

# THE INHERITANCE

*sunburycd*

*A road trip enshrines a brother and sister's love.*

Incest/Taboo

4.64

10.5k words

"Ok..." Mom paused and drew an extended breath. "I'm not going to sugarcoat this. You're both adults now and you also know my feelings toward the man," she continued, addressing me and my sister Thea as we sat in the family living room, summoned there out of the blue on a Wednesday night. "Your father's dead," she flatly revealed, and I wasn't surprised at how little emotion I felt at the news.

"You're sure?" I stated after a moment's silence.

"Well, a lawyer called me earlier today to inform me. God knows how he got my number. I didn't think to ask," Mom confirmed.

"So... how?" I inquired. Not out of any genuine interest, merely to further confirm the fact.

"Natural causes," Mom matter-of-factly replied. "Wrapped his car around a tree."

"That's not very 'natural'," I smirked.

"You remember the man, Jude, he was a drunk. And had repeated DUIs. I'm surprised he didn't do it earlier. I'm just relieved he didn't take anyone out with him."

"So... if that's it?" I stood, preparing to get a move on. "Cause I'm starving. I came here straight from work."

"Are you guys serious?" Thea herself rose from her seat. "Dad's dead and you're making jokes!"

"Oh, Honey we..." Mom began.

"Thea," I interrupted her. "He was an asshole. He's dead. So what?" I shrugged my shoulders.

"Finally, he can't hurt anyone else."

"But he was still our father!" she rebutted.

"That's true," Mom relented. "And that's actually what the lawyer was calling about," she added, and I turned my attention back to her. "He died intestate."

"Well of course," Thea stated. "He was living in Arizona or somewhere, wasn't he?"

I couldn't help but laugh. "No, 'intestate' Thea. Not interstate!"

"Uh huh," Mom nodded. "He didn't leave a will. Which means, it'll all go to you two. Whatever assets he had anyway. I know there's a house."

I was amazed he had that. He'd never held down a real job for long as far as I'd ever known, apparently making his money from gambling and petty crimes. I doubted the sale of whatever

house he had would cover the probate legal fees.

"Great, well, when they sell it, I'll donate my half to charity. I don't want anything from him," I declared, and the statement brought half a smile to Mom's lips.

"Well, when's the funeral? I'd at least like to pay my respects," my little sister stated, and I scoffed at the suggestion.

"Your 'respects'?" I questioned. "Thea. The guy was a scumbag. I know you don't remember, but what he did to Mo..." I began but the woman herself cut me off.

"Oh Baby, there wasn't one. I don't even know if he had friends for a wake," Mom tried her best to console my sister. "You two might be able to find out when you go there," she added, and I bristled at the suggestion.

"Wait, what?" I questioned.

"To Arizona," Mom explained. "You'll need to settle things with the estate; clear out the house of his personal items."

"Seriously? Mom. Can't the lawyers take care of all that?" I proposed.

"Well, they could," and here she paused. "...but you know the things he took from me; from us," she added, and I was well aware of what she spoke. Dad had been a drunk, yes. He'd also been abusive, cruel, and vindictive. When we were finally rid of him, with the help of the police and courts, he'd taken just about everything from Mom including items significant to her; family photos, heirlooms, all of little value but sentimental. I knew Mom wouldn't set foot in his house to collect them, even with his passing, which left the job to Thea and me. "I'd really appreciate it if you could at least see if he kept them," she asked.

"We'll go!" Thea surprisingly declared. "We could go this weekend. How far is Phoenix from here?"

"About 7 hours driving," I estimated. "I'd rather fly," I posited, and it was then Thea's turn to bristle, not unexpected knowing her fear of flying.

"I say we drive," she stated adamantly. "We can share the load. It'll be an adventure," she enthused. "We haven't been on a road trip in years."

"I'll give you money for gas," Mom offered. "Expenses," she added, and I looked from her to Thea.

"You good to do this?" I questioned and couldn't help but smile at her excitement despite the nature of our journey.

"I'd leave today if we could," she enthused.

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We didn't. I picked her up from Mom's after leaving work early Friday afternoon and I'd planned to do the bulk of (if not all) the driving that night. By five and the sun still high in the sky we were skirting the Joshua Tree National Park when Thea, her feet up on the dash and revealing an uncomfortable amount of thigh in my peripheral vision, called for us to rest a while, a roadside lookout catching her eye. The park brought up mixed feelings in me but after two hours at the wheel agreeing a pause would probably do us good.

"This is fucking beautiful," Thea remarked as we looked out over the desert. An expanse of Yucca and granite boulders stretched away in every direction as far as the eye could see. "It's so quiet," she added. "We could be the only people on Earth right now."

I agreed, looking each way along the highway at not another car in sight, back to her, her arms resting on a wooden guard rail. The dress she hardly wore was backless, more an apron, and the way she stood displayed an ample amount of side boob, my eyes attempting to divert from the awkwardly attractive vision.

"Photo op," Thea broke the silence, climbing up on a boulder, and I drew my phone out to capture the moment, Thea going through her series of poses we in the family knew all too well. "Come on. Selfie time big brother," she held a hand down to drag me up beside her and I turned the phone on us, getting a large amount of the scenery in the background. I looked at the photo and was greeted with me with eyes closed and Thea poking her tongue out provocatively and I suggested we do another we could 'actually' send to Mom.

"This is where it happened," I stated after jumping back down from the rock, looking up to watch a hawk or falcon circling high in the clear sky overhead. "Where we ran," I added, and Thea gave me her full attention.

"What do you mean?"

I picked up a small pebble and tossed it in my hand before throwing it out to join the rocky landscape.

"You were probably too young to remember much," I began. "I know I was ten, so that'd make you about four at the time."

"What are you talking about?" Thea inquired, furrowing her brow.

"When Mom left Dad," I explained. "We were staying here," I waved my hand at the desert. "Some motel or B&B or something. I don't remember where. It was out of the way though. I remember that! They'd been fighting for days, Mom and Dad. Well, Dad mostly. Which is why I thought it was weird we were going away that weekend. Mom told me a few years back she was pretty sure he was fixing to kill us."

I let the weight of my words settle on Thea and could see her demeanor change from carefree to contemplative.

"Yeah, Thea," I continued, nodding, seeing she was processing the thought. "He wasn't a good guy."

