

The biggest problem with free time was that having too much of it got dull very quickly. The prospect of weeks without schoolwork, dull classes or stifling responsibility was a very agreeable one at first, but as the mellow of empty days began to waft in, so too did the realisation that life wasn't much without a schedule to mark it by. At least, that was the conclusion Curtis came to as he lay folded over the family lounge, trying to think of something to do. The worst part was that all of his friends were madly studying for finals, and for a reason he assumed to be unrelated they didn't want to go driving around town in his new (third-hand) car. Curtis had just turned seventeen and had snatched up his licence accordingly, but only managed to fit in a few outings with his pals before the oppressive regime that was year twelve exams descended upon them to temporarily freeze the group's activities. Of all of them, he felt the most alone because he didn't *have* any exams. While Tom and Andrew and Sarah and Shaun had taken the academic route of science, law, mathematics and high-brow art respectively, Curtis had stuck with the one thing he loved to do most—play music. A pianist since he was eleven, he'd pursued the practical side rather than the theoretics (where the students could only tell you which winding rivers inspired the great composers rather than actually play any of their music). That had set him apart from most of the other students, but he'd stuck with it, seen through his performance exams and ended up with a diploma of a commendable degree, having finished what was normally a ten-year course in only eight. And now he was done. What the hell was he supposed to do next?

'You alright there? You seem to have lost your bones.'

Curtis looked up, eyes bloodshot from having his head tipped upside down, and saw his sister staring at him from the doorway. She recoiled slightly when he met her gaze and gave him a wide berth as she resumed her journey to the kitchen.

'Jeepers, you look like a zombie. More than usual, anyway. What's wrong with you?' Their house had an open plan arrangement with the kitchen, living and dining rooms all connected without dividing walls, so she could keep talking to him while she filled herself a glass of water. Her hooves *clop clopped* on the hardwood floors, and her mane was looking sleeker and shinier than its usual tangled mess.

'I'm bored, that's what's wrong.'

'Great, drive me to Centrepont. I want to pick up some hanging hooks for my wall, and I need a new bra.'

Curtis huffed through his long, brown snout. 'I don't want to hear that.'

'What's wrong with hooks? Just because you don't appreciate art doesn't mean I can't hang it up.'

'I'd hardly call pinups of Mathew Maniton with his shirt off 'art.' But I wasn't talking about that, I was meaning... you know...'

Chelsea Elridge leant against the kitchen counter and sipped her water with amusement. 'How immature are you? It's a bra, Curtis. Girl's wear them.'

'And good for them, but I don't wanna hear about yours. You wouldn't want to hear about my underwear.'

His sister snorted. ‘God no, but my bras aren’t all gross like your underwear probably is.’

‘My underwear’s squeaky clean, thank you. At least I have a reason to wear them.’ He hesitated when he saw his sister’s eye twitch and decided a tactical reappraisal would be the best option. ‘What I mean is that you’re only fifteen, and some girls don’t even——’

‘I know what you meant.’ She chugged the last of her water and put the glass next to the sink just a little too loudly. ‘I’m off to hang out with Tegan, don’t do anything stupid while I’m gone.’ She grabbed her bag and headed for the front door, then paused and turned to him. ‘Actually, that’s probably too big of an ask. Don’t do anything stupid to anyone else.’

‘Chelsea, I didn’t mean...’ He tried to get up but rolled backward and straight onto the floor where he sprawled out in a heap. His sister snorted again and disappeared out the door, leaving him lying there alone.

He had a good relationship with Chelsea, probably too good considering they were siblings not quite out of school. They were a tight-knit family, their two dads providing well for them out of their joint job in the city. They saw their mom often enough, and never felt lacking in support or love, but because their parents were out so often, regularly working Saturdays and even the occasional Sunday, they relied on each other for entertainment. Things were rocky sometimes, which was to be expected from two teenagers, but they cared about each other and hung out whenever they weren’t with their friends. Being two years below Curtis, his sister didn’t have finals either, and even though she could have been seeing her friends every day, Chelsea spent a lot of her time with her brother too, playing games or watching crappy films or just complaining about school.

There had also been a couple of... moments. Things neither ever brought up, but which often sat at the forefront of Curtis’ mind. He often wondered if perhaps he was just reading too much into things, but over the past year there had been a couple of occasions where it almost felt like they weren’t brother and sister, but instead... something else. Like two months ago, when they’d been sitting on the lounge watching *Battle for Ravenhead Creek* and Chelsea’s hand had found its way onto his leg. She’d kept it there for the whole movie, occasionally tapping on it with her fingers, and though he’d found it strange it also felt nice. So he’d kept quiet about it, and when the film ended she squeezed his leg slightly before leaving the room.

And last month, when she’d been coming out of the shower, towel wrapped around her middle. She unintentionally blocked his passage, and when he’d looked at her he’d stopped dead on the spot when he realised her towel was low enough to see a hint of dark pink on top of her small, supple breasts. He’d gulped and she tilted her head, and he could have sworn her towel dropped lower before she finally let him pass.

