

RENOVATOR'S DELIGHT

sunburycd

Brother and sister become business partners and more.

Incest/Taboo

4.54

8k words

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Turning you on? Your sister!?"

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

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

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

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

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

herself. She'd move on with her life eventually and the renovation of a house was just the distraction he hoped she needed.

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

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

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

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

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

James had felt so warm and relaxed sitting beside Belinda. It reminded him of when they'd sit and read together as children. Her breast was pressed to his arm and he was reluctant to move from the position. Turning towards Belinda and breaking the connection between them he placed the tablet down on the couch. "No you've got it wrong. We don't want to borrow the money, we want to go in as partners. 50/50. We share the work. I figure they'll accept an offer of \$110 thousand, we spend around \$20 to \$40 grand on the renovation and I bet we'll sell it for \$350 to \$400 thousand come the end of summer."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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DAY 1

"So everything's final?"

"Yep."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm fearful!"

"Hah. Come on."

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

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

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

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

"Oh would you? Colin never did that!"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Can we go upstairs?"

James smiled, "Lead the way."

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

In the master bedroom James pointed out that they could knock down a wall which would open it up to the adjoining bathroom, thus providing an en-suite. They could feed off the same plumbing and create another bathroom beside it which would cut back on costs. Belinda loved his ideas and ventured a few of her own, walk in robes could be added without much fuss and they drew plans on the walls as they went.

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

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

James nodded. "Let's go."

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

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

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

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

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

"About the basement?"

"No. All of it."

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

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

"The house! When do we begin?"

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

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

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DAY 2

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

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

James suddenly imagined Belinda in bed. What was she wearing, he thought? Then quickly put it out of his mind. They moved the tools to the porch and James took a moment to admire his sister's body again. She'd come prepared, wearing work boots that looked new and long socks rolled down. Her legs were bare and her ass filled out a pair of short khaki hiking shorts. A white tank top was underneath a red checkered shirt and she finished her look with a matching red hair scarf. "I'm glad you wore some old clothes, we're gonna get dirty today!" And the moment he said it he realized it came out wrong.

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

Mid morning a dumpster arrived and James had the driver leave it in the driveway on the property. Come lunchtime it was half full and much of the basement had been cleared. On reflection most of the tools weren't worth salvaging and James wasn't disappointed, meaning less time online trying

to sell the items. A few tools he left on the curb with a sign saying "Free" and as the day progressed the items decreased.

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

James surveyed the now empty basement and satisfied with his work, turned to climb back up the steps. As he mounted the fourth stair and his eye-line was level with the roof of the cellar he noticed a large crack between the ceiling panels and reached out to examine it. Upon touching, the panel dropped down and fell to the floor with a loud thud with what he at first thought was insulation. Climbing back down the stairs he dropped to his knees to examine the find. A large number of porn mags had been stored in the space, yellowed with age some showed dates going back to the 60's. The latest he found was a Hustler from the 90's and attempting a cursory inspection found the pages to be heavily glued together.

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

"Yeah it's cool, come down."

Belinda had been reluctant to return to the basement since her initial excursion and had been happy to allow James to clean it out. When she reached the bottom she marveled at the change in the room. "Wow it looks great down here, you were right, if there was more light it could be a fantastic space!" She looked down at James, squatting on the floor. "What have you got?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What was that baby?"

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

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

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

"Who else would it be for?"

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

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DAY 3

James wanted to get to the house early and yet when he arrived at 6am, there was Belinda waiting on the porch before him, coffee at the ready. "Did you sleep here?" He joked, noting the blue jeans she wore seemed to be painted on they were so tight. As he neared her however he realized they were leggings fashioned to look like jeans. She still wore her work boots and the tight black t-shirt she donned was speckled with white paint from a previous project.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What, the dude dying here?"

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

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

The electrician gave them a quote for the re-wiring they needed, down-lights, new exhaust fans and air conditioning and when Belinda batted her eyelids and flirted some, he even took a little more off. James set about removing the air vents from the basement and Belinda began work with a power sander on the stairway and balustrade. At lunchtime James drove to the mall and picked up subs and purchased a six pack of beer to reward their labor. They sat together on the steps of the porch in the sun and ate, and afterwards James surprised Belinda with the beer.

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

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

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

"Sad isn't it?"

"What?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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James opened the back door of his house and walked through to the kitchen. Karen was at the sink washing the prep dishes for dinner. He paused for a moment and admired his wife from behind. Wearing a loose yellow sun dress he could see her white panties through the material. Her body

was smaller than Belinda's, her breasts and ass, noticeably so. She felt his presence and turned her head as James came up behind her. His hands lightly touched her arms and then wrapped around her waist. His cock was already hard and he pressed it into her rear. "Ooh, welcome home husband!"

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

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

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"What was that all about?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Sure thing baby."

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

DAY 4

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

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

When James walked into the kitchen he knew she hadn't just arrived. There was an empty coffee mug on the table that hadn't been there the night before and the magazines which he hadn't yet thrown away had been rearranged. The thought his sister had been leafing through them moments before had him aroused and when she sidled up beside him he could smell her feminine scent. He looked at her more closely. The dress was familiar though he couldn't recall ever seeing her wearing it. Her hair looked a little oily at the roots and he felt the desire to run his hands through it.

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

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

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

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

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

"Are you O.k on ladders?"

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

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

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

"What bit? I can't see."

"Well climb up silly."

"What behind you?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

James looked skeptical. "This house?"

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

"About me, us?"

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

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

"I know."

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

"No fucking way." She still held his cock and he began to harden. "Even now James I want you. I want you inside me. But I can also see reality. You're married."

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

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

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DAY 5

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

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

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

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

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

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

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

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

James cradled the back of her head as she began to suck his cock. Her mouth dripped saliva and her throat made gagging noises as she attempted to envelop his length entirely. Lifting her head off she held him upright and looking up into his eyes licked from the base to the tip. Reaching the head she stopped and grasped her hand around his thickness. "I love you." She breathed and waited.

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

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

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

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

"I thinks that's a great idea."

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DAY 9

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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DAY 19

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

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

Belinda wore retro 80's lingerie she'd found in a thrift store. Her hair was greasy and she had a mousy appearance. James' cock grew in his pants at the sight of his sister and he quickly disrobed. Belinda noted he'd become thinner, maybe too thin for his height. Opening a bag he pulled out a Polaroid camera and began to take photos of his lover, placing each in the little tin box.

THE END