

Homelands Pt 2 Ch 05

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Frank gets to know his brother's wife and daughter.

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As I made my way up the stairs from the basement to the kitchen, I noticed that something was wrong. I felt like I was living in more than world at the same time. The body I felt and saw wasn't the body I thought of as mine. But then it was again.

Memories flashed through my mind. I'd done this. The disorientation I felt was the aftermath of, what, a spell I'd cast? I was a wizard of some kind? That didn't sound quite right, but it was close to the truth. The family had been under threat. Someone had killed cousin Jack. And I'd transported us to a place where we could all feel safe. My parents' house, at Christmas time. Yes, that was it.

When I reached the kitchen, I noticed another effect of my spell. Or maybe it was another spell altogether. Maybe not even one I was responsible for. Because, while I found it easy enough to remember why I'd brought us here, I couldn't for the life of me figure out why I'd made my sister and mother look like *that*.

Natalie leaned back against her husband, Rob, whose hands were wrapped gently around her narrow waist. Nat had always been attractive, but she was well into her forties. Which was not to say she was no longer attractive. Just that it was a more mature beauty, one that was easy enough to appreciate for a man who was also in his forties, but might not have appealed so much to younger men.

At least, that was what the front of my mind was telling me I knew to be true.

And a middle-aged woman who was still beautiful even though her body was now a bit pear-shaped and her full breasts were beginning to succumb to gravity's inexorably pull did indeed flicker at the edges of my vision. As I might expect of her, she wore baggy sweat pants and oversized sweater.

But, mostly, when I looked at my sister, I saw something quite different. The woman who was drinking coffee and discussing plans for the day with our mother certainly *sounded* like Nat. But she could easily be mistaken for a woman in her early twenties, unless you looked really close at her face.

And she looked better than I thought I remembered Nat having looked even as a teenager.

This version of my sister had flawless skin, lustrous dark-brown hair hanging down to her delicate shoulders, and a killer body.

That body was not hidden in baggy clothes either. This other version of my sister wore tight black pants that might as well have been painted on. She was sporting a prominent camel-toe. Her legs were nicely curved, her muscles toned. Not quite as shapely as I preferred, but more than a little impressive. Her tank-top was so tight that her breasts, which looked like large grapefruits, seemed to be demanding that I stare at them and think the kind of thoughts a man should not think about his sister.

Really, really should not think about his sister.

Those thoughts had perhaps come unbidden, but no less smoothly for it. It had taken me a minute to even realize what I was doing. If I'd had such thoughts at all, shouldn't they have felt strange and wrong and shameful? Or just about anything other than natural?

I felt no more shame when I looked at my mother, who also only seemed to look the way she should on some superficial level, while appearing to be something else beneath. The woman bending over to put cookies in the oven was a heavy woman in her early seventies. A typical grandmother, as devoid of sex appeal as possible. But she was also a young woman with a body that defied reason, gravity, biology, and other authority figures.

If Natalie's breasts were like grapefruits, Mom's were like watermelons. They bounced around with her every motion, no matter how small, threatening to spill out over the front of her apron. Which was, of course, the only thing she wore, besides a thong. Because, you know, that's how women dress when baking cookies for the holidays.

Mom's ass anchored the weight of her chest. It was thick, round, and soft, but it stood out behind her, rather than sagging towards the floor. No ass that size could be so free of dimpling and cellulite, yet hers was all the same. Her lower body was soft in all the right places, but clearly shaped by dense layers of muscle underneath the generous padding. As thick as her ass and thighs were, her skin was impossibly smooth, her ankles and knees delicate and slender, her calves like baseballs.

In fact, despite her huge ass, curvaceous legs, and massive breasts, Mom's waist was not a great deal thicker than Natalie's. It was thicker, yes. But not by anything near the same margin as the difference between her hips and those of her daughter. Everything but her thighs, ass and breasts belonged to a woman only slightly less fit and trim than Nat.

Mom's hair, cut in a perfect bob, was sleek, shiny, and black as ink, save a few strands of silver. When she leaned towards the window and the morning sunlight fell on it, red highlights appeared. Those gorgeous raven locks, matched by thick and lightly arched brows, cast such a deep contrast with her fair skin that even without that body, she'd have been breathtaking. Her lips were full, her brown eyes large and bright. Her face was a bit soft, her nose a little broad, and there was a sad look to her face. But she was still gorgeous. And though I was sure other men would say Natalie had the better body, I simply couldn't agree. This fantasy version of my mother had my blood fit to boil.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. Or my reaction to it. What on earth would have made me use my magic to do this to my mother and sister? Assuming it had in fact been something I'd done that transformed them so.

