these last time we hugged. Does Gary like this size, or… Wait, wait wait wait, what do I care? It doesn’t matter what Gary’s thoughts on my breasts are, does it?”]

Hey, sis, could you put just a bit less strength into squeezing me? Just a thought. Damn you’ve got some force in those arms.

Oh, I got carried away. Sorry.

It’s all right. I missed that, too.

[“You should also probably mention that it feels nice now that I’m soft and feminine, just to make me feel more comfortable about myself.”]

A pause. A shiver through her body, and her green-amber eyes opening up wide.

Alex felt her nipples harden somewhat in the sports bra for little reason at all. They weren’t entirely soft thanks to the light sweat she build up confronted with the pleasant breeze of the wind, but now, they were definitely even harder than before. It was unmistakable. Even if it was slight and didn’t persist, hugging her brother after all this time was giving her body a definite feeling of arousal.

[“No, wait. Why does he say such nice things? Why does this feels so good? Why am I so conscious of our bodies? Why do I have these thoughts? Why do I want to keep hugging him?”]

Forcing herself to stop and step back before she allowed herself to slip, Alex let go of her brother, and, in a moment, he also let go of her. Somehow, it changed her entire perspective when she realized he was the one holding onto her longer, but he lingered too long, which made the pleasant
sensations slightly more intense. Alex spoke instinctively.

- This was long overdue. Make sure you don’t make me wait another two and a half years for another one.
- Sure thing, sister.

[“How about changing it to two and half seconds?”]

As they got up, she indeed gave him another quick hug and ruffled his hair, messing them up a little like a teasing sister, but in truth, she already start to realize what was happening.

[“I cannot believe this. It’s been two years. We meet. We have fun for a day and a half. We hug. It doesn’t… it shouldn’t feel so close to the way it seemed to be back then just from that. I’m not falling back in love with that asshole. No… no. He did it for me. So I could stop having these sorts of feelings. So, that’s two reasons not to.”]

- Feel like running some more?

- Oh, yes. I’ve gotten a sudden… energy boost from that talk. I feel motivated, to say the least.

They got up from their seated position, and started running again.

- Did you want to talk about what you thought you may be doing? I mean, are there any perspectives at all on what seems something you’d like doing, or…

- A couple. Nothing particularly strongly preferred yet, but I was thinking there may be some things. The way my worldview expanded, and with some of the company and experiences I’ve gotten, I guess I’d be peerfect for gender studies, but that’s not anything that’ll give you a job. So if anything that’d be for a second course, minor, whatever, or after I’m done getting something with actual qualifications.

- And the idea here was? If any?

Alex slowed down, forcing Gary to do it as well.

- You’ll… You’ll think I’m shallow.

- Really?

- Shallow or silly or naïve.

- So I’m going to be insulting the closest, genetically speaking, being to me on Earth because of stereotypes about what she considered… Hmm. A partial identical twin of mine, too. I wonder if that’ll mean fifty or seventy five or who knows how much percent of these insults will apply to me, too. Hey, hey! Don’t start running faster on your own now!

She grit her teeth as they continued with the jogging.
“I can’t believe myself. I really can’t believe it! It’s been THIRTY FUCKING MONTHS OR MORE! I missed him for weeks on end, then whole lunar cycles, the I despised him for a year, then I convinced myself I didn’t care, but all the while, this freaking brother complex or obsession or whatever it is… Was it really just there, lurking?! Waiting for one single misplaced conversation that we’d make up and hug!? Waiting for him to start treating me kindly like this the way I always wanted him to? I WAS A BRAT! Just… just a kid! How can this person make my heart beat so fast after so long? I’m an adult now, there should be no such silly and unreasonable effects! He is grieving over a dead girlfriend, I barely stopped being angry at him, so why, why, why! This is fucked up! I grew up, even I know the consequences now! Even I can realize the feelings I had when we were younger were wrong and impure! The day he left I acted like a drug addict or a slut! I thought of him as a sex toy! So why does *affection* of all things bring it all back!”

- I… I won’t lose… I won’t give in to this… - Alex whispered to herself, constant pauses as she tried to fight off the images that came to her mind.

Gary was catching up again, but she seemed to be catching up again. Her whispers and mumbling were heard soon enough.

- My entire life has shaped me. It was my life that got me to this point, so, looking back…

- Alex?

- I was looking back at my life! When… When I considered the options, I just looked back at my life and thought what might be a good thing to do for someone like me!

They were half-sprinting rather than just jogging now. It was so long since Alex felt this. Felt like a child. Having Gary chase her like this, with rays of sunshine occasionally almost blinding her, but mostly embracing her skin in pleasant warmth. The whisper of leaves, his voice right behind her, the wind in her hair. Things were simpler back then.

[“I could reach out, and he’d be there. He’d act annoyed, but he’d be there. Ever since I was born. Always. What… what changed? And why am I still left behind even after this change?”]

- Looking back at me, I was a boyish… kid! When other girls were getting pretty, I wasn’t, but the distance… the distance was in my head as well! I was always going at it all natural, while they were always taking care of their appearance. Some of them to excess! And then, there were those who didn’t care! There’s a lot more to being seen as attractive than just being beautiful or plain, because a whole lot of a things can change depending on presentation! Hairstyle, skin care, makeup… all these things can make a plain girl appear cared for and even beautiful! On the other hand, doing it wrong time and time again can make you a lot worse in the long run! Overdoing it is bad!

- Then you were thinking about…

- Being a cosmetician was the first idea! The first phase of education, of curriculum, can be quite broad. There’s a lot of stuff… Whether you’re going for aesthetician or trying to join it from the industry’s side, everything about it is broad, but nothing is something that requires extensive smarts. So, cosmetician, or even a perfumer… A way to help girls who felt like me back then, or people who want to feel more attractive in general, attractive in some ways without ruining them… Is something I could do.
Gary paused. They were twins. She felt he wanted to ask something. Formulate a response. She noticed the people in other sides of the park. Looking at them. Looking at her ungraceful, large form darting through like back in the day when she was a kid playing with nature. She looked back at him, just like when they were kids and she managed to pull him out of the house near sunset. He was ready to start asking his question, but he didn’t even need to be halfway done.

- Alex, these both require a bit of…

- Chemistry, yes! But you’ve studied this stuff all the time. In so many ways. With me at home, leaving these books everywhere. I am my uncle’s niece. I am not you, I am not him… but it’s not like my chemistry grades were *bad* when I got into it, Gary!

- Of course they weren’t! We’re twins!

- Precisely!

He huffed a bit as he tried to catch back up with her.

- Why are you still running so fast!?

- B-ecause! Then, there was this! This! Kids don’t grow up these days the way I did! The way I tried to interact with others my age was quite boyish indeed! Playing outside! Sports! Breathing in the fresh air! I dragged my poor brother who can’t stand the sun outside again and again whenever possible until he got as good as running as I was! Or better! When I look left and right in a place like this, even in a crazy environment like ours where people make jokes about how everything around us is trying to kill us, I feel alive! So I was considering environmental sciences too! Stupid… ecology or green chemistry or whatever! To preserve this! There’s less and less to preserve with every decade, because we’re so greedy! And then… Then I realized something else, too!

- Slow down… Hah, hah… Neither of us is in shape to…

- Precisely! Despite having a freak body like this, like mine, despite doing so many things that weren’t really good for it, I was always blessed with health! I was a goddamn tough kid, and it ever rubbed off on you, even though it made us both sad when your eyes couldn’t take the sun, even when I felt guilty about your skin being irritated by all that. I realized all this time… I did want you and me to be healthy! So we could enjoy this! I’m… I’m too dumb to become a doctor or anything like you and Uncle are trying to be, but if it’s something like… something like… hah… physiotherapy, there’s a chance I could do it! Though that’d be the hardest of the three, so I don’t… don’t know if I have the motivation to try! Still, looking back at my life, these are the things… I thought I could do! Things that maybe, if I tried, would make me enjoy myself, or at least not hate them! Things that would have… the smallest bit of meaning!

[“Thank the God for Australia’s freaking non-existent population density. If this was a place in Europe or Canada or the USA, I’d ram myself into several people, a dozen or so would hear this, and I’d have five pictures of my humongous bouncing tits taken by now.”]
[*What’s wrong with her. Jumping from being so vibrant and so healthy to dising herself like this. To putting herself down like this, as if her self-esteem didn’t improve at all, as if she couldn’t see what I see. Couldn’t see… The… The hell, Gary, these thoughts are generally a little too flattering, aren’t they? *]

Still, he knew he was the only person she told. Maybe this Lachlan guy knew, or some other good friends, but from her family, he’d be the only one.

- How is that shallow?

- H...huh?

- How is that shallow? Or naïve? Or silly? You thought everything over! You thought about what you could do! Things that weren’t hard for you to study because you could understand them and didn’t hate them! You thought about whether or not it’d be just job routine for you, or something you had a chance to enjoy! You thought of your life, you thought of if it’d help others at all, you even thought of your stupid no-good family, so how the hell is that shallow, Alex?

Pause. She couldn’t handle it. Couldn’t handle *that* Gary praising her so soon. She dashed forward, faster than before. Faster than she ever ran since probably the time she got enough of a chest for boys to want to fondle it at parties, giving her a bad reputation, but making her feel a little better about her body. Gary could only barely follow.

- Why are you going EVEN FASTER now?!

- Fuck off! Why would I need to… look at your face when you say these embarrassing things? Just lag behind! The lines of trees are over, and you can’t stand the sun! Just stop where you are!

- You’re straining yourself too much! Your legs must hurt by now, and your form is all off! You shouldn’t just be darting like this after jogging and then half-sprinting so far! Why do you act like…

- I told you to stop following m…

Suddenly, just at the moment where the line of trees would end, Gary’s words came to be true. Alex’ body could handle the strain of dashing like this, and muscle memory was a wonderful thing, except for when your entire form has changed so thoroughly since the last time you seriously practiced running as a sport. Her balance was off the entire time, and now finally she lost it, tripping and falling, stopping herself with her hands just behind the line that separated the shadows cast be the trees and the area brightly illuminated by the sun.

- Alex! Shit…

He approached quickly, much to her horror, and with a lot better balance than she had. Not that it mattered. They were both panting, covered with a sheen of sweat, and she already reached the safe area, but somehow, deep inside, she knew. She knew Gary cared too much now, or she became too girly in his eyes, or he just felt too damn guilty to let it go.

Covering his face and eyes from the side, the Australian sunlight merciless to him in late spring there on the southern hemisphere, Gary leaned in and reached out to her, one eye closed for a moment,
then opening as he got used to the light.

Panting again, with her entire body wet and sticky from the weather, from the strain, and from sheer nervousness, she had to look up at the person who was once the dearest to her in her life reaching out towards her again. Helping her eagerly just like he did nine years back, when she was a scared kid bullied by others.

As opposed to now being a no-longer-kid bullied by her own sense of inadequacy, of inability to fit in her family, or amongst her friends, or amongst her dating pool, whether it was intellectually and emotionally in the first case, or either of that plus physically in the second.

She had to watch Gary’s red eyes stare at her with utmost concern and care as he asked if she was all right, and she had to feel their fingers rub against each other. The strong grab of his hand as he slowly lifted her up.

It was something she couldn’t tear her eyes away from, but also something she couldn’t look at when he was up close again thanks to her being back on her feet. Looking down and to the side, Alex simply mindlessly spoke what she thought. Not all of it, but too much. Too much to appear innocent if he was to drill her for the meaning. And yet not enough for her aloof twin brother to understand. To find out. Her voice wasn’t teasing or pleasantly naughty like back then. Instead, it was cracking, full of tiredness, grief, regret, and plain old realization that her efforts were coming, at a steady pace, and one too quick for her, to an utter failure.

- Why... can’t I just let it go... and get over this...
- Alex?
- Urgh... urghhh, never mind. I’m mumbling to myself. I’m... fine. A scratch or bump here or there at most. I’m okay. Let’s... go back home. Mom will be leaving tomorrow for some time, right? We shouldn’t deprive her of our company. Plus, we’re both all sweaty. Clearly we’re out of practice. We’ll have enough time when she’s gone, just the two of us...

[“Why did my heart skip a bit when I realized that?”]

Slowly, looking her over to ensure she really was all right – and blushing mildly at her disheveled state, her smell from up close, the glistening of her skin – Gary lead his sister back to their mother’s home.
Act 4 : Post-Birthday Magnetism - Time-out

Chapter Summary

Alex’s and Gary's mother is about to leave. Alex did far too many significant things and had far too many embarrassing thoughts on the day before, and it's starting to come into a realization. What will she act like when her only actual parent left around is no longer in the way?

Alex picked up masturbation more since the time she had actual sex.

It felt nowhere near as good, to be fair, but now when she was fully comfortable using her no-longer-virginal pussy too, she had a decent variety of things to do and ways to play with herself that resulted in different, often more intense orgasms and various differences in the types of satisfaction she felt after masturbating.

Whether it was jerking off or, as some people referred to the girl side of things from what she heard, 'jilling herself', Alex rarely felt ashamed afterwards. During her earliest experiences with it, she did feel some level of shame afterwards so she could understand people that feel embarrassment or twinges of regret. But as she matured she quickly understood she was in no position to avoid it, to feel ashamed of doing it or to deny herself the opportunity.

On the evening of their jog, Alex masturbated and it was the first time in a long time she felt guilty about it.

She just tried to take her mind off of things. Of that barrage of feelings and sensations she experienced. So she masturbated thinking about her first time with Lachlan, a time where she felt genuinely good and intimate with someone, and focused on her womanhood slightly more. She was in bed, fresh out of the shower, and with her room carefully arranged, so even if her mom or Gary tried to enter her room, she had time to cover herself up.

But just thinking he might walk in on her had Alex think about him enough that he snuck her way into her masturbation fantasies. She ended up furiously masturbating thinking about the two men emotionally dear to her groping her body, taking a dip in her pussy each and letting her lick and suck
her own taste off their cocks, then finally double penetrating her with her in the middle of a sandwich. How was she so brave thinking about it, she had no idea. She had absolutely no anal experience whatsoever that involved another person playing with her ass, very little anal experience at all, and Lachlan never talked about his attitude towards it, so how he ended up fucking her right in the ass and taking both forms of her penetrative virginity in her mind she did not know. What she did know is that afterwards she let Gary pound her pussy from behind while her brain formulated this brilliant idea that she and Lachlan would go ahead and try a cock-sucking 69, and with that in her mind she ended up cumming hard for a total of one vaginal orgasm and one simultaneous pussy and cock orgasm at once during a single session of pleasuring herself on her bed.

Both the content and people involved in her fantasy made her feel a bit embarrassed, but she was glad at least her sex-addled brain didn't let her imagine her own brother taking her anal virginity or having her cock in his mouth just yet.

Of course, the next day, when Alex was trying to brush her teeth, Gary was already there. With both of them in their nightwear still, nothing inappropriate was showing so there was no reason to panic about bathroom sharing. But it did mean the siblings got a little better glance at the outlines of one another's silhouettes, something Alex took advantage of more than Gary did.

She thought he was going to leave soon since he was done brushing, but to her surprise, he stayed behind and pulled out some gel and start applying it to his face.

-... You're shaving now?
-... And when am I supposed to do it?

- No, I just mean, you pretty much couldn't grow facial hair back when you were leaving with Uncle. I guess I didn't imagine it would get to the point you would bother shaving.

- Well, it was bound to happen eventually. I started shaving for a while when I realized faciak hair looked weird on me for now, especially with the way it was growing. I don't have to do it often so I guess during my visits I just happened to always be clean shaved enough.

Alex just nodded in response. She took her toothbrush and begun applying toothpaste to it, prior to reaching up to her own lip. With her body type, maybe she'd start growing some facial hair in a few years too, and need to shave it... Hopefully not.
While brushing her teeth, Alex couldn't help looking sideways at Gary's face a little bit into his shaving session. Watching the smooth skin of his cheeks and chin as he removed the lightly blemishing facial hair from it, then from around his lips...

Those awkwardly sensuous and impressively cute lips that somehow just added to his appeal.

Alex shuddered and her back stiffened as she saw Gary wash his mouth out, then swirl some water along his lips and tongue and spit it out, mildly whiter from leftover toothpaste and shaving gel. After the shudder came stiffening. Mostly along her back. To a lesser extent in other places too.

It was a breakthrough of... Sorts. Some sort.

- *You coming downstairs, Sis?*

- *I, uh... I feel like after that workout yesterday I showered too little and I grew hot in my bed too, so I feel like I'm a bit too stinky and sweaty... I'll take another one. See you in a bit.*

She didn't just want to shower.

Alex' hand was touching her genitals, in particular her thick, nineteen centimetres long member the moment she was sure Gary was no longer inside and the sound of water masqueraded her own voice and whatever noises her body could produce somewhat. Tugging up and down on her increasingly erect, straining, excited length, she couldn't help but imagine the one thing she could not imagine the day before.

Gary's lips kissing her most sensitive areas. Her pussy, that odd spot on the back of her balls where a clit would normally be, the base of her cock and most of all the tip of it. Even without closing her eyes she could see form time to time the vision of him on his legs in front of her, with his pale lips wrapped around the tip of her member and straining to accept more of it as she released the first beads of precum which, in her mind, coated his tongue. The realization caused her pussy to quiver in excitement and irritation from being left alone, prompting her to immediately shove two fingers inside to calm it down.

- *H...haaah... You... you'll want to go there you... uhhh.. Ah... You naughty boy, won't you? Better*
watch out... Someone inexperienced like you... will almost be ready to blow as soon as you slide inside my tight, w...wet pussy! But it's fine as long as I cum enough too... Keep sucking it... Good booooyyyyy...

Her memory was becoming a little bit too intense and she didn't vocalize all of her thoughts as she masturbated. The water making a specific noise as the motions of her palms broke it apart in the streams falling from the shower then rubbed it all over her groin with a tight grip travelling back and forth along the length of her pulsating member.

- God fuuucking damnit can't believe I held back on your mouth for so long, I should've fed you this dick aaaagesss ago! You're such a cockblocker, bro! You should... have let me... FUCK... your whole body... Years ago!

The gripped her erect member. She was getting excited far too much far too soon, but at the same time, she knew stroking off in the shower before going downstairs *should* be a quicky.

["He's not going to be kissing any girls with that mouth after I... Am done with it, is he? Fuck, why is it so arousing to stroke thinking about such things?"]

[ -Go deeper. It'll feel better the more you get to use him. The more he's completely yours to do with as you please. Fuck his mouth.-]

Alex didn't know where that thought came from, but she did know she didn't fully disagree. In her mind's eye she was now doing more than encouraging Gary to suck her off, she was moving her hips back and forth, dragging her erect member through the entrance to his mouth and pumping it back inside, fucking his face.

- No girl's ever going to have a blueballing brother like you choking on her dick, is she, Gary?

She panted heavily. For some reason, being able to also relieve her normal frustration alongside the sexual one was fairly exciting. She thought back to Lachlan and experiences after that for a moment. Was she naturally aggressive or dominant when it came to sex? She never thought she was to a significant degree, but...
[-It's not just that. It's him. That cocksocket. It's what he should be. His main purpose is taking your load. Dump it in him. Make him swallow it, choke on it, gargle it. Then wipe the rest off on his face. Mark him.-]

Alex' hand sped up around her member while the one in her pussy lost the ability to move much from her focus being elsewhere and her two inserted digits being gripped so tightly.

"[W-what the heeckkk. This isn't some sort of rough pooprrrn... I'm stroking to an actual person, what the fuck are those thoughts?"

Her tip distended as she tried longer, but tight and rapid strokes. She knew she was getting close.

[-Jerking off to your fantasies is porn. Make him your cumdump. Mark him with your sperm like he's a toy.-]

- T...take my fucking load... You... fuck-toy...

Alex bit on her lip trying to be quiet as she fired her first load of the day, and second load ejected from masturbating to fantasies including her brother since their 19th birthday, into the drain of her shower cabin and followed it up with several more copious ropes. Her cock and hips lurched forward as if genuinely trying to fuck a mouth as she squeezed her sperm out shot by shot and bit by bit, the ecstatic stroking sensation magnified by the sensitivity she gained from orgasming right there and then. She could tell from porn and sexual interactions her cumshots were mildly more watered down and less thick and white than those of most men, but they were truly copious in amount; she could cum and cum a fair bit more than the average. Alex panted heavily as her climax finally subsided her load tapering off to a dribble. She clenched her large-sized dick as it pulsed and slowly drooled the remnants of her arousal down onto the shower's cabin floor, just like her pussy was slowly oozing with her natural lubricant around her fingers. A few moments of slowly, gently stroking her post-climactic, still mostly erect cock while being washed over by the warm water, and the intense arousal being washed over by a far less pleasant feeling.
During the early day mealtime and afterwards, Alex was merely going through the motions. Sure, their mother was going to leave soon, but it's not like that was a particular cause for worry or as if the emotional bond with her mother - which was rather weak, to be polite - obligated her to pay more attention and focus to her mother before the woman in question departed for any longer period of time.

Alex had other things to worry about.

["... I've never been this ashamed about masturbating before... And I had to do it twice almost back to back with breaks for sleep. Both times including my brother. And those feelings back when we were jogging... Am I just... some kind of maniac? Do I have to keep thinking about doing things that are entirely wrong to my own brother? Why do I fall into thinking about him like that so easily? I don't understand..."]

She sighed as she rose from the table, ready to go about other daily stuff once the dishes were done; she intended to wash her portion of it, at least.

["He's also still grieving after Susan, and I'm using him as wank material... This just feels wrong. No... I think it should feel wrong. That's what's scary. I don't get it... I know so far sex with men was better for me, but after Lachlan, trying out that gigolo was not all I thought it was cut out to be. Do I need some sort of super strong emotional charge for it to be truly satisfying? Does such a thing... make me more horny, too? I wish I could talk to Lachlan already, maybe he'd have an idea. Or... Melanie? Shit... I was supposed to call her. What's worse... I was supposed to try dating her. I'm in no fucking position to try dating anyone. I masturbate to intense orgasms thinking about my best friend, who already said he's not likely to be into me like that... And my own brother. Flesh and blood. My twin! I need to... call her and set thing straight, do something about it, but if I do I'll be losing one of the few people who could actually help me!"]

She shook her head.

[" I can't just... Completely depend on others. I'm an adult now. With experience. A young adult, but an adult nevertheless. I've spent all this time trying to find out something about myself, and... I did. I found things out. I'm no longer just a crazed teenager who lusted after her sibling just because... Obsessively. I'm a woman now. And he's a different person too. He's not as... afraid as being close to me, of *me*. He owned up to his mistake from years ago. And now... now if I am going to ever be able to move on, I have to own up to something, too. I tried convincing myself I was mistaken and owning up to fact incest is wrong, but... It's all lies when it comes to me, for some reason. What I need to understand is admit is much simpler."]

She heard her cellphone and Mother's own beep a little in response to a text message. It was from uncle Adam... something about an appointment. Her mind was elsewhere.
"As a whole, when it came to accepting a whole person, physicality, mind, and emotions... I've never been as attracted to anyone as I was and likely still am to my brother. Not a single person, never never ever. There may be some complicated reason for this, but I don't know anyone who could actually help me uncover it. So rather than try and fight the reason, I need to decide. I need to do something about it. I can't just pretend he doesn't exist, that this... pull, feeling of being drawn towards him doesn't exist. I have to do something, and differently than the last time. Make him realize how genuine my feelings are... And make him realize he can be attracted to me. As a woman. Regardless of whether I'm his sister or not. I have to at least *try*, otherwise I would've lived my life based on a big fat lie. Like a good part of the last two years. But... No, no. I don't need to plan out how from start to finish. Just get naturally close. Mother, soon, won't be here. That's when I should attempt to do it. Bit by bit.

Eventually, evening came. Their mother was going to be out for a while. It was the 5th of October, late evening, and she was going to be out for a whole week, coming back sometime on the 12th, late afternoon, she predicted. This means that other than visits from their uncle, Adam, she and Gary would have the house entirely for themselves for the rest of the time. And that meant that unless Gary suddenly had a ton of friends back home or she was going to give up time she could spend more efficiently by meeting with people she cared for less, they'd be in contact every day for many, many hours each day. Something in Alex was extremely nervous at the prospect, while the rest of her was just plain old giddy thinking about it.

It was then when her mother had shaken her back to reality.

- Alex, honey, did you forget what I told you at lunch today? Your uncle would like to take you to a clinic and make sure you're healthy when it comes to... hormone stuff and such. Since you two are young adults now, your... state needs to be monitored carefully as you enter adult life! He wanted to have some tests performed today and tomorrow and expects the results back early on the 8th thanks to his connections. Why don't you just go with me so Gary can rest up after these last few days, maybe call some of his friends?
She almost spat out that there's no way he has any just so she could spend more time with him right away, but that'd be both mean and extremely counter-productive, and clinging to the idea of staying at home despite her mother's words might appear suspicious... to Alice and Gary both.

Her mom might've not been the best mother in recorded history, but at this particular time she was also passing down information that came from her uncle, and Alex was well aware he at least both had her best interests at heart and could actually explain a lot of things that might be useful for her to know, especially when it came to how her body worked... Including the sexual aspect of it all.
Act 4 : Post-Birthday Magnetism - Confession

Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary had time alone to spare in the wake of her mother's departure and once she was done with her uncle's medical examinations. There's something Alex decided she wasn't going to hide anymore, and she resolved something about her relationship with her brother needs to change. But what can be accomplished in this short of a time, and what changed in them since two and a half years back that'd let their relations be different now as well?

It was the morning of 7th October, with their mother having been gone for one full day already.

Gary opened the door of his room and prepared himself to go downstairs, only to pass the room that held the computer when they were small and see a half-naked Alex move towards the balcony. His eyes bulged out at the sight and he immediately blushed, turned away and nearly ran downstairs, deciding to focus on making himself dinner.

Alex, meanwhile, was trying to deal with the nefarious part of her mind as she closed in on their clothes hanged out and drying.

["Why am I the only one who has to suffer and deal with these feelings? Why can’t he feel uncomfortable about his attractions and desires?""]

She pouted, then grit her teeth as she approached the clothes.

["I want him to look at me and think “God, she grew up to be so sexy” or “If she wasn’t my sister, I’d be tapping that ass like there’s no tomorrow”."]

She paused.

[“The weird part is that I don’t know if he should or shouldn’t think of me as sisterly while having these kinds of thoughts. “This is so wrong, is, but oh, I do so wish to play with your naked body and stick my dick into all your holes!”]

That last one was right. Thoughts of provoking such a reaction from her twin brother, somehow, were beginning to feel right.

[“Yes. I desire him. He should feel the same about me. It’s only proper manners. All methods of achieving that purpose are all right. Perhaps I should just let all these clothes fly and get rid of them,
forcing us to go around naked? So cruel, Alex. He’d be staring at your tits like a hungry beast. On
the other hand, it’d leave nothing to imagination, and imagination is important when it comes to
slowly awakening the desire. Rather than stare and want to pounce me, he could be a bit taken
aback. Maybe it’s better if he starts by wanting to unwrap me…”

Her gaze slowly shifted to one of his shirts. She remembered that one! He had it with him on one of
his rare visits. When he first visited with Susan during last winter, she believed. It was a little too big
for him back then. A simple white shirt with one of these nerdy superhero signs at the front. Would
work *perfectly*.

-So, Gary. Should I wear your clothes? Make you think things like “God, I didn’t think it could
stretch so much in the chest” and “I’m never washing or ironing this shirt, ever”? Yes. I think this is
a proper method of torture for my ‘little’ brother. Huh, ‘little’ doesn’t really fit him anymore. Twin
brother. Bad unloving twin brother who has me thinking all these thoughts despite me trying so
hard, for so long, to forget him…

She licked her lips.

[“Come to think of it, maybe I should steal the shirt he’s wearing today and never wash it, either.
Duh, kidding. I’m not unhygienic like that, and I don’t get off on smell of sweat.”]

She pulled the shirt down and started to put it on, without a bra to separate her large endowments
from the material. Indeed, it was a little bit too small for her, and her breasts *really* stretched the
superhero animal-motif sign into something that resembled the animal significantly less, but she
didn’t mind, and it wasn’t small or tight enough for it to be obscene.

With an almost ceremonial touch to her movement, Alex walked down the stairs, in a pair of panties,
shorts, sandals, a single shirt owned by her brother, and no bra on.

[“I feel like a skank. I don’t even expect anything to happen. I’m just being eyecandy.”]

She entered the kitchen room, seeing her brother already eating his breakfast. He turned around to
greet her, but the look on his face upon seeing her was *absolutely priceless*.

[“Ohhh? Come on bro. Stare. Stare. It’s not like you cannot see *everything* you need to see. Care
to pop a boner for Sis? Maybe tell her something nice?”]

Gary’s thoughts were in relatively similar place to Alex’ own. Specifically, he was considering what
to say and pondering why the hell does she looked so good in his clothes.

[*Alex, what the fuck is that? Is this shirt mine? Yes it is! It obviously is! Take it… wait… No, on
the other hand, maybe don’t take it off… You don’t seem to be decent underneath… Wait, wait,
wait. All right, she’s attractive, this looks nice, shirt looks stretched, okay. There’s a LOT hidden in
there and it will need some serious ironing, but she is your sister. Don’t stare.*]
Moments later.

[*It’s pretty much physically impossible to stop looking at her chest, isn’t it? *]

Alex thrived under her brother’s gaze and his obvious discomfort with being unable to stop looking at his sister.

[“Now you like this, bad boy? Didn’t seem all that interested when these were small and petite, you big breast maniac! Get yourself a cow! Yeah, go ahead, stare, stare. Hungry beast. You like big tits so much, or is it just that you cannot believe your sister can dress like she was asking to be raped?”]

-Something wrong, bro? – she said as she moved towards the freezer to prepare her own breakfast, turning her shorts to him. She was pretty sure his stare lingered at her butt about two seconds too short for her to be satisfied with it, so she made sure to shift her weight and push it back a bit to make it a more eye-drawing target.

-Ummm, Alex, there’s a practical reason why you’re wearing my T-shirt, right?

-Ah, yes, sorry about that, sweetie. I just decided to go comfortable today because I need to do a few things at home, and since nothing similar of mine was washed… I hope you don’t mind?

-N-no… I guess it’s okay once, but it still isn’t warm enough to stay… ‘dressed’ like that.

-Oh, it’s okay. I’m pretty resistant to wind or chill. Must be this additional weight. I hope I don’t look too unappetizing?

She looked him in the eye and for a moment, he had this mix of shock and “are you fucking kidding me” look. She wondered if he wanted to protest and say she was definitely plenty erotic, or if he was just so stunned and smitten.

-N… Nevermind.

She sat at the other end of the table, staring at him and looking at exactly how well could he control his own blush.

[“It is all right, Gary. I am a bit angry and frustrated, but I do want you to look. So, look ALL you want. Stare at my chest, my hips, or my face, whichever. Whatever you want and like the most. I’m a bad sister, I know. But, if I wasn’t your sister, you’d be enjoying the hell out of it, wouldn’t you?”]

He clearly tried to just take his mind and eyes off the situation, and finished eating rather quickly. He raised the milk cartoon to his mouth. She watched in morbid fascination as his throat worked to swallow the liquid.

[“Wish I had milk to f… No, not that. I wonder how it’d feel if it was my cum running down his throat… Him sucking out everything…-]}

She suddenly felt a rush of arousal in addition to fascination, and it was beyond her ability to resist or think straight.
“That’s right, brother. I’m a girl. With a dick. Who imagines how it’d feel if you were sucking it while it orgasmed. Of course, I have more than enough decency and affection to return the favor, so drop that freaking milk and finally realize that there’s no one better for you than me…“]

Her thoughts were mostly working to turn herself on more and more, although she was slowly beginning to realize if she acts on these feelings too early, it won’t really lead anywhere.

[-No one who will love you… more or desire you more or for a longer time than me. It’s just… how it is. I realize that now. -Whether I sink to the same low I was in when we were sixteen or-…]

[“… Maybe it will be a better thing now. That all depends on whether you will learn to respond like a person that cares for me. Most of all, I want you to care for me. But I want to see you stare at me with the same eyes that I look at you with…”]

And finally, once she thought that, her eyes closed. Somehow, she was worried about that for a moment. Worried that ‘it’ was back. She thought she had things healthy and under control, but the moment she decided to tease her brother and declared an undying desire, that unnatural thing that made her want to rape him two and a half year ago and than only rarely showed its head when she was around other people or having sex… It felt like it awakened, lurking at the back of her head and sneaking in thoughts when she wasn’t looking.

[-Desire, brother. Desire. Lust in your eyes, your teeth scratching and biting your lips, your cheeks flushed, your balls churning, your heart pumping lots of blood, most of which goes straight to your… Oh, come on, LET’S JUST FUCK ALREADY-]

Alex couldn’t control herself anymore. Raising from the chair and pushing it until it fell to the floor. The table was in the way, so she pushed at it, threatening to mess their breakfast up. Her brother’s eyes would widen at her actions as she’d give up on removing the obstacle and crawled onto the table. It’d be too late to move even if he managed to stop drinking, with his sister moving towards him like a hungry cat. The final pounce would be feline-like too, with the chair falling down backwards, him dropping the carton, milk spilling on the carpet. Even if he felt pain for a moment, nothing would be wrong if not for the fact that his sister was on top of him, her lips suddenly sealing his and her hands running over his body, one stopping on his shoulder, the other running over his thigh, groping uncomfortably high. Rendering him too surprised and shocked to resist as she…

Opened her eyes and just looked at her brother across the table again, pulling herself out of the world of fantasies and back to the real one.

The world where she couldn’t exactly bring herself to force her brother to do such things. The world where she knew this kind of thing was not all right, and where she matured enough to at least try avoiding the constant repetition of the mistakes of youth over and over again, no matter how eager her body was, or how much fluttering there was in her heart.

The world where she could fully realize the young man across the table lost his first love about a month ago, and tried not to be angry at him for depriving her of her own first love two and a half
years back.

They were done with breakfast. He tried to avoid noticing her body’s exquisite developments and how she now sported what could be considered an over-abundance of feminine assets by not staring at his shirt being hopelessly malformed from the pressure her breasts exerted at the fabric of a piece of clothing that might eventually get too tight for *him*.

He finished eating before she did, having to pause to immerse herself in this fantasy while he wolfed down his food to try and avoid the distraction that was his twins’ body.

He got up and went towards the sink. Her eyes watching his hips as she did.

[-Maybe I should take him drinking. Spike his drink and then claim nothing happened even with my cum denaturating deep in his shapely fucking ass.-]

She shook her head.

[“There’s no point in denying it anymore. I mean, heck, masturbation turned fun again once I reintroduced the Gary element. It’s hopeless. Absolutely hopeless. I’m just repeating history, only this time he doesn’t even need to change his entire life and run away. All he needs to do is go back to where he came from, and…”]

That was it.

[“Gary will go back to Canada. No matter what I do. He thought he was going there partially for my sake in the first place. He interrupted his education, passed the grade he was in in a *different country* months before he’d finish it here, and worked hard enough to be admitted to college at a higher grade than was expected of him, and he worked so hard for it all *partially so that I would be motivated, and had space and time to deal with this.* But now that we’ve reconnected, it’s evident this isn’t something I can deal with on my own. He told me as much in the past, but now, he’s innocent. He doesn’t know. He has no idea that my feelings are coming back full force. He probably would take anything I do as mild teasing again. He thinks I matured, he seems certain I was able to deal with everything on my own.”]

She sighed, and got up.

[-But only his cute lil’ holes can dea....-]

[“...When it’s evident that I wasn’t.”]

Gary was done cleaning his dish and was about to move away from the sink, but turning caused him to bump into Alex, now standing right next to him.
[“He’s here. He is right here. I don’t have to hold it in for years and years anymore hoping he’ll notice. He is different than in the past, too. He knows how this feels, how love feels. All I need to do is remind him of something he already knows.”]

It was a very odd feeling for Gary to have his private space invaded like this again. To have his sister’s eyes, different from his, full of vibrant and beautiful colors, stare at him from the safe, but oddly close to him, harbor of her pretty face.

Studying him. Taking in the details. Something in her expression, in the way she looked, melting slowly into warm sweetness and conveying something powerful, tender, and sincere through her gaze.

Gary only saw that sort of look on a woman’s face a couple of times in his life. Only two women ever stared at him specifically like this. One was gone, and the other he tried to stop from doing that.

- Everything all right, Alex? If you’re done eating you could pass me your…
- I need to tell you something.

There was something about that look that caused Gary to blush. For some reason, he felt different than in the past. In the past, that look was embarrassing. It was hard to bear. It was the same with Susan the first time her stare expressed something other than friendship, but together they broke him out of the shell.

Maybe that was why, now, rather than finding it hard to look back at Alex when she was staring at him like this, he was unable to tear his eyes away from hers, the ‘windows to her soul’ filled with enough emotion for Gary to divine what he needed to know from them if he just wanted to try.

There were other things in there, too. Uncertainty, pain, regret. Those eyes felt like casting blame on him, and something in Gary’s heart instead focused on those feelings, held onto them tightly to not get lost in the realization of what Alex was going to say before she even said it.

Still, he didn’t want to say anything. He wanted this situation to dissipate so this day would be normal save for seeing his sister in a shirt that had no business trying to hide her body from the world.

- If it’s about wearing this shirt, t…
- It’s not about the shirt.

A momentary pause. Alex knew Gary would still have trouble saying what needed to be said, and he’d probably actively try avoiding noticing what her actions and suggestions should’ve made obvious.

- I’m… starting to feel like this again. About you. Like in the past.

[*What? What? Wait, WHAT?! Seriously, Sister? Seriously? Weren’t we over this already? Weren’t we?*]

He was looking for a way to refute and debunk her statement or turn the conversation to a different subject. His thoughts were running too wild in his own head, however. Alex was different than in
the past, but so was he. He lost what he thought might’ve been the love of his life. Susan’s memory 
was still there, and Alex was too different from her. Even if the two of them was what it took to 
make him understand what love could be like, dealing with this sort of feelings coming from his twin 
sister *now*, when he lived halfway across the world, when he’d done everything possible to let her 
center such emotions elsewhere, when she was honest, matured, when the look in her eyes was 
knowing, jaded, but honestly loving rather than obsessive, possessive, and crazy.

- By that I mean I’m starting to feel like I would enjoy expressing my feelings for you in ways society 
or the rest of our family would not exactly approve of, just in case that wasn’t clear.

- But… I… I’ve tried to… I thought…

It was clear he was still trying to find a way out of it without admitting the situation fully.

- You thought if we were away from one another, it’d pass. I know. But truth be told, you came back 
and things feel like I’ve just been in self-denial at times. The only thing you succeeded in was 
becoming more conscious of what you referred to as my ‘second puberty’.

Gary’s eyes raised to meet hers. But this time the look in her eyes was different. This time, it was 
scorching, it *was* casting blame, if in the most playful of meanings, and it was too eager to 
confront him, for him to deal with all of a sudden with the knowledge neither Adam nor his mother 
would be coming to his rescue now. So he shifted his gaze to the side instead.

- It was difficult not to notice.

- And it was difficult not to notice your gaze as well, being your sister. The way having those kinds of 
thoughts occasionally made you uncomfortable. The way *you’ve* grown in all kinds of ways, 
including having a sex drive or just admitting to yourself I happen to fit into the range of body types 
you like. Or both. None of these things are complicated, whether it’s a preference or fetish or just 
plain old instinct. I don’t know. I honestly don’t care. I don’t really mind either. Truth is, I might’ve 
picked this shirt out of all the others because I wanted you to lo…

- I should leave.

- Again with this.

Gary slid to the side trying to reach the house door, but he found himself being pushed away from it 
as Alex instead darted towards them to block the only way out.

It didn’t feel like he could muster the convincing amount of anger or imperativeness to his tone of 
voice when he tried to solve this without touching her.

-I’m not letting you run away this time. And you don’t really want to. You know it won’t solve 
anything.

-What are you talking about? Never mind, just move away from the goddamn door so I don’t have 
to push you out of the way.