And then there had been last week. He was in bed winding down for the evening, one hand scrolling through his phone admiring a collection of particularly attractive mares, and the other wrapped around his hard, equine shaft. His door had opened and he’d thrown his sheet over himself just before Chelsea had come in. He’d also managed to get a press release from the local government on his phone, and was scanning through it innocently without

actually reading any of it. His sister strode in like she owned the place, grabbed his calculator, and then stopped to look at him curiously. ‘What’re you doing?’

‘News. There’s, uh...’ he desperately scoured the article, ‘a new allotment being built where the old millhouse used to be. Which is making people upset.’

‘Oh, right. Okay.’ She stood there for a while and he avoided eye contact, and then she’d turned and left, closing the door behind her. He let out a gasp of relief and put his phone down on his lap, which then promptly bounced onto the floor and with horror he realised a very prominent pole was sticking up beneath his sheets. There was no way she hadn’t seen it...

He’d slept awfully that night, and hadn’t relieved himself since. Which, in a lot of ways, was just making things worse.

When five-thirty rolled around his sister came back in, mane slightly frizzled and fur still a little damp from messing around in Tegan’s pool. Curtis hadn’t moved from the couch and she fixed him with her emerald gaze. ‘No dads?’

‘Working late again. But apparently they’re fixing something special for tomorrow.’

‘Right. Or they’ll just work late again.’ They both sighed, and she came around to sit next to him. ‘So what have you actually done today?’

‘Counted the marks on the ceiling’, he grunted. ‘There’s none. Dad’s really good at cleaning.’

‘He is.’

‘Pity you don’t take after him.’

‘Clean your own messes, you slob’, she retorted, and grabbed the remote. ‘What’s this crap you’re watching?’

‘*Violet Thunder*. You know, the racehorse; won every sprint he entered right up until someone poisoned him.’

‘Spoiler warning!’ Chelsea punched him in the shoulder and he yelped.

‘He was literally a real person. I gave you that book about him for your birthday!’

‘You always give the worst presents’, she grumbled, then paused. ‘Hold on, was he that hunky Clydesdale? With the great big scar across his chest.’ She drew a finger over her own midsection, from her belly up to between her breasts.

‘That’s the guy. See, it was a great present.’

‘Great masturbation material, at least’, she said simply, then flicked the channel over to some teen drama. Curtis blinked. *Did she... what did she just say?* He mulled it over for a few minutes, then decided he’d probably just misheard her. Chelsea, for her part, had flopped down horizontally on the couch, her feet nudging Curtis’ thigh. ‘So you really just sat around all day?’

‘Everyone’s studying. I’ve taking a break from piano for a few months. You were at Tegan’s. What did you want me to do?’

Chelsea looked at him sympathetically. ‘Aw, did my big bro want me to stay home and look after him?’ She leant over and grabbed his cheeks, mushing them together. He whinnied in dismay and she giggled, climbing up over him and preventing him from moving. She was wearing one of her breezy summer dresses (it was winter, but she was one of *those* kinds of girls), and it draped over his lower body. Her front was loose and it hung low, and with a start Curtis realised she wasn’t wearing a bra. He forced his gaze back up to hers and tried to push her off, but she had the advantage and she knelt on his legs to trap him even more. ‘Do ya get lonely without me? What’re you gonna do next year when I’m still at school and you’re stuck here all alone?’

He frowned at her. ‘I’ll feel really relaxed for six hours a day. Get off me.’

‘Not until you say, “my sister is the best in the world and I’m a lucky guy to have her.”’

Curtis shrugged, ‘well I already know that.’ Chelsea looked at him in surprise and hesitated for a moment, and that moment was all he needed. He forced his legs together between hers and brought his knees to his chest, using them to propel her away. She grabbed his shoulders and shoved him sideways and they both rolled, Curtis falling off the couch for the second time that afternoon and Chelsea landing on top of him. They both grunted at the impact, and then Chelsea slapped his chest.

‘Hey! I thought you were being nice and you have to go and throw me off a chair. What’s up with that?’

‘I was weaponizing the truth’, he said, and she laughed.

‘Well it didn’t work very well; I’m still on top!’ She sat up, straddling his waist, and rolled her hips enthusiastically as she fist-pumped the air. ‘Chelsea the Magnificent does it again!’

With her dress spread around him, he couldn’t see but could absolutely *feel* the way she was moving n him, and it immediately took effect. It wasn’t anything he could help—he was still in the stage where he got hard looking at particularly smooth pebbles. And he was a horse wearing loose flannel pants, and those two things were rarely a good combination. ‘Alright, alright, you win’, he said tightly, ‘now get off me.’

‘Nope, I’ve earned my place’, she giggled. ‘Now I get to make... you...’ She hesitated for a moment and glanced down. She frowned and wiggled her hips again, her groin sliding up and down the rapidly hardening length of Curtis’ embarrassment. ‘Uh... is that what I think it is?’