"So Mom says," she interjected.

"No. So I say!" I challenged. "That last night was bad. I mean real bad. I got between them to stop him hitt..." I paused. "...just know it was bad. It was when he threatened you and me that Mom made the decision to go."

Thea climbed down from the rock and stood not two feet from me.

"She waited for him to go into the bathroom, and we left. Just took our bags and walked off down the road until we reached the highway. I doubt she'd thought it through much, but the first truck that came by she flagged down and we hitched a ride back to L.A."

"I don't remember any of that," Thea softly responded.

"You were only little. I remember you crying when we left. Dad yelled from the bathroom for you to shut up and Mom froze thinking he'd come out and see us packing. I'd never seen her so scared in those last few moments."

"And that was the last time we saw him?" She asked.

"Up close," I nodded. "For a while, he'd park in the street outside Aunt Sadie's when he found out we were living there."

"Do you think he would really have...?" She failed to finish the sentence, but I knew what she was asking.

"Cops thought so. They knew more about him than we did, it turned out. Said we were right to have run when we did. All he'd done, it's crazy he wasn't behind bars."

"But Mom stayed with him, all those years," Thea still retained some hope he wasn't the monster I knew.

"Don't blame her," I refuted. "Fear'll make you do some crazy things. Up until that night... here, she probably thought it was safer to be with him than leave. You don't want to hear this..." I paused. "But I'm glad he's dead."

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It was on my third yawn that I realized we wouldn't make it to Phoenix that night.

"I could drive," Thea proposed when I'd awoken her from sleep.

"Dude," I laughed, pulling into the first roadside motel I came across with a 'vacancy' sign illuminated, the sat nav still displaying two and a half hours until our destination. "I've seen your car," I referred to her dinged-up Mazda. "You're not driving my Pony."

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"Two rooms or a double?" The night manager of the motel questioned us. "We've got the 'honeymoon suite' free if y'all are interested. Mirrored ceilin' above the bed," he winked at me, and I felt myself blush.

"I don't mind sharing Jude," Thea remarked, doing her best to ignore the clearly lecherous eyes of the clerk as he looked her up and down. "If it'll save us some money."

"Ah, we're good," I smiled at her. "I've heard your snoring. We'll take the two singles," I handed over my credit card and we collected the keys before heading back to my car and getting our bags.

"Will you come in and make sure it's all ok?" Thea asked when we reached our rooms, side-by-side at the end of the upper story of the building. "This place creeps me out. Who the fuck would come here on their honeymoon anyway?"

I laughed, having been thinking that myself, and opened up her room, doing a cursory check that there was no one hiding in the bathroom or under the bed.

"We good?" I questioned as Thea stood in the middle of the room seemingly loathe to touch anything. "Cause I've gotta get some sleep Freckles," I admitted, and the use of her nickname brought a smile to her face.

"You haven't called me that in years," she grinned, seeming genuinely happy to be called such.

"You got a problem with it?"

"No. I like it," she smiled, and I moved to exit the room.

"Ok. First thing then," I added. "Around seven. Come get me if I'm not already up. We'll get some breakfast somewhere and then get going." I looked once more around her room, admittedly, the overprotective big brother gene kicking in, before wishing her a good night.

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Drapes that did nothing to screen the light from the flashing 'vacancy' sign and Thea alone in the room next door in the admittedly creepy motel kept me awake, and lying in bed, I wondered if it would've actually been better to have chosen the 'honeymoon suite' after all. A fleeting thought of us sharing a bed came to mind and I chased it away by grabbing my phone and looking for some rainfall sounds or a babbling forest stream to help me relax. The photos I'd taken that afternoon caught my attention and flicking backward through, I smiled at our selfie before hitting the shots of Thea upon the rock.

I spotted it immediately and was surprised I hadn't noticed it when I took the photo. A gust of wind had caught her skirt at the moment of capture, and having lifted the front it revealed her upper thighs and most notably, her unclothed groin. It was stark, and due to the low angle of my perspective, the most perfect upskirt anyone could've hoped to have witnessed. My little sister's perfect mound of Venus, smooth, sitting above a hint of labia, and struggling to lift my eyes to hers, I found her staring down at me with what looked like a knowing glint.

Had she been aware? Her words from the motel reception desk immediately came back to me. 'I don't mind sharing, Jude,' she'd purred, and I thought of the 'honeymoon suite' bed, the mirrored ceiling, and despite the glaring fact she was my sister, I allowed my cock to harden.

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"How'd you sleep?" Thea asked as we made our way to the car.

"Fine!" I fired back possibly too forcefully, and Thea seemed to notice my tone, furrowing her brow.

"God, I didn't. I tossed all night," she admitted, and I felt myself blush as I thought of jerking off to the photo, the shame I felt at my action when the job was complete.

"...And turned," I corrected her.

"What?"

"It's 'tossed and turned all night'," I elaborated. "Oh, let's just get something to eat and get going," I changed the subject. "We've got about two hours' drive ahead of us," I pulled the keys from my pocket and unlocked the car as we approached, Thea opening the trunk and throwing her bag in before heading to the passenger side. I found myself looking at her ass, barely covered by the

smallest denim skirt imaginable, and again the guilt of my fantasizing kicked in. "Hey Freckles, think fast," I called and as she turned, I threw the car keys to her.

"You're serious!?" She beamed as she caught them in both hands and made her way back toward me. "I promise I won't dent it!" she laughed as she ran a hand across my chest playfully before we both climbed inside my Mustang.

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"So, this is it," Thea said as she pulled up in the driveway of our deceased father's house, now essentially ours. Ranch style, it was bigger than it looked online, and with a large block and mountain views I marveled how our father had managed to come by it, especially own it outright. The online evaluation was around \$300 k and it angered me even more when I thought of some of the homes we'd been forced to live in over the years, even with Mom often working two jobs to support us. What crime had paid for this house, I wondered. "How the fuck did Dad get this?" Thea voiced my imaginings and I smiled at our synchronicity.

"Come on, keys should be in a lockbox," I said as I opened the car door and stepped out into the Arizona heat.

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"God, it's just as hot in here," Thea remarked as we entered the darkened home, an oppressive smell of stale cigarettes greeting us as we ventured inside.

"Yeah, makes the chill I just got even more profound," I admitted as I stopped to open the curtains beside the front door, the harsh sunlight not kind to the clutter, empty alcohol bottles, and takeout containers littering the living room.