But I didn't think it was. Like when a word is on the tip of your tongue, I knew that I knew what was happening, but I just couldn't quite manage to remember what it was. There was a reason why they looked the way they did, and why I felt absolutely no guilt for the illicit thoughts I was having. And it would come to me any minute now.

"Merry Christmas," Natalie said as I ascended the final stairs.

Rob mumbled a similar greeting. Was he looking at me with jealousy? Had he caught me lasciviously staring my eyes out at his wife?

Mom came over and hugged me, going up on tip-toes to kiss me on the cheek. Her love pillows pressed against my chest. I let my hands fall from her lower back, where they gravitated naturally when I embraced her, southwards.

Heart pounding like I'd just run a marathon, I decided to just go ahead and do it. Couldn't help myself. I squeezed her ass. Gently at first, but with increasing vigor.

She didn't react in any way. Maybe it hadn't even happened. Maybe all the unreal images were only in my head. That would almost make more sense.

Fuck, her ass felt good. I want to slap it, bite it, tongue-fuck her asshole. Then come around front and play with those huge, soft breasts. Take one nipple at a time in my mouth while fondling the other heavy bag in my hands. Wanted to motorboat and titty-fuck them.

"Merry Christmas, sweetie," Mom said with a warm smile. Not a lusty smile. Just the kind of smile mothers were actually supposed to give their sons.

If she wasn't having the same thoughts as me, why didn't she seem to care about the way I was kneading her ass between my hands like dough?

"Same to you," I said, kissing her on the forehead.

Mom smiled and ran her small hands over my hard chest.

My hard chest? I was a tenured professor who spent entirely too much time at his desk. In my youth, I'd always been stockier than I wished, and over time, I'd come to look back on stocky with nostalgia.

Yet that didn't sound right. It was like a description of a character I'd been asked to play or something. Somehow, when I glanced down, the body I saw felt familiar and right. I hadn't been transformed or replaced. This body, a body that one part of my mind was telling me was foreign, was, according to another part of me, essentially the same exact body I'd had for some years now. It was the one that truly belonged to me. Even if it was the kind of body you found on the cover of weightlifting magazines. Well, except for the fact that I hadn't been shorn of all body hair. I had short tufts of curled chest hair and a faint happy trail leading into my silk pajama pants. Not enough hair to hide my broad, swollen pecs or the hills and valleys of my shredded abdominals, but enough that I looked like a man rather than a freak.

"Why don't you go see if Todd and Holly would like to join us for coffee?" Mom asked. "The kids won't be up for hours."

"Too right," Rob said with a snort. "Pat won't be up before noon, the lazy bum."

Natalie slapped his hand. "Don't call your son a lazy bum," she said.

Mom had not slipped away from me yet. I ran a hand through her hair, tucked a lock behind her ear. Her eyes, so wide and dark, surrounded by long, thick lashes, had me all but hypnotized. Not so much so, though, that I didn't stare down the front of her apron, taking in the view of her stunning cleavage. Most men would find those breasts too large, the same as they would her ass. I was sure of it. They were way, way more than a handful. But I wouldn't wish them any smaller. As far as I was concerned, there was just more of her to play with. And only in the exact right areas anyway.

I suddenly remembered she'd asked me a question. And it hadn't been about what I wanted to do to her breasts. It had been about Todd. And Holly. And coffee.

"Okay," I said.

Natalie looked at us without expression.

We kissed each other on the lips before Mom pulled away. An innocent little peck. But it sure got my blood flowing. I watched her ass sway as she walked over to the counter.

"None of the kids are awake?" I asked my sister.

"Nope," Natalie said. "Pat and Sean were up all night playing video games. They were still awake when I was getting up."

"But! They're most definitely *not* lazy bums," Rob rushed to add.

Natalie smiled over her shoulder. "They haven't seen each other in a long time."

"Mel should be up pretty soon though," Mom said. "Did you know she gets up most mornings at four to practice gymnastics? And still has a 3.9 GPA? I don't know how that girl finds the time for everything."

"She's impressive all right," I said, wondering what excuse most of my students had for getting such bad grades when none of them were likely to be headed to the Olympics.