‘It’s my phone?’ He tried, and in that exact moment something on the table buzzed. Chelsea stretched her neck up and looked over the room, then back down at him. ‘Dad’s trying to ring you.’ They were both quiet for a moment, and then Chelsea started giggling. Curtis couldn’t help but join in—the absurdity of the whole situation was something out of a book. She climbed off and lay down beside him on the floor. ‘You should probably answer it.’

‘I’ll call him back’, he said, staring up the ceiling and wiping his eyes. Sometimes they did that when he laughed. Chelsea glanced down at his pants, then reached over and poked the prominent bulge. Curtis whinnied and slapped her hand away. ‘Hey? What the hell?’

‘I dunno. Just wanted to check. Did I make that happen?’

‘It does its own thing sometimes’, he growled. ‘Forget about it.’

‘So, like, it wasn’t because you were horny or anything.’

‘No, of course not. That’s... no.’

‘Oh’, she said, and Curtis could have sworn she sounded disappointed. There was another moment of silence, and then she tentatively said, ‘are they all that big?’ Curtis coughed in surprise but didn’t answer, so she sat up and grabbed his phone from the table. She knew his password, and it had never bothered him before because he didn’t have anything compromising on there.

‘What are you doing?’

‘Looking up horse dicks.’

‘What!?’ He grabbed his phone back and slid it under his butt so that she couldn’t get it. ‘Not on my phone!’

‘Why not? You look at porn anyway.’

‘Yeah, but not dicks.’ Truth be told, he had looked at a few. Still did occasionally. But all in all he was more of a mare guy.

‘Ha! So you *do* look at porn.’ She already knew as much, especially considering what had happened last week. She’d been wanting to see him hard again ever since then.

‘What? Like you don’t.’

‘I don’t have to, I’ve got a pervy older brother.’

He rolled his eyes. ‘I wasn’t the one gyrating on your dick.’

‘I have a *vagina*, thank you very much. Dunno if gyrating would do very much though, you’d probably be better using a finger and going for—’

‘OKAY! That’s quite enough of that, I think’, Curtis announced and pushed himself up, then promptly smacked his head on the underside of the coffee table and let out a whinny of surprise. Grabbing it in his hands, he stumbled up and a second later a resounding *crack!* rang through the room. Curtis closed his eyes and took in a deep breath. ‘Please tell me that was your glasses I stepped on.’

Chelsea clicked her tongue. ‘I hate to tell you, but I don’t own a pair.’

‘So it the remote controller, right?’

She scooped up his phone from the floor and grimaced at the shattered phone screen. ‘Afraid not.’

His head was still pounding and he sat down on the couch with a long groan. He'd just bought that a few months ago. 'That was mostly your fault.'

'You put it on the ground, and then you stepped on it. I fail to see the connection.' She put the phone carefully on the coffee table and sat next to him, pulling him into a hug. Despite everything, he leant into her and rested his head on her neck. She rubbed his back slowly. 'Alright, maybe I shouldn't have teased you so much. I couldn't help it. You do that to me.'

*What was that supposed to mean?* He huffed into her neck, her mane warm and carrying the aroma of feminine shampoo. It was probably meant to be strawberry or something, but it just smelt like girl. He didn't mind it at all. 'Buy me a new phone and we'll call it even.'

'I'm fifteen, I can't even get a job yet. But uh... I'll do the dishes for a week? No? I'll let you use my phone until you get a new one, as long as we're together.' Curtis sighed and slid down over her, face up with his head in her lap. 'How about I clean your room every week. Would that help?' She glanced down his body. 'You're still hard. Guess not even losing your phone can stop you, huh?'

'Can you please stop looking at my dick? I'm mourning the loss of a close friend here.'

'Alright then, I'll give you handjobs for a week.'

'I don't want your... eh?' He blinked. 'Jobs?'

'Handjobs. You know, like,' she mimed gripping a dick and sliding it up and down. 'Jacking you off. Only because if I hadn't been hard in the first place you'd still have your phone. And so if I, like...' She was clearly making it up as she went along, and he could tell she didn't really know what she was saying. 'And I don't want you breaking anything else, so if I... like, jack you off, then you won't be... hard. Anymore. And...' She reached the end of her reasoning and went quiet, staring down. Curtis didn't really know what to say. It was like he was in a dream—but the fact that it felt like a dream, and not a nightmare, was telling enough in itself.

'You want to do that to me?'

'I mean I've already touched it', she said, and to demonstrate the point she reached down and grabbed his bulge, squeezing it gently in her hand. Curtis gasped but she kept her hand there. 'See?'

'Let me get this straight', Curtis said tightly, though his whole being seemed to be centred in his dick at that moment. 'You want to use sex to pay for my phone?'

'Woah there brother, nobody said nothing about sex. Just handjobs. Because otherwise that would be incest.'

'...yeah. Uh, I'm not sure you've grasped the meaning of—'

'Come on, just let me get you off', she whined, squeezing his dick again. 'Please?'

'Uh... okay?'