"This feels so weird," Thea whispered as she crept tentatively through the open-plan layout into the kitchen. "Like we're breaking in or something."

I felt the same way. Almost expecting someone to pop out of nowhere and question our intrusion.

"Dishes haven't been done," Thea continued, commentating on her own experience. "Should I open the fridge?" She questioned but proceeded without my say, the light inside shining brightly on her face. "Beer. Oh, and ketchup!"

I smiled and looked around the living room, seeing past the litter to notice the plethora of magazines on the coffee table and decorating the couch. Their nature obvious, I stupidly debated hurriedly hiding them from Thea before she noticed to save everyone from embarrassment.

"Oh. Looks like Dad liked porn!" Thea brushed past my shoulder, heading straight to the couch and peering down at the titles on the table. "'Milkers. Jiggs. Titten,'" she read. "I think that's German!" she chuckled to herself. "I didn't even think they made these magazines anymore."

Nor did I, and seeing a closed laptop on the shelf beneath the coffee table, I dreaded to think what that could contain.

"We can put them out in the recycling," I addressed the subject of her comment and was shocked to see her pick up one of the magazines and begin flicking. "What the fuck are you doing?"

"I was just curious," Thea grinned, pausing on some pages before dropping the porn back onto the table.

"Well, I'd wash your hands if I were you," I snickered. "Come on, let's check out the rest of this place."

Thea led the way, flicking on lights in the hallway as we delved further into the house. A bathroom that looked like it had never been cleaned; a guest room that on the contrary seemed never to have been used. I stepped into another spare room that had been set up as a gym and large packing boxes caught my eye, leaving Thea to progress as I made a cursory examination for anything that belonged to Mom.

The first box contained sports gear and clothing, it was as I began to open the second box that Thea screamed from further on in the house and I immediately turned, running out into the hallway to see her backing out of a room two doors away.

"What?" I charged toward her, ready to tackle anyone or anything I came across and she managed to point back into the room she'd exited.

"There's... Oh God, I think I'm gonna be sick. There's a body," she struggled to voice, and I now realized the source of the chill I'd experienced when we entered. I peered tentatively into the darkened room, clearly my father's, and for a moment couldn't understand where Thea had spotted the corpse before noticing the feet on the floor protruding from the other side of the unmade bed.

A lump forming in my throat, I began to enter before Thea grabbed my arm.

"What are you doing?" She questioned.

"We have to check it out," I whispered back, unsure as to why. "They might not be dead," I added as I proceeded, her hand slipping from my bicep. Bare, were the feet. A woman's; and as I rounded the bed, maintaining a reasonable distance so as not to disturb the apparent crime scene, discovered a pair of pink panties halfway up her lower leg.

It was then I managed to breathe. Quickly followed by laughter.

"Oh Jesus," I exhaled as I lay my eyes on the rest of her body. Naked. Her mouth frozen open in suggestive exclamation. Eyes wide and indeed lifeless.

"What is wrong with you!?" Thea overcame her fear and I felt her near my side. "Is she alive?"

"No," I waited until she was able to view the body herself until I continued. "She's fucked!" I giggled and the relief Thea as well felt was palpable as she lay her eyes upon the admittedly lifelike sex doll, clearly fallen from the bed.

"Oh God," Thea sighed. "Well, we now know Dad had a partner," she managed a joke and again I was overcome with laughter.

"Seriously, you touch that, you'd really better wash your hands!" I stated and threw an arm around Thea's shoulder. "Come on, we still haven't checked the garage."

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The state and contents of the house, I didn't hold out much hope the garage would contain anything of note. But upon finding the doors securely locked, with even the windows shrouded and bolted, I figured there must have been some reason for the safeguards, and a subsequent search of the house had Thea discovering a set of keys in Dad's bedside table drawer.

"I don't even want to know what else was in there!" I winced at the possible contents of Dad's bedside table as we made our way back to the garage, the day having become hotter in the time elapsed.

"You're right," Thea agreed, laughing. "You don't."

The first key I chose was correct and with some caution, again expecting someone to jump out at us or an alarm to sound, I swung open the door, the desert wind disturbing motes of dust from their mid-summer slumber.

"Nothing!" Thea exclaimed despondently, the sun revealing an empty floor before us. I walked further inside and reached up to tug the pull cord for the lights and fluorescent tubes lazily and noisily sprung to life illuminating the remainder of the garage.

"No, wait," I ventured, spying two large boxes slid beneath a bench beneath one of the windows. "There's something."

Dusty and taped shut, 'cunts' was written in black felt tip on the sides, and pulling one out I immediately sensed this was what we'd come for.

"Charming," Thea remarked upon the lettering, pulling out the other box and using her fingernails to slice through the aged masking tape.

I used a key to open mine and was instantly proven correct, the cover of a family photo album greeting me, its cushioned blue and gold jacket sparking recollection.

"This is it. Fuck, it's all here!" I delved further into the contents, pulling out a wooden urn and lifting it to Thea. "This is our grandfather. Well, his ashes," I marveled and watched Thea lift out a plush panda. "Holy shit," I laughed. "Do you know what that is?"

She held the toy before herself and I could see she had some remembrance of the item.

"That's Mr. Pickles," I helped her. "We accidentally left it when we ran from Dad at Joshua Tree."

"I remember this!" Thea revealed.

"I'm not surprised. You went everywhere with it back in the day," I confided as Thea sifted through her box.

"Why would he keep these things?" She questioned, pulling out one of my little league baseball trophies. "Sentimentality?" She clutched at a straw.

"Thea. These boxes probably haven't been opened in more than fourteen years. He kept them because he knew Mom wanted them. Look at how he labeled them. 'Cunts.' That sound like a sentimental father to you?" I posited and I could see it dawn on her, finally. "Come on," I closed the box. "Let's get this stuff inside."



More than two hours later we'd returned from lunch in the city and were leafing through one of the photo albums we'd recovered. Pictures of Mom's side of the family that I could only slightly recall seeing and Thea had never laid eyes upon. Many photos of Thea as a baby. Evidence of her snuggled beside Mr. Pickles in a crib. In my tentative six-year-old arms the day she was brought home from the hospital. All beautiful moments in time, captured, then stolen from us for so long.

