

SPY GAMES CH. 02

sunburycd

Natasha's side of the story.

Incest/Taboo

4.73

5.5k words

Any sexual activity involves characters 18+.

I looked over my shoulder at the kids in the backseat of the SUV. "What do you mean you don't want to come? I thought you wanted to see Uncle Scott and Nanny."

Tyler was first to respond, shrugging his shoulders. "We don't even know where this place is, it sounds boring and Dad just got the new Xbox."

"Yeah," Jessie added, feeling emboldened that her big brother had spoken first. "Daddy said we could stay with him if we wanted this weekend."

It was a typical asshole play by my ex-husband. Buy the latest games console the weekend I had something planned with them. I gripped the wheel harder than was necessary. "It's your grandmother's birthday, I wanted you guys to see where she grew up. Me and Scott loved going there!" It was my final attempt but I knew it was futile. The Xbot-whatever was always going to defeat me.

"But Mom, Dad said he really wants us to stay with him."

"Yeah, he said he never gets to see us!" Jessie concluded.

I rolled my eyes. "That's because he spends all his time with his new wife. You know he only bought it to get back..." I cut myself off. What was the point? I'd keep playing the role of bad parent while he gave them sugar and games consoles. "Fine. Is he at least going to come and pick you up?"

"Dad said you could drop us off after basketball!" Tyler replied as he looked up momentarily from his phone. Jessie leaned across the seat and seemed equally as enthralled in the game her brother was playing.

I thought of Scott and I at their age. We would have been swinging from a tire into a river; playing hide and seek in the woods; fascinated by books and boardgames. We've lost a generation to technology, I thought. Turning right instead of left I headed to their father's house across town.

* * * * *

I hated lying to Mom. I could still have gone up there on my own. I could have dealt with Mom's disappointment at not seeing the kids, made up some other lie why I hadn't brought them. I really had wanted to taste that Chateau Margaux. Spend time with Mom, Scott.

I poured another glass of a cheap riesling and lay back on the couch. My phone beeped to indicate a text message and as I read the content I laughed ironically. "Thank you for the wine darling. Scott

and I will open immediately. Kiss kiss mom." Great timing Mom. I mused. What an amazing present though. That and the house. I looked over at the unwrapped Barbra Streisand and the latest season of Outlander dvds and shook my head. He always was thoughtful though wasn't he? Even before the money. My little brother. Used to follow me around like a bad smell when we were little. Even more so when we were teens. Why couldn't I have married someone like Scotty, I thought. Scotty. I closed my eyes. My little brother...

* * * * *

I woke up and the house was in darkness, my empty wine glass lucky not to have fallen from the couch. My neck ached from the position I'd been lying in and sometime during the night I'd decided to put a hand down my jeans, my fingers coming away wrinkly from between my legs. Why was I so wet? Oh yeah that's right. I put the thought out of my mind, denying myself the memory and looked at the time. 4:45am Sunday morning. I wouldn't get back to sleep. If I showered now and got on the road I could be there just after breakfast. Excited, I ran to the bathroom to get ready.

* * * * *

Having driven up with Scott a few days previous, the roads were familiar once off the highway. Even so, apart from a whole lot less trees, the country side hadn't changed much in twenty five years. God twenty five years. I was only fifteen. So full of ideas and ideals, hope and hormones. That final summer would've been my last anyway. I couldn't have imagined whiling away the long hot days in the country with my little brother when my friends were partying and dating boys. We did have fun though, Scott and I. Scotty. My little brother...

My mind wandered and I nearly missed the change of speed as I entered the town. Slowing to match the limit I looked around the deserted Sunday morning streets. "Jesus we'd thought it was quiet the other day. This is death!" The rain began and reminded me I needed to use the bathroom. Passing the Town Hall and a newly constructed toilet block I thought of stopping but with only minutes to go I decided to hold on, driving through towards the turnoff to the house. It was only then that I remembered to drop by Mom's to pick up her stuff. "Fuck!" I yelled. "You're an idiot Natasha."

* * * * *

I loved the sound of the tires on the gravel driveway, one of my fondest memories of the house from my childhood. I parked my SUV beside Scott's new Aston Martin and retrieved my bag from the rear, wine bottles clinking together inside as I did so. The rain had slowed to an annoying drizzle as I dashed to the front porch of the house.