Chelsea beamed and slid him across her until his butt rested in her lap. She grasped the edge of his pants, paused, then nodded and pulled them down. She let out a little gasp when his dick flopped out, smacking her arm and then slapping onto his stomach. It was nearly fully hard, twitching and it finished slid out from his sheath. It was thick, about the width of her wrist, and nearly entirely black save for a few mottled areas of pink. His balls were still hidden under his pants, so she pulled his pants further down his legs to reveal the two big, round ovals, hanging low under his cock in their smooth, hairless sack. A long vein ran up its side, pumping with blood as his cock finished its transformation and stood straight up to attention, twitching in the air. Chelsea examined it closely, admiring the smoothness of the skin, how his dick had all these little grooves and ridges just waiting to be touched. Midway up, a thick ridge curled around the diameter of his pulsing meat. That was called the medial ring, she knew that much. Another several inches above, the flared head of his cock was larger still, expanding out from his length to meet at a flat, broad end. It was slightly darker than the rest of him, and a bumpy ridge extended around its circumference. At the tip, a small hole in the center had started leaking clear drops of fluid, which ran slowly down his cock to pool at his groin.

He was probably just a little bigger than was average, yet to Chelsea it seemed enormous, far bigger than she'd expected her brother to be. She hesitantly reached forward, running her thumb over the head and wetting it with his cool, slick precum. Curtis hissed at the sensation, still unable to believe quite what was happening. Chelsea let out a slow breath, calming herself down, and then reached around his shaft and started stroking. Immediately Curtis's eyes closed as he revelled in the feeling, trying to pretend it was anyone except his younger sister. But try as he might, the image of his younger sister rubbing his dick stuck in his mind until it was all he could see. So, he gave up and watched her do it.

Compared to his own hand, which until this point was all that had ever graced his cock, Chelsea's brown-furred hand seemed small and skinny. She was almost graceful in her strokes, tilting her hand to follow the contours of his dick as she reached his base and then back up again, until her thumb nudged his head and sent another warm tingle through his body. But despite her grace, it was clear she was copying what she'd seen on the internet: gripping just a bit too hard, moving just a bit too fast, and keeping the exact same rhythm and touch without variance.

'Does it feel okay?' she asked earnestly. With a giggle she added, 'I'm not really sure what I'm doing.'

'It's nice', Curtis said, and his sister frowned but didn't stop.

'It's not supposed to be *nice*, it's supposed to be *amazing*.'

'It feels good', he insisted. She started jacking him faster and he put a hand gently on her wrist. 'Just a little looser... yeah, like that. And try changing speeds a bit.'

'Oh, like when I'm fingering myself?' she asked seriously, concentrating on his cock. He wasn't really sure how to reply, but she already seemed to be learning, lengthening her strokes and making them broader, slower, sliding his cock up and down and building up, then stopping for a second at letting a tingling sensation run through him before suddenly gripping him harder and speeding up. Then she did it all over again. He groaned in pleasure, his hand falling to her thigh and squeezing it gently.

‘Yeah, perfect, like that.’

She smiled proudly and kept it up, occasionally glancing at him to make sure she was doing it right. He was leaking more precum now, enough that it was flowing in a thin, continuous stream down his dick, wetting her hand and making her slide easier. A quiet *shlck, shlck* filled the otherwise silent room. After a while Chelsea pulled her hand away, shaking her wrist. ‘How do you do this for so long? Don’t you get tired?’

‘How do you know how long I go for?’ he asked and she shrugged.

‘Sometimes you aren’t very quiet. I don’t mind though.’ She grinned at him, and though it was a quick, silent moment, when their eyes met there was a moment of loving trust between them that ultimately quashed any doubts Curtis had left in his mind.

Chelsea shook her wrist one last time then returned to his cock, pumping with renewed vigour. He let out another moan as she started feeling his balls with his other hand, squeezing them and rolling them about in her palm. She could only just hold both of them in one hand, though they spilled over her grip so she had to keep rolling them. ‘You like that, huh?’

‘Yeah. Just—not quite so hard.’

‘Oh, right.’ She held him looser and he relaxed back into the chair, sighing happily. Unlike before, it wasn’t just the feeling of her jacking him off that was bringing him closer to the edge (though of course that was a part of it). Instead, knowing *who* was doing it made his nerves spark that much more. Chelsea, holding his dick in her cute little hands, was jacking her brother off like it was the most normal thing in the world.

Sensing his building pleasure, she started using both hands to stroke him. They fit comfortably on his long shaft with room to spare, and the sight was exciting for both of them. Determined to make him finish, Chelsea pulled out all the stops she had and soon Curtis was clenching his fists and lifting his hips up in the air to meet her strokes. ‘I’m getting close’, he warned and she bit her lip, working harder. She remembered to alter her speed, drawing him out and building his frustration as she came to a near stop, her hands hot on his slick cock, and then she suddenly jacking him fast and hard and he gripped the fabric of the lounge tightly and gasped, mind exploding with pleasure.

