

# An Incest Birthday Chapter 18- Part 2

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*The twins finally get their day.*

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We walked the rest of the way back to the car, turned on the gps from her phone so we could find the quickest way there and were off. The gps took us down streets we wouldn't normally go down but we seemed to be moving along fast so I was ok with it, not to mention we saw some more places we might wanna visit later, like the aquarium, or the mini-golf place, or comedy club, man this side of town has everything, looks like we'll be spending a lot more time over here.

When we finally arrived at the restaurant it was exactly as we expected it to be, packed. The line was going around the corner. We got there with five minutes to spare and hurried in before they even had a chance to give our table away. There were two lines, one full of people and one that had one couple in it, we figured the one with the one couple was the reservation line and went to it just as the other couple were leaving to go sit down.

"Good evening and welcome to MELT, may I have your name please," the host said.

"Yeah, Stevens, table for two please," I said trying to sound older than I was.

He scanned the paper for a while, making us think that we weren't on the list, then perked up at the last minute. "Ahh here we are, Stevens for two. May I see your ID's please?"

We looked at him weird, having never been asked to show ID in a restaurant before.

"Its to make sure you are who you say you are, people will do anything for a table here."

"Oh ok," I said as we pulled out our ID's and showed them to him. "The food is that good that people will go through all that trouble just for a table?"

"Believe it or not. We've had someone try to impersonate Lady Gaga down to the tee. The hair, the makeup, the clothes, the whole nine, even those crazy shoes she wears."

“Wow,” we both laughed. “Well we should get in and see what all the fuss is about,” Rita said.

“Not a problem. Your table is the one by the window in the fourth row, are you fine to get there or would you like me to escort you there?”

“You'd better escort us, I don't wanna get kicked out for sitting at the wrong table,” I said.

“Wouldn't be the first time it happened,” he laughed. “Ok, right this way.”

He walked us through the crowd of tables until we reached ours, which showed a great view out of the window we were sat next to. The host helped Rita sit down before handing us two menus and heading back to his podium in front of the restaurant.

“Ok, it is a little classy with the tables and the view, but everything else seems normal,” Rita said.

I looked down at my menu to see what she was talking about and got it almost right away, the food was pretty normal for a restaurant. They had steaks, pasta, seafood, salads, and even burgers, they had burgers! A lot of people here weren't even dressed up, they were casual, but it costs you an arm and a leg to get in, must be some pretty damn good food.

“You figure out what you want?” I asked.

“Yep. Everything looks so good, but I don't wanna be greedy.”

“It all does look good. We can get something different each time we come.”

“If we can ever get back in,” Rita laughed.

“All the tables aren't even being used, and all those people are still waiting outside.”

“I guess they're getting all the people with reservations in first, then everyone else.”

“Yep, because they're starting to let some of them in. How did we not hear about this place?”

“Because we were too busy sneaking around and fucking each other silly to notice,” she grinned.

“Oh yeah, I almost forgot about that,” I laughed.

We talked for a few more minutes then a waitress made her way through the tables and right to ours.

“Hi I'm Kristen and I'll be your waitress this evening. Have you decided on what to eat?”

Rita looked at her a second longer than usual and checked her menu again before responding. “Yeah I think I wanna try the 16oz. Sirloin steak, well done, with the baked potato and corn on the cob.”

“And for you sir?”

“I'll have the same except in place of corn on the cob I'll have macaroni and cheese,” I laughed.

“Something I said sir?”

“Yeah you keep calling me sir, sounds like you're talking to my father.”

“They make us say it to everyone, makes me feel weird too.”

“Well you can skip us, just call me Randy, and this is Rita.”

“Nice to meet you, I'll just take those menus and be back as soon as your food is ready.”

“Ok thanks,” I said as she took the menus and walked away, then turned to look at Rita giving me the eye (the look women give you when they think you're up to something).

“What!”

“I saw you flirting with her, you're not slick.”

“Me? What about you staring at her chest like she didn't have a shirt on?”

“You can't prove it.”

“I was sitting right here!”

“Nope, not good enough, you lose.”

“I'm eating your corn on the cob.”

“Then I'm eating your steak.”

“How is that an even trade?”

“Because it... ooooooh nice try, trying to get me to change the subject.”

“Dammit, well it almost worked, you're just too smart for me.”

“Sarcasm won't work either.”

“Ok then I'm smarter.”

“No I'm... you sneaky bastard,” she laughed.

“I try. So what do you think Chris and Stephanie are doing?”

“Besides each other? Stephanie's getting a fresh pedicure as we speak.”

“You girls are evil for doing that, using sex as a weapon.”

“Guys shouldn't make it so easy then.”

“I think I'm gonna start doing that. I get what I want or no sex for you.”

“You already get what you want. How does that sound, “have sex with me or I won't have sex with you”, really Randy?” Rita laughed.

“Its not always about sex you nympho, I could've been talking about video games or something.”

“But we both know you weren't.”

“I coulda been.”

“But you weren't.”

“Punk.” Yeah, great comeback.

We messed around for a little while longer then the waitress came to our table with our food, and man, it looked about as perfect as you could make food look. The steaks were huge, plump, and juicy, the baked potatoes was cooked perfectly, her corn on the cob looked good and my macaroni and cheese looked right out of a tv spot.

“Here you are guys, hope you enjoy,” Kristen said as she sat both plates down.

“This looks amazing,” I said eagerly.

“That's what everyone says their first time here, which is why this place is so popular.”

“We might have to order some to go,” Rita followed.

“Yeah they say that too, well I'll let you guys enjoy your food, flag me if you need anything.”

She smiled as she walked to another table and we looked down at our gorgeous plate of food like we hadn't eaten in days, not wasting any time and going right in to the best plate of food we'd ever had. The steak was so juicy and perfectly cooked it felt like sex for your mouth. We were eating so fast we almost forgot to savor the food, so about halfway through we finally slowed down to enjoy it.