"Mom's gonna love this," I noted, turning a leaf to see us in the bath together as children. Two cherubic heads poking from a sea of bubbles.

"I, love it," Thea responded. "I love you," she unexpectedly leaned closer to kiss me on the cheek and I laughed.

"What!? What was that for?" I turned to look at her front on.

"I don't know," she shrugged, and I could see a red hue appear on her neck and exposed chest above her tank top, quickly rushing to her face. "For just being... I don't know. My big brother... or something," she struggled and ended by punching me on the arm. "Don't be weird about it," she rolled her eyes.

"You're the one being weird," I laughed.

"Whatever," she leaned forward and began pushing around the pile of pornographic magazines still on the coffee table, examining the covers.

"What?" I again inquired, sensing an awkwardness between us for some reason.

"Nothing," she rose and walked across the living room, stopping before the pedestal fan struggling to move the hot air inside the house. "It's just hot. How can he not have air conditioning?" She managed to change the subject, lifting her top and turning to allow the fan to work its magic from her exposed belly to her lower back. "I know..."

I watched her move with purpose across the living room and past the entryway to the kitchen where she opened the fridge and disappeared behind the door.

"You getting in?" I inquired, chuckling to myself before she re-emerged, holding two beers. "Oh. No!" I fell into the protective older brother role. "Mom wouldn't be cool with you drinking, Thea."

"Mom's a whole state away," Thea countered as she walked back toward me. Her time in the cold air of the fridge had been consequential, and I did my best not to stare at her pronounced nipples as she approached and once more dropped down beside me on the couch. "Can you open mine too?" she requested, holding out the two bottles of Coors.

I paused... for a moment. But seeing the dew dripping on the glass, imagining the relieving chill of the liquid, almost sensing the taste of the suds, I relented.

"Alright," I exhaled to her obvious delight. "But don't tell Mom," I requested and took the beers from her, twisting off the caps.

"Oh, fuck that's better," Thea sighed after taking an extended swig and I followed her lead, the cold beer going down nicely as I flicked a page of the photo album, a picture of Mom and Dad at what looked like a music festival, clearly before we were born. "Do you think we inherit traits from our parents?" She added after a moment's silence.

"Fuck yeah," I sniggered. "You and Mom are equally bitchy."

"No. Do you think I could be like Dad?" She posed and I was quick to refute.

"You're nothing like him," I affirmed.

"Well..." She paused and I closed the album, putting it aside on the couch.

"Well, what?" I asked.

"Well... I kind of am," she cryptically admitted.

"Oh yeah?" I skeptically played along. "In what way?" And to this, there was an extended pause.

"You know he's got hundreds of DVDs," she nodded toward the tv stand. "Down there," her eyes directed me to the doored cabinets. "I looked when you were in the bathroom."

"So what? Everyone has old DVDs. Maybe he didn't like streaming."

"No, you don't get it," Thea took another swig of her beer. "It's all porn," she revealed.

"Oh, ok," I nodded feeling my face redden and not from the alcohol. It was then she turned toward me.

"Jude. I watch a lot of porn," Thea admitted. "I mean, a LOT of porn."

I didn't know what to do with the information and decided humor was the best option.

"Ok!" I reached out and took possession of her beer. "You've had enough," I laughed, placing the half-consumed bottle on the table.

"No, I'm serious. Is it wrong? Do I have a problem?" She took back her beer and again took a sip, looking toward me as if she was really seeking an answer. "Will I end up like Dad? Alone. Watching porn all day and fucking a sex doll!?"

"Thea..." I struggled to come up with a coherent response. "I don't know if I'm..." I paused and she interjected

"I couldn't sleep last night until I'd masturbated!" She flatly revealed and I choked on the swig of beer I'd quickly attempted to take.

"Jesus, Thea. You can't be... why would you tell me that?" I marveled.

"I don't know," she shrugged. "Forget I said anything."

"I'm trying to!" I laughed, my face burning as I thought of also jerking off in the motel. Had we been unknowingly masturbating together? I swallowed more of my beer, going down so nicely, the idea of another, enticing, before another thought entered my mind. "You know we've got to think about finding a hotel for tonight," I broached, holding up my near-empty bottle. "Before I won't be able to drive."

Thea was unresponsive for a moment, her eyes on her beer suggestively placed between her upper thighs like a counterfeit glass cock.

"We could stay here!" She turned her head to look me in the eyes as I frowned. "We could get pizza delivered. There's the spare room!" She highlighted the seemingly unused guest bedroom, its double bed taking my mind in inappropriate directions. I looked at the size of the couch and figured I could get a reasonable sleep upon it if the pedestal fan played along, and to Thea's obvious delight, agreed it wasn't the worst idea. "Awesome," she enthused. "So," she added. "More beer?"

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"Oh Jesus, Thea," I exclaimed upon returning from the bathroom and finding her seated on the coffee table, remote control in hand and her eyes on the tv. An ass, and little else, filled the screen. Oiled up, POV hands reached down to spread the sizeable cheeks and revealed a glistening asshole, smooth labia below. "Turn it off!" I managed as I wrenched my eyes from the sight, the very idea of watching porn with my little sister, staggering.

"It was in the player," she justified the movie. "I just wanted to watch the tv."

She was slow to find the stop button and I made myself busy putting the uneaten pizza in the fridge and collecting another beer as a massive cock was introduced into the scene.

"Seriously?" I made my way back toward the couch, stopping at the fan to cool off, unintentionally allowing myself an equal view of both the screen and Thea. Her eyes remained fixated on the couple, and it was only upon my second interjection of 'Dude!', did she change the content.

"Ok, relax," she chuckled as the local Phoenix news came onto the screen. "I was turning it off," she forgave her actions as she spun on the table, looking back at the couch. "Can you imagine how many times Dad jerked off there?" Her eyes settled on the ass groove at the opposite end of the couch we'd been seated on.

"Ugh, I'd rather not," I groaned, and Thea giggled at the comment. With her head turned, something possessed me to drop my eyes down her body, her tight tank top folded up to form more of a bra to expose more skin to the fan's meager flow of air, amazingly revealing the hint of under-boob. And with her legs slightly parted, I was given an unobscured view up her skirt. The shadow of purple panties with what looked like a white lace trim, hugging her teenage mound. Was it the beer? Was it the porn seemingly everywhere we looked? Or was it just a natural attraction? Whatever, the sight had my cock swelling and before she once more laid eyes upon me, I extracted myself from the situation. "I'm just gonna check those other rooms," I quickly walked past the television behind her. "Make sure we haven't overlooked something."