The first spurt shot high into the air, arcing over the lounge and landing somewhere in the floor of the dining area just behind them. Chelsea watched in amazement as a second and then third spurt shot up in a long string which quickly descended down, hitting the lounge and splashing back onto Curtis. The next two landed on her nose and she jerked back in surprise, just in time for his cock to twitch and shoot directly at her neck, the thick drops of cum sliding down her shirt. Despite it all she kept stroking him, bringing him through the rest of his orgasm as his spurts finally slowed to a flow of cum down his cock, pooling in his crotch and soaking his fur. When he was finally done, they were both panting.

Chelsea, as usual, was the first to speak. ‘So... how was it?’

Curtis looked at her through one eye, breathing heavily. ‘*Amazing.*’

‘Yay!’, she giggled, and wiped her thumb over the head of his cock. He gasped, overly sensitive, and she smiled and examined the substance on her thumb closely. It was



thick and only semi-translucent, oozing slowly down into her hand. It sure was sticky. ‘Kinda hard to believe this is the stuff that makes foals’, she said as she glanced down at her legs, which she’d tightly crossed after pushing Curtis’ own aside. *It’d have to go in there though...* She shivered, imagining him on top of her, pushing her into the bed as he drove into her.

‘It’s also a bugger to clean up. I, uh... appreciate you taking most of it.’

‘I wasn’t trying to!’ she said indignantly, well aware her muzzle and neck were spotted thickly with the stuff. ‘You started shooting everywhere, what was I supposed to do?’

An image of her arcing her long neck downward and wrapping her lips around his cock flashed through his mind. ‘No, uh... you did good.’

‘Thanks.’ She looked down at his cock again. ‘I guess we should clean up.’

‘Hey, not so fast young lady.’ Chelsea raised an eyebrow as he sat up and leant over her, their muzzles close. Chelsea’s eyes went wide and she squirmed under him but he held her tight against the backrest of the lounge. ‘Hardly fair if you’re doing all the work, is it?’

Her breath was shaky and her heart was racing. God, she’d waited for this. *Wanted* this. He looked ominous leaning over her like that. Strong, powerful... just like he did in her fantasies. She couldn’t help it—she let out a choked moan. ‘Y-you want to...?’

He tilted his head. ‘If you’ll let me?’

There was a moment of quiet. Then, with a red face, Chelsea whispered, ‘could you, um... hold me tighter?’

Curtis looked at her blankly. That was something he hadn’t been expecting. Slowly, he gripped her wrists tighter. ‘Like that?’

She winced. ‘Sort of. Actually, not really. You sort of have to...’ she pulled his arms up above her head, trapping her own wrists on top of the couch. He got the hint and held her there. ‘Yeah, perfect. Just enough that I can’t move too much.’ She wiggled her wrists experimentally, and he gripped her tighter so that she couldn’t escape. She let out a shaky breath. ‘Yeah. And now you can, uh...’ Her eyes flickered downward and he grinned, reaching toward her legs. She giggled. ‘You gotta keep holding my hands though.’

‘Oh right. But then how do I... oh.’ He adjusted his grip so that he could hold both her wrists with one hand—it helped that his own hands were significantly bigger than hers. ‘Sorry, you’re going to have to bear with me here, I don’t know much about this stuff.’

‘It’s alright’, she said, looking up at him adoringly with her wide, green eyes. ‘You’re super hot.’

He gulped. ‘You’re pretty hot too.’ His other hand reached her dress and he grabbed the hem, still looking into her eyes. Slowly, he inched it upward, pulling it higher and higher above her legs until she was completely uncovered. Yet he kept her gaze levelled with hers. ‘You ready?’

‘Yeah’, she whispered. He pushed his hand under the hem, reaching down, right between her legs, fingers stretching out to touch her—

‘Fuck, headlights’, he hissed, jumping away from her. She stared at him.

‘What? Why’d you stop?’

He brushed himself down, then stared in dismay and his own hands which were now covered in the cum he’d just dragged his fingers through. ‘Dads are home. Uh... oh no.’

Chelsea squeaked and jumped off the couch too, and they both stared through the window. A car had just pulled up, and as they both watched the engine cut off and a tall, muscular horse stepped out. It was dark out by now, and they could only see his silhouette as he went around to the boot of the car and opened it up. Curtis grabbed his pants from the lounge and pulled them on. ‘Shit. Chelsea, there’s cum on the couch.’

‘There’s cum on the couch!?’

‘All over the back of the couch.’

‘I thought I caught it all with my face.’

‘Fuck! You’ve got cum on your face!’

‘*I know I’ve got cum on my face*’, she hissed. ‘You put it there!’

‘I didn’t mean to! Oh god, and it’s all over my hands.’

‘Why did you have to cum so much!?’ she growled and he threw his hands up in dismay. ‘I can’t just decide how much I’m going to cum!’ He stared after Chelsea as she ran to the stairs. ‘Where are you going!? Don’t leave me here!’ He begged and she glared at him.

‘I’m not greeting dads with your semen dripping off my snout.’