“We definitely have to come back here, dad NEVER made a steak this good!” Rita said.

“I know! I don't know how they do it but we're definitely coming back.”

“And to think Stephanie and Chris knew about this place and didn't say anything, just wait till the next time we see them.”

“What's gonna happen?”

“I don't know, but I'll think of something, nothing sexual if that's what you're getting at.”

“Why does it always have to be sex first?”

“Because you're a guy and guys always think sex first.”

“That's a stereotype, like if I was to say all girls think money first.”

“Not all women are goldiggers...”

“And not all men are dicks...”

“But men have more labels on them than women.”

“What! That's a horrible lie!”

“Really? Name one stereotype women have that has nothing to do with sex.”

“They can't drive worth a damn.”

“Everyone says that, not true. Pick another.”

“The blonde.”

“Definitely not true, sometimes. Pick another.”

“They shop way too much.”

“We do not!”

“Where's mom and Aunt Lisa at right now?”

“That's just a coincidence.”

“They went shopping five times this week, its Tuesday!”

“Women love to shop, is that a crime?”

“It should be. You never stick to your plans.”

“What do you mean “stick to our plans?”

“Ok, if a man says hes going to the store to buy a pair of shoes, he goes to the mall, goes to the store with the shoes he wants, and he BUYS A PAIR OF SHOES AND LEAVES! CASE CLOSED! If a woman says shes going to the store to buy a purse she goes to the mall, goes into every store on the way to the purse and buys everything, go buy the purse, then go shopping some more.”

“That is completely wrong.”

“No its not and you know it. Man, go to mall for shoes, 38 minutes, \$75, leaves with shoes, period. Woman, go to mall for purse, 4 hours and 17 minutes, leaves with four new outfits comma, new ipod case comma, three pairs of flip flops comma, a hat that someone famous was wearing that they just had to have comma, PURSE... comma, not period, a bajillion new wrist things comma, new makeup comma, and finish off with getting something just because it was on sale, now period.”

“Don't try to act like you have us all figured out, not all women are like that.”

“But most are.”

“Men aren't any better with the sizing up every woman that walks past them.”

“All men don't do that.”

“But a lot of em do. “Damn she has some big titties! She got big titties and a big ass! She got big titties, a big ass, and she kinda dumb, jackpot!”

“Hahaha, what kind of men you been hanging around?”

“Any man would fit into that description.”

“Even me?”

“You're in the 6% of men who don't do that.”

“Its gotta be higher than that.”

“Nope, 6%, and I'm being generous.”

I laughed as I took my last bite of steak. “So what do you wanna do when we get out of here?”

“I wanna go back to that store with the...” She stopped talking when she realized she'd been set up, that and me laughing at her. “That still doesn't mean anything.”

“How did all this come about anyway?”

“Talking about Stephanie and Chris, nothing good ever comes from thinking about them.”

“Yeah, we still need to beat their ass for not telling us about this place.”

“Its too bad they won't let us leave with anything, that was so good I'd stay for another round if I wasn't so full.”

“Me too. We should leave though, we're getting low on time in the day left.”

Rita looked at her phone to see it was 9:00. "Only three hours left, we can make it work."

I waved over Kristen and asked her for the bill and paid for it with the money mom gave me, and gave Kristen what I assumed was a real generous and expected tip from mom.

"Thank you so much, I hope you guys enjoyed the food," Kristen said.

"We did, and we'll definitely be back," I said as we got up to leave.

"I'll save a table for you, come back soon," she said as we waved and walked out the door.

We left out the restaurant and Rita took my hand in hers and started walking in the opposite direction of where the car was again, checking out some more sights.

"Looks like we got somebody on the inside now," Rita said.

"No you can't bring her home with us," I joked.

"I wasn't going to, but now that you said I can't I have to do it," she said as she faked going back towards the restaurant."

"Nice try, get over here," I said as I pulled her by the arm into me.

She smiled looking me right in the eyes. "And if I don't?"

"Then I'll go in there and get her for myself."

"I don't think so, nobody kisses my manz but me."

"What about mom and Aunt Lisa?"

"They're grandfathered in."

"I don't think they'll like that you said that."

"Then you better not tell em."

"What do I get in return?"

She took my hands and put one on her tit and the other on her ass."Your pick."

"You're just gonna let me feel you up in public like this? You know I won't move my hands."

"I won't move em either, they don't know us, plus I like us being noticed as a couple finally."

We just stood there, not paying attention to anyone around us, or anything, just us, me groping her, and her smiling right back at me while I fondled her in public. "Having fun Randy?"

"As a matter of fact I am."

"Just wait until later."

Her crooked devious smile peaked my interest. "What's gonna happen later?"

As I said that we rounded a corner and saw a big fountain lit up in the night sky. "Randy look at that! Come on lets go take some pictures by it."

We sped walked all the way to the fountain dodging between all the people that crowded the sidewalk. When we got there she immediately sat down directly in front of where the water pours out at and struck several different poses. I took that as my cue to take out my phone and started snapping away. I took so many pictures throughout the day I ran out of memory about 15 snaps in, so Rita gave me her phone, I wouldn't be taking pictures in front of the fountain so it was fine with me. I kept snapping pictures until her phone ran out on memory like mine did and sat down on the fountain next to her.

"How did both of us go through our entire memory?"

"Not counting all the songs we have, we did take over a million pictures today."

"Well at least we got some good shots in."

We sat there just looking out into the street when we heard rumbling, and looked up to see rain clouds had crept in, but they didn't look that bad so we decided to stay.

"Hey look, we could use those mechanical cameras pointing at the fountain," Rita said.

"Yeah those are the professional ones that's supposed to work in any weather. It takes good night

shots, zooms in for you, backs out, takes out the red eye, even crops it for you, it does almost everything you'd do, but it costs like \$15.00 for ten minutes to use, complete ripoff.”

“Do the pictures come out really good?”

