

Renovator's Delight

"Hey Karen, come look at this!" James called, pointing at the circled ad in the real estate section of the paper.

Karen approached and looked over his shoulder at the property. "Gee that's cheap. Looks a bit of a dump though."

"Yep, deceased estate. The bank wants to get rid of it as soon as possible. They want a third of the median price in that neighborhood! It's laughable."

James took his wife's hand and pulled her around beside him. Lifting a leg over his she climbed onto his lap and faced him at the table. "I can see the wheels spinning in your head. We can't afford it!" Karen said, lightly kissing him on the lips.

"We could re-mortgage this place, I'll do all the renovating. We'd more than double our investment!"

Karen felt James' cock rising in his pants. She ground her groin down onto his, causing him to groan. "Is it me that's turning you on right now or the property?"

James clutched her rear and squeezed. "You baby, always you."

She felt herself becoming wet as he caressed her ass. "It's still a No!"

A thought entered James' head. "What about Belinda?"

"Turning you on? Your sister!?"

"No! About the house. She has that money from the divorce, she's been idle since they broke up. What about convincing her to put in?" James proposed.

Karen leaned back and placed her elbows on the table behind her. "That actually isn't a bad idea. We could come up with half I suppose and if both of you worked on it. It might work!"

James was beaming. "I'll invite her around for dinner tonight, put it to her. See I'm not just a pretty face."

Karen reached down and began to unzip his fly. "I never said you were."

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When James opened the second bottle of red for the night, Belinda had begun to relax and enjoy herself. Both James and Karen had noticed the decline in her mental state since the divorce and had done all they could to help her through. Ultimately James knew his big sister had to get over it herself. She'd move on with her life eventually

and the renovation of a house was just the distraction he hoped she needed.

"O.k, tell me again about this house." Belinda inquired.

James brought out his tablet and sat next to Belinda on the couch. Opening the real estate app he navigated to the property.

"Ugh. It's nothing to look at," Belinda laughed and looked up at Karen. "You've seen this? God Karen, I thought my brother had taste."

Karen smiled and moved over to top up Belinda's glass. It was nice to see her laughing again. She eyed her sister-in-law up and down. Five years older than James and in her late 40's she was still very attractive, her blonde hair, the darker roots showing through was held back in a pony tail, her face although feminine, so similar to James'. Karen envied her larger ass and breasts, a breast which was now pressed against her husbands arm. Their legs were touching. They're sitting so close together, she thought, then rebuked herself the jealousy. They're brother and sister you idiot, stop whatever it is you're thinking.

"Let's cut to the chase, how much money do you want to borrow little brother?"

James had felt so warm and relaxed sitting beside Belinda. It reminded him of when they'd sit and read together as children. Her breast was pressed to his arm and he was reluctant to move from the position. Turning towards Belinda and breaking the connection

between them he placed the tablet down on the couch. "No you've got it wrong. We don't want to borrow the money, we want to go in as partners. 50/50. We share the work. I figure they'll accept an offer of \$110 thousand, we spend around \$20 to \$40 grand on the renovation and I bet we'll sell it for \$350 to \$400 thousand come the end of summer."

"Partners? I don't know anything about renovating a house." Belinda said, draining her glass, Karen quick to top her up once more.

"What's to know? Tradespeople do all the serious stuff, we do everything else. You'd be amazed how much you can learn on Youtube."

Belinda looked to Karen again. "You all in on this?"

"Sure. Look what your brother did with this place. You'll learn as you go, you'll enjoy it."

"I know what else you want to say, It'll give me something to do!" Belinda forced a smile.

"We want to see you happy again Belinda." Karen stated.

"So what do you say Bee? You gonna come and work with your little brother?"

Belinda swallowed a mouthful of wine and ate a piece of cheese. She knew she was adding to the suspense. Finally she placed her glass down on the coffee table. "Yes! Yes I will."

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DAY 1

"So everything's final?"

"Yep."

"We're homeowners!" Belinda looked down at the copy of the title. "James and Belinda Miles. Looks like we're a married couple!"

"Yeah, how does it feel using your maiden name again?" James asked.

"Good actually. I want to forget everything about my past life and today is the start of it." She suddenly wrapped her arms around her brother and hugged him tightly. "Thank you James. This was just what I needed."

The unexpected embrace was welcomed by James, the feel of her body against his, the smell of her hair. He also realized he hadn't hugged his sister that closely in more than 20 years. It was a new day for both of them.

Standing before the property they broke the hug and looked at the facade. "God I was right, it's nothing to look at!" Belinda opined.

"That's the idea. The worst property on the best street. Shit even just mowing the lawn and painting the exterior we could make \$20 thousand on this place. Shall we go in?"

"I'm fearful!"

"Hah. Come on."

The screen door came off it's hinges when James pulled it open and Belinda placed a hand across her mouth to stifle her laugh. "O.k, I admit that's not a good start!" James added.

The third key James tried unlocked the large oak door and James swung it open after explaining all it needed was to be sanded back and polished and it would add \$5000 to the price.

"This place will be worth a cool mil the way you're going!" Belinda sarcastically replied.

James ignored the jibe. "Well if you said we looked a married couple on the title, maybe I should carry you across the threshold!"

"Oh would you? Colin never did that!"

Without waiting James reached behind Belinda's back and legs and accompanied by her screams of laughter hoisted her up in his arms and entered the house. Belinda had her arms around James' neck and she turned to look him in the eye. James was suddenly aware of the soft skin of her bare thigh against his arm, his hand reached so close to her breast from behind. Her other breast to his chest. He could feel her hot breath against his neck. He felt arousal.

The moment it happened he lowered her back onto her feet. Belinda placed both her hands on his chest and pushed him away still giggling. "Wow you got strong little brother, you couldn't do that when we were kids!" Belinda turned away and they both took in the surroundings of the hallway. A stairway directly opposite the front door led up to the second floor and doors on either side of the entrance led to a living room and a spare bedroom.

"It's bigger than I expected!" Belinda stated.

"I get that a lot!" James quickly fired back and it took Belinda a moment to get the joke.

"Oh James!" She rolled her eyes and softly punched his arm and James feigned agony at her assault. "Come on, I think the kitchen is down here." Belinda said and headed past the stairway towards the rear of the house. James knew the layout perfectly having inspected the property days before but followed Belinda allowing her to discover the house by herself.

"These cupboards will have to be replaced. I guess we could just polish the floorboards. What's the plumbing like?" She asked excitedly.

"See, you know what you're doing. You shouldn't have doubted yourself. But yeah, the plumbing's fine. Good pressure too. The electrician says he'll have to rewire some of the rooms but that was to be expected."

"Can we go upstairs?"

James smiled, "Lead the way."

Belinda mounted the stairs ahead of her brother and James allowed his eyes to stray across her rear and the swish of her skirt as she ascended. "These stairs would look great polished with a carpet runner!" Belinda suddenly stopped and looked behind at James to gauge his opinion. His eyes quickly diverted from her ass and Belinda noticed but dismissed it. He was probably just looking straight ahead, she thought and they continued up the stairway.

In the master bedroom James pointed out that they could knock down a wall which would open it up to the adjoining bathroom, thus providing an en-suite. They could feed off the same plumbing and create another bathroom beside it which would cut back on costs. Belinda loved his ideas and ventured a few of her own, walk in robes

could be added without much fuss and they drew plans on the walls as they went.

"Want to see the basement?" James matter-of-factly stated when they'd completed the second floor.

Belinda grabbed his arm excitedly. "There's a basement?"

James nodded. "Let's go."

The house was built in the 1920's and from what the estate agent had discovered had been in the same family's hands ever since. An elderly childless couple had resided in it up until the wife died in the early 2000's and the husband remained alone until his death. The realtor had to declare the man died in the home and James had kept this fact from Belinda so as to not make her uncomfortable in the house. The man died intestate and much of the furniture and chattels had been sold in an auction held previously and James rued the fact he hadn't been aware. One or two rooms still held unsold items, a cabinet in the dining room, a dresser, a kitchen table but the basement was still a treasure trove of old power tools and bric-a-brac.

"Oh my god it's creepy down here!" Belinda exclaimed as she took in the room.

"It just needs light." James pointed to air vents on the walls. "If we replace them with glass it'll give the place a while new atmosphere. We could turn this into a cinema or gym, even another living room."

Belinda looked at the saws, hammers and other tools lining the walls and workbench. "Yeah, the slaughterhouse look just isn't a huge drawcard nowadays is it?"

"Ha, I'll get Karen to organize a dumpster through her work, some of this we can sell online but most of it's scrap." James turned to Belinda. "So what do you think?"

"About the basement?"

"No. All of it."

Belinda again scanned the room and James thought he probably should've waited until they were upstairs to ask the question. "To be honest," she paused, frowning, then her face brightened. "I love it!" She again unexpectedly embraced James. The hug was closer than she'd intended. Her body pressed against his as though someone was pushing her from behind. Her breasts flattened against James' chest and her pelvis ground against his groin. "When do we get to it?" She asked looking up into his eyes.

James' mind was in a muddle. His cock was pressing against his sister and it felt good. "Get to what?" He managed to answer.

"The house! When do we begin?"

"Oh! Um, tomorrow I guess. Meet here around seven. You're closer so I'll give you the keys until we make a copy." Neither seemed to want to break the embrace but when Belinda began running her hands down James' arms he felt his cock begin to swell and not to cause embarrassment, stepped away, feigning interest in a circular saw.

Belinda watched her brother from behind. His muscular back rippling under the tight white t-shirt. His ass, rounded against his blue denim. She noticed something else as she stood in the cellar. She was wet.

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DAY 2

James pulled up outside the house at 6:30am. Belinda was already sitting on the front steps sipping a coffee, another placed beside her. "You're eager!" James shouted from the curb as he opened the rear of his truck and began removing the hire equipment he'd picked up the previous afternoon.

