

HOME SHOPPING CH. 03

sunburycd

Theresa's return.

Incest/Taboo

4.83

8.3k words

Two Years Ago

I lay on the floor of the living room, my neck against the sofa and PS4 controller in hand as I guided Nathan Drake through wave after wave of enemies. A cut scene eventuated and absently I looked to my right to see Theresa reading a foodie magazine upon the couch, bare feet up on the coffee table. It was not the magazine which captured my attention.

Legs crossed as she flicked the pages, from my vantage I had a clear view of the back of her thighs. At eighteen years of age, it wasn't my brain in charge and instead of taking a quick peek and moving on (the perfect crime), my eyes fastened upon the vision. And sister or not, it was beautiful.

Her white linen dress caught beneath her bottom, nothing covered the bulge of pussy and the orange panties clinging to her lump like a second skin. It was mesmerizing, and captivated I stared for God knows how long, making out the line of labia, even a stray pube. If only I had my phone at hand, I thought. I could easily take a photo...

"Why don't you take a photo? It'll last longer!" Theresa peered around her magazine and had caught me red handed; red faced.

"What!?" I dismissed and immediately concentrated on my game, my prowess clearly effected as I died onscreen, and in the real world, of embarrassment.

She made a mocking sound but out of the corner of my eye went back to reading her magazine and after a few more minutes I surreptitiously took another peek. If anything, her pose was more provocative. Legs thrown to the side to bare her entire ass, the panties disappearing between her cheeks to even reveal the darker skin around her barely obscured asshole and once more an enticing bulge of pussy.

The phone ringing in the background, quickly followed by the sound of Mom's footsteps approaching drew me out of my hypnotism and when she passed the hands free to my sister excitedly, I was concentrating solely on my game.

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The call had been the job at a restaurant in L.A. Theresa had applied for. Confirmation of her success. It would see her departing the very next day. Leaving our house, our town and me. Mom and I waved her goodbye as Dad drove her out of our lives for the foreseeable future and toward a hopeful career in the city.

Heading back into the house, Mom could sense my mood and placed an arm around my waist in comfort. "You're going to miss her, aren't you?" She noted and I had to admit, I would. Once inside we went our separate ways and it was as I entered my bedroom that I heard my phone beep a text message.

It was from Theresa and all it said was, 'Check under your pillow.'

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Present Day

"Are you fucking serious?" Theresa blared as she approached Delores and I. At first, I thought she was talking to me but as she moved between us, Delores was where her eyes and her question were directed. "Delores! You're like our Auntie!" She continued.

"Theresa, I can explain..." I tried to intervene as I tucked my now flaccid cock back into my pants but my sister would have none of it.

"No Corey, you're the victim here," she threw her arm back and her hand came to rest on my chest and even under the circumstances of the contact, I had to admit, her touch felt nice.

Delores, over her initial shock at Theresa's appearance began to defend herself. "No, Theresa it's not like that, really..."

Before she could go further, the giggling conversation of our mother and Gayle entered the room directly followed by the women themselves, holding hands and smiling.

"Oh good, Mom do you know what's been...." Theresa stopped her question short as she turned to see what the women were wearing, changing her statement completely. "Mom! What the fuck have you got on?"

All eyes were now on my mother and the micro bikini she hardly wore. Gayle dressed similarly (if not more provocatively) stared as well and was first to answer my sister's question. "Come to think of it Angela, we do look like a couple of sluts!"

"Oh totally!" Mom laughed and approached Theresa as if nothing was out of the ordinary. "Honey, what are you doing in town? When did you get here?"

Theresa was left with nothing to do but accept my mother's embrace, her moral indignation cast aside momentarily with the family reunion. I however was put in the unusual predicament of seeing my near naked mother with her body pressed to my older sister, something I had never envisioned and until this moment hadn't even fantasized about. Theresa's torso leaning into my mother's, her dress inched up the rear of her thighs disappointingly stopping below her buttocks. Ridiculously my cock began to stir.

Did my mother's hand venture a little lower on my sister's back than would be considered normal? Possibly. Or more likely my erotically charged mind was projecting. What I couldn't deny however were Mom's eyes on my crotch, slowly straying up to my own as she looked over her daughter's shoulder. "Gayle," Mom broke the embrace. "You remember Theresa, don't you?"

As if presenting Theresa to the older woman, Mom held my sister by the arm and reacquainted the two. Gayle was more than enthusiastic to lean in for the obligatory peck on the cheek, her breast pressing momentarily to my sister's. That did it. My hard-on returned.

After the pleasantries, Theresa was keen to get back to her initial gripe. "Mom you need to talk to your friend. What I saw out here was entirely inappropriate," she leaned into Mom and whispered in her ear before looking back in Delores' direction with scorn on her face.

"Honey," Mom began. "Your brother is twenty years old. I don't think anyone is taking advantage of him."

Theresa looked as if she were about to refute her assertion but her eyes were distracted by Gayle. The sixty plus year old had moved to the other side of the room and was in the process of removing her swimsuit. The little skin not already exposed came into view and I again gorged on her large white ass and as she turned, her freshly shaved pussy.