What students? When had I ever stood at the front of the classroom?

I was more and more certain that the personas and appearances that made us seem normal were illusions. The hyper-sexualized versions of us were the real ones.

"Where's Dad?" I asked.

"Just out at the woodpile. Can't have Christmas without a fire," Mom said.

"Right. Got to ward off that balmy Florida winter," I said.

Mom smiled. "We may have moved out of the northeast, but his heart is still there. I'm not sure he'll ever forgive me for taking him away from his skiing and his hiking. As if we could keep paying those taxes, or his old back could take another New York winter."

I chuckled. That sounded just like Dad.

And, strangely, it did. I was sure this too was a lie. Dad's back was *fine*. And I wasn't sure my parents actually lived in Florida. But the man I'd grown up with would protest often and loudly if he'd ever been forced to move.

I glanced at my watch. Not much past eight. "You sure Todd and Holly will be up? I don't want to wake them." After a moment, I corrected myself. "Well, I'm sure Todd is. The day he doesn't beat the sun out of bed, he'll turn in his uniform. But Holly?"

"I just got a Merry X-mas text from her," Natalie said, holding up her smart phone. "A few minutes before you got up."

Mom pressed a tin of cookies into my hands. "Take this over there with you."

"Mom," I said. "I'm not going to see the neighbors. Technically, that's your house still."

Natalie laughed. "And you'll see them in a few minutes."

Mom blushed. "I know. But I don't care. Take them with you."

"To the apartment above your garage," I said.

"Shoo, shoo," she said, waving her hands at me. But she still looked like a fertility goddess, even as she was playing the part of traditional matron and Keeper of the Christmas cookies, and sounding like the woman I'd grown up with. It was all kinds of disorienting.

Not to mention titillating.

Being reminded of my mother as *my mother* a moment after I'd been fantasizing about giving her a rimjob and titty-fucking her and much else besides was like a splash of cold water across my face. Finally, a hint of the guilt I should have been feeling showed up.

But it was only a hint. And that only turned me on more. I wanted to fuck my mother. And my sister too, as long as I was at it. But I didn't want it to feel normal and okay. I *wanted* it to be wrong. Wanted them to know that I was so hot for them that I didn't care how depraved it made me to seduce them.

Would they be open to that? Were they as immune to socially appropriate feelings of revulsion at the very thought of incest as I was?

I hadn't noticed them staring at me as blatantly as I was at them, but somehow I was sure that yes,

they were. That in fact, I'd fucked both of them many times before. Especially Mom. I couldn't really remember it, not in any detail, but I had the vague sense that it had happened. I'd been a teenager the first time I had sex with my mother.

And, strangely enough, we'd both looked almost exactly as we did now, even back then. I was sure of that, as little sense as it made.

"Well, are you still here?" Mom asked, swatting a dish towel at me. "Off with you, already! Those cookies aren't going to deliver themselves."

"Okay, okay," I said.

"Careful," Rob said. "I accidentally violated one of the cookie rules this morning by stealing one off the tray while it was still warm, and you should have seen what happened. I might only be her son-in-law, but I'm not sure it'd be any safer for you."

Natalie slapped his wrist playfully. "Oh, stop, all she did was pinch your cheek."

"Yeah, but it was embarrassing. Made me feel like a little kid," he said.

Mom, Nat and I laughed at that. Then I slipped out the kitchen door to the driveway.

I bounded up the steps to the garage apartment, taking them three at a time. My breath was steady as could be when I finished, my heart-rate unaffected. I wasn't sure that would have been true even when I was eighteen. Maybe it would have been, but if so, it probably shouldn't have been. It *certainly* shouldn't have been now.

Yet, in a way, everything felt right. Everything.

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As soon as I walked in, Holly rushed over and threw her arms around me, pecked on the cheek, and wished me a merry Christmas. I kissed her back and returned the greeting.

The embrace was a bit too warm, I thought. I didn't know her that well. I'd hardly seen her and Todd over the years, especially when he'd been deployed abroad. And we were the kind of family that hugged rather awkwardly. At least, when we were pretending to be ordinary mortals, we were. And that was all it was, was pretending.

Was Holly like us?

There weren't two different versions of her. And the one and only version of my sister-in-law had the face of a woman who was well into her forties. A woman who even now looked better than most women in their twenties, if not as good as she herself must have at that age, sure. But compared to the supernatural beauty of my mother and sister, the slight imperfections in her face stood out. She had deeper wrinkles than even my mother did, at least the version of my mother that I was almost certain was actually the real one.