Belinda approached and began to help, lifting a floor sander down from the tray. "I was here at six, I could hardly sleep I was so excited. I tossed and turned all night."

James suddenly imagined Belinda in bed. What was she wearing, he thought? Then quickly put it out of his mind. They moved the tools to the porch and James took a moment to admire his sister's body again. She'd come prepared, wearing work boots that looked new and long

socks rolled down. Her legs were bare and her ass filled out a pair of short khaki hiking shorts. A white tank top was underneath a red checkered shirt and she finished her look with a matching red hair scarf. "I'm glad you wore some old clothes, we're gonna get dirty today!" And the moment he said it he realized it came out wrong.

"Promises, promises." Belinda quickly retorted and although they both laughed, both were unsure why they were speaking so provocatively.

Mid morning a dumpster arrived and James had the driver leave it in the driveway on the property. Come lunchtime it was half full and much of the basement had been cleared. On reflection most of the tools weren't worth salvaging and James wasn't disappointed, meaning less time online trying to sell the items. A few tools he left on the curb with a sign saying "Free" and as the day progressed the items decreased.

They combined their forces ripping up the linoleum tiling on the floors and Belinda took to the floor sander like a pro. By the afternoon she had most of the first floor sanded back and James quipped if she wanted to do it professionally she had better learn to go slower.

James surveyed the now empty basement and satisfied with his work, turned to climb back up the steps. As he mounted the fourth stair and his eye-line was level with the roof of the cellar he noticed a large crack between the ceiling panels and reached out to examine it. Upon touching, the panel dropped down and fell to the floor with a loud thud with what he at first thought was insulation. Climbing back down the stairs he dropped to his knees to examine the find. A large

number of porn mags had been stored in the space, yellowed with age some showed dates going back to the 60's. The latest he found was a Hustler from the 90's and attempting a cursory inspection found the pages to be heavily glued together.

"What was that?" Came Belinda's voice from the entrance to the basement. "Are you O.k?"

"Yeah it's cool, come down."

Belinda had been reluctant to return to the basement since her initial excursion and had been happy to allow James to clean it out. When she reached the bottom she marveled at the change in the room.

"Wow it looks great down here, you were right, if there was more light it could be a fantastic space!" She looked down at James, squatting on the floor. "What have you got?"

James had compiled the magazines into a tower counting fifteen levels high. "Check it out, all the girly mags a boy could ever want."

Belinda knelt down next to James and examined the pile. "Oh my god." She looked up when she saw the ceiling panel. "Were they up there?"

"Yep, nearly hit me on the way down. I could've been killed by porn!"

Belinda's eye was caught by a small tin box against the stairway, as yet unnoticed by James. "What's this?" She reached out and dragged the box towards them. Opening it they discovered photos of the one couple and many of the female alone in various sexual positions. They were taken over a number of years, their aging reflected in the images. The earliest shots looked to be from the 60's or 70's going by the square shape of the photos. Many were Polaroids and the latest with the couple appearing to be in their elder years were digital prints. All up they counted 100 photos.

Every conceivable sex act seemed to have been recorded for posterity by the pair. The couple weren't particularly attractive. The man sported a handlebar mustache for most of his life and was too thin for his height. The woman was mousy with small breasts and always had it seemed, greasy hair. James and Belinda passed each photo between them and made jokes to remove what could have been an uncomfortable situation for a brother and sister. Placing the photos back in the box Belinda looked at the pile of porn. "Looks like you've got some reading to do little brother!" she laughed. James stood and scooped the pile of magazines up with him.

"Well all but the Hustler, the pages are pretty well stuck together!"

"Ewgh!" Belinda exclaimed as she followed James upstairs with their bounty.

Placing the magazines on the kitchen table James looked at the time on his phone. "We should call it a day. Bright and early tomorrow?"

"I'll be here." She arched her back and stretched her arms above her head. "I think I'll have a nice bath when I get home, some bubbles. Maybe a wine."

"Sounds nice, I think I'll join you." James was quick to correct himself. "I mean not join you, I mean I'll do the same. At my house."

Belinda shook her head. "You're such an idiot!"

On the drive home Belinda thought of the couple in the photos. Obviously the previous owners. Such a healthy sex life she thought, all those years. She thought of the bath that awaited her when she arrived home. The soothing effect of the warm water. She thought of James and him sliding into the water before her. His hands on her body. She tried to dismiss the idea. "Stop it Belinda, it's sick. He's your brother." A car tooted her from behind at the lights and she drove on, homeward bound.

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James stood in the bathroom, a towel wrapped around his waist. Looking at himself in the mirror he noticed the bath over his right shoulder. She's probably in the bath right now, he thought. He closed his eyes and saw her. Her hair tied back yet wet strands framing her face. Her breasts just above the water line, the shadow of her sex below the surface. He opened his eyes and broke the spell. "She's your sister dude!" He whispered but not quietly enough.

"What was that baby?"

Her voice came from the bedroom and James quickly thought of something to cover his tracks. "Hot water system's crude!"

Karen entered the bathroom wearing only her nightie. "Oh I thought you said something about your sister. You haven't stopped talking about her since you got home. 'Belinda did this, Belinda said that.' If she wasn't your sister I'd think you've got a crush on her or something."

Jame turned and faced Karen, pulling her into him. She noticed the erection immediately. "Ooh is that for me?"

"Who else would it be for?"

"I'd hate to think!" Karen joked. But in the back of his mind, James wondered, did she suspect?

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DAY 3

James wanted to get to the house early and yet when he arrived at 6am, there was Belinda waiting on the porch before him, coffee at the ready. "Did you sleep here?" He joked, noting the blue jeans she wore seemed to be painted on they were so tight. As he neared her however

he realized they were leggings fashioned to look like jeans. She still wore her work boots and the tight black t-shirt she donned was speckled with white paint from a previous project.

"There's no way I'd sleep here alone, not yet anyway." Belinda passed her key to James and before he could begin to unlock the door Belinda poked him on the chest. "Why didn't you tell me the owner died in there?"

James let the key turn in the lock and the bolt opened. He turned slowly to face Belinda. "Oh."

"Yeah, and something else I found out. The owner, 'handlebar mustache man', his name was Franklin. He never married. Lived with his sister Martha until she died. And before you ask, she never married either! Very close family if you get my drift"

"That doesn't mean it was her in the photos Bee. It could have been..." but Belinda cut him off.

"Oh it was her, their photos were in the papers and everything."

"How did you find this out?" James asked, noting Belinda's demeanor. She wasn't angry, she seemed to be excited.

"Internet. All the old papers have been digitized. Seems they did charity work, gave a lot to the community."

"Look I'm sorry I didn't tell you about him dying here, I thought it would've freaked you out."

"Oh I'm glad you didn't. You're right it would've! But I've thought a lot about it, last night, this morning and it's kind of sweet isn't it?"

"What, the dude dying here?"

"No, that they lived together, you know, they found someone...even though, well, you know!"

James wondered what exactly she was getting at. Was she saying she thought the idea of an incestuous relationship between a brother and sister a good thing, a "sweet thing" to quote her words? The conversation had become awkward for James considering the feelings he'd been having recently. He'd even thought about Belinda when he was making love to Karen the night before. It was ridiculous, he loved his wife and hadn't ever thought of straying. Belinda was always just his big sister, he idolized her when they were little but could he make love to her? Before he could answer his own question or respond to Belinda the sound of a van pulling into the driveway behind them drew their attention.

The electrician gave them a quote for the re-wiring they needed, down-lights, new exhaust fans and air conditioning and when Belinda batted her eyelids and flirted some, he even took a little more off. James set about removing the air vents from the basement and

Belinda began work with a power sander on the stairway and balustrade. At lunchtime James drove to the mall and picked up subs and purchased a six pack of beer to reward their labor. They sat together on the steps of the porch in the sun and ate, and afterwards James surprised Belinda with the beer.

The afternoon went well. Belinda had sanded half of the stairway and James removed the last of the vents and built in window frames in preparation for the glazier the next day. James called Belinda down to see the basement transformed and she was amazed at the difference the light created. Noticing the ladder placed below where the porn had been stashed, Belinda climbed up to examine the space. "Why do you think he hid the photos?" She asked, peering into the void. James walked over and held the ladder below. His eyes worked their way up her legs and settled on her ass. The faux pockets of her leggings curved with the shape of her buttocks. The material was lost in the crack of her ass and he had the sudden compulsion to bury his face between his sisters legs.

Belinda looked down over her shoulder and caught her brother staring at her ass. "Did you hear me?"

James snapped out of his trance. "Oh. Ah I don't know. Maybe when she died he didn't want to be reminded of her."

"Sad isn't it?"

"What?"

"That they must have loved each other so much and yet couldn't tell the world." Belinda backed down off the ladder and turned to James. They were so close, both holding the ladder. He was looking at my bum, Belinda thought, do I turn him on? Belinda reached out and touched James on the chest. "Another beer? I'm going to!" She turned and made sure to climb the stairs ahead of James. She felt his eyes on her the entire way up and it delighted her.

Belinda carried on with the sanding, with her beer at hand and James set about demolishing the walls of the upper bathroom. Half an hour into it Belinda came into the room startling James. "Look out I need to pee!" She said as she planted a hand on his shoulder as she passed.

James placed down his crowbar and began to stand. "Hang on I'll give you some privacy."

"Privacy? There's no walls!" She laughed. "Just stay, I won't be a second!"

Before James had a chance to leave, Belinda had pulled down her leggings mid thigh and sat on the toilet. The stream gushed out of her instantly and the noise filled the room. "God just in time! It's the beer."

James debated not watching but couldn't draw his eyes away. He could see her creamy thighs, her ample ass from the side and even the white of her underwear. "Um should I go?"