For an awkward moment I debated as to whether I should knock or just walk in through the open screen door but my growing need to pee and the smell of freshly cooked toast told me someone was up so I marched on in with a loud, "hello!"

The kitchen was empty. Two plates remained on the table with uneaten toast. Strange, I thought. Hearing the shower I headed down the long hallway. I stopped at a bedroom and peeked inside, "hello, Mom?" Her dress was on the floor and I picked it up and placed it back down on the bed, dropping my bag in the process and startling myself at my reflection in the large gold framed mirror as I turned to leave.

I thought of the last time in the room. Lying beside my brother for only a moment or two. His strong hand lifting me from the bed. Stop it Natasha, I told myself. Why are you even having these thoughts? With the room empty I reasoned it was Mom in the shower but was proven incorrect as I headed back out and walked into her in the hallway.

"Natasha!" She screamed as we both jumped. "My god you almost scared me half to death."

"You and me both!" I concurred.

"What are you doing here?" Mom asked, more out of shock than welcome surprise. She had her hair in a towel and another wrapped around her body. It wasn't a large towel by any means and as she moved in to accept my kiss, her breasts strained to be released. "Where are the kids?" She added, looking over my shoulder as if they would appear.

"Actually Mom, I came alone. They're with Brett." I confessed.

"Oh. Let me guess, he's offered to take them to Disneyland because he knew you wanted them to come up here?"

I smiled, she knew my ex-husband too well. "Close. He bought a new Playbox or whatever it's called. I can't compete with that!" Mom held my hand as she led me back into her room. "It's alright though, before I drove up I emailed him that he can take them to school tomorrow morning as I plan to stay up here. You're staying another day aren't you?"

As I spoke, casual as you like, my mother undid the towel around her body and dropped it on the bed beside her dress. I'd seen her fully naked in the past, just that last year we'd shared a dressing room and shower at the local pool but her willingness to disrobe with the door open and Scott in the house seemed a little cavalier. She picked up her dress and I noticed, put it on without underwear and a bra. I again remembered about her things.

"Shit Mom I'm sorry. I forgot to get your stuff. You can borrow some of my knickers if you like?"

"Oh it's not important." She smiled. "I've made it this far without them, a little longer won't hurt."

All of a sudden I began to query a few things. Where was her underwear? How was it she was coming out of the shower wet while Scott was obviously still in there? The uneaten breakfast. They were all questions that would have to wait as I really was desperate to pee. Thankfully Mom sensed my imminent need and pulled me along the hall.

The bathroom door was left ajar and Mom knocked on it as she opened it further. "Honey, Natasha's here!" Mom spoke loudly into the steamy room. "She needs to use the toilet, is it O.k if she comes in?"

Scott, still in the shower yelled back he was fine with it and Mom herded me inside. The shower was in the bath tub and I could see my brother's flesh colored silhouette through the shower curtain. "Hey Tash, you change your mind?" He asked through the noise of the water and fan.

"Yeah. I came alone." I replied, making my way to the toilet. Lowering my jeans and thong I sat down. "Brett has the kids." I tried to pee but nothing happened. My nervous bladder calling the shots. Was it any wonder? I was half naked sitting on a toilet only a few feet from my fully naked brother. Standing in the tub where he and I bathed as children. The fond memory helped me relax and I was thankful of the sound of the shower as my stream of urine poured down into the bowl. It did factor in my brain that I was peeing in front of my little brother. All he had to do was pull back

the curtain and he'd see me, watch me pee. And I'd see him. Naked and dripping. I finished and wiped. I left my jeans at my knees as I stood and turned to lower the lid and flush. Bending at the waist, my bare ass directed towards my brother, almost posing. Pressing the button and turning, almost reluctant to cover myself.

"Oh shit!" Scott screamed as the water changed temperature. "Hot. Hot. Hot!"

"Oh sorry," I apologized and quickly pulled up my jeans, wondering why I was being so reckless with my nudity.

"It's alright, not your fault." He said before returning beneath the flow.

At the sink I looked in the reflection and could see the toilet as well as the shower behind me. As I turned on the faucet the water changed temperature in the shower and Scott once again moved back out of it's flow. His body came into view, the curve of his buttocks, his muscular back and shoulders. "Natasha! Are you doing this on purpose?" He laughed.