I also noticed that Holly was wearing a family appropriate outfit. Her pajama pants were black silk patterned with tiny silver kittens, and her white T-shirt was a few sizes too big. As I recalled, she didn't have much curves to be hiding under the baggy clothes anyway, but her choice of attire was still telling. Somewhere in the back of my mind, I thought that was as to be expected. She was not, in fact, like us. I wasn't sure what exactly that meant. Wasn't sure what exactly we were, or why there were super sexy versions of us fighting to edge out our more ordinary guises. But whatever the story was, it didn't apply to my brother's wife.

Holly stepped back. She craned her neck to look up at me. Even in my idealized form, I wasn't much above average height. But Holly was just so small, in both height and build, that I felt like her son Sean must have around everyone else.

"You hungry? I made bacon and eggs," she said, reaching for a covered frying pan.

I rubbed my eyes. Glancing around the small apartment, which besides the two adjoining bedrooms wasn't much more than the a tiny kitchenette and sitting area with a couch and TV, it hit me. "Where's Todd?"

"He went for one of his runs. Last night, he said he wasn't going to, so I made breakfast enough for three. But when he got up this morning, he said he needed to preemptively work off some of the excess calories he expected to consume today. You know your mother and the holidays. Cookies, cakes, and treats everywhere. Not to mention the feasts she calls dinners. I've made my peace with it, but you know Todd. Anyway, he left a while ago, so he should be back in twenty minutes or so."

"Oh," I said. "Well, speaking of holiday over-eating, Mom sent these over," I gestured with the cookie tin. "And I'm supposed to ask if the two of you will join us for coffee."

Holly took the cookies from me with a chuckle. She popped the top, eyes going wide at the variety of delights contained therein. "So it begins," she said with a chuckle, taking out a piece of homemade peanut butter fudge. As she nibbled at it, making sounds typically reserved for the bedroom, she

added, "Stay. Eat. Otherwise, it will go to waste. If Todd's pretending to be good, I'm sure he won't eat bacon and eggs. And then after he gets back and showers, we can all go down for coffee."

I shrugged and said, "If you insist."

"And I do," she said, fixing me a plate.

It was getting towards lukewarm. But it was good. The bacon was crisp but not cooked to the point of crumbling, and the scrambled eggs were neither runny nor dry.

"So what are you doing up this early?" she asked. "I'm used to it because of Todd. But what's your excuse? Thought you were a night owl."

"Just couldn't get back to sleep," I said.

Holly smiled into her mug of coffee, pretending her eyes weren't roaming up and down my body. "Christmas always does that to me. Used to be because I couldn't wait to see what I got. Then it got to be that I couldn't wait to see the kids faces when they saw what I got them. Guess it never changes."

"Yeah," I said, unable to think of anything less noncommittal. "Not that I'd know about that last part. The kids."

Holly blushed. "Forgive me if this is too blunt." A pause for a slow sip of coffee. "Why didn't you ever marry? I never got a straight answer out of Todd."

"Probably because there's no straight answer. Just didn't. No particular reason."

She raised an eyebrow at me. "Is that so?"

No, there was more to it than that, I thought. There had to be, didn't there? But I couldn't for the life of me think what the real answer was. On some level, it felt like just yesterday I'd been young enough that no one thought to ask why I'd "never" married.

Where had the time gone? Why did everything between my last year of college and now seem like something I'd read about instead of something that had actually happened to me?

"You're not asking if I'm gay, are you?" I asked.

She blushed more deeply. "God, no. I've heard some of...no." She laughed, a bit too emphatically. "Nooo. I was thinking more that you're afraid of commitment. But that seems strange, since Todd has always made you sound like the more sensitive one. Of course, a pile of rocks is more sensitive than my Todd, but still." My sister-in-law eased across the counter closer towards me. "Is that really it? Never been much of a one-woman man?"

"Nah, that's not it. I mean that didn't stop Todd."

She slapped my arm and I almost dropped the plate. "Jackass."

"Seriously. You make it sound like I'm one of those guys who's always ending relationships the minute the woman starts dropping hints about marriage. But that never happened."

"So, what, you've never even been in a serious relationship?" Holly asked.

I thought about it. "A few, back when I was young."