"I'm nearly finished!" She replied and indeed the flow turned to a trickle. "James, you're my brother. It's not like we're strangers!" Belinda reached for the paper and wiped. She felt how wet she was and knew it wasn't just the pee. "There, done." She stood, quickly pulling up her pants in the process, flushed and walked back out past the awestruck James.

Jesus, James thought. He'd seen the quickest flash of her pussy as she stood and the image was etched in his brain. A small patch of brown pubic hair, his sister's pubic hair, a vision of indescribable beauty. He wanted to pull his cock from his pants and masturbate. No, he wanted to go to her and have her do it, to do the same to her. His erection was painful in his pants and he readjusted himself to ease the pressure.

The moment Belinda reached the hallway and out of sight of James she stopped and pressed her back to the wall. Her hand went to her pants and plunged down inside, through her pubic hair and gripped her cunt. She found herself drenched and slid a finger inside the over-lubricated hole. Her other hand caressed her arched neck then slowly ran down to her breast, pawing at her nipple and squeezing. What the fuck am I doing? She asked herself.

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James opened the back door of his house and walked through to the kitchen. Karen was at the sink washing the prep dishes for dinner. He paused for a moment and admired his wife from behind. Wearing a loose yellow sun dress he could see her white panties through the material. Her body was smaller than Belinda's, her breasts and ass, noticeably so. She felt his presence and turned her head as James

came up behind her. His hands lightly touched her arms and then wrapped around her waist. His cock was already hard and he pressed it into her rear. "Ooh, welcome home husband!"

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Belinda sat on the couch, a glass of wine on the coffee table before her. She opened the small tin box and removed a handful of photos. From the look of the couple they were probably taken in the 80's and seemed to be of a similar age to her. Upon reflection the man wasn't as unattractive as she'd first thought. She found herself studying each photo closely, recognizing the rooms in which the photos had been taken, the upstairs bedroom, the bathroom. Stopping on one photo in particular. The woman was on the toilet, the same toilet she'd used only hours before. She was leaned back, her legs obscenely spread and a jet of urine flowed into the bowl. Belinda's hand went to her crotch as she looked at another photo, the brother and sister fucking in doggy style, the camera obviously set on timer. She stopped on a photo of the woman on the porch, the front of her blue dress lifted to reveal she wasn't wearing panties. "I have that dress!" she said aloud.

Later that evening Belinda stepped out of the shower. She wrapped a towel around her freshly washed hair whilst she dried her body and moisturized. Throwing on a robe, she took out her hair drier and blow-dried her wet blonde hair, brushing the damp out. When she finished she examined herself closer in the mirror and inspected her scalp with a look of incredulity. She'd just shampooed and conditioned and yet her hair was oily.

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"What was that all about?"

"What?" James replied, pulling his pants up, re-buckling and sitting back on the dining chair.

Karen in turn pulled her panties back up and lowered her dress. She felt his cum begin to ooze out of her as she turned and climbed atop his lap, pressing her now sodden crotch against his groin.

"Fucking before dinner? What's got you so amorous?"

James kissed her on the neck and then the lips, gripping her ass with both hands. "Don't know, just happy I guess."

"Well whatever it is, I like it. Just one thing." Karen bit her lip and hesitated before going on. "You called me Belinda when you came!"

"Did I!? I'm so sorry. Must be all the time I'm spending with her."

"It's no big deal. If she wasn't your sister I'd probably be worried though."

James laughed. "Yeah! Hey I might have a shower and shave before dinner if there's time."

"Sure thing baby."

James spread the shaving foam on his face and picked up the razor. He was just going through the motions, the sweeps of the blade he'd done thousands of times. When he rinsed the excess foam from his face and toweled himself dry he looked at his reflection. The handlebar mustache was taking form. In a few days it would be thick. He was happy with the result.

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DAY 4

It was quickly becoming his favorite moment of the day. Pulling up outside the house and discovering what she was wearing. He wasn't disappointed. The light blue sleeveless dress came down mid thigh and was joined with press-studs at the front. She retained her work boots and white socks and James immediately wondered what color her underwear may be. He looked at his watch, not yet 6am. "What time did you get here?"

Belinda smiled and handed him a cup of coffee she'd poured from a Thermos. "Just arrived, I'm excited to get going. What's on the schedule?"

When James walked into the kitchen he knew she hadn't just arrived. There was an empty coffee mug on the table that hadn't been there the night before and the magazines which he hadn't yet thrown away had

been rearranged. The thought his sister had been leafing through them moments before had him aroused and when she sidled up beside him he could smell her feminine scent. He looked at her more closely. The dress was familiar though he couldn't recall ever seeing her wearing it. Her hair looked a little oily at the roots and he felt the desire to run his hands through it.

"So little brother, what's the plan?"

"Oh, well I guess if you're sick of sanding we could start painting the basement. The glazier should be here soon to put in the windows. It'd be good to get a room finished!"

"Sounds good. Oh and I like the mo!" She motioned towards his face and smiled. "It suits you."

The concrete floor of the basement could be painted at a later date so they didn't bother placing down drop sheets. They used rollers and had two walls done by the time the glazier arrived. He complimented James on the window frames and said it had made his job easier. By mid morning he was gone and the basement was airtight and well on the way to looking homely.

"Can I paint the window frames?" Belinda asked when they'd finished the walls.

"Are you O.k on ladders?"

"Kinda', If you hold it for me."

James put the ladder in place and held it and the paint whilst Belinda climbed. As he had the day before, James admired her legs as she ascended and then when she reached the necessary height to paint the frame he was afforded a view up her dress. Now the room was full of light he could clearly see her panties, white lace boy-shorts. The bulge of her pussy was obvious between her legs and the cut of her underwear provided bare coverage of her asshole. She must have been aware of how exposed she was, he thought. She wants me to look!

Belinda felt her brother's eyes. He's looking at my pussy, she kept telling herself. Her panties were dripping with lubricant and each time she moved her legs she felt it spreading on her upper thighs. Do it James, touch me, kiss me there, she silently implored. What do I have to do to show you I'm willing? She wondered. "Do I paint over this bit?" She asked and pointed at a part of the window he couldn't see.

"What bit? I can't see."

"Well climb up silly."

"What behind you?"

"Well how else are you going to see it?"

James placed the can of paint down and mounted the ladder. His hands gripped the frame around her body and his chest, followed by his groin, pressed instantly to her rear. Standing a rung below her, the tip of his erection nestled between the cheeks of her ass. He looked at where she had been pointing and wasn't surprised when he saw nothing. He didn't attempt to pull away and nor did she, in fact Belinda pushed her butt back onto him. His mouth was at her ear and he inhaled the smell of her hair. Belinda shivered when he exhaled against her neck. "Is that your..I can feel your.." She found it hard to say the word. To break the taboo and acknowledge what was about to happen.

James dropped down off the ladder and lifted Belinda's dress from behind, she took hold of the hem with one hand and pushed her ass to to him. Finally James looked upon her rear in all it's glory. Her french cut panties crossed each cheek mid way and without further delay he plunged his face between her globes. The smell of her ass and cunt invaded his senses. His cheeks became wet from her buildup of moisture. Belinda was unsure whether he was kissing, sucking or sniffing her ass but whatever he was doing felt wonderful. She pushed her rear down harder against him, almost sitting on his face and then his hands grasped the waistband of her panties and they were down mid thigh. Just as quickly his mouth again returned to her ass as he spread her cheeks wide. His tongue was at one moment inside her ass, then her pussy and then teasing her clitoris. She needed to repay the pleasure.

Wrenching his mouth from her sex she began to descend the ladder and at the base turned. James ripped open the front of her dress as she reached for his zipper. Pulling it from his pants her hand began to furiously pump on her brother's cock while he admired her body

from the front, her white bra and lowered panties. They came together at the mouth and Belinda tasted her cunt and ass on his tongue. James first clutched at his sister's breast then lowered to feel between her legs. His fingers entered her and she squeezed tighter around his penis. Pulling out he coated her clit with her juices and flicked his fingers across her swollen little button. Their lips never unlocked as first Belinda began to cum, her orgasm lasting the entire length of James' and longer. James began to spurt over Belinda's stomach and thighs, his cum landing on both their arms. She continued to pull him as her orgasm progressed, her hand, his cock, coated in semen and James wouldn't slow down his manipulation of her clit until she was satisfied.

Finally as her orgasm ended she clasped her legs together on his hand and she stopped jacking his now limp cock. They broke their lips' hold on each other and tongues separated. Belinda's legs began to wobble and she allowed herself to slowly collapse to the floor with James following. Her hand was still around his cock and she didn't want to let it go for fear it would awaken her from the dream she was living.

Neither wanted there to be an awkward moment so both were quick to speak. "Are you O.k.?" James asked.

Belinda nodded. "We should talk about this right now James, get it all out in the open."

"I agree, I think it's safe to say we both wanted this right?" He asked and again Belinda nodded. "So what the fuck just happened Bee?"

"It's this house, don't you feel it?"

James looked skeptical. "This house?"

"Yes. I felt it the moment we entered. I started feeling things, having thoughts."

"About me, us?"

"Yes. Seriously have you ever considered doing this before we started working on this house?"

James took a moment and had to agree he hadn't. "I guess not. I mean I've always loved you but not wanted to, you know."

"I know."

"So what do you want to do? Do you regret it?"

"No fucking way." She still held his cock and he began to harden.

"Even now James I want you. I want you inside me. But I can also see reality. You're married."

Shockingly to him, James hadn't even thought of Karen in the last few minutes. "It doesn't change anything. I still love her. I can love you as well."

Belinda had coaxed a full erection out of James and she began to jerk him off once again. "You don't know how happy that makes me!"