Theresa seemed equally as taken by the older woman, her eyes I noticed straying down from her breasts to (dare I say it) enjoy Gayle's exposed sex.

"Has anyone seen my panties?" Gayle asked the room, looking around completely unashamed by her nudity. "Oh, never mind. Silly me, I wasn't wearing any!"

My sister's incredulity at the casual nudity and sexual activity she was witnessing, I thought couldn't have increased. Our mother however found a way. As eyes had been on Gayle, she herself had removed her top and with a hand resting on Theresa's shoulder for balance was in the process of taking off her thong. Fully naked she threw her bikini onto the chair behind her and looked around. "Now where are MY panties?"

All of a sudden, the small piece of material weighed a lot more in my pocket. Mom knew damn well where they were and was challenging me in front of my sister. With Theresa inspecting every move I reached down beside my swollen fly and retrieved my mother's underwear, handing the pink panties to her right under my sister's nose.

"What the fuck is going on here?" Theresa searched our faces. "Have you all lost your minds?"

"It's not that bad..." I attempted to say but Theresa threw up a hand to silence me.

"I'm going. We'll talk about this later. Corey, I have my suitcase in reception, can I put it in your car?"

I felt my back pocket for my keys and nodded. "Yeah, yeah sure."

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In the two years since Theresa had taken up the job in one of L.A's finest restaurants, her visits home had been infrequent, welcomed, and never long lasting. That she had mentioned a suitcase and not her overnight bag, hadn't gone unnoticed.

I caught her as we reached the foyer and the long serving station receptionist beamed when she saw us together. "Well look at you two, all grown up and still as thick as thieves. You'll be back playing on the kitchen set in no time, won't you?"

"Ha, you might be right Vivienne," I replied and saw the look of recognition on my sister's face. I couldn't blame her; it had taken me a week to remember her name after seeing her again.

I was right about the suitcase. It was the big one, and reached for it before Theresa had a chance.

"Thank you, Corey. Just be careful with the latch, it pops open," Theresa warned.

She opened the doors and I followed pulling the case. The wind had picked up outside and caught her hair and I admired her as she pulled it off her face and behind her ear. "So, are you going to tell

me, or what?" I asked.

"Why I'm back?"

Nodding at her we walked side by side across the parking lot towards my car.

"The restaurant went broke. They were trading insolvent for months, weren't paying us for weeks," she explained.

"Fuck. What have you been doing for money?" I asked.

"I have savings but they're running low. I thought I could come back here, find a part time job and see what happens."

"Did Mom and Dad know?"

We stopped at the trunk of my car and Theresa shook her head. "They would've just worried. Sent money. I didn't want to trouble them what with Dad's new shift and the station's problems."

"What problems?" I inquired. If the station was in trouble, it was news to me. Yes, we were running on an oily rag and I knew sales and ratings were low, but I hadn't heard anything further.

"Jesus. You work here, don't you talk about it? They're thinking of shutting you down and moving the production to L.A." Theresa informed me. "It was on the socials."

I had probably been more focused on other things of late and now she raised it I had overheard some strange conversations among the staff. "I guess I've just been too busy to pay attention," I offered.

"Yeah, I saw what you've been paying attention to!" She tried to hide the smile that wanted to appear on her face as she alluded to what she'd walked in on.

"Yeah, about that, I..." I began.

"Agh," she held up a hand. "I don't want to hear about it."

I pulled my keys out and unlocked the trunk. Lifting up her case the edge tapped the bumper and sure enough as she'd warned, the bottom fell open spilling the contents onto the asphalt.

"Oh fuck, Corey!" Theresa exclaimed as her clothing spread out at our feet.

"Shit sorry," I begged as I deposited the now empty case in the back and dropped to my knees to retrieve her possessions. The wind caught the smaller items and I chased after what I could see was a red thong. I caught it half way across the parking lot and the satin felt nice to the touch and nicer still when I realized they weren't fresh.

Thinking she'd been watching my pursuit I spun around holding it up victoriously but her back was turned. Bent forward she lifted clothing up into the trunk as another gust of wind blew through. Her dress, a spotty mid-thigh skater, flew up around her hips giving me the most beautiful view of the half of her buttocks bulging below her lavender colored panties. Dumping her clothes, her hands went down to cover herself and she turned to face me, a coy look on her face.

Approaching I held out her underwear and as she looked down at my hand, she struggled to contain her grin. "So why exactly did you have Mom's panties in your pocket?" She asked, her

fingers momentarily touching mine as she took back her briefs.

I felt my face redden as I searched for a reasonable explanation and none came.

"Um. It's a long story!" I declared.

"I've got time," she countered, closing the suit case and the trunk.

A thick noise of static came through my headphones causing me to jump. "Corey are you online?" Delores interrupted our conversation.

I frowned at Theresa and pointed to my headset. "On my way Delores!"

"Meet me in my office," she explained in a shower of crackle, the radio struggling to cover the distance.