“From what I hear yeah, you pick em up in I'm guessing that booth over there, like how Cedar Point does when you get off the roller coaster, it cost like ten bucks a picture though.”

“Well I wanna try it anyway, its only ten dollars.”

“On a picture?”

“Don't forget we just spent over a hundred dollars on candy.”

“Oh yeah, well now it seems like nothing. Why not.”

I put a ten dollar bill in the one closest to us and went to sit down next to Rita who was waiting patiently for the camera to start taking pictures. When the red light blinked on and the camera started taking pictures she grabbed on to me, looking at the camera with my face touching hers, kissing my cheek, acting like she was falling in the water, just having fun. I reciprocated by doing the superhero face with my hands and picking her up wedding style and acted like I was gonna throw her in the water, making her squirm and hop down. The camera still flashing, I looked at it for a second before looking back at Rita who had her eyes locked dead on me smiling.

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” I responded without hesitating one bit.

In that brief moment we had forgotten where we were, who we were around and even what we were doing. The only thing that mattered at that moment was us. As she moved her arms around my neck I didn't wait for her to lean up, I brought my head down to her and kissed her. As my lips melted into hers, everything around us disappeared. No cars, no people, no bright flashing from the camera, just the feel of her soft lips pressed into mine, her arms holding tight around my neck, and the crisp sound of the fountain splashing behind us. I was in awe of the moment, we were kissing in public, and not just any kiss, the most romantic kiss we've ever shared. The way she moaned in my mouth and held on to me told me she was thinking the exact same thing. We were so lost in the moment that we forgot to pay attention to our surroundings, not noticing that everyone had disappeared from the area, but it came clear when we felt that first rain drop, then another, then one more, and before you know it, it was pouring down heavily. I broke the kiss for a second to look at Rita and motion for us to get

out of the rain, but she still had that smile on her face.

“We're already wet, so we might as well stay,” she said as raindrops bounced from her soft face.

That was all I needed, and just like that, we were back to kissing each other, under the moonlight, in the rain, without a doubt the most romantic moment of either of our young lives. We kissed and kissed and kissed until we noticed the camera stopped taking pictures and we had drawn a small crowd of older women looking at us from under the booth. Still standing in the rain, we got the number from the screen, gathered ourselves and walked over to the booth, holding hands as the women giggled at us.

“That ones a keeper honey,” the brown haired woman said to Rita.

“Trust me, I know,” Rita said as she pulled us into the booth.

We walked over to the desk, dripping water on the floor as we did so and went to look for our pictures. We gave the screen number to the guy in the store and in seconds about fifty pictures of us flashed on the computer screen. They were all really good shots, but there was one that stood out over all of them, and Rita was looking dead at it. It was a perfect shot of us with my hands at her waist and her arms around my neck kissing as the rain fell down around us, it looked like such a perfect picture you would've thought it was photoshopped (legit photoshop, not that bent surroundings crap).

“Oh my god, I want that one, we look so good together.”

“Awww! You two make such a cute couple,” the black haired woman said from behind us.

“Let me see,” the blonde said as she eased over and looked at the picture then smiled. “I'm so jealous, my husband never did anything like that with me.”

I wanted to say something about these women we don't know just being all up in our personal space like that, but when I looked at Rita her smile was bigger than ever, like she was feeding off their compliments. To have someone, let alone three women we didn't know acknowledge our relationship in such a positive manner was music to Rita's ears, and she was soaking it all up.

“I want this one,” Rita said to the guy and pointing at the picture.

“We should get this one too,” I said pointing to the one where I picked her up off the ground.

“Why should we... oh ok, yeah we'll get this one too,” she added after realizing we needed a cover picture for mom and dad.

The guy pressed some buttons and before we knew it, the pictures were coming out of the machine. When he handed them to us they looked even better than they did on the screen, everything filled the entire picture, it was bigger, the colors were brighter, and even the rain around us looked amazing.

“We have a special going where if you buy two pictures you get them framed for free, would you guys like to do that?” the guy at the booth asked.

“Yes that would be perfect!” Rita said a little too excited.

“I guess that's a yes,” I said as I handed him \$20 and the pictures back.

He framed them and handed them back to us and once again all the women were staring at it in a circle, smiling and sharing all their comments.

“We get like two or three of these every week, and more times than none these same women are here when it happens, but they never take the pictures themselves,” the guy behind the counter said.

“Maybe its a young thing I guess, a “girls night out” thing or something,” I said.

“Whatever it is, I always seem to sell more pictures when they're here, so I'm not gonna tell them to stop, I might end up having to pay them.”

I laughed as I looked over at the group of women and saw Rita walk from the middle of them holding the picture to her still damp chest.

“Lets go home.”

When she said that all the women did that squeal they do when they're in a group and they all understood an inside joke or something, but Rita didn't hide her intentions either, looking at me with a combination of love and lust, I think everyone in that store knew what we were going to do.

Luckily the rain slowed down enough to where it was just a light drizzle, so the walk back to the car didn't soak us any more then we already were. When we got to the car we rang out our clothes as best we could and got in, going home after probably the best day we've had as more than just brother and sister. While we were driving home Rita pulled her phone out of her purse and called someone, but I was too busy watching the road I didn't get to see who.”

“Hey mom.”

“Were on our way home, we just took the most amazing picture in the rain.”

“Its so romantic mom, wait till you see it.”

“Yeah were fine, we rung out our clothes. Are you guys still out shopping?”

“I just wanted to make sure you remember our little agreement about not coming home.”

“After today, definitely.”

“That should be ok, but call just in case.”

“Haha no mom, you're such a slut!”

“No were not up there on your level of freak yet.”

“Ok see you when you get home.”

“Love you too mom, bye.”

“What she say?” I asked when Rita hung up the phone.”

“They just finished shopping an hour ago, they're taking dad to go see a “blow em up” movie since he was a good sport and didn't complain.”

“They just finished? They have a shopping disorder.”

“That's the best one to have.”