"I'm sorry," I giggled. "I'm going." Reluctantly I left the bathroom, leaving the door as I'd found it.

Mom was in the kitchen when I entered, tipping the cold toast into the bin. "Yeah, what happened there?" I asked, more curious than suspicious. Mom looked a little frazzled by the question and took a moment to answer which seemed weird.

"Oh. It started raining and I remembered my underwear was on the back line. Then my feet were muddy and I guess we just got waylaid." She seemed satisfied with her response and I didn't probe further. Waylaid. By what though?

My tummy was rumbling and I forgot my earlier queries as Mom presented me with a plate of freshly cooked toast. "How was the drive? You must have started early."

I began spreading honey as I started to answer but my attention was drawn away by Scott walking along the hall. Wearing only a towel around his waist he looked like an Olympic swimmer just risen from a pool, water still beading his skin. He waved as he entered his room and I felt like an idiot as I just stared back slack-jawed. He's your brother Natasha! Get a grip. Mmm, there's something I'd like to grip, I thought and couldn't help smiling to myself.

"Hello. Earth to Natasha." Mom's voice finally registered. "What time did you leave?"

I focused again on spreading the honey. "Oh, um about five I guess."

"Goodness, you were up early!" Mom remarked. Scott came out of his room wearing shorts and a t-shirt. He kissed me on the top of the head as he passed by and goosebumps ran down my back.

"So what happened yesterday?" Scott asked, squeezing past Mom by the sink. It didn't look like he needed to get so close to her, holding her hips, his groin almost pressing, no it did press to her bottom as he passed.

"Ugh don't ask. Brett being an asshole again," I stated between mouthfuls. "He bought the new Xstation whatsit. He knew they'd ditch me for it."

"Ooh the Xbox One X!? I'd ditch you for it as well!" He laughed as Mom gave him his toast.

"So anyway, Mom. Happy Birthday for yesterday. How was it? Ooh how was the wine?" I asked.

Mom and Scott looked at each other and laughed. She placed a hand on his shoulder affectionately. "Oh honey, it was off!"

"Oh no!" I looked at Scott, giving up any allusion I had paid for it. "What happens? Can you get a refund?"

"Yeah, it's guaranteed by the dealer. It was a shame though wasn't it Mom?" He looked into her eyes and they seemed to share something. I immediately wished I'd come up last night instead. They were being so affectionate with each other, I felt like I'd missed out on something. We had always been a close family, Mom and I especially. We told each other everything. I suddenly recalled a conversation we'd had a while back, watching them brought the memory front of mind. No, I thought. Not that, surely not that!

* * * * *

To celebrate the rain stopping after lunch, though the sky remained miserable, I opened a bottle of cabernet sauvignon. Offering Mom a glass she was quick to accept. "It's six o'clock somewhere!" She laughed.

"To the weather improving," I toasted, raising my glass.

Scott entered from the kitchen and I pointed to the bottle for him to help himself.

"I am annoyed though. I have a new swimsuit I bought online. I wanted to try it out this weekend." I confessed.

"Or you could just wear your bra and panties like Mom!" Scott added.

Quizzically, I looked across to Mom. "What's he talking about?"

"Go on tell her," Scott continued.

She was sipping from her wine glass with a mischievous expression and didn't seem too quick to elaborate.

"Alright I'll tell her," Scott began. "You wouldn't have believed it Tash. She went swimming in her underwear."

"She did not!" I replied, shocked at her spontaneity. I looked again at Mom, her knees up on the couch. The split in the front of her dress approaching her crotch. She was showing a lot of leg, no not just leg, I could see pubic hair! If I could see it, Scott surely could.

"Oh there was no one around!" Mom smiled. "I don't know what the big deal is?"

"Ah the big deal is, who are you and what have you done with our mother?" I laughed.

"Oh nonsense. They'll be dry soon anyway, then all this will be forgotten." Mom declared as if reminding me and possibly Scott she wasn't wearing anything beneath her dress. Like we needed a reminder, it was all on display.

"Oh yeah, on that!" Scott piped up, Mom and I both looking in his direction. "Well they sort of fell in the tub when I was rehangng them. They're wet again."