"That's," she laid a hand on my arm gently, "sad."

"I guess it might sound it. But I'm not lonely or unhappy. I mean, not everyone wants married life, believe it or not. I'm not trying to disparage it. I understand it works for a lot of people. Not as many as try to make it work for them, maybe, but still, lots of people. It's just that I'm a terrible workaholic, and relationships take time."

That almost felt like it was true.

But probably only because I'd been one of the few students in college who was capable of realizing that my professors were actually people, and the ones that were active with their research did seem to be serious workaholics. So maybe the detail only rang true because I was sure it would fit if I actually was who I claimed to be.

"So you never wonder what it's like to know that there's always going to be someone there to warm your bed?" she asked.

"Sure. And you know what I really fantasize about? Having to negotiate about every little thing, from credit card bills to what's for dinner and what movie to watch. And I can't *believe* I missed out on two years of sleep deprivation, vomit, and diapers."

"Do any of you actually speak English? It's all sarcasese, all the time with you guys," Holly said with

a faint smile. "So I guess your right. Having to spend holidays with this family is definitely one of those terrible sacrifices marriage involves making."

I finished the food, gently laid the plate in the sink and ran some water on it. When I turned back around, Holly was standing even closer to me than before. I could smell her. Not just her perfume and her shampoo. But the excitement dampening her panties.

"You should have told Todd that if he needed to get some exercise to offset the holiday gorging, that he could do that without getting out of bed."

Her eyes went wide. "Frank!"

"What? Tell me you weren't thinking the same thing. That he missed a golden opportunity to remind you of the perks of married life."

She didn't answer. At first. After an awkward pause, too long for what followed to have any credibility, she asked, "How do you know he didn't?"

"Okay. Well, you know, I understand how this sounds, lifelong bachelor that I am. And I'm sure things change over time, after kids and so on. But I can't help thinking that if it were me, your knees would be wobbly, your hair an absolute mess, and you'd have the kind of blissful, feeling-no-pain look on your face that only comes from morphine and marathon sex between two lovers who know each other's bodies and desires inside out."

Holly's breathing accelerated, her modest breasts rising and falling. "Is that so."

"Yup."

"So you're really concerned about whether your brother is taking care of me."

"I'm a nice guy. I like to see people happy."

Definitely some pupil dilation. And her nipples were hard as rocks. "Nothing else."

"Right. Nothing else. I'm certainly not hitting on you. Making roundabout comments about how Todd should have gotten you off a half-dozen times before getting out of bed-"

"Morning, Mom, Uncle Frank," Mel said with a yawn as she walked into the common room, wiping eye crispies away with one finger. "Merry Christmas," she added, though the yawn made it sound

more like, "Mewwy Qwismas."

Holly fixed Mel the last plate of bacon and eggs then said, "I should go shower. Todd's going to want it when he gets back." As she headed back towards her bedroom, she turned back and said, "Mel, honey, didn't you say something last night about wanting to talk to your Uncle Frank about some book you read in your sociology class?"

"It wasn't a book, Mom. In the upper level courses, it's all journal articles."

"Right, right. So tell him about your journal articles," she said before leaving me alone with my niece.

Mel looked at me and shrugged. "It was stupid really. I'm sure you've heard the argument before." I could almost hear her cursing her mother for bringing it up. Poor thing.

So we proceeded to discuss the debate about whether the incest taboo was an evolutionarily stable strategy for ensuring healthier offspring or an arbitrary, if nonetheless powerful, social norm. If she was reading about that in a sociology class, it wasn't hard to guess which side of the debate the articles she'd read came down on.

I was somewhat familiar with the argument. But not because of any research I'd done as an economist who specialized in the study of family economics, as was allegedly the case. I dimly recalled having read about the debate when I was a college student. And it didn't sound like the debate had progressed much since then.

But wasn't I just in college a few years ago?

Which made very little sense. Something supernatural was going on, sure. But that only took you so far. Unless, of course, whatever it was not only meant that time had little effect on our bodies, but that we didn't actually move through time in a linear fashion. That was more than I could wrap my head around at just the moment though, hard as I was trying to fake some kind of understanding of the research Mel was asking for my opinion on.

If I had to have a detailed conversation about my research with a real economist, I'd be exposed for a fraud right away. But, thankfully, even though the work Mel wanted to discuss was on a topic that was somewhat related to my nominal research interests, it was in a different field. I thought maybe even if I actually was an economist, that alone might mean that I could get away with not having more to say than I did.