"I'll help," Thea enthused and admittedly I wasn't disappointed with her decision.

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"So, is this the new girlfriend or the old?" Thea once more managed to find the humor in what ordinarily should've been the uncomfortable process of learning our father's sexual appetites.

The dead eyes of another sex doll stared up at us from the second box I'd discovered in the 'gym', and I wondered how I would've reacted if I'd found it earlier, her presence now almost mundane after all we'd seen.

"You know," I closed the lid of the box. "If I didn't hate him so much, I'd kind of feel sorry for him," I admitted as we headed back through the house, the relative relief of moving air in the living room.

"There's no need," Thea countered as we found our beers and returned to the couch. "He seemed comfortable, didn't he? Just watching porn and fucking a mannequin. If that's what made him happy, then so be it. Who is anyone to judge?"

"That's pretty mature of you, Freckles," I nudged her knee with my own and I noticed her leg going with mine as I withdrew, subtly keeping us touching, her thighs parted.

"Well, I'm nearly nineteen Jude," she lifted her beer to her lips, her eyes upon me as she almost seductively sipped. "We're not those little kids sharing a bath anymore," her eyes drifted to the photo album on the coffee table.

Slouched as she was, her skirt had ridden up even higher on her thighs and I let my eyes once more traverse her body. Tanned, toned, and though I tried to deny the thought, so fuckable.

"Funny though," Thea suddenly leaned forward and flicked at one of the magazines, its pages opening to reveal a couple fucking. "You say I'm mature, but I've still actually never seen a dick."

"You're looking right at one," I laughed, again feeling my face redden.

"I mean a real one Jude," she turned her head, rolling her eyes and despite our nearly six-year age difference, I felt as if she were the elder. I remained mute, processing the information she'd just given me. My sister was a virgin. Admittedly I'd never imagined her having sex, in my eyes, she'd always been my kid sister and way too young for any of that, I was even still amazed she was driving.

"Ok," I forced myself to look away from her gaze, focusing on the television. "Probably too much information, Thea," I dismissed her disclosure.

"Is that weird though?" She, despite my show of disinterest, wouldn't let it go. "I haven't even had sex and yet all I want to be is like one of Dad's sex dolls! Held down and fucked."

"What the fuck!?" I couldn't let her statement slide.

"What?" She seemed surprised at my reaction.

"Why would you say that?" I shook my head in confusion.

"Ah, because it's true," she frowned.

"But why would you tell me that?" I reached the bottom of another beer, placing the empty on the table. "I'm your brother!"

"And that's why," she elaborated. "Jude. You're my best friend," she admitted, and her surprising confession gave me goosebumps. "You've always been there for me. My whole life. When I was happy, or sad. No matter. You put up with me when I used to follow you around like a bad smell!" She smiled and it drew one from me. "Whatever I needed. Whatever I wanted, you were there... for me."

"Because you're my little sister," I reminded her. "That's what big brothers do."

"Because you love me," Thea remarked, and I felt myself nod.

"Of course," I admitted.

"And I love you," she paused. "So much."

"But I still don't know why you're telling me these thin..." I began before she cut me off.

"No one knows us in this whole city," she looked at the television, some local news special. "In this whole state."

"Yeah, but..."

"That guy offered us the honeymoon suite Jude," she reminded me. "He thought we were a couple," she determined, and I began to get a sense of what was coming.

"Thea... I..."

"What would be the harm if we were?" Her eyes found mine and penetrated. I managed to swallow as I allowed myself to imagine our next moves. "Jude..." she paused as she shifted slightly on the couch beside me. "I really want to see a dick," her words come out almost comically and any other time I, we, probably would've laughed. "To touch one," she added, and her hand fell upon my thigh. "To know what it feels like."

"Thea," I whispered as my mouth dried up, her hand squeezing my leg through my board shorts. "That's not...", I managed. "I... We, can't," I added, and she removed her hand, standing up before me.

"We can," she stated adamantly, and as I watched, perplexed, she lifted her top over her head and dropped it on the table behind her.

"Jesus Christ, Thea!" I exclaimed as I took in her breasts. Perfect in my eyes, her nipples pink and hard and almost begging for me to suck them. "You can't just..." I began, but ignoring my words I watched her unbutton her skirt and it too fell to the floor.

I didn't have anything else to say. Meekly I sat transfixed as her thumbs dug under the waist of her purple thong, adjusting the nylon material embracing her sex. I'd been wrong. What I'd mistaken as a lace trim was in fact pearl beads where the gusset of her panty should've been.

"Fuck Freckl..." I sighed, about to call her her childhood nickname before I corrected myself. This was not my little sister of memory. What my eyes devoured was a woman. Sexy. Aware of her body and the power of her pussy. "...Thea!" I managed after a moment's pause as I took in the allure of her show.

"Do you like them?" Thea excitedly questioned as she slid the pearls up along her slit, glistening as they appeared from between her labia. "I bought it especially for this weekend. I wanted you to see me wearing it."

"I... you..." I mumbled and again she cut me off.

"The pearls are designed to rub against your clit," she needlessly explained, and hearing my sister say 'clit' had my already hard cock twitching. More so when she turned around. Presenting her ass to me, Thea leaned forward and placed her hands on the coffee table, spreading her legs to reveal the beaded thong bisecting her puckered anus. "...and your asshole!" She giggled mischievously.

"Fuck Thea," I whispered, and she rose, once more turning to face me, expectation and almost pleading on her face. "You can't just... we can't..." I debated myself internally, trying to come up with

a reason to not embrace the situation, before losing. "You look beautiful!" I exhaled, relaxing and a broad smile came to her lips.

"So... we can?" She queried, her eyes dropping to the obvious hard-on in my shorts.

"Well, I mean maybe we could..." I paused. "I mean, I don't know what you had in mind," I added, and Thea was well ahead of the game.

"Well..." she lifted her eyes and I saw a slight blush begin to form on her neck and chest and it was good to know it wasn't just me that was feeling a modicum of nerves. "Oh... I've imagined this in my head so many times," she admitted and I smiled at her candor, her cuteness, my little sister 'Freckles,' once more appearing. "Usually, you're undressing me," she revealed her fantasy, and I was quick to respond.