-That’s rich. You’re afraid of where your thoughts will go if you touch me the way we are. You are
afraid of confronting how I feel again and you’re trying to take the tried and true path of avoiding the issue, only this time…

-Afraid? Watch me.

[“Okay so you canstillelyourwillanddothat I see!”]

Knowing he was going to try and be serious about his attempt to leave, Alex had to take counter-measures.

She grabbed a chair, pulled it closer, put a foot on it and so, blocked him somewhat, being ready to shove it right at him. Pushing her from the right would have little effect as long as she could shift her weight and the chair could withstand it, approaching her from the left was made harder by the chair itself. Pushing her onto the door would make no difference.

-Stop this. We’ve been over this. I said everything I…

-Things have changed.

-No, Alex. They haven’t.

She suddenly nearly fell backwards on the door, groaning in frustration, and then starting to sob. He was taken aback by the reaction. Two tears run down her cheeks, and she groaned again, hitting the door with her fists. Gary took a step back. Something was wrong. His sister panted and gasped and sighed and groaned, seeming more like an attack of sheer frustration and fury than sadness, before finally stabilizing for a moment:

- You think I *want* this? You think it’s *fun* or *enjoyable* to have these feelings come rushing back only to have to see that look on your face again? You think I’ve asked to be like this?

Gary was still stunned by her reaction, but then he realized it wasn’t strictly caused by the same feeling of overwhelming obsession and need that almost had Alex try to force herself on him in the past.

This time, she was just that much frustrated and angry. This time, she just couldn’t bear the pain of him trying to solve things the same way, to break himself off and away from her just moments after she acknowledged what they did up until now was making her feel almost the same as she did in the past.

[*She’s trying to confide in me and I’m trying to be mercilessly rational again. Even though she did and continues to do the best she can.*]

- I’m… I’m sorry, Alex. I didn’t feel like it was something I could solve, so I…

- So you tried to run away. Again. Because it looked like it was working once, and you thought if I had enough time, space, and motivation I could get past this. But leaving me alone with this won’t help, Gary. Not if you return and make up for it. Not if you return and act like you care. But the problem is, now I can finally see that you *do* care, so running away would be even worse. For fuck’s sake, don’t leave me alone with this! I know just because we’re both lonely, and just because
we were separated enough it may not entirely register to your hormones that I shouldn’t be an option, it doesn’t mean I suddenly am one, but... I still can’t deal with this on my own. I’m lost. I’m not insane. I’m just lost. I didn’t ask for those feelings. They just feel right. It’s like over the years I was hardwired to feel this way.

- But you tried dating other people. It looked like you were getting over it.

- That’s why it hurts now. It all just feels like pretending or self-denial when I realize how much more deeply I feel when I look at you, when I think of trying such things... with you. The sensation I got from other people noticing my body when you were gone, from other people, people I didn’t know or care about, looking at me as a woman just isn’t comparable to that feeling I got when you noticed, when you almost seemed to find me attractive for the first time.

- So it’s my fault?

- It’s not anybody’s fault. People fall in love or they don’t. Sometimes even when they try, they can or cannot start or stop having those feelings about someone.

- But it doesn’t happen with siblings. We’re supposed to joke about it once and then feel like it’s the second ickiest thing imaginable.

- I know. Trust me. I know this much.

[“It’s why it’s impossible with the only other man who managed to almost make me feel like you did just once.”]

- But nobody else suits me enough. You’re objectively quite a great guy, anyway. A smart, attractive one, and you can be really gentle and kind, and you’re one of the few who really know me... But what inspires this, I do not know. There was this day in like... fourth grade when you defended me from those bullies, and it somehow felt like almost everything you did afterwards, everything you became, was just making it more and more of a borderline obsession.

- We could still try professional help, you know. Now that you’re an adult it won’t be just the question of putting you on the rig... Who am I kidding. It’d still be quite bad if you tried explaining the entire issue.

- It’d refuse to go away. I tried to bury it. So many times in so many ways. I don’t know if I should regret this or try to bury it deeper or try to kill or damage myself so it’s just not there anymore. I don’t know why it’s out of my control, just like being your biological sister is out of my control. We’ll always be that, we’ll always be siblings. So I want to do it properly. Treat you like an equal. If there’s a way out of this, we can only find it together.

- Probably. But you’re really worried there isn’t. Judging from what you said, I mean.

- I don’t want to make you angry or to hurt you, and please don’t hate me for saying this, but I’m not worried about there being no escape from this feeling anymore. I’m only worried you’ll cut ties with me again over this. Or how I’ll feel if you don’t, but if it turns out we can’t do it. Or if a part of me feels like you’re always just this short of giving in. Most of all, however, I’m scared of what it’ll feel like for me to try being just a sister and suffering in silence if those keep returning. So, please. Whatever it is... Whatever it feels like could become of us, just... just don’t leave me all alone with this again.
Gary understood what needed to be done here. Even if it was like a double-edged sword that made things partially worse, it was what she needed, and it’s not like just her being honest with it and seeking his help made him suddenly mature enough or iron-willed enough to deny her what was necessary to make her feel better.

It’s not like he couldn’t realize love could hurt. So he opened his arms and raised them, and Alex just shoved the chair aside, whimpered quietly, and fell right into his embrace, pulling him closely to herself.

- If… if they keep… If I keep feeling like this, more and more about you, it’d be like…

- Shh… It’s okay. I’m here. I won’t leave you now. Not just yet. Even if all we can do is just try our best and then try to get you a professional, or even if we can’t do anything at all, I’m not leaving you alone with it this time, Alex.

- S…stop… I’ll feel strong enough for it to hurt again! It really could… with just one hug…

She finally broke down and sobbed, clutching to him, and burying her face in his shoulder.

- I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. You’ve already said you were proud of me, and I do this. And I cry over it like a little girl. I’m such a bad, horrible sister.

- You’re not. You’re a great sister, you just… You need someone else to fill in these places in your life. I can’t fill in for all these spots, Alex. You know I can’t.

- Can anyone else do? I don’t think so. I don’t understand it exactly myself, but you’re… You are the only one who makes me feel both such care and love and so many emotions and so much desire at once. I know because I really tried. I tried to “get over” you when you rejected me, but fell back into… into this… so very easily…

- We’ll talk this over, all of it. Try to find a way. I’m your brother, remember? I can help with this, even if I can’t feel the same, or am too stuck in society’s views to even try.

- We can talk but… I don’t think I can be rational about this. Um, Gary?

- Yes?

- Thank you for not running away this time.

- I almost did.

- But you listened. And you stopped. Thank you. Let me… make us some coffee. And then… Then we’ll talk, Ok?

- Yes, sure.
Act 4: Post-Birthday Magnetism - Who Knows what Love Is

Chapter Summary

From words to thoughts.

For someone like Alex, it's easy to figure out what's the stronger bond. What's truly important.

If thoughts change into deeds rather than just words again, that's when she knows.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The coffee was good enough. They might've not been adult enough to drink it yet when separated, and neither was particularly into it nowadays - Gary was the type to try something like an energy drink when completely pressed and favor a healthy amount of sleep, and Alex didn't have enough very serious commitments and obligations to need such boosts; neither genuinely enjoyed the taste of coffee, though the aroma was somewhat pleasant.

Even so they both seemed to share a taste when actually drinking the beverage, and the little drink managed to get them both awake enough to speak. Gary, for a change, tried starting, awkward as it was.

-... So...

-...Sssooo...

- Should we... try figuring things out? Mostly I mean whether we should try discussing your romantic life. Or sex life. I don't mean to pry if you don't want to.

- This is where I would normally joke about you being interested in that.

- But you won't today.

- No. I... I don't think you can exactly help. But maybe we can understand where we both are. And any powers that be, if they exist, know I wish we had a slightly better understanding of one another.

- We're twins. Shows sometimes. I think our understanding of one another already goes far enough.

- Maybe. But I disagree. Or maybe I just think an even higher, scary level would've been exciting.

- Of course you do. You're weird with that. Now. Are you trying to avoid the question and telling me you don't wish to get into it, or shall we get into it?

- Yes... Yes. See, since... A lot of people always claimed girls would be naturally more accepting of my body, I tried them. Some can get me somewhat excited, so I think I may be bisexual in a sense. However, most of the girls I've had experience with are confused, self-centered, greedy, hard to cooperate with, and sometimes treat me like something... I don't know. Like a zoo or museum visit, I guess? I did try a lesbian proper, but that's when I learned you can have sexual relations with a
partner and never touch a bodypart they'd really want touched. Or in my case, not get yours touched. The additional drawback was my vagina doesn't seem to react to the girls as much as my... other parts.

- So would you say your penis reacts more strongly to girls and your vagina to guys?

- No. Not at all. It goes beyond just that. If someone is capable of getting me excited, though... Guys excite both parts easily. Girls only have an easy time exciting my cock. But, most guys I've been with or tried being with had huge qualms about my body.

- So you think you're leaning towards men and might have more satisfying sex with them, as long as it was someone that accepted you whole? But so far...

- I've had a guy grope me then praise how good of a fake I was when he felt me getting erect. I dated a guy, revealed my secret to him, provided him with... Well, pleasure and relief, long story short, and then when we were going to have sex, he was barely able to get it up at all and not at all able to keep it up the moment I was fully naked. It was a bit of a shame... I liked him. I think he liked me. His body just couldn't accept mine, is all.

- Sounds sad and a bit frustrating.

- Not as much as when I realized how much better sex was with an emotional connection but weren't able to find any people who'd agree to have that connection *and* have sex with me repeatedly. And certainly nowhere near as bad as the occasion where I got in a physical fight, complete with violence and bruises, because a potential partner thought I was a transsexual.

- ... I'm... Sorry. Did you report it?

- He was worse off than me after it, because I reacted quickly. So, no. But if it happened again, I probably would.

- So do you maybe think your... leanings... are partially a result of emotional and sexual frustration?

- I could see that being the case, yes. However, it just feels like certain aspects of what and whom I find attractive and how strong of a pull I feel towards them have been around for... too long to just write it down as frustration.

- But you're feeling pretty lonely because of those relationship and sexual incompatibilities and mishaps, and have a strong sex drive, right? The accumulation of those leads to frustration, or, well, logically it should.

- Logically. But, you see... I no longer think my sex drive is anything super extraordinary by itself. I'm more horny than a usual girl, probably, but am I more horny than a guy my age just by myself? Not really. I don't think so. However, there's this... pull. There are people who I get into, people who sit well with me. I develop an emotional connection to those people. And if sex might potentially become part of the deal... It feels like my desire to do it, in any way, skyrocket. I don't know enough about sex or psychology or sexology to really explain it, but... Let's say girls adore a certain type of man. He's super sexy, objectively. The amount of sexual desire I feel towards this man that I don't know, even with him being OBJECTIVELY sexy, compared to the amount of desire I can feel towards someone particularly close to me under the right circumstances... Let's say, you... Comparing those two, I can no longer be called a heterosexual or bisexual girl. It's just too different of a scale. I should be described as Garysexual under those circumstances.

- I presume... I should believe you that it's not just a hyperbole.
- No. The effect was strong with people I liked before. You just happen to be in a range few people ever came close to. Maybe it's a result of hangups from the past as well, but when it comes to both emotional and physical intimacy, I... Looking back at the people I had any sort of sexual relationship or adventure with, I can't believe I slept with all but maybe one or two of them. They don't begin to compare to how much I want you.

- I'm... I'm sorry. I'm not sure I can really hope to understand everything about it.

- Well, there's no need to apologize for that. It's all... new. To both of us.

- I'm more sorry about the fact I just... never really tried to thoroughly understand that side of you. I was young and it was super new to me THEN, true. But if I spent some time actually delving through things with you and researching, understanding how things may work for your particular body, hormonal balance, psyche...

- Then you'd fail at university and be stuck here with me in Australia, and I might've never learned these things about myself or gotten obsessed about you even more. I'm a bit angry and was at a total loss about you leaving, yes. But it... You were right. It wasn't *just* negatives. And if you're serious about being sorry and apologizing to me, a kiss will make it better.

- I'm not sure I should encourage you like that.

- You should, if you're serious about apologizing.

- If you absolutely insist, I guess I might do i...

Gary didn't even manage to finish his sentence properly, although thankfully they were both done drinking coffee. Alex has been awaiting for an opportunity like this for too long to pass up even a momentary hesitation on the part of her brother at this point, and she immediately slid off of her seat and in front of him. With very little warning other than a beaming, terribly playful smile, she pushed up and pressed the front of her body against his in a tight squeeze, then embraced his soft but relatively thin lips with her similar, but slightly larger and plushier ones. Gary at first just... sat there, not participating in or resisting the kiss. Ever so slowly, he tried to gently reciprocate, angling his head and slightly moving his lips to return the affectionate gesture.

Alex parted her lips from his for but a moment with a little 'puah' noise, taking in air that mostly served to puff her chest up and smother her sizeable chest against her brother's slender, but not entirely unfit form, before leaning in and kissing him again. This time, she was actually even more aggressive, going so far as to suck on his lip and then slide her tongue in his mouth, eagerly letting it explore around, lightly undulating with the whole muscle while she used her nose to take in his scent and continue to move her breasts around the front of his own body, clinging close and threatening to either topple him over or slide right into his lap.

Based on his overall breathing pace and body language, she was sure she'd feel something at least a little stirred if she did actually do the latter.

His next move confirmed it. He didn't really protest or shout at her like she was worried she would
when she finally broke the kiss.

Gary just bopped her right on the forehead with a simple line.

- *You tried way too hard and made it way too obvious.*

Alex was fairly giddy for the rest of the day, which truly helped given how stressed she'd normally be under the circumstances that were about to follow.

That is, her meeting with Lachlan.

On one side, she really wanted to be able to fully make up with her friend. On another, she was starting to realize she was almost exclusively to blame for their fight; he didn't mean anything bad by what he said, and she exploded on him - not in a good way - and let him think that it was his rejection of further sexual relationship that angered her so.

It was only fitting that their meeting spot was the same cafeteria they met in after several years of a break, when Alex revealed her first big secret to Lachlan. She didn't think she was able to reveal the second biggest yet, but she might be on her way to at least hinting it.

Only a few minutes after her, he entered. Leaning in with a friendly smile, and leaned in to kiss her cheek.

- *I was half tempted to buy you something as an extra apology for not making it to your birthday, but I believe my present made its way there.*

- Jewelry and sweets, wasn't it?

- And a small book if I recall.

- I don't need anger management. Liked the joke, though. You ass.

- Right back at you.

- But you decided not to buy anything after all. Because of my big ass.

- Lewd. But no. It was... because of someone else's ass. In a way. I, uh... I think I may be entering a relationship at some point soon, so... I'm kind of saving up money for a better impression. I...
Figured I should tell you there’s a possibility in person rather than through a letter or on the phone. I... also wanted to know if you had anything against me trying something like that.

- Wouldn't it be better to ask me that after I got to know the prospect?

- No, I meant... Against me dating in general.

- ... As in, do I think your taste sucks so much you'll get burned again?

- You're being an ass on purpose now.

- No, I'm n... Ah. Ah.

- I... realize it's not a good way. Bringing it up but not talking about it. But things have been... complex since then. I just... Didn't know what really caused all this. I want to be fair.

- I get it. Th... thank you. I, uh. I think what we did was... Good. It was special enough to satisfy that little dreamer in me that hoped for a princessly experience, you can rest well knowing that. But, Lachlan... I got what you meant back then. I realized it doesn't have to be the same for me when such a thing happens, and I'm trying to figure things out on that end, but... I have no claim on you. I make no claim for you, and I don't intend to stake a big sign saying I'm claiming you the moment I meet that girl, whether she becomes your girlfriend or not. Thank you for the consideration and thank you for... Still being willing to meet me after all what happened. But I can get over the experience I have had being the special thing, but the person I had it with only being 'special' that one time, even if they're a dear friend. I can move on, from you. Barely. I'd say you're escaping at just the right moment. But what's done is done, Lachlan. You're a free bird, and I've come to terms with it earlier than you know after it all. Even tried being a free bird myself. Failed miserably, but hey, that's how we learn. And after all this, while I'm probably nowhere as close to declaring it as you are... I think I might have a slight prospect or two on the horizon. But rest assured. If your girlfriend to be is a total bitch, I'll be letting you have a piece of my mind.

Lachlan's brows furrowed mildly, but he still seemed to be focused on the good parts of Alex' response. Nevertheless, a question had to be posed.

- You got... Different when it happened. Back then. Angry. It confused the hell out of me. I didn't know what to think, Alex.

- I... didn't either. To an extent, I still don't. But I think maybe... Just maybe... I understand what happened. And it was my fault. For that, I'm sorry. I don't have many actual, genuine friends, Lachlan, and losing you would make the position of 'friends' in my life pretty insignificant. I'll figure out what really happened, promise, and how to act properly. I'll even figure out how to tell you about it in a way that you might understand. Explain what's happening with my life... With my love life and emotions... Why I exploded like that. All I need is time to figure out what to say without making it seem like I am insane, or totally had it coming. I may be totally mad, yes, but you're one of the few people that helps me hold the madness back.

- I understand. I take that means we'll have to set up an extra date for when you're ready?

- Just give me two or three days. And, uh...

- Yes?

- I want to be your friend. True friend. Really. And unless I do end up going batshit crazy, I promise
no more weird requests including genital insertions that might truly jeopardize that friendship.

- Dang it, I hoped for a threesome. I guess that idea got friendzoned.

- Well, I'd love to double team you with some hot hunk...

- Time out, time out! I need a drink after this! Preferably bleach!

Alex and Lachlan laughed like true friends again. She realized not everything was all right with the world just yet - but enough for things to have a chance. Enough for her to maybe get to the point where she'd be able to tell him part of the truth... and for him to put her on the right track that one last time.

The next day, Alex was still in a fairly jovial mood. This was marred just a little by the fact that Uncle Adam claimed he needed a more thorough look at her medical results and that they might've been serious in some ways... But the presence of her brother through most of the day, with the results only being supposed to come in in the evening, and the reconnection with two very important men in her life did leave her rather playful. Too playful, even.

Playful enough to call Gary up from the top of the stairs.

- Hey, Gary?
- Yes, Sister?
- Could you come to my room for a minute? I've got us some wine. I'd like to have a drink and chat.
- Alcohol? I'm not... Nevermind. All right, let's go.

She was ahead of him, already heading for her room but keeping the door open for him and letting him in before her. She closed the door behind but didn’t lock it, hoping to instill at least a minimal sense of security.

She moved towards the table and started to pour herself a glass.

["Maybe if he is a bit less sober, I can at least get a good glimpse of whether this has... of whether I have... Of whether I'm just a sister, or a woman, too."]

She was about to pour him a glass as well, but suddenly, Gary said.
• I am not going to drink, Sis.
• Huh? But…
• And I do not think you should, either.
• I thought that’s what we came here to do.
• Maybe that’s what you thought, but truth is…

Suddenly, a thought flew through Alex’s mind. Could it be? She was pretty sure her face was beginning to light up like a Christmas tree, but she managed to hold it in and keep it to a shyly hopeful expression when she asked.

• Then, why did you want… to come to my room? Was it to do… something else?

Gary also just realized the possible meaning of accepting her offer.

[“No, no. Hell no. Look at her face. What the heck have I been... Did I... end up feeding her hopes? She looks so cute and pleased, almost happy, and yet… Yet I’m just breaking her further by talking about this stuff like I fully accept it, doing these things I shouldn’t and suggesting I may once do these things that I cannot do…”]

• It’s about our former talk. I was trying to think this over, come up with solutions, but mostly to come up with any kind of reasoning that could get to you and make you understand, finally. I just… want to talk. Mostly, I’ll talk, and I’d like you to listen and, if possible, let it soak in as much as possible and then reflect on that. Ok?
• I don’t know. I may need some wine to go through with this.
• Hold off on that, Alex. Please.
• I’m just teasing you, Bro. Go ahead.

Gary sighed softly, closed his eyes, breathed a few times, sighed again, opened them, and started:

• I am a guy. It’s not like I don’t understand sex drive. I’m not a… total… prude, I had my faults and flaws when it came to puberty. I had a lot of dirty thoughts about women. I masturbated… not so rarely, and I enjoyed sex, even though I try to keep these instincts in check when it’s neccessary. I understand it’s a strong thing, a powerful instinct. With you, having both female and male parts… I don’t know how it works with women, as far as I hear, most have very little sex drive, but even so, if you add the two together, your desires would probably occasionally be pretty much off the roof. With what you said about things becoming… enhanced by emotional closeness, feeling of a bond, I get that it’s probably difficult to control, but I believe… You’re attractive enough to get people for that. You shouldn’t try to discharge and relieve this pressure with someone from your own family. What you don’t seem to understand…
• No, Gary.
• Ummm, Alex, I said I’d like you to...
• I won’t listen to this, because it’s you who doesn’t understand. You don’t understand at all. You think I’m so much… obsessed with my own brother just because I can’t keep it in my pants? Because if you add a dick and a pussy and two sex drives together, suddenly it’s so off the charts incest becomes okay, unlike you “normal” people? No, brother. My sex drive is normally strong, fine, but this doesn’t even apply to you. Not at all. Sex, you see, is a way of showing one’s feelings, not just a physical drive. What you never seem to understand or catch on, even after or talk yesterday, is this : I feel more than attraction towards you. I did for a long time. I can still remember the way I felt when we were eight, nine, ten years old. I know the way one loves a family member. With you, it’s somehow different. Gary, I never felt this way about anyone else. I never even felt normal, genuine romantic love for anyone else, I think, not to mention… not to mention this. When I’m with you, other people quickly cease to
matter, things are either more grim or more radiant depending on our mood, on our interaction… When I talk with you, it’s more intense than just words.

- It just... It feels to me that maybe our relations when we were earlier teens and your relationship mishaps afterwards...
- Failures, Gary. Not mishaps.
- Well, failures... Maybe they've given you a slightly skewed perception on what love or a relationship is supposed to be.
- I could maybe about you as well. Before we... started talking when you returned, I think I actually agreed wholeheartedly with what you are saying. But I'm not at all certain about that anymore. I... I guess maybe I'll just tell you how you make me feel, and you'll tell me how many warning signs I'm breaking in terms of what you think and feel it should be like.
- It's... not supposed to be a test. Or an experiment. I'm just... trying to dig into it properly. But, sure. Go ahead.

Alex paused, staring up, down, then up again at Gary before taking his gaze in with hers.

It was surprising to them both. She didn't need to brace herself anymore, or try to find the right words. Even to look for confidence or confirmation he wouldn't simply walk out and leave. She was able to say it from start to finish this time around, not wanting to leave anything up for interpretation where it shouldn't be.

- When I think of you, I get all warm and fuzzy inside and I keep having you stuck in my head for the rest of the day. When you’re around for a longer period of time, you quickly become my priority over anyone and anything. I want to see you smile, I want to make you pleased, but most of all, I crave it... your looks, touches, smiles, laughs. I want you to look at me as a sister. I want you to look at me as something else, too. A friend. A woman. And, eventually, not only as those things, but... more. With even more love, more desire, whether it’s okay, whether it’s right, natural, or within the laws of Gods or men, it doesn’t matter. It doesn’t seem to matter at all. I’m fine becoming Garysexual if that’s what it takes. The desires and need suddenly double in strength, but unlike with anyone else, there’s an equally strong wish to make you want me, and then, to make you feel as good as no one else could, to please you, to give you joy, relief, the best of sensation. Bring you to ecstasy and... and then, to drift off into sleep together, touching, cuddling, caressing, kissing, like it was the best, rightest and most natural thing in the world, our destiny, our birthright. I love you, Gary. In every meaning of the world, which probably makes it an unhealthy, unnatural obsession. Or something that seems like one. After those past few days... It’s not like I requested it. It’s not like I’m one hundred percent sure I want this, or always wanted this, or if it’s the utterly right thing to do. But I do know this - You can easily become the center of my life should you choose so, and I wouldn’t resist at all. I love you. As a brother, yes. It’s buried somewhere in there, our bond as siblings. But it’s interwoven and engulfed and drowned in so much... so many feelings, passionate and sexual, romantic and tender, gentle and strong both, that it seems so much more. I love you. I can say it as much as you want. I can prove it however you want. I’ll say it and prove it until it gets to you. So, acknowledge this. These are my true, honest feelings. There’s little need to appeal to my sex drive and controlling it. Even if it was one tenth of what it was, I’d still want to have sex with you. To give you pleasure, to show and demonstrate my feelings, to feel a greater closeness and intimacy. Do you get it now, Gary? Why your sister has been so obsessed with getting in your pants all these years? More than in your pants, even, I wanted a place... in your heart, you see.

He was clearly stunned, and was trying to cope with the confession on the spot, but it seemed to finally get to him that his sister wasn’t just after physical affection.
I... I, uh. It... It does break a boundary or two on what's considered healthy levels or recommended starting points. And...I can feel you believe what you're talking about. I'm just not exactly sure... Why. Why so strongly? Why me?

- It's very simple and easy, really. You're the first and one of the very few who know what I really am and who never really treated me any differently because of it. I was always Alex, your sister, to you. Not a freak of nature, not something weird, not a hermaphrodite... A girl that was your sister, that's who you wanted me to be, who I was, who you treated me as. Gently and lovingly, even when I got you irritated. Nearly nobody was capable of that. Lachlan took some time... And Mother took years. Literally many years. When we were small and she was washing me... And then, when I grew up more, and she occasionally saw me naked... She gave me those looks. Shock and revulsion. Being repulsed by the sight, not accepting of it. A look that said "that's unnatural" and even "is this my child"? I catch on on such things, Gary. That's why I have some problems loving Mom. She cared about us, but I always have the feeling we weren't really wanted, and you being an albino, me being a hermaphrodite, it only made it worse. But you? You fought for me. You always cared. Always treated me like a girl or the young woman I wanted to be. Regardless of sex organs, regardless of bodily build... Even when you rejected me, it was always because you thought behaving inappropriately or doing it with a sister was wrong, rather than... doing it with a freak of nature like me being repulsive. And then you returned and... Changed. Apologized. Strived to understand. You've had your wounds from me, I've had ones from you. We've both had ones from different people. And after all, you... told me I had reasons to be proud. Other people were proud of me. That I didn't need to hide or run anymore, even when that has been so deeply ingrained into many things I've been doing, my many failures that I needed to try and get to a few successes. So tell me, how? How could I not love you? How was I supposed to forget, move on and love somebody else, someone who didn't have half of your tolerance and open-mindedness? Who lacked that gentleness of yours tempered by your mind, by your willingness to do what you believed was right and might be good for us both? Someone who never shared with me the experiences and bonds the two of us shared? How?

Gary was, by now, very shaken up by this. In multiple ways, including feeling... touched by how thorough his sister's confession was.

Judging from how red his face was, he was also pretty embarrassed by all of this.

- I, uh... You... seem to be a lot better at using words than me today. In general, really. I...

["'Why am I so flattered? Nobody ever expressed such a bond with me. Nobody ever thought so highly of me or found me so attractive, not even Susan. But, it's my sister, so I shouldn't feel so... Do I care about her? More than just as a sister? I never thought of her that way for longer than a few seconds before scolding myself. I did care about her, but I tried to distance, detach, separate myself from her every time a risk of something immoral appeared... Now, it seems cowardly.'"]

- Um, look, Alex... I hope what I say will not hurt you or offend you... I probably can't even imagine how hard it could, no, how hard it must have been for you, struggling first with your hermaphroditism and with those incestuous feelings, and then, with being rejected while desperately desiring for some intimacy... No, I cannot imagine that at all, even though I went many years without contact with girls, with no girlfriend, much less sex... Well, without contact with girls other than you of course... What I'm trying to say is...

- If this is a prelude to you saying it again, you can stop now, to be honest. That, somehow, this and that is wrong and that we can't. I heard it all already. I could memorize your lines, Uncle's lines,
other people's lines... I could teach at school why supposedly incest is wrong... For a while, I actually got why it was so myself. But, on an emotional level... I don't. I really, truly don't. First of all, you're wrong from the start of that sentence. You're the ONLY one who can imagine what it was like to me. You were there. You tried to understand. You're my brother. And... That's why it's so hard to think any differently. Because if I can love and desire someone who was a stranger to me in the years I formed as a person... It feels even more natural I would be able to do it with someone who was always at my side during those years.

- Alex, even if you don’t think it’s wrong, it is both inappropriate and rather... Hard to start or stop. Or to hide in some circumstances. We can be close, but people are supposed to develop relationships outside of the family, as to ensure lesser possibility of fail-prone genes and such being transmitted, to ensure greater genetic variety and such... Also, imagine the breaking of such a bond in case it formed... How much would it hurt? That’s why... Well, normal siblings and family members don’t find each other attractive due to psychological and mental barriers, so even if we do...

She seemed surprised, as if she caught just that line among all others. But she tried to focus on the bigger, greater picture.

- Gary, I just mentioned I did understand the semi-rational explanations for it, but didn’t understand it at all on an emotional level. You, on the other hand, appear to have just admitted you find me attractive. Since, you know. You're an albino genius with an ability to actually understand the little psycho me. And I'm little psycho me. 'Normal siblings'... We were never that.

At that point, Alex realized maybe she was reaching too far into it.

[“Fine, fine. He actually didn't say he finds me attractive. He may prefer sleeker girls... Though it’s not like I am fat! Maybe he likes them shorter, or a different hair color? Fuck, I hope I wasn't too pushy or blunt... Consider a girl’s feelings and comfort with her own body for a minute, Gary! Try to be nice!”]

Gary seemed to blush first, then wonder for a few seconds, then break apart in his head, then make a decision, until finally, he spoke.

- Sis, if you pardon me saying this... You always were the type to have a pretty face, and as for the rest, ekhem... You were quite, how do you say this... Quite a lass when I left for Canada. As for now... You're a different type of beauty now, yes. But back then, you had your beauty, and right now, you have a different kind. You're very attractive. In many ways. Were back then, too. I keep wondering how could you ever have self esteem issues, or problems finding partners willing to try and do it with you... To a guy like me, who had little luck with women, you seem almost like you should be in a different league, not the one making attempts at me. .

Now, that was a definite mood lifter. Maybe too big of a one from Gary's side. She was feeling… Good. Confident. Most of all, flirty. Yes, her voice dripped with flirtatious teasing when she spoke.

- Oh, really? My, my, you seem really intent to keep me in a good mood today. You don’t need to lie like that, though...
- I am telling the truth. I already told you it's annoying when a girl can’t even accept a compliment…

- Oh, so, Brother prefers his women a little more daring and sure of themselves? I’ll make sure to remember that.

- I don’t really know if it’s a preference or not. There’s nothing wrong with that, as long as it’s... healthy. In a way.

The mood heightened further. Alex was now feeling amorous rather than just flirty.

[“Damn, he broke out of the shell and finally said it. He used to be so shy. Way to go, brother. You’d have to work on your game a bit… if you didn’t already have me, that is. I don’t care about things like that, as long as you embrace me…”]

Alex moved and slowly hugged her brother.

- I’m really happy that you think so, brother. I’m afraid my self esteem will now soar in the sky for a few weeks or months after you told me that.

- I wasn’t trying to boost your ego. I was just trying to make things be more open. Fair. Honest.

- So, before your sister goes out with that newfound confidence and picks herself a few bad boys and guys who are wrong for her and would hurt her… Maybe we should…

- Sis? Alex… Alex?!

She stroke his chin with the palm of her hand as she poised them both for the ultimate show of affection. Alex was no longer worried about being rejected or of her brother running away and never returning, because he was finally acknowledging her as a woman and finally understood her feelings. Someone both smart and caring like Gary could never misunderstand now, nor would he leave her. He could try to struggle away, he could shout at her, but she was pretty sure there was a chance, however small, now, that she could make him want her, desire her, maybe even love her…

Not just as a sister, that is.

With these kinds of thoughts in mind, she placed a delicate, but not exactly haste, kiss on his lips.

[“ Wait. That train of thought is going too far. I mean... There are other issues than just us being siblings, aren't there? I have... attempted relationships. I have Lachlan taking my virginity almost ruining our friendship. There's Melanie. Oscar. That guy I hired as my whore. What was his... My God, he’s not resisting. Gary's not... resisting me.”]

Something in her was indeed soaring, before another part of her mind, that worst part, came out.

[-Very good. They’re easier to take advantage of when they do not try to resist...-]

[“I am not looking to traumatize him. This is a moment I should treasure forever.”]

[-Oh, but didn’t we kiss already? Maybe it’d be better to move forward and treasure the first time he sucks your dick or eats you out instead.-]
[“Why am I conversing with myself at an important time at this, while Gary is… Pulling away? No… NO!”]

- A… Alex. I know how you feel now, and I don’t want to hurt you, but this is already… going too far…

- S… Surely you’re not panicking because of one sisterly kiss! Come on, brother, if you want a reason to panic, I can give you one… Wait, no, that’s not… Wait!

She grabbed his hand, being as delicate but firm about it as possible. Turns out, the delicate part was winning, and that’s probably the reason why Gary stopped raising from her bed and turning away.

- If you… Don’t want to hurt me, stay. Please. I need you.
- I’m afraid… I don’t think I can satisfy that need.
- Maybe you cannot, Gary. Or maybe you don’t want to, no matter how much I convince us both you could. But without you… Nobody else even has a chance.

With equal amounts of firmness and gentleness as before, she pulled on him, reaching out with the other hand to get a better grab.

[-Poor little brother, he has no idea what he’s getting pulled into.-]

[“My pussy?”]

[-That’s the only thing you’re going to use?-]

[“Why am I talking with myself again? Anyway, I just want to feel him. And… see where it goes from there. I have to take into account what Brother is comfortable with… Even though… even though…”]

[-It’s so easy to force him right now? Even though you want to and imagine all sort of dirty things already? Come on, just fuck him. If you put your heart into it, you know he’ll love it.-]

[“Shut up. I sometimes wonder if you even are me.”]

His sister was kissing his neck. All right. That’s definitely not what sisters usually do, he could tell that much. They also don’t stroke your shoulders, your back and your sides in that way. No. He could faintly collect and remember that’s the kind of affection Susan could show him, but not Alex. No, with Alex, it’d be one chaste kiss a year and a hug twice a month. That was proper. So, why exactly couldn’t he pull away?

He knew he wanted to, but he also didn't do it. Maybe part of him didn't want to.

It felt like balance hanged off of something different than just his desires or will this time around.

He was already nearly resting on her body. She, on the other hand, seemed more and more restless in her operations and caresses.
[“This feels surprisingly good.”]

She arched her back now and looked at him, face flushing slightly, but it was her eyes that were most striking at that moment. He didn’t see that kind of look very often, even when in a relationship.

Well, not only her eyes were striking. Her large, if it wasn’t an understatement, breasts were now pressing against him from below.

[“She’s… way too soft. I don’t remember that. But when she presses really hard… They can’t get flat, no matter what. They spill all over the place at first, and then, they get… Firmer. She put her heart to a lot of sports before… That’s where she’s getting all that strength. That’s why, when I’m gentle, I cannot pull away at all. I’d have to put my strength into it, too, but then, she will… With those eyes, she’ll accuse me, maybe even cry…”]

She kissed him passionately as she definitely started to explore his body in a way to mess up his clothes and touch as much naked body as possible. She was heating up, and becoming more frantic. This wasn’t good. Rather than the softness, he was now feeling something harden rapidly, and poke at him from below.

[“She’s… erect. Hell, I wasn’t even trying! How can you get horny from something like this!”]

He tried to pull away. She noticed, and the gentleness was suddenly gone. She was definitely trying to pull him atop of her and grind her body against his now. He had to stop her, verbally or physically…

- ... Alex, I... Know what you said earlier, but getting a boner already and poking me with it like this...
- Oh? And your blood somehow, miraculously, totally avoids your groin area even though we’re like this?
- It’s not that... Not totally... It’s trying... I mean...

He had no idea what to say. Even his member hardened just a little bit, despite the fact that another dick pressing into him was supposed to be a turn-off… And despite the fact it wasn’t the woman he loved touching him.

[“This is outrageous. She’s my sibling. She’s part male. I can’t go along with this. Much more importantly, this is the last situation I should be aroused in… Especially with Sus...Susan. Am I... How much of this is me trying to properly grieve Susan? Why do I sound like I’m rationalizing? Shit. This is difficult. And rationalizing is difficult when you have a boner.”]

Alex’s head was filled with different thoughts.

[“Come on, bro. You can’t tell me you suddenly got scared of my dick. You always knew it was there, so how could you think it will not respond? You’re too sexy for her to stay asleep. Or, is it really that much of a turnoff? That I have a dick? I think it’s pretty big, so maybe that’s it… Maybe I should check…”]

So, he tried to calm her down with his actions, and pull away then. He gently kissed her forehead, in a way a family member would, and managed to struggle out of her warm, soft but strong embrace.

But she rose with him, hands still on his shoulders.
- I'm still... Not sure we should be trying to do this, Alex. For a lot of reasons.

- Bro, have you ever wondered how it'd be like if someone else were your sister?

- What do you mean?

[“Please, sis, don’t cause a scene. Don’t say crude things! I can’t hear you say something like you being a bad sister and that I’d like anyone else better...”]

- I’ll tell you how it’d be like. You’re really smart, Gary, academically in particular. So you’d be abused, especially by a twin or a younger sibling. You’d be used to help with homework, learning, and tests all the time. And you’d often have to help, because how could you not help your sibling? Tell me...Have you had to suffer through this with me?

- W... Well, not.

[“Holy shit. It’s the opposite. Suddenly, she’s the best sister one could have, huh?”]

- Well, that’s why, you have a debt. I’ve never asked for any favors and such. Never really pushed you, made you do things against your will, so... So I’ll tell you what. I can’t have you abandon me when I need you most after having all these favors remaining, never cashed in, never used. Of course, I’ll also do what you ask, but you cannot ask me not to do something I so desperately want... So, Gary, I have a very important favor to ask of you.

He noticed that, despite the words, she felt really embarrassed saying this, and seemed to struggle to keep it up. It was endearing.

Truth was, Alex was struggling more to contain herself rather than keep going, but he could never know.

- I have a feeling it's going to be a difficult request to handle for me.
- It's actually two things. One to think about, and one to do. Don’t worry. I won’t ask for something totally outrageous. That would make me use up that debt of favors all at once, and we can’t have that. I... I merely...
- Sis?
- I want you to see me. All of me. And when you see me, I want you to think about your girlfriend for just one split moment, then don't think about her anymore. I want you to think if what you feel is similar, and then don't think of Susan. I want you to think whether you'd be hesitating this much if you didn't lose her recently... Then act like you didn't lose anyone. Because you have me.
- Wa...What?! What?!

["... I guess I'm not the only one who can figure a thought or two of my twin's."]

- You heard me pretty clearly. This makes me a bad sister, but your sibling wants to be... naked. In front of you. In the same room. On the same bed. Most of all... I want you to look.

His eyes widened in surprise, shock and the words that got stuck in his throat as she started to unbuckle her blouse. He could still remember the way his own t-shirt stretched on her before, and for the love of God, he hoped she had a bra on, unlike yesterday. To his relief, she did, but this still had to stop.
It's... a difficult request to handle, Alex. I mean... I... I loved Susan. Wait, no. I still love her. I can't just think of her and pretend I did not. I'm not sure I can go through with this.

Just cashing in favors, Brother. Surely, you wouldn’t reject a woman right when she started taking off her clothes!? You wouldn’t hit her self-esteem that hard? I know you wouldn’t. What's more, I know how you think. How you feel. In a lot of ways. So I know that you're a decent person, and when you claim you were in love, you truly were. But I also know this might be my only chance, so if you think, even for a moment, it's Susan that's holding you back as much or more than just me being your sister... I want you to try and not think about her at all.

Gary.... paused. And then, nervously, he nodded.

She acknowledged how solemn and difficult of a thing it was for him. So she didn't smile, didn't try to lure him into sweet blackmail. She just, ever so slowly, undressed, taking off her skirt. Even if it was long, for all the good things in the Universe, why did she have to wear a skirt today! She was always pretty comfortable with jeans, even trousers!