‘You can tell them it’s sprite?’, he tried and she scowled and sprinted up the stairs. Curtis glanced out the window and saw his dad closing the car boot, shopping bags strung over his broad arms. Someone else was getting out of the car now—a sleek, short-furred animal with a long, elegant tail that flicked as they closed the car door. Both started heading up the short path to the doorway and Curtis freaked. He sprinted to the kitchen and spun out the paper towel, grabbing as many sheafs as he could. Then he ran back, his still-hard dick bouncing around in his pants, and he could feel the stickiness of his pants rubbing against the matted fur of his thighs. It was not a pleasant feeling. He desperately wiped the backrest, getting as much as he could off before the *clip clop* of hooves on the front doorstep rattled through the house and he dived onto the floor and shoved the paper towel underneath the chair.

‘Guess who’s got the next three days off!’ Shouted a cheery tenor as the door banged open and their parents came in. ‘We promised something special, and now we’re delivering!’ There was a moment of quiet, and he heard them murmur something. Then; ‘Oh children of mine, I know you’re home. You’ve left *Confession of a Housemouse* on. Come downstairs and check this out!’

From his position behind the lounge Curtis saw Chelsea clopping down the stairs, her face damp and mostly cum-free. She still looked anxious though. ‘Hi dad. Hi dad. What’ve you got?’

‘Hey hun’, purred Alexander, a leopard with fur so shiny you could almost see your reflection in it. He was their stepfather, but both simply called him dad. ‘Where’s Curtis? I though he was looking forward to tomorrow’s surprise.’

Chelsea glanced down to where Curtis was lying frozen on the spot behind the lounge. She blinked. ‘I think he died from watching too much TV.’ She nudged him with a hoof. ‘You alright there bud?’

He didn’t move for a second, simply rubbed the back of his neck as he stared at her. Surreptitiously, she ran a hand through her mane and then down to the same spot on her own neck, wiping away a drop that had survived the washing process. When she was clean, he hauled himself up and peeked over the lounge. ‘Hi.’

‘...hi’, said Ryan, their father-by-blood. He peered at his two children suspiciously. ‘Why do I get the feeling you’re plotting something.’

‘Oh leave them be’, said Alexander smoothly, taking the bags from his husband and starting unpacking the contents in the correct cupboards. ‘They’re always up to something. Now tell them!’

Ryan gave them both a broad grin and clapped his hands together. ‘We’re all going up to Pennsbrooke for the long weekend! Do some farming, go for walks at dawn... you know, all the stuff you hate but will look back on with fond memories.’

‘Pennsbrooke? The farm?’ They’d been there before, when they were foals. Back when Ryan had still been with their mother. It had been a sweet, simple few days, and Curtis and Chelsea had both brought up going back over the past year. Of course, neither though it would actually happen with their parent’s busy schedules.

‘Hey! That’s great!’ beamed Chelsea. ‘Can I wake Curtis up with a bucket of water again? That was my favourite morning of all time.’

‘Can I bowl her over a fence again?’ retorted her brother, and Ryan waved his hands.

‘Please you two, a little decorum. You can get all farmy when we’re actually there.’

Curtis grinned at his father. ‘Thanks dad. I can’t wait.’

‘I’m glad’, he said, then hesitated. ‘Being where it is, I invited Julie, so... she’ll be coming along too. I hope that’s alright.’

Chelsea looked at him in pleasant surprise. ‘Mum’s coming?’

‘Yeah. That okay?’

‘Of course! It’s been a while. She’ll definitely be okay with...’ she trailed off, glancing between her two fathers. Alexander leant over the counter, tail flicking again.

‘Oh please, we’ve all hung out before. It’ll be fun! Plus, we—’ He paused, looking down at the floor behind the lounge. ‘What’s that?’

Curtis froze. They’d forgot the splatter that had landed behind them. Quick as a flash, Chelsea stepped in. ‘That? It’s Sprite. Bugger, I must have spilt a bit when I went upstairs.’

‘Chelsea, you can’t just take soft drink without asking’, frowned her father, and she hung her head.

‘I know. Sorry.’

‘Well, we’ll call it a special treat for today. Grab some paper towel and...oh. Curtis, can you grab another roll from the laundry? I swear I just filled it up...’

Silently thanking his sister for everything he was worth, he skittered of the laundry and let out the breath he’d been holding since they came in.

After dinner the two siblings helped clean up, then bade their parents goodnight and went upstairs. They both arrived at their own bedroom doors at the same time, and both stopped to look at each other.

Curtis nervously licked his lips. ‘Uh... night.’

‘Night.’

Neither moved. Curtis looked down at the ground. ‘Did you want to—’

‘Yeah.’ She clopped as quietly as she could into his bedroom, shutting the door tightly behind him. Her breaths were shaky as she leant back against the door, staring at him through her eyelashes. ‘I can’t believe I did that to you.’

‘Is it weird?’ he whispered, then added, ‘as in, too weird?’

Chelsea shrugged. ‘I’ve always thought you were strange but that never stopped me hanging out with you.’ They shared a quiet chuckle. The room was dark, but his blinds were open and the pale blue tinge of the night crept inside to illuminate the back of Curtis’ mane, making it glow ethereally. Chelsea licked her lips. ‘I think you were just about to do something before we were interrupted.’