“Dad's a trooper for that, over six hours without complaining? Wow.”

“Just wait till its your turn.”

“As long as its not tonight.”

“No were going home, I have different plans for you tonight.”

“Where are you gonna put those pictures?”

“I don't know, I haven't thought of it yet.”

“Well when you do make it good, we don't want dad finding them.”

“I wish we could show him, this one of us is such a good picture.”

“Yeah it really is, but we can show him the other one.”

“That'll have to do for now I guess.”

I could feel her mood dropping a little at having to hide our relationship again, so I thought of something to say I knew would cheer her right back up almost instantly. “So what we don't get to show dad, we still get to flash it around mom and Aunt Lisa, you know they're gonna be hella jealous.”

It worked because the moment I said it that smile came back to her face. “That's true, I know they've never had a moment that was half this good. Now I really can't wait to show them!”

The rest of the drive home was silent with me concentrating on the road and Rita looking at the picture of us kissing, I swear she never took her eyes off it, except to look at me. When we finally pulled into our driveway we hopped out of the car, leaving all that picnic stuff and candy in the back and taking nothing but the pictures and our wet clothes, which were starting to make us a little cold.

“It got cold fast, my nipples are freezing! Rita shivered as she stripped off her wet clothes.

“Mine too, but I didn't wanna say anything.”

“I think were way past that awkward moment stage Randy,” Rita laughed.

“I don't know why I'm so weird when I talk about my nipples.”

“Because YOU'RE weird, but you're a good weird, you're my weird,” she smiled.

“If that's a compliment I'll take it. But yeah it did get cold really fast, I need to warm up.”

“You wanna take a bath together? Its been a while since we last took one.”

“That sounds pretty good actually, I can be lazy, warm up, and get clean at the same time.”

“Slouch. I'll go run a bath for us, you go throw our clothes in the wash.”

She took off up the stairs ass naked and two at a time, her ass jiggling every time she landed on a stair. I, just as naked as she was, waited until she was completely out of sight before I finished taking off my clothes and grabbing hers and headed to the basement. I threw the clothes in the wash without turning it on and grabbed the pictures and headed back upstairs to our room to grab some towels for us, Rita wasn't in the room so I assumed she was in the bathroom so I grabbed some towels and our ipod deck so we could listen to music while we were in there. I sat our phones down in our room and went to the bathroom to see Rita sitting in candlelight on the edge of the tub stirring her hand in the water to mix around the soap and bubbles.

“Go ahead and get in, the water's pretty much high enough.”

I sat the ipod deck down on the sink and did as she asked and slowly sunk down in the tub, the hot water adding instant relief to my still cold body. Rita grabbed the ipod deck and set it on an r&b playlist, then came over to the tub and slipped in in front of me.

“Oh this water feels so good,” she said as she sat all the way down.

“I know right? This was just what we needed.”

Rita turned the water off with her foot and I wrapped my arms around her and held her, her body relaxing into me as she sighed her approval. For a good while we just sat there listening to the music and reveling in the feel of the hot water and our bodies touching in the soft glow of the candlelight, about as relaxing as you can get.

“We haven't taken a bath in a long time,” Rita said breaking the silence.

“I know, if we didn't have to watch out for dad so much we could do it more often.”

“You think we should just take a chance and tell him?”

“We can't, you remember what he said at the cabin?”

“But if we told him we could do this all the time, among other things...”

“After the way he responded when we got back to the cabin, he wouldn't have it.”

“Ahh its so frustrating, hes the only one who doesn't know about us.”

“I don't think Chris and Stephanie's dad knows either, about any of us.”

But he doesn't live here... why cant dad just react like mom and Aunt Lisa did, bribe us then support us, or since its dad yell at us then support us?”

“Because hes dad, and you're his little girl, you're not supposed to have sex, ever. The fact that were fucking the hell out of each other almost on a daily basis would blow his mind.”

“He cheered you on when he walked in on you having sex.”

“Its different with a son, don't ask why, it just is.”

“He should be happy, at least he'd know I wouldn't end up abused, or a single mom or on drugs or something if he knew I was with you.”

“True. Its not all bad though, it makes sneaking around that much better, like when you were playing the game and I crept up and started licking you, or when dad was talking to you at the door and I was licking you, or that time I was under your desk while you were talking to mom and Marie and I was...

“Ok ok I get it haha, you have your head between my legs a lot.”

“I cant help it if you taste that good, you want me to stop?”

“HELL NO! I was just pointing it out, we don't need to go down that road.”

“See, there are some up sides.”

“Yeah, but eventually he'd have to know.”

“We'll cross that bridge when we get to it then.”

We fell into another silence as we listened to Frank Ocean sing “Thinkin Bout You” on the ipod. She turned the hot water on with her foot and grabbed her loofa to wipe off whatever oil and dirt the bubbles had soaked out of her skin. When she finished I took the loofa from her and ran it across her legs underwater, getting it close to her crotch, but not too close where it looked intentional.

“That feels good, can you get my back too?”

She sat forward and I ran the loofa over her back making sure not to miss a spot, and when I was done she fell back into me in the water. She turned the water back off and nuzzled her head against my chest like she was about to go to sleep, she certainly looked peaceful enough to. The track switched to some song I didn't know and about a minute in Rita started to get a little fidgety.

“Whats wrong?”

“Nothing, its just this song makes me a little...”

“Oooh, lady parts going into overdrive huh?” I snickered.

She play slapped me on the chest. “Hey you be nice when you talk about my lady parts, they like to play games with me with certain things happen.”

“Speaking of games, we never finished our question game. I think it was my turn.”

“Why are you so sure it was you turn?”

“Because I remember getting double points for something.”

“There were no double points! You cant just add rules. Maybe we should just call it a draw, we went for like thirty minutes and neither of us got a single question wrong, I don't wanna be in here for three hours and turn into a prune because we know too much about each other.”

“We won't be, I got the perfect question.”