* * * * *

DAY 5

Belinda stood at the kitchen table looking around the room. The cupboard doors and bench tops had been removed and the old oven torn from the wall, the original color of the sickly yellow paint still visible. She opened the small tin box and fanned out a selection of photos. In a number the woman wore the same pink lingerie, the subject varied from glamour to downright pornographic. Belinda moved closer to the table and allowed the corner to press between her legs. She flipped through more photos. Polaroids of the woman sucking her brother's cock. Belinda gyrated her pelvis against the table, grinding the wood against her clit. A photo of Martha looking straight down the camera lens, her mouth full of cum. A mouth full of her brother's cum. Belinda could feel herself on the verge of orgasm and she slowed her rhythm and eventually stopped. Let it happen with James, she thought. Her panties had become saturated and she reached under her dress and slipped them down her legs. Before placing them in her handbag she used them to wipe the wetness from between her legs.

James entered the house and saw her in the kitchen. As he approached he admired the beauty of his sister. How had he not noticed it before now, he thought? She wore a white sun dress with spaghetti straps over her shoulders. It didn't look like she was wearing a bra and as he got closer it became obvious she wasn't. "Not really work clothes!" He said and Belinda looked down at herself.

"Depends on what work you're doing I suppose."

James took her in his arms and kissed her on the lips, his hand ran down her back. "Well if you're working on turning me on. Job done."

She returned the kiss and looked him in the eyes. "So what are we doing today boss? Except for corny one-liners that is."

"Ah! Today's a fun day. We're going shopping."

* * * * *

The mega kitchen and bathroom appliance store was among a variety of home-ware businesses in the district. They spent much of the morning choosing and ordering bathroom fittings and tiles. Walking hand in hand like a married couple, which they were often mistaken as. Belinda played up on it. Calling James her husband when talking to shop assistants, caressing him in front of others.

"Oh I love this shower!" Belinda gasped as they browsed the bathrooms. She pulled open the glass screen and stepped inside. Looking around to make sure there were no witnesses she pulled the straps of her dress down her arms and allowed her breasts to spill free. "Can't you just see me in this shower James?"

James imagined her naked, soaping up those breasts now proudly on display. He moved a hand to his pocket and stroked his hardening cock. Belinda covered herself and stepped out of the shower. She looked around the rest of the bathroom display and focused on the toilet.

Lifting the seat she raised her dress and sat down. Leaning back onto the cistern she spread her legs and looked up at her brother.. "Can you see me on this toilet James?"

James hadn't been aware she wasn't wearing panties. His eyes were drawn to her creamy white thighs, her trimmed brown bush and the pink slit beneath. It was too much. No man could resist this temptation. This time it was James who scouted the area for eavesdroppers and finding none, approached his sister. She was quick to respond, knowing time was of the essence. Belinda reached for his fly and unzipped, his cock burst forth and she immediately plunged her mouth down onto the head.

James cradled the back of her head as she began to suck his cock. Her mouth dripped saliva and her throat made gagging noises as she attempted to envelop his length entirely. Lifting her head off she held him upright and looking up into his eyes licked from the base to the

tip. Reaching the head she stopped and grasped her hand around his thickness. "I love you." She breathed and waited.

"I love you too," James responded and then she was back into it with vigour. He again looked around to see they weren't being watched then looked back down. His orgasm was approaching. Belinda jacked him off at the base and sucked with all her might.

She paused for an instant to again look up. "Cum in my mouth James!" Then continued to fellate her brother.

James moved both hands to either side of her head and did as he was told. "Ahh fuck Belinda. Yes." He cried as he began pumping his cum into her mouth. He moved his hips back and forth and Belinda squeezed the base of his cock and balls. Her mouth filled with semen and she swallowed. She moved her hand up and down his length and milked out the very last of his cum. Again she swallowed and allowed his cock to exit her mouth.

Customers and a salesperson passed nearby and James quickly hid his cock away inside his pants. Belinda stood up from the toilet and used her index finger to wipe the sides of her mouth. Licking away excess cum. "Well I think we've seen enough here. Shall we go for these two?" James asked, pointing at the shower and the toilet. Belinda giggled and wrapped her arms around his waist, resting her head on his shoulder.

"I thinks that's a great idea."

* * * * *

DAY 9

The downstairs had been painted and the floors polished and by the end of the day the entire first floor was complete, except for an oven and dishwasher in the kitchen. James and Belinda lay naked together on the freshly laid carpet in the upper bedroom. His cock was still inside her, slowly softening. "Helloo. Is anyone there?" The voice came from downstairs. "Helloo, James? Belinda? Are you there?"

They recognized the voice instantly as Karen's. James jumped to attention, his cock sliding out of his sister, slimy and dripping cum. He clutched at his pants and tossed Belinda her clothing in the process. She forego her underwear and hurriedly threw her dress over her head, finding her ballet flats and slapping them on her feet. James called out to Karen as he pulled his t-shirt down over his stomach. "We're up here, we'll come down."

"No that's O.k I'll come up." Karen reached the top of the stairs and met them as they came out of the bedroom. Belinda held her bra and panties behind her back with one hand and straightened her hair with the other.

"I called out, didn't you hear me?" Karen asked, a slightly quizzical look on her face.

"Oh we were just checking out the new carpet, it's hard to hear anything upstairs." James lied.

"Oh yeah, the carpet, let me look."

Karen walked between the two and entered the room. She noticed the odor of sex right away but dismissed it as the smell of the carpet. "Smells a bit strange but I like it. The color's beautiful!"

"So what brings you by Karen?" James asked.

She looked back at him and noticed his flushed complexion. Belinda's cheeks were red as well, her hair oily. "Well looking at you two you look like you've been working hard so I thought we could have Belinda around for dinner and drinks tonight. What do you say, save you cooking Belinda?"

Belinda looked at James and shrugged. "Ah, yeah. If that's alright."

James smiled back, they'd gotten away with it. "Yeah sure."

Karen again examined James and this time found something not quite right. "Oh my god!"

James immediately thought he'd overlooked something. "What?"

Karen approached and Belinda made sure the underwear at her back was kept out of sight. "You loser, your t-shirt is on inside out!" Karen looked at Belinda and rolled her eyes. "Didn't you notice? My god, you must have been walking around like that all day. Men!"

* * * * *

DAY 19

James pulled up outside the house. He looked over the landscaped front yard and the freshly painted exterior. Today would be their last day in the house, the auction was tomorrow and the realtor had predicted a sizeable profit. He ran his hand over his thick handlebar mustache and walked to the porch. Entering the house he found it quiet. They'd furnished a couple of the rooms to increase the value and he found Belinda waiting for him in the upstairs bedroom. "Final day," Belinda commented as she lay on the bed. "What will we do now? Go back to our separate lives?"

James reached into the bag he was holding and retrieved a newspapers' real estate section. "Nuh-Uh. I've already found some prospective properties. You and I make a pretty good team, be a shame to break it up now."

Belinda wore retro 80's lingerie she'd found in a thrift store. Her hair was greasy and she had a mousy appearance. James' cock grew in his pants at the sight of his sister and he quickly disrobed. Belinda noted he'd become thinner, maybe too thin for his height. Opening a bag he

pulled out a Polaroid camera and began to take photos of his lover, placing each in the little tin box.

Delightful Renovation

"So, what do you think Mom?" Ryan asked. "It's nice isn't it?" Janice was joined by her son as she looked at the view out of the main bedroom window. "It is nice. It's obviously just been renovated. You can smell the paint." She turned and surveyed the room as another couple entered accompanied by a realtor. Raising a hand to cover her mouth she whispered to Ryan. "Looks like there's a lot of interest, it won't go cheap!"

"I spoke to one of the agents downstairs, they've set the reserve at \$450 thousand. \$500k is your limit, I think you've got a chance!" Ryan whispered back.

"The furniture in this room and the adjacent come with the property." The agent told the other couple. Mother and son followed them and the realtor into the large door-less en-suite, hidden behind the wall at the head of the bed. The bathroom was immaculate. Black and white tiling, stylish fittings and the crowning glory, a large claw legged freestanding bath. Janice fell in love with it instantly. "Oh my god Ryan, can't you just imagine me in this bath?"

The moment she said it she realized it came out wrong and she blushed at the implication.

"Well I'd rather not Mom!" Ryan laughed.

"Oh you know what I mean," she touched him on the arm and Ryan instinctively flexed. "Let's go downstairs."

They walked into the kitchen and navigated among the other potential bidders. New appliances had been installed and as in the hallway, the floors were impeccably polished. Janice ran her hand across the large wooden table that sat in the middle of the kitchen/dining area.

"The table's original, solid oak. It comes with the property!" A realtor in a too tight suit smiled at her and Ryan. "The appliances are all new. Energy rated. You'll agree the previous owners have done an exceptional job on the renovation."

Janice smiled politely and kept walking. "Yes it's lovely," she offered and hastened away from the salesman who was quick to besiege another couple.

They made their way to a doorway off the kitchen and descended the stairway into the basement. "I call this room!" Ryan proclaimed when they reached the bottom and assessed the space.

"You want to live in the cellar?" Janice asked. "Do I chain you up and feed you under the door as well?" She laughed and touched his chest momentarily before quickly drawing back her hand. The action wasn't lost on Ryan. It wasn't like her to touch him in the way she had. She's just excited about the house, he thought.

* * * * *

"Do I hear an opening bid?" The auctioneer looked out on the decent sized crowd that had gathered. Most curious neighbors but many serious bidders. He would be glad to be done with the house. The couple that renovated had been nice enough he supposed but they gave off an air of unease. Brother and sister, yet they seemed a little too close for his liking.

"O.k Mom, this is it. Now remember you've got Dad's 401k, he would've wanted you to buy something nice." Ryan reassured her. Janice smiled at the reminder of her husband and put her arm through her son's for support.

There was silence from the crowd and the auctioneer went into full sales mode.

"Now you've all seen the quality of this delightful renovation. I can assure you a lot of love went into the restoration of this beauty. Ladies, I'm sure all of you have noticed the upstairs bath. Now who here can say they can't see themselves reclining in luxury, maybe with a glass of champagne at hand..."