You realize this is... A bit blackmail-ish? A little unreasonable, maybe
I... Think I do. On some level. Maybe I'm a little desperate. But... I don’t expect us... to have sex right off the bat, even if I’m naked, even if we are both naked, but... Even if you tell me I look good in my clothes, being something... erotic for you is quite different. Seeing me naked, with nothing to separate us excepts thoughts and actions... It’s quite different. Sex is in a whole new world altogether, but... I need to do this, Gary. I need to somehow... form this kind of bond with you, to have some of this kind of contact, or I’ll go insane. I won’t be unreasonable. I won’t push you, force you to do anything you don’t want to... But I beg you... this is the very minimum, the very least... Surely, you don’t want your sister going insane, do you?

She was sitting upright now, just in her underwear. Surprisingly, it consisted of a light green bra and... boxers, in a darker shade of green. Of course, she probably wore male underwear more often than she’d care to admit, since it’d just be more... comfortable.

Ah, yes, sorry about that. I guess you wouldn’t expect me to wear that after saying all those things about being a woman.
I guess I'm not the only one who's going to have to be embarrassed by all of this anymore.
You’re sweet when you’re embarrassed. Of course, you’re always sweet, but...
You’re the one who should be embarrassed. Acting all sweet and trying to convince me. Then doing such a thing.
Well, if it was anyone else... I would be. But not with you, Gary. You, I want to look. I love your eyes looking at me. I feel like the best thing I could ever do in this world is be myself, no shame, no guilt, no anger... With you. Will you please look at me, brother?
Alex...
Please?

His face burning up and completely red now, he turned to face her.

[“Why exactly am I putting up with this? Why am I watching my own sister take off her bra with definitely indecent intentions?”]

Her breasts slightly dropped when out of her bra, but were definitely slightly too firm for their size,
especially being natural. Just a bit, though, and because of this, it looked… amazing. Gary also couldn’t help but notice that his sister was definitely getting more and more aroused despite the growing worry in her eyes. He could also discern the source of the worry. Her body wasn’t exactly 100% symmetrical, but the part that blemished her “perfect” image most was the lack of symmetry in her nipples and areola. One of them seemed more delicate and girly, with a small areola, slightly longer, slim nipple. The other one seemed more like something you’d expect on a woman with this size, a more bumpy, shorter nipple and wider areola. Despite the asymmetry, her breasts, large, full, but relatively firm E-Cups were a thing of beauty… So much that it was disturbing him.

Gary suddenly realized his sister was about to become one of only two women ever he had anything genuinely sexual to do with.

Chapter End Notes

My apologies for the messy formatting in this one. This chapter suffered a long period on the shelf, a fair amount of rewrites and alterations in various programs, and nowadays I just don’t have the time to fix up some minor details in how certain dialogues were formatted...
Act 4 : Post-Birthday Magnetism - Kindred Body

Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary are about to get a bit closer, and learn a bit more about themselves, in the most inappropriate way possible.

On the horizon, things like realizing the state of her body, being more honest than ever before with her best friend, and finally informing a dating prospect it just may not work out look over Alex.

Noticing that his stare wasn’t in the least uninterested or disgusted, quite the opposite, Alex nervously grabbed the hem of her boxers and slowly started to pull them down. Gary had a nervous, sharp intake of breath as he saw her sex organs for the first time since they were nearly toddlers, or at least very, very young. They seemed unnaturally close to one another. She had almost no pubic hair to speak of except for a small, tender patch over her male part; whether it was mostly a natural outcome or a result of shaving or trimming was hard to tell. Her balls were rather small and hairless… Apparently, naturally so. In a way, they were cute, but they obstructed the view of what made her a biologically full-fledged woman, and above them was the main offender of taking away from the feminine visage.

Alex was only aware that she was bigger than most men she ever had sex with, or even saw naked in person, but noticing Gary’s stare now, she wondered just how far away from the average she was. Having passed nineteen centimeters just when her age was getting close to that number, and the completely hard penis was definitely also on the thick side. It wasn’t very veiny, but one could hardly call it cute or completely not ‘masculine'. Size taken out of the equation, it’d seem average in shape and texture on someone so young. But the size was there, and while the sight of a woman with a large erection sprouting from between her legs was definitely at least somewhat erotic, it also made him very, very nervous.

[“He seems… Am I really that big? Much bigger than him? Haven’t seen him naked in years… It’d definitely worry a guy if he felt too small in the first place, but most of all, if a girl had a much bigger dick than him… I mean, might've been part of the reason Oscar was... Oh well. He’s probably afraid I’m more interested in thrusting this inside him than having proper sex… I have to… I have to comfort him somehow…”]

However, his eyes quickly darted away from the thing below, inspecting her shapely, slightly thick, but feminine and appetizing long legs. It then moved up, to her breasts, and then, as she sat down, locked onto her face.

- It... May be too quick to form an opinion, but... How do you feel? How do I look like, to you? Yay, or nay? I know this is far from perfect, especially considering I’m supposed to be a girl, but... I really wanted you to see this...
- You know, you saying it's too quick to form an opinion doesn't suddenly increase my speed of doing so.

- It’s because… Let me tell you this. I know people at school and such often seen you as nerdy, some even as unmanly, but I’ve often seen, and, well, Gary… You’re not badly built naturally, and I could see you exercised at least a bit. You’re thin, but with quite some wiry muscles. Your legs are quite long for your height, and with your white, nice skin and toned body, those long hair and eyes and stuff… Um, Gary, I don’t care what other people think. For me, you’re great. Love aside, your body itself is very desirable.

His blush was re-appearing with even greater strength now. She could barely hold back a smile, but she was nervous as well. At the very least, she wanted to be… accepted.

- Of course, the more important issue is, how do you like what you see? What do you think of my body?

If he kept continuing to blush harder as the time passed, he'd reach incredible levels of redness. Confused by both the view and various feelings associated with seeing his - hermaphrodite, no less - sister like that seemed to make him struggle to find the right words.

[“Please, don’t be searching for a way not to offend me. Please, accept my body. Please.”]

- I'm pretty sure I already told you that you look beautiful.

- That was when I was appearing as a woman in clothes. Being a naked hermaphrodite is a different thing.

- Not… Not really. Being naked just makes you seem… More striking, if it’s even possible.

- You really… don’t mind? Even my breasts look like this, not to mention…

- U-uh. You’re really tempting. Attractive. Sexy. Whatever the term appropriate... I mean it.

She gave him a beaming smile she rarely gave anyone these days other than as a fake. She hoped he was telling the truth, but the words themselves were making her feel warm inside.

- Really, brother? What part of your Sister is the most beautiful? Which do you like the most?

["Dumb Alex. Dumb. Stop putting so much pressure on being his sister if you want this to go anywhere.”]

- Your eyes.

It was her turn to be stunned for a moment, and blush faintly.

- My… Eyes? Not “ass” or some other misspelling?

- No. Your eyes. I always thought so. Their color is so beautiful and captivating, and the shape also compliments everything about the way you look, so…
She chuckled softly.

[“This is amazing. He resists so much, he sees me naked, and he thinks my best part are my eyes. How is this not romantic? Especially since those eyes of his as well… Like those of a dark, fallen angel… So beautiful… I love them, too. I guess we really are siblings”]

- Well, you can’t exactly play with a woman’s eyes, so this cannot count, but… It does make me really happy. It’s really romantic, you know. To tell a girl her eyes are worth more than some other body parts a girl should try to make into something to be proud of. I’m glad you feel that way.

He went quiet, suddenly. It appeared he was getting more and more shy and embarrassed every second.

- That being said, on a girl’s body, you need to pick something substantial, as in, gropeable or strokeable, so, is there any other thing you… Particularly like? Anything is fine, really. You don’t have to worry if it’s something outrageous or weird, or too plain...

She caught his glance easily. Probably because she was so intent on catching it.

[“Breasts, huh? As I suspected all along. Men do tend to be fixated on these regardless of size, and if they’re big, it’s only more so. But that’s fine.”]

She gently grabbed his hand and slowly moved it’s closer to her chest. His eyes went wide in surprise.

- It’s okay. I know. There’s no need to hide it, brother. It’s a natural thing… To desire these.

- You know, you said I was supposed to look. We haven’t discussed touching at all.

-You really thought I wouldn’t want you to touch me? You really thought that once I got naked, you yourself wouldn’t want to?

- It’s… Regardless, that much is...

His hand was suddenly pressed between her breasts, especially onto her left one. The left breast had a larger areola and, unlike the right one, you could see some veins. Gary could also swear it was minimally bigger. All in all, it was extremely eye-catching either way. Now, his hand also wanted to catch it...

- Go ahead. You can’t really experience it just by being pressed against it. Come on, it’s not like I could get mad. It’s a rare opportunity, isn’t it? Or do you see soft breasts of girl that isn’t skin and bones every day? Natural E-cups, at that?

His resistance broken by the sudden passion in her voice, he grabbed the breast, but stopped himself from squeezing. Rather, he first cupped it, then fondled it gently.
- Yhm… That’s right, honey. But it’s no good if you’re too gentle. I’m not made from glass. I can tell you really want to squeeze and press a little bit harder… Go on.

Complying, Gary massaged, squeezed and fondled the breast for a few moments. He even let his fingers graze over and play with her nipple before catching himself and trying to pull away his hand. She grabbed it gently and pulled it back onto her enormous mammary.

- It’s all right. How does it feel?

- It’s… a bit firmer than I’d expect from looking when you had clothes on. But, the skin is really smooth, and it’s so… Soft and nice.

- Pleasant to touch?

- Considering how confused and on the edge about all of this I am, I’d be pulling my hand away pretty fast if it didn’t feel borderline amazing.

- I’m really glad. I don’t get the person I love to play with my breasts everyday… and it’s my left one. Can you feel my heartbeat?

- Um… Yes.

- There’s a lot of flesh separating my heart from where you’re touching, you know. You understand what that means? My heart is really pounding. That’s because it knows that it’s your hand right over it, Gary…

- Please, Alex. You’re teasing me again.

- Not at all, I am…

She suddenly pulled closer to him, preparing to kiss.

- Being honest…

He pulled away, a bit slower than she was approaching, but quickly enough. He had to support himself by half-lying back, but he didn’t realize how much he exposed himself by doing so.

Alex’ eyes were immediately drawn downwards.

[“He’s erect. Oh gosh, brother, if playing with my breasts is making you hard, why aren’t you doing it every day? From the looks of it, there’s little to be ashamed of… It's probably comparable to Lachlan’s, and I can’t even gauge the size precisely nor how hard it really is…”]

- It seems you weren’t lying, Brother. Your body is… really accepting mine. If only you could feel… The way I do because of it. You cannot imagine what that means to me.

- I… Don’t think we should be moving so fast. I mean… I want to make you feel good about yourself and face what’s going on in my head right now, too, but… This is all going way too fast.
But she was already touching, stroking his thighs and the erection over his pants. She liked how it felt under her palm and fingers.

- Brother, your sister isn’t the type of tease who’d let such a perfectly good erection go completely to waste. I have another favor to ask… I guess I’m still going to use it all up today…

- Alex?

- Your sister wants to… Play…

- ALEX! You said…

- Relax, relax. I’m a bad girl, but I’m not some terrible rape monster.

- Then… What are you referring to?

- Well, now that I’m naked… And we’re both erect…And that I know your body doesn’t mind my desires at all, even if your mind does… Even if your heart does… I’d like to at least try and make us both feel good. Sex is impossible for you right now, so…

- Even whatever counts as a substitute for sex might feel really… taxing. Emotionally. And confusing. I didn’t want to make you feel more embarrassed or pushed away, so I have to end up feeling the shame, I guess…

- Don’t think of it like that! It’s just experimenting. Would you prefer to masturbate together? Or maybe you’d like to stay clothed, and for me to rub my body over yours? Maybe we should just both wear underwear and do this?

- Those sound… pleasant, and not an immediately terrible thing to do, but are we really in the right state of mind to be figuring it out?

- Oh, come on. You’d say no? What will it be? Unless you’d really refuse it all entirely and tease your sister with the possibility, and the sight of that tent in your pants. Do you want to see me lose control? It’ll be unsightly. On the inside, I’m full of poison and filth due to all these years away from you, with bad people… But, if you like seeing your sister naked, maybe you’d like it even more to see her act really dirty.

To her amazement, the thing in his pants moved, and was making a visible tent out of his trousers now. It grew even more, and it only made her want to see, out of curiosity and lust. He blushed hard.

- You know, you know… I’d always be happy to give you a lapdance, if that’s all you’d be okay with, but are you really okay with your sister masturbating all day and all night to memory of just that? Don’t you want something much more mutually satisfying?

[“God, it’s moving. Are you sure you’re not hiding a snake there, or something? I want to see. Please get naked and let me see.”]

- Stop giving me more options to choose from! I’m really just trying to calm down enough to figure out how to not make this an utter mess!

[“God, he’s adorable. His blood vessels are about to burst. You’ve somehow just become shyer and more bashful than you were back then, bro. Can’t say I dislike it. Or the thought of us making a mess.”]
Finally, Gary calmed down and responded, after seemingly spending a moment to consider.

- I guess… If we just masturbate together… It’s all right. It’s a bit late for exploration, but that’s what it’d be if we were younger.

[“If you’re okay masturbating with me now, why didn’t we do it together earlier?”]

- Great. Take your clothes off. You’ll be uncomfortable in them.

- Just... don’t go too hard and heavy on me, okay?

- Nothing to be shy of. We have a deal. Now, I want to also see you naked, so…

She grabbed his shirt and helped him take it off. He got up and started to pull down his own lower clothes. She lay down on her stomach and breasts, observing with infinite curiosity.

[“How much is it going to be?? Seventeen centimeters? Seventeen and a half? Or, maybe… No, he’s too shy about it, unfortunately…”]

Only his boxers remained in place. He was really nervous. She loved it. She felt her dick grow harder, but now, her female honeypot was definitely just as aroused. When he took down his underwear, it was even more so. She raised from the bed, trying to get a better angle.

[“He’s bigger than Lachlan, and it’s not even fully hard yet. Geez, bro, what are you being shy for? Is it because I’m also big?”]

- My, my. I can’t believe you’re not wearing less clothing when having that much to show.

- Stop embarrassing me, okay!? I’m no good when it comes to getting naked with new people!

- I’m your sister.

- And that makes it better how, exactly?

- I love seeing you naked. So stop being embarrassed. Sit down. I hope we come around the same time... I don’t mind my bed getting dirty, especially if it comes from you.

His cock bobbed and twitched. Was it getting bigger?

[“Sweet Mother of God, it’s settled. I want it in every hole and orifice on my body. And, then… I want to see how much of it I can hide with my breasts.”]

He sat down as Alex gave her own shaft a few experimental strokes. It seemed raring to go. Her vagina was also soaked, especially after seeing the outline of Gary’s own member. He sat down in front of her, legs not too wide, visibly keeping a distance, maybe even trying to detach himself from the situation. But as he took in the sight of her body and the scent of arousal, it became impossible.
After rubbing his member through his boxers for several moments, he pulled it out, then wrapped three fingers around it to try and stroke it experimentally. The shaft between his legs was even bigger than what she guessed and imagined. Alex’ excitement was reaching infernal levels of fiery passion, being able to see him stroking his cock while, definitely, looking at her body. She inspected his own body carefully, but he was sitting in such a way that made it hard to affirm everything she wanted to. Still tugging on her own member, she rubbed her balls and pussy on the bed as she leaned in, giving him a kiss at last. To her surprise, he didn’t pull away even as she pressed a palm again his own chest. She slowly moved it downwards, exploring his body.

[“Wow. Such smooth skin… but hard and wiry underneath. And this stomach… Now, to the main course…”]

She noticed him having relatively little pubic hair. Her current lack of it was also natural for her, even though he couldn’t know that. Given that they were twins, she wasn’t surprised. She actually liked it that way, in reference to his. Made it appetizing, but didn’t make him seem like an underaged boy.

She moved around his shaft…

[“Wow, that is different. He isn’t super thick thick… but that’s definitely not something sleek, either. Unlike mine. I’m surprised.”]

She moved to cup his balls while still leaning into his body.

[“Those haven’t discharged in a while, have they? Seem so heavy. Regardless of other parts, those are definitely, definitely a fair bit bigger than mine.”]

He suddenly grabbed her hand with the one he was jerking off with, and pulled it away, stopping his masturbation and not letting her touch him anymore.

- Oh, come on! This much has to be okay! I can’t change this into an impersonal teasing session! When presented with a naked Gary before me, of course I have to touch!

He was stunned for a moment, she used it to guide his hands to her thigh and her right breast, respectively. The arm touching her tit was much less shy than the one placed so close to her sex, as expected.

- See? Look, look. Touch me. You can fondle both of my breasts if you want. If you squeeze around the areola, and then, knead the nipple… Yes, like that… Grab the other one, don’t be shy…

Alex’ own hands moved down her body. Her abdomen was decidedly a bit too soft for her tastes, making her feel less fit again, but he seemed not to mind, so why should she? On the other hand, as she lowered her palms along her back, toward her ass, hips and thighs, she was pleasantly surprised by how nice her own butt felt. Finally, one of her hands moved to her cock, and the other finally teased her hungry slit.

- Go ahead, squeeze a little harder, I don’t mind…

- You seem to enjoy this too much.
- My breasts are responsive, but since they’ve grown so much, they’re not *too* sensitive and it isn’t painful. I like touching them, but when you touch them, Gary, it’s dreamy. Since you like them, I want you to get a good impression. Now, if you gently press the nipples in... keep the pressure on the side with your other fingers, but slowly lower it... Yes, that’s it. I like it. Now, cup them and squeeze them.

He managed to follow every little direction and request as if his fingertips were being telepathically lead around the surface of her breasts.

- You really enjoy this way too much.

- Have you ever imagined yourself sucking on a girl’s breasts? If you talk too much, that dream will come true. Regardless of how good or bad you’d feel about it. Now, I noticed that you haven’t been taking care of your own...

She moved the hand still wet from her pussy juices towards his prick. Now, she could see it, very much up close fully erect and throbbing.

[“Am I really this much in a sex trance, or is he one of the biggest I’ve ever seen in person? Is he longer than me!? With how sleek his body seems and the difference between length and girth on his, it seems possible... If this hard thing would go inside me, it’d hurt sooo goooood…. Then, I’d flood him and squeeze him and... Don’t turn yourself on too much, Alex, or you’ll blow your load prematurely...”]  

She cupped the head of his cock with her wet hand and he gasped as she pulled back the foreskin and played with his head.

- Can you feel it? That’s how wet I am. But, Gary... You’re... Haaaah... Really big. Like, really.

She leaned in and kissed him again, loving the feeling of his hands on her breasts as she started to play with his uncared-for dick. She was very gentle in the stroking, not really sure how sensitive he was. The head had to be pretty sensitive given he was uncircumcised, with more foreskin to spare than she had. She gently slid her finger over along his urethral opening and it made him shiver. He seemed twice as embarrassed as before she touched him.

- You’re... bigger.

[“What’s he talking about?”]

- My... My breasts? Bigger than your...

- No, I mean... down there. You seem thicker than me, at the very least.

- Gary, sweetie, I’m hormonally imbalanced on all sides. I was growing up pretty boyishly, and, well, I’m a weirdo even as far as hermaphrodites go. They’re usually undeveloped and not working on at least one side, or so I’ve heard. And mine seems to be on its way to stop growing completely. But you, my dear brother... You have every right to be proud of this big snake right here, since you’re a guy, a normal guy with a freakish sister. Technically, though, you’re the one with the exceptionally huge member here. Besides, you know, I’m more interested in... Being the girl. With you, at least.
This is… a fairly awkward thing to hear. And I guess you may be right… Mine's still growing a bit noticeably, even if it did begun to slow down.

She chuckled at him turning so laconic, more so than usual in sexual situations, and licked her lips at the prospect of her brother eventually outpacing her own size rather than equaling her length and falling just a bit behind on the girth. But, still…

-I wouldn’t exchange this one awkward, embarrassing moment with you for anything else… I wouldn’t change it for the world.

His hand moved away from her breasts and touched her lips, indicating that, this time, kissing was on his mind, too. She was glad, leaning her body closer to his as she kissed him, and they were both masturbating again. Her hand was resting on top of the head of his member as she brought her own closer, their tips almost touching. She noticed she was leaking a lot from both sides, and he wasn’t really dry, either.

[“Good. I want to see you come, brother. Not too late, not too soon. When it feels… natural.”]

[-Damn, this much isn’t enough.-]

[“First true thing you said all day.”]

She separated her lips from his, gasping and panting a bit. She loved kissing him, but she needed his touch, and she needed it now.

- Brother, please. I want… I want… Closer. Gary, please. I need… something more. Even just a little bit… Please. Please touch me.

She seemed both so enticing and so needy that he actually complied, moving his hand over her thighs. She shivered at the touch, pressing her hips forward, pushing her thighs into his touch and causing her cock to graze his jerking hand. Then, he fondled her balls, and Alex nearly jumped from pleasure and joy. Although, due to her weird physique, one of her most sensitive spots was on her balls, right now, she wanted to be touched the way only a girl could be. His silence only broken by panting was arousing her even more.

-C…Closer. And move your hand behind those. G… Gary, I…

His hand grazed the wet lips of her labia and started to search for her slit. She was beyond words now, moving nearly on top of her brother, entangling her body with his, pressing her breasts against his much sleeker, narrower chest and pressing her cock against his own thigh and then upwards toward his abdomen, which was such a turn-on for her before. She kissed and squirmed under his touch as he slowly played with the opening of the female part of her genitals.

[“This will either be a fast orgasm, or a huge one.”]
But, it was no good if she was the only one feeling that way.

- You’re so quiet, brother… You seem aroused, but somewhat reluctant and… I hope you’re enjoying yourself? You are enjoying this, right?

- Of course! I feel… surprisingly close to you right now. I rarely feel such intimacy… I’m more worried about doing something too quick, or being a bit too… uncaring about this, or if you’re enjoying yourself…

- I’m masturbating with my most beloved person and he is touching all the parts that make me think of myself as a woman. Of course I am enjoying myself, Gary.

She leaned in and devoured his lips again. Yes, that’s what she wanted to do. Devour him. The way she felt right now made any man’s desire insignificant in comparison, her horniness and lust put together being able to simply devour those feelings of the usual male when he wanted to have sex, to absorb them.

[“I don’t know how this feels. Am I flying? This already… feels almost as intimate as when I lost my virginity. To Lachlan, one of my best friends. And this is just a… masturbation session. Nothing else. This still can be made to feel so intimate and sensual? Really? Or is it because it’s Gary? If we had sex, would we really be so close that we’d stop being twins and again became one person? Is such closeness and intimacy really possible? I want to try…”]

- Sis, don’t overstress trying to stroke my ego or pressure how close together we could be… There will be other guys, or girls, or…

[“There you go. Ruining the mood. I’ll have sex with you if you keep doing that.”]

- Nobody else can make me feel like you do simply by being naked next to me and touching me. This is already better and more intimate than most of the little sex I had in my life… And so, I don’t want to think of anyone else, now, in the past, or in the future. And I don’t want you to, either.

- Mhm. So much for not overstressing it.

- Gary, do you think we could touch each other instead? I really want to… I want to make you feel good. And I will really squirm with pleasure under your touch, I know…

He sighed audibly. She could tell that, while he was getting quite into it, something about the whole thing still did not seem right. Like with Lachlan.

- I just know. It’ll feel great. It’ll make me feel like flying. Giving you an orgasm while you caress me… It’ll be the best feeling in the world. Unless we break the record later, of course…

- Sis…

- Don’t be shy. I’ll make you feel good. I’m not half bad at this, and if it’s you touching me, I’ll definitely squirm. You want to see me squirm and moan and pant, don’t you? Dirty brother. I love you…
Not waiting for an answer, out of pure desire and instinct rather than just being pushy, she grabbed the base of his prick, scraped her way up to the top, and encircled his shaft in her hand.

[“Gary, you’re so deliciously fucking huge! Do you have no mercy? Do you want to make me so horny that I’ll lose my fucking mind?”]

He moved his hand more shyly as he tried to grab her own engorged shaft. She squealed in joy and pleasure as he started to stroke her back. She quickened her pace, knowing that, as long as it was Gary touching her, there would be problems holding back, so he had to be brought closer to an orgasm as well. However, her brother protested.

- Sis, slow down, okay? There’s no need to be this hasty… or rough.

- I guess I was really impatient for this. This is long overdue, Gary.

- You say that about everything.

- Because everything you do is always overdue. Hugs, kisses, deep kisses, passionate ones, seeing each other naked as our bodies matured, masturbating together… I was so impatient, so I hope it’ll be worth the wait. It is so far.

She leaned even closer into him. His body was reddening and burning up. She could tell he was aroused, and actually also submitted himself to her touches and to the pleasant feeling of her soft breasts pushing against him. They were too close, and their hands, and then the tips of their cocks bumped against one another. Alex responded by skillfully maneuvering her hand so she could stroke him with the inside and her fingertips, teasing his head as she worked his shaft from the underside. Gary nearly moaned at the sensation as her sister eagerly pressed her erection against his.

- You’re so fucking hot, brother… You’re making me all horny and bothered… How do you feel? Proud? Or sorry and ashamed? You’re making your own twin sister so very aroused she finds it hard to think…

- Why are you teasing me again?

- Oh, doesn’t that make you horny? Your shaft is twitching. I want to see you blow a very, very big load for me… Will you be able to do that? Will you cum for your dear Alex?

He quickened his own pace and she didn’t even try to hold back her moan.

- That’s it, bro, with passion. I have so much passion for you, I want you so badly…

- Sis…

- Kiss me! Kiss me now!

She moved closer and atop of him, pressing his erection between her now fuller butt-cheeks and stroking it there, shaking, stretching and squeezing her backside muscles to provide additional stimulation. He grabbed her backside in response, and she gasped into the kiss.

[“This is the best!”]
“I never thought I’d be doing those things with anyone other than Susan… let alone that my own sister could feel so good and… intimate… interesting… hell, it almost feels... Right, in a way...”]

While Gary’s mind was mostly confused and stunned, hers was soaring.

“I want this to last as long as possible! I love seeing this side of my brother! I want to have this kind of relationship with him! All the way until the moment he sinks that gorgeous shaft inside his sister’s hungry sex and… and…”

[-Dirty bitch, wanting to get pregnant from her brother. Do it. You can force him to do it right now, can’t you? He’s unlikely to resist, and you know you want to. The position is good for it, too.-]

[“Oh, yes, it is. I can sink Gary… straight into me… before he knows it… God, my pussy is soaked…”]

Alex slowly squirmed, reaffirming her position slightly on top of their mixed, intertwined bodies, as she shifted and had Gary’s erection press into her body from below. Gary’s eyes darted open as he realized just what was happening. Alex shut him up with a kiss immediately. He broke it quickly, despite the fact that he really seemed to enjoy being silenced in that way, at least for the moment.

- N…No… Stop… Don’t do that!

- Don’t worry… I won’t do anything you didn’t agree to… It’ll be difficult, but Alex will try hard… Of course, whether you can stop your own instinct is a different story. You’re welcome to push it inside me anytime you want, but it’ll be easier to stir up my pussy like this… with the thing she likes the best… It’ll lead me to a huge, ecstatic orgasm if we stimulate all parts at once…

- You’re a big tease as always…

Lining his cock against her labia and running the tip of it around her entrance, she chuckled.

- You seem to enjoy it this time around, though. I’m glad I can make you this hard…

- You know trying to overdo it this much is unfair, right? Trying so hard to get me horny is just… so confusing…

- You feel good? Don’t you wonder how amazing it’d feel… if we actually…

- Don’t go there. We were just supposed to try things… and just once for now… Be reasonable.

- Tell me how it feels…

- It’s amazing, Sis… you’re so warm and soft, but this thing… It’s so hard… and both your sexes seem so erotic and wanting…

- They are, bro. You want to continue, don’t you? You’re suddenly wavering in your dedication to not cross the line with me, aren’t you?
- Alex, come on...

- Just admit it. I won’t tease. I won’t push any further. We don’t need to do it… I just want to hear it from you…

Gary gasped under her, pressing his head against her left breast. She was somewhere between upper atmosphere and heaven.

[“Push it in, Gary. God, if you’ll push it in, I’ll have the best orgasm in world history. This feels so right. We should be doing it every day since I found out that porn on your computer five years ago. It’s as good as any sex with anyone else, and we’re barely halfway there…”]

- Sis, it feels great but… I can’t say things like that now, out of nowhere…

- Spoilsport…

Gary was in a place that mixed heaven and hell. He felt utterly guilty about the fact he had to stop his own loins and hips ever couple of seconds from thrusting up straight into his sister wet… slick… tight… welcoming… encouraging, even… entrance. His mind was blank, and suddenly, he found a part of himself thinking why the hell he ever resisted this. He rarely felt this close with anyone… But thinking about the person he did get to be this close with was magnifying the guilt, and Alex specifically requested he doesn’t do that. Trying to focus on the physical pleasure… Was easy, but it might make the experience emptier, as satisfying as it all was. Alex had dexterous hands that seemed to quickly learn what he responded to, and the feeling of her genitals pressed over his glans to top it off were quickly bringing him towards a big, strong, messy finish. His own sister’s passion about the action served only to ignite his arousal – she seemed so into it that he felt he was in danger of being raped or losing his mind and morals at any point.

- No good, bro… if you cum like this… It’ll sink into me…

His hips bucked at her words. He felt the very tip of his member being touched by, and then, he thought, slightly enveloped in, or by, something. Her pussy seemed to wait for the occasion and actually attempted to suck him in. He quickly withdrew with the remains of his sanity.

[“Almost there bro. Almost there… You have no idea how excited I was when you did that…”]

She stroked his erect member, scraping the underside of his head delicately with her nails while tracing her own labia with his tip, until she pressed him into a spot at the very back of her balls. Gary jumped in surprise. It felt completely different from how balls were supposed to feel. At the back of them, there was a strange, hard but wet spot, and, apparently, some sort of extension of the lips of her labia. Alex moaned loudly on top of him. Her hips begun to give way, slowly sinking into her brother’s body. His erect penis was, once again, slowly being drawn into her welcoming entrance. He supported her with his hands, stopping her from falling into breaking her promise, seeing how much her muscles were trembling and how high she was in throes of passion…

- Gary, we have a problem… I don’t think I’ll be able to stop myself if we do it like that…. 
- I noticed...
- Can we can right it’ll be okay....
- Slowly... Alex, I told you this much is... unreasonable... unbearable...
- It’d feel great inside of me... You know that, right?
- Sis, please... You promised...
- That’s because I expected you to be unable to control yourself...
- I’m not sure I can, but, still, I don’t want to feel guilty about doing this.
- It feels so good, right?
- It’s almost like I’m melting under your touch...
- Do you want to melt under my touch?
- Yes, but... let's stick to touch now...
- Very well, if I can’t press these parts against you, we’ll try another way... Gary, I want to stroke us both at the same time... With our dicks pressed together... Is that okay? Can you come for me like that?
- Yhm, I think so...
- Great...

She shifted, going lower from the top of him, immediately wishing she took the chance to simply slip him inside her wet, waiting vagina. But, she wanted to be honest and fair with this, and she was already grateful that her brother allowed for so much.

- Just lie back and enjoy it... I’m going to stroke us both...

Their balls were pressed together, Gary’s bigger pair nearly surrounding Alex in their warmth, though they were drawn closer against his body, a telltale signal that he wasn’t far from ejaculating. From there, things changed. Alex was absolutely delighted to find out that their erections had precisely the same length, every vein and curve and bump and piece of her or skin finding its twin on the wonderful piece of meat her brother had, and she was now holding in her hand. They were not exactly the same, of course. Her shaft was slightly thicker than his, but she didn’t mind at all – in fact, it made her all the more caring, feeling like she was the big sister leading her beloved brother towards an orgasm while her big, strong member shielded and pleasured the thinner, but equally developed sibling. Or maybe it felt more motherly than sisterly... She didn’t care. It didn’t make her feel less of a woman, just slightly enhanced her overbearing, but caring attitude, almost making her feel like she was the dominant one here - and it wasn’t a bad feeling at all. She stroked them both, enjoying the heat and friction, and feeling a churning inside her, a deep craving inside both her chest and the sex organs.

[“We’re twins all right. Your dick grew precisely the way so it’d feel the most amazing to be pressed against mine... probably also the way so that it’d feel the absolute best when put inside of me... How can you still claim this isn’t the right and natural thing, bro? Aren’t we destined to...”]
Okay, silly.

[“It’s probably wrong to think we’re destined to fuck each other’s brains out, but I still like the thought. You’re twitching so delightfully against my shaft…”]

She looked down at her brother. He seemed to try and cope with feelings of pleasure and enjoyment that came from such a weird act. After all, he was getting jerked off while pressed against a member of a sibling that he always thought of as female. His own sister. He felt the pleasure and the drive towards it. And yet something seemed to be holding him back. He found it hard to sink into these feelings, but they were slowly surrounding him, taking away his reason and making him submit to the pleasure.

The amount of emotional satisfaction Alex received from realizing how good she was making her brother feel all the while was… incomprehensible.

- You look beautiful, brother. I love the feeling of your body against mine…

- A… Alex…

Gary, indeed, was struggling to rationalize the way he felt. This was… as good as sex, despite not exactly being it. And those feelings were coming from “playing” with his sister, who also happened to be a hermaphrodite with an erection more rigid - if he was this horny, Alex must've been feeling completely starved after all - and thicker than his. The feeling of their shafts pressed together in her relatively strong, but incredibly tender, caring hands and the friction her own member’s underside, strangely smooth and pleasant to touch, somewhat delicate, even, provided against his own shaft were quickly making him lose control over his amount of excitement. He suddenly felt her thighs and ass bounce on the bed, forcing her body into his, as if she wanted to become one with him. He looked at his sister. She really was beautiful, but the amount of passion and pleasure they both felt made her magnificent instead. Her pace increased. He felt his cock swell.

- You're going to cum, aren’t you?

- Yes.

- Great. Great. I’m so glad. Cum for your sister. She wants to see you pump semen like you never did before.

- Wait, what about… ohh…

He felt her member start to swell and twitch too. They were once again of the same length.

- This feels too great, brother. So amazing. I can feel you twitch in my hand and against every single part of my wet, throbbing... cock...

She seemed to lose the thought, or be lost in thoughts.

[“Should we have a simultaneous orgasm, or will it be more pleasant for me if he goes first? He
- Just hang in there for a moment, bro. Just a moment, and your Sister will also.

- Alex!

- Yes… Call my name! Say my name right when you reach it!

- T...this feels…

- Shhh, I know. I know. Cum for me. Cum for your loving sister. I want to feel it so much.

She felt him shiver under her. This was probably the moment she lived for. Sharing one of the greatest pleasures possible with her brother. Even if it wasn’t sex, part of her suddenly became relieved.

[“I love you so much.”]

They moaned in unison, as Alex’s mind went completely blank. Despite experience, her senses were sharper and she was more sensitive than her brother. Coupled with the fact that her vagina seemed unwilling not to orgasm after this much teasing, she felt incredibly good as she shot out a blast of cum all over her and her brother’s cock, as well as his delicious abdomen, even his chest. The emotional pleasure was increased, breaking any possible limits, by the fact that he did call her name when he climaxed. Her brother’s own seed was way thicker than hers, and there was seemingly a little less of it, but it was incredibly warm and made her feel like a total animal when it coated her bellybutton and pubic hair, slowly dribbling over her own member, onto their balls and her brother’s thighs and lower body. The first few shots from them both were fierce, and the few last nearly dribbles, but she continued to milk them both furiously, causing her to trash in pleasure and him to grit his teeth and bite his lower lip. Alex was seemingly getting off even more on feeling her brother pulse, twitch and spew semen while pressed so tightly and intimately against her.

[“Is this heaven?”]

Alex slowly returned from her physical and emotional high, looking down. Her brother’s body was a mess, covered in her own, slightly transparent and ever so mildly watery jizz, as well as partially his own eruption. She guessed the position wasn’t really favoring him when it came to the mess. She actually wondered if it wouldn’t have felt even better if it was her covered in all this.

[“It’s so warm… Our dicks twitched and pulsed a lot, and it felt amazing and… I made Gary cum! I made him orgasm and shoot out so much, so hard. That was amazing! My most beloved brother… came for me. Bro, you gave me so much of my white stuff and you definitely felt all that pleasure while I pumped and milked us, but… You have no idea how good it felt for me! Physically and mentally! It was amazing! Totally awesome! Our bodies are dirtied by our mixed cum, and he looks so tired, vulnerable and pleased… Geez… I can’t help wanting to get on top of you and have sex with you when you look like that! I can’t help it! It didn’t fulfill me or really satisfy me at all, it was so good, but it didn’t help at all! I’m just as horny and obsessed as I was! This is what I want… I never want to stop! I wonder if he could do it again for me, cum again for me… I wonder what it tastes like… I want to taste it! Right from the source! God, my pussy is tingling so hard, but brother… Would he forgive me if I put him in back then?”]
It appeared she was completely losing it, even though she expected the act to actually calm her emotions for a while. Instead, it made her passion and obsession soar.

[“I’m possessed… It’s like my lust for brother is a separate entity that gets more ravenous every time it is fed in the slightest… It’s so unfair, why doesn’t Gary feel the same way? Why doesn’t he get up and try to force himself on me because this act only made him want me all the more?”]

Her pussy totally soaked her thighs at these thoughts, seemingly having half of an orgasm again.

[“I have to do more.”]

He finally opened his eyes, and the look on his sister’s face apparently disturbed him.

- A… Alex? Are you all right? You aren’t angry, right?

- Not at all, brother… I feel great… Did it feel good for you too?

- N…no complaints. It felt really… great. I need to catch my breath and try actually using my brain again.

- Excellent. You want to do it some more, don’t you? You have to. We’re twins, so in this kind of situation…

- M…more? That wasn’t enough?

- Yes… we should go even further. This would be enough two or three years ago, but now, my brother dearest already had these kinds of experiences…

- Alex?! Alex, what is wrong?

- Nothing is wrong at all, sweetie. I’m just wondering what to do right now.

- Um… well… cleaning?

- Dirty bro. You want me to lick it all up with my tongue? Very well.

- Wait, wait, I didn’t said tha…

- No need to hide it. I’ve been wanting to indulge you like this in a while now…

- What do you mean?

- Hmmmm? Tasting your semen. I’ve been wanting to do this, too. I want to taste you, brother. I want to milk you. I want to make you feel better than anyone ever has. I *need* you to think of me as the woman that gave you the best sexual experiences. I *need* you to want me, to think of me as someone you want to have sex with more than with anyone else. I want to feel you twitch and shiver and hear your sweet voice as you fill my mouth with your spunk. I won’t give away a single drop. I’m a greedy, gluttonous bad girl like that.

- A… Alex, calm down. We already did one thing, we’re both sensitive, and if we move too quickly, it’ll
She leaned forward aggressively and kissed him deeply. She had to satisfy that need now. It would be humiliating for brother to kiss her while she had his cum on her lips or in her mouth.

- Seriously, Alex, this is getting worrying… This much should be enough… Besides, it's not like I can…

- I... am honestly sorry. But... I am so aroused, Gary. So very horny because of you. What we did barely even helped. Now, I want to taste you. I want you to feel as good and as aroused as I am now. Please let me. It's not real sex, so it should be okay.

Moments later, they were both feeling her tongue lap around his abdomen and his thighs as she really did consume the semen they left there. His eyes widened as the subsiding of his erection suddenly stopped moments past being mid-way. The desire in his sister’s eyes was now as arousing as it was scary. While, before, he rarely saw any girl hold the looks she did and direct them onto him, the only one to do it consistently being Susan... Now, the fierce, bottomless hunger his sister had in her gaze was definitely something utterly alien to him. It wasn’t as beautiful as before anymore. Not magnificent at all, really. It just… was.

She opened her mouth as she peeled back his foreskin and started to lick and lap at the exposed, sensitive glans.

- Haahh...haaah...

- I'll make you feel good, Gary...

- S.. Sis... I don't know how it works for you, but I...