"What, like this?" I leaned forward and took possession of the waist of her panties, lowering them to reveal her smooth mound, her cameltoe of labia. Down I pulled them, and sensuously, the pearl beads were last to leave her sex, slipping from where they'd nestled, noticeably damp.

"Oh, yes," Thea sighed as she stepped out of her panties and she watched intently as I kept hold of them, slipping the precious item of clothing into my lower cargo short pocket for safekeeping. "...and then I, well, if you'll let me?" Her eyes seemed to beg as they once more focused on my crotch.

I didn't need to give her verbal approval, leaning back on the couch to allow her access to the waist of my shorts as I in turn lifted off my t-shirt. Her hands shook as her fingers fumbled with my belt and then the button of my fly and cognizant I was aware, she looked up into my eyes.

"I just want to do it right," she excused her nerves and I moved to reassure her, reaching out to stay her hands.

"Thea," I smiled. "You're doing everything right," I admitted, releasing her from my grip to once again see her work on my fly.

With confidence she then unzipped, and again I found myself smiling as I saw the look of wonder on her face as she extracted her prize.

"Fuck..." her gaze flicked up to mine as she pulled my shorts down my thighs and my erection slapped back against my stomach. "You're so hard!" She marveled as my shorts met the floor and I too was naked.

"It's all you Thea," I informed her. "You're so fucking hot!"

"I've tried to be. For you," she responded. "For so long now," she revealed, and I wondered how long she'd been thinking this through. Images of her past outfits came to mind. A particularly slutty dress on her eighteenth, memories of her unexpectedly sitting in my lap and hugging me close when I'd gifted her a present. Some of the bikinis she'd worn when sunning herself in the backyard, my eyes having admittedly lingered on her body in a not-so-brotherly way on occasion. Could we have been fucking for years now I wondered? "Can I touch it?" She broke my train of thought

"It's all yours," I sighed and watched her small hands reach for my dick.

I had to admit, I, like her, had imagined this. But actually having her hand wrap around my cock, my dick pulsing at the touch, was an unbelievable feeling, so taboo and yet so proper. Unimaginable

and yet, so real. More so when her lips kissed the head.

"Mom can never know," I managed to breathe as her tongue licked at the eye of my cock, coming away with a thread of precum which she drew between her lips with a smile.

"Relax big brother," she stroked my length as if keeping me aroused whilst her mouth was away. "We haven't even really done anything yet!"

But we had!

I recalled stories from my fellow roommates in college of tentative incest between siblings. They'd been salacious and admittedly arousing but barely went beyond glimpses of nudity, awkward kisses, fleeting touches of breasts, or once, pussy. Thea's mouth on my cock had immediately superseded anything I knew of real-life taboo, and with the joy it provoked in me, the pleasure of the experience, I knew there was no limit to our experimentation.

"Tell me if I'm doing it wrong," Thea stated before her lips were once more around the head of my cock. Her hand twisted up and down my length, her cheeks sucked in as she did everything right.

"Fuck that feels good," I complimented her, and her mouth popped off with a grin.

"I've practiced on a dildo!" she admitted, and I had to smile in response. My mind pictured us back home. Thea alone in her room adjacent to mine, sucking on a dildo, imagining it to be me. I pulsed in her hand and she looked down at me before allowing a dribble of spit to fall from her wet lips, landing perfectly upon the head and trickling down to be used as lube for her handjob.

"You've what?" I wanted her confession to take further form.

"I've got a few, Jude," she again reddened. "And a buttplug!" She proudly revealed.

"Fuck," I moaned as her head descended, her lips once more enveloping the head of my cock, taking my length deep into her mouth, her throat, purposefully gagging herself on my affection. "Who are you and what have you done with Freckles?" I chuckled, more to myself and she slurped off my dick with a waterfall of drool.

"I'm here," she stared into my eyes. "I've always been here. You've just never noticed me."

I wanted to kiss her. To hold her against my body and confess my love, but she was ahead of me again.

"Can we fuck now?" Thea almost begged and without waiting for my approval, climbed upon my thighs.

"Wait," I exclaimed as her hand pressed the head of my cock against her pubic bone, guiding it between her upper labia. "I don't want to hurt you," I admitted, aware of her virginity, and an almost pitying expression came to her face.

"I don't just suck on my dildos Jude," she smirked and lowered herself down onto my erection.

Had a pussy ever felt as good? I couldn't recall one. So tight, so slick. My sister's vagina perfectly accommodated my length as if we were molded for one another. And why not? Wasn't it only natural our bodies would be synced, genetically, sexually?

"Jesus," I sighed as her pubic bone met mine, the walls of her pussy tensing around me hugging. I rose on the couch to embrace her, my arms encircling her small frame to draw her closer into my chest. Our noses touched, her lips and jaw, slick with saliva, lightly pressing my own. "I always noticed you," I confessed, lifting my groin into her, and thrusting. "I just didn't know you were..." My words were cut off as her lips met mine, her tongue eager to enter my mouth, and dance with my own.

"Fuck me Jude," Thea managed to hiss between my lips, her arms around me, a hand, her fingers combing through my hair. I explored her back, my hand sliding down to cup her ass, the other caressing her torso, finding a boob and tenderizing, her nipple hard between my fingers. "Yes," she sighed and threw her head back exposing her neck and I was quick to kiss her, nibble on her soft skin as she ground her pelvis into my crotch.

So good. So tight. So slick. Hard I thrust into her, sweat running down my back, my chest, as her boobs rubbed against me. Again, her mouth found mine and we kissed. Passionate, deep, sensuous. Incestuous. The very thought of what we were doing eclipsing the physical and bringing me to the edge. Too soon, I thought. Embarrassed, I opened my eyes and tore my mouth from her. "Thea I..." I managed to gasp and her eyes, initially concerned, turned libidinous as she interpreted my actions. "I'm sorry," I added as I allowed my cock to slide from her body and slap against my belly.

Thea seemed unconcerned at the break in proceedings, pushing me against the back of the couch and lowering herself once more upon me. I looked down in awe as her pussy pressed against the underside of my hard-on, her labia hugging me like the bun of a hotdog, sliding along my length.