She thought for a second. “You know what, fine. I'm not scared of you or your question. I've already proved there's nothing I don't know about either of us, so go right ahead,” she said confident.

“Ok, here it is,” I said as I sat her up so her ear was right next to my mouth. “What time was it the very first time you asked me to make love to you?”

She turned around to look at me and had a blank look on her face for a second, then the emotion took form as she fought to hold back tears. She turned around in the water so we were chest to chest and lay her head in the nape of my neck.

“It was 10:41 on our birthday in your bed. We just came back from having dinner with mom and dad

and I asked you the difference between sex and love, and you not only told me, you showed me. I'll never forget that day, it was when I realized the love of my life had been living under the same roof as me my entire life."

She tightened her grip on me and I held her a little tighter as well, holding back my own emotions at the answer she just gave me. I honestly didn't think she would remember the time, I don't even remember her looking at the clock that day, but she knew every detail about that moment, and the way she said it reminded me once again why I fell in love with her in the first place.

"Hey," I said as I lifted her head so she could look at me. "I love you."

"I love you too," she said then followed with a soft heartwarming kiss right on the lips.

We kissed like that until the ipod changed the song to that "Put My Body" song by Beyonce, then she broke the kiss and sat up off me.

"Come on, I think its time to get out."

She didn't say anything else, she just got up out of the water and stepped out of the tub and turned off the ipod, then she wrapped herself up in towels, one around her body and one for her hair. I stood up myself and let the water out of the tub and wrapped the other towel around myself, then was instantly embraced again by Rita as she slowly slid her tongue over mine, not rough or hardcore or anything, but slow and sensual, as if savoring it. She moaned each time I ran my hands over her ass which made her breathing get quicker, until she got to the point where she had enough.

"Come on, lets go to the bed."

"Ours or Aunt Lisa's?" I asked, Aunt Lisa's room still being her's technically.

"Neither."

She smiled as she took my hand and led me out the bathroom and right into mom and dad's room. I had never thought of having sex in mom and dads room, ever, the thought just never crossed my mind, but thinking about it now, having sex in the bed of the people who were responsible for your existence just seemed to make the scene that more erotic. She slid out moms vanity chair in front of the foot of their bed and had me take a seat then left the room, and came back with the ipod deck.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

“You'll see, just sit there and watch.”

She turned the ipod back on and started the Beyonce song over, and shook the towel in her hair loose and onto the floor, then came over and sat in my lap as she lip synced the words to the song to me, and changed a few around for my benefit.

“I just wanna show you how much you got your girl feeling good Randy,” she whispered in my ear.

She got off my lap, both of us still clad in our towels, and started dancing to the music.

Wow.

That was the only thing that formed in my head. In all the time we have ever spent together I have never truly seen her dance, but seeing her dance for me made me fall for her all over again. She had the body movements of an exotic dancer with the grace of a ballerina as she moved her body to the song. I couldn't stop looking at her thighs where the towel made a split at, and when she turned around and gyrated her ass for me to look at I almost came on the towel. When the song started to cut into the chorus she made her way back to my and sat down in my lap again, this time facing me and ground herself into me, pressing my hard on right into the crevice of her pussy.

“I cant help but to think about it day and night Randy,” she whispered as she nibbled on my ear.

I was so aroused it was painful. Never has she done so little but made me so hot ever. I wanted to rip that towel off of her and ravage the hell out of her, but I didn't wanna ruin the moment, and she would never forgive me for it, and I definitely wanted to see her dance some more, so I sucked it up.

“Tonight I'm gonna put my body on your body, boy I like it when you watch me, ugh, tonight its going down,” she whispered again then leaned off so she could grind on me some more.

I ran my hands up her back as she continued to dance on me, grinding her towel covered body over mine and letting little moans escape her lips to show me just how aroused she was. When the song finally ended she stood up and pulled me with her and guided me to mom and dads bed and had me lay down, I still couldn't believe we were in their room. I lay down and she crawled over me and dropped her towel, and I swear it was like I was looking at her for the first time. My cock was poking into the towel so hard it was giving me indian burn every time it pulsed. As bad as I wanted to have her right then, I wanted to warm her up first, like she did me, so I flipped her over on her back and held her legs open in the air, licking my lips so she knew what I was about to do. I dipped my head into her crotch and in one long stroke I licked all the way from her ass to her clit.

“Uuuuuuuuuugh fuck, do that again just like that,” she moaned.

I did as asked and licked from her ass to her clit again, this time not stopping after one lick though, I kept going like I hadn't eaten her pussy in days. She was moaning louder than she ever did before, so loud I was certain the next door neighbors could hear us, so I had to slow down a little until she got quiet again, which wasn't well received by her in the least bit.

“Don't stop please, I'll be quiet, I promise, just don't stop.”

I started up again but this time I chose to use my tongue as a cock and darted it in and out of her as I rubbed her asshole with my thumb.

“Yes Randy, you always know how to make me feel good!”

I never penetrated her ass, but rubbed it, it didn't seem like this was that kind of moment for such a thing. We weren't being rough or anything like that, we were soft, caressing, loving with each movement, so I wanted to keep everything clean. I held her legs apart and sucked on her swollen lips as she fidgeted around under me, finally placing both of her hands on my head and holding me in place.

“Baby, oh god, I need you in me now, please, put it in me...” Rita begged.

Not having made her cum yet, I wanted to finish the job, but all the tension she would have stored up from not cumming would make it that much better, plus she begged me in that needing voice I love so much, so saying no wasn't an option anyway. I wiped her excess juice that was on my mouth on the towel under me and made my way up her body. She cradled her legs around me as my cock rested right on top of her pussy, just waiting to get in. The song on the ipod changed to “Ice” by Kelly Rowland as I grabbed hold of my cock and held it right at her pussy.

“Mom and dads had sex so many times in this bed.” I said as I put the tip of my cock at her entrance.

“And now their kids will.”