The words caught Ryan off guard. His mind drifted upstairs and he saw himself walking into the bathroom, the air steamy. His mother was in the bath and she held a hand out to him as he advanced. Before he witnessed her nudity he was brought back into the real world.

"\$350 thousand, do I hear an advance?"

Janice clung tightly on his arm. "Should we bid?"

Ryan looked at his mother and attempted to shake off the daydream he was having. "What? Ah, no not yet." He looked back at the auctioneer and the house looming behind him. Jesus, he thought, I've got an erection!

Ryan raised his hand when the price reached the reserve. The auctioneer declared the house to be on the market and would be sold today. The bidding crept up incrementally and reached \$465 thousand. One other bidder seemed to be interested and Ryan decided to make a bold move. "Do you love it Mom?" Ryan whispered in her ear.

His warm breath sent a shiver down her spine and sent goosebumps across her sweaty back, pleasant on the hot day.

"I love it baby." She replied.

"How badly do you want it Mom?"

Janice clutched tighter to Ryan's arm. She expelled the breath she'd been holding. "I want it so bad baby!"

Ryan's cock was hard in his pants and he wondered if anyone had noticed. "\$490 thousand!" Ryan called out and a murmur went around the throng.

"\$490 from the gentleman and madam, do I hear an advance?"

Ryan looked to the other bidder and they shook their head.

"\$490 going once. \$490 going twice. No further bids? \$490 thousand, going three times." He brought the brochure he was holding down onto his hand with a slap. "Sold at \$490 thousand dollars." There was a spontaneous applause from the crowd and Janice turned to Ryan and placed her hands on his hips. Ryan in turn held her upper arms and they locked eyes, smiling.

"Ladies and gentleman thank you for coming out on this fine day and would you join with me in congratulating the happy couple." The realtor concluded and there was another short round of applause.

"We did it." Janice beamed.

"You did it Mom, it's your money."

"It's our house though honey." Janice remarked. Before the realtor approached they hugged and Ryan made sure he didn't press his erection against his mother. He thought of the almost sexual way they'd just been talking and wondered why, ultimately dismissing it as just being caught up in the moment. The realtor shook his hand and kissed Janice. Strangely, Ryan felt a tinge of jealousy. The pleasantries out of the way it signaled the beginning of the paperwork and Ryan and Janice walked hand in hand into the house.

* * * * *

They had trouble filling the rooms. The home they had come from was smaller and when all their furniture was in it still left two rooms empty. Ryan kept to his word and set up residence in the basement. He figured it would be private and when he had girls stay over his mother wouldn't overhear any of the goings on. At 26, he'd been living out of home since his late teens but when his father contracted an aggressive cancer he moved back in with his parents to help out. He lay on his bed and looked up at the sky through the high windows. A perfect blue. Not unlike Mom's eyes, he thought. He closed his own and saw her. She'd looked so happy the day of the auction. The smile on her mouth. Her lips, so red. Her tongue. Without thinking Ryan let a hand drift to his crotch and he felt the swelling. He opened his eyelids suddenly and sat up with a jolt. "What the fuck am I doing?"

Upstairs almost directly above Ryan, Janice was inspecting one of the few pieces of furniture that came with the house. The cabinet was at least seven foot in height and similar lengthwise. It was obviously antique although not of great value considering it's inclusion with the property. Mirrored glass covered the front of each of the four cupboard doors and it was into one of these she caught her reflection.

When her husband died she decided to change a few things about herself, the sale of her home one of them but the first and easiest was her hair. Her entire life she'd been a dirty blonde or a "bronde" as her hairdresser called it. A week after his funeral she went to the salon and asked them to dye it black. She at first hadn't changed the style but as of this morning that was no longer the case. She hardly recognized the

woman in the reflection, the crop bob reminiscent of the 1920's, a portrait of someone else, framed by the wood of the cabinet. She couldn't deny it, she loved how she looked and best of all, Ryan liked it too.

Breaking the spell of her own reflection she attempted to move the cabinet and failed dismally in the act. She opened each of the drawers and found them and the cupboards empty, the weight was the cabinet alone. With her hands on hips she called out to Ryan. "Honey can you come and help me up here?"

Ryan had been half way up the stairs examining an uneven part of the roof of the basement when she called and was quick to respond. "Coming Mom."

When he entered the room her voice had come from he took a moment to admire his mother from behind. She wore a tight black workout shirt and grey leggings. He'd seen her wear it a hundred times and yet with her new hairdo she was a different woman. No, she was the same woman, she was his mother, he now saw her "as" a woman. The difference was stark. He could look at her shapely legs or the way her ass filled out the rear of her pants and feel the way another man would, he could feel desire. The desire to hold her from behind. To press himself against her rear, smell her hair. He felt himself harden and was shocked at the sudden rise in his libido. And due to his mother no less.

Janice turned her head and smiled. "Right, I hope all those weights you do has paid off. Come on Mister, I want that," she pointed to the cabinet. "Over there," pointing towards the opposite wall.

"Too easy." Ryan bragged. Feeling enthusiastic about showing off his strength to her. Why? He didn't know, he just wanted to impress her, to have her watch him. The cabinet was heavier than it looked but after removing the drawers and (unfortunately for Ryan) with the help of his mother, they positioned the wall unit in it's new location.

"It looks great there darling, the light brings out the grain of the wood wonderfully."

Ryan bent to pick up one of the drawers and as he did so an envelope fell heavily to the floor from the underside.

Landing between the two, Janice and Ryan looked at each other expectantly.

"It's money!" Janice exclaimed.

Ryan was more measured. "It's probably junk mail!"

He placed the drawer back down noting the thin slat of wood the envelope had obviously been secreted under. "I wonder how long it's been there." He picked up the faded yellow paper and immediately felt the weight. Looking up at Janice he smiled. "It's heavy Mom, maybe it is money!"

Janice knelt down beside him and placed an arm around his shoulder. Ryan was more than aware of her breast pressing against his tricep, her thigh alongside his. "Open it, it's so exciting!" She panted.

Ryan slipped his finger under the fold and opened the faded envelope. He reached inside and carefully pulled out the contents. Four large sepia colored photographs. Printed on a thick almost cardboard paper, they were undoubtedly old. The nature of the photos and therefore the reason for them to have been hidden was evident from the first image. A woman of indeterminate age reclined on a fainting lounge, her arm outstretched to a young man dressed as a paper boy, the leather satchel slung over his shoulder. A peak cap adorned his head and his look was completed with knee length shorts and high socks.

It however was the woman that caught Ryan's eye. Her dress suggested the 1920's flapper style, which dated the photo. She wore heels and a long line of pearls around her neck. The hairstyle was her defining feature. Ryan tore his eyes from the image and looked at his mother. "Had you already seen these?" He asked.

Janice, her face only inches from Ryan's was taken aback. "No, why?"

"Your hair Mom. It's exactly the same. What made you get that style today, of all days?"

"I don't know? I just wanted a change." She took her arm from around his shoulder and ran a finger through her hair to place it behind her ear. The action seemed almost a flirt to Ryan.

"Well it's a pretty weird coincidence if that's the case. It's not a common style!"

Janice looked confused. "You said you liked it."

"Oh I do. I just think it's weird and all." There was an awkward silence and they again both looked back at the photos.

The second image wasn't so ambiguous. The woman was topless yet still wore her string of pearls. Her dress long gone, she wore loose fitting bloomers above her knee length stockings and heels. She remained in the reclining position, the back of one hand against her forehead. The third photo saw her completely naked, sprawled upon the lounge her leg cocked in a position to cover her groin.

The last image was the one that caught mother and son off guard. The layout had changed. No longer on the lounge the woman was bent forward against a cabinet, her legs spread. The paperboy had returned. Now completely naked bar his peak cap, his muscular body stood behind the woman with an erection proudly pointed at it's inspiration and a switch in his right hand about to strike.

It was Janice who broke the silence. "Oh my god, I can see why they were hidden!"

Ryan was more circumspect and turned to look behind him. "You haven't noticed Mom?"

"Noticed what?"

Ryan held up the final photo and directed her eyes to the wall behind. It took Janice a couple of seconds to realize what he was getting at. The cabinet loomed large behind the photo. The same cabinet that was in the photo.

"Oh my god, it's. It's the same." She placed a hand over her mouth in shock. "It's here!"

* * * * *

The photos were laid out in a series across the dining table. They were large prints, each measured 7x5 inches. The little information they had obtained from writing in pencil on the rear was two names, Delia and Jack and a date, 1926.

Ryan mounted the stairs from his room holding his ipad. For the second time that day he admired his mother from behind as she leaned over the table. As he neared the kitchen he noticed she was not so much leaning as mounting the table. Her legs either side of the corner and her elbows pressed to the surface. On her toes she was making the slightest of movement, almost imperceptibly swaying her butt back and forth.

Ryan cleared his throat as he entered the room and he noticed her cease the action, pulling back from the table slightly. He had the desire to ask what she was doing but stopped himself and saved them both the

embarrassment. There was no doubt in his mind. His mother was masturbating.

"So what have you found out?" Janice asked excitedly.

"Hang on, I've only just turned it on." He pulled out a chair and sat at the table. Janice did the same, choosing the one to his right and sat with a foot up on the chair. In the corner of his eye Ryan could see the bulge of her crotch and the small strip of wetness that had seeped through her dark tights. It could have been sweat, he thought but he knew better.

Ryan typed in the address of their house into Google and looked for results that weren't just location guides or realtor listings. The first hits were about a brother and sister that lived in the house. Local philanthropists, digitized newspaper articles from the last 50 or so years detailed their charitable endeavors and not much more. "Not the best looking family," Ryan noted upon seeing their image.

"We have to go further back honey," Janice proclaimed. She lowered her foot to the floor and placed a hand on his thigh. Not touching his groin but close enough, Ryan thought. Leaning into the screen, she continued. "Try putting in her name as well."