"Oh Scott you always were a butterfingers," I stood up and took Mom by the hand. "Come on, I'll show you my new bathers and we'll get you decent."

Mom allowed me to pull her from the couch. "We'll just be a minute Scott. We're going to my bedroom!"

She strangely emphasized the point but I put out of my mind as glass in hand, I led her to the room.

To my surprise almost as soon as we were in the bedroom and the door closed, Mom was undressing, throwing her dress down on the bed, standing naked before me. "Ah, O.k! Um, I only brought one other pair of knickers," I stated as I lifted my bag up onto the bed. Mom didn't seem too interested as she walked to the large mirror and examined herself in its reflection.

"How do I look for my age Honey?" She asked, forcing me to examine her body. I had to admit she looked good. Thinner than I, she had little to no cellulite on her upper thighs, her buttocks still firm. She turned to me and my eyes stayed low, taking in her dark, thick patch of pubic hair then running up to her perky breasts.

"What can I say Mom? You look great." I held out a black thong for her, trying to get her mind back on the task at hand.

"Oh that can wait, show me this swimsuit," she suggested.

"Ah O.k." I placed the thong down and took out my white one piece, holding it up for her to inspect.

"Oh lovely, try it on."

"What now?" I asked.

"Yes go on, you could put your jeans back on over it. Then you'll be ready for a swim if it gets warmer out."

Her plan did make sense I supposed. It would look good too, just like a bodysuit. I casually wondered if Scott would think I'd look good?

My naked mother took a step back from the bed as I rose and lifted my t-shirt and removed my bra. Ever helpful she took the items from me and placed them down on the bed behind us. I undid my jeans and pulled them off, standing before the mirror in only my pink thong.

"Oh I like the pink one more than the black!" Mom proclaimed, referring to my panties. "I'll just wear those ones honey, you keep the clean ones."

To say I was taken aback was an understatement. "These? Mom, they're dirty!"

"Oh no they're not, you only put them on this morning didn't you?"

"Well yeah but...wouldn't you prefer the other ones? The pair I haven't been wearing?" I asked, incredulous.

"No those will be fine."

She seemed intent on having the pair I had on and although strange, I relented, sliding them down my legs and off over my feet. I turned from the mirror and handed my mother my panties. Her eyes strayed down my body to my groin and settled on my pussy. "Oh you're shaved down there too!" Her face flushed as she said it obviously without thinking.

"Too?" I repeated. "Who else are you referring to?"

"Oh no one, just it seems everyone does it now I guess," she explained but I felt she was hiding something.

Mom stepped into my panties and pulled them up high on her crotch. "Ooh I don't often wear thongs. It's a nice feeling isn't it?"

She was definitely acting weird as she again admired herself in the mirror. I took up my swimsuit and climbed into it. Placing the straps over my shoulders I now inspected my reflection. I had to admit I loved how I looked. It was tight, possibly too tight. My breasts straining against the elastane, nipples poking through. Mom was quick to join me. Wearing only the thong, she placed a hand around my waist as we looked in the mirror. "Lovely darling. Come on turn around." She twirled me and I looked over my shoulder at my rear, the material hugging the cheeks of my ass like a second skin. Mom ran a hand down the bare skin of my back and onto my butt, commenting on the feel of the fabric.

When she took her hand away I was kind of disappointed, enjoying her touch. She turned me to face her and in full view of the mirror kissed me lightly on the lips. It was totally unexpected. Almost intimate. No, it was intimate. We kissed all the time but not like that and definitely not when we were both half naked. She smiled as if nothing had happened and I didn't comment on it. Mom handed me my jeans and she picked up her dress. "We'd better get back out there. Scott will be wondering what we're up to?"

I was still buttoning my jeans as Mom opened the door with Scott walking past from the direction of the other rooms. Mom stopped his progress and held him around his waist much the same as she'd done me. Holding out her hand she beckoned me to join them. "This is beautiful. The three of us," she kissed me on the cheek, followed by Scott's.

"Mom, how much of that corked wine did you drink last night?" I joked, which Scott found more humorous than her. We always did share the same sense of humour. As she released us out of her strange embrace I innocently ran my eyes over Scott's shirt front and shorts, stopping at his crotch. Pushing out the front, angled to the right was the unmistakable bulge of cock. I looked away instantly and felt my cheeks flush. My little brother had an erection!