‘I think I was’, he grinned and moved toward her. She pressed herself harder against the door, slowly bringing her arms to her sides, and Curtis took the hint and grabbed her wrists, pulling them above her head again. ‘You really like this?’ he asked, his breath warm and sweet on her muzzle, tinged with the spice of dinner.

‘Yeah. I don’t know why, it just...’ she grinned at him as he pressed against her, ‘it makes me wet.’ She bit her lower lip as she felt him grow against her, and just like before he held both her wrists in one hand as his other trailed down her cheek, brushing against the soft, short fur. She gazed at him lovingly as he felt down her neck, and down over the fabric of her dress. His hand bumped over her collarbone, and he hesitated as he met the gentle rise of her chest. He’d never touched a girl’s boobs before. It felt like it should have been a momentous occasion, but instead it just felt like a perfectly natural part of showing his affection for her. He didn’t break eye contact as he reached its peak, bumping over the little, hard nubs of her nipple, and then opened his hand to gently squeeze the impossibly soft flesh. Chelsea let out a quiet sigh as he rolled it in his palm, brushing his thumb over the nipple. Even over her clothes it felt nice. But all too quickly Curtis’ hand resumed its journey downward, running over her stomach, and then her hips, and then final to the front of her dress. He pulled it slowly up with one hand, reaching up under it and finding her thigh. She felt even hotter

under here, and as he brushed along her fur she let out a hiss. He gripped her wrists tighter with his other hand and brought his face right up to hers, a serious look on his face. Her eyes went wide and he paused, ready to apologise, but the look of sincere lust that flashed across her face put him at ease. He kissed her cheek and continued moving upward, finally reaching her groin. He'd been expecting to meet more clothes, but when his hand touched soft, excited fur, he realised she was bare.

'I was hoping you'd invite me in tonight', she whispered, and bit her lower lip again. He wasn't sure whether it was out of habit or just to be sexy, but he didn't mind either way. She looked cute when she did it.

He ran a finger over her soft mound, and when he reached her slit he found it already damp. She closed her eyes as he followed the opening down, and then back up again. He explored her for several minutes, getting a feel for its shape. Somehow, it seemed even more beautiful when he wasn't looking at it, relying only on touch. Some places made her gasp, some seemed nice, others made her grunt and he'd quickly try something else. After a few minutes of exploring the top of her soft, wet pussy, he found what he was looking for—a hard, bumpy knob of flesh. He flicked it and she gasped, squirming under his grip. He grinned and did it again, working over it with a proficiency that surprised them both. Maybe it was his piano hands that helped. Taking the advice he'd given her, he made sure never to do the same thing too long, keeping her guessing as he played with her.

As she moaned, he added his other fingers into the play, rubbing her clit between his index and thumb. His pinkie brushed over her slit with each turn of his hand, gathering up her wetness and rubbing it back over her, and he kissed her neck, nipping gently at the flesh. When she felt wet enough, his hands strayed down further, easing apart her lips, trying to find the source of her slickness. After a moment he looked at her bashfully. 'Help me out?'

She giggled. 'A little lower... little bit more... there.'

He felt around, tried pushing his fingers in but nothing was happening. He raised an eyebrow and she turned her wrist a few times, signalling for him to let go. He obliged and she took his hands, guiding him to the bed. 'It'll work better if I'm lying down. Are you definitely okay with this?'

'Absolutely', he smiled, and she squeezed his hand. Leaving him at the edge of the bed, she sat herself down and spread her legs, bringing the dress above her knees. Curtis got his first good look at her—simple enough on the outside, just a flash of bright pink flesh between the darker lips of her cunt, with chocolate-coloured, short fur surrounding it. But he knew the intricacies of her organ lay further within, and he was hungry to find them. 'Don't you want to take the dress off?'

'You can get to what you need to, can't you?'

He frowned. 'I dunno... I wouldn't mind seeing a bit more of you.'

'I'll keep it on for now. Better to keep some surprise for later, yeah?' she said, and there was something in her voice that made Curtis hesitate. Maybe she was just embarrassed—what he'd said that morning probably hadn't helped.

‘Well, dress or no dress, I think you’re beautiful’, he said and knelt down in front of her. Chelsea pursed her lips together in a proud smile, which quickly turned to a smoky sigh as he reached forward and ran his fingers over her slit again. He massaged her thigh slowly with his hands, squeezing her flesh as he played with her clit some more. She was quickly growing wet again, and when he saw a faint shimmer over her lips, he pointed a finger and gently eased her lips apart, going for the place she’d shown him before. He had more luck this time, gliding slowly into her up to the second joint on his finger. Her pussy was squeezing around him, not used to having anything in there except herself, but she adored the sensation. He starting pumping in and out of her slowly, relaxing her and slowly easing open her canal. She laid back on the covers, legs hanging on either side of him. He kept it up for another few minutes, until he tried adding a second finger and she tensed up. He looked at her in worry. ‘Did that hurt?’