I focused again on my sister, handing her the car keys. "Pick me and Mom up at six, can you? Dad should still be home now, actually why didn't you go there first?"

"The bus stopped just down the road. Thought I'd surprise you and Mom."

"Well, that you did," I admitted and thought if she'd been there any time sooner, she would have caught Mom and I together. How would that have gone down I wondered? I looked down at her legs when she'd taken her position in the driver's seat, the short dress laying across her thighs, before quickly seeking her eyes.

"So, have you still got them?" She smirked, and just as I was understanding to what she was referring, she placed the car in reverse, delighting in my dumbfounded expression and without waiting for a reply, backed out of the car space and was gone.

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Two Years Ago

I frowned at my phone, and without replying, looked across to my bed. Still unmade from the morning I saw no obvious sign of what in fact she was talking about before lifting a pillow, then the other.

There they were. Orange, delicate, and as I picked them up with a shaking hand, still slightly warm. My sister's panties. The very ones that had captured my attention on the couch the night before. I could feel myself blush as I sent her a simple text back.

'Wtf?'

The answer came within seconds. 'Something to remember me by,' followed by an 'x.'

I didn't know how to respond, flippantly sending a smile emoji. What did it mean? How was I supposed to take my sister leaving me her unwashed panties as a goodbye gift? We never spoke of it again.

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Present day

Mom and Gayle were seated within the office, and as I entered, Delores asked me to close the door behind me. "Who's on air? Bertrand?" I asked, surprised he would be presenting back-to-back.

"Uh huh," Delores looked up over the rim of her glasses as she turned from her computer screen. "He's covering Gayle's solar garden lights," Delores explained. For a moment I felt like something was wrong, had we gone too far backstage? Delores was involved so surely it couldn't be that.

"Well," Mom asked Delores, obviously thinking along the same lines as me. "What's going on?"

"Nothing!" Delores began, a broad smile spreading across her face. "I just wanted to hold a meeting with my stars!"

"Stars!" Gayle exclaimed. "I've been here 25 years, never been considered a star before."

"Well, you are; you all are!" Delores enthused, looking around at us. "I just received an email from Wet Waves," Delores continued. "Sales are through the roof. The big thing though, management are thrilled. The last quarter hour was the highest ratings we've registered in years. They said we were trending!"

"You know I'm not surprised about that," I stated. "To be honest, being the only male here. If I was at home, I'd be watching!" I felt Mom's eyes on me and even after all we'd been through together, I still blushed at my confession.

"Well management love what we're doing," Delores continued. "They want more! More sex appeal. More gorgeous women on set."

"I guess that means Sasha will be on her way back," Mom bluntly stated.

"I've already emailed her agent," Delores confirmed. "We have the new Skin-Tightz line scheduled for Wednesday. Sasha'll be perfect."

"Well, she has the legs," Gayle added and I felt I had to speak up.

"The 'legs' for what?" I asked.

"Hosiery," Delores dropped her glasses down her nose. "Panty hose."

"And why do we need her?" I inquired, my mind racing.

"Well, she's the professional model Darling, Skin-Tightz are an exclusive brand," Mom explained and when I countered with a sigh, the three women looked at me to expound.

"Look, I know I'm new here," I began. "But you said so yourself Delores, ratings have picked up in the last week."

"Yes?" Delores agreed.

"Well, that's post Sasha," I stated.

"So?" She questioned.

"Well, that tells me people want to see 'real' women on their screens advertising stuff. Not supermodels. Especially when it's underwear and swimwear. They want to see what it'll look like on them, not some stick insect. No offense to Sasha," I added.

I could see the cogs in Delores' head turning.

"Bertrand's on leave from Wednesday. If Gayle modeled again, who'd host?" Delores grimaced. "I can't ask him to put off his trip to Napa now."

"Gayle hosts," I affirmed.

"Then who models Corey?" Delores removed her glasses completely. Seemingly genuinely interested in my thoughts. "Your mother can't do it alone. And I'm certainly not doing it!"

"Theresa," I stated and there was silence from the women as they processed my idea.

"She's got a job Honey," Mom advanced.

"No, she hasn't, the restaurant closed," I countered.

"She's never modeled," Delores seemed equally as dismissing.

"So?" I rebuffed. "Don't take this the wrong way, but it's not exactly rocket science. You just walk out there and do a few turns while Gayle feels you up."

"I love the idea!" Gayle enthused at the mention of her and Mom sniggered.

Delores turned to her and questioned. "She's your daughter, Angela. Do you think she'd do it?"

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"I'll do it," Theresa declared as she drove us from the station.

"Really?" Mom taking off her makeup in the passenger seat turned to her.

"Yeah, why not? It'll be fun," Theresa laughed. "It's just like when we were kids, hey Corey? I'll have to practice walking in heels again I suppose," she added. "What are we modelling? Kaftans?"

Mom biting her lip, turned fully to look at me in the back seat, I guess expecting me to break the news.