Ryan did as told. Repeating the search of the address and adding, "Delia." Her name came up in only a few articles ranging from 1908 to 1930. It was the 1908 story that caught Ryan and Janice by surprise. "Unwed socialite, Delia Caster gives birth." But it was a photo from a 1924 newspaper cover that took their combined breath away. "Woman

about town Delia Caster and son Jack, step out in style." The boy was the man from their own photos, it was undeniable. At that very moment the Santa Ana wind chose to blow in through the open kitchen window, causing the curtains to flap and a bill to fall from a fridge-magnet.

The hot air passed through the house and exited the ajar front door. Leaving it's presence in a coating of dust on every surface and goosebumps on mother and son's flesh. Ryan noticed his mom's hand had tightened it's grip on his thigh. "Well that's something!" He commented, referring to the article.

"Terrible isn't it?"

"What?" He asked.

"That they would make such a big deal about her being unwed!"

"That's what you took from this? Not the other thing?" Ryan asked astounded.

"What?"

"Ah just the fact that mother and son were a bit closer than the average!"

"Oh," she seemed to realize where her hand was and drew it away slowly, almost reluctantly. "I guess you can't choose who you love, can you?"

The rest of the articles concerned social events and charity functions and didn't provide further information about Delia or her son. "So what should we do with them, the photos?" Ryan asked.

"They're so beautiful, I mean as artwork. It's a shame they have to be hidden away. We'll figure something out. Right now I want to get this dust and sweat off me. I might take a bath before dinner." Janice rose from her seat and went to the fridge. Opening, she removed a bottle of champagne and turned to face Ryan. "Must be 6 o'clock somewhere!" She laughed and began to open the bottle. "I'm just following the auctioneers instructions remember, champagne in the bath."

Ryan heard the bath filling upstairs as he placed the drawers back in the cabinet. Each time he looked at it he saw the woman he now knew as Delia bent before it. Her majestic ass on display waiting to be spanked by no less than her own son. The image brought a smile to his face and a swelling to his groin. He walked back to the kitchen and looked at the said photo. She was beautiful. He put her age about 40, her bare skin seemed flawless. That hair, he thought. She did look like his mother, of course he'd never seen her naked and she had ten years on this woman but the resemblance was now becoming more and more uncanny. He absently rubbed at his crotch and his cock responded through his jeans. He heard nothing from above and pictured his mother masturbating herself on the table not half an hour before. He opened his fly and allowed his now fully erect cock to unleash. Moving to the corner he pressed the very same edge between his legs and

beneath his balls. His hand gripped his shaft and expertly maneuvered up and down along his length. He ground the area between his ass and balls against the table and felt his orgasm approaching. The sound of his mother calling from upstairs broke his concentration and he released his hold. "Yeah?" He yelled back.

"Can you bring the bottle please honey?"

It meant she was in the bath. She was in the bath, naked and needed another drink. He thought how quickly she must have downed her first glass, was she trying to get drunk? Ryan took the bottle from the fridge after tucking his erection back into his pants. He mounted the stairs and entered his mother's bedroom. On her bed lay the black t-shirt and grey leggings, sitting next to them were a pair of white and blue checked panties and a matching bra. The carpet was long pile and his presence had as yet gone unnoticed. A week ago he would've passed by the items without noticing, walked into her bathroom, topped up her glass and left without a second thought. Now however with the way his mind had been working lately he was debating whether to fap into her underwear then and there or enter the bathroom with the hope of fucking his mother in the bath. He chose the latter.

Walking into the door-less en-suite, Ryan placed a hand over his eyes. "Don't worry I can't see anything Mom!" He was lying of course as he looked through the space between his fingers. Janice was indeed in the bath, her arm held out holding the empty glass.

"Oh don't be silly. I'm covered in bubbles anyway, you prude!" She laughed and Ryan lowered his hand. He walked the last few steps and confidently leaned over to fill her glass. As he did so he ventured a look

into the bath. She was indeed covered by bubbles, her breasts anyway. From her navel down however they'd pretty much dissolved leaving her hips and legs visible. She'd placed a washcloth between her upper thighs and was holding it down tight over her pubic mound with her other hand. As Ryan topped up the glass her hand moved (or was it his, he couldn't be sure) and the wine splashed into the bath at her chest.

The chemical reaction was immediate, dissolving the bubbles around her breasts. "Whoops, sorry Mom." Ryan apologized as he watched her breasts slowly come into view. Janice laughed and was obviously already feeling the effects of the wine. She abandoned her hold on the washcloth and lifted her hand to her left nipple, using her arm to cover the right. The movement in the water caused the washcloth to float downwards and Ryan, for the first time in his adult (and possibly his entire) life, saw his mothers pussy.

To Janice the plan had worked perfectly. When she entered her bathroom she began filling up the claw footed bath, added bubbles then returned to her bedroom. Removing her clothes she left her underwear beside them on the bed. He'll see them as soon as he walks in, she thought. In the bath she tipped a little of the wine at her waist to dissolve the bubbles, drank the rest then called to him.

In her mind her son would enter naked and erect. He was always hard lately, probably believing she was oblivious but she had noticed. She had noticed it the day of the auction when they had hugged and she definitely noticed when he came to move the cabinet. She didn't mind or wonder why. She felt it too. Since moving in she'd felt herself become heightened sexually. By the end of each day her panties were saturated.

She fell asleep each night with a hand between her legs. She'd never been this way. She'd definitely never been so overt in front of Ryan and yet here she was, intentionally exposing herself to him. Hoping upon hope he'd take the bait and make a move.

She stared straight at the bulge in his pants and then up at his face. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes were fixed on her groin. "Oops, sorry honey. I'll turn over!" She offered. She expertly turned her body and when her breasts were under water she swapped the glass between hands and now only her bottom was exposed.

How she thought this was any less uncomfortable for her son, Ryan had no idea. It was all too much. He felt on the verge of cumming without any manual stimulation. He couldn't draw his eyes away from her butt, her large rounded buttocks, the dark crevice. He thought of Delia, her son spanking her. He felt light headed, his cock monopolizing his blood supply. He had to get out. "I'll be downstairs if you need it!" He managed, referring to the wine and as quick as he could, backed out of the bathroom.

He bypassed his mother's panties and bounded down the stairs. Heading to the downstairs powder room he placed the bottle down and just made it to the sink in time to open his fly and begin to cum. The orgasm was beyond pleasurable. The forbidden nature of his fantasies, his heightened aroused state, the visual stimulation, all led to the greatest ejaculation he'd ever experienced. Jet after jet of cum surged from his rock hard cock. He sprayed the sink, the splash-back, the taps. He pressed beneath his balls and prolonged the climax by holding his breath. When eventually the orgasm passed he remained hard. All through the drudgery of the cleanup, he remained hard. He wiped the

cum from his cock and hid it away in his pants and yet he remained hard. And he knew why, he was still thinking of his mother in the upstairs bathroom, naked.

* * * * *

They'd been friends since childhood. Ryan and Dana had made a pact that if they were both single at forty they'd marry but as of now their relationship was strictly "friends with benefits."

"I'd love to see them." Dana confessed, sipping her iced tea.

The sun beat down heavy upon the two as they sat in the outdoor cafe and Ryan squinted back at her. "They're pretty pornographic for their time. I know as soon as the camera was invented, a guy probably offered some girl money to pose nude but it's still a shock when you see it."

"Yeah I guess. The amount of porn around nowadays, it's hard to imagine what it must have been like back then."

Ryan held a hand up to shield his eyes from the sun. "You know a kid now can see more porn in half an hour than our grandparents saw in a lifetime?"

"Where'd you hear that? It's probably true though."

"I don't know, somewhere. You can see them tonight if you come around. Mom's having a kind of housewarming slash birthday party. I'm having them framed as we speak, I'm gonna give them to her as a present next week."

"Ah, you're giving your Mom porn for her birthday!?"

Ryan hadn't even thought of it that way. "Hey, she really likes them. And they're tasteful, sort of!"

Dana finished her drink and readied to get going. "O.k, whatever you say. Come on, we're buying you a hat!"

* * * * *

Janice stood looking at her reflection in the cabinet. She took a sip from her coffee and recoiled. It was cold. How long had she been there she wondered? Time had seemed to slip away. She remembered watching the television at 1pm and made a coffee at 2. It was now 3:30pm. Surely she hadn't been standing there since then, she thought. Janice reluctantly turned and left the room. "I know, I'll get ready for tonight."

It would be a small affair, her family and a couple of friends. She'd insisted on no presents but knew her sister wouldn't be able to resist. In her bedroom Janice lifted the linen dress she was wearing above her head and tossed it aside. She wore no underwear or anything on her feet. Totally naked she admired herself in the mirror. "Something's missing Janice," she said to herself. Opening her dresser she removed

her jewelry box. Lifting the top section she pulled out a string of pearls at least a yard in length. Looping it in half she placed the string around her neck and returned to the mirror. "Perfect!" She purred.

* * * * *

Ryan placed a baseball cap on his head and looked in the mirror. Before he could assess his appearance it was snatched from behind and as he turned, Dana replaced it with another offering. "Hey I liked that one!" He protested.

"Nah, doesn't suit you." She straightened the hat she'd chosen and taking him by the arms, turned his body to face the mirror. The reflection he saw in the mirror was familiar to him. If he held a newspaper satchel or for that matter, a switch he would be the man's double.

"What made you pick this one?" Ryan asked, referring to the grey peak cap that now sat upon his head.

"I don't know, I just liked it. Why, don't you?" She asked.

Ryan admired the way it looked on him. "No, it's perfect!"

* * * * *

Janice delighted in showing her guests around the house. Everyone commented on her new appearance. The overwhelming sentiment, favorable. The gathering had turned out to be larger than expected and she was thankful Ryan had decided to make a second trip to the liquor store. There was enough food to go around and with people dispersed around the first floor, a great atmosphere was created.