She looked me in the eyes as she said that and slowly pulled my hips toward her, impaling herself with my cock. She never broke eye contact with me, just sucked in her breath and let it all out in relief once I was fully buried inside her. She hooked my neck and brought me down to kiss her as I slowly withdrew from her all the way to the tip and eased back into her.

“Oooh yes Randy just like that, make love to me, make love to your little sister...”

Her words trailed off into a moan as I slid all the way back into her, ironically going to the beat of the song, which was nice, seeing as Rita started to sing some of the words to the song in my ear. I buried my face in her neck and closed my eyes so I could focus on the feel of her pussy gripping my cock like it never wanted to let go, her nipples poking into my chest and her legs wrapped around me telling me she wants more, and the sound of her soft voice as she switches between singing the song and moaning in my ear, it was a lot to concentrate on, but it was well worth it.

“Nothing ever feels as good as your cock inside me, ohh soooo goooooood!”

She started meeting me halfway, her body taking over for her now that shes completely given in to the moment. I sat up on my elbows so I could look down at her every time I pushed my cock into her, and was rewarded with a look of pleasure on her face every time my cock would enter her. She looked so beautiful the way she would close her eyes and try to hold back a moan, it made me wonder how I didn't notice it before. She looked me in the eyes and put her hands on my chest to let me know she wanted me to stop, and when I did she rolled me over on my back and climbed on top of me. She leaned down to kiss along my neck as she grabbed hold of my cock in her hand and began stroking it.

“I cant wait to put this big cock back in me,” she said still stroking it.

I moaned under her as her little hand squeezed my cock, if I didn't find a way to distract myself and soon I would cum just from that. My problem was solved when she went to switch sides on my neck and left her tits right in front of my face. I took hold of her right nipple and her ass cheeks at the same time and sucked on her nipple as I massaged her ass in my hands.

“Oh baby, yes suck my nipple, suck on the other one too, oh my god yes!”

I switched to the other nipple like she asked and held her to where she had to let go of my cock, and teased her some more by rubbing my cock against her dripping wet pussy. Almost the instant my cock rubbed against her clit her lips were pressed into mine like she was trying to distract herself from the teasing I was putting her through. She quickly regained the upper hand though, she sat up by pushing off my chest and rocking against my cock, looking down at me and biting her lip.

“Trying to tease me? You should know better than that.”

I was stuck between looking at her and wanting my cock back in her pussy, either way was a win, but one would definitely feel better than the other. Out of nowhere though her plan started to backfire though, I guess she forgot that she was attracted to me and loves sex as much, if not more than I do,

and the constant rubbing on her clit didn't help either. Without saying anything she grabbed my cock and slowly sat down on it until I was balls deep, waiting for that moment to groan. I went to sit up so I could kiss her but she pushed me back down on the bed.

“No, you lay down, now its my turn.”

I let her push me back down and spread my arms wide as she had her way with me. She lifted herself off my cock slowly and slid back down on it just as slow all while pinching one of her nipples and bracing herself on my chest with her other hand. She pinched herself so hard it jerked her eyes open and looked down at me looking back up at her, which made her go from impaling herself on me to grinding on me. She put her arms on either side of my head and leaned down until we were face to face, each time she ground into me forcing my head to lean up to where our mouths almost touched each time, but she had her eyes closed and was too focused on the pleasure to notice.

“Baaaaby, god you feel so goooooood! I'll never let another man inside me, ever!”

I struggled to get words out with how good she was riding me, that and the look of pure bliss on her face. She put her head right over mine again and this time she did kiss me, sucking on my lips with as much passion as she could until she broke it panting, but still riding me.

“Yes, oh my god yes! I love you Randy, I love you,” she half moaned-half whispered.

“I love you too baby,” I said back as I put my hands on her hips to help guide her.

“I love you so much, I love you I love you I love you...”

I cut her off with another kiss as I sat up so she was sitting in my lap, me still inside her. We hardly moved our hips, we did just enough for it to be considered having sex. At that moment we mostly just held on to each other as we kissed, rolling around in our parents bed as our combined juices no doubt seeped into the bedsheets. At the time we didn't think about how we would get the stains out of the sheets before they got home, or even how to get the sex smell out of the air, but we weren't too concerned with it, at that point, they could have walked in at that moment and I don't think we would've budged. In no time we stopped the slow movement and picked back up the pace a little. I slid my hands under her ass and slowly lifted her off my cock and then would let her slide back down it, her pussy gripping it tightly the whole way.

“Ooooh yes, I don't think we've ever done this before, do that again,”she groaned.

Once again, just like she asked I lifted her off me, this time higher, and let her slide back down again,

this time getting a louder and more drawn out groan from her right in my ear, which could only mean keep doing what you're doing, so that what I did. I listened to her announce her pleasure at what she was feeling in my ear as "Maria Maria" by Carlos Santana now played in the background, which made the mood that much better as I tried to go along with the beat. I had to pick up pace a little to keep up, but not too much, and I went as deep as I could every time which was definitely starting to have its effect on me, but it was having an effect on Rita even more.

"Oh Randy, Randy, I think I'm gonna cum, I'm gonna cum hard!"

I didn't know what her body was going through that confused her, but she never "thought" she was going to cum, she either was or she wasn't, so something that hasn't happened before was probably throwing her off a little. As the song drew to the end so did her breathing and her grip on my neck and my cock tightened two times over as her climax approached.

"I'm gonna cum Randy! Cum with me please! Ooooooh goooooood!"

"No, this ones all you baby," I whispered in her ear as I drove a bit harder and a bit faster into her. I was still going at a relatively slow pace, but with all the buildup earlier and everything that was going on around her at that moment it was just a matter of time before she came, and came she did. Her arms were still locked tight around my neck as she involuntarily shook in my lap, her head leaning back and just hanging there. I stopped my thrusts so she could enjoy her orgasm without getting jolted every second by my cock, and when she finally came down, she threw all her weight on me, pushing me back on the bed. I could feel her juice running along my body to the bed where it surely made a big wet spot, but at that moment I wasn't worried about it. I lay there with my cock still buried inside her until she lifted herself off me and kissed me on the lips. I went to move her from on top of me but she resisted and pushed my arms back to the bed.