*

Mom walked into the living room to greet her awaiting audience of two and my cock immediately began to rise.

"Pantyhose," I finally answered my sister's question, her shocked face looking to me momentarily before back at our mother. Dressed in a black crotchless bodystocking, Mom did a turn for good measure, her bare ass cheeks pale under the light, the black string of a thong lost between her voluptuous globes.

"Well, hosiery," Mom corrected. "We don't have the products yet, but it'll be something like this."

The bodystocking was sheer, and bra-less, Mom's nipples were on full display, the sight causing the need for me to adjust my erection, right as Theresa looked back in my direction as well.

Her eyes were caught by the indiscretion and lingered for a moment before she got back on subject. "It's lingerie!?" She exclaimed. "I don't even wear it myself."

"Well, it's not just lingerie," Mom countered as I dined on the vision of near nudity, the tiny black thong barely covering her pubic mound. "As your brother said, they make pantyhose and thigh-high stockings..."

"Yeah, ah Mom. I don't think you're helping," I quickly inserted and Theresa looked back at me, a concerned expression on her face. "What are you worried about? You've got a great body. You'd look awesome in this stuff," I assured her.

To this, she blushed. "You think?"

"Oh, of course Honey," Mom added enthusiastically. "Here, try it on."

Both my sister and I panned our heads back toward Mom well into the act of lowering the bodystocking from her shoulder, a breast exposed.

"No!" Theresa leaped from the couch aghast, quick to prevent Mom going any further. "Mom. Seriously?" She tilted her head in my direction and Mom was quick to dismiss.

"Oh Darling, your brother's seen me naked at the studio plenty of times. It's no big deal."

"Well, it is to me," Theresa declared almost fighting with Mom to get the bodystocking back over her shoulder. The sight of the struggle was more than arousing and my cock twitched its agreement. "Maybe I'll just try walking in the heels," Theresa added to change the subject.

Mom seemed about as despondent as I that Theresa wasn't going to model for us. Or was it that she'd lost the opportunity to be naked before her children? The whole thing began to raise issues for me. Was Theresa aware of the family tradition? I knew Mom and her talked often. Had she not mentioned we were, to put it bluntly, fucking? If that was the case, would I even be able to spend the night in Mom's bed?

I watched as Theresa walked in Mom's stilettos, no evidence they posed a problem. Her pale bare legs stretched, her calf muscles became pronounced as she presented them with her turn and again my penis expressed its admiration.

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It was meant to be an orientation day. Theresa just following me around, learning the ropes and the day to day running of the station. That was until all hell broke loose.

"Bertrand's gone to Napa a day early!" Delores screamed into my earpiece as I was guiding Theresa around the loading dock. "What color panties is your sister wearing?"

Taken aback by the question, I felt myself blush as I looked at Theresa, wondering how or even why I'd ask her?

"Ah, I'm not sure wh..." I began to question Delores before she cut me off.

"Tan Lines are booked for 10a.m. Your mom has to host!"

I still couldn't make the connection to my sister's underwear and asked what it had to do with Theresa?

"Bertrand was meant to present with their rep. Angela was going to model but with Gayle not starting until midday, your mom will have to host and someone else model."

"Can't you just call in Gayle early?" I looked at my watch, still half an hour until showtime.

"Have you ever woken Gayle on her morning off?" Delores asked sarcastically and I read between the lines. "Theresa has to step up earlier than expected. Just find out if she's wearing white panties."

I looked at Theresa and cleared my throat as I tried to prevent a smile appearing.

"Um, Delores wants to know what color panties you've got on?"

Obviously just as confused, Theresa smirked. "What?"

"It's something to do with the fake tan promo in the next hour. You might have to model."

A look of horror replaced the smile.

"Don't worry, you'll be out there with Mom," I eased her concern. "Soo, ah. Your panties?"

"Oh, um."

Whether it was because she'd genuinely forgotten or just wanted to show me, I watched as my sister slowly lifted the front of her dress to expose her groin, both our gaze aimed downwards as her pink knickers came into view.

Tightly hugging her mound, the sight had my cock enthusiastic, blood flowing into its length.

"Ah, they're pink," I spoke directly to Delores, hearing her sigh. "Is that a problem?"

"They have to be white. It's to do with the contrast. Look, just come to my office. Both of you."

Delores' statement was final and with Theresa still holding her dress up for me, I reached out and took her hand. "Come on, we've got to go."

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I knocked once and entered to find Delores standing, on the phone, and undressed down to her bra and panties.

"Whoa!" I began to back out when she threw up a finger to wait, before gesturing we both enter.

"Yes, we're doing all we can," she spoke to whomever was on the other end before hanging up with a curt thank you. "Come in, come in," she welcomed. "Management. Just checking up on us."

Despite the fact this woman had no less than sucked my dick only a day previous, it was still uncomfortable being in her office with her partial nudity, though as she made to unclasp her white satin bra behind her back, I felt I was getting used to it!