For that matter, she was asking for my reaction to the argument some sociologists had put forward

critiquing an argument evolutionary psychologists had long taken for granted, and I had plenty of excuse to claim ignorance of both.

"Well, we don't really *know* that inbreeding *causes* birth defects, just that it introduces less variation. That's not quite the same, right?" Mel asked.

"Right," I said, sounding more confident than I was.

"So maybe they're right that we're mostly disgusted by the idea, even amongst consenting adults, because society tells us we should be. The same way most people are strictly hetero, even though we'd probably all of us be bi if we hadn't been conditioned to think it was weird and wrong to be attracted to the same sex," she continued.

"Makes sense," I said, though I wasn't entirely sure about that. If my lack of interest in other men was simply a reflection of society telling me I shouldn't like other men, society had done a bang-up job. Of course, that wasn't much of an argument.

I told her about the few studies I sort of remembered having read on my own back when I was in college. Whenever that was. Studies that were consistent with the idea that incest avoidance was a social construction. It sounded like they'd either been the same ones she'd read in this class of hers, or she'd read follow-on studies inspired by the ones I'd read.

"But, I mean, as interesting as that idea is, and as an academic myself I have no small sympathy for a counterintuitive argument, doesn't it just make your bullshit detector go haywire? For example, can you really say that the only thing preventing us from taking advantage of the fact that neither of your parents are around is that, when you were a child, you heard lots of people say that it's wrong for blood relatives to be intimate with one another?" I asked her.

"Well, we're not going to be alone for long," she said.

I chuckled. "Okay, but so what? I mean, they can join in too, right? We're all adults. If incest is no big deal, then what's stopping you from getting started with me then switching to your father when he gets home?"

"Now you're just being obtuse," she said. Holding up her pointer and middle fingers, she said, "Two things. First, even if it's true that it's all a social construct rather than a biological imperative, that doesn't mean it's exactly a weak or superficial force. Like a typical economist, you're assuming that culture is just something you can wave away."

I started to protest, but then, it wasn't really worth it. She could rag on my supposed profession all she wanted, it was no skin off my nose.

"Second," she continued, "if it was true that people were just as *capable* of being attracted to people to whom they were closely related as other people, that wouldn't mean they necessarily always *were*. Why would I want to let two older men have their way with me, want to cheat on my boyfriend, even if you and Dad weren't blood kin? I'm not one of those sorostitutes, you know." One corner of my niece's mouth turned up. "Plus, I mean, it's not like you're even all that attractive."

"That so?" I asked.

She nodded. "Ayup."

"And what about your father? You can't tell me he's not. Man in a uniform. Ridiculously good shape. Women have been fighting over my brother all my life."

"Well, sure, *he's* hot," she said.

I flung a packet of sugar at her.

She howled with laughter as she stepped back, shielded her face instinctively with her hands, and blocked the pathetic little projectile with a thigh.

A rather thick, meaty, thigh. I almost hadn't noticed, since she'd been standing on the other side of the counter. Her shirt was loose enough that it was possible to only observe in passing how awesome her breasts were while we were talking. And awesome they were, particularly given that she had so little body fat. But one look at the equally impressive curves she had from the waist down was enough to set my heart racing. My niece's shorts left only slightly less of her body exposed than would have been the case if she'd chosen not to wear anything but her panties.

Her body was not exactly the type I generally preferred. But whether they were mostly muscle or deliciously soft, curves always got my attention in a way that a body like Holly's never would. However, my sister-in-law might be prettier, even at her age, than her daughter. Mel had a fairly deep tan, and I'd never been crazy about that. Turned me off quite a bit, actually. And her eyebrows were either naturally thin or had been sculpted down into puny little things. Her nose was a bit too broad too. I guess she got that from her father's side of the family, since the same was true for my mother.

Still, my niece was far from ugly. And she didn't need to have the prettiest face in the world to have blood rushing between my legs. Not with a body like that. Not after having spent fifteen minutes

talking about incest. In a detached, academic sense, to be sure. At least at first. But part of my mind didn't seem to be bothered by the distinction. All it knew was that my niece and I had just been discussing incest, at length.

That was fucking *hot*.

Just then, we heard footsteps on the stairs leading up to the apartment.

"Speak of the devil," I said. "He's home. Maybe you can show me what you're willing to do with a member of your family, so long as he's hot enough."