* * * * *

Mom was in hysterics as Scott and I regaled her with stories from our summers in the house with our grandparents. Some were new to her like my confession to drinking Nana's cooking sherry when I was fourteen, waking up with my first ever hangover and blaming period pain to get out of going to church. Scott repeatedly stealing Grandpa's dentures to secret under his pillow in the hopes of catching the tooth fairy. It was what I needed, probably what we all needed, quality family time.

As the afternoon turned to night we banded together in the kitchen to make dinner. It was probably the alcohol but Mom seemed even more touchy feely. At one point trying to make Scotty dance with her. My brother didn't dance! So of course it caused great amusement to Mom and

myself as she pressed her body to him. The pasta threatened to boil over as Maria Callas, singing Habanera from Carmen rang through the house. We were on our third bottle of red and I couldn't remember being so full of joy. And then came the phone call from my ex-husband.

I should have ignored it. Turned the Aria up and danced with my brother. I thought of my children and took the call. It was as expected. Brett needing to rant, (probably after many bourbons and the goading of his new wife) voicing his displeasure at having to actually carry out fatherly duties. I allowed him to vent as I walked along the passage, escaping the music. The moonlight in my brother's room beckoned me and I sat on the bed as I was informed how bad a mother I was. I walked to the window only half listening and saw the treetops of the river bank, black against the starry sky as Brett feigned threats of full custody. I was transfixed by the eyes of the portrait adorning the wall, an evil looking bearded man who seemed delighted in watching me berated by the father of my children. I touched the intricate frame and the painting moved on it's hook. The faintest of light seemed to come from behind and I moved it further. Then the world changed forever.

* * * *

Mom and Scott had served up the pasta and my bowl sat beside a freshly poured glass of Merlot. Mom offered me parmesan and I nodded as I looked her up and down. Two press studs undone at the base of her dress, the split reaching almost to her crotch, certainly revealing a lot of thigh. Unclasped at her chest, her natural cleavage displayed for just who exactly, to admire? And Scott; his shirt attempting to cover the front of his shorts. Did he think he was doing a good job of obscuring his erection?

"All good with Brett?" He asked as we headed to the living room. I thought of my mother and I changing together. Undressing; posing before the mirror. She had kissed me. Ran her hands over my ass. He'd been hard when we left the room.

"Tash?" Scott followed up as I sat beside my mother. "Did you work it out with Brett?"

"Um. Yes." I replied. "Actually I think I just worked it all out!"

I watched them interact closer. My mother, ever willing to part her legs with every movement. My brother, eager to observe. His eyes on her, devouring her. Her, not me. And why not me? I was the girl who skinny dipped with him as a child. I was the girl who gave him his first kiss. Mine were the panties she found alongside hers under his pillow, the day after his drunken 18th birthday party.

I thought of the night she told me. Herself drunkenly confessing to it and the dream she'd had not long after, making love to Scott, her own son. Did she even remember her admission? I looked at her, facing Scott, her legs spread. My tiny pink thong clearly visible between them. Scott was talking to me and I hadn't heard a word, catching only the last of it. "Remember behind most single mother's, there's usually a deadbeat dad!"

His eyes were now on me. I smiled at his words and raised my glass. As I brought it towards me I tilted it and allowed the red wine to spill down onto my jeans.

"Oh clumsy me," I chided myself.

Scott was quick to act, placing down his own glass. "Who's the butterfingers now? Come on, get them off before the stain sets in."

I was eager to comply. I was wearing a swimsuit, it wasn't as if I'd be in my underwear. Unbuttoning I stood and pulled down my jeans in front of my mother and brother.

"Use bi-carb Scott." Mom advised as I handed him my pants. He was playing coy, not openly staring at me, probably figuring he'd take sly glances later on. I followed him towards the laundry and watched as he took care of my jeans, following Mom's instructions.

"You'd be a great father Scott. You've really matured." I complimented him, standing in the bright light of the laundry. The air was cool this end of the house, my nipples poking erect through the stark white swimsuit. "Why couldn't I have met a guy like you?"

Scott turned from the machine and leaned back against it, finally looking at me.

"You're just after me for my money," he laughed.

"No," I smiled. "No I don't think so."