"Cum Jude," Thea balanced herself, her hands on my chest as she in turn eyed my cock. "This way I get to see it," she added, and we watched as her vulva massaged my shaft, the bulbous head and eye repeatedly kissing her bald pubic bone. And then the release.

I reached around to cup her ass with both hands as I came. Her pussy continued to grind as we were witness to the eruption. A firehose of cum spraying up over my belly. A great geyser of jizz, over and over coating my torso from pecs to the pelvis, Thea allowing her pussy to envelop the head, smearing cum over her labia.

"Come here," I managed to gasp as I resumed breathing, drawing her body into my own to hold her as tight as I ever had. "This is probably the wrong time to say it, but..." I attempted to say before she finished my sentence.

"I love you," she sighed between my lips, and we fell to kissing, the cum sandwiched between our bodies, a slick incestuous glue bonding us together as brother, sister, and now, lovers.

\*

"Say it again," Thea panted in my ear.

In my arms, her back up against the tiles of the shower as we fucked.

"I love you, Thea," I gasped as my cock buried deep, feeling the ache beginning in my ass cheeks from the thrusting, over the last hour, the most sex I'd had in months. She sucked on my neck as she came, her nails digging into the flesh on my back as I felt her pussy quiver.

"I'm..." My little sister attempted to reveal her orgasm, but she needed not. Her body gave away the pleasure it felt, shuddering in my embrace. "Oh... Jude," her broken voice came in starts. "Feels so



good," she managed to admit before I felt her noticeably slump. "Cum in me," she euphorically gasped as I continued to hammer away.

"There's no way!" I reasoned, one of us at least having some sense.

"Then cum on me, big brother," she exhaled. "Cum on my face. Cum in my mouth," she demanded.

With that, there was no hesitation. I allowed my cock to slip from her pussy and her body to fall from my arms. Immediately, Thea dropped to her knees on the shower floor, the lukewarm water spraying the back of her head, running down over her breasts.

Her eyes on my dick, she tilted up her jaw and threw open her mouth as I gripped my shaft, so slick with sister juice. Mere strokes and I was edging, pausing the action to squeeze and build up the potential force of the explosion.

"Close your eyes," I warned her.

"No fucking way!" Came her immediate response before poking her tongue out obscenely.

Krakatoa. Vesuvius. They had nothing on the explosion that erupted as molten cum blasted from me. A thick rope hit her forehead and lay the length of her face. Her nose was more cum than skin. Shot after shot I aimed into her mouth and her tongue greedily welcomed it in, my sister swallowing my offering with relish.

"Aaaargh!" I exhaled as the orgasm subsided and Thea was quick to take charge of my cock, pulling me into her face and wrapping her mouth around the head, sucking, milking me dry. "God," I breathed, looking down at her lovingly siphoning my brotherly devotion. "That practice has paid off," I laughed, and she proudly rose from the floor, accepting my hand as she did so with a smile.

"You know it was Mom that bought me my first!" She revealed as she angled a suction-cupped shaving mirror in her direction, wiping the glass of fog and admiring her reflection. "Oh my god! That looks so cool!" She praised my painting, and I wrapped my arms around her from behind, my still-hard cock pressing the small of her back.

"You're serious?" I questioned.

"Uh-huh. She came home and caught me one day with a cucumber from the fridge," she amazingly admitted, and I immediately began picturing the scenario, struggling. "Said she'd buy me something more appropriate if I promised to stop using the fresh produce."

"Jesus Thea!" I exclaimed and she grinned as she scooped the thread of cum lining her entire face and sucked it into her mouth.

"You know, this is not how I thought it would taste," she swallowed my cum, going back to her nose for more.

I winced in response. "Is that a good or bad thing?"

"Oh, good!" She smiled. "It's yummy," she rose on her toes and my cock slid into her ass crack, perfectly snug between her admittedly small cheeks. "When can I have more?"

The guest bedroom seemed apart from the entire rest of the house. It was clear it had never been used, which led us to suspect Dad had bought the house fully furnished. With no use for the room, it remained clean and apart from the made bed and a small side table, devoid of clutter. I looked up over Thea's smooth pubic mound and found her watching me, eyes dreamy, mouth open and cheeks rosy.

"You're beautiful," I took a moment to compliment her, and despite our intimacy, and our nudity, I could see her blush. I fell back to licking her clit, splaying her labia, slurping her lube. "Tell me about that dildo thing," I whispered between kisses upon her sex.

A wicked smile formed on her lips, and I sucked on her labia, running my mouth up and down the length of her pussy as she spoke.

"I wasn't expecting Mom to come home so early," she began in little more than a whisper, only a small lamp illuminating the room, drapes covering the open window, and the still of the hot late night. "It was after school, and I was still in my uniform. Do you remember how short I'd hemmed it?" Thea smiled at the recollection and remembering her in her final year, I groaned my affirmation, grinding my hardon into the mattress as I ate her out.

"I remember you picking me up from school," she continued. "It would've been just after my eighteenth. I was so proud, getting into your car. I wanted everyone to think you were my boyfriend."

I watched as she ran her hands over her torso, settling on her breasts and massaging her nipples as she spoke, my tongue entering her vagina.

"I wasn't wearing panties that day!" She admitted, lifting her pelvis into my jaw, grinding her pussy against me. "I was hoping you'd see. I sat with my legs spread right beside you, you know! I guess you didn't notice."

I managed to shake my head slightly, again moaning my enthusiasm for her to continue, sucking her clit.

"Well, when you dropped me off, I was so horny. Mom of course wasn't home, so I went straight to the fridge and was hoping there'd be a carrot or something I could use."

I lifted my mouth from her, now more focused on the story than the oral. "A carrot?" I questioned her and she smirked.

"Fuck, I used to use everything. My hairbrush. Pens. When I saw the cucumber, well, it seemed perfect."

"And what then?" I rested my chin on her pubic bone.

"I just lay on the couch in my school uniform and fucked myself," she giggled. "I was so into it; I didn't even hear Mom come in."

I lifted my chin and rose on my hands, climbing up over her body and Thea welcomed me upon her, my cock finding its way inside her tight wet pussy.

"What did she say?" I sighed as I pushed all the way in, my mouth meeting hers to kiss her lips.

"Well, there was some shock," Thea chuckled at the memory. "But really, she was ok with it. We'd already had a sex talk, so it wasn't like it was that surprising. We made the deal about the veggies and that was it."