"So," Delores continued as her boobs dropped from her bra, placing it upon the table and reaching down to her matching panties. "I'm sorry to do this to you Theresa. Throw you in at the deep end so to speak. But we need you." She, without qualm tucked her thumbs into her panties and lowered them down her legs, stepping her bare feet through the holes and clutching them in her hand. My eyes remained on her manicured thatch of pubic hair and only lazily rose when she again started speaking.

"I'm just guessing you aren't wearing a white bra, so..." she looked down at the table.

It was then Theresa and I realized what was happening.

"Oh!" Theresa exclaimed. "You want us to swap!?"

Seemingly less amazed at how bizarre the scene was than me, Theresa immediately made to lift her dress up her body. Once more her pink panties came into view, quickly followed by a matching bra. See-through, I feasted on her nipples as they hardened before my eyes, only to be doubly delighted as she removed her bra as easily as Delores had before holding it out to the older woman.

Any animosity between the two after their initial reconnecting a day earlier seemed to have dissolved along with their clothing and Delores reached out to accept my sister's bra.

"Oh, I didn't mean we had to swap as such," Delores remarked, shrugging as she examined the bra and passed her own panties to my sister. "But, well. I suppose, why not?"

In the process of threading her arms through my sister's bra, Delores and I looked down at Theresa as she pulled her own panties down her legs. I immediately knew what the producer's reaction would be. My sister presented to us a surprisingly well grassed pitch, her dark brown pubic hair clearly not waxed, nor trimmed for that matter, in some time. "Oh goodness!" Delores exclaimed. "Oh well, we'll see how it looks behind the panties."

Embarrassed, Theresa pulled the white satin panties up tight over her mound and looked up expectantly waiting for our appraisal.

"Actually, that's not too bad," Delores affirmed, looking to me for another perspective. "What do you think Corey?"

Granted license to look even closer at my sister's crotch, I dropped to my knees and moved in to search for stray pubes, disappointed when none presented.

"It looks good," I gave a thumbs up and reluctantly rose as Theresa accepted Delores' bra.

"The model would normally wear cotton panties and usually a tank top," Delores explained as she stepped into my sister's pink panties, the underwear swap complete. "But as head office want us to be racier, I think we can get away with this."

"What do I have to do out there?" Theresa, looking nervous brought the conversation back to reality and Delores, in no hurry to clothe herself approached.

"Oh Honey, nothing really," she took Theresa's hand and held it for reassurance. "The rep will do all the work applying the tan, your mom's hosting. All you have to do is stand there and look good." Delores' eyes panned down to my crotch and embarrassingly Theresa's followed, both alighting on my bold erection. "And by the looks of the audience, you're doing a wonderful job already!"

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"Sorry about that," I apologized to Theresa as we walked to the changing room behind set. If she was having any problem being partially naked in the workplace it wasn't apparent as we strode by a sound guy whose eyes didn't hide his own appreciation of my sister's body. "I didn't mean for you to see it," I alluded to my erection and she turned to me as we approached the green room door.

"I know what boys are like Corey," she did a fine job of not smirking. "You can't help yourselves. Even it seems, when it's your own family."

"Oh good, you're here," Mom reached around the corner and drew Theresa into the backstage area, leaving me to ponder my sister's slightly cryptic comment. Did she know about Mom and me? Or was it purely my erection at her own nudity to which she referred? I followed the two into the room and found a third party, an attractive middle-aged woman dressed all in white.

"Oh, you're wearing that!?" She reacted to my sister's attire, her eyes straying from the satin and lace bra clearly a size too small, Theresa's breasts bulging around the cups, down to the satin panties closely hugging her buttocks and pussy mound.

"They're white, aren't they?" Mom was quick to defend her daughter, hugging one of Theresa's arms to her own. The sight had my cock once more hardening and I pictured Theresa naked beside our mother. Was there a possibility?

The Tan-Lines rep made no more mention and as I pondered another detail, the make-up girl entered to get to work on Theresa. Mom was meant to model! Didn't that surely mean she would have been wearing the white underwear? Where was it? Why wasn't it her that swapped with Theresa and not Delores? They were all roughly the same size. My train of thought was interrupted by a voice in my headpiece informing me of a delivery and feeling like a third wheel backstage anyway, excused myself quietly from the proceedings.

*

It was well into the hour that I even managed a peek at one of the monitors to see how Theresa was doing. One leg bronzed, the rep applying tan high on her thigh, the camera was zoomed in on her pubic mound and yes, a pube had escaped the cage. I watched fascinated, disbelieving that right there on public television was my sister's pussy bulge, the slight hint of labial bumps behind the satin and above the distinct shadow of concealed pubic hair.

"Management are loving it," I jumped at Delores' voice, momentarily believing it from the headpiece before feeling her presence beside me. "Sales are up ten percent on usual. Is this the Skin-Tightz range?"

I looked from Delores back down at the hosiery delivery I'd been reconciling with the invoice, my cock hard in anticipation of Mom and my sister wearing the items.

"Yeah, it's all there ready for tomorrow," I acknowledged.

Delores moved in closer and a hand reached down and pressed my fly.