"Now I know you said no presents Janice," Jennifer declared. "But I just had to get my big sister something for her 50th. Oh and as a housewarming gift."

"Jenny you shouldn't have!" Janice protested but was curious nevertheless.

They stood in the kitchen and Jennifer yelled down the hall to her husband. "Is it ready Brian?"

"All set love." Came the response from the room with the cabinet.

Jennifer took hold of Janice's hand and led her along the hall. Gathered in the room were a number of guests. Ryan was present with his arm around Dana. "Surprise," Jennifer and her husband cheered as he pulled a sheet off an object on the floor. The wood on the antique fainting lounge was polished with a dark stain. The velvet cushion was a deep red and someone noted it was the same color as the lipstick she wore. Another noted how well it looked in the room, alongside the cabinet. Janice loved it. After the questions of where they found it and why they thought of her, Janice looked at Ryan from across the room.

The din of the gathering seemed to disappear. For a moment they seemed the only ones in the room, in the world.

* * * * *

Dana lay on Ryan's bed, she wrapped her thighs around his head and held him against her pussy as she came. Pulling him up on top of her, their lips met and she tasted her cunt on him. Her tongue delved inside his mouth and savored her flavor. Expecting him to be already inside her she reached down and grasping for his cock, found it limp. "What's wrong?" She asked between kisses.

"I don't know."

"You want me to try sucking it?"

Ryan wondered if any man had said no to that question. "O.k." He rolled onto his back and Dana was quick to take his flaccid penis into her mouth. She began stroking his balls and her hot, wet mouth and tongue felt nice but no matter what she did, he didn't harden. "Fuck, this isn't like me."

Dana lifted her mouth off his cock and used her hand to coax an erection. After a few minutes of trying they gave up. "It's no big deal, it happens." Dana offered. "Anyway I might get going. Work and all tomorrow!"

"Yeah, yeah sure." Ryan acknowledged, feeling more than a little deflated.

The noise of the party continued above and after dressing they began to mount the stairs from the basement. "Oh hang on," Dana exclaimed. She had placed the new hat in her bag when they were shopping and she reached into it and handed it over. "Almost forgot. You should show your mom!" Dana reached up and placed the peak cap on his head. "There, sexy!"

* * * * *

Everyone had probably had too much to drink. Janice's brother-in-law, Brian was dancing with his wife and when she went to the bathroom, coaxed Janice to join him. Jennifer passed Ryan and Dana in the hallway. "Leaving already?"

"Yeah, she has to work in the morning." Ryan returned.

"Oh don't we all!" Jennifer shouted back over the music. "Give me a hug sweetie." She demanded and reached out for Dana. She accepted the embrace, looking over the woman's shoulder at Ryan as she did so. The hug lasted a little longer than she expected and the way the woman pressed herself against her she felt was a little disconcerting. Finally Jennifer let go but not before running her hand down Dana's arm, almost seductively.

"Look out for that one. Oh and you forgot to show me the photos!" Dana whispered in Ryan's ear.

The thought of them sent a pulse of blood to Ryan's penis. "Fuck. Next time?"

She kissed his cheek. "Of course. See you soon."

As Ryan closed the door, Jennifer was quick to pounce. "Where's the bathroom sweetheart?" He knew Janice had given her a tour of the house which had included the three bathrooms but he gave her the benefit of the doubt.

"It's down this way Auntie."

Jennifer took his arm and allowed Ryan to lead her to the ground floor toilet.

Janice saw her sister pass by with Ryan, a peak cap atop his head. She felt as if she were dreaming. Brian had his hands on her waist and pulled her into him. She felt his hardness instantly press to her stomach and it wasn't unpleasant. Looking over his shoulder as they danced she noticed her niece and nephew also dancing together. They're awfully close, she thought. She felt Brian move a hand to her bottom. Does he know I'm not wearing panties, she wondered.

Ryan opened the door to the powder room and expected Jennifer to enter. Instead she lingered at the doorway. "You're so handsome Ryan. My sister must be so proud."

"Thanks Auntie." He took a moment to reflect upon the woman. A few years younger than his mother and many pounds heavier. He'd had a crush on her when he was growing up. Innocently, being she was the only other adult woman in his life. He remembered her catching him looking up her skirt once at a family gathering and uncannily the thought caused his dick to swell. Where were you twenty minutes ago he thought? And cursed his cock's poor timing.

She reached out and touched his bicep and squeezed. "You must work out a lot Ryan. You're so muscular aren't you?"

"I try to stay fit." Her hand felt nice on his arm and his cock got harder.

"Maybe you could be my personal trainer Ryan. I'm so fat aren't I? You must think I'm disgusting."

Ryan looked her up and down. She was far from disgusting. She was overweight yes but the tight blue bodycon dress she wore accentuated every curve. Her cleavage demanded men stare. Her ass was large and more than a handful. As if she read his mind she twirled to show her body. "There's nothing wrong with how you look Auntie."

Jennifer smiled. "You were always such a polite boy Ryan." A couple of Janice's friends walked past them and Jennifer lowered her voice.

"Would you come in here for a moment, I need to ask you something?" Jennifer didn't wait for him to answer, taking him by the arm and pulling him into the bathroom, closing the door on the noise of the party. Ryan had a pretty fair idea of what she wanted to talk about and his cock was eager to listen. "I wonder, do you remember that day at my house?"

"You'll have to be more specific Auntie."

Jennifer smiled and ran a hand along the collar of her dress. "You know, when you were sneaking a peak at me!"

"Yeah, I remember."

"Did you see anything then Ryan?"

"Not much."

"What did you see honey?" She panted, her hand now openly stroking her breast.

Ryan's cock was bulging against his fly. "I saw your panties Auntie. You had on orange panties."

"You didn't see my pussy?" Jennifer leaned back against the sink and ran both hands down her body as Ryan shook his head. "Would you like to see my pussy Ryan? Do you want to see your aunties pussy?"

"Yes please Auntie."

She smiled as she began to raise her dress up her large thighs. "You always were a polite boy."

Brian was now openly groping his sister-in-law's ass. His finger ran it's way up and down her crack and each time inched a little closer to her asshole. Janice stared at her niece and nephew, now kissing unlike a brother and sister should. Thomas raised the front of his sister's dress and reached into her panties. He must have found her spot as Amy arched her head back and presented her neck to her brother. Thomas began kissing her jawline whilst jamming his fingers at her crotch.

Janice was alarmed and wondered if Brian knew his twins were acting in this manner. Her head whirled and then she felt his finger on her anus. My god she thought, his hand is beneath my dress. Could she allow this, he's my sister's husband? It was too late. Brian's index finger slid inside her ass to the second knuckle. Her mouth fell agape and a held breath released from her lungs. She pushed her groin against his cock and dug her nails into his back.

Jennifer raised her dress around her waist and revealed her hairless cunt. Her fat thighs glistened with moisture. Reaching up she lowered her dress beneath her large breasts, her nipples hard amid the big areola. Ryan needed to taste her and immediately went to his knees. Lifting and parting a leg she took hold of the back of his cap and pulled his head into her. Ryan's face was buried in her vagina. His auntie began grinding her cunt against his nose and mouth, his chin. Ryan

reached down and loosed his cock from his pants, masturbating beneath her.

Amy pulled her brother's cock from his pants and began pumping her fist on him. The head popping above her fingers, six, seven times a second. Janice lifted the front of her dress and pressed her bare pussy against Brian's groin. Her wetness leaving a trail on the front of his pants. Her clit ground against his erection and she felt an orgasm approaching.

Jennifer sat on the toilet, Ryan's cock was deep in her mouth. He held the sides of her head and thrust hard into her. Saliva, snot, drooled from her mouth and nose, dripping down between her breasts to her groin. Using it as an extra lubricant, Jennifer scooped it and smeared it on her pussy, diving two, three fingers inside herself. Ryan began to cum, shooting his semen down her throat and into her stomach without her even swallowing. He pulled out and continued to cum on her face. Aiming at her nose and mouth, the semen dripped down her chin and hung in ribbons to her breasts. Her orgasm began and in her ecstasy she leaned back to allow Ryan to witness a torrent of her own cum and piss spray across her fingers and into the bowl.

Janice saw her nephew cumming over the front of his sister's dress, jets of beautiful white cream stained her clothes and she aimed the rest at her cunt, saturating her panties. Janice herself began cumming, she flooded the front of Brian's pants with fluid as his finger delved deeper into her anus. The room began spinning and a white light filled her eyesight. Her legs became weak and she felt herself falling.

* * * * *

Janice opened her eyes and took a moment to figure out where she was. Ryan was knelt beside her with a glass of water in his hand. He held her wrist with the other. Brian and Jennifer were standing behind him and the only other people in the room were Thomas and Amy. "Shit Mom are you O.k?" Ryan asked, the concern visible on his face.

Janice realized she was laying on the fainting lounge and seemed to echo Brian's reaction when he stated, "Good thing we bought a fainting lounge!"

Jennifer back handed her husband in the stomach and Janice noticed there was none of her wetness on him. She looked at Thomas and Amy and they as well were decent. Even Jennifer whose dress should have been covered with saliva was perfectly normal. "My god I imagined it!" She exclaimed.

"Imagined what?" Ryan asked and handed her the water.

She took the glass and drank it's contents. "Oh, nothing. It's not important."

"We didn't know what was going on Auntie Janice, one second you were dancing with Dad and the next you were on the floor!" Amy offered.

"Probably too much to drink Janice, have you eaten much honey?" Jennifer asked, genuinely concerned.

"Um no, ah you're probably right." Her head was clearing and she began to feel a great deal better.

"Well I think we should probably call it a night Jennifer. Thomas, Amy come on let's get going. Ryan, maybe you should get your mother to bed." Brian stated.

Jennifer leaned in and kissed Janice on the forehead. "Hope you feel better Hon'. Oh and happy birthday for next week!"