- It’s okay. I can make you erect again. Then, I’ll make you cum until I drain your balls dry. It'll be healthier for you to wring everything out, and I’m sure I’ll love the taste… I’ll eat everything up, Gary. Everything. That’s how starved I am for you.

She closed her lips around his tip and started to suck gently, but insistently. Firmly. It was like he really was a source of food and she was starving.

- Look, for a guy, it's really sensitive after, and I already told you we should try thinking now that our heads are clearer!

This time, she shut him up by teasing his cock with her tongue, aggressively, and slightly brushing her teeth against him, which almost made him jump up in surprise. He felt far too sensitive and tired after his orgasm, yet, resisting her seemed like a bad idea. Especially since…

Alex’s hand reached for his balls, cupping them in her hand, as she massaged and rolled them. Her sucking intensified and produced the wanted result. Her brother was erect.
[“Such a big, delicious cock. How could you be so cruel and hide it from me all these years? It’d be a bad thing even if it was only average, but if you add the fact that it’s a top-class cock to it all, it’s an outrage! I’d suck you off everyday if you asked me to, so why stick to masturbation, or hoping for some other stupid girl to come along?”]

His sister's mouth started to suck him in the earnest, bobbing her head up and down on his member. She was very eager and didn’t at all mind being sloppy, slurping, lustful, and naughty sounds resounding in her room.

[“The leftover cum was tasty, so now I wanna taste the fresh thing, too.”]

She sucked him deep down into her throat.

[“Too big for that, still. Feels nice. Squirm, bro. It’s all right.”]

- Oh f...fuck! Alex!

She pulled him out of her mouth as she grabbed her own cock. Erect. Again.

- Come on! This isn’t sex. I just want to please you.

- I’m too sensitive for you going this quickly!

- I’ll be gentle… for now. I really want to do this. I know you wouldn’t refuse me if you knew how much I wanted to do this, so I’m gonna keep going...

She licked his balls and gently sucked on them, drawing them each apart into her mouth.

[“Produce, produce, produce. I need that extra protein. Come on, I know how good it feels for you to blow a load, so prepare a big one for this nasty cocksucker of a sister.”]

She licked his shaft all the way to the tip.

- Ready, bro? I’m really hungry, so I’d appreciate it if you came a lot again. It’d make me feel so... Fulfilled.

- Okay... Okay. I'll... try. We’ll need to have a talk on how you could get to be like this all of a sudden. I think I need to know more about your strongest on-switches.

- I was always like that. I just… Controlled it better, I guess. But now… I don’t ever want to stop.

She slowly, delicately sucked her brother back into her mouth.

[“Normal girls don’t feel desires like these, right? I have yet to meet a woman that is turned on by the act, rather than disgusted or indifferent to it. Yet, for me… It’s such a turn on to suck the cum out of my own brother’s urethra and make him cum again despite not having recovered from an orgasm in the first place. I guess I am sick. Or maybe I’m just so starved for him…”]

The strawberry blonde part of the pair let her tongue massage him in her mouth before starting to create a vacuum pressure, caving her cheeks in as she sucked hard. Her brother quietly, but with no
more resistance being put up, groaned under her.

[“Oops. I was supposed to be gentle. Sorry, Gary, the leftovers in your urethra tasted so good I wanted to make sure I’ll get it all.”]

She slowly started to work her lips up and down on his now completely stiff member, observing his reactions.

[“He really is more sensitive, isn’t it? His reactions are livelier. It is so fulfilling, knowing how much pleasure I can give him… Enough to drive him mad. I must make sure to always make him cum at least twice… No, isn’t that unreasonable… No, it’s fair. Making your sister wait nineteen years before you let her masturbate with you and give you a stupid blowjob - THAT is unreasonable!”]

She tried to be gentle but was far too eager and into the act to keep that one promise.

Gary, while squirming for a while under her, didn’t seem to mind.

[“God, what the hell is she doing? Where did she learn how to do that? Why does she seem so into it? It’s impossible to like sucking cock, right? It stinks and probably tastes weird and… How can she stand taking it that deep into her throat… Susan would never do things like that! Alex shouldn’t be debasing herself for someone like m… God it feels so good… I can’t believe I got erect so quickly…”]

His sister meanwhile was pretty horny herself, beating her own meat-rod off as she sucked his.

[“Feels good, doesn’t it, brother? Makes you wonder why you waited so long. You make me so horny. It’s so unfair. You’re not even trying. I had to try for years to put you in that place, and all you had to do to get me naked and fucking like rabbits with you would be asking… at any point during the last five years or so…”]

She let his dick leave her mouth with a loud sound as she slurped the saliva she coated him with.

- So unfair, brother… You can’t make me wait so long for these kinds of things… Tell me how it feels…

- Where did you learn… to do it like that?

- Don’t make me kill the mood by talking about other people… Right now, only you matter, so I want to know how it feels for you. Is your bad, bad sister doing okay?

- Y… Yes. It feels really good. You’re being a little too rough, and I… I think I should be more strict with you at this point.
- You can stop convincing me to stop, bro. It’d be sadistic not to let you ejaculate after doing all this… I’m no sadist, unless you happen to want me to be.

- A… Alex…

- Shhh… It's okay. I know. You don't have to struggle. Relax. I'll take care of everything. I'll make you feel good, then give you an orgasm, then clean all the mess.

At this point, Alex was too far gone into the act to really care about his moral reservations or even care about what she should and shouldn’t be doing, so she immediately returned to pleasuring him with her mouth. Her tongue rolled all over his sensitive member while she sucked on the tip, her lips right under his corona with the foreskin peeled back. She pressed her tongue against the hole of his urethra and licked the tip, getting the tiny drops of pre-cum.

[“If I’d been doing this every day for the last few years, brother’s affection and desire for sex would definitely be in the same place as mine right now.”]

She sucked him in deeper, allowing him to deepthroat her. She was suddenly able to get more dick in than just moments before.

[“The power of love, fufufu. I wonder if Susan ever did this for him. A good, loving woman should allow her man to blow off some steam and should get off on pleasuring him. She probably didn’t. Brother wouldn’t blow such huge loads if he was satisfied sexually. Then, again, it’s been a few weeks at least…”]

Her tongue tried to squirm out of her mouth and reach his balls. It wasn’t exactly short, but it wasn’t enough for the task.

[“Too hard. See, bro, you’ve denied me my training and now I can’t drive you mad with my oral skills. Too bad.”]

His sister held him tenderly in her hands now, her own member dripping pre-cum onto the carpet, as she caressed his balls and stroked him off, sucking his cock in and out of her mouth at the same time. Alex could swear her lips became more sensitive and gave her physical and sexual pleasure as her brother’s member was caressed by them.

[“ I love you. I want to taste you so badly. It’s really wrong after all, incest. Normally, humans probably don’t feel this kind of desire, and yet, here I am. So abnormal, but so good. I wish he’d feel the same. I wish he’d submit.”]

Her brother let out a near-tortured moan as she toyed with the slit on top of his member for too long
and too intensely.

At the sound of that, her pussy suddenly became wetter, twitching in anticipation.

["I feel like I'm orgasming without even touching myself there now. See, brother, how corrupting you are? At the very least, you should give me your sperm in return. Lots of it. Double the amount before. If you gave me as much semen as I could give you of my love, you’d be blowing loads nonstop for the next two days. I wouldn’t even have to eat any meals."]

She increased her tempo, moaning and purring into his erection. He groaned again.

["Yes, bro. Cum. Cum for your sister. You know you want to. Fuck society. Fuck morality. Fuck the stupid definition of incest. We’ll both go crazy unless you blow your load now."]

Her pace and movements became frantic. With a lot of regret, her hand returned to pleasuring her own member, now dripping copious amounts of precum onto the floor.

["Oh my Gosh, I need three hands."]

Alex alternated between massaging his testicles and squeezing his shaft as she tried her best to give him a quick but intense orgasm.

- Oh, God…

["Goddess, Bro. Goddess of sex. Love. Incest. Whatever. Pick one. I want you to moan. I want you to squirm. I want you to shout my name out as you give me that precious protein and genetic material. I want you to become addicted to this sensation, the way I’m addicted to you. This is wrong, I know, but I won’t be able to survive otherwise."]

She continued the sucking, shifting her way this way and that, trying to milk him of his semen.

["Please don’t tease me anymore. Give it to me. Please, I need to taste it."]

His head left her lips with a loud pop and she started to jerk them both off furiously.

- You’re close again, brother? It’s fine to cum. Your sister really wants you to. I want to taste you, straight from the source, fresh, hot, and passionate.

- Stop trying to talk me into feeling as horny as you are! And don’t try to eat my cum like it’s fucking candy! T-that’s wrong, you know!

- No. This is right. So very right. I crave this, so cum. Cum a lot. You want to hear me beg, don’t you? Dirty boy. Don’t resist. No matter what, don’t resist. If you do, I’ll just get more frantic and crazy, so just let your sister taste in and suck it all up and devour it like she wants. I want to make you feel good by draining this sticky, delicious cream from your balls.

He moaned again and she took him inside her mouth.

["Why is she talking like that? It isn’t… normal! And it’s turning me on! This is so wrong! God, my balls are churning and… fuck… How can I still be so eager to ejaculate? I came barely minutes
ago!

[“Good grief, he’s resisting so much. But I’m gonna make you cum, bro. I’ll make you cum really good. You’ll be blowing load after load like there’s no tomorrow. I’ll suck it all up and if there isn’t enough, I’ll just suck you off again. I’ll stop after that, because you’ll probably be too tired and sensitive to continue, but, damn, I’ll milk you until I’m at least a bit satisfied. Do you know how bad it is for your body to hold it in? Do you know how unhealthy it is for your sister to be denied such an important part of her diet? Your sperm is in high demand here, so you better deliver!”]

His shaft twitched and expanded. She knew the feeling all too well.

[“Yes! Yesyesyesyesyesyesyes! Blow a big load for your Sister! Dirty little boy, making me work so much! Making me act like it’s more important than air and sucking on your precious big dick so much! Please give it to me already, can’t you see how much I’m squirming, how much I want to get it?”]

She started to bob her head up and down and assault him with her tongue. She just realized she was being extra sloppy ever since their last exchange of words.

[“Blow…that…load”]

[-God, you’re such a crazy bitch you’re scaring even yourself-]

[“It’s his fault for making me wait so long.”]

[-It’s still not normal to do something like sucking cock so eagerly, you know. He won’t return the favor. You’ll be lucky if he ever touches your pussy after finding out how crazy you are.-]

[“Then I’ll…”]

[-Rape him?–]

[“Maybe. It doesn’t matter now. He is about to blow. I need to make him feel good.”]

She felt all his muscles strain under her as his resistance finally broke.

[“FUCK YES!”]

Thick liquid suddenly flew into her mouth, and her throat got to work immediately. Then, she caught the fact that if she swallowed it immediately, she wouldn’t be able to properly savor it, so she rolled it around on her tongue and coated his dick with it a little bit before increasing the suction and prompting him to give her more, swallowing it down as soon as she was satisfied with the taste but realized the amount was far from enough.

[“Come on, aren’t you my brother? With cock and balls like those, and with me loving you so much and craving this so much, you should be giving me another half as much again! We want more! Surely, you don’t want your sister to starve?”]
She grabbed his balls and rolled them around while pushing up her breasts against his thighs. The sensations made his shaft twitch and pump a little extra semen with every rope of cum that escaped it.

[“Yes, give me more with every pulse… I’ll suck extra hard…)”]

- Ahhh!

[“Yes. Moan. Scream. Just give me more.”]

[“This is insane! It’s like she’s really devouring it! She’s only so ravenous for sweets!”]

[“I think I’m addicted!”]

[Sure you are, but this isn’t furthering our own agenda a bit. You need to make him want to fuck with you a lot...]

[“Shut up, I’m trying to enjoy the taste… so delicious, as expected of Gary…”]

Soon, his ejaculation came down on a dribble. She lapped and licked and sucked on it for a while longer, really trying to milk everything. Finally, she let his softening erection out of her mouth. He was panting, not able to vocalize the pleasure nor the astonishment at her action.

She had no such reservations or qualms.

- You’re really tasty, Gary. It could be sold as a delicacy.

- The only reason... hah... I'm not giving you a spanking... is because I'm fucking drained. And I think you might've actually enjoy one. But... It felt good. It was... intense. How much and how hard you tried.

- Thank you. I’m really glad I could make you enjoy it and ejaculate so much even though it’s your second time in a row. Also, since you’re so tasty, I should probably compliment your dick on it’s, ehem, cooking. Fufufu...

He just lay there as she raised to loom over him, her erection still full, if leaking precum and ready to blow soon.

- I was left sort of mid-way through my masturbation, though. I hope you don’t mind if I use your body. I think my pussy came as I was swallowing, but this big, bad Miss Penis won’t go down unless you play with it.

His eyes widened as he saw her getting closer.

- Don’t worry. I won’t do anything outrageous. No sex, right? I just want to blow a load while rubbing against your warm, pleasured, satisfied body.
She lifted his legs a little, pressing her balls against the row between his buttocks. She pressed his legs together, trapping her erection between the top of the valley of his butt, his balls and now soft cock, and his thighs. She started to pump in and out between the delicious mix of sensitive and attractive areas, and realized that just this was good enough to make her ejaculate soon.

- I’ll probably make a mess. Sorry about that…

At this point, the worst of it all was already done. The only thing he could really do was trust her, and he certainly didn’t want her to feel frustrated. Gary tried very tenderly squeezing his thighs for her to thrust against more easily and with greater stimulation, and Alex seemed to notice, but decided not to comment.

- O…okay. But remember. No pushing it past the boundaries this time. Hump my legs as much as you want if you need it to feel good, but no overdoing other stuff.

- Awww, my bro's all tuckered out and fine with me playing with his body? I guess I am the first one to tire you out like that? Well, you came twice and kept up with me, so I suppose I should still compliment you on your endurance.

She didn’t notice Gary’s face contort at the mention of ‘first’, an indirect comparison to his girlfriend, because she was already being pushed towards and orgasm.

- Your body feels to good, Gary. I’m about to blow.
- Go ahead. I… want you to feel good too.

Worried about his voice sounding slightly less passionate, but more than willing to ejaculate, she let her semen fly, covering more of his body. A few drops actually landed on his face with this position, as she milked herself with her brother’s lower body. As she came down from her own orgasm, she leaned in, licked her semen off his face, and kissed him.

- Thank you, brother. I’m really happy we could do that.

- L… I need to consider how I feel about it. Physically and… in some other ways… It was really good. But I really need a damn rest.

- Hmmm, sleeping together does sound nice… And I’m kind of tired. Your big dick almost made me choke and I was short on breath.

- A… Alex, come on…

- It’s okay! We can rest, even sleep together. It’s not like I can rape you through lunacy. Although, I’d like you to do that to me…

- Don’t even joke about such stuff. We did this so we’d be able to behave more normally again.

- But if I tease you with these kinds of thoughts, your penis might get erect again. If I can get you off three times in a row, I’ll definitely be the best in your books, right?

- Please, enough. Not today.

- All right. I’ll act like a proper sister… for now. Today’s safe.
She hugged him closely. Despite saying she’d act properly, she couldn’t resist making him use her breasts as a pillow. Slowly, ever so gently to make sure he was more comforted by the gesture than awoken by it, Alex pulled her brother’s head along towards herself. Stroking through his hair, she rubbed a stiff nipple against his cheek and the very corner of his mouth, before dragging him even closer into an embrace that had the smooth side of his face lightly press down and squeeze into the soft flesh of her sizeable breast.

With the two of them fairly drained after that, a nap was in order. Alex barely remembered to set up an alarm.

Uncle Adam was going to be coming around with information on her medical results, after all.

A little bit more of going the way she did and quick showers during the day were going to become some sort of a staple of Alex's life.

Granted, this time it wasn't so she could get off, at least. While emotionally she ended up feeling like she hungered for even more, like a person treated to merely a few bites of a delicacy while already hungry for a meal, physically having a few orgasms obviously left her sated.

It wouldn't last, of course. Precisely because her desires were stirred and deepened just as much, if not more, than they were sated by the experience.

If the emotional side of her desires was left needing more, her body would soon follow. From her experiences with Oscar, Lachlan, and now Gary in particular, she understood herself enough that she could tell as much.

This time, however, the shower was so that she didn't smell of sex when her uncle came to either pick her up or stick around and explain if her body was doing okay or not.

Alex didn't exactly understand it, but she could handle her mother getting the trail that she was going after Gary. She'd even be able to handle Alice directly finding out. She'd be able to laugh in her face about it.
But Uncle Adam starting to suspect something again, or directly finding out? That she would make a high priority to avoid.

First of all, if he found smoke he'd find fire. He was smart enough to successfully follow any trail of the sort.

Second of all, he had an influence on Gary. Right now, she was sure that if Adam found out he'd sit them down and convince them this was wrong. Or rather he'd bring her all the way back into deep doubt and convince her brother their actions were wrong.

Finally, there was this odd feeling her mother never roused in her.

Like she didn't want to be a disappointment to him.

Eventually it was the time. Adam drove by and wrote her a text.

Meaning this was going to be a one on one talk at the clinic proper.

The ride there was relatively quiet. Apparently either because he was considering how to break various news to her and because she felt rather guilty.

She went after her brother. Despite all her wishes to be more in control of herself and despite the fact she knew and understood Gary might need more time to become a fully willing participant, despite his obvious hesitations - she was his sister, she was not 'just' a girl biologically, he was just out of a relationship and she seemed to flip willy-nilly between not wanting him ot think about Susan and wanting him to admit she was better than his late love...

She did it after all. She took advantage of the closeness they were developing and the fact Gary both could see more of her physical side as a result of being away for so long, and felt guilty about leaving her to deal with everything in the first place... Despite all these things, she did something so intimate and sexual with her brother within a week of him coming back home.

But she couldn't feel guilty in front of Gary with the overwhelming desire and affection she felt in his presence. So she felt guilty in front of her uncle. The closest thing to a father figure, and maybe even
the closest thing to a proper parent, that either of them, but especially her brother, had.

Still, of course the silence could not last forever. So they entered the clinic, and sought out a room that Adam apparently had borrowed just for this purpose, likely thanks to a contact with a friend.

- Very well, Alex. Before we start, I'd like to ask you to focus and try to understand everything I am going to tell you today, since it may have a severe impact on your life.

- Is it that bad? My medical?

- It isn't bad, Alex. It is unique and serious on many levels. Which is what I expected, it's just... More than I expected. Which is why I have to have your focus and attention. Problems outside, leave them be for now. Focus on the now. If there is anything you wish to know or have clarification for, or needs to be explained, ask. Are you well rested and clear-headed enough to do this? We can get you a coffee or an energy drink or one of those herbal calming pills or something, whatever might detract from you being able to understand what it is you are going to learn about yourself today.

- I am fine. I cleared my head with relaxing, had a nap, took a shower. If it is this important I can focus properly, uncle.

- Very well. The other thing before we start... I leave the opportunity to reveal what you learn here to anyone else to you. Any pragmatic or moral access to this information is going to be granted by you alone. I made sure only trustworthy people worked on analyzing what we learned of your body over the years and over the medical exams those past few days. They are not going to tell others, and unless I believe you are committing some morally incomprehensible manipulation of someone by withholding certain information from them, which I find unlikely, neither will I. Understood?

- Understood.

- Excellent. As you know, you are not the first person ever born with intersex traits, but you are the first ever with them developed so much. Our medical exams also proved what we expected would be the case; while your specific circumstances of reproduction carry some concerns and are complex, you are, in fact, the world's first known fully functional and reproductively capable hermaphrodite. The word sometimes was applies to intersex people in the past, but was deemed rude nowadays. However, in your case, when it comes to describing your biological sex, it is the only correct one.

- So I can both father and mother children?

- Yes, with various minor to major points of note and concerns. First is this: your menstrual cycle will be prone to more irregularities than that of most women. There is also a high possibility you will lose the ability to bear children earlier than most women. You definitely have it now. We predict you will continue to be fertile in this manner for 14 to 20 years, unless something changes in your body.

- Menopause at 39?

- It is within the realm of possibility. As is us being wrong about this. I am just informing you of a likely outcome.

- Noted. I understand. I am happy I might get the chance to be a mother sometime, though.

- There is a little bit more to be said about your reproductive ability, though.

- I'm listening.
Intersex condition can be very varied and have multiple potential reasons for it and extent to which it affects life long term. As it was mentioned in the past, you were originally born as a result of fetus absorption gone awry. Normally when one fetus absorbs another, there is no real alteration to chromosome count, and the fetuses are also usually of the same sex. In your case, some of your cells in early development carry various minor trisomias, that is, you occasionally carry three chromosomes in place of a pair. It could be way worse, for example you completely dodged Down's syndrome, and most of your body is actually perfectly fine, having 44 chromosomes arranged out of 22 pairs and whatnot.

Humans have 23 pairs of chromosomes.

Indeed. This is because I was describing the status of your functional chromosomes without taking sex chromosomes into concern.

I take it things are more muddled here.

-Indeed. Throughout your body, sex chromosomes are arranged in various forms. The two most common sets are, predictably, four chromosomes where there should be two. You have a majority split where your body's cells primarily have either XXXX sex chromosome setup, or XXXY setup.

So even my… ‘male' cells have a bunch of X chromosomes?

-Indeed. The consequences of extra X chromosomes in females do exist, but are sometimes considered minor. They are manifested in some of your traits arguably and you avoided the worst of them to my best knowledge. However, placing extra X chromosomes where there should only be an XY pair does have consequences. In men, this usually manifests as the Klinefelter syndrome. Men with it tend to have lower muscle mass and testosterone levels, troubles with fertility, and might have various feminine bodily traits like wider hips, shorter torsos and narrower shoulders, or gynecomastia. If you do have these traits, I doubt they concern you or are detectable given your gender identity. But, this chromosomal mix-up definitely contributed to your hermaphroditic status.

-You said men with that extra X Chromosome are infertile.

-This is mostly true, but does not concern you. Let me show you.

The display screen on the wall showed two pictures, and a third one in the middle. Those were reproductive organs. From the arrangement and purposeful coloration of them, she could figure out what was what fairly quickly - and who the picture in the middle, with four gonads, was.

- Normally, in intersex people, gonads frequently do not develop properly into testicles or ovaries, and mid-ground hybrid multipurpose organs are common. Those generally fail completely at doing anything, however, only having skeletal remnants of the gonads' proper functions. In your case, you have two multipurpose gonads like that, although their functionality is higher than that normally noted in intersex individuals.

-And the other two?

-Completely normal and fully functional male and female gonad. The true source of your fertility are those, obviously.

-So you just mentioned Klinefelter's syndrome purely to educate me?

-I wish. But regrettably that is not the case.
Alex' expression changed into a lip-pursing half-frown.

- What is wrong with me?

- You have an average of about four sex chromosomes per cell. Some cells have more. When producing reproductive cells, they are normally haploid with one sex chromosome. But for your body that status quo is hard to maintain.

- ....Oh no...

- Your sperm cells contain solitary X chromosomes primarily. The sperm you produce will generally be more likely to produce a girl than a boy as a result. Issue is, most of the rest of that statistic is not solitary Y chromosome. In the samples we have obtained, you appear to produce sperm cells that carry a solitary X chromosome in 57% of the cases, an XY pair in 26% of the cases, and an XX pair in 13% of the cases. Of the remaining 4%, half carry a solitary Y chromosome and the rest is various arrangements more complex and less viable than those listed.

-In other words... If I father a baby, almost all of the boys would have Klinefelter's.

- Yes. There are of course mechanisms that might repair it soon after a zygote is formed, but those do not alter the chance significantly in that case. One in four of children you sire will be a boy with Klinefelter's syndrome. You only have about one in fifty chance of fathering a boy without it.

- What... About being a mother? What are the risks there?

- Testing that reliably in terms of statistics is a lot harder. You do have a very high number of perfectly normal, single X chromosome egg cells, and small amounts of XX, XY, and Y cells. The former two out of those three may lead to different trisomias depending on the chromosome from the father. The last one will generally fail to produce a baby at all if paired with a Y chromosome and produce a normal baby, if one that favors feminine traits from the family on the father's side.

- But... There is no tendency against a gender or...

- No. You have higher than normal chance of children with trisomias, but even that chance is not that big.

- Oh... Thank... Thank God...

- Don't think he had anything to do with it. I presume that means you are more interested in motherhood than fatherhood?

- Wow, you never noticed? Gary really is the favored kid in this family.

- ... I realize you just had a very nervous moment, so I'll let that one slide.

- Sure thing, Dad.

- I am not your father.

- No Star Wars with us as the main cast, then. But, in America, there was this case of a woman
trying to pass a neighbour as the legal father of her kids and have him pay alimony because he was

taking care of them well when she worked...

-... let's go back to the matter at hand, shall we?

- There's more?

- Of course they is. We only talked about how your reproduction worked. There's a whole lot of body
left to cover.

- Did you just call me fat?

- Hi fat. I'm Uncle Adam.

- You must be the first person alive to fuck up a dad joke this badly on purpose.

That was about it in terms of how far Alex could perfectly understand her uncle. She had an easy
time understanding chromosomes and their abnormalities, and could get the gist of what he said
next, but the specifics of female hormones and their enhanced substitutes that he spoke of were just
slightly over her head.

- So what you're saying is... These two injections you let me take reacted with my body more than
just jumpstarting the female side of my puberty.

- Yes, I'm afraid. It... Worried me when I noticed how much you were changing. But your body
appears to be stabilizing now.

- Okay. Can you explain again, slowly and with as many layman's terms as possible, what
happened?

- I can try? Well, long story short, androgens like testosterone and female hormones generally have
areas where they cooperate and others where their workings are antagonistic to one another. In a
body such as yours, this had to be altered and circumvented before you could fully develop, or full
fertility might be difficult and your body would be very androgynous. Because of your identity, I
produced concoctions of mostly synthetic female hormone substitutes in a package that would
release them in your body and slowly enhance the female side of your puberty. What I did not take
into account was that your body would, for one, already be stabilizing and developing its own
pathways, and for two, that it would be able to reverse-engineer some of the compounds I used to
start producing them with its own biochemical processes. The latter is responsible for what might be
considered your hyperfeminization over the last couple of years, along with the change in your
lifestyle of course. The former is how this has not particularly affected the male side of your organs,
your fertility levels as a 'male', and didn't have a big impact on your personality.

-... So I am a mutant?

- Alex, you were genetically out of the ordinary from the moment you were born. True, this is a very
rare development, but it happened. It might mean your genetic code altered itself on some level, yes,
in which case some of these traits might pass on. But essentially, by its own, your body started
developing new transport proteins and compounds that would allow your sex hormones to have a
more focused impact. Because of my injection, your body was also able to start producing more strongly body-altering female hormones in addition to normal ones, like a self-induced hormone replacement therapy. I am not using this word willy-nilly, however. If scientists could fully determine the changes in your body's biochemistry and see its sources, and then successfully replicate it, it could significantly enhance the way hormone treatments for transsexuals work. These short tests were unable to determine and inspect the root causes, of course. The decision on whether or not you will go the path of selling or giving your body for scientific research in that direction, and when you fo it if you decide to do so, is and will continue to be entirely yours. It could help you with income in the future or you could do it when already secure to help other people. Whatever you decide I suggest being patient and cautious. Once a wider group of scientists is on your case and media learn of things, there is no going back, and you may be haunted for more testing and experiments forever.

- I... I will think it over, Uncle. Definitely won't be going public with anything for a few years.

- Like I said, as an adult, this is up to you. Now, what else could we talk over in this regard...

The rest of the conversation with her uncle seemed minor compared to what she learned of her reproductive ability and her hormones, but Alex still listened with rapt attention. By the end of it, it was already evening when they were coming back home, but Alex still had one last question she did not know how to pose, and whether to ask about it at all.

Sure, she understood how the circumstances of her pregnancy and conception affected her chromosome setup and now she understood how that affected her ability to have kids. Now that she had experience having sex with both men and women, and motherhood seemed to carry less risk for the children than fatherhood in her case, she was becoming pretty convinced she would never set down and try to start a family with a woman - genetic woman, at least - to not tempt fate any more than necessary.

But what she was interested in was whether or not she was really, truly, fully just a single person. Recently she often felt like a thought pattern in her head worked differently from her usual attitude and mind, but it masqueraded itself as both inside conversations and her own thoughts.

If she, Alex Lunarson, at the beginning of her life was really a girl that was Gary's fraternal twin and a boy that was Gary's identical twin, were they perfectly joined, or did only one of them have an identity?

Could the other be surfacing only occasionally?
She decided against asking her Uncle that.

It would worry him immensely, but even worse yet, it would cause him to look for a solution. Mental healthcare specialists, medications... Alex felt like she couldn't handle all of that yet the way she was now, and couldn't merely risk who she was and her health based on a single hunch she might've as well came across years ago.

Adam said his goodbyes at the door, hugging his niece and wishing her a good night.

For all the thoughts of another presence possibly hiding in her mind, Alex felt fairly emotionally desolate after that talk. And a little bit lonely.

Exploring the house proved Gary apparently already went to bed. Checking that, she confirmed it was true.

So, for the second time today, she changed to nothing but a short top and some underwear, crawled onto the bed next to her brother, and slowly drifted off to sleep, his comforting warmth right there at arm's reach.
Act 4: Post-Birthday Magnetism - Enthusiasm and Instinct

Chapter Summary

Alex fell asleep next to Gary. How does that bode for their morning? And indeed, the rest of the day? As being sexually closer to her brother, even without crossing any borders, made Alex feel more satisfied and in control, or just stirred her appetite?

With all the excitement and physical effort that they ended up undertaking yesterday, it was really little to no wonder Alex and Gary ended up sleeping in.

Gary woke up just once during the night, and only barely. The feeling he was greeted with was that of great comfort, but a little too much warmth. It felt like hugging something great but at the same time feeling too much heat from it and needing only the lightest of fixes to be fully comfortable.

So he just slid the covers down a little and went back to sleep.

Alex only woke up once as well. Still asleep, Gary was squirming against her and strongly pushing back into her with an elbow. At first she wanted to complain about his terrible sleeping posture and bad treatment of her, but then she realized what might be causing her deeply asleep brother to squirm so much.

Not only had she wrapped her arms around Gary from behind, ending up a sort of surprise big spoon in a cuddle he was likely either by now fine with or still technically unaware of, but she had been pressing her soft breasts tight into his back while having her lips attached to his exposed neck... And sucking on his skin.

She blushed deeply and very slowly pried her lips off of her brother's skin, also slightly lessening the entanglement of their bodies and limbs. It was just a little too late for that to be honest - her body was already trying to awaken and adjust to the new stimuli, and she felt her womanhood slowly moistening up while her cock started to grow underneath the covers.

Alex closed her eyes and bit her lip, doing her best to control her sudden urges. A mixture of physical tiredness, serenity from cuddling up so close to her dear brother, and a whole lot of willpower allowed her to eventually fall back asleep despite the physical arousal she experienced.
Mostly because utilizing so much willpower to hold her urges back was taxing as well. She lazily noticed Gary actually gathered some books by his bed this evening - he probably read up, studied, or both and that's how he ended up exhausted enough to just fall asleep before she came back home, likely moments before she entered the house.

But for all the comfort and enjoyment they both, consciously or not, derived from the simple act of sleeping together like this, eventually even sleeping in had its limitations.

The twins opened their eyes almost simultaneously, but both were striving not to move. Alex, because she wanted to hold her brother for a little bit longer and because if she moved she would end up rubbing her groin all over him. Gary mostly out of utter confusion and fear at waking up with someone else clearly in his bed.

When asleep or half-asleep, Alex’ presence was certainly mostly welcome. Gary spent the last month mourning Susan, after all. The grief and sadness were magnified by the fact that when he slept he was now always alone, compared to frequently sleeping close to someone when he was in a relationship.

His bed felt cold and empty as a result. When he became half-awake during the night, his mind didn't really register the oddity of having someone wrapped up with him or laying next to him, because subconsciously it was something he found welcome after such a long break from the habit.

It was a little different now. Now he had someone, he wasn't sure whom, in his bed, with one arm draped over him, and he could tell it was a robust figure as well, wider than him and certainly much wider than Susan while having similar height to both.

Not to mention he felt something close to his back emitting warmth. As if something twitched and bobbed all wrapped up in fabric, but was hot enough it was noticeable anyways.

When he slowly turned around, trying to realize just who or what was it laying down next to him, the hand draped over him moved, the large body close to him on the bed pushed forward and quickly made contact.
Soft breasts sprawling on his back and a pointed, erect, barely cloth-covered member pushing up on his thigh, thankfully angling upwards to rest on top of it rather than sliding up towards his asscheeks or inbetween his thighs.

A sensuous, but lightly giddy voice spoke softly right into his ear. He could feel the light ache in it he could only identify as a mix of uncertainty and lust that made him aware it could be only one person that lay down behind him.

- Wakey wakey~ How are we feeling after yesterday, mhhmmm?

He couldn't really say Alex was being forceful at that point, but she was aggressive, her palm unceremoniously moving down to between his own thighs, pressing her cock slightly down against his leg during its descent.

He now was aware his sister was completely hard.

What was worse, however, was his body's reaction. Whether it was the breasts pushing up into his back and one of his shoulders, the way her half-whisper into his earlobe was slick with desire, the fact someone was touching his dick, a plain old morning wood during the process of waking up or any mixture of all those things, Gary did end up getting hard. And having her own morning wood or not, by now Gary was well aware that the moment she touched his own cock was the moment she suddenly became all the more interested in coaxing an orgasm out if one.

- My, my,my. At least one part of you is an early bird! Good morning, hello there!

- Why are... We in one bed?

- I bet you never expected to be saying this line to a girl, responsible, serious and collected young man that you are. 'Holy shit, did I really fuck someone and don't remember it?'

- ... We didn't have sex.

- Not in the strictest sense. But it's not like my willingness level isn't always between 90 and 135% around you. So, if you'd rather be SURE you had sex with someone you slept with...

- Enough joking. We should get up. How... How did the meeting with Uncle go? Is there anything worrying about your... Your body?

- Mhmm.. There is...

- Wh... What? What is it, Alex? What happened?

- Awww, my sweet, sweet Gary. So caring.

She leaned in to immediately kiss him on the lips. This time, she didn't hesitate to push her tongue out and slowly ease it between his own lips, exploring his mouth for a few moments while her hand
unceremonially snuck its way into his pants and clenched its fingers around his member, giving it a few strokes to keep him hard. Gary shuddered as Alex pulled her lips back from his own again,

- What's wrong you ask... My body's feeling sooooo, sooo horny, and it can tell there's this magnificent boner nearby that is getting wasted because its owner doesn't think much about morning wood or the fact his sister REAAAALLLY wants to play with his.

- God damn it, Alex, I thought something was seriously wrong! Stop joking around. We agreed we're not ready to even consider having sex and I really want to know what is going on with your body!

- Not ready? We have a whole set of boners, and if you doubt that I'm wet, I can straddle your head and show it off up close. And Uncle's talk was suuuuuchhh complex mumbo jumbo, there's no way your silly silly sister can repeat it with how horny she is...

Gary grunted as Alex massaged his member with one hand- moving his own palm to hold that forearm in place - and used the other palm to start removing more and more clothing from her body, in particular freeing her own engorged, thick cock from its confines. It immediately drooled out a long string of somewhat thin but copious precum, drawing a line down Gary's thigh until it ended up maring the sheets of the bed.

- Come on, baby, it's not like we haven't taken care of each other REALLY well already... - Alex whispered in Gary's ear before grasping the hand that held her back from jerking him off with her other palm. He grunted in resigned frustration.

- Fine. Fine! It's pointless to just deny you something you already gotten out of me in the past. I know as much. But no fooling around, and postponing, and once...

Alex wasted absolutely no time shutting her brother down with a kiss and draping his palm, which no longer gripped her hand, down towards her own cock. With gentle hip motions, she practically begun stroking herself off with his fingers before he had time to react, and her own hand closed its fingers down more tightly around his own shaft, starting to tug it up and down at a greater pace and with greater intensity, fingers sliding his foreskin up and down as well as teasing the exposed sensitive head of his member mercilessly.

Gary couldn't help shuddering when Alex moved from kissing his hips and cheek to the side to suck on his earlobe, and further down to do the same to his neck. He was jerking her off as well by now, not wanting to be a liar or a disappointment when she already proved she could be quite dedicated to pleasuring him. The two siblings were both barely covered by clothing and pressed up close together, with Alex' leg draped over Gary's form and with their hands occasionally causing the tip of one's cock to bump into the other's body.

It was then that Alex moved her lips to around his clavicle in her constant kissing - he felt his neck as an exposed, completely wet on one side and very much exposed vulnerable area, and something inside of him was ever so slightly excited at leaving a place like that to be treated well and tenderly by someone else, even if it was his sister.
Issue was she didn't. He felt her bite down into his skin and suck it strongly, almost grinding the captured tissue against the front of her teeth. This caused his body to shudder even more and clench her cock tight, inadvertently prompting strings of precum to come out of her cock and fall onto his skin while his own member adorned her fingertips and maybe even the spot where her hip and tight connected in the very same way.

- Alex, what the hell?!

- Shhhh... Sorry, sorry baby. I got soooo horny and I want you soo bad. I'm super sorry. I'll make it feel better now, okay? Your sis just felt soooo greedy there for a moment.

Ever so slowly, she pulled herself up, and on top of him more than before; he could feel her weight physically resting over his own, pinning him down to the bed more, angling his palm so it was hard touching her cock and simply letting go of his. Placing the bottom of her shaft squarely against his own and leaving his foreskin pulled down so the tip of her cock could slide along the ridge of his crown, teasing it and marking her brother's cock with her precum.

- They fit so well together! It's like I am cuddling you, but super sexually~ Awww, look, now it's a dick to dick kiss! Sorry for drooling all over you there, brother dearest!

- Alex, what are you doing?

- What does it look like? Making you feel better by rubbing you all over with me.

- S... Somehow, it feels like a step further than masturbation, and having you on top sprawled out like that is a little uncomfortable, so...

- Shhhhhhhhhhh... - She placed her fingertip on his lip and gently slid it into his mouth. Her cock pushed up, now letting her testicles mildly splay out to the sides and the place where the nervous endings normally connected to a clit were grinding on the base of his cock while she rubbed the center of her length along the very tip of his.

Forcing him to return the favor of marking her shaft with a little bit of precum and dousing his stomach with a bit of hers. Gary noticed she was leaning forward, but the motion to resist was a little too sluggish, too slow, and even too weak when he did it.

Instead, he ended up inhaling her sweat from up close as her beyond sizeable breasts cradled his face, pushing up into it and denying him any field of vision whatsoever.

- There, isn't that better? You don't have to tire yourself out denying us both, and my sweet sweet bro likes those SOOO much! You can do whatever you want with them while I take care of getting us off, okay, baby?
Despite asking him a question, Alex didn't move. Or rather, she didn't move in any way that would permit him answering her back.

Her plump, soft tits ended up being forcibly pushed into his face again and again, soft skin and even softer mounds underneath smothering him and very much intentionally sprawling and squeezing down against his face, occasional pressure from a stiff nipple against his cheek or a corner of his almost challenging him to twist his head sideways to breathe so she could stuff his mouth with her tit in the more traditional sense. At the same time, Alex wasted no time trying to grind both her cock and her pussy along her brother's genitals, finding that their similar sizes made it just a bit hard to do so due to him running out of length for her to satisfy both her cock and her pussy with. But since he was just stroking her shaft earlier, Alex by now extremely excited pussy was demanding focus, and so she humped the young albino man buried underneath her until she actually slipped a bit too far and had his erect member push up and press itself right against the top of her slit and the very bottom of the back of her balls.

He'd never know if this was all intentional or a genuine mistake, but he could tell that Alex' body shuddered whole at the sensation, and strongly. Like just that bit of contact was teasing her with an immediately available orgasm, and her body was frustrated that something trivial like his hesitation was holding her back from getting one in the easiest way possible.

Alex' breathing pace was telling him more of the same.

- Oh daaaaaaaaaamnnnn... Fuck... I didn't know I wanted... No, needed this so much. Holy crap, I'm completely drenched. Fuck. Fuck. It's so fucking exciting to have you like this, Gary.