‘No, no I just... might need a bit more practice before I level up to two fingers’, she blushed. Curtis nodded, relieved she was okay. Still, he couldn’t help but picture his finger next to his cock. It seemed crazy to him that *that* was supposed to be able to fit in *there*... not that it mattered or anything, considering it wasn’t on the agenda for either of them. But, still.

Without thinking too much about it, Curtis leant forward and stuck his tongue out, running it firmly over Chelsea’s sex. She gasped loudly and jolted, then clapped a hand over her muzzle to shut out the moan. He grinned and did it again, from the wider pool above her hole to the very top of her clit. Each time he did it she would make a muffled noise, and when he pulled her lips apart with his fingers and dipped his tongue inside her she had to scrunch the covers in her fists to stop herself from crying out. He moved between the two points, pushing his broad equine tongue deeper into her and drawing in the musky aroma of her pussy, and then moving up to flick her clit and even rub it gently with his teeth. Glad to be getting somewhere, Curtis kept it up, soon adding his fingers back in to pleasure wherever his tongue was absent. The assault was something Chelsea had never felt before, and she reached down to grab his mane and push him harder into her. He kept it up for as long as he could, licked and rubbing and lapping and fingering her, until she felt her tap his shoulder and he lifted his head up, drops of pearlescent liquid falling from his chin. Her cheeks were blushed a deep crimson and her eyes were only half-focused... he hadn’t realised quite the effect he’d had.

‘Alright, I... might need a break’, she panted, gesturing for him to come up and join her.

‘Is that... did you...?’ he asked, full of questions. When he slid down beside her she draped an arm over him, pulling him in close.

‘That was amazing. I’ve never... felt anything like that before.’ She was speaking earnestly, but Curtis couldn’t help frowning.

‘So you didn’t finish.’

‘Huh? What’s the matter? I loved it.’

‘I guess not, if you didn’t——’

She leaned in and kissed him, hard, right on the lips. His eyes went wide, then relaxed, then closed as she hummed contentedly into his mouth. When she finally pulled

slowly away, giving his lips a quick lick, she looked at him seriously. 'You were great, Curtis. This isn't a porno, I'm not going to squirt all over your face. Although...' she trailed a hand over his chin, feeling its wetness. *Her* wetness. 'I didn't quite realise how much I got on you. I don't usually... ah, anyway. Just because I didn't cum doesn't mean I didn't love it. Because I did, so that's the end of that.'

He sighed, then tilted his head and grinned. 'If we *did* do a porno though, I bet we'd be great.'

'We'd be amazing. Plus we're already brother and sister so we're pretty much set.'

'Hey sis, I fixed your shower, why don't you test it out?', he said and Chelsea giggled.

'Big bro? Can you help me with my homework? I don't have any money but I can reward you some other way.'

He laughed and stood up, putting his hands on his hips. 'Hey little sis, my friends have a bet that I can't get a pic of you naked.'

'Big bro, my date to the cinemas cancelled so can you come with me instead? I've got a big box of popcorn you can put in your lap.'

'We're going to a fancy dress party and you won't recognise me, so don't bang any random masked dudes, alright?'

'My best friend wants to get with you but I've got to make sure you're good enough for——'

The door opened and the light flicked on and they both stared at Alexander as he padded to the wardrobe, not even noticing them. He reached up to the top shelf and pulled down two sleeping bags, then tucked them under his arms. He smiled at Curtis. 'Just getting stuff ready for tomorrow. You know how Ryan is. Night Curtis!' He paused by the door and turned to Chelsea, who was lying on the bed still with her legs clamped shut. Thank goodness she'd kept the dress on. He tilted his head, then shrugged. 'Night to you too Chels. Make sure you two get to bed before late though, alright? We're up early tomorrow!' He closed the door behind him and padded back down the hall, humming as he went.

Chelsea let out a long sigh, a mixture of relief and disappointment. 'Again? Seriously? We're never going to get a moment to ourselves.'

'I'm a little bit more concerned about the fact that dad walked in on us...'

Chelsea stood up and stretched. 'We weren't doing anything. For all he knows we were just chatting. With the light off. And... ah, heck. I hope he didn't see the juice on my chin.'

'Juice? Gross!' Curtis whined and his sister shoved him.

'You didn't think it was gross when you were going at it. Seriously though, you don't... think he suspected anything, do you?'

'Do you think he'd tell dad?'

‘Even worse, do you think he’d tell mum?’

They both cringed. ‘Well, right. Um... as long as we don’t do anything else silly, I’m sure we’ll be fine. So no doing anything when there’s potential to be caught, alright? No sneaky stuff while we’re on holiday.’

‘Agreed.’

‘Yup. None of that... will happen. None.’

‘Gotcha.’

Well, I guess it’s time for bed.’

‘I wish you could sleep here’, he said quietly. Chelsea smiled.

‘Yeah, me too.’

‘...night.’

‘Night.’

She trotted over and kissed him again, then patted his shoulder and left the room. Curtis watched her go, then sat down on the bed. *No trying to get with her while we’re away. I’m... sure we’ll manage.*

Yeah, how hard could it be?