The rest of the party left with Jennifer and Brian and Ryan thanked everyone for coming. When he returned to Janice she was sitting up and looked 100% better.

"What happened Mom?"

Janice held out her hand and a shiver ran down both of their spines. Ryan realized it the very moment she did. It was as if someone had just taken their photo. They'd just re-enacted one of the scenes in the old sepia photos they'd found. The paperboy in the peak cap, Delia holding her hand out to him.

"When did you get that hat?" Janice asked, examining him.

"Bought it today, with Dana. She chose it. Weird isn't it? Being the same as in the photo."

"There's a lot of weirdness going on baby." She looked towards the cabinet. "Will you take me to bed honey?"

* * * * *

Ryan walked beside her as they mounted the stairs. When they reached the top however Janice reached out on both sides to steady herself as a wave of dizziness again came over her. "Holy shit, Mom." Ryan exclaimed and grabbed her in time before she fell. His arms wrapped around her waist and he placed her arm over his shoulder. Lifting her up he was surprised how light she was and carried her the rest of the way to her bedroom.

"I'm alright honey," Janice softly stated as he lowered her onto the bed. "I just felt dizzy again. Your auntie was right, just too much to drink."

"Yeah well I don't want to take any more chances. If you need to go down those stairs again tonight let me know."

Janice smiled. "Yes sir!" She again felt better and looked at him in the cap. "Why are you wearing it inside?"

"What, this?" Ryan pointed to his head and made to remove it. "I don't know."

"No don't take it off. It suits you." She paused before continuing. "You look like him."

Ryan knew who she was referring to. He knew he did, he also realized his mother looked like "her."

Janice yawned and rested back on her arms. "I should get some sleep." She held out a leg. "Will you help me?"

Ryan looked down at her small foot and the black high heels she wore. "Oh, yeah sure." He went to a knee and took hold of her foot, sliding off her shoe and then the other. Taking them to her wardrobe he deposited them on the rack and when he turned she was standing.

She turned her back to him and tilted a shoulder. "Can you unzip me?"

Ryan's cock began to harden. He wondered at how he had been impotent with Dana and yet was erect at the slightest hint of something sexual with his own mother. He went to her and took hold of the zip at the top of the dress, his hand touching the pearls around her neck and slowly slid it down it's length. Opening up to her bare back he noticed she wasn't wearing a bra. Lower, nearing the bottom of the zip, the dress began to fall from her shoulders and she did nothing to stop it. When the zipper reached the bottom he could see the top of the groove between her buttocks. She's not wearing panties! He realized, shocked. And then it happened. She let the dress fall.

He wondered how she could be so casual about it. She stood naked before him, her son. She turned, and as she'd done in the bath, covered her breasts with one arm and placed a hand over her pussy. The string of pearls ran down between her breasts and Ryan's mouth went suddenly dry. She looked beautiful. The attempt to hide her private parts made her even more desirable. Ryan's cock was aimed sideways, pushing out his jeans towards his pocket. 'Will you stay with me until I fall asleep?'

"I, ah, yeah. Um, do you want a nightdress?"

She shook her head and she suddenly looked so vulnerable. "It's too hot." She looked at the bed and Ryan realized in order for her to retain her dignity, she needed him to pull back the sheets.

"Oh sorry." He stammered and threw off the extra pillows and turned down the sheet. She slid into the bed and he pulled the sheet up over her. She was now at least covered but he still knew she was nude. His erection wasn't likely to subside. Ryan took off his shoes and lay beside her on top of the sheet.

"You're not getting in?"

"Did you want me to?"

"It'd be more comfortable for you!"

Ryan began to get under the sheet.

"In your clothes?"

There was no way he was going to take off his pants in front of her with the light still on and the lamp was on her side. "Can you turn the light off?" He asked.

"Why?"

And she was right. Why? She had just undressed in front of him and not batted an eyelid, why was he worried about revealing his erection to her? There was something happening in this house. Something between him and her that he didn't understand. Why not just embrace it?

Ryan stood up and under the watchful eyes of his mother removed his hat. He slowly lifted his t-shirt and pulled it off over his head and unbuckled his belt. Undoing his pants, he stepped out of them. His cock was able to stand to attention, no longer suppressed by his jeans. It pushed up the front of his tight grey boxers and he did nothing to hide it. It's what she wants, he thought. He began to pull back the sheet when she threw out an arm and stopped him. "It's only fair." She said and looked down at his shorts. Ryan took hold of the waist band and lowered his boxers. His erection burst forth and even he seemed surprised at how hard and big he looked. Janice allowed him to climb into bed and she turned off the light.

Moonlight replaced the artificial, and the room turned a soft and shadowy grey. His erection formed a mountain under the sheet and in years to come they would look back and laugh at the comical appearance. No word was spoken as she came to him. Her head on his shoulder, her breasts against his rib-cage. Janice placed a leg over his and he felt her pubic hair press against his thigh, her hand on his chest. "Why did they hide the photos Ryan?" Her voice no more than a whisper in his ear, her hot breath on his neck.

"To keep it private I guess."

"I wouldn't keep it private," she confessed. Her hand cupped his pectoral muscle, his nipple between her fingers. "If I had such a love, I'd want the world to know."

Ryan stroked her hair as ever so slowly, Janice lowered her hand. "You don't think you have such a love?" He asked.

Her hand was on his abdominal muscles, undulating over each as it continued its ever lower path.

"I hope I have such a love?" She reached his hairless pubic bone. Ryan held his breath as her little finger pressed against the base camp of the mountain.. "Do I have such a love?"

The moment Ryan breathed out the word "Yes," her hand was around his cock. He threw off the sheet, desperate to watch the act of his mother masturbating him. Her cheek pressed against his as they both stared at

the granite like tower of flesh erect at his groin. She began slowly, her wrist working it's way up and down from tip to base. Each time touching the head he felt his pre-cum lubricating her path downwards.

"Say it Ryan." Her hand beat quicker on his cock.

"I..." Faster now.

"Say it darling." Her mouth so close to his.

"I love you Mom." He gasped as their mouths connected. Her tongue found his and they entwined, their lips together at last. Janice released her hold and moved her body over his, still kissing. His cock one moment against her labia and asshole and then inside her. Reaching it's zenith, Janice sat up and Ryan delighted in the view of his mother above him. Her breasts, light grey in the moonlight, circled as she bucked upon his cock. He reached for and supported them in his hands, lifting and squeezing her nipples. "You're so beautiful Mom!"

She again fell atop him, kissing his mouth as his hands went to her hips. Claspng the flesh of her buttocks he raised his knees and used the leverage to thrust harder and deeper inside her. Her cunt, so tight around his cut seven inches. The slapping of her buttocks against his thighs echoing through the house. "I'm gonna..I don't think I can.." Ryan panted.

"Do it baby. Cum inside me." She ordered, her arms around his neck, her breasts flat against his chest.

Ryan obeyed on the first command. Holding tight on her ass, he began to cum. She thrust her tongue into his mouth and he bit down gently, keeping her in place as he filled her with his love. She squeezed her vagina around his twitching cock and she felt each spurt jet from the tip and seek her uterus. Spent, he wrapped his arms around her and held her tight as she delighted in the warmth at her crotch.

How long they lay like this they weren't sure. So at peace, so comfortable. Ryan didn't soften inside her. He felt he never would. "It's this house isn't it?" He finally decided to broach the subject.

"I think so." She whispered back, her mouth at his neck.

Ryan began running everything through his head. "When did you dye your hair black?"

Janice only took a moment to answer. "The day you showed me the house online."

"When did you have it cut that way?"

"The day we found the photos."

"You see it don't you Mom? The fainting lounge, my hat, I haven't told you this but I even found a bamboo switch in the garage. Coincidences?"

Janice thought of the photo of Delia about to be whipped by her son. She'd not been excited about the notion of discipline but now, the idea began to intrigue her. "Are you upset by it?"

"Not at all, I just need to recognize it. That there's something weird about this house."

"We'll talk about it later. Right now I want you to fuck me!"

The words came out of the blue. He'd obviously never heard his mother speak that way and he liked it. Unbelievably he felt his cock grow harder inside her. "You want me to fuck you Mom?"

"Oh yes baby. I want you to fuck me hard!"

"Oh yeah, like this?" He rolled over with her and pulled her knees up to her armpits. His cock pumping in and out of her dripping pussy.

"Yes baby. Yes. Fuck Mommy hard. Harder."

Ryan wrapped his arms around her, one at the neck, the other at her rear and increased his action. Juice and cum squelched from her cunt and his pelvis pounded against her thighs where bruises would appear the next day. "Do you like it Mom?"

"Oh I love it baby, I love your cock. Fuck Mommy with that big cock."

"Are you gonna cum for me Mom?" His thrusting increased.

"Oh, Jesus yes. Don't stop baby. Mommy's gonna cum for you. Don't stop."

Ryan again began to cum inside her but he didn't slow down. The feeling of her cunt was immaculate.

"Oh shit baby I'm..I'm *cumming*. You're making Mommy cum. Oh fucking Jesus, shit baby. Yes..." She squealed as she released an excess of wetness around his cock with her orgasm. She saw stars, flashes of old memories, some hers, some she couldn't place. Her whole body shuddered with the force of her climax, she dug her nails into Ryan's skin and kissed his flesh. The bed beneath them became a damp pool of their combined fluids. A validation of their love. Soon they would sleep and dream of days to come.

* * * * *

Epilogue

3:35am an earthquake was recorded in the greater Los Angeles area. Minor, it didn't wake the sleeping mother and son. It went unnoticed by much of the city. The couple that had renovated the house had done a fine job of painting the walls and ceilings. When they discovered cracks they plastered over them, one such crack now appeared in the

ceiling of the hallway beside Janice's bedroom. Exacerbated by the tremor, it opened wide to reveal a heretofore unknown and sealed attic.