That was his final warning. Of course, blindly, hid hands shot up. Trying to get a good grab at her body, and stop her before her sex drive, instinct, whatever it was that was affecting her so strongly this morning, caused her to do something irrevocable.

Alex, for her part, already expended all of her willpower to hold back earlier in the morning when she resisted waking Gary up, even though she was already excited. Right now, every instinct and desire she had kept convincing her how much she needed to do it, and her brother's silent approval together with his boner poking at her light that was pushing away any thoughts it was not right.

Of course the "silent approval" was a case of being muffled by tits and ending up short on breath after a motion.

Alex simply held Gary's hands back when he tried to pull or push her off, forcing one against the bedding and intertwining her own fingers with his in a tight grip on the other, helping steady herself.
Gary was still not fully awake, light-headed from horniness and lack of air, and his natural way of thinking were preventing him from being too forceful with his sister all of a sudden, her being both family and a girl, and so far not doing anything outrageous yet.

On Alex' side, she was wide awake and with all strength and instinct in her body being dedicated to one thing. Having sex with the person in front of her.

Throughout all of the physical arousal, emotional confusion and desire to help his sister out without being too harsh on her, Gary felt a much uglier, more terrifying feeling. The realization that, for one, crucial moment he simply completely lacked the strength, the ability to stop someone who was going to try and have sex with him without asking.

The realization someone, his own sister at that, was going to have sex with him, or rather use him for a sexual purpose, and that he could do literally nothing about it. He felt her grinding her slit along the very tip of his member, and this time he distinctively felt a stretching motion around his tip that ended with him being embraced by something very much warm, fleshy, and stickily wet while his face was pushed into by a pair of breasts that were more a way of shut him up and a 'stay in place and let me do this' sign than his sister causing anything to feel better for him.

- Oh fuck, Gary, you have such an AWESOME size! It's big, but not painful... and actually makes it a tad difficult to slide it in, but... If I just try a bit harder, it's going to...

Gary's entire cockhead was now buried inside of Alex. He released a muffled shout into her breasts before she angled herself just right to continue her descent

- Shhh, baby, don't worry, it's going inside. It's all going to feel so fucking good for us baby. This will make everything better sweetie, I promise, I'll fuck you so good you'll forget about this bite and won't need to jerk off in the morning tomorrow, just stay still. It's hard to push it down when you're squirming so m....FUUUCCCKK!

Alex successfully speared herself down on her brother's cock almost straight down to the base, and for the first time in a while her pussy felt stretched and was simultaneously gripping on something so tight. Her body was shaking from the shock of having her brother's erect cock inside of her, and with just a slight gyration of her hips. Alex was able to tell it was going to feel great in this position, as if her brother's cock was made specifically for her to ride.

Actually trying to do it was another thing entirely, though, with her brother's body seeming to struggle and shift around underneath her, and with how many pleasure centers his shaft was stimulating at once. Just a single deep pump of her hips had her whole body spring backwards, back
arched, lips trembling. Her thighs and vaginal muscles trembled too, massaging her brother's dick in a way that actually had Gary hold his breath for a moment while her body undulated upon his from pure, frustrating mix of overstimulation that still was not enough for a climax and sheer physical want.

- Alex, what the hell? What are you... Who... How is this... I didn't agree to this!

She vaguely heard her brother calling her through the sweet ecstasy of being physically connected with him.

On a physical level, they were a great match. Gary had a proportionate, well shaped, sizeable but not painfully huge cock. With her not having a lot of experience yet, she figured him being very slightly thinner than her in that department helped quickly shift to such intense pleasure without any feeling of pain at all, despite her not having much else other than fingers inside of her womanhood for a while.

It was the emotional sensation that was intoxicating, however. She was fucking her brother, the object of the desires that eluded her for so long, for one. For two, she enjoyed the sensation of having his body pinned like this, letting her take control while sexually teasing and stimulating the wonderful man she was claiming.

That was the third important point. Impaling herself on Gary's cock felt like she was reclaiming something that should be hers, that was hers by right, that she should've been able to call her own and act as if it belonged to her for quite a while. And that was the most intoxicating part of it. She felt more fulfilled, more empowered, and she felt as if something incredibly crucial to a part of her was being fulfilled with every little grind and hip-push she did with her brother's dick inside her.

It was then when she realized Gary was indeed calling over to her... But protesting. Acting as if this wasn't a good thing. Silly boy.

- Alex stop.. This! Get off of me! Stop pretending you don't hear me, I don't want to have to...

- Sshhh... You don't need to talk, baby, here, sorry, I stopped giving you your favorite and you started thinking too much about silly stuff.

Alex leaned over her brother again and pushed a palm against the back of his neck, forcing his face to slide up neatly between her soft, heavy hanging breasts, nipples engorged and chest pushed out,
looking so huge in comparison to his eyes, lips, and slender neck when she was breathing, each intake of air pushing her voluminous assets out and cradling his face with them while her pussy's rippling grip around her brother's cock stimulated them both, promising an exciting and explosive climax at the end of it all, and the end felt like it was closer than it was further.

Compared to Gary's labored heavy breathing and panting, Alex was taking deep, exhilarated, steady breaths that really accentuated the size of her breasts - all of her chest, really - as she used it to smother her brother again.

- Just suck on your sister's big tits if you need something to do with your mouth while I do this, okay? No need to worry about anything baby, I'm going to fuck you so hard you won't even need to move for us to feel it. Fuuuck, I needed this so bad. There you go baby. There you go.

She slowly pushed herself up so she was straddling her brother's cock more than just sitting on top of him, and continued to rub her large, soft, slightly sweaty breasts across his face until she felt his lips at last and begun trying to force a nipple into his mouth.

Her hips begun going up, then plunging down with a fair bit of force, causing her asscheeks to sway right over his thighs and her breasts to jiggle lightly in his face, denying her momentarily the sensation of his lips resisting her nipple.

- Fuuuucck, Gary, your dick is SO good for me. It's fucking insane. I can't even do- do it right. Fuck. I need so much practice with your dick baby. I have to train myself up so I don't end up a total drooling mess every time we fuuuuuuck. God your face and lips feel so good, too. Suck it honey. Open up. Fuck. That's right. I think I'll fucking cum already if you suck this one. God. I'll be so sensitive. Fuck. Why didn't you let me practice earlier? I'd be ready to... Do it properly... If you let me use your delicious fucking dick for practice earlier!

Gary was in a completely different emotional state than his sister. In fact, despite their sexual compatibility being immediately evident, he hated the pleasure he was feeling due to the confusion he was feeling about what was going on.

["Why is she like this? She completely respected my boundaries so far, what the hell is causing her to act like this? She's right, she's doesn't even seem fully in control of herself, but then... Who's to blame? We slept together... How did I not wake up? Did I miss sleeping with someone? Did I just figure it's Susan when I felt her presence? W... Why didn't I push her away properly when all of this started? Why did helping her get off yesterday not help her control herself? I feel more awake now, why do I just lay there taking it? Is it because of the pleasure or the worry or... Oh...

Susan. Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. No. I'm. in a girl other than Susan. Why? How? I shouldn't... Susan hasn't even..."]

Gary finally was able to use all of his strength properly in this moment of shock. He grabbed Alex by the shoulder and waist, using the force from his legs to throw her off her rhythm and a knee to her own leg to stop her from being able to fully straddle him and pound down into him with her strength.
and weight. He was sure if he didn't catch her off guard, she'd be able to keep him down against the bed as long as she wanted, easily fucking him even as he'd try to struggle against her upper body.

When he was trying to withdraw she gripped his waist with her legs trying to keep him inside. Her wet pussy walls were sticking to his cock just like before, squeezing down on him and excitedly quivering, as if either getting ready to cum or coaxing him to orgasm.

-No, baby, Gary, don't do that, don't pull out. I know it feels really good because, fuck, we're so good together, but I'm so cloooose! It's okay, honey, we can do it, we can keep fucking until we both cum, it's okay baby, don't worry, as long as I'm the one carrying it a kid would be okay, even if it happens, don't worry, we can just keep..

- Get a fucking grip, Alex!

- Nooo! Don't pull out baby. I'm sorry. Fuck me, I'll let you fuck me however you like, sorry I tried to lead so much baby, you know I need you, it doesn't matter how. just... No, don't! Don't pull out! - Alex' almost intoxicated ranting changed into a whine as he successfully pried himself away from her, pulling her legs apart and sliding away from her and towards the bottom of the bed. He tried picking his clothes off the bed and the floor, grab his things, and leave the room, but Alex whined on the bed in frustration before directing her gaze to his exposed body.

His pale, shapely, smooth skinned ass.

- I'll come back when you've calmed down!

Gary tried standing up when he felt a grip on his hips, pulling him back down. Alex' engorged member slid right up against the back of his sack, and then further up into the crack of his ass.

- You big tease... It's okay, I'll show you how to fuck a hole properly until you fill it up. With how easily your dick pressed my special spots, I bet I'll have you leaking out, baby...

- Wh..what?

Alex ground her cock up and down between Gary's asscheeks, seeking his hole out until she felt her engorged, leaking cockhead rub right up against his ring of muscle.

Gary reacted immediately the way most men would in that situation. He yanked forwards, trying to squirm out of her grip. They both just felt to the floor however.

- Fuck, you're so tight, baby... - Alex whispered, bringing her hips over his once more, only this way it was to purposefully guide the bellend of her thick member inbetween his asscheeks to prod at his hole.

- STOP THIS!

- You can't show me something so sexy and expect me to resist! You knew I was close you knew you
knew but you pulled OUT! But it's okay baby, I have another way to cum and you have such a tasty ass, such a nice fucking ass, so taut and TIGHT, fuck, I can't even push it in, relax baby, let me in, you can be my slut tonight if you want, if you're scared of cumming in your sister's pussy... I'll show you how good you just made me feel. But I'm not scared... You'll be going to bed tonight leaking my cum out of there...

It felt more like she was possessed than frustrated.

As a man attracted to women, Gary never really considered circumstances under which he might lose his anal virginity. What he did know was that, if he was to lose it, he didn't want it to be a dry entrance, over-excited humping by a cock this large. He certainly didn't want anyone to forcibly slide a dick inside him against his will.

- I said... I'm leaving...

Gary twisted his body and was the one to hold Alex' palms up and away this time, before pushing his leg up and kicking her right in the stomach, then letting go of her arms and using the strength of his leg to push her away.

She bumped back against the bed then slid down flat on her ass with a pained whine.

Gary regretted using any force at all, but the last point he needed to add to his list of 'how I don't want to lose my anal virginity' was getting fucked by someone who he cared for, but who was so out of their mind at their time they may actually regret the consequences of their actions later.

- ... and I'll come back when you'll calm down.

As he said was what he did. Stepping out of the room, he locked himself in the bathroom for a few moments to dress properly, then he left the house.

Meanwhile, Alex was sitting there, vacant eyes, staring at the wall as the pain suddenly reminded her of a very important fact.

Gary was her twin, not a part of her. Just because all of her instincts were making this feel like such an obvious course of action didn't mean assuming he was fine with it because he had a boner was the right thing to do, or even an okay thing to do.
But how could this feel so good for her, but not immediately convince him having sex with her wasn't right the moment they connected? She was sure that was what would happen. That the moment they started having sex both of them would never want to stop. She certainly didn't, every moment Gary was in her pussy felt soothing fulfilling, like she was being completed.

- Brother, no... I just... I just thought...

She touched herself instinctively between the legs at the thought of him, and at the realization she got to fuck Gary, but not in the way she necessarily wanted, and not in a way he agreed to.

She felt pathetic as that extra little bit of stimulation pushed her over the edge, spraying the back of her testicles, her fingers, and the floor in front of her with a big squirt of surprisingly thick, cloudy liquid - she wasn't even aware she could squirt like that, and she certainly couldn't say if that was actually just her pussy doing it. At the same time, her body shuddered again as her cock begun leaking semen, no pressure, throbs too small to provide her with that ecstatic feeling of orgasm, ruining the male side of her climax on the floor of her brother's room.

As she sat there, shuddering and feeling herself coat her palm with the juices from both her sexes, Alex begun to sob in panic.

[“Oh my God. I raped a person. I raped my brother. I raped the only person I love after… after trying so hard to just get close to him... After promising I'll do it right this time…”]

She felt her juices and the sensation left over by the several moments in which they were connected. Normally, this sensation would bring her a level of physical relief all the way up to all-around satisfaction. But right now, she just felt like a thief, even worse than a thief, having grabbed what lead to those sensation without asking,

[“I promised I would respect him, take things at his pace, and yet, I’ve done what messed things up in the first place. I raped a person. It doesn’t matter which part I used, I never… got consent. He never said he wanted this…”]

Tears were occasionally going down her cheeks as she tried to wash the feelings of disgust with herself, the inner conflicts she had and the realization that she probably did something unforgiveable. Certainly, she couldn't see herself never forgiving a man who raped her by penetrating any of her orifices, or a woman who’d go after her cock without her agreeing to it, so there was little doubt Gary would feel similarly. For a moment of satisfaction of her obsessions, she could’ve sacrificed her entire lifetime

[“He always forgives me and he… he was starting to be so caring when he came back, and I even… I even could act myself around him, now that he knew and understood everything, the subtext of our
relationship was finally coming to the surface, and then... then... How could I let myself do such a thing to Gary? Rape can break a person, and I’ve done it to the only person I love? Can I... ever fix this?"

She sobbed as she realized the feelings of shame and disgust not normally associated with rapists, but rather their victims. She suddenly desired a shower before realizing that this kind of dirt could not simply be washed away.

Ever so slowly, she was calming down. Taking deep breaths and wiping the tears out from her eyes before going to the bathroom. She really needed to get herself fixed if she was going to do anything about the events of today, and most of all, she needed to try and calm down.

She straddled her brother and attempted to have sex with him, and insistently stopped him from being able to protest or answer as if assuming if she did it well enough he’d just end up liking it. But Gary himself seemed to consider the whole thing stopped before they went too far. Maybe he’d treat it more like a massive misunderstanding than one of the worst deeds you can do to another person. Or he was just forgiving enough to not completely and absolutely never forgive her. There was no point in immediately assuming the worst or best possible scenarios. His mind about coming back when she calmed down didn't change even after she tried to go in a way she was sure most men considering themselves heterosexual would be, at least initially, opposed to.

["But for all of that, you need to actually calm down. You need to think. You need to finally figure out what you actually want. You need to decide on what is the right and wrong thing to do, and apply yourself to it. Not... willy-nilly use up your willpower on not TOUCHING your sleeping brother only to then attempt to have FORCED SEX with him. You need balance, you need focus. You need to come to a decision on whether trying to have sex with Gary is good for you or not.”]

[-All this over a little bit of attempted buttsex and giving him what he should be asking for in the first place. That's called a soft spot. Too much of a soft spot for good old Gary. The one brother that got away.-]

Alex shook her head a little.

["... You're not even going to help me make a decision on this matter."]

[-You're talking to yourself, you know. And the decision is simple. Is he...-]

["A good fucktoy. Yeah. Blah blah blah. I don't recall you giving me this much smack when I was trying to go for it and actually have sex with my brother. "]

[-You're talking to yourself.-]

["Thinking to. A very petty, completely lacking in constructivity or creativity, single-minded part of myself. You'll talk smack and every decision I pick will be bad if it doesn't involve me forcibly sticking my dick into people I fancy. "]
"You're just weak. You could be doing that, you know. Making people into..."

"No input whatsoever on important decisions. Heck, it's surprising, but... I didn't actually hear you in there, when I had Gary in my pussy, doing... Exactly what you wanted, just in a way I thought might be more emotionally fulfilling. For all the power I felt, that... that morally sickening feeling of claiming someone, almost feeling superior, in charge, my sweet little power-hungry fucktoy-making sunshine of an own-dick obsessed little split inner voice didn't have much to say."

"What are you implying? I am you!"

"Yes, yes, we've established that. But... along that... feeling, that sensation that came from being the one in control over someone I wanted, even for a moment, was something else. Like doing this was making me more..."

"Fucked up in the head incestuous freak?"

"Complete. And that's why you were quiet, even with my instincts completely in charge. You're not my natural instincts at all. You're just a fucked up little part of myself that associates all self-worth with dicking people into submission, and if you ask me... That's the freaky, sad part. Now, shut up. I need... I need help of people that actually will help me make a decision."

First, she texted Lachlan. It was a fairly short talk. She merely asked if he'd be able to meet up soon today rather than in the evening or sometime tomorrow, and he did reply that he could. When asked if it was serious, she replied that she really needed some help, advice, but mostly to get something off of her chest.

It was the second call that was more difficult. She should've tried it a while ago, but she still wasn't certain. It felt like, while the connection and understanding were far from perfect, she attracted interest from a decent person this time, and one that wasn't going to freak out over how long they've been friends or be incapable of having sex the moment her own pants are down.

The call was answered pretty quickly. Melanie's voice sounded only mildly different through a phone, but was almost as friendly and inquisitive in that emotional bond-seeking manner as what she displayed on the meeting.

- Hello, Alex. I was wondering if you'd call anytime soon. Any reason for waiting so long, or just...busy?

- ... Actually, there was a reason. I was kind of... Struggling with something. Something important. Love life related.

- Oh? Hmmm... I realize we have not settled on anything yet except maybe just trying to date, but do you think this might interfere in you giving it a shot?

Alex gave a sigh that sounded like pure relief, but quickly returned to her previous tone of voice.
- That's... actually why I'm calling. You see, I'm stuck on this... person. I don't know what to make of it. I really feel like, if they were with me, it could be the best thing ever, but it's incredibly problematic and complex. So I'm not sure if I can pull it off. The only thing I know is that as long as I'm hung up on him, as long as he has this easy of a time occupying all of my thoughts... Even if I can't get him, I'm in no state to date anyone. I appreciated your interest and under other circumstances would've liked to try, but...

- Honey, like I said we haven't really decided on anything except giving it a shot both ways. We can still be friends and meet normally or at spots like the last time. But remember, uhh... Not all guys are super open to people like us. It holds true for all people, sure, but guys are the ones most likely to react with...

- I know. I know. I've experienced it in the past, Melanie. But he's not a total stranger. He actually knows that little secret of mine. And because of how he handled that thing, and other things... I think I actually may be in love. Like, you know, the genuine article. The big deal.

- And until you figure that out, you're letting me down gently.

- I don't think I'm letting you down at all. One person out from a dating pool of a pretty woman like you can't change much!

- You'd be surprised. Still... Good luck with figuring out where that goes, and thanks for the call. Think we'll meet up soon?

- I'll likely be busy until, like... The 16th or the 17th, but after that, I'm fair game.

- Good to know. Don't get lost out there.

- I'll try not to, Melanie. I'll try not to. Thank you for being so... understanding.

- It's how I got where I am.
Throughout Alex’s life, there was one person repeatedly popping up to help her in ways and manners family couldn’t. Can they help this time?

This time, her meeting with Lachlan was not going to be in a cafeteria or anywhere else close to the ears and eyes of the public. Alex opted for a secluded park and the most far-off spot of it, too, although at least they still had some benches to sit on.

Naturally she was the first to arrive there, but since Lachlan confirmed their meet-up, she wasn’t nervous nor anxious during her wait.

Well, not anxious about him arriving, that is. The context and potential consequences of their talk were still getting her a little bit on edge.

Eventually he arrived. Her one true friend for years. The man she gave her virginity to, and the first one she was going to at least partially confide in about just how forbidden her love was.

Not tell him everything, of course. That would make him aware of a potential crime, and would likely make his meetings with her brother in any conceivable future extremely awkward.

She greeted Lachlan with a little wave of her hand before turning to face him better, standing up from her seated position at one of the benches. There were no people around, perfect for the talk she was going to have.

- Hello. Sorry for calling you here out of nowhere. I originally intended to wait before meeting you, but I feel like I could really use some advice and friendly closeness right now.

- No problem. We weren’t sure when we were going to meet again so I postponed my meeting with Bethany until the 11th.

- Bethany? Is that the name of the lucky girlfriend prospect?

- Mhmm-mm. No progress there yet, but consideration period is almost over. I have a picture of her on my cellphone, let me see...

Lachlan sorted through some folder that was clearly meant for phone contact attached pictures and
found the one he was looking for.

Alex was a little stunned.

She knew that girl. The name Bethany wasn't enough of a tell-tale but her looks definitely were.

Lachlan’s dating prospect was the same girl Alex had a somewhat awkward and not particularly intimate experience of losing her virginity to. Her cock's virginity, that is.

- That's her.
- Ah. Uh... I don't know what to say.
- You don't think she's pretty enough for me? - Lachlan teased, bumping her in the side.
- N...no. It's not that. Remember how I said I... Am not going to be against you being in a relationship for no reason? When I said I have no claim on you and all that.
- Wait. This is the part where girls normally would say they changed their mind and I am an asshole for talking about another woman... But we're talking about you. So it's something else.
- It is.
- You know her, don't you?
- Y... Yes. It was sort of a bad situation. An awkward one night stand. The first time I had sex, with a girl and using my... Penis. All three at once actually. I have not met her since. I do not know what she is like now or anything, but... Fact remains. She slept with me because she wanted to see if she enjoyed girls, but still wanted a cock to get her off. I don't want to insult someone you care about and I barely know. But... Back then she was hardly... Giving. She felt shallow and self-centered, to put it bluntly.
- When was that?
- Almost exactly two years ago. Lachlan, I... I hope I didn't make a mistake telling you this.
- What's the term for this in Japanese erotic comics? Hole brothers? I guess we might end up becoming hole siblings soon. Anyway, no. Thank you for telling me this. She seemed fairly sweet and friendly towards me, but there is a chance this was an act. So I will wait a bit before I start trying to date her. And no matter what... The past is the past. I won't look at you differently just because you slept with someone once and I happened to maybe date that someone later. But... I think we didn't come here just so we could convince me to postpone getting into a relationship.
- No. No. I... I was feeling selfish and needed to talk. About what was going on with me. About myself.
- That's not selfish, just human. If you really believe I am the best person you can speak to about it, go right ahead.
- It's... About my own love life, in a way. You see... Before we met and I revealed to you that I happen to be... A little more than a usual girl, there was someone in my life. This person was close to me and helped me kept going in many ways. Without their presence, I think I would end up feeling more than a freak much earlier than I did, thanks to my eventual plunge into the dating pool.
Separation from that person was part of the reason why I felt so down in the dumps about life when we originally reconnected, you and I. And the feeling of natural closeness I had with them was something that made me feel like most of my friendships and relationships after that were empty and lacking, you being the noteworthy and honorable exception.

- Seems like quite the individual, this... Person? Guy? But you mentioned this is about your love life, so I presume there is going to be a problem on the horizon soon. A but. Unless that's it, you were too close to someone once and now normally started and maintained relationships feel lacking.

- It is that, too. But yes, there is more. Recently this person popped up again, and got closer this time than before. There was more... Interest, on their part, too. And we're both more mature than we were through most of our earlier relations. So... Even though I had dating prospects on the horizon before that happened, ones I didn't resolve yet, either, I, uh...

- You feel confused by how close you feel around them?

- No, Lachlan. I am past confusion... Mostly, except about how horny and needy I can get for that person. It's pretty straightforward. I think I am head over heels. Big heart sign above my head, acid-immune butterflies in my stomach, me walking downtown prompts all radios to play songs about love kind of situation.

- But you think this is bad. Why?

- Two reasons. One, that person has known me as a kid, Lachlan, and for years. Like you. It might be just as ineffective trying to move to the next stage as it was with you that one time. Two... Let's say conservative people would never approve of that relationship. Let's say... It is kind of illegal in quite a few countries, really.

- And yet they get you going. You get more horny with them than anyone else.

- I don't know if 'more horny' even does it justice.

- Okay. Do you think it might be an... Odd kink? Like, are there any other people you know that are similar in looks or personality and their role in relation to you as that guy? Do they have a similar effect.

Alex shook her head.

- I don't think anyone in a remotely similar position does it in such a way for me.

- I see. Well, then. First we get going with the universal advice. If you will be happy by pushing forward your relationship with that person, he might be happy with you and you'll do your best to make it so, and the way you conduct your relationship doesn't hurt anyone else, that's one set of basic reasons to go for it. If any point is untrue, especially if it's the last one and people you care about might be in trouble, you may want to reconsider, but just that - reconsider. Figure how to avoid the harm.

- I... See. But is there specific advice coming, too?

- Yeah. But I can only make guesses. I figure that, unlike me, you don't want to pinpoint who that is.

- It's not that I don't trust you. It's just that it is... Embarrassing in a way. And I don't want that person troubled in case it didn't work out and you believed I got harmed or something.
- You don't need to tell me. I can... Guess what the possibilities are. Either this person is notably older than you, which I know you normally are not into and since you are 19 would not generally be illegal anywhere... or they are just a few years too young, OR they are related to you by law or blood. That seems more plausible since they knew you since when you were a kid and a relative or someone just a few years your junior would be possible for that. That's about right?

- Yes. Pretty spot on, actually. It's also the reason why... I'm embarassed to say, but your comparisons after we had sex were just a bit close to home to how that person seemed to feel before we parter ways when I was just old enough to start thinking about relationships.

- Well then. Time for specific advice. Now, remember I know of this from friends and hobbying. I am not a shrink. But I think we are dealing with two conflicting tendencies in human behavior here.

- Oh?

- According to a certain theory, human sexual attraction and drive can be separated into two distinct parts at least. First and second wave, as they are usually called. First wave sexual attraction is seeing someone and considering them sexy and attractive right away. Like a big titted girl for some guys, or tall and muscular man for many girls. As a result, first wave sexual arousal is being excited from the presence of an immediately attractive person and faint to strong possibility of having sex with them.

- Sounds like natural teenager and young adult behaviors.

- Indeed. For a lot of people, those are how they select partners they have or don't have sex with. However, second wave sexual attraction also exists. This is perceiving someone's traits as more attractive than initially the better we know them and the more we like them. This is how for certain people relationships arise out of friendships. Conversely, there is second wave sexual arousal too. It's excitement from being close to a person you already have a strong emotional bond with. Those two mechanisms would explain how, in some happy marriages, the husband and wife can still bang like rabbits even after years of being together and it essentially starting to become more routine and samey. Those mechanisms were often suggested as the backing for people who are considered demisexual. Inbetween regular interest in sex, and asexual, that is. Demisexuals would be people essentially lacking first wave sexual attraction and drive, but possessing second wave attraction and drive at normal to slightly heightened levels.

- This all sounds interesting, but... I'm not that. I can get horny with relative strangers.

- But not as much. Again, I am no specialist, but consider this: What if you have around normal sex drive and attraction mechanisms when it comes to first wave ones, but also have strongly developed second wave attraction and drive? So a person you have a genuine bond with turns you on even more even without trying as much? You know, like... If demi is half, and regular is one, you'd be around one-and-a-half sexual.

- Those stats make me so horny. Sounds like I am 77.5% nympho.

- 83.675% into your development of saving lives with thick thighs.

- You ass! Jokes aside... This actually makes sense. Extremely. But... Increased second wave attraction and drive feel rare nowadays, right? That or I am incredibly unlucky.

- They are probably rare in the current generation, but there may be another explanation other than your lack of luck. Are you familiar with the term "Westermarck effect"?
- Uh... EAST SIDE?!

-I'll take that as a no. But okay. Essentially, Alex, Westermarck Effect is a described tendency that appears to aim for people to aim towards a level of genetic diversity, and it doesn't exist amongst humans alone. Essentially it is a form of imprinting. If a person was in our life a lot during our formative years, like childhood, we do not consider them sexual or at least not to the same extent. It lowers our sex drive and attraction towards them significantly. It is one of the reasons behind the 'blargh' reaction when we listen to talks about our parents having sex. It's why people opt for marrying folks they met later in life compared to childhood friends. It's why a nephew from a tightly knit family may stay away from a cougar aunt and why American girls that scream 'HARDER DADDY' during sex don't actually fantasize about banging their fathers. At least I think they don't.

- Ewww!

- Thing about the Westermarck effect is that it is not something that is universal. It doesn't happen with literally everyone. So, if we were to assume you're a one-plus-half sexual with strong second wave sexual attraction and sex drive, and if we were to assume you happen to be completely or mostly exempt from the Westermarck effect... It would completely explain your attraction to people from your childhood, whether you are related to them or not.

- How did you learn and think of all that?!

- Some new friends. Including Bethany. Do you think we might be close to home with this?

- About me holding a candle for a person I should not romantically love? Yeah. We... I... It makes sense. Perfect sense. I wish I tried researching this myself. I hope this doesn't make it weird, but in terms of emotional fulfillment, us sleeping together was the... Best actual sex in biblical sense I've ever had.

- That makes it super weird. I'll let it slide, but I don't think I'll be making you my wingman when trying to get into another miserable relationship or finally testing those one night stand things.

- Fair. But if you do end up with Bethany...

- Then we all fucked one another. Ha, ha, ha, hi-LAAAAAA-rious. Here's a hilarious back. Final piece of advice. If that person is still on the young side, fucking wait. Don't want to have to visit you in jail now that our friendship is mostly back to normal.

- Alex the Cradle Snatching 'mon. Second form: Fucking Cougar. Sorry. I am... I am just... I feel so relieved, bad jokes are happening on their own.

- So, I... Uhh... Actually helped just by explaining that?

- More than you know. I finally... Understand something that was nagging me for a long time. And I may be able to come to a decision about pursuing those feelings I have.

- So next time I see you, it's in handcuffs?

- Only if I discover I like phone sex and dirty messages too much to keep discreet.

- I think you're triggering my Westermarck Effect a little.

- Bitch I ain't your mama!
Alex and Lachlan ended up being able to laugh together on their walk after all. And he was able to help her much more easily yet thoroughly than she dared hope he would.

Gary, himself, in the face of guilt at what he allowed to happen the day before and concern over what almost happened in the morning, didn't seek company at all.

After wandering aimlessly on a walk in a slightly less civilized environment, and using public transit to travel back and forth in an attempt to remember the areas around where he lived and find a place where he could think, he finally found it.

A relatively far off library he sometimes visited secretly. Kids didn't know he came here, so he could avoid teasing, bullying, or requests for help with homework. Alex didn't know he came here, because when he went there it was to have peace and quiet, to be alone. His uncle didn't know he came here, because it was a chance to ponder. Develop his own train of thought without being mentored or overseen.

Only two people knew he visited this place often and treated it almost like a personal place to escape to. His peaceful little asylum.

One, unusually, was his mother. He needed to use the information to calm her about his safety and times away from home. Gary didn't remember the explanation he needed to give about wanting to be alone being natural for some less extroverted people fondly, but it was one of the few times where his mother was truly and genuinely motherly towards him, so he'd let it slide.

The second person was Susan, though she learned about this place years after he last used it, when he brought her here on a whim during a rare homecoming.

Now he was going to use this place to figure out what to do.

His guilt over allowing his sister sexual contact with him was... Lesser than he thought it would be. Part of it was likely the amount of effort she took to make him enjoy it, and even more than that, both him being impressed with how much she could read into his qualms and how much she genuinely seemed to both need and want this form of contact with him, compared to the bratty pushiness at trying to force him into it when they were in their mid-teens. Even though, this time...
This time she actually managed to force him, if just for a while.

And then there was regret.

First of all, memory of Susan's life and death were still relatively fresh in him. Doing such a thing in a way that involved sexual enjoyment to the point of exhaustion felt almost like he was cheating on her, or betraying her memory.

Question is, if after what happened, Alex would believe him if he used that as a shield or an excuse. Or if he could believe himself. Or how true and deep his regret really was.

There was another aspect of the situation that, to solve, would require him actually considering Alex as a romantic prospect.

"We're two people who are supposed to be close but rarely see each other. How fair or logical is it to hold that against genuine efforts from a person like that? To avoid accepting someone's feelings because their chance to become honest with them only happened when we were in mourning?"

That thought was complex, difficult, and seemed to favor the idea that what Alex was trying to achieve was not wrong or immoral and instead acceptable. So Gary quickly pushed it aside. There were other things to ponder.

Like why his sister was able to feel more strongly and genuinely about him after years of separation, but in the very same way as before he left, even though his whole reason for leaving was to help her get over it.

Or how justifiable Alex' terrible impulse control was given her status. It was easy to imagine that unlike an intersex person, Alex' male and female sex drive actually somewhat accumulated were they weren't overlapping. Even assuming she was right around average young man's sex drive, he knew of plenty of instances of people who couldn't help themselves when it came to sex at their age, doubly so where long time crushes or dream partners were concerned - there, even girls, which he was lead to believe were less horny, 'fell to the temptation'.

Gary held his face in his palms and tried to hold back indignant or sobbing noises of clear defeat.

For the first time in years Gary found that his ability to understand and rationalize things, his ability
to think and consider a matter from many angles, and even his maturity as a whole were utterly failing.
Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary confront one another again. Can the siblings make up for at least one more time?

Chapter Notes

It is, I believe, time to fess up about how I suddenly shifted to a much more frequent update rate, since that period might be over soon.

I'm actually currently in a hospital because of severe health problems that I've known about for a while. I don't wish to write a lot, suffice to say, it is now evident that a number of surgeries, some of which have considerable fatality rates where I live, is going to be unavoidable.

As a result, I've been trying my best to write my ass off and when I wasn't able to, edit, format and post new chapters. I have no idea if I'll be able to finish either of my stories before the inevitable dive down into the craziness of both these surgeries and whatever may lay past them (making up for lost time at university, long rehabilitation, or me just passing on from complications or right there at the table).

Suffice to say, after this Saturday, it will be a fair bit harder for me to write and a tad more difficult to format and post or answer comments.

After next Wednesday, it may become impossible entirely on all accounts.

I wish to be able to finish those stories that I can for a sense of completion, and because I could've been writing them when it'd help me develop and calm down rather than leave it all for the last moment. However… if my writing suffers, takes a dip in quality at any time, it's mostly because of that : I can tell I am working with limited time here. Where it needs to be done, I thus cut corners. And where it doesn't, I try my best to make up for it.

Expect even more frequent updates for a few days.

Gary seemed intent on being away from home for pretty much most of the day, so Alex had to sit alone and on her own. She was really nervous and anxious about facing him when he returned and they finally had a chance to talk.

["I really messed up this time. I mean, almost forcing my brother to have sex is sure to cause some trauma. Almost forcing him to have something he may perceive as gay sex, and with him being the penetrated one… How could I think it’ll be okay? It's impossible something like that would be
okay.”]
She shivered.
[“It’s this hunger. This ravenous, insane, selfish and cruel lust of mine. I’m pretty horny with other people, but with Gary, it reaches an incredible level. Almost like another personality, like that voice in the back of my head. And I didn’t even need… to hear it to go this far. You’re supposed to want to have sex with the one you love, but you’re not supposed to do this any way you feel like at the moment and without considering them. I’m a bad person. I almost wish this dumb Westermarck Effect actually worked and I could at least be a proper sister for him, but no, I have to go and make things hard for him. Maybe he’s right, maybe I need treatment. But…”]

A loud sigh. She started to wish he’d just come home.
[“No matter how much treatment, my love for him will only be buried at best. The same way it seemed to be for those last two years. It’s impossible to stop. He’s the best guy I know. I’m not sure if you’re supposed to simply love the best guy you know when you’re a girl, but there’s no one else. I mean, I even had sex with Lachlan and we still couldn’t be anything more than friends, even though he was my first. You’re supposed to at least have some lingering feelings for the guy who pops your cherry, but it was only that – sex that got virginity out of the way. It was very good, very intimate and all, but I guess I just wished it could be Gary… The one thing I absolutely cannot live with is the lack of Gary. The one thing that will kill me on its own would be him hating me.”]

[You could shut him up by shoving your cock up his mouth and going at it until he’s like one of those crazy sluts from porn he watched. “Ohhhh, I love diiiick”. I’m sure he’d learn to like the taste if we spurted enough jizz into his mouth and throat.-]

Alex shook her head…
[“You still think you can make it worse, don’t you? Just go away. I have had enough trouble acting the way you would.”
She tried to ponder on how to make conversation properly when he returned. The voice in her head didn’t let up.
[“-Oh, come on, I’m just you, vocalizing your desires. Your cock is thicker than his, so you should be the one calling the shots. You’re the man. Him visiting your pussy should be the greatest reward you could give him.-”]

She turned towards the door, as if having a hunch he was returning, and clenched her fists.
[“What kind of fucked-up logic is that? I’m the girl, and he’s my beloved man and my brother! It doesn’t work that way! It sure as hell shouldn’t work that way! Get OUT OF MY HEAD!”]

Someone started to open the door.
[“It’s him. Mother will not be back for quite some time yet, so it can be no one else. All right, Alex. Get your courage. Make up. You could always make up with him, so do it one last time. Or you’ll live your whole life regretting and hurting and never being happy.”]

[More like make out. Your pussy, his mouth. Or maybe his mouth, your ass? The reverse? Or do you want to continue with the dick kisses?-]
“GET.OUT.OF.MY.HEAD.”

[“-You’d have to blow out a part of your brain to get me out of your head, girl. I am you. I am what you want.”]

Stupid voice. Sitting in her head, talking like that. But the sight of the door opening was not stupid. In fact, she was greeted by one of her favorite sights. Her brother’s pale skin and mildly long, almost shoulder-length white hair.

[“Bullshit! You’ve made my brother hate me before. I almost ended up becoming enough like you to keep up this tendency. I sure as hell don’t want that! Should I jump into his arms? No, it’ll just make things worse. But, I… I’ve got to say something!”]

[“Stop considering his feelings. He’s just a plaything to use as we like.”]

Gary was finally in the house, but he did seem a little surprised, almost scared, by seeing her already so close to the door, staring so intently at him. He… didn’t look quite as angry as she expected him to, but evidently was unsure what to say. How to proceed. Whether she calmed down, or not, and what to say to even begin making up or explaining why they shouldn’t have done what they did – what of these two was his intention couldn’t, at all, be read from his face.

[“Thanks to that train of thought, I’ve lost him for two years! I’m not letting that happen again! Shut up! Be gone! I’m me! I won’t let you do these things to him anymore! I love him! I really love him! When you love someone, you don’t treat them the way you’re suggesting I should treat him, so…”]

- Gary… I’m sorry. I’ll understand if you need to be alone still, or if you’re finding it difficult to talk to me, or believe me, but… I really am sorry. I want to do whatever I can to apologize and make it up to you, to set things right. What I’ve tried to do tonight is…

- Something you evidently needed to cool down your head to realize was the wrong thing to do, yes.

- Th…this, I understand how serious this is, okay? I’m dumb, but I understand. You’ve been kind to me for a long time and always called me a girl, but I was going to do such a terrible thing to you.

[“-But you always, always you fantasized about these things? It’s a vital part of you. The desire to fuck your brother up his cute little ass has been with you for what, five years?”]

[“Ghrrr…”]

- I thought you considered incest to only be looked down upon because of science and social inhibitions. Are you saying you had a moral enlightenment or something…

- Incest? I’m talking about rape! I’ve… I’ve went ahead and had sex with you without considering your feelings or consent! It doesn’t matter which part of my body I’ve used, I have still committed the most dreadful and unimaginable deed a human can…
Gary… smiled. Only momentarily, but he did. 

- It’s like you to think like that at this point, but I’ve always knew you’ve had both sexes, and when we grew up you were… pretty vocal about both of them having a mind and giving you desires of their own. As well as having such a strong sex drive when it came to… being around me So, certainly, it was a surprise when it seemed it wouldn’t matter what kind of sex it was as long as we’d have sex, but I can’t exactly act furious about you wanting to try things the other way, too, especially if you didn’t manage to have a lot of chances to use it. I know how it feels when it’s stiff and you want to get off and all. So it wasn’t a shocker. As for the rape part… That’s exactly why I tried to stop you, Alex. So it wouldn’t go this far. A man fights when he is about to be treated this way, not lays there and takes it. That’s what a victim does… and where there’s a victim, there’s rape. I didn’t want to hurt you, but if you were going to do something that'd hurt us both, and our relationship, purely on impulse… I just couldn’t let you do that.