"No, you didn't cum yet. You always make sure I do, now I'm gonna make sure you do."

She pushed against my chest and drove my cock balls deep in her pussy, making us both groan at the same time. Every time I would move my arms, even the slightest bit, she would always put them back on the bed parallel to my body.

"Just lay there, I don't want you helping at all, I wanna make you cum on my own."

As hard as it was to just lay there, I did as she asked. I watched her face squint together each time I slid back into her, completely powerless to do anything about it. At that moment, my cock belonged to her. She controlled how deep I went, how long I stayed in, what angle I went in at, even the way I went in. She was grinding me nice and deep, biting her lip each time I hit her clit, and opening her

eyes slowly ever so often to see what my facial expression was, which probably looked the same as hers seeing as her pussy was trying its hardest to suck the cum out of my cock. After a while, her pussy started wearing me down and my will to stay up was slowly fading, I was about to cum, and she knew it.

“Come on baby, cum deep inside me, cum inside your pussy,” she moaned.

I fought it for as long as I could, but then Rita leaned down and gave me one of her passionate “I love you and only you” kisses with her hard nipples pressed right into my chest, I was done.

“Rita, I'm gonna cum!”

“Go ahead, cum inside your little sister, do it for me...”

She sat back up and braced against me for one last time as she ground into me more fiercely, pumping my cock with her pussy. I had enough. I grabbed her hips and thrust into her as deep as I could and squirted every single drop of cum I had right into her. She never took her eyes off me the whole time I was cumming, and I strained to keep mine open to look back at her. Each time a jet shot into her she would suck in air and let it out in a little moan, which made me squirt that much harder. When I got down to my last drops I wrapped my arms around her back and pulled her down to me with the little strength I had, and she was all too happy to oblige. We lay there panting in each others arms for what seemed like hours, but was probably only minutes, just holding each other with me still inside her.

“Rita...”

“You don't have to say anything, I know,” she said grabbing my hand and kissing it.

“Why cant it be like this all the time?”

“Cuz that would make life fair, and we all know how that works out.”

“Yeah, but on the other hand it makes moments like these that much more special.”

“Well I'm ready to have another “special” moment right now,” she said climbing back on top of me.

“Haha Rita we cant, we definitely wont have enough time to go again, not in here.”

“You gotta live a little Randy...”

“That's funny, because I definitely felt alive a few minutes ago.”

She chuckled to herself like she was gloating. “Thank you, I try.”

“Just wait till next time, you'll be begging me to stop.”

“Randy, when have I ever begged you to stop? If anything I beg you to keep going.”

Walked right into that one. I laughed just like she did. “Haha, thank you, I try.”

I caught a pillow to the side of the head. “Smartass. I guess we should get up then, they are doing what dad wants to do, so they'd be trying to get done and home as soon as possible.”

We got out of their bed and stretched our legs, me walking right behind her. She went right into the bathroom and I kept going to our room, until I heard a faint song coming from downstairs. I listened again and it struck me that it was my phone ringing, I left them downstairs like an idiot while we were upstairs, smart. I flew down the stairs ass naked and grabbed my phone to see it was mom calling. I saw the missed call signal in the corner and took a breath, ready to get yelled at, and answered it.

“Hey mom.”

“Don't “hey mom” me, where the hell have you two been? I've been calling for the last five minutes!”

“Sorry mom, we were a little busy.”

“Well its a good thing you climbed off your sister long enough to hear your phone ring, were on our way home, were at the gas station.”

“Ok, we'll be cleaned up by the time you get home.”

“The gas station up the street, we'll be there in about ten minutes.”

“Crap, you cant stall dad a little?”

“Well if you weren't busy pumping away at your sister you would have more time.”

“Is that jealousy I hear?” I teased, forgetting the seriousness of the moment for a second.

“No that's the door slamming behind you after he kicks you out, get moving!”

The phone clicked and I snapped back to reality and flew back up the stairs, just in time to meet Rita as she came out of our room wrapped up in the sheet.

“Hey you, I was just about to...”

“No time, they're on their way back now! They're at the gas station up the street, we gotta fix their room back and get that smell out of there in less than ten minutes!”

Without saying a word, she noticed the look of urgency on my face and followed me back into our room to put on some decent clothes and went right back into our parents room. We looked like someone hit fast forward on us we were moving so fast, changing the sheets on their bed (luckily they only had plain white sheets), getting the ipod deck out and putting the chair back all while airing out the room, but it didn't seem to be working fast enough. Rita grabbed a can of febreze and sprayed it all over the room, but I knew dad, and he would definitely notice something wrong seeing as it was only sprayed in their room, so I took the can from her and sprayed the whole house as she finished making their bed, and while I was at it I plugged up the vacuum and ran it over the entire second floor, nothing big, just made the vacuum lines in the visible spots on the floor so you could see it was done. When we got their room back how it was we closed their window and left the room heading downstairs just in time to see the lights show through the curtains, indicating they were home. We put the vacuum up and turned the tv to Scary Movie 2, a movie they would buy us watching, and to give us more cushion I grabbed two pops and a big bag of chips from the kitchen and threw some chips on the floor to look like we were wrestling. They stepped on the porch, bags rattling and all, and opened the door just as Rita put me in a headlock, dad was the first one in.

“Hey hey hey now stop that, you're making a mess everywhere,” dad said holding a bunch of bags.

“We cleaned the upstairs so were even,” I said still in a headlock.

“Hey dad,” Rita said laughing. “You guys have a good time?”

“What do you think?” Aunt Lisa said holding up bags of her own.

“They weren't too rough on you dad were they?” I asked.