"Looks like you're ready for tomorrow as well!" Delores stated and I laughed at the corniness of the line.

"Did you plan it?" I asked and she frowned before I elaborated. "Getting Theresa to undress like that. Swapping her underwear?"

To this she smiled. "Well, Angela and I might have had a discussion," she began to blush. "But Bertrand going to Napa early was definitely not expected. We just improvised. Oh, that reminds me," she lifted her other hand, holding Theresa's bra and panties. "You can hold onto these for her, can't you?"

It was now me that grinned, Delores rubbing my hard-on more deliberately. I dropped my invoice and reached out for my sister's underwear, discarding the bra but keeping the panties. Still warm, Delores must have only minutes before removed them and sure enough, dampness covered the gusset.

"Oh fuck," I sighed as Delores unbuttoned my pants, the unzipping of my fly following. Knowing she was naked beneath her dress had me harder and when she pulled me from my underpants, I stood like a tower of granite.

"Smell them," Delores whispered as she dropped to her knees, taking my cock in hand and then mouth, her lips enclosing around the head.

"What?" I nervously replied, admittedly the desire to do just that, overpowering.

"Sniff your sister's panties," she ordered, her lips popping from my cock before wrapping once more, eyes upon me.

I managed to take my eyes from the sight to look up at the screen, my semi-naked big sister smiling at the camera. Mom beside her in a tight pencil skirt, noticing then the white tank top beneath her blazer. Mom had wanted this as well, planned it I thought, as I raised Theresa's pink panties to my face, pressing the damp gusset into my nose and mouth and inhaling the combined scent of my sister and Delores.

"Is it good?" Delores slurped off the end of my cock. "Can you smell her pussy? Can you smell MY pussy Corey?"

"Oh, fuck yes," I gasped as she continued to beat off my cock.

"You like it?" Delores sighed.

"Oh yeah."

"You want the real thing?"

"Oh, fuck yeah!" I groaned, wasting no time in reaching down to raise her to her feet.

The press studs down the front of her dress came away as I navigated Delores back onto the bench. The manicured pussy I'd spied an hour earlier once more coming into view, now the pink below as she spread her legs. Burying my face into her crotch I made sure to coat my nose and jaw in pussy, inhaling the alluring scent of an aroused woman and then, my tongue inserted. Delving as deep into her vagina as possible, my jaw hurting as my mouth spread around her sex.

"Fuck me Corey," Delores sighed from above and I wasted not another second. Rising, shuffling a step forward as my pants dropped to my ankles, my cock found its own way between her legs and as Delores pulled me atop her, I slid inside her body like a hot knife through butter.

An almost guttural sound emanated from her as my pelvic bone met hers, pulling out completely, my length slick with her juices before plunging back inside.

"Yes, fucking yes," Delores gasped as I began a steady rhythm, my balls slapping her buttocks as we fucked. "Give me those panties Corey," she hissed and her hand wrapped around my own, drawing the underwear up to her face. As if chloroforming her in a movie, my hand covered her nose and

mouth with the panties, my other clutching an exposed boob as I increased my penetration. "I can smell her," Delores almost screamed through her mask of panty. "I can smell her pussy."

It was perverted. It was a betrayal of my sister's privacy. It was also as hot as fuck. My cock slammed into Delores who'd sucked the panties into her mouth, holding them in her jaw like a dog with a bone. Intermittent glances at the monitor to see my sister, turning as the rep massaged her thigh with the fake tan, her ass bulging out of Delores' white panties. Holding both breasts, squeezing her nipples between my fingers I managed to fuck her harder, feeling it in my abs, my buttocks, the greatest of workouts. An almost pained expression came to her face before her head lolled back, mouth agape and the panties falling away.

"Oh God," she gasped. "I'm, I'm cumming," she needlessly informed me, the evidence all over her face, in her cunt where her vaginal walls were squeezing my girth, tensing with each wave of her orgasm.

It was enough to have me following, every thrust bringing me closer to my own climax as Delores reached out for my neck, dragging my body closer to hers to meet my mouth. With her tongue licking my lips, seeking out my own, she managed to mumble an order.

"Cum on me Corey," she sighed. "I want it all over my tits!"

She didn't have long to wait.

Another thrust and I was there. Gasping as I pulled my face from hers, my cock from inside her body as cum was already blasting from the eye. I sprayed her pubic bone before I'd even grasped my length, a long thread laying atop her pubes. And then, with control of my direction, up onto her stomach, upon my toes to aim at her chest, jet after jet of molten lava upon her awaiting and upturned boobs.

"How will I even get this off?" Theresa's voice came from the entrance to the set, followed by that of my mother as the three women entered the backstage area.

"I usually just scrub it off in the ba..." she paused mid word as I stood upright and Delores dropped down off the bench. I caught the sight of Mom smirking, a look of horror upon the faces of both the Tan-Lines rep, and more so Theresa when she saw Delores using her panties to quickly wipe the cum up from the front of her torso.