[“-See? He’s fine with being your little cockslut. You can pump cum inside of him from whichever end. Bend him over the table. FUCK him. You know you want to. It’s pointless to try to deny you’re quite all right with your dick wanting *men* too, and who’s the *man* you want the most?…”]

[“I’m a pervert, okay!? A total lecherous nymphomaniac pervert who has grown a dick and is a total freak! I’m so backed up I nearly started accepting any kind of sex, but this means nothing in the face of love! I love him! I love him so much it hurts, and you’ve just been abusing those feelings of mine! How can he love me now!?”]

[“Precisely. He cannot, so we should just rape him any way we want to. Preferably make him feel like a toy or our little slave….“]

[“That’s enough. I’m sick of this. I won’t give up on love just because I’m desperate for sex. I’ll never give up on love just because I screwed up again. I’m this close to a breakthrough. To declaring it is him or nobody. And you’re the first thing I need to get rid of if I am to ever have the hope of getting him.”]

- … Alex? I’m… not trying to encourage you or anything, don’t get me wrong…

- Even if you say it was all right of me to have that kind of desire, and act like it doesn’t matter, something else matters. Whether I’d use my pussy to do it or my cock to do it, what I did still… it is not something easy to forgive. Even if you don’t count it as going all the way to that point where it was rape.

- But now, when you’re conscious, you UNDERSTAND it was wrong. Back then, something was wrong. You were so driven by need you were not… quite yourself.

- I… I… My head got blank and every part of me was on fire, and the instinct and want were so strong that I gave in… and forced you… to have sex with me. Yes. I’m… I’m a horrible person. I realize that now. I just… I don’t want to be a horrible sister or woman to you anymore. I really apologize, and I thank you for stopping me, especially if your intention was to not let me go to the deep end.

He was silent, she didn’t notice him cocking his head.

- I always promise I’ll be better and that I’ll consider your feelings and stop being so forceful, I
always promise to… to stop, to… to realize there are things you don’t want to do, but… I always fail, and make you mad again and now… If this is what breaks us apart, my life will be worthless now… I’ve done such a thing to you and… you’d have every excuse and right to say it ruined everything. To just finally let… my dream… shatter.

- You’re my sister, Alex. There’s little you can do that is unforgivable, you’re just not making it any easier to deal with. I just wish you’d try to understand how I felt from the start. I lost my girlfriend recently, and I’ve tried to go away so those feelings of yours would become weaker. It seems I’ve failed on one account. I definitely am not ready to fail on the other. I don’t know what the recommended grieving time is, but I am fairly sure you’re not supposed to commit incest when the person you loved has only been gone for a short while. Hell, some people never choose anyone else.

- It’s not your fault! I want you to know that I… that I… It’s a torture to me… to realize at last how much I’ve been hurting you, and how you’ve been trying to do things right by me and yet I’ve wasted what was part of the reason for all of your hard work. What I say and what I do differs so much because I’m an insane, mad, crazy woman, but I never lied to you. I do love you, honestly, truly, I want you to be happy, to smile, laugh, yet I… almost traumatize you. I screw everything up. Even when we get close I can’t decide if I want to take your mind off of… Susan… or make it so she seems inferior in your mind.

- I’m… glad you seem to be reconsidering the issue of incest, but it feels weird if you pull off a moral awakening like this now, Alex. Because you probably realize the average idea of a good sister is not one who… goes after her own brother like that.

- Incest? I’ve… I’ve only been talking about constantly teasing you, forcing you to go along with me and then trying to r…rape you. I… I am actually becoming more and more convinced that… It'd be good for me if we could connect. In that way. Intimately. Only if you were willing, of course. Only if I could convince you rather than get it from you.

- Well, I’m not that easily *raped*, you know. I’m a man, and a man fights back when he’s about to be raped and humiliated. If he gives in, he has no right to call himself such. But a good brother tries to understand his sister’s problems. Even if what you tried might’ve been seen as a little bit emasculating, especially later on… I understood from the start that your desires are potentially… all over the place. And you did your best to explain to me how strong they were towards specific people you felt close to, me included. I just stopped you when it was something I didn’t want and thought we shouldn’t do, as always.

- You’re… really understanding. I am just still kind of hoping that as long as I can make it up to you, you’ll be able to somehow… overlook those two things that are stopping us. Your grieving, and siblings… officially not being supposed to do such stuff.

- And have an unlawful, immoral liaison that’s considered sin in ninety percent of religious beliefs. It’s illegal in many countries and is widely known as committing incest?

- Being connected to the most important person in my life in the most intimate way possible, as long as he also accepts and wants it, is not wrong, or immoral, even if it’s against the law. How can something like this be wrong? It can’t be wrong.

- Well, at least you’ve… grown enough to be able to argue for that. Not just go ‘that's dumdum talk, what I want matters’. Some people would argue whatever doesn’t hurt someone else is an okay thing to do when it comes to such connections, after all.
Alex calmed down visibly. The desire to remove herself from the face of this world was gone, pushed away completely by the desire to win Gary over again.

The temporary emotional wreck of a would-be rapist was gone. Gary’s twin sister was back. A bit shaky, somewhat shy, unsure of where this was going, but her aims and goals were clear in her mind and she was going to work on this to achieve them.

- G..Gary. umm, I’m sorry about talking about this stuff in that way, but allow me to tell you this. When we masturbated together, it easily amongst the most pleasing and intimate acts of my life, even though it was just it, masturbation, not even sex. When we kiss, when you allow me to kiss you in the way you think a sister shouldn’t kiss, my heart gets fluttery and… and I feel like I’m ready to bloom like a flower or sing like a bird or shine like the sun. When you do things like touching me, every part of me ignites and desires more. I can’t begin to imagine what doing more than that could do to me, what actually making love to you would do to me, but I do know if I can be complete, it’d be through *you*. Through joining with *you*. And I know this because it was part of what I experienced even when I just… made you do it. Those feelings are strong and they tell me it’s not wrong at all. In fact, until I realized how badly I fucked up, being connected to you felt like… A spiritual awakening, almost. Like the worst parts of me when it came to thinking about myself were being taken over by this… Sublime… Joy. And then you protested, I kept trying, then you showed me how bad I fucked up. But… That doesn’t mean what I felt when I thought it was okay was a lie..

- You have a way with words, Alex, but didn’t me trying to help you out with your desires just turn pretty goddamn bad today morning? Even if you slept through the night, you did have an orgasm just before, yesterday before we went to sleep. How’d it go from that to trying to force yourself on me?

- I’ve said it. I’m not normal. My sex drive is above normal, but when it comes to being with *you*, it’s simply *inhuman*.

- Why do you insist it has to be me? Can’t you just try havi…

- BECAUSE I KEEP TELLING YOU I LOVE YOU, GOD DAMNIT! Why can’t you just accept it? Isn’t it goddamn obvious? Isn’t my freaking obsessive love of two extra-heavy extra-thick layers as a sister *and* someone who wants to *be with you* frankly quite fucking obvious by now? Why are you so scared to admit it’s *not* fake? Why? Because you had a girlfriend that loved you and she *wasn’t* this much into you? Because Susan didn’t try to stay in touch with your body every goddamn second she was awake before or after you had sex for the first time, and didn’t light up like a Christmas tree at the prospect of more? Is that why you’re scared? Because maybe I’d be able to love you more than she could?

- Why are you bringing her up now? I loved Susan, and you’re my sister! That’s that! There’s a difference! How’s bringing her up going to help you when it’s exactly what’s holding me back from even… giving you a chance?

- The only difference is that I love you so much, I can’t seem to get what you feel is wrong about it anymore. I feel like I must act on those feelings, otherwise that’d be wrong. They make me… want you… more than you can imagine. It’s crazy, yes! But you don’t need to send me to therapy, just give me a chance. You’ll be gone soon. I don’t know if… I can keep going the way I did until you next
visit. I am sorry for acting this way, but... It's not my fault that Susan is gone. It's not my fault that your grieving wasn't long enough. It's not my fault *now* is my chance. I just want... to get what I need so bad... at least once. Even just trying what would happen to me if we did it once would be a great way to go.. *Then*, after... after experiencing in full what connecting to you is really like... we’ll see if I need fucking therapy, all right? And then, we could see how badly you're really opposed to it! When rather than freaking tantalizing me with appetizers, or refusing me every fucking moment of my life like I'm some freaking disease, you let me do that one thing I've been trying to do for, I don’t know, years?

Gary was looking for a way to refute her. It was difficult to carry out these ‘negotiations’, on both sides, when she was skipping from sad through bashful all the way up to crazy and demanding. She understood that much, and knew she was making him angry. So, rather than continue going the way she always did, she decided it was time to step up to her promises.

- I’m… I’m sorry, Gary. For before, and for bringing those things up now. For trying to force myself on you, for all the broken promises, for trying to compare myself to your girlfriend. I’m sorry for it all, and I request your forgiveness, but those *are* my honest feelings. When we kiss, when you allow me to kiss you in the way you think a sister shouldn’t kiss, my heart gets fluttery and… and I feel like I’m ready to bloom like a flower or sing like a bird or shine like the sun. Do these feelings... really sound that wrong? Like something evil? I should have never crossed a barrier, a line you didn’t want to cross, not without permission, I should never cease to respect what you want and what you are. I’m mature enough to know I can’t have it all, but there’s just one thing I want. It’s you. No matter how slowly you want to take things, no matter how much you have to wait with any kind of act, I should respect it and I’ll try with all my heart. At the end of the day, sex is just... sex. It’s better if I can love you at the very least, but it *does* drive me crazy. I… I’m always doing what I’m doing because my body and my mind really want to have sex with you, Gary. So much it hurts, so much it’s shutting down my brain and driving me mad. And the reason why I sometimes assume things, even now, is that... Whenever we touched or kissed, so far, you've never acted with complete revulsion. You were never violent or angry or pushed me away or even backed off as quick as possible, until this morning. And now you're telling me it was to stop me from doing an unforgiveable thing, and because you're still unsure if you feel like it's cheating, rather than... just because I'm your sister.

The air itself seemed heavy with both her earlier eruption and her new, quiet, tender confession. Gary tried to respond somehow, still, knowing it was necessary.

- I can still forgive you. It's not like you're not making everything hard at times. If I comfort you, get close to you, give you a finger, you grab the whole hand only to bite it. If I get mad at you, you get all desperate and act like this and force me to forgive you. It’s annoying, Alex, but we... we both have done things to strain our bonds as family, as siblings, as twins. There’s little to forgive. Or maybe, there’s a lot to forgive on both sides, but it might be better if we simply overlook it, and try our best to just leave this behind us an...

- Gary, I...

- I love you. As my sister. Usually, it's a given, but you also made me love you by behaving for the many years we lived together like the sweetest and most caring girl in the world. I've also loved a woman once, and I can understand... how you feel. Love can be selfish. Especially if there’s a strong, unsatisfied sexual desire, lust, mixed into it, love can be really selfish. I can’t really
understand how you feel truly. I have huge amounts of doubt I can return that feeling to any extent that'd satisfy you, too... but I can sympathize. I've been years without a girlfriend and was getting perverted. Susan... she appeared right in the nick of time to save me from becoming a weirdo, but I guess you never had anyone like that appear for yourself.

- I had you. You always made me stick to who I am, even when you rejected me. In a way, even when you left... Though, it did hurt as hell and made me desperate, but it also helped me mature, I think.

- Could we ever... Return to the way we were, Alex? Before you've developed those... feelings for me. You should find a man or a girl or whatever floats your boat and stick to them. In return, we'll always be family. I'll always be there for you. Do you think you could be happy like that?

- Maybe if I had a leeway for my sexual desires, somewhere to discharge, while having you as my brother, always by my side or backing me up, I could be content about life... but never happy, no. I'm glad I can hear you say that you love me, but... And I know it's bad to tell something like that, and it horrifies me to the very bone that I cannot feel any different, and how selfish I am by thinking that... When we kissed, when you caressed me, when you masturbated together with me, when you let me, um... give you a blowjob, when I tasted you... It just happened, I realized that maybe, just maybe, if I try hard enough, I could make you feel like that, love me back, see me as a little more than a sister, even if it isn't romantic, even if it's just sex, that maybe I could be your woman... And the possibility that we could be something even more than what we would be as a family, even if it's just in the realm of physical, even only in flesh, even if it's fake... This possibility tortures me as much as the lack of it earlier. And I know it *is* a possibility, Gary. I don't want to say things that'll confuse you, or manipulate you, but it's really hard to deny the fact you *can* get excited by my body, can be pleased by me, so It's not like your body is the one refusing. Your reactions, your instincts and reflexes when we touch and kiss now are *completely* different to how they were before you've left for Canada. I can tell. I... I'm not lying. I can tell from all the little signs that you're wavering a little when you see *my* pleasure-filled face, even if you don't feel exactly the same thing I do when I see yours.

- Long story short. I cannot *love* anyone other than my twin brother. Not right now. And I'll never be able to love anyone quite as much as I do you right now, I'm afraid. That's the kind of corrupted, perverted human I am. There's only you. There's not even a gap between you and anyone else, not nowadays. There's Gary, and then abyss sucking in and destroying everything and everyone else. Even if you're out of my reach, there's nothing else I want to grab on to... Even if it's sinful, immoral, wrong. I know it is hard for you to accept with how you were raised, and how you feel right now, but even if I can never be accepted... It'd take me years to feel even slightly different, tortured, drawn out, tiring years... To feel any different than "Gary's the only one for me".

- I find myself still sometimes thinking... "She's just freaking out"... That you're being poetic about it, but... I have trouble still thinking you're just making it up. Trouble believing someone who I saw on my birthday and I went on a jog with is capable of turning into what I saw this morning just for... anyone that gets them horny. For no reason. Without that... dreadful, deep feeling you speak of.

Alex nodded.

- You always were understanding... And understood me well. It's part of why I feel this way about you. If you're understanding one more time, you'll get your sister's soul bared, no poetry, my last, final confession, and I apologize if it's not a pretty picture.
- Fine. You’re forgiven for shouting, for calling on Susan… for trying to force yourself on me… Tell me why it seems you cannot let go.

After a little pause, Alex spoke.

-Imagine how it would be if all your positive feelings were focused on one person. You were in love before. I’m sure you could tell how hard for you it’d be to not be able to see her or to have her love another person, or to shift your feelings to another person when you were together. I’m sorry I keep bringing romantic love, especially from your past, up, but the crux of the matter is this. I will always love you because you’re my brother. But the romantic, passionate love is already so deeply soaked into that sisterly love that I cannot really feel anything remotely as strong for anyone else. All I’ve had was empty sex, except for one time, when I almost ruined my friendship, but even then… I don’t know if I’d be able to muster love, even if that worked out. Even if you tried to make me hate you with all your heart and passion, it’d still be hard as hell for me to stop loving you and love someone else, because of our past. Because now you came back and everything I felt angry about just… disappeared. That’s how strong it can be, and how deep it is. If you join a sibling’s love with loving someone for nine years or so, and throw in five years of sexual desire for that person, unrequited, but constantly fed… it becomes that powerful. You may not understand, but that’s simply because even if you loved Susan strongly, she wasn’t your sibling, and thus… and I’m sorry I’m saying it… your feelings for her, her feelings for you… I strongly doubt they compare to what I’m feeling, especially since my love is still growing, every time you… you show me why I started to in the first place. Every time I do something dumb and you find it in yourself to try to forgive, to understand. And I’ve been denying that for these past two years, Gary. Trust me when I’ll say I tried with all my strength to deny, to forget, to force myself to go after others like you told me I should. This may be why I’m so fucking *starved*, even though I should be more of a mature adult now. But this love is blooming back. That’s why it’s so overpowering for me. I’m not sure what’d happen if you loved me back. I hope I’d only feel joy, because frankly, even for me, it’d be *scary* if I could love you any more than what I can see on the horizon if just a little bit changes between us for what I’d want things to be like.

[“So much beautiful and poetic bullshit after promising none. And all that only to get him to swallow your dick deep enough you can feel your balls on his chin?—“]  

[“You’re grasping at straws.”]

[“I am YOU—”]

[“Time for a personality fission, then.”]

-If that is true… You should probably think about whether someone aloof like me can ever return something with that kind of intensity. You know I probably can’t. If not, you have to realize.  

-I’ll be happy to spend my life trying to make you return it. I’d probably be happy even if I couldn’t entirely succeed, as long as I get at least some love and attraction back from you.  

-You must have at least a shred of doubt or something!  

- I promised I wouldn’t *lie*. When you returned and you *didn’t* act like you *hated* me, when
you behaved like the loving, understanding person you are, it cleared the last remnants of doubt out of my head.

- It's... starting to get difficult to think about this. But I think I... I might need to.

There wasn't much to say afterwards.

Alex was very happy with how the day turned out. They spent the rest of it together – talking about inconsequential stuff. Watching TV. Alex suddenly brought up their early childhood and how much fun they had making the simplest meals together, so they tried that for dinner.

It was just when they were supposed to go to sleep when the serious matters were finally brought up… in their own way.

- Gary, I know this is sudden, but I have a… request.

- Yes?

- Can we... sleep together tonight?

He blinked.

- Didn't we just do that this night and it lead to some pretty... severe consequences? I don't think we should

- It should be fine. I really... I really wish we could. I promise nothing will happen. If I can’t stand it, I’ll just go and jerk off or something.

- We shouldn’t sleep in one bed. We lack self-control, and control over how we act towards one another when we’re having trouble..

- Please... I need to feel you around. I need to finally fall asleep knowing you aren’t somewhere I can’t reach you.

- Then I’ll bring a pillow and a sleeping bag to your room, and I can sleep in your room, but not in the same bed. I will not agree to anything more.

A sudden, if light blush bloomed on her features.

- Can we... hold hands?

- Unless they start to hurt, I can’t see why not.
Act 5: Love or Sin - Serenity and Wavering

Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary make up after their last fight. Are they doomed to have another, or are they finally coming to a true understanding? And what can they accomplish in terms of figuring out what’s between them during the last five to five and a half dozen hours before their mother’s return?

And so, Alex gained hope for a night spent together. In a sense.

- *Then can we please... do just that?*
- *Okay. Just try not to get crazy on me.*
- *We'll just... build up slowly until I have better control. Until I can reach out and you'll be there, right next to me. Step by step. Now that... We're finally a little closer, I can afford to be a little more patient.*

He almost took a step back from her. The look in her eyes was too warm, almost... glittering.

- *You're still a little scary with all this affection and stuff. I mean, really.*
- *We'll have to talk about that. You can't be scared of me. It's... counterproductive. I love you, so...*
- *Umm, let's just go to sleep, shall we? I'm still a bit confused with all this.*

Not one to be easily discouraged, Alex embraced her brother in a show of pure, non-sexual affection. Or at least, it would be such, if her more than sizeable, soft breasts weren’t in the way.

- *Excuse me for a bit. I feel so good... like this. So safe. Calm. Did you know I never felt like this before? Security was... impossible. But I knew it that if I took my chances with you... I could feel happy.*
- *Geez, Alex. I already told you to stop hyping this... Affection between us so much. It's not that special.*
- *Actually, it kinda is... Plus, it's your fault for being so loveable.*
- *I haven't even done anything!*  
- *I love you. I want to keep hugging you and touching you until Mother gets back and we have to hide in order to do it. It'll certainly be exciting.*
- *... I think we should really just try to sleep on this first instead. Separately.*
- *All right. I'll... do as you ask this time. But, you'll... you'll have to hug me from now on, because I'm your sister.*
- *You're using the sister moniker again as you wish and when it suits you.*
- *I'm a girl, after all. We're manipulative bitches like that.*

He chuckled.

- *Indeed.*
They went to the bed. Surprisingly, Gary felt comfortable changing into his sleeping clothes as his sister did the very same thing, at the very same time, in the very same room. They lay down, her in her bed, him in the sleeping bag. She extended her hand and felt the sensation of safety and comfort return to her when he grabbed it gently.

[“Why did I have to wait for long so something so simple? I feel like some underachiever… but at last… at least this, Gary is finally okay with at least this. And we did the thing I wanted to do the most, so it’s okay. Maybe it was even worth the wait…”]

Slowly, she drifted away to sleep.

Her dreams were calm, for the rare occasion. No sex scenes. No dreams of Gary or any other man rejecting her. No dreams of a woman telling her she either would be good boyfriend material if she was a boy, due to her dick alone, or a lesbian telling her if she “cuts it off”, they may become romantically involved. No dreams of non-existant father telling her she’s a freak, or the memory of Mother bathing her with a somewhat wrong expression evolving into a somewhat scarring scene of badmouthing.

Just a few gentle ones about lying by the lake or walking through grass. Alone. During the second dream she had that night, she saw a silhouette on a horizon. One so familiar she had to smile. But there was nothing scary or wrong about these dreams.

She didn’t have nightmares often, she just had nightmares more often than calm dreams like these. Most of nights, she just dreamt about nothing.

In the morning, she woke up first. She reminded herself they only had about two and a half days left before her mother returned. The spot next to her on the bed was empty, though it wouldn’t be big enough to fit another person without a lot of close snuggling, anyway. It’s the emptiness that was annoying.

However, for the first time…

Alex supported herself onto her hands and crawled to the left of her bed.

There was a sleeping bag there. It was full. She smiled.
[“Okay, Alex. Three. Deep. Breaths. You can’t do naughty stuff in the morning. You’re supposed to figure things out.”]

Slowly, she crawled off her bed and next to him.

[“On all things holy, he’s so tempting. Is it even possible to find someone so attractive regardless of how other people see them? I want him so much. I’ve wanted him for years. It’s… kind of calmer, now, but I guess, with a morning erection, it’s a high-risk situation. And a temptation I already fell for.”]

One. Two. Three breaths.

[“I’m allowed to do this.”]

Leaning over him, his hair disheveled, his eyes closed, breathing regular and slightly shallow, she placed a kiss on his forehead. He stirred.

- Wake up, sleepyhead.

He opened his eyes. He seemed a bit scared the first moment upon seeing her, but she must’ve had an expression good enough to calm him down.

- Good morning.
- Good morning. You seemed scared there for a moment. Am I still... making you uneasy?
- Not all that much. For a moment, I thought it was... Susan. Then, I wondered what we did yesterday that we’re in the same room, and finally, why are you here looming over me. But everything seemed all right, so... sorry if that hurt you or anything.
- No, I guess I deserve it a bit. I’m just glad... It wasn’t as I thought. Do you want to get up? I could watch you sleep and wake you up later...
- Watch me sleep?
- You don’t trust me?
- Remember what happened the last time we had morning wood?

She blushed and stuttered.

[“He is still mad over this.”]

- I... deserved that, but I’m a bit more in control now.
- You know, it's kind of hard not to doubt it just a bit if only one day has passed.
- I... Let’s not talk about it for now, all right? I am sorry, you know? But, that won’t happen now.
- It’s all right, Alex. I didn’t mean to jab, just point that out. I’m good with your around.
- Do you want to get up now?
- You missed the part with morning wood?
- It’s nothing I’ve never seen before. On you or me.
- You wanna make me mad?
- No, for a change I want to get you out of the bed.
- That’s a fair point.
- Isn’t it?

The two of them kept the conversation good-natured, with Alex smiling the whole time and Gary alternating between half-smirks and “I’m-fighting-a-smile” expressions.
On the other hand...

I’m getting up, I’m getting up just fine!

She chuckled gently as he quickly brought himself out of the sleeping bag, with him watching her own brother’s barely-covered form with hungry, impressionable eyes.

Then, he noticed, and her smile got wider… and dirtier.

I’m innocent, it’s you who got up and started to change.

You’re a dirty, dirty sister.

Yesss, veery.

Care to not look at me? Maybe change yourself?

You know you’re digging your own grave here?

I do. Can we… return to the point where I was in the sleeping back and we were all jokes and smiles?

Anything for you. I’ll go downstairs and start making us breakfast, and I’ll change later. Make yourself comfortable.

She ran down the stairs, laughing.

[“Well... I guess that settles it. He’s being cute and sweet... not getting angry. And I'm pretty much in love again. It's... really been a long way getting here, but I have to admit it to myself, too. If this isn't worth trying... What is? And he's... he's almost... available. He’s fine with me teasing. He’s fine with my jokes. He didn’t freak out at staring or waking up with a kiss. I love it. I love him!”]

She grabbed the knife still laughing. Of course, probably she should’ve been careful and it was a stupid thing to do, not to mention careless and dangerous, but, thanks to dumb luck, Alex wasn’t meant to hurt herself anytime soon.

She calmed down moments later, trying to remember what exactly would her brother like for breakfast. He walked down, already in his clothes, and she turned around stuffing a sandwich into his mouth. Reflexively, he took a bite as she beamed him a smile before taking another bite herself.

Want some eggs? Cereal?

I’m in mood for something not-sweet today, you know.

Oh, the irony.

Hmmm?

How about we make noodles? You get them and do some water, I’ll find some eggs and maybe a bit of meat and it’ll be a decent breakfast.

Sis, you’re reading my mind.

Am I not? You should probably say something really nice about me now. Something that’ll make me giggle and tingle and laugh like mad.

“You’ll make a good wife someday”?

Precisely! You’re reading my mind!

Seems like it works both ways.

They got to making the breakfast straight away, and though it was just something simple, Alex was enjoying their renewed synchronization in the kitchen. They had it since kindergarten, and it was all good memories back then. Except, now, she really wanted to trade some kisses while running about… like they almost did two and a half years ago. But she knew she had to control herself, at least for now.
So, no coffee then, hmmm?
To be honest, I had a good night’s sleep, so I don’t need any. Maybe some tea in an hour or half.
What do you know, I’ve slept well, too. Maybe we should do it more often together.

Gary swallowed his food calmly, but you could already tell some of the mood was lost. He seemed a bit down, somehow, as he spoke.

Could we... talk a little? Like, in the afternoon or something?
We can always talk.
I’m... worried. About us. About our sister-brother bond and... such concepts.
What do you mean? Is there something wrong? I haven’t done anything wrong again, have I?
No, I mean… we joke about morning woods, we make breakfast together like some couple with an odd atmosphere, we tell each other who we see as attractive, or even in what ways we are… attractive to one another, we share moments of gratification and now... Well, we’re here. After almost having sex. There’s definitely something wrong with us as siblings.
We prepared breakfast together since kindergarten. We’re probably the only pair of siblings in the world who complete each other in the kitchen... Not to mention other places.
That’s kind of trivial.
I know, I just want... I want you to lighten up. I screwed something by saying we should be sleeping together, didn’t I?
It’s all right, Alex, we would have to discuss it sooner or later.
How about later, then?
Hmm?
For now, I just want to… enjoy you. As a sibling, I mean. It was such a long time since we could have fun and just chat and... and anything. You have an idea how much I missed you, right?
I can imagine based solely on the fact...
That you missed me.

They just looked at one another for a short time.

[“I want to kiss him, but… Delay gratification, delay gratification…”]

You’re too good at reading the mind stuff. I suppose I’ll never have enough time to apologize for leaving you here like that nor that I kind of regret not solving things...
Stop being so down and moody! I just want you to smile. If you smile at me, all is forgiven. If you hug me, I’m happy.
Geez, you can be a bit too simple at times.
You used to occasionally enjoy me acting like this.
Because it’s hard not to find it fun and not to smile at it!
That’s why I do it. Not to mention, really, with you around, it’s hard not to be cheerful and simple about it.
I’m grateful that I... wait, that’s flirting, right?
Damn, I shouldn’t have said that.
Still, I’d like to talk about it in the afternoon. Seriously. For now, we can postpone it. Mother doesn’t return until... Halfway through the day after tomorrow? No, even one day further than that. We should have it all sorted out by then.
And then, again...there isn’t much time until you leave, either?
Now, I have more reasons to visit more frequently. If you want to, we can put some money together to occasionally have you visit Ca...
That’s still serious stuff for the future. I want to visit. Often. I want you to visit. Often. That’s all for now, okay?
Sure, Sis. Sure. You’re really in a good mood.
It was a huge day yesterday. I’m all pumped up. Most of all, it doesn’t seem like we’ll be fighting anymore. Things are clearer for me.

Soon, they finished the breakfast chat and went jogging again. When they returned, Gary decided to actually take some time to review a few things from the university. Alex gave him some time to do so before taking interest. Surprisingly, she caught on quickly, if not as quickly as her brother. Her somewhat average days seemed to be over.

I’m not surprised, Sis. I thought I’ll have to add academic smarts to your list of good traits some day, and the day has come, I guess.
I’ll... have to start taking those things seriously soon, too. So, is your life on your own uni going good?
Well, I’m doing quite well academically. Socially, it has its ups and downs, I guess. I don’t have many friends, but some are quite good guys. I’ve also... met Susan. And...
Ummm, Gary...
It’s okay. I’m fine. I’ll... get over it eventually. It’s more like... well, at times, here, with you, it’s hard not to remember her. I just wasn’t thought of as attractive often, and she said a few things you at times do, though in a different way, I guess.
I just don’t want to see you reminiscing about sad things. Are you sure you’re fine? Not grieving anymore?
Just a bit. The time for sadness has to pass eventually, and some things have to be... accepted. At least, I seem to have gotten in touch better with my family...
Mhm...
And my sister. My precious and important sister. That’s what you were waiting for, right? So, how about you?
I’ve gotten well with a few people... made up with Lachlan, though it took a long time... But he is a great friend, and helped me, even recently, so...
Have you ever considered that you two may...
Well, I did, once. And I screwed up, it didn’t go well, and that’s part of why we nearly lost our friendship. But it’s okay now.
I just kind of hoped you might find someone who’d make you happy.
I have someone like that...
Alex, I’ve said it before. I know we... we easily went from re-meeting as a brother and sister to talking about stuff and all the way until we masturbated... got off... together, and all, but that just marks the fact that our family bond has been corrupted, and there’s something... something wrong with it... Not just because of you, but because of me, as well... Something wrong happened to us.

Alex looked him in the eyes, sighed, moved closer, and spoke.

I guess it’s time for seriousness. Gary. It’s true we’re different from many siblings. It’s true something happened between us, and to our bond as family... But it wasn’t corruption, or damage, or destruction. I cannot, will not, and refuse to see it as “wrong”. And for a while now, we’ve had minor trouble establishing, and I had a lot of trouble understanding, why you do.
You keep saying that, but these are the facts. I know of no modern countries were relations between blood-related siblings would be normal.
Because it seems to never reach you! I... got hurt. By my feelings for you. For the longest
time, they often hurt. But, it was worth it, because… do you know how happy I get simply by knowing I can be the reason you smile or laugh? Do you know how happy I get simply by having you acknowledge something about me? Not to mention actual affection. Your touches set me aflame in the best of ways and I get all tingly inside from just a hug. And that’s because I’m your sister and a woman who loves you. For a long time, I loved you as a man, and in my eyes, it’s a good thing. Something natural. It’s hard to believe anyone could be dearer to me than you.

- But… I hurt you! And I wasn’t even trying at any point to… make you feel like that…
- I’m not a dumb girl, but I always knew one thing. You never TRIED to hurt me, and imagine how happy I’d be if you eventually actually TRIED, again, to make me feel this way.
- Still, because of all this… I feel like such a bastard, and still, we did something so…

Alex shrugged.

- For what I did without asking... I apologize. For what we did together... It was pleasant. Joyful. Great.
- Well, it was not terrible. But, as a result, you felt... tantalized. You wanted more, and ended up trying to... well, take it. I'm still not sure how you felt back then, honestly.

She pursed her lips to the side.

- There was a... somewhat... Intoxicating but morally sickening feeling. Like I was getting something I deserved. Something that should be mine. But beyond that... I know it’ll sound incredibly cliche, when a girl says that. But, when we... were connected... I, for the first time, felt like I was slowly starting to become complete. Like I was touching something... incredibly emotionally fulfilling. Reason why it got so far and I lost control so much was because, to me, I was just connecting to my most beloved person in the best, most intimate of ways while providing my body with much needed release. It feels like... If I didn’t force it, if we could do it mutually, together, by our own will, at our own pace, it could... It could fix something I'm struggling with, even. A psychological problem of sorts. It feels like I might really feel *complete*, whole.

*His eyes opened wider, especially at the “psychological problem” part.*

- ...Seriously?

She simply smiled warmly at him.

- Yes, seriously.
- If you put it that way, make it seem like... something good happened, I guess it makes sense why you would pursue it like that.

Suddenly, his sister leaned in. He blinked, but when he felt her mouth on his, he just released a sound in surprise. It sounded strangely like a stifled moan.

- A...Alex?
- You seemed so nervous...
- That’s not the precisely best way to make me less nervous, you know.
Actually, it might be.

What do you mean?

I... I don’t say this to tease you. I don’t say this to affect your judgment, or any of your decisions, nor to make you unobjective about this, and neither do I expect it to immediately tip the scales, but hear me out.

All right. I'm listening.

I’ve kissed a few people in my life. And touched them. And stuff. But I wasn't whoring myself out, exactly. Well, there was a time I almost was, but it was short, and mostly helped me pick certain things up. When it comes to these things, I'm pretty observant. Good at watching their reactions or reading their reflexes upon such contact. Might have something to do with me having sharp senses or maybe it’s just my kind of “smart”. You see, I also met with many reactions, and in time, I’ve easily read them. Shock, surprise, revulsion at times... I can make out your reaction, too. I’m not sure you realize this, Gary, but at times when you forget yourself or... or it's playful, or just a brother-sister thing, or even when you relax and experiment with me... I want you to know that I’ve never once been able to pick up your reaction as negative. Never. Quite the opposite, and it started on that night we kissed two and a half years ago. Your body’s reactions are always positive, unless and until you catch yourself, then, you forcefully try to detach yourself and make yourself regret this. But the very first move, the instinct, without any interference... You kiss me back, or your body leans into mine, less than mine does into yours, but, well...You never withdraw, are never repulsed, not at your... core. At times, you caught yourself doing this and at these moments you’ve gotten scared and pushed me away, but...

But on an instinctual level, I either test the waters, completely give in, or downright cooperate... Because my 'my sister' doesn't deactivate the 'alluring' side for me. Because your body went all the way from attractive to bedazzling... Desirable. And because emotionally we're, well... Close. Just close.

It was his turn to sigh and shake his head.

I... I see. I get it now.

He hung his head a little lower. She stroked his hair, letting him take the information in.

There’s no shame in acknowledging it. It’s just a step on the way. You already said it once, now just try and accept it fully.

Accepting it is one thing. Dealing with it... that’s not something we can deal with.

It is, Brother.

But, how?

We can just work this out slowly, act like some chastity-sworn couple or whatever. Or we can try being... A little more open. Direct. Flirty. As if we are indeed just... testing the waters. Even literally, like showering together. Only no completely losing control or stuff of that sort this time. Promise.

He inhaled sharply, trying to not get a choking, surprised response this time.

Almost feels like I still want to chalk it up to me mishearing.

Wouldn't pass. I know your hearing's pretty good. You know, for the argument you brought up earlier... It's actually all right for family to bathe together.

Even so... If it’s you and I, it’s too risky.
For you or for me? Which one of us is at risk?
Both, I guess...
And is that so bad? At least we’ll be sure. If you start anything, you see me as a woman, at last. If I do, you can stop me, and I’ll be an obedient sister. And if either of us does and we keep going, that’s just more exploration.
.. It's something to consider. It may be a completely wrong and crazy thing to consider, but...
It’s the most natural, right and desired thing for me. So, I guess the vote is one to one, and all I have to do is make you waver.
Nah. No wavering. Just let me... get used to the idea a little before we decide for one way or the other.
Didn’t even have to try with the wavering thing.
Chapter Summary

All one of them needs is proof. And then, all they both need is the removal of doubt.

Whether you take tiny steps to get closer, or giant leaps to fall into one another's embrace, to Alex, you're still going the right way.

There were a lot of ways for a girl to exude sexuality, lots of types of sexual aura to present to someone else and lots of body and attractiveness types, as well as relationship types, that made certain types of provocativeness or temptation more or less effective if a particular woman did it.

Alex knew two things about her relationship with Gary on a romantic and sexual level. One was that her attitude of naturally assuming closeness and the naturalness of what might happen between them whenever her lust was flared was flawed. That it simply didn't work, not years ago, not now, no matter how eager the concept made her or how natural such desires and passionately, almost roughly following through with them felt to her.

The other was that she never actually attempted to build up the same natural closeness in Gary. That she never took the advantage of being close to him in a way that would generate the feeling of safety and natural intimacy she felt almost all the time thanks to him.

Long story short, she never presented herself sufficiently as the cosy, warm, safe, comforting and natural-to-be-there option, despite having all the best assets for it - especially nowadays with how naturally provocative and 'juicy' her body has become.

She deeply believed this was the style of slow-burn, natural attraction and temptation that Gary presented to her almost just by existing, but that she still needed to work for due to their broken trust. She also deeply believed that this sort of intimacy most easily built up between people who had a natural bond strengthened by years of knowing one another. Good long time friends, comfort-seeking homestay couples, childhood friends slowly evolving into something more...

And siblings. Or, well, close family. Assuming they were the type that would ever consider fucking one another, that is.

Which is why she wasn't going to go for shock value or overflowing sex appeal in this instance. It was their test time, time to see if, and just how much, Gary could desire her. But it was not just
whether or not her body could give him a boner - this much they have figured out by now.

No. It was about whether he could get sexually excited by the proximity of, and while being comfortable with, his sister.

So she went for the simplest sort of tantalization possible, not the most forward. A simple, slightly low-cut crop top, no bra underneath, mostly zipped up hoodie on top of it, and stretchy close-fitting pants, almost yoga style.

It would all be worth that much less if she had to pretend to get him interested.

Of course, the level of affection or physical contact supplied didn't have to be completely platonic, or devoid of a more sensual or direct sexuality.

Alex knew as much when she tapped the seat next to her, ready for a movie marathon with her brother dearest, and wrapping an arm around Gary to let him feel how warm she was - and just a little in terms of how soft she was, given the side of her prominent breast would oh-so-gently come into contact with him.

Gary didn't uncomfortably seek to escape this time, because there was nothing to escape. It was just his sister, being actually a lot more welcoming and a lot less pushy than usual. So he also wrapped an arm around her and they gently reclined on the sofa while watching.

Later into the movie, Gary finally spoke up.

- We're watching this one because it has a brother-sister kiss scene, aren't we?
- Yes. But also because I know you like it.
- They don't end up together, though.
- Mhm. That's why it's called science-FICTION, bro.
- You sassy twat!

She giggled at that before continuing.

- In the old times, people in the fandom claim they should be able to figure out some of their connection just by intuition, let alone with all the supersensory powers the protagonist develops.
- And you think they should've continued to explore once they hit upon that magic kiss moment?
- Not really. Or rather, not necessarily. For her, both her brother and her final love interests are new. Wild cards, new elements, something to explore, something she doesn't know. But she kisses the protagonist first as a reward for his good morals, for his standard bravery, as opposed to the love interests roguish charm and rampant swashbuckler attitude towards putting himself and sometimes others in danger. The moment the love interest develops a mix of traits of who he originally was with the good traits she 'rewarded' with a kiss to her brother... She falls for him. Genuinely. So I don't exactly identify with that, though I think it's well written.

- You went pretty deep there... But I think you're right. Even if it makes the 'princess' seem a bit selfish when you put it like that.

- Does it? A relationship is also about responding to one another's needs. And about seeking to better both yourself and the person you're with in a natural manner. She wasn't forcing a rogue to become a judge, a lawyer, a doctor. She helped push him from being a selfish reckless rogue to being one royal to friends. A heroic version of himself.

The kiss scene did come of course. And Alex couldn't help herself but place her lips on her brother's cheek when it happened.

He glanced at her, but didn't scold her or pull away. So she instead pushed forwards. Gently but obviously. Her soft tits almost spilled out of her hoodie's front as she sprawled them against his arm and the side of his chest, heating things up as she kissed his neck this time, a longer press of her lips that left a clear mark there.

He was still not resisting, so she moved forwards. Moved up.

- Oh... I see.

- Mhm? - Alex implied he should continue while kissing his cheek, tapping it once with her tongue, and moving towards her brother's earlobe.