I was slowly fucking her, kissing her chin and neck and Thea's hands made their way to my ass, pulling me deeper with each penetration.

"Did you eat it?" I laughed beside her ear, kissing her lobe.

"I did!" She admitted, giggling. "Mom wouldn't have a bar of it!"

"I'd eat it!" I declared and once again our mouths connected, her tongue darting between my lips. "I love the taste of you," I sighed, increasing my rate of penetration. "I love you, Freckles," I confessed, pulling out just as I came for the third time that night, our eyes dropping to the pulsing of cum as I glistened her pubic mound and belly. My cock twitched, spurting hands-free, my balls depleted before I rolled off her, groaning.

"And I love this," Thea was eager to play with the batter plastered across her flat belly, smearing it into her pronounced mound of Venus, rubbing it down onto her pussy.

"You're gonna need another shower," I sighed, falling onto the pillow beside her.

"Or not," she giggled. "You could drench me in it, Jude. I'd fucking bathe in this," her thighs locked around her hand, cupping her pussy.

"You're fucking weird Freckles," I laughed, reaching for my phone on the bedside table and checking the time. "2:30," I relayed, dropping the phone back on the mattress. "We should probably think about getting some sleep."

"And then what?" Thea turned her head on the pillow, her demeanor and tone having noticeably changed.

"Well, there's still pizza," I noted. "We can have that for breakfast and then hit the road back home. We've got what we came for."

"And then what?" Thea repeated and I snorted a laugh.

"What?"

"I mean, what happens to us?" She broke my gaze, looking up at the ceiling.

"Oh. I..."

"Exactly," she sighed before rising onto an elbow. "How do we go back to normal?" She posed before quickly adding her opinion. "I don't want to. Do you?"

"I don't think I could," I smiled reassuringly at her, looking down at my dick, still hard. "Mom's gonna want to know why I've got a hard-on around you all the time!"

"And that's it!" Thea suddenly climbed over me, lowering her pussy onto my shaft, and laying down on my chest so our faces were mere inches from one another. "When will we be together? I want you all the time Jude. I want to wake up in your arms. I want your dick inside me all fucking day," her mouth descended onto mine as she slid her pussy to the head of my cock, her hand guiding me once more inside her.

"Mmmm," I sighed. "I'd like that."

"But how?"

"What?" I asked, admittedly distracted by the feeling of my cock inside her, her pussy squeezing me seductively. "Oh. I don't know. You can stay at my place whenever you want."

"And your flatmate won't think twice about your little sister sleeping in your room?" She immediately countered, grinding her pelvis on my cock.

"Yeah, good point," I conceded. "We could move in together," I posited. "Heaps of brothers and sisters get places together."

"Yeah," Thea nodded. "And Mom would be there every other day."

"I don't know what you want from me Freckles," I grabbed her body and turned us in the bed, my cock buried deep as we embraced.

"This," her eyes teared up and it made my heart well with emotion. "I want us. I want to walk down a street holding your hand. I want to kiss in public. Could you do that?"

"I could do that."

"But not in L.A." She countered and I breathed deep as I realized she was right.

"I don't know what to tell you, Thea," I held her tight, my dick twitching inside her.

"What happens to this house?" She questioned and I quickly understood what she was heading toward.

"Well, the lawyers will get someone to clean it out, then sell it for us. That was always the plan."

"And then we split the money and that's it. It's over."

"Yeah."

"And what if we kept it?" Thea ran her hands over my back, lifting her pussy into me with each slow thrust. "We could rent it out as a short stay. Come here together whenever it's not leased. This was Dad's porn den. We could make it our fuck den."

The idea didn't seem so irrational, my cock hardening inside her at the proposition. The somewhat steady stream of income would be a bonus.

"And what about in L.A.?" I buried my face in her neck, kissing her ear, and her hair as we steadily fucked. "You can make do with us not always being together?"

"If I know this is waiting for us," she sighed. "You, holding me down and fucking me," she suggested, and I enacted her fantasy, drawing her hands up above her head, and pinning her wrists. "For days on end."

My abs and buttocks aching, I hammered into her. The thought of us living together as lovers reinvigorated my erection, cum building.

"Tell me you'd like that," Thea panted, gasping as I drove my cock into her.

"I'd love it," I puffed.

"What?"

"Fucking you. I love fucking you, Thea. Tasting you. Cumming on you," I gasped as I pulled out and came again on her crotch, an admittedly feeble load spattering her pelvis before I dropped exhausted onto her prone body.

"Then let's do it," Thea combed her fingers through my hair as I rested my head on her chest, the cushion of her breasts the most perfect pillow.

I looked up into her face and could see the excitement in it, the anticipation of my consent, and there was no way I could deny her.

"Alright," I smiled. "I don't know how Mom'll take the news. But we'll do it."

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"So, if we're keeping the house, can I keep the porn?" Thea had piled Dad's magazines into several large stacks on the coffee table and was in the process of extracting the DVDs from the tv cabinet.

"Seriously?" I questioned, shaking my head. "Why?"

"I dunno," she rose and turned to face me and I took in her appearance, the tightest pair of pink bike shorts hugging her groin, matching tank top with nipples proudly poking. "Sentimental reasons I guess."

"Really?" I frowned.

"I get it about Dad," Thea conceded. "He wasn't cool. But you have to admit, he did bring us together," she approached me and threw her arms up over my shoulders, her body pressing hard into me, grinding against my swelling.

"Again?" I ran my hands down the silkiness of her exercise gear, cupping her buttocks.

"One for the road," Thea slid down my chest, her hands seeking my cock.

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The sign rising in the road ahead of us, Thea and I glanced at each other and shared a smile as we silently agreed to stop.

"Fuck, we've only been driving three hours," I sighed as I pulled into the parking lot of the motel and followed a giggling Thea as she hightailed it toward reception. "How are we going to survive back home?"

"We'll figure it out big brother," she grinned as she held the entry door open for me and we approached the desk.

The same manager greeted us, his eyes again ogling my sister and I admittedly couldn't blame him, her body built for fucking, designed to be admired.

"Back again I see," he looked over his glasses. "Well, we've got vacancies. Two rooms was it..." he began before Thea cut him off.

"Actually," she giggled. "We'll take the honeymoon suite," she proudly proclaimed.

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Thank you for reading.