"What the fu..." Theresa began as I clumsily pulled my pants up over my erection, the second time in two days she'd caught me with my pants down, so to speak.

"My apologies Francine," Delores was concentrating on the rep (and the 'rep' of the station I supposed) as she re-attached the studs at the front of her dress to cover her nudity, the still shocked woman holding up a hand in dismissal.

"It's none of my business," a similar smirk to my mother's began to appear on her face. "As we've discussed, it's the way you operate that made me come out from L.A. to begin with."

Delores turned her attention to my sister, one arm, one leg tanned, holding out her now cum saturated panties for my sister to retrieve.

To my amazement she did. A slight frown as my semen made contact with her fingers but the initial shock of once more finding me in congress with Delores seeming to slip away.

"So," Gayle came around the corner and entered backstage. "What have I missed?"

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The remainder of the day was nowhere near as eventful. A Slice 'n' Dice cooking segment capturing Theresa's attention for much of the afternoon, her assistance utilized with off-screen food prep. It wasn't until the car ride home that I spent any quality time with her and Mom and even then, I could sense tension between my sister and I.

Dad at home for the evening seemed to conspire further towards another night in bed alone. Nearly two days since I'd last had sex with Mom being far too long and with them hugging and kissing post dinner in the kitchen, I doubted it'd happen any time soon. Generally moping around the house, (admittedly for no good reason) I came upon the open door of the bathroom and the filling bath, Theresa with a towel wrapped around her body, entering.

"You come to help?" She allowed herself to smile and relieved she was actually talking to me, I questioned what she meant. "This fucking fake tan," she held out her one bronzed arm. "I tried to scrub it off over the sink and it did nothing."

"Oh, yeah," I nodded. "Mom says you have to do it in the bath."

"Hence," she made a sweeping motion toward the bath and I leaned against the door frame as she crossed the bathroom to turn off the water.

The towel rode up clear to her buttocks as she leaned over the tub, no panties there, and I immediately pictured her back at the studio. Once again, she'd had no problem undressing before me, or Gayle for that matter who'd suspiciously hung around in the backstage area. Theresa handing me Delores' white bra and panties before donning once more her own dress, cum soaked underwear disposed of in her handbag. From there I wasn't aware of their journey but I hadn't seen them in the laundry basket when I'd deposited some of my own clothing, my face blushing with the recollection just as Theresa rose from the bath, satisfied with the water level and temperature.

"Soo, you coming in?"

The question caught me off guard.

"What?"

"Well, are you going to help or not?" She reached her hands up and unwrapped the towel from around her breasts, my eyes immediately dropping to that lustrous thatch of dark pubic hair.

"You were serious?"

"Why not? You can do my leg while I take care of my arm."

She was already climbing into the bath as I closed the door behind me and as I approached, she slid beneath the heavily bubbled surface. I sat down on the edge of the bath and reached over to grab a sponge from around the faucet when Theresa sniggered. "What are you doing?"

"What?"

"Aren't you getting in?"

I'd misunderstood. She'd been inviting me into the bath with her, not just the room. Not since toddlers had we bathed together. The realization I was about to be naked with my sister setting my already rapidly beating heart aflutter. Casual, as if what was happening was an everyday event, I removed my shirt and then fumbled with the button of my pants.

"You don't seem to have as much trouble when Delores is around!" Theresa jokingly mocked but I noticed more than a little truth behind her mirth. "Or Mom for that matter."

Did she know?

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing," she took a loofah from the shelf and dropped it below the surface, all the while looking under her eyebrows at my progress.

My semi erect cock bounced out of my pants as I dropped them to my feet and stepped into the warm water, a smile coming to Theresa's mouth as I quickly hid my affection below the surface.

"So. Do you still have them?" She cryptically inquired as I once again took up the sponge, my face revealing my confusion to the question. "My panties?" She elaborated.

"Delores gave them back to you!" I frowned, focusing on my reason for actually being there and lifting her leg out of the water beside me.

"Not those ones Corey," she whispered. "You know what I'm talking about."

Her slippery skin in my hand, my fingers pressing into the soft flesh of her calf, I thought of that day two years prior. The day she left. Her orange panties found under my pillow. My cock reacting now much as it had done then. And Theresa noticed. Her eyes dropping to the foamy surface of the water as the head of my dick rose like a shark's fin through the bubbles. A smile turning the corners of her mouth. She began casually scrubbing at the fake tan on her arm as I felt her free leg shift position in the bath, her toes sliding below my balls.

"Oh shit," I sighed as my back straightened with the contact, lifting my pelvis and my cock rising from the foam like a submarine's periscope. "Ah, yeah. I kept them. They're secret; they're safe," I realized I'd paraphrased Gandalf and hoped she hadn't noticed, the words sounding cool at the time.

Silent for a moment, my erection a lighthouse between us, Theresa dropped her hands below the water and I noticed her loofah rise to the surface a moment before she clasped my cock between them. Once more I sighed, lost for words as my sister touched my penis for the first time in our lives, expecting her mouth to follow.