“If by rough you mean going to eight thousand different stores and waiting while two women tried on outfit after outfit before buying one, then doing the same thing at a shoe store, then no, they weren't rough at all.”

“Oh don't be such a baby, we did something you wanted to do too,” mom said.

“Two hours out of the day doesn't count! But its ok, because one day you all are gonna have to follow me around while I do guy stuff. I already have ideas forming.”

“Yeah yeah. Bring those bags upstairs, show us you're still good for something,” Aunt Lisa teased.

Dad faked like he was gonna throw the bags across the room, making both women gasp, and laughed as he went upstairs, getting slapped on by Aunt Lisa the whole way up. Mom looked at us, the scene, and smiled a “what am I gonna do with you two” kind of smile, then followed them upstairs.

“That was close wasn't it?” I asked Rita.

“Yeah, its like we get closer and closer to getting caught a lot, I kinda like it.”

“I'm not surprised. Come on, we should be getting to bed too.”

We cleaned up the mess of chips and headed upstairs to our room. We were just getting ready to get in the bed when mom came in and closed the door.

“So, what did you two do today, besides the obvious.”

“We did everything, we went sightseeing, to this big candy store, ice skating with Stephanie and Chris, and we went to that MELT place, oh we have to go back there, the food was so good!” Rita said excitedly. “Oh, and we took the most romantic picture ever at the water fountain.”

She grabbed the picture from under the pillow and handed it to mom, when she saw the way moms face lit up at the picture hers lit up too.

“Awwww my two little babies, this picture looks amazing! Where was this taken at again?”

“This water fountain on Stephanie's side of town, they have these cameras that can take pictures in any kind of setting. We got that picture and one of us acting stupid,” I said.

“I'll have to take your father to this fountain, and get a couple of all of us too.”

“The pictures aren't cheap, so be ready to cough up some money I you do,” Rita said.

“Wouldn't be the first time. Ok I think its time to hit the bed, had a pretty long day, all of us. All that shopping has me exhausted.”

“I wonder how dad feels having to carry all those bags,” I added.

“Hes fine, that's what I keep him around for, to raise my kids and carry my bags,” mom joked.

“I'm telling him you said that,” I teased.

“Do that and you'll never get into MELT again.”

“Huh? That's the one you pick? You could've threatened to tell dad on us, or anything like that, why'd you choose that one?” Rita asked.

“Because that one doesn't affect me, I can still get into the restaurant if you can't, but if your father kills you, then no more secret playtime with my kids for me.”

Well if you put it like that then ok. I guess were gonna get to bed too, we had an ACTUAL long day, and thanks again for the reservations mom,” I said.

“Don't worry about it, and thank you too.”

“Thank us for what?” Rita asked.

“For changing the sheets. I don't remember saying you could use my bed, but at least you had the courtesy to clean up after yourselves, so I'll let this one slide. And next time you wanna sell that you were watching tv, open the pops up, kinda hard to drink when the seals aren't broken.”

I went through it in my head and realized she was right...again. “Dammit mom stop knowing stuff!”

She smiled as she closed the door and we cut off the lights and got in bed.

“So did you have fun today?” I asked.

“More than I've had in the last two months combined, we really needed that.”

“Yeah, cant wait till three months from now when we can do it again.”

“Nope, I wont let it be that long, I need my quality time,” she said as she turned to me and hugged my

chest until she got comfortable. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight," I said back and laid there holding her while staring at the ceiling. She sighed as she kissed me on the cheek and lay her head on my shoulder.

"Randy?" Rita said already sounding sleepy.

"Yeah?"

"I still want my puppy."

I held in a laugh and kissed her cheek. After the day we had, sleep would come easy, so I lay there and thought about everything good to come until I eventually fell asleep, a big smile on my face.

-----Two Weeks Later-----

The last two weeks have gone about as good as any time we've had together. We didn't get another whole day alone, but we were alone some days more often than not. We also still got talked into sex by mom and Aunt Lisa, but that's something I don't think is ever gonna change, and we always ended the night with Rita hugging into me and falling asleep, and me right after her. It seemed as we were an actual couple for a change, and we were finally glad things took a turn for the better.

I woke up to the sound of laughing, but not any laughing, this was loud, in your face, "I'm laughing at my own joke" kind of laugh. We had a lot more alone time since we had our own day to ourselves two weeks ago, so I guess this was reality's way of saying don't get used to it, but back on the subject, I didn't recognize that laugh, so I knew that we had company over. I eased from the bed so I wouldn't wake Rita up, put on some decent clothes and headed downstairs, completely skipping my bathroom routine which is something I don't usually do, but I wanted to know who was here, and why they were here so early. I rounded the corner into the kitchen and saw dad sitting at the table talking to an older guy, most likely late 40's early 50's. When I walked in they turned their attention right to me.

"Hey there young man, you must be Randy," the man said.

"Yeah I am, nice to meet you, and you are..."

"Randy this is Richard Thompson, the client I was telling you about," dad jumped in.

"Oh yeah, hey," I said shaking his hand as I remembered the conversation we had about him.

“Remember that favor I asked you and Rita to do? About spending time with his daughter?”

“Yeah. I'm guessing today's the day we start huh?”

“If you don't have any other plans that is...” Mr. Thompson jumped in.

I wanted to say no, that I did have other plans, plans to fuck the life out of my sister all day when you left, but I made a promise to dad, and I always keep my promises, unfortunate for this case. “No its ok, we were gonna be lazy today, that just gives us a reason to get out of the house now.”

“Perfect, I'll go get her, she's waiting in the car.”

He walked to the door and opened it and waved to say come here, and you could hear the door shut as his daughter got out. She walked her back in and immediately I regretted telling dad yes.

“Ok honey, he and his sister are gonna be hanging out with you over the next week or so, this is...”

“Randy?”

Fuck my life. Of all the rotten luck in the world, this was the last person I wanted to be around, to have to spend my free time around, who I knew Rita would definitely not want anything to do with.

Ashley.