"Maybe I will," she said.

I felt pre-cum leak out and dribble down the rounded tip of my cock.

My brother walked in before I could reply. He didn't look like a man who'd just run several miles. He wore camo utility shorts and an olive green T-shirt, as he might wear to the track, but there wasn't a drop of sweat on him, nor any damp spots on his shirt.

Except that was only true for one version of Todd.

Like Nat, Mom, and myself, he mostly seemed to be standing before is in an exaggeratedly sexy form. I caught one tiny glimpse of another image. The latter version was drenched in sweat, with dark stains reaching from his collar to his waist as well as below his pits. In that guise, Todd had a bit less muscle, and a little less definition. His face looked a little older. But overall, the two versions of Todd had a lot more in common with one another than was true of everyone else.

Well, not including Mel. Only now that I thought about it did I realize that I'd seen another version of her ever so briefly. In her case, the main difference was just that her ordinary version wasn't wearing any makeup and had smaller breasts. Perhaps there'd be a few other slight differences, but I hadn't had a chance to notice.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy!" Mel said.

"And to you," he said. He looked over at me. "Frank."

"Todd," I said.

"Where's your mother?" he asked Mel.

"She said she was going to take a shower. But that was a while ago and, come to think of it, the water hasn't been running for some time. Maybe she went back to sleep?"

Todd shrugged. He went over to the fridge, pulled out a bottle of water, and drank half of it without coming up for air.

Maybe he really had gone for a serious run.

Mel came up behind him and wrapped her arms around his torso. "Uncle Frank doesn't think I believe that you're handsome. Isn't that crazy?" she said.

Todd grunted. "He's just jealous. I would be too, if I were him."

"That's not exactly what I said." I told Todd all about our conversation. "So, you see, I was just trying to call her bluff, get her to admit she doesn't really buy some overly contrived academic argument. Thought maybe she'd be quicker to say 'Eww, gross,' if I asked her if she'd have sex with you. But, well, she's certainly stubborn enough to be your daughter."

Todd held Mel in place with a hand atop her red hair and spun around to face me. His daughter was now plastered to his chest instead of his back. He stroked her hair gently while addressing me. "She is, that. But she wasn't just being stubborn in this case."

"Here we go. Two against one," I said.

My brother shook his head. "No, no, fuck that. I could care less about academic debates. You know that. I'm not trying to make a point. I'm saying my lovely Mel isn't afraid to show how much she loves her Daddy. Isn't that right, sweetie?"

Mel giggled by way of response.

"You wouldn't believe how well this girl can suck a dick," Todd said. "Baby, why don't you show Uncle Frank?"

She started to drop to her haunches, but he grabbed her upper arm. "Not me. Him."

Mel slowly turned to regard me. And smiled a smile that told me this was no joke.

Despite all the signs that were already out there telling me that our family was not like most families,

as I watched my niece slowly settle down on her haunches, run her hands over my thighs and abs, and pull my stiff cock out of my pajama pants, all I could think to myself was "No fucking way this is happening."

She stared with wide eyes at my manhood. I'd seen myself bigger, I knew. Perhaps we not only could switch back and forth between our true selves and convincing imitations of ordinary mortals, but could further improve upon our already impressive fantasy versions. The moment the thought occurred to me, I knew it for the truth. But I didn't bother, for now. Even at the baseline, I had something of a monster. It was a good three quarters the size of my forearm. Sure, I could make it every bit as long and thick as my forearm, but there was no need just now.

"Don't take this the wrong way, Daddy, but he's got at least one reason he doesn't need to be jealous of you," Mel said, licking her lips.

Todd laughed. "Let him have the one."

Mel licked my pre-cum away with a furtive twitch of her tongue. "Just trying to make me admit I didn't believe the argument, huh?"

I didn't reply. Just ran a hand through her soft, dark red hair.

My niece giggled again before engulfing me. She took me in her mouth slowly at first, her full lips creeping along my helmet. But just as she reached the expanse of smooth circumcised foreskin, she pulled out all the stops.

"Whoa, whoa. Are you trying to get me off or make me cry uncle?" I asked.

Todd groaned at the terrible pun.

But poor choice of words aside, it was a valid question. Mel was overwhelming me. Her tongue was nimble, and focused like a laser on providing intense stimulation to my most sensitive parts. Her lips were soft and pillowy, and the light touch of her fingers on my balls was a nice addition. Even so, it felt better than I could have imagined.