"What's the deal with Delores?" She surprised me with the question as her hand began to slowly slide up my length.

"What? Nothing," I insisted. "I'm not with her."

"No, you're with Mom," she immediately retaliated and caught me off guard with her knowledge.

"You know?" I asked and her eyes climbed up to mine as she nodded.

"Corey, I know about the family tradition," she admitted as she began milking my hardness. "It should've been me!" She declared as her mouth finally wrapped the head of my awaiting cock.

"Oh shit," I repeated my exclamation, raising my hips to accept her, the head of my cock meeting the roof of her mouth. She slid off with a trail of drool, her hand smearing the saliva back down my length as lubricant as her eyes once more found mine. "I wanted it to be you," I admitted and it made her smile. "But you went away."

For a moment I thought I'd said the wrong thing, her smile dissolving though her hand continued to stroke me.

"I'm back now," she studied my eyes as the rate of her jerking increased.

"I know."

"Do you love me?"

"Yes," I declared with all conviction.

"Do you want to fuck me?"

"Oh yes," I sighed, my cock hardening further in her grip in anticipation of being inside her.

The movement was swift. Theresa's leg that had been in my possession was dragged away as she changed position in the bath. In a wave of water, she made it to her knees and descended forward atop my body, my arms embracing her as she climbed upon my hips. Her dripping and soapy boobs made contact with my chest the same moment my cock found its way between her legs, Theresa's hand there to guide it inside. And we were one. Brother and sister connected at the sex. Her mouth descended upon my own and as my cock plunged further into her, to its zenith, her tongue slid between my lips.

This was perfect. So tight was her vagina it gripped me like her fist. So slippery her skin as my hands caressed her back, down to her buttocks.

"Say it," Theresa gasped as we kissed.

"I love you," I immediately replied, sliding a finger along the crack of her ass to press against her anus. "I love you so much," my tongue entwining with hers.

Her ass crashing down in the water with every thrust caused waves to splash the edge of the bath, onto the floor. Ignoring it, I grasped a breast and found her nipple, tweaking it between thumb and forefinger before deciding I needed to taste and leaving her mouth for tit.

More than a mouthful she gave me. Perched in my lap, Theresa fed me boob and greedily I sucked at her nipple. One then the other. Lavishing her chest with kisses before moving on to her neck. Her head fell back, pussy still bucking on my cock as I nibbled her flesh, biting and kissing my way across jaw back to her mouth.

"I wanna cum on you," she groaned as I matched her descent, lifting my groin up into every penetration. "I want to cum on your face," she followed, almost embarrassed at her honesty.

"Fuck yeah," I kissed her. "Give me that pussy Sis," I declared, embarrassed myself for using the term 'Sis,' one that I'd never. "Let me taste you."

Wasting no time, Theresa rose from my tower of love and bowlegged, thrust her hirsute and dripping pussy into my face. Water and her own lubricant flowed into my mouth as I wrapped my lips around her lips. My tongue delving between her labia to enter her body then back up to her clit as she ground herself into my jaw. Hands were pressed to the back of my head, fingers through my hair as I licked and sucked her little aroused button, my hands gripping her buttocks for support.

And then the squeal of delight from above, her fingers forcing my mouth back onto her vagina as I accepted her increased lube. No squirting, just a steady stream of her sweetness which I swallowed with relish, poking my tongue once more into her pussy to feel the shudder of her orgasm. "I'm on the pill," she whispered through stifled breath as she slid down my chest, my cock finding its home and filling her once more. Mouths again bonded. Her tongue seeking the taste of her cunt as her pussy clasped my dick, her pelvic floor doing the work and bringing me ever closer.

"I fucking love you Theresa," I gasped as I released a held breath and my ejaculation inside her, the earlier admission giving me permission to cum within her body. And what a release. Twenty years of brotherly love flowing from my heart to hers by way of the sex.

"I feel it," she almost cried and I wondered if she meant my love or my cum as I spurted countless times inside her. "I can feel your cum Corey," she promptly answered my question, her arms embracing my body, kisses of affection upon my lips. "It's beautiful," she declared.

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There were giggles when I pulled from her minutes later and we set to actually removing the tan from her body. There were kisses and more than the occasional touch of cock or pussy. We were just having fun and it felt as innocent as when we were kids. When Mom opened the door on us however there was that initial feeling of being sprung, an instant instinct to disguise any inappropriate behavior that might be taking place. The look on her face told us it was unwarranted.

"Are you two still in here?" She smirked, Dad taking a peek over her shoulder with a similar expression on his face. "You'd better get some sleep. Delores texted me and they've moved Skin-Tightz forward. We're on first thing tomorrow morning," she managed to relay before Dad wrapped his hands around her waist and dragged her squealing away toward their bedroom.

Theresa and I looked at each other and shared a laugh before her hand reached for the hot faucet.

"I think we can stay a little longer, don't you?" She cheekily smiled as her other hand reached for my rapidly hardening cock.

I was in total agreement.

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Thank you for reading and your patience.

Sunburycd.