- I am not the lost-brother-protagonist to your 'princess'.

- Hu-hmm? - She still wasn't saying anything in particular, and instead started nibbling and sucking on his earlobe while pressing her soft body against his, and warming him up.

- We're raised together. It doesn't make sense. That movie's not us. If anything, you're closer to... Geez, Alex!

Her tongue was tracing his ear's outside above what she was nibbling and sucking, and she even poked the opening with it.

- Keep talking honey. The nerd's not cooling anything down, contrary to what you might expect. But I am listening.

- Right. So, in this case, a closer comparison would be, uh...
She was rolling her tongue along his ear still. Leaving him feeling wet and sticky.

- Mhm-hmmm...

- That you're the rogue to my, ah, princess.

Alex hummed gently in his ear, stroking his other cheek while she moved down to suck on his neck again.

- I DO have the dick for it...

Gary snickered and lightly swatted her rear.

- You're impossible.

She looked up at him hungrirely, lustfully... But it was just embers, sizzling hotly but not consuming nothing. There was a softness to her gaze he rarely saw when she actively tried to make them have sex.

- What can I say. Your analysis is very well. Indeed, I think you could... Make me a better version of me. You're perhaps the only one that could.

Gary looked at his sister, then closed his eyes and leaned in. The kiss was gentle, tender. Mutual. She didn't know who started it, but it definitely happened. And it was affectionate, but not very... Sibling style.

She was pulled in close, but just when she thought they were gonna make out or more, she was turned around instead, and Gary pulled them both down to recline, her as the little spoon this time. Their bodies were still pressed together, warming them up.

- If your breasts did any more invading there, I'd have to call NATO and name this a hostile attack.

- They were not hostile!

- A propaganda filled takeover of dangerous ideology.

- I guarantee they would make good reforms, too.

- I bet they had a few good ideas, but the world's at large not ready or in need of IKT party yet.

- IKT?

- Illicit Kinship Titology. Or Tantalizing. I don't know really.

- I do have a butt too, you know.
- I do. But you will not move it. Not now yet, at least.

- How secure the Garyland feels, with the members of the IKT imprisoned by the borders.

- You won't do it today until it feels we're both ready. Not just until it feels you should.

She closed her eyes. Her sigh was... Happy. A good one.

It wasn't that he was in full defense mode. He was actually helping her, in a way. He read her intentions and stopped her, colloquially speaking, from blowing her load early.

- You know how the princess tells the rogue at the end that she loves her brother, without explaining the details and that he actually is her brother and all?

- Yeah. I am afraid we know these movies too well by now.

- That part, I can wholeheartedly identify with.

He didn't answer. Just squeezed her.

Close but tender.

Perhaps this was enough.

Hours later, that picture of cuteness was slightly different. Sloppier, sleazier, and with their fingers covered in spices from the small pack of chips they had and the fried chicken they ordered.

- A character must have an arc, and the plot twist should have a foreshadowing of sorts. It's common knowledge!

- Not if the character's main purpose is to affect the world around him, not grow up into them. And I feel like, in the case of important twists, the writer's allowed a single asspull as long as it is soaked with enough emotion for the characters and viewers, and enough push to drive the plot forward. It's bad if the whole plot is just asspulls though.

The took his palm in her hand and gently suckled the crumbs and leftover spice off of his digits while using her other hand to feed him the last piece of the chicken.

He accepted. They were, physically, way too close already anyway. And if he was fighting it now he'd just look like he was pretending or forcibly pushing her away based on false premises.
Only she didn't stop when he ate the chicken.

Gently, ever slowly, and not too deeply she pressed her own digits against his lips. She rubbed then in a circular motion, teasingly - Gary thought with the expression Alex had, it looked like the way some girls teased a vagina's clit and lips in a circular motion, and in this case it'd be very much the girl's own.

Her eyes and mouth opened wider in admiration and sexually-charged anticipation when she teased his lips open and slid her fingers inside. She massaged his tongue with light motions, almost undulating, until she got him to lick her fingers clean. And she watched it all from up close.

When she finally pulled her fingers out of his mouth, Gary knew his sister was a little too far gone at that point, and that her breasts, sprawled across him once more, were invading practically all the personal space of his own chest. And then neck when she moved forwards and tilted his head up, lips open in the same anticipation she showed when she, tenderly and gently, but nevertheless practically finger-fucked his mouth and tongue.

- You make me so hot... - Alex whispered.

It was the last thing she said before their lips locked in an embrace. He almost remembered this style of kissing. Alex' tongue was forward, demanding, and eager, sliding into his mouth as if trying to claim it. More than ever before, it felt like it was trying to tell Gary how she felt for a long time rather than how horny she was now.

More than ever before his lips and tongue reciprocated.

Their fingers intertwined with arms spread to the sides. This time she wasn't holding his palms down and forcing the kiss.

They were just holding hands to lock more of their bodies with one another.

They poked one another in the stomach insistently. With their arms on the sides, it didn't take a genius to figure out what was that about.

Eventually she leaned back up.

- So hot, I must've already made us BOTH so sweaty and sticky with that heat, mhmm.
He struggled to catch his breath. This girl knew how to catch a man off guard with how assertive she could get when making out.

And she was his sister. That left him extra breathless.

She was chuckling teasingly when she stood up from his prone form, then extended a palm down to him as in offering.

- *I think at this point we could both use a shower, mhmm?*

Truth be told, at that point he was pretty sure something was entirely wrong with her thought processes...

With his thought process. With where this was going.

How exactly did they go from figuring out how to not ruin their relationship as siblings to... This?

[“This is too unreasonable. Even for her. I’m sure if I just speak to her and make her see it, she’ll…”]

Gary's rational mind was still rumbling. When it found a moment to analyze his senses' input being given to it, he realized she was already holding his hand and leading him to the bathroom. Which meant he took her hand. Stood up. And followed her.

["... Fuck. "]

It didn't take long for Alex to get out of her clothes. She was wearing clothes meant for comfiness and not anything flashy, after all. The sexiest things she had on was a crop top with an extra cut for a bit of cleavage and her panties, which were mismatched with her top of course, but had a nice lacy texture and ever so tenderly accentuated the curves of her buttocks.
Gary’s eyes darted to the side, but it was inevitable really. His own sister was in front of him, first topless, then apparently about to get nakednaked, ready to put the shower on for herself and her brother.

He, on the other hand, was lost for words.

- *I never said bathing together is… you’re… I mean, democratic vote… I never said that…*

He was struggling to find words. She just turned back to face him and pulled his shirt up unceremoniously, starting to help him get naked as if ignoring his opinion. When she managed to get him topless, she leaned in and pressed her breasts against him, a huge smile beaming on her face.

- *Is that enough to make you waver, or should I try to make up some arguments to appeal to your rational side?*

His mouth opened, his lips trembled, his jaw closed, and then hung open again, but he was rendered completely speechless. From bashful and apologetic to straightforward, aggressive, demanding even in half a minute.

[“That’s Alex for you.”]

- *I see… Democratic votes through, and counted. That’s one “yes” for shower together and one undecided.*

She started to take off her underwear. In contrast with her comfy, very mildly 'slobby' look, this time, she had panties and those were definitely made for a woman, although nothing outrageously sensual, straightforward, or revealing. Though, something was revealed by them, all right - the head of her cock was peeking out of the hem of her underwear. The hairless member wasn’t flaccid, but it didn’t sport a full erection anymore, either.

- *Remember to not spread yourself out in the shower too much, bro. I’m a big girl, and we’ll crash into each other’s personal space if you stay like that.*

[“Why the hell am I putting up with it? Surely it can’t be just because she’s already naked!”]

Pulling the shower curtain away, Alex stepped into the cabin and held her hand out to her brother to invite him inside.
It's been years since we bathed together! You're free to be hesitant on washing one another, though, but whichever parts you want me to, I'll soap up and clean up for you.

He was still quiet. She chuckled.

Come on, don’t be shy. I've already touched everywhere, haven’t I?

Still quiet.

Oh, I get it. It’s about me touching your butt or something.
A… Alex, what the hell…
Well, I’m already in the shower, so… It’s kind of late to decide you don’t like it after all. Boys should be more decisive, I’m sure Mother and Uncle told you that often. And now, you’re a man, so you should be even more quicker and firmer with decisions.
We’d be naked. Together. In a tight space. After all of this… seems fairly insane to me.
Oh, if two siblings washing each other is insane, whatever passes for normal these days…

He blushed from head to toe. Alex stepped aside to give him space to get inside.

Come on, get in. You'll get cold.

He raised an eyebrow at that.

You know, that argument wouldn't fly at all if you didn't take off my shirt.
It’s not my fault a sneak attack was so effective. Come on, I’m really talking only about washing here!
Oh, really?
Well, getting a chance to touch your body may play some part into it, but I’ll be a good girl. And you’ll get to touch me all you want in return, so it’s fair.
It’s you overdoing things again, that’s what it is!
I’ll have to hug you until you calm down if you keep shouting at me, Gary. And it'll be super awkward. Because I'm naked. And we just both had boners.

He sighed heavily and took his pants off already.

I still think this is pretty unreasonable.
Okay, I’m gonna hug you if you want it, just don’t kick me.
That wasn't a shout.
Oh, I know. I'm just fishing for you to make more mistakes here.

With this, he stepped under the shower. Alex was all too eager to help him get in, tenderly pulling him along on the final step. They ended up close to each other and looking at each other’s face when he regained balance thanks to the support of her body. He was blushing furiously, but her smile was
honest and serene.

- If you’re really uncomfortable with this, I will leave. If you feel like I should be punished and you have to spank me for doing this, then I will...
- You’re… making it worse.
- Hey, Gary...
- ...
- I love you, you know?
- Me… I also…
- I know. Is it okay if we take a shower together?
- It’s a bit late to be asking this, you bully.
- Ah, yes, we’re already doing it. That’s my smart brother for you. So, about that washing each other part…
- My hair. I always wash my hair and let the water go down my back before washing it… I tend to vary on whether I do it before or after washing the front, so if you were hoping to grope me…
- Touching your hair is fine. Your back, too… If you let me.
- And after that, I suppose you’ll have me wash you.
- It’s only fair, isn’t it? There are a few places hard to reach. And I can think of at least one place you will want to wash even though I can reach it.

She loved it when it appeared he could blush no more, but when she was able to make him do it anyway.

- A… Alex…
- It’s fine. It’s all right.
- If Santa existed, you’d never get a proper present for Christmas after the last week.
- I’d be fine getting coal. You’d always share your sweets.
- … How come I’m not getting coal?
- You jealous? Fine, then. We’d both get coal and play until we’re so dirty Mom shouts at us. And then, we’d take a shower together. Now, that we finally got to that bathroom scene… You can turn your back to me. Don’t step too far away, or I’ll get insecure. You know how clingy I get when I’m insecure, so you’d just be making things worse.
- Damn blackmail.

She chuckled gently as she grabbed the shampoo and started to rub it into his hair.

- You know what I’m going to say now?
- Of course I do. We’re twins.
- Could you say it for a change, then?
- I’m very surprised at how easily you can go back to demanding mode once you feel like you can get what you want with enough pushing...
- You can ask me whatever you want in return. You know that.
- How about I ask that you leave me alone, for, like…
- You won’t ask for that.
- …
- We’re twins, so I know.
- You know, us, showering like that…
- Uh-huh?
She kissed his collarbone and felt him shiver under the sensation. She withdrew and started to sing quietly as she rubbed his hair.

- *I've been a bad, bad girl...*

He was about to confirm that vocally before he noticed the melodic tone. He listened, instead.

- *I've been careless with a delicate man... And it's a sad, sad world...*

She started to rub the front of his head with the shampoo now. He had to admit, he enjoyed the gentle motions.

- *...When a girl will break a boy just because she can...*

She was just about finished. A few stanzas later, she equally gently tilted his head back, so the shampoo would run only down his back.

- *Oh help me but don't tell me to deny it... I've got to cleanse myself of all these lies 'till I'm good enough for him...*

["I don't know that one, but it does seem oddly fitting...”]

- *I've got a lot to lose and I'm bettin' high... So I'm begging you...*

His hair was clear. She stepped front a bit to look at his face with her body bent forward, and run a finger down his back meaningfully, as if to ask for permission, still singing.

- *...Before it ends just tell me where to begin...*

She started to soap up her hands right after he nodded. Two verses later, he felt her touch again.

- *And I need to be redeemed, To the one I've sinned against...*

He shivered. It wasn’t right, but he knew he wasn’t going to stop her.

- *...Because he's all I ever knew of love...*

She placed her mouth against his shoulder again, silencing herself as she seemingly revelled in the feel of his skin under her fingers.

[“Smooth on the outside, but there’s definitely muscle in there. As always, but he’s harder than usual. The skin is coarser, too. I guess that’s the difference between a boy and a man... But, Gary is Gary, so... a boner will pop up sooner or later... My boner, I mean. The female parts are already... reacting... What counts as a ladyboner for me? Just when I get one from the female side, or any excitement at all?”]

- *Yes?*
- *You stopped singing. That means you’re focusing on something else.*
I’m thinking dirty thoughts. Want to give me some feedback, or just hear them out?
Sis, please…
If you ever went to a body-to-body massage saloon… I’d pay every girl there the full charge just to be able to be the one who gives it to you…
Alex!
I’m sorry. I guess I’m too vocal about this. Can I wash you lower, too? I’ll get a boner if I do.
N…no, then.
I’ll get a boner sooner or later, anyway. Heck, if we were in the shower a little earlier, I’d be getting in with one.
I presumed as much. But still, no.
It’s your turn then.
If… If I wash your body, too, then…
It’s natural.

He turned to face her. He seemed to relax by the minute, or rather, forcing himself to calm down. He got the soap over his hands and prepared to start, but his blush was reignited when she pushed her chest forward, awaiting his touch eagerly.

It… feels wrong when you do that.
It’s a reflex. I probably couldn’t stop it even if I wanted to. Why would I want to, though? I get to feel… more of your touch.

Slowly, he started with her neck, but, inevitably, he was going down.

His hands stopped, looming over the gorgeous mountains of soft flesh that most women would be proud to call “their breasts”.

[“Really, when did she even… get those… You can’t grow so much in two and a half years!”]

His blush couldn’t get redder, so he just swallowed hard.

[A\“You know you wanna. You want to touch me. You want to touch your sister.”\A]

[GI\“Why, again, am I so eager to do this? These are just breasts. Skin, fat, blood vessels, probably some muscle and lactation glands inside. This isn’t erotic. IT ISN’T EROTIC.”/G]

He slowly rubbed his soaped-up hands over her chest. She let out a happy gasp as her body instinctively moved to let her breasts enjoy his hands more, the palms and fingers nearly melting into the soft flesh.

[GI\“IT’S EROTIC AS FUCK. I’M GOING TO HELL FOR THIS.”/G]

His hands washed her gently, then slightly less gently. Then, they stopped washing, and begun touching, then exploring.

Alex looked into his eyes.

[GI\“It’s erotic as fuck.”/G]
His hands stopped what could still be called “exploring” and started caressing, instead. His sister was no longer just looking at him. She was putting him on fire with her left eye and trying to devour him with her right. Or maybe it was the other way around. He was more focused on her breasts at that point.

Somehow, he didn’t notice that she was tilting over and leaning into him, forcing him to step back and lean away as he continued to cup and fondle under the pretense of washing, until he was forced against the wall. They were both panting heavily at the moment, and at least one of those sounds was one filled with need.

Her lips pouted as she leaned further forward. Closer. Closer.

[“It’s impossible for me to withdraw or for her to get closer. If she does, our heads are going to touch, so… Oh, right…”]

Her lips pressed against his as she held his hands, pushing them into her chest. He let her tongue into his mouth after a few moments, Gary’s higher brain functions shut off for a moment as he let the pure heat and want his sister radiated soak into him. She lightly moaned into the kiss, eager for even more.

Curiously, it was Alex who broke the contact, and stepped away. Water cleaned her breasts of the foam and soap. As if her look wasn’t enough, she gave him a “come here” gesture.

[“I’m naked. With a girl. With a woman. With a very sexy woman. Under a shower. The doors are locked. There’s no one in the house. How, again, did this happen? How was that something innocent again?”]

His body didn’t share his doubts as he stepped towards her. Her hand reached for his as he tried to run his fingers over the wider ones of her nipples again, and gently grabbed him. The other hand, she put on his shoulder and his neck.

- L... lick them. Suck them.
- So much about just washing one another.
- Look at them. They’re not tasty enough? Or should they grow lips and openly beg to be kissed?
- That’d be a new one... Come on, Sis. This is... a little...
- A healthy boy would have long since tried his mouth on my breasts. You are healthy enough, which means you’re holding back, and it’s bad for your body.

She shifted and jiggled her breasts in a hypnotizing fashion. His mouth opened on reflex, but she didn’t use force to pull him towards her.

- You’ll suck them, won’t you? They need it so much. They hurt and they need a warm, loving mouth to recover in...
- Sis, you... you’re so hot it’s not even fair...
- You resist so much it’s not even fair.
.. feel like I'm going to go crazy in here.
I know. It's natural.
... it? It's completely new for me. And it feels a little... Off.
Because you resist. You were breastfed, so you know that sucking on full, plump soft breasts is natural. Thinking about it makes me want to lactate so I could bond with you over this...

This pushed him over the edge. He leaned in, and her eyes widened, surprise and satisfaction mixing as she felt her own desire soak into her brother... and then returned by him

As his lips loomed over her nipple, she just sighed, and encouraged him with a slightly throaty sound and a small push on the back of his head.

He did start to suck on her nipple in the earnest, revelling in the feel of his tongue against her smooth skin and the reactions of both the owner of the breasts and the breasts themselves. She gently pulled him towards her breast before starting to simply hold him.

  - That’s right. Suck those needy breasts. They require a good sucking, or they will not settle down.

His hand moved to the other symbol of femininity dominating her chest and upper body, and she squealed in delight as he started to caress it. Her heart was pounding and she wanted to drool and moan and encourage him more aggressively, yet also a part of her wanted to keep her matronly, slightly dominating and mature appearance. So she did.

  - Such a good boy...
  - Mhhh!

He half moaned, half whimpered in protest into her breast, and she shuddered in pleasure.

  - Now I know they’ve been growing just for you, waiting until you do this... Shit, I’m not supposed to be this sensitive if my breasts are so big... You like them that way, don’t you? Makes you want to suck them harder, taste them. It’s so nice of you to notice and want to play with my big lonely boobs...

His mouth left her nipple, and he looked at her.

[Al“God, shit, fuck, damn, Gary...I *love* that look. I never, never, EVER thought I’d get to see those beautiful eyes burning with such need. Did I miss it during our little jerkoff time or did he simply only break and give in now?”/A]

Wordlessly, he moved onto the other breast. Her other hand moved down his body, caressing and groping as he started to lick her nipple.

  - Be a good boy and take it in your mouth, or I’ll be the one doing the spanking.
He obediently opened his mouth and started to suck.

Alex was in complete rapture from having her brother play with her breasts and suck on them. She felt that incredible feeling of closeness and intimacy she desired in sex almost as much as the release itself. He was able to bring it out *without* actual sex, and to her, it was amazing. The look of desire he gave her before made the flames of her own lust burn hotter and the lights of pleasure shine brighter in her mind and her body. She was nearly twisting in rapture in his arms and mouth, both male and female parts of her groin twitching and pulsing with desire.

- *More. Do I need to ask to get more? Say pretty please? Or do I need to suck something as well?*

He bucked wildly as he withdrew from her, his brain finally realizing what apparently was happening. But the distance he could get was minimal, and she wasn’t far away at all.

- *Oh, am, I, I mean, uhhh, crap… Alex, I…*
- *Come on, you were doing so well, too!*
- *I… I got carried away. I’m sorry.*
- *You should apologize for stopping. Come here. Sit down.*

He panted and gasped, realizing he was limiting his breathing to focus on sucking her nipples. Somehow, he wanted to continue.

- *It's all making my brain spin. It's really hard to figure out how far I… I should be going.*
- *That bridge is burned, the damage is done, and now you have to take responsibility. Now, answer honestly, Gary. Did you like it?*

Silence.

- *You can nod if you’re too shy to say it.*
- *Y…I… Um.. Affirmative.*

She chuckled.

- *Now the question is, do you want to keep doing it?*

He gasped and blushed fiercely. With a grin, she proceeded to grab one of her breasts, move it to her mouth, and suck on the hard protrusion. She repeated the action with the other breast, before reaching out for her half-insensate brother and pulling him into an embrace. He felt her soft breasts squish against him, hard nipples poking him. The tip of his erection brushed against hers, and he shivered in shame. But the embrace felt like the most comfortable thing in the world. Alex was built erotically, but was heavier than him, and wider – having both the muscle, in moderation, and the feminine curves – some mild and regular, some in excess. Because of that, even though they were of the same height, it felt like she was something of a matronly figure as she pressed herself against him and him against the wall, or when she showed off up close like that, and he couldn’t lie to himself anymore. He slowly allowed her to pull him down along with herself as she sat down, her soft buttocks spreading on the floor of the shower cabin.
I feel really good, getting touched by you like this, so I want you to feel comfortable. I love seeing you embarrassed and blush and it’s an incredible turn-on to see you give in to something afterwards, but just these feelings of mine aren’t enough to justify making you do something you don’t want to. So… play with them however you want, and if something bothers you, be loud and vocal about it, okay?

Ummm, again, why are… you doing this? It can’t feel THAT good…

She actually giggled a little at that doubt of his.

It does. Emotionally, physically. But, also, I can tell this is something you’d like to indulge in, so I’m letting you because I love you and I want to be touched by you. And because it’s a hell of a turn on to see you getting turned on...

I think you have a mean streak in you somewhere. It feels rather embarrassing for me to be doing this now after all the preaching.

Nobody can see. Nobody knows. Just you and me and my nipples, hard and ready to scream to grab your attention.

She closed her eyes as she finally felt his breath on her breasts.

You can… use a bit of teeth, if that’s your thing.

He didn’t. He kept being gentle, except until he started to suck a bit too intensely. She revelled in it.

“My brother is sucking my breasts. Who’d think. It feels incredible, especially when he plays with the other one as he sucks. It’s like I’m giving in and melting under his touch.”

Her hand slowly moved down. It was literally creeping over him, as if to allow him to voice his protest at any time before reaching its mark.

I love you…

Her hand skillfully handled his erection, pulling on the tip twice to feel the hardness and give him a little stimuli before reaching for his balls.

“He didn’t cum for so long, ever since I tried to… Well… Those must be full. How could I relieve them? Maybe I should really try sucking… Or maybe I should have him come between my breasts. Or maybe another dick-rubbing jerking off session…”

She felt the dark desire stir in her again.

- Come on, you know he’ll only blow it all with a prostate massage. A little prostate stimulation. With your d-i-c-k.-

She sighed.

“I used to like you more when you were more centered on him blowing his jizz into my pussy, you know? Just go away, it’s an intimate moment. Watch, if you have to, but shut up.”

Where was she again?

as bad, incest, wrong and sinful sex in his books? Of course it would. We’re out of options, Gary…”]

Unless, that was, he was ready for said “wrong and sinful” sex.

She continued to roll his balls in her fingers as he sucked her breasts. She looked and saw some precum form at his tip. She wanted a taste.

[“It’d be too much to hope a non-virgin would cum just from sucking my breasts, and it’d probably spill all over the place and waste, so maybe I should ask him how he’d like to blow a… wait, he isn’t sucking anymore. He’s… looking at me.”]

She looked at him and smiled, eyes full of calm, but strong, desire, an erotic look.

- *Come to think of it, Alex… Even at that one time, you nearly always really pay a lot of attention to make sure I enjoy myself whenever we… well… you know.*
- *Play?*
- *I guess you could call it that. The point stands.*
- *Of course. You want to make sure your loved one enjoys himself. Otherwise, you’re just plain bad in bed or relationship, and an egoist.*
- *But that makes me the egoist.*

She cocked her head…

- *Well… Maybe it would, if we were in a relationship. Just maybe. But, right now, I’m seducing you, so…*
- *Get up.*
- *Huh?*
- *Stand up. We’re done with that, so I’d like to repay a certain… favor.*

She stood up. He cocked his head, and looked at her genitals with clear discomfort and unease, but also, a hint of curiosity and something else.

- *You… you’re not… no, you can’t be…*
- *I’ve… rarely done this, as in, I actually did do it when I got to have sex, but that wasn’t so many times and so often, and, well, you’re unique, so sorry about that. If I mess up, I mean.*
- *You’re not telling me that you want to…*

His skin remained fiercely flushed, but looked at her.

- *You’re the one turned on all the time, so I should at least see to it that you get to blow off some steam. Also, if I let you feel this at least once, maybe it’ll be enough to calm you down, so…*
- *I… cannot ask you to do this.*
- *Great, because I was going to do it anyway.*
- *You’re not serious. You’re kidding. Do you want your own twin to go insane?*
- *I’m about to give you some oral sex. I’ll start with the female part, because that’s easy and I know it a bit. Sorry if I can’t handle your cock properly, but I will try. I’ll avoid using my*
teeth, and please, don’t go wild on me, okay?

He leaned in. Her erection throbbed end a bubble of pre formed at the tip. He blushed and pushed the erection to the side, pulling it so that her balls would raise just a little to fully expose her now very wet feminine gash.

- It… looks kind of different.

He moved his face and lips closer again and gave her a gentle lick. Alex’s eyes went wide and she forgot to moan. Another lick, however, and she released an odd sound of pleasure, like if she managed to get rid of a ton of baggage and was suddenly allowed to eat chocolate after a two months long ban immediately after.

[“My brother is kneeling in front of me, touching my cock and licking my pussy. This is heaven.”]

He gently stroked her shaft with the palm of his hand as he dived in, filing her sex with his tongue. She was worried because she hasn’t washed there yet today, and she was told her taste was unusual and a bit strong when it came to her female parts.

He didn’t appear to complain, licking for what he was worth, but withdrawing after a moment.

- So, um… how do… I taste?
- It’s…odd. Different that… Susan. Like oily water run through fresh fish with peanut butter and some salt. That’s… too descriptive.
- It actually doesn’t sound TERRIBLE.
- It… isn’t. But you’re built… differently down there. I want to check something now. Make sure to tell me if it hurts or anything.
- S…sure.

He leaned in, and ran his tongue all over her lower parts, until he reached her balls. He pulled at them a bit before starting to lick the very back of them. She shouted out in surprise and pleasure.

- So… that’s where it was…

It was her turn to blush.

- I… This spot is very distracting, so I rarely use it when I masturbate. It feels odd, but good, I suppose, only too strongly. It’s too sensitive. I’m surprised you found it on your own so quickly… What gave it away?
- Well, when you brushed me against your balls when we masturbated, you seemed to react strongly, and... Uhh... Shall we say... Your genitals are really too close to each other not to have somehow grown together. I guessed the tip of your labia and your clitoris must’ve gone somewhere, unless your clitoris was substituted by the penis, which makes sense since they’re theoretically the same tissue and homologous… But it appears the sex organs you have are separate, but conjoined and your clitoris joined your balls, forming this sensitive tissue at the back of them...
- It’s weird, but even your nerd talk is turning me on...
He surprised her by sucking one of her smooth balls into his mouth, stimulating the back of them and causing her to gasp in pleasure. He then slowly allowed it to move out while he extended his tongue and licked the unique, sensitive tissue at the back of her balls.

- You’re too good a-at this! S… Stop, it’s too sensitive!
- You didn’t stop sucking me when I asked...
- You’re a boy. You need to blow a load to stay sane when you’re ready to blow it.
- And you don’t?
- As long as I get you, I can get by...
- I wouldn’t call that “sane”… you can get pretty crazy.
- I guess.
- I’ll be gentler.
- Could you… lick the tip… for me?

He blushed and moved to her cock.

[“Oh God. A man is about to suck my cock. And that man is my brother. My beloved brother. The dearest person in the universe to me. Heaven doesn’t even compare to this.”]

He licked the tip before opening his mouth and sucking on the head, but her hips bucked in pleasure and forced more into his mouth, causing him to gag before withdrawing.

[“Incest is the best!”]

He tickled her balls and her female parts with his left hand while he slowly started to jerk and lick her cock with his right, causing her to moan.

- Tooooo good. I’ll cum pathetically early.

He licked down the shaft, back to her female part, and through the most sensitive part of her half-fused genitals, as he felt liquid flow down his jerking hand.

- That’s… a lot of precum, for sure.
- We shouldn’t do this, Gary. It’ll… drive me crazy. I’ll go crazy and do something bad again.
- I have nothing against stopping. This all is fairly high difficulty and novel for me.

Her eyes went wide as the dark side of her desire overtook it for a moment.

- No! Keep going. Lick me. Taste my clit-balls or whatever this shit is. Suck my cock. Swallow down all my precum before you make me spurt. I’m turned on as all hell.
- That’s bad. You’re scary when you’re turned on.
- Then make it go down. Suck the cum out of me...

He opened his mouth and slowly drew more of her erection in, starting to suck. Her shaft twitched and released a glob of precum into his mouth, which he swallowed obediently, although with visible uneasiness and slight… displeasure.

She really was going insane with sensations, desires and mad thoughts and fantasies as she watched her beloved brother submit to her desire and give her head.
She grabbed her breasts and started teasing, rubbing and squeezing them.

- You’re really a fucking tease. I can’t stand it. Sucking my breasts, sucking my cock, after all this talk of incest. I’ll go crazy. This is the best. You’re the best, brother. Yes, that’s right. Slide your beautiful lips down that cock. Yessss....

He moved to her balls again, gently sucking on them and licking.

- Good little cocksucker. You know what Sis likes. Now taste that part. The one that hungers for you the most...

It was weird how somehow he could read her meaning. His tongue slid past her testicles, and towards her pussy proper.

He moved further to lick her cunt. She grabbed his hand and held him there as suddenly, she felt her pussy twitch and small streams of liquid ran over her brother’s tongue and mouth.

- You like it? That’s how a needy bitch like me tastes when she cums. And look how much pre I’m giving because of this orgasm that you gave me. Yes, you. I didn’t force you to do anything, and yet you went ahead and done it. You’re driving your own sister crazy. Are you a good boy or a naughty one? No idea. Maybe I’ll make a decision if you suck that cock until I really cream myself. S-s-su-suck it! YES!

He was really a bit scared right now, but despite being so turned on, she grew only a little firmer and didn’t ram her cock in when she held his head, rather, she had him eat her out when her erection throbbed, rather than having him suck her cock. Although, she did develop a perk for aggressive and somewhat dirty speech. She let go and he gasped for air. She placed her cock right on the top of his mouth to ensure he’d breathe in her scent. Gary went right back to sucking. She was too sensitive and backed up to resist anymore, even if it made her a premature ejaculator.

He moved from his knees to his legs, standing low in front of her as her shaft started to twitch.

- I’m... gonna cum. It’ll be a lot, and it’ll taste... even weirder, so just switch... to licking.

She dreamed about him sucking the cum straight out of her shaft like a hungry cock-addicted slut her darker part wanted him to be, but he did as she suggested and, moments later, the tongue and jerking had her blow a load over her brother's face. It was a bit thicker than usual, and a bit more than usual, but overall, it didn’t seem overdone. When he sucked the remaining semen in her urethra after she finished blowing, her lusts reignited and she seemed to really go crazy. She pulled him back to standing a little higher, roughly, without the previous gentleness, and kissed him by moving from licking his cheek, sharing the taste of her hermaphrodite semen with her brother while washing the remaining jizz out of his face.

Her eyes darted lower. He still had that awesome, precious, delicious, throbbing, big erection that needed to blow a load somewhere. Since he licked her so well and sucked her so well, obviously, he deserved the main prize.

[“No. That’s not... it. It has to be... I... I am unable to wait... I’m such a bad person. Such a bad... little slut... addict... totally hopelessly in love and lust with my brother...”]
They both panted as they separated from the kiss.

- This is all waaay too good. My body and heart keep wanting more. I feel almost like I'm going to lose control again.
- Alex? I, uh... I hoped this would help rather than make it worse...
- I know, right? It's impossible. Even though it was SO amazing, it didn't help much, did it? This dirty cunt of mine is drooling more than I am. And my body keeps wanting more. I'm getting such strong signals to keep going, too... having such an incredible erection after sucking me off...
- You just pulled me up for the kiss. Why're you pushing me down no...
- Lay down. It'll be the ride of a lifetime.
- ..wait, pause, stop! We... We were going to wash ourselves, and then we sort of just... Got carried away. Should we really not pause and consider what's the right thing to do here? You had an orgasm, so it cleared your head enough, right?
- Silly you... does me having an orgasm change anything if you're still next to me, available and erect? It doesn't matter if you didn't have one as well, right? It'd just mean I'm selfish. We've already seen you can react to my body, too...
- I just... I... I feel like we're moving so fast.
- We probably are, yes. But that's because we're short on time... Maybe. Or maybe it's just because, for once, it doesn't just feel natural for ME, Gary. I mean... Admit it to yourself. You're really turned on, right? And I haven't really... done anything THAT pushy.
- .. Yes. I just... Am I just looking for excuses?

Her fiery eyes suddenly calmed down for a moment. She sighed sadly, but the look she gave him still wasn’t a sane or serene one.

- Honestly, every little bit of me is telling me I MUST do this. Asking you to let me... I know it'd feel good for me. I'd try to make it feel good for you, too. But... I'll stop if you REALLY feel we need to. My body and my mind really want to have sex with you, Gary. So much it hurts, so much it's shutting down my brain. It feels like it's been driving me mad for years. But, in the right mind, I'd never do anything to hurt you. It's tearing me apart that I came so close to doing just that before. All I ask you is that... If you don't truly FEEL that we should stop here... Don't stop. I know I can't have it all. Nobody can. But... There's only one thing I REALLY want. And it's you.

That was enough in terms of getting him to stop pushing back against her hands gently laying him down. Under all that pressure, he found himself lying on his back.

She was already on her hands and knees, looming over him. His eyes were wide. Her erection stopped subsiding, semi-hard, and he saw a clear line of natural lubricant connect her female parts to the floor between his thighs. That really didn’t seem a regular amount of said lubricant. And her reactions weren’t entirely... normal, either.

- Hah... aah... I've been... waiting so long... and waiting... I've been patient... I'm sorry...
- I guess there's... no way we're reasoning our way out of this, huh?

She started to crawl on top of him, suddenly with tears flowing down her cheeks.
I can’t! If I tried to stop, I feel like I’ll break down and start begging you. It’s impossible. I... Urgh. We... I’m going by instinct, okay? If... If you really, really, really don’t feel like we HAVE to stop, let me do it, okay?

[“What the hell is wrong with her? S...should I really let her do this? I... I feel like I’d be lying at this point if I... Damn it...”]

You won’t push me away, right? There’s no pain I wouldn’t endure to do this. I need this. I must do this. It’s crazy. I’m crazy. I know, but it’s impossible to resist...

Calm down, Alex. Deep breaths. Deep breaths. I need a moment to think. I... I don’t want to stop you. I don’t want to be the stick in the mud, to lie to me and you both. I just... I am not sure this is what you really need, that this would help in any way.

Alex did follow his advice. Deep breaths. Tearing up stopped. She just smiled down at him.

Your sister… loves you. Alex loves you. Please don’t resist anymore. I cannot stand this anymore… I’ll make you cum really good, I promise, it’ll feel the best… I promise it’ll feel good! I... I... Fuck, I’ll really end up begging you at this rate.

Hold on!

He held her on the shoulders and tried to push her away to slow her ascent. Her cock was already brushing against his abdomen, still half-erect, and he felt the slickness from her pussy dribble over his balls and then his cock, but he kept a straight head. Except after the point when he didn’t anymore.

Don’t worry about me, Gary. Only worry about what you want, what you think about. I... I promise you. This IS what I need. This IS what will help. Trust me. Trust me this one time. If you need to refuse, refuse, but only because YOU need to.

[“Why is it so hard to just stop her? I can just… push her away… I was able to even get violent with her not long ago. I must stop... No, you idiot. You've just been... conditioned. How long has she been proving this to you? But, she never looked so… Why does she seem hurt so much? Why is she so needy!? I don't know anymore. If this is a dream, it feels like it might turn into a nightmare.”]

She wasn’t crying anymore. Not from her eyes, anyway; he felt the moisture from her pussy as she aligned his throbbing member together with it, and seemed fully intent to press down on it until it slid inside of her.

It’s not... wrong! I want this. I desire this above anything I ever wanted in my life! I never wanted or needed anything so hard, so much and so badly in my entire life! I cannot stand this! I won’t be able to eat or sleep! We’re... we’re siblings, siblings, and yet, this, this, this “incest”, this... I have to do this, or I’ll go crazy! I have to... finally... have you... finally set those feelings free... Or I’ll go mad... So...

She moved and kissed around his face and around his lips, all the while mumbling half-incoherently.

It’s... fine... all right. You’re not... to blame. It’s my fault, but I’ll make it special. I’ll make it as good as I can... I love you, so it has to be all right. I’ll work hard to make you love me. I’ll do anything and everything to please you...
She raised her hips and adjusted his cock for the last time with her hand. A sense of inevitability overcame him. It wasn't that he was powerless to stop this. It's just that... She asked him to trust her.

- **If you can love me, if you'll love me, everything will be worth it, I'll be able to pass on, I'll feel complete, so... so... give me... connect with me... just...like...**

His tip was sinking into something damp. He felt guilt... But no self loathing. No revulsion. No desire to stop.

She looked down at him. It felt like love and serenity shone down on him from one eye while insanity was burning in the other. He felt a tight clam-down on his tip the moment it touched one of the nerves inside of her the slightest bit.

[“He’s in. Even if I pass out or die from heart attack at this moment, Gary had his dick inside of... me. Without telling me I can't do it Please work, gravity. I'm half-paralyzed from... this...”]

- **I need you...**

Gravity worked, and her muscles helped.

Suddenly, he sank almost completely into a wet, hot, tight passage that accepted him and immediately started churning and shifting and squeezing and twitching the moment the penetration was complete. The sadness and neediness from her expression seemed to evaporate more quickly than water went down the drain. Alex lighted up like a Christmas tree.

[“I’ve waited all my life for this!”]

- **Y... YES! YES!**

She started to bounce on top of him. The mad desire and despair and grief, uneasiness and need in her eyes changed into a look of unnatural ecstasy and... happiness? Gratefulness? Joy?

- **Yes! Thank you! I waited so long! So long! This is it! This is what I’ve always wanted, what I needed! I’ll... feel... at last... at last!**

Her hands ran all over his flesh below her. Her breasts bounced up and down, right in front of his face.

She was full of vigor and extraordinary joy as she withdrew a little only to pull at his cock and push her hips back down against him, draw him back into her, her opening working him all the time, wet, warm... and hungry rather than welcoming.

[“I’ve never had such a sense of fulfilment. Never! Not ever, and now... Now...”]

They both felt his shaft twitch in her. He groaned below.

[“Why does being inside Alex feel so good? I’ll cum... like some virgin... And holy crap... Does she look like this... Uh...” /G]
It’s okay, brother. It’s okay. I’ve got what I wanted. This alone… this alone is better than any orgasm, so… go ahead. I want you to feel good. I want you to feel better than with anyone else. You can cum anytime you want. Shoot out a lot! Cum more than you’ve ever came alone or with someone, or even more than you did with me before. I want you to have a huge, ecstatic orgasm to make you feel as good as I feel like that. I want you to give me a really big load. You’ll cum soon, right? Right? It feels good, doesn’t it? It feels so right for me, Gary. I was born to have you inside of me, it fits so well, it feels so, good, so… Amazing! Tell me it feels good. Moan. Say my name.

Holy crap, Alex, c-calm down a little! This… isn’t how… Geez. H…haah...

Call my name baby. I’m here. I’m here for you. It's okay.

..Alex...

She moaned in crazy ecstasy at the sound of her own name leaving his mouth in something that was a pleasured moan rather than a protest or an attempt to calm her down, her nipples and cock growing harder, and she realized she was drooling.

[“Cum. Orgasm. Ejaculate. Shoot it out. Cum. Into me. Inside of me. Into the place that needs you the most. Fill.Me.Up.”]