Like she'd reached inside me and turned the dial on my pleasure receptors to high.

I didn't last a minute.

Mel coughed a few times as I fed her a rather generous load of cum, but every last drop of her

uncle's jizz went down her throat in the end, even if she had to use her fingers and tongue to get it back in her mouth.

When I finally looked up, I saw Holly had rejoined us. She stood next to her husband, stark naked, stroking his cock slowly while she watched her daughter fellate her brother-in-law. "That's my girl," she said when Mel licked the last glob from her finger.

"Okay, now you can remind Daddy of how good you are," Todd said.

"Thank you," I told my niece, planting a kiss on her cheek. "If that's what happened every time I lost an argument, I'd make a point of being wrong more often."

She laughed, patted my little guy on the head, told him goodbye, and walked away.

"I'd offer to let you compare," Holly said, slipping over to me. "But I know I can't hold a candle to my daughter. And you probably need a minute to recover anyway. So, how's about you show me what kind of oral talents you've got?" she asked. With that, she turned her back to the island counter and hopped up onto it. Feet planted firmly on the marble counter top, she spread her legs, reached down, and played with her pretty lips for me.

She was hairier than I was used to. Or rather, hadn't groomed herself the way most women I'd been with did. It wasn't that she had a monster bush or anything. But her pubes surrounded her lips. And I noticed that her lips were a little gray, rather than strictly pink.

Still, I wasn't going to refuse.

Unlike Mel, I was a teaser. I used the soft back of my tongue to gently lick first one of her outer lips, then the other. Then I simply let her feel my warm breath against her womanhood before throwing a quick slash of my tongue down across the hood that covered her clitoris. I continued in that fashion, working slowly and tenderly on her labia while giving her more sensitive parts only the briefest attention. But gradually, I worked towards more and more direct stimulation, less and less teasing. Holly shuddered and sighed softly, guiding me inward with a hand on the back of my head.

By the time I had two fingers inside, curled back towards me, and was sucking and nibbling on her stiff clit, she was kicking her heels against the cabinet doors, pressing against my head with an almost uncomfortable amount of force, and cursing like a sailor.

She tasted different than I was used to. Salty, sweaty, and not at all sweet. But then why should I expect her to taste sweet?

As she climaxed and I drank something other than her secretions, it came to me.

Holly was a mortal. The rest of us were not. We were sex gods and goddesses, or demons, or *something* much more than human. And the women of our kind all had their own unique taste, a little subtle hint of something sweet that swam underneath the usual taste of pussy. Natalie tasted like chocolate. My mother, blackberries with a hint of raspberry. But there was no sweet finish to Holly's juices.

There was a lot more I still couldn't remember. But it would come back to me soon. I'd placed a veil on all of us, and when I'd done so, I'd made sure it hung more lightly over my own memories than those of some of the others. If Holly had had more to give, the whole thing might be gone already. But mortals couldn't serve up the same amount of energy.

So I suggested Todd and I switch.

Through gritted teeth, he said, "Soon as Mel...ungh...finishes me off again."

Once she did, Holly got down on her back so her daughter could pick up where I'd left off eating her pussy while her husband titty-fucked her.

For my part, I went around behind my niece and took her doggy-style. Nothing compared to fucking a woman with real curves from that position. Except maybe having her on top, so my hands were free to explore the wonders of her body effortlessly. One or the other. I guess the real important part was that she be built like a woman.

Mel's ass was tight and muscular. When I slapped it, it barely shook at all. But it was just so big and round, and her hips so much wider than her waist, that it was still deeply arousing. And she knew how to do things to me from inside that I wouldn't have guessed a girl her age would have figured out yet.

When I finally brought her to climax, she opened up fully, and a torrent of energy poured into me. That did what the trickle I'd sipped from her mother could not.

Every last remnant of the veil was scoured away in an instant.

That's when I started to show my brother's family just how strong I'd become and how much I'd learned in the year's I'd been away. Eventually, I split myself into three different bodies, and between Todd and I, we spit-roasted and DP'd both his wife and daughter a few times each. But I didn't stop there. Though I took it easy on Holly, my voluptuous redheaded niece got the full treatment, including

tricks I hadn't even shown my mother yet.

But soon enough, that was where my mind turned. I'd shown Todd's two women plenty of fun. It was time to go find my mother.