The humming chorus from Madame Butterfly filtered down the hallway and I closed my eyes as I leaned against the door frame. Scott went quiet as I felt his eyes on me "Mmm I love this," I sighed as I moved my hand in time with the music before casually caressing the material of my swimsuit across my stomach. Slowly raising my eyelids, Scott's eyes lifted from my breasts to my face and realising he'd been caught, pushed himself off the washing machine.

"Come on, let's get back," he proposed and as he switched off the laundry light, placed his arm around my waist and walked me out. The living room down the end of the darkened hallway seemed further off than before. The music gradually increased in volume. As we reached my brother's room I changed our course and led him inside. The beautiful, haunting, almost ethereal music coaxed my progress as I headed towards the portrait, stopping before it.

With only the moon to light his face I could see his unease at my actions. His mouth opening as I lifted the painting from the wall. As if I'd planned it, our faces were lit up by the lamp through the spy hole. My mother entered the bedroom and momentarily looked at her reflection, her gaze as if aware of her audience. She slowly undid the remaining studs on her dress and allowed it to fall to her feet as my left hand touched the front of my brother's shorts.

There was a sharp intake of breath as he felt my fingers against his growing erection. He in turn placed a hand on my bottom, cupping each of my cheeks in his palm. Our mother took the waist band of the pink thong and lowered it down her legs, stepping out of it and climbing upon the bed. I fumbled with the zipper on Scott's shorts and he was quick to help out, allowing my hand to slide inside and clasp his now fully erect cock. My brother's cock.

His hand squeezed my ass and slid onto the bare skin of my thigh. His fingers then edging under the leg band and back onto my bottom, finally delving between my cheeks and finding the wetness of my pussy. His sister's pussy.

Our eyes fixed on our mother as she pressed her back to the bedhead and stretched her legs out before her. Her hands went to her breasts. One remained, as the other sought greater glory, combing through her luscious pubic hair and onto her vulva. Her legs spread and her back arched as she encountered her wet labia, glistening even from our vantage point.

Scott's cock was rigid in my grip, the swollen head preventing my beating hand from slipping off, the dripping of pre-cum coating his underside. His fingers found my entrance and with a thumb

dabbing my asshole he slid inside. One, no two fingers deep into my leaking cunt.

Our mother looked like a goddess as she masturbated in the lamplight. A hand clutching a breast, squeezing the nipple. The other furiously circling on her clit, her mouth agape. She relinquished her breast and lowered her hand to join the other. As we looked on she cupped her pussy before two fingers disappeared inside her, her stimulation of her clitoris continuing.

Scott turned to face me, pulling me around with him. The song had changed. The soaring Aria, Un Bel Di from the same opera pervading the atmosphere. His hand momentarily taken from my body only to be replaced on my pussy from the front. His fingers inside my swimsuit and inside my body. I took hold of his cock with my right, my dominant hand and renewed jerking his beautiful dick with vigour. Our bodies closed in on each other, our faces met and our mouths connected. My brother's tongue between my lips, entwined with my own. My saliva in his mouth.

Masturbating each other our faces turned in time to see our mother cum in the adjoining room. Her head thrown back, her thighs clasped tightly around her hands. Scott curled his fingers inside me, grinding against my most sensitive spot and I flooded his hand with my orgasm, my legs wobbling like jelly. He released a grunt with his expulsion of breath and lowered his mouth to my neck, kissing my skin as I felt him ejaculate against my stomach. spurts of cum reaching my breasts, running down my swimsuit to drip onto his hand at my pussy.

Moving his head back from me I looked up into his eyes. If I'd written the scene it couldn't have been more romantic, the Aria reaching its pinnacle. Before he kissed me, he whispered "I love you" into my mouth and I think I had never felt such honesty and reciprocation. I looked again at our mother who waited in the next room. Scott took my hand and led me out into the hall and together we walked into our Mom's room.

She looked at the semen coating the front of my white one piece, her son's cock poking from his fly, my own wetness at my crotch. Holding out her hands to us, a tear forming in her eye, she smiled. "This is how it should always have been. How it should always remain."

I looked at my little brother and smiled. "Yes Mom, I definitely agree. What do you think Scotty?"

He didn't reply. His cock swelling, was answer enough.

Thank you for reading, commenting and encouragement.