You don’t need to hold back… I want to feel it, too… I want you to feel the best...

Holy shit, it’s gone. That voice is gone. The hunger… is gone. I feel… I feel complete. I need only that one last thing to die content, to feel like a real person who had a bit of happiness in her life… at… at long last…”]

Gary's surprise was being overcome by a rather warm, titillating feeling at watching his sister brim with energy and joy at simply being connected to him in such an inappropriate way with his consent. Alex leaned over him further, only this time, she wasn't going to smother him with her tits to shut him up. Instead, she started stroking his cheeks, caressing them delicately, looking at him with a face full of emotions and feelings he probably never saw her express, a look so desiring and warm and joyful, a need that seemed unnatural and impossible slowly being filled and satisfied within her.

In a lot of ways, it was one of the most beautiful expressions he's ever seen.

She’s… kind of scary like that… women aren’t supposed to get so happy over this, I think…”]

Do you want to hear me say how much I want it? Can’t you see how happy I am, how fulfilled I am? How you make me feel? Please feel good for me, Brother. I love you so much. I want you to ejaculate really hard because I’m making love to you. I need you… to have... an orgasm… for me. Because of me. Inside of me.

“I need to pull out. I’ll cum if this keeps going. What the hell is wrong? This kind of sex… it’s not
She was no longer able to talk, squealing in happiness, ecstasy. Feelings of plain satisfaction and absolute bliss were joined with joy and physical relief. If watched from the side, one could think it was a beautiful picture.

But from another, it was a sister riding on top of a brother who fell into depravity because he could no longer resist that begging stare of hers... And he was trying to hold back from blowing his load inside of her at what was essentially her forceful insisting and requests.

She was looking at his face again now, after feeling his shaft expand and his balls withdraw as he was hovering on the edge of an orgasm. He tried reaching towards her body. At first it was to push her away just a little, make her slow down. Then, it instead ended up being softly stroking along her form, teasing the places he knew were sensitive, even if it wasn't always obviously so. Alex moaned.

- **You're so beautiful, Brother. I've never been happier. Please complete me. Please release yourself into me.**

He was about to protest, but he couldn’t. It was like his cock was completely in her hold, and he finally blew inside her. Ropes of hot, sticky semen washed over her womanhood much like water was washing over her body. She almost shrieked and groaned, head thrown back, eyes fluttering as she felt him pump white, sticky, warm liquid into her. Her mind was in a haze of joy, pleasure, lust for more, and sheer satisfaction and feeling of fulfilment.

[“This is the best moment of my life! If this could last... forever... if it could only last for an eternity…”]

- **Yes! So hot! Give me much! Give me as much as you can! I love you so much! I love you so much! It doesn’t hurt anymore! I feel so happy!**

He groaned as his own excitement grew. His loads weren’t easing up, either, after he realized she had a true vaginal orgasm the moment she felt his own, her nether lips squeezing him and clearly attempting to milk him of everything. Her cock was dribbling a weak stream of white liquid, as if it was squeezed out of her or her control over its flow simply broke, rather than as if she also had an orgasm from her male side. It was definitely simulated enough to leak and get milked from the pressure inside her pussy, but during the act itself it wasn't stimulated enough to fully cum.

The afterglow then came, and guilt hit him again. He looked in her eyes. They were practically glowing. She was staring at him with an affection he didn’t believe anyone or anything could replicate. The madness and need from moments before was gone. It was like she really achieved Nirvana or send her soul to Heaven or whatever...

And that was enough to slowly melt his guilt away.
- We're not doing this without you taking something to calm down if this is always how you're gonna do it.

- H...huh? Ah... Shit. I.. I didn't do anything dumb? Or... Super, super, super wrong? Like... It... It felt like I asked for permission so many times, and you stopped denying and I.. Fuck. I promised I would stop, but I went ahead and acted almost the same way again. We... Uh...

- We committed incest. Consensually. my body or my mind or both allowed it up to the point where I derived sexual pleasure from it and I haven’t stopped you at any moment. I gave in and we had sex.

- And it was... God... Dear... Fuck. It was glorious. I can't even begin to describe...

- Aren’t you overstating things juuust a bit again?

- Have you SEEN me fuck you?

- ... I had a front row view. You asked me to trust you and stop you if I needed to. I didn't, so I bought the tickets.

- If we made love... had sex... consensual... if you allowed me to do the thing I wanted to do for so long, then this is a life-changing moment. Just maybe, this could turn out to be the happiest day of my life if that’s the case. But if it’s just you humoring me so I won’t cry again...

- Not this time, no. I, uh... I've made my point when I didn't want it, I trust. And you've... made your point about showing me that I can want it. The rest was just... nature. Instinct. You asked me to trust you and you seem to have... been right. You told me you were going to make us both feel good and you did. We're all cool.

Alex' smile after that might've not been as utterly radiant as her raptuous expression during the sex itself, but it carried such an utter feeling of thanfulfulness and such a serene beauty and love, Gary turned too breathless for a moment to keep explaining.

- T...thank you. I'm sure now. This... can't be wrong. How can... How can THIS be wrong?

He had no answers this time.
Chapter Summary

They have less and less time to understand how they feel. Out of many mixed reasons and desires... Alex comes up with a challenge for both their feelings, and them both.

Chapter Notes

Greetings, readers.

Around two weeks ago, Venithil underwent another surgery. In his stead, I temporarily took over the formatting and updating of his stories at his request. I didn't originally intend to update this story until he got really delayed in messaging me back, because I simply didn't have that much interest in it. He did leave 3 out of 4 remaining chapters written, but unformatted, and a last chapter that is apparently 'Extremely outdated and was written years ago as a draft, and as such doesn't fully mesh with the way the characters have grown and acted in the current version of the story'.

The good news is Venithil contacted me and seems to be getting back to writing before his final surgery. As such, I decided to help out at least a little and upload the smut-less chapters here.

As a personal request, if you hope to see this finished, comment. Even if it's insignificant, if it feels short, or if it's negative feedback, I know how much simply hearing back from you helps motivate him.

Hopefully these are a good read!

After their shower together, Alex simply wrapped herself up in towels and a bathrobe after she came out, eager to talk things out with her brother after the experience. She did gain consent this time, even if it was mostly heavily implied during and confirmed after the fact, and he seemed to not be completely devastated after falling momentarily to his own desires. Which meant those desires might've been less momentary than he would like to admit.

- ... So... - He started, unsure of himself.

- Yes, darling?

- ... No, cut that out for now. Speak normally.

- Well, I guess what you want to speak of sort of... made me giddy. But I understand it might now be as simple for you even now, after the fact.

- It's confusing. I don't want to... hurt you.

- But I want you to take a chance and hurt me. Well, maybe not hurt me. But risk it.
- I guess... I expected you might feel like that. But I don't know how I feel. I have super little idea of what just actually happened. We were watching stuff, suddenly we were making out and next thing I know I'm under the shower and my personal space has been reduced to zero.

- Oh, your "Sis, you’re so hot it’s unfair" phrase, and "After I’m done sucking her nipples, I’m gonna tap that" looks were certainly seeming less confused that what you're saying right now.

- That's a bit unfair. And... I still don't understand it. We're not supposed to feel desire for one another like that.

- Well, at least you finally admit you’re capable of feeling desire towards me. We’re about to really become grown-ups, Gary. I don’t want you… to run away from this anymore. Even if you ultimately decide I’m not the person for you, I want you to be honest with me, with yourself.

- I understand where you're coming from. I'm just confused where... this is coming from. For me.

- I listened a bit about it yesterday. Gary, you do know what the Westermarck Effect is, right?

- Reverse sexual imprinting. You don’t want people who you grew up around sexually. Stops you from committing incest or having too much sex that is potentially dangerous and limits the gene pool in small communities.

- You’re aware it’s not even proven, and it won’t always work. I’m pretty much the example that it doesn’t.

- Well, yes, but...

- Apparently, it didn’t work for you as well. All the time, you’ve been rationalizing, but when you think about it, Gary… A few days before you left for Canada, we pretty much acted like two kids being flirty with one another. We almost kissed over you making a breakfast for me. You even *imagined* it. You were ready to accept it.

She smiled at the fond memory and scenario she thought up.

- If we did this, then afterwards you’d blush and yell at me, and it’d happen if Uncle wasn’t around. At night, at the hotel, we truly kissed, and you kissed me back. At the hotel, people seeing us saw a couple, not a brother and a sister. Albinism out, we looked alike. We still look alike. So, why was the first reaction “what a cute couple”?

- I’m not those people. I can’t answer for them.

- But you can figure the basics out. Gary, you have an erection from seeing my body naked because, in your mind, I’m not something asexual. I’m of your species. Female, fully, even if it’s with a bonus. Seemingly fertile. Ripened. Your age. Very willing. This is the point at which we need to consider what we do, did and will do. It’s the point at which you need to consider why exactly are you able to desire your sister’s body enough to let her jerk you off or even put you inside her.
-You’re very attractive. And I seem to want you physically, but, emotionally, we’re siblings, and right now, for me, this feels very strained. We had sex... because we wanted to, and I seem to have been holding it in for a long time. I don’t know yet if it’s because we were both so backed up or was it really what we wanted, what I wanted, but it happened, it’s the past, but it affects our present, so we need to deal with that.

-Yes. And you can count on me. Every step of the way. Because what we did was mutual and consensual, I can fully enjoy all the things it brought to me. I have... more self control now, Gary. I feel... more complete, and better about myself. All from a single bout of spontaneous sex with you. And you say it’s “wrong” and that I should live my life as the jaded, tortured person I was with a crazy sex drive and equally crazy relationship and sexuality views I had before that happened. Not to mention, now, I can feel like a proper woman, while before, without you, I felt... lost. You understand, now?

-You keep going the path of... being 'more' than my sister. Of being that girl who loves me, too. And now, you think what we did is enough to show that I don’t see it as classically sibling-like as well. That, on our bond as it is right now, we really can build whatever we want.

-Yes. I used to love you so much it hurt, but now, I love you so much I can’t stand not seeing you happy. ... I don’t want you to lie to yourself, or just comply to what I want. But, what we want for our bond isn’t necessarily so different.

-What do you mean?

-Let’s see. You complied to me when I practically asked to get molested in the shower, and you came out with your own initiative to have oral sex. I could tell it was difficult enough for you to work with me being your sister and having both sets of organs. Yet, you continued to do it. Why?

-It... I was repaying you for earlier. I tried... to make you feel good.

-And it was pointless. I’ve given you oral sex because I wanted, and then I used your body... I think it’s called intercrural sex. I needed to orgasm and it’s a lot better when your body’s bringing it. So, I gave you an orgasm and I abused your body to get an orgasm. By the way, I’m sorry about the way I treated you then, I was just so... so starved and really not in control of myself. The point is, we were even. When you sucked on my breasts in the shower, it was something I wanted as a woman, so it was a favor to me actually. At “worst”, we were still even, Gary. And then, you go ahead and give me head. Damn good one, too, especially on the female half. So, if you actually did so much of the things I wanted to do, what exactly made you... make me want to feel good?

He blushed. Then, he tried to speak, and he blushed intensely.

-See?

-I... I guess when you put it like that... It’s difficult to explain, and...

-You’re smart, Gary. Seriously, if you put your mind to it, you’d seen before that I was the taker and you were the giver all along, and *then*, you decided to provide me with oral sex. And then, you simply let me have sex with you. What do you think it makes you? Why would you do so much to please me?
He tried to speak, but words wouldn’t come. He blushed and looked away from her, again, trying to think of something, of any excuse, of any rationalization.

- Fuck it. Easiest answer would be that I … get off... on making you happy and giving you pleasure, somehow. Or maybe … it ’ s the opposite and I hate making you sad.

- And it ’ s the same for me. The very same. I crave your touch, but … An orgasm I gave you was a happiness boost, not the other way around, really. If it ’ s something we share, it ’ s a start. If you have desires for me, it ’ s also a start.

-I don ’ t know, sis … I do need your help to go through this. This is complete terra incognita for me. But I also know you might not be the most... objective... person to turn to.

- I still haven’t thanked you properly for... for doing that with me. You… need to know. I have really treated you wrong in the past because of my problem, but doing it once, just this once, it was both eye-opening and it really, really took the weight of the world off my shoulders. I’m not making this up. But I will not... I will never lose sight of you as a person with needs and wants and opinions again, Gary, like I did in the past. I’m over and done with this part of me. I just want to be able to treasure you forever and see you happy. Westermarck was an idiot as far as we’re concerned. Mother was a failure who couldn’t stop us from behaving like a brother and a sister shouldn’t. Uncle’s not our parent, and Dad never existed for us. But we always had one another. Which is why I feel like that. I know it might be confusing because I’m your sister, and because I’m not... exactly a w… a female member of our species, but... IF you could feel the shred of the fulfillment and happiness a person feels when someone whom they love more than anyone can handle, as a family member, as a childhood friend, as a twin, as a beloved sibling, as a companion, but most of all, as a soulmate and a romantic interest… if you could feel just a part of the happiness I felt in that moment when we could kiss and connect in the most intimate, pleasurable and loving way… You’d understand that this is not *wrong*. This is anything but *wrong*.

- I don’t know if I agree. But... we can deal with whatever this is together. We ’ re twins.

- And I love you the most of all the people in the world. If I have you by my side, I ’ m invulnerable.

Gary chuckled a little at that.

- You’re just buttering me up so I commit more incest with you.

- Is it working?

- No. Not at all. I'm way too... It's all too confusing. It's like I simultaneously want you to be happy, want to be fair with you and strongly, deeply want there to be a way to make things *not* work. And I don't know myself enough to realize if it's a defense mechanism or my real thoughts and feelings. I'm not certain just... how much were you really affected by what we did positively. I'm glad it seemed good for you, though.

- I know I'm unreliable, needy, and I was prone to fits of... “I’m gonna fucking fuck you from here to China and back, and if it’s not consensual then so be it”, but not anymore. You can lean on me. I can help you. Something about you probably still feels like this should hurt us both inside and thinks what you did was wrong, but if it brings you any comfort, just remember how happy I was that you
made my biggest wish come true. You made your sister so... so very happy for that one moment. And... we're twins, Gary. You *know* you'd be able to tell if I was faking that.

- Pshh! Girls fake it all the time!

- Since when was bad humor your defense mechanism?

- Sorry. To be completely serious, though, I need... I need to understand. I need to figure out how I really feel, and just how deep this rabbit hole is.

- Well... If we had more time, or were willing to wait for one another, we could try the good old slow buildup, seeing where it happens thing. Or we could just have a test.

- A ... a test?

- If your body is capable of accepting mine in every possible way and enjoy it, get aroused and pleased by it, then, evidently, the bond based on sheer erotic desire, plus that seeing each other pleased thing between us is too strong to ignore and we need to address it somehow. If it isn’t... That answers another question. It might even just mean we simply were separated for so long I became sufficiently sexual for you. At this point, you should just... consider it by yourself, and when you eventually come to the at that point likely conclusion it was all a mistake, I’ll try to withdraw and try to simply be a sister, as incredibly hard as it will be for me.

- When you say in “every possible way”, you mean... your body, as in, since you’re... your hermaphroditism, that means ...

- Exactly what I said. Yes. Basically, part of the act, and probably the most important test, would be... would be me penetrating you.

His blush seemed to go even deeper.

- But... I’ve never done something like this.

- Me neither. It’d be a first time for both of us.

- So... You’re getting something out of this as well. Is that... what you prefer doing?

- Oh, I’m sure penetrating you will be highly pleasant, but, when you think about it, when a guy’s inside me, I get the pleasure from being penetrated and I can easily stimulate my male parts. If I’m the one penetrating, it’d be a lot harder to get such conjoined stimulation. It seems logical to me. Plus, you being in me felt amazing for me as a WOMAN. Me being in you is a physically pleasant test. We don’t have to do anything drastic, but on the other hand, we don’t have much time to figure it all out. I’m just... offering. It’s not something easily dealt with. Basically, we’ve already committed this “incest”, so that bridge is burned and we may as well take advantage of it. I think we should test what kind of relationship we should really have.

- A... Alex, that’s just... Weird. I mean...

- You were fine touching it. Rubbing up against it. Sucking it.
He nodded slowly in response to that.

- It's not like I don't accept that part of your body. I always understood it was there. But, Alex, that seems like going really far. Besides, you already tried to do that, so you lose credibility …

- And you fought vehemently and valiantly against it, just like you’re fighting against us having a romantic or sexual relationship. Doesn’t that a test that checks if I’m able to pleasure and arouse you regardless of how hard it appears to seem fair, or even favorable to ‘we’re not actually meant to be together’ mindset?

- You'd put yourself at a disadvantage just to go through with that? With... More incest? And more thorough?

- Yes. Because I want to prove something. I’ll make sure you really feel that while it is improper and dirty, you’re doing it with a woman. If we end up ... having more sex ... I probably wouldn’t want to do this particular act often, not to mention never doing so without asking. As I said, I’m actually more interested in doing things naturally, this is just … handy for a test ride. I will admit to wanting to do so, first just to use my male parts, then, to try and have a guy to use them on, but specifically, for a long time I wanted to have sex with you in, ummm ... In every way possible. And I’ll remind you once more, you don’t need to do anything you don’t want to. I would do nothing you didn’t agree to. I’m just proposing it as a drastic and ultimate test, and I assure you, I’d make your body and mind completely sure and set in the idea that it’s a *woman* doing this to you.

- ... Yes. Okay. Yes. You do... bring up a good point. And there's nothing wrong with being intimate to see if we SHOULD be intimate. A lot of couples that never properly get together do just that. After that emotional turmoil I helped put you through, it's not like... It's not like I can't let you try to do things to my ass once, even if it's just for your own dang perverted curiosity. Which it doesn't seem to be. It's only natural for someone like you to... to also desire to experience various stimulations. I understand that. At the very least, I'll try to not be a dead lay, either. I just... Alex... You know this is a bad idea, right? I mean... It's SO unlikely that we're going to have a POSITIVE epiphany just from going through it consciously once more. Plus, I have a distinct feeling you're just... Just trying to keep my mind off of Susan, or one up her in some manner.

- Maybe. I mean... I got your first kiss and she got your virginity. Probably the better part of the deal, and definitely more imprinting. Maybe part of me... while you're here... wants to get as many of your “firsts” as I can. I don’t know about fellatio, she seemed like a lady, but there are definitely two sex acts Susan would have problems having with you and I wouldn’t. This is one of them, and I intend to try them both. You’ll have to wait and see what the other is - she responded with a wink and a flirty tone of voice.

Gary sighed.

-Alex, this … isn’t a competition.

-It is to me. You loved her and had sex with her. The only other girl than me whom you’ve done it with. Which is why I feel the spirit of competition. I want to be able to make you feel better than she has, or any girl you may have fooled around with has, and in more ways than them. But most importantly... I want to PROVE to you I can clean the house up. Make that dark spot not quite as dark again. I won't fit exactly in the hole she left behind, I know it. But I have enough love to share and spill into you that just maybe that hole will fill up a little bit.
- Feels a little unfair to me when you put it like that. I don't know... if I can get over here. Here and now, or maybe at all. I know logic seems to imply this happens usually, that I’ll get over Susan sooner or later... But same logic would imply you should be able to get over me.

- And feelings are not so simple. - She admitted with a sad smile. - For me... With so much love and desire it is impossible. For you... Well. Let's just say this is a two ways test. Like I said... If I can't make you feel happiness through intimacy, it'd just be one sided. I'd just be taking again, without giving enough back to you that you'd be able to feel happy at all. For two and a half years. I rarely felt the intimacy we had while jerking our cocks off during sex with other people. I never felt so good emotionally or physically as the I did in the shower with you ... It kept getting better and better, too. It’s hard to explain, it really is, but if there’s true happiness somewhere to achieve in this world, I can achieve it by getting to have you love me. Which is why I want to test myself. To prove to me and you both that I can get that real, genuine love. It just... It feels like I've already tried everything, and only when we managed to connect on a physical level after all of that, did these messages start getting through. So I'm willing to bet on physicality again, because for me, it did wonders. I guess yours is the only penis that actually solves girls’ problems. Ma-gi-cal.

- Rude. But... I can see where you're coming from. Even though... It feels like just by bringing Susan into it, you're setting yourself up for a complete loss.

- All I ask is that you're actually fully honest this time. No self-deluding, no rationalizing. If you feel genuine intimacy and it makes you genuinely happy, and if you feel genuine pleasure and it helps you truly open up... Don't try to wipe it out. You're not going to bail on me, are you?

- No, Sis. I'm way past doing these kinds of things. I've come to regret running away from your problem, and eventually, my solution lead to nothing except for a dirty shower scene. Okay. You have my word.

- And you have mine. About respecting you. About respecting what you can or can't feel. We’ll do it tomorrow evening, okay? So we can go to sleep straight after. I do intend to tire you out, just so you know. And... The day after tomorrow Mother will return in the late afternoon.

- Just admit you're a sex maniac and don't want to wait longer than that.

- No truer words were spoken. I am that. I can’t help that it feels so good. But I’m only really addicted if it’s with you, so that’s fine.

- Alex?

- Yeah?

- I... know it feels difficult for you to understand after explaining how YOU feel. But no matter what, I... I do love you. It's more that I am not sure how much I'm able to connect those feelings. How... different types of love interact for me. I don’t want to lose you as a sister, but I know if we ended up becoming intimate, you might end up losing me as both out of some stupid reason. Maybe this is why I have so many hold-ups about this.

- So you’re saying you’d rather sisterzone me to let me down gently?

- Yes. But we both know that didn't work.

- Gary... There are hundreds, thousands, of people who give up on someone because they would rather see them happy than pursue them. This is not a fate I want, no. But I've come to realize I would be selfish and it wouldn’t be real love if it was not a fate I am willing to accept. For you.
Because ultimately, what matters is us. Not what I want.

- And not what I want to avoid, either. Not what I’m afraid of, either.

- Yes. And now, I must carefully look up what we might need. See you later, and, uh, make sure you’re physically and mentally ready for tomorrow evening! Please don’t wank yourself into unconsciousness just to ensure I can’t get you off!

- You’d encourage it if I used YOU as wank material.

- No. I’d be cross with you about not coming to me so I could wank it FOR you.

- ... You’ve really spun around on that giving thing, haven’t you?

- I already received everything I truly needed to receive from you, not in the selfish sense, in the sense of... What was neccessary for me as a person. If I can’t give even a little bit back, damn it, I’d advise you to dump me after the first week.

- See you later, sis.

- I hope you sleep well when we get to it, bro.
Chapter Summary

Alex and Gary physically and mentally prepare for their special night of challenge. It still feels odd, but they're aware they are running out of time for such extreme measures.

She was running around the store. Gosh, buying the lubricants was a bit embarrassing. A few guys even threw her knowing, teasing glances. One tried to flirt with her! Heck, he even asked if it was to play with a boyfriend, a girlfriend, or just a casual flick. She yelled at him and moved away.

Now, the equally problematic aspect of life.

Lingerie.

The problem was both in picking up the right bra and picking up the right underwear. She couldn’t exactly tell the shopping assistant she needed some room for her cock. And breasts around E cup size weren’t exactly common, either. It’s a good thing she grew them, since it turned out her brother DID like big breasts, but not obsessively so, and it was a pain… In the mind and the back, occasionally. Thankfully, her years of athleticism left her with a bit of muscle and strong bones and loins, so she still did not fully understand what the completely average girl with big breasts could feel like sometimes.

Not like she ever could, but she didn’t know she had no right to complain, even in silence.

- Black, or red… come to think of it, it’d be better if Gary was here to help me pick… on the other hand… ehhh, black or red…

- I’m sorry, miss, but how about both?

A shopping assistant approached her. Alex’s loins almost stirred at the sight of her – it was a gorgeous brunette, with a figure slimmer than hers, breasts around D-Cup, and a pretty face. But, Alex was intend to keep her sexual relationships to only one person now, and should definitely swear off women, to help her identify as a girl herself. She calmed down, slowly.

- We do have a gorgeous mixed corset around here somewhere. I’m sure it’d look great on you…

- Uh, you see, I’m not so confident as to put on a corset, I think. I’ve gained some weight recently and I think women like me look unnatural and weird squeezed into something like that.

- Well, maybe you did put on some weight, miss, but let me assure you, that kind of figure could drive many men wild! Especially with some right wrapping to that gift. Are you looking for something arousing to put on for a special person? Or is it to go out at night and give yourself confidence?
- Yes, it’s for that special someone! How do I say this… we agreed that tonight, we’ll realize some of our fantasies, so I’m pretty sure it’ll be a bit kinky. The problem is, this boy’s really shy and reserved with me… He sometimes gives me that look and then, I can tell everything is all right and I know he wants me, but he always acts like he’d somehow defile us both if he acted on it!

- Oh, the shy type? He should feel blessed to have landed such a beautiful woman like yourself. Most girls don’t take such notice of them… Anyway, if you do want to fire him up and make him a bit more aroused, then you’re definitely picking the correct colors! Although, I’m not sure something completely black would suit you – you have fair skin and hair, so it may look a bit out of place, and not sufficiently lively, either. However, I’d still go with my suggestion – we could pick up some mixed-color lingerie. Black lined up with a bit of red can look absolutely delicious and it’d probably go quite well with you. Follow me, miss, we’ll pick something out.

After a while of explaining that she’d like to try things on by herself and asking for just a bit bigger panties than usual due to a “slightly embarrassing problem regarding her lower arrangements”, they started to pick out the clothes.

- So, miss… Have you ever tried to find out what kind of underwear your man likes?

- Only once, and it was quite some time ago. Actually, I’m fairly sure I might’ve found out wrong at that time… I want to put on something that would make him want me, but at the same time, I’m afraid if I’m too bold, I’ll scare him off!

- I see, he seems like a really insecure guy… Does he have a good reason for this?

- He’s just inexperienced. Personally I think he’s gorgeous physically, and let me tell you, the thing he packs in his pants would make any of these douchebags on the street green with envy. He’s also gentle and caring, to the point I almost wish he’d get a little rough sometimes!

- Oh, that’s why you’re picking such bold colors? I see. Would these do? Would you like to put them on and check?

- They look like they might be just a bit too small, but sure… Oh, now that I think about it, would you happen to have a garter belt around here? Made of something smooth and elastic, if possible.

- Garter belt? So, he’s a stocking enthusiast?

Alex suddenly blushed. The purpose was different, actually…

- Well, let’s just say it’d make things easier at start, and would make ME more confident…

- He’s a very interesting person, that guy of yours.

- Well, hands off! I’ve picked him out a long time ago!

The two shared a laugh as Alex entered the booth to try and change into the new lingerie.

- Ummm, the bra is really a bit too small…

- Too small? Miss, you’re equipped with some heavy weapons there!
- I’m pretty sure he likes them that way, and they seem unusually sensitive for that size… So, other than the occasional little back pains, I have no right to complain.

- “Occasional and little”? You must have a strong spine. Many women really complain about this kind of size after a while, although you do seem a bit too young to do that, miss! Some say it also interferes with sleeping – on your back, hard to breathe, on your front, they’re in the way!

- They feel all right when you sleep on your side, though! Not to mention, you make a good pillow for the one you love if you have them!

- Hahaha, truer words haven’t been spoken here today. Many boys seem to like them, but they can be a bother.

- Well, I wished for large breasts until I was almost 17, and when they finally grew, they didn’t seem to catch the attention of the guys I liked… But now, I have this one and I’m holding on to him. If he enjoys this, I wouldn’t want to change!

- It’s good to be comfortable with your body. Here, miss, try this size on.

Alex changed her bra and her panties. Her cock was peeking out of them, and that’s why she was looking for a garter belt – it’d help cover it up at start. The bulge would be there, but it’d probably seem less… obscene. But the wrong kind and she’d just be hurting her genitals.

She looked in the mirror. Other than her “additions”, she’d say she looked pretty hot.

- Miss, I think I found the kind of garter belt you wanted! Do you mind putting it on now?

She took the thing from the assistant, making sure not to uncover herself. The woman stole a glance at her chest as she did so, and Alex blushed. She put on the garter belt. Indeed, this one felt nice and soft, smooth, against her glans.

- How is it, miss?

- I’ll be taking these! Frankly, I think I’d do myself if it was possible!

- Let’s hope he thinks the same, then! Let me check how much it’ll cost you!

Alex smiled to herself. She actually talked to another human being about having sex with her own beloved brother. And they actually seemed to be sensible and helpful about it.

Not to mention a gorgeous girl, if a little bit older than them. At least five years.. Actually, it would be a bad idea to bring Gary along. Best not to tempt him.

[“Well, it’s a good idea to tempt him, as long as I’m the temptress. Here, it’s a slim girl with D-Cup breasts. Way too sexy of an idea for most guys. I don’t need them anymore, though. Not if I get Gary.”]
She went with the assistant to the cashier and handed the man the money. Smiling at both of them, she decided to go at a rather swift pace.

Gary was sitting in the living room, wondering about what he was doing. Basically, it was getting worse and worse.

[“Masturbation to receiving oral sex to almost having forced sex, both way, to bathing together to sucking on her breasts to giving oral sex to penetrating her to getting penetrated. Essentially, I practically agreed to have ARGUABLY gay sex with my sister. Gosh, this sounds ridiculous even in my head.”]

He breathed unsteadily as he tried to make sense of the situation.

[“Once her mind gets out of the gutter, she’s really such a caring, amazing person. Still a bit teasing and annoying, but… she matured. Or maybe she became more motherly is the right choice of words. Why is she so stubborn when it comes to this? She even calls on the memories of Susan, knowing they make me feel both bad and lonely… I’m not actually sure if it’s undermining her efforts or helping them! She really seems to care about me, unlike before I went to Canada, where it was all “Bro, let’s fuck!” I’m… not sure how to go through this and not hurt her…”]

There were other issues, too.

[“I even agreed to… I mean, her cock… I grew up knowing about that, but when having sex, shouldn’t that bother me? Doesn’t this make me… less then straight? I mean, she even wants to put this inside me! What then? Hello, fairyland, goodbye, the valley flowing with milk and honey? If she can really make me enjoy this, am I gay? Or bi? Or whatever?”]

Work yourself up. Make any sexual thoughts about your sister go aw…

[“No, that’s not gay. She’s right. I’m just making shit up. I gave her a goddamn blowjob out of my own initiative. A straight guy might’ve not done that, but who cares about the moniker. I gave my sister a blowjob which, instead of settling her down, prompted her to have sex with me. Ironically, the kind of sex a boy and a girl has, making me taste and feel all the incestuous pleasure’s my dear hermaphrodite’s sibling vagina can provide. Well, maybe not all of them, because I freakin’ came prematurely due to the intensity of the whole shower together deal. “”]

His mind turned the view back to his sister naked in a shower with him.

[“And geez, how did she ever grew up to be so gorgeous! She was practically a boy all the way until we hit 15, and a tomboy at 16 years old! Less than three years ago! Now, she’s like some freaking pornstar or a cougar without any of the bad sides! Seriously, what cup size is that? Double Z? Her body’s so soft and feminine, and yet, when she gets aggressive, I have to put all my strength into it just to resist!”]
He blushed fiercely.

[“I can’t get the freakin’ image out of my head! She made me touch and suck those breasts! They’re freakin’ real! What the hell did she eat back here? “]

Other than that, there were worse thoughts.

[“And after all the declarations I’ve heard over the past few days and weeks before I left, I… Thinking she’s been with women and other men…I feel jealous I wasn’t the one to deflower my own sister. This is bad. This is really bad. I’m not supposed to have a single feeling similar to being possessive of my sister, not to mention anything resembling sexual attraction, and yet, when she so much as suggests it, it’s all “Stand proud and salute, the division of Incestuous Male Genitals, we have an officer on deck!” I should feel disgusted with myself! And why do I hate to see her crying so much? It seemed normal when we were kids!”]

The sound of somebody actually walking through the corridor woke him up from his thoughts. He realized he missed the sound of the door opening. He jumped from his seat and clenched his fists, but then, he only saw his sister enter the room. With a passing notion of disappointment in himself for so easily relaxing upon seeing a single strawberry blonde lock of hair and half of her neck, he waited if she would speak.

- **You didn’t leave or barricade yourself here…**

- **Of course not. I... I told you I wouldn’t.**

- **Still, I have a history of messing things up with you. I want to be clear with everything now and always give you a chance to say no, but still... I’m suggesting something pretty outrageous, am I not?**

- **Incestuous anal sex with a male recipient. Doesn’t seem like something you’d see every day.**

- **I... I know. I... Gary. We need to make this clear. Not only I will not do anything that you’d feel hurt or disgusted with, I don’t even want to do things... you’re less than pleased with. I don’t want you to doubt anything about yourself if we go through with it, so I’ll make sure, I’ll make freaking sure that you feel you’re a man with a woman, not anything else. If you have doubts or don’t want to or are just doing this because you think I’m cock-obsessed and treat you like a sex toy and I’ll discard you if I get to do everything I want to, which by the way, is completely untrue and an ugly lie as of the day I turned nineteen at the very least, I don’t want you to try and do this. I just... I thought this over. I... I simply don’t know how to convince you or prove this to you. I really feel... such a strong connection. It’s like I was meant... to be with you. After so many flat-out refusals, you still mourning Susan, and often seeming so ridden with guilt... I don’t know what to do, okay? I just... I want you to want me, to look at me and think “My sister is so gorgeous, and she’s all mine. I’m such a lucky guy!”. I know it’s hard and against the world, but if I get... If only I get to have you... I don’t think I’ll mind... I just want you to give this a chance, okay? I keep jumping between gaining and losing faith every day that this may work out, but I’m gaining determination to keep trying whenever I see your face or hear your voice or even imagine you... But... We said it before. Us. We. We’re the
most important in this. So... if at any point you feel like we HAVE to stop... Just tell me. This time, thanks to what you've already given me... I'm in control. You can trust me.

- There's no need to go through the same explanations again, Alex. I'm not the center of this, again. We are. And I already agreed. Rest assured if it feels terrible or I'm suddenly completely freaked out, I'll let you know. When I push you away, you seem so hurt and it makes me pain inside and scream that I'm an idiot. When I don't... it remains to be seen what happens when I don't. This is what that's for.

- But when it mattered, at last, you didn't. To me, that's important. That I found out I wasn't wrong. That after just a single moment of mutual connection, nothing I experienced over my period of 'maturing' compares to you! If you leave me, it will be the worst, yeah, but at least... at least we tried, at least I came close to being what I want to be with you, for you, for a few moments, a few days, before it all had to collapse. Once we're done you can let me down if you need to. Whichever phrase works. "It's not you, it's me." "Susan was better in bed." I'll even deal with "Well, you offered yourself as a fling, so..." That really won't change what happened at this point. I love you so much and for a few days, it's been a rollercoaster, but at the end of it, I feel like... one way or another, I'll finally have closure. And... I have experienced happiness. For a moment, at least. Thanks to you. Thank you, brother dearest.

A thousand thoughts run through his head.

["Why it is me, again?" “Why does she sound so sad and final about this?” “How can I stop her from being hurt?” “Is this natural?” “Should we get some mental treatment?” “Susan wasn’t better in bed!” “Why exactly can’t I fall in love with this girl?” “Ahhhh, right, she’s my sister… Wait, what was it about Susan?”]

- No promises. Like I said, this is entirely new for me. I... I don't know how to deal with this.

- I didn’t know either! I really used to love you so much it hurt, but now... Ever since I realized how much I hurt you and yet managed to make you forgive me, ever since I stepped into that shower with you and yet, you accepted everything and didn’t push me away, but actually pulled me closer... I felt so happy! Before, I didn’t even knew what happiness was, but look how much I can smile if you just... make me with the simplest things... Plus, I get quarter-orgasms just from having you touch me when we’re naked, that’s also a good thing...

- That last line wasn’t necessary.

- It’s to brush your ego. If you’re that good without even trying, you’ll make Casanova look bad if you actually try.

- Aaaand Alex' sanity ship has sailed. I'm sure that's just a little delusion of yours.

-Everyone wants to have mental problems that can give you easy orgasms, Gary.

-Point taken. Though, you know... I no longer treat this as a joke. I understand I... underestimated you honesty and self-awareness. Now, back on topic...

-Yes. I know. And sorry about going off like that.

-I just have two questions. Question one : Do you realize there's still a chance we will get out of this experience mentally scarred, with you possibly getting hurt for life if you indeed love me so much? I mean... things happen. We're young. We make dumb things. Something may seem like a thing but
we're actually just being selfish, or silly, or lonely, or deluded. I know it doesn't feel that way now, but... I want you to remember there's a chance it may happen.

- Yes. That's why I don’t really want… to push you into this. No, in fact, I do, because I’m so needy. What I mean is I don’t want you to make the bad decision. Or maybe I do...

-Okay, I get this. Question two. Alex. This is a crazy test. I think... part of us both sees we are much less likely to “pass” it the way we are now. Do you really think if it doesn’t work out, will you be able to let go… and turn into a normal sister? More importantly, are you willing to risk that I might... need space for a while?

- I’ll try. If not, I’ll pretend. But, my word is my word. I give it and take the consequences. If you hate the act and find out that I’m not really a turn on at all and you were just confused, or if you find out the emotional guilt of having sex with your sister is too great to bear, I’ll get off your head and try to be a good sibling.

- And I will be honest about what is going on between us. Just as I promised. Sorry for the... pessimistic strike there.

- All right… the test. Do you want... to go through with it? All things included?

- I may panic when you press against that spot, but I think we should at least try.

- Ummm, Gary?

- Yes?

- Thank you. For being... so understanding. And so kind. And letting me... do stuff. And being there for me. Mostly, I have to thank you for being born. When I do the math... there’s been pain, but, ultimately, your existence means a great deal to me. It’s a good thing our pregnancy wasn’t screwed up more and we were able to be twins and siblings. I... I love you.

- I love you as a sibling and adore you overall. Now I know you were not so wrong about what connects us, either. I just... I never wanted you to end up hurt at the end of this. I just know the old method of avoiding that was wrong.

- Well, I guess I was born to be a masochist, because I wouldn’t have it any other way even if I get hurt.

[“Gosh, that conviction and ability to make you feel special are so easy to fall for… How come she is single? Oh, right, hermaphroditism. And huge sibling obsession.”]

- You... are welcome. But it feels... odd.

- It’s a new way to flirt, sure. I’m not yet used to it.

- How again is this flirting?

- Oh Gary, please. I flirt with you about 90% of the time I spend with you. I’m just not always obvious about it. And sometimes, it’s really complicated and hard. Ultimate goal is always the same.

- You damn manipulator.
- I just know what’s best for you.

- The psychiatric ward?

- If it’s together, why not? Knowing us, in three months we’d be running the place from the shadows.

- And then a lot of people would start believing themselves to be our win-cestuous children and try to spread out?

- Uh-huh. Anyway. I was serious up to the point of being a masochist. Although, I’m afraid I do put a bit too much effort into flirting with you or trying to interpret your words as flirting with me.

- I’ve noticed.

- I’m sure you did. Do you want to eat something? We’ll still have to do personal hygiene stuff to pull this all off, so we might as well do it with our bellies full.

- Sure, let’s eat and hit the bathroom afterwards.

- Showering together!

- You realize the sole purpose of this sex test thing is so we have sex DURING it, not have more sex before and after?

- A joint bath in the bathtub, then?

- That’s even worse!

- At least give me points for trying!

- Ten points for Slytherin!

- They’re the bad guys! And we don’t even like Harry Potter!

- Precisely!

Alex laughed. When she calmed down, she thought one last time to the voice in her head. The one encouraging her to try and dominate people she cared about, in particular Gary. The one she knew would always suggest she uses her cock and puts it as superior to femininity and masculinity both.

She sometimes wondered if that voice was partially what she thought it was. But now... it was gone. And she was whole.

- Have you ever wondered what it’d be like if we had a third sibling?

- Crowded in the kitchen?

- Yeah, probably. I wonder if he’d become your rival over time...

- What if it was a girl?

- I’d make sure that she eats well so she gets way too fat and you don’t look at her!
- So cruel, so cruel.

- All is fair in war and love!

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