Sharing A Home

By Sleazyratt

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Scott Norris and his daughter share their home with Scott's sister and her son.

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Author's Note: This is my first erotic story. It has a slow character-driven plot so don't expect a lot of quick action. Also, this is only the first chapter so there will be more!

CHAPTER ONE: Just Like Old Times

Scott Norris had been a single-parent responsible for raising his now sixteen year old daughter for over ten years. His beloved wife, Jessica, had died in a terrible car accident when Molly, his daughter, was only six. Even though it had been a decade, a decade of ups and downs, Scott loved his wife too much to move on and had spent the last ten years focusing on his career and giving Molly a wonderful life even with the absence of her mother.

Scott had gotten a great job at a small computer shop right before his wife’s death , and since then the shop had grown into a large prosperous local business with Scott as the manager. Scott and Molly were financially secure, living in a nice, but small two-bedroom home in a quiet neighborhood.

When Molly turned twelve, began blossoming into a young woman, Scott experienced a lot of panic and distress. His worse fear was that Molly would turn into an emotionally controlled teenage girl, go through the typical teenage rebellion stage, decided she hated her father and would blame him for everything that was wrong in the entire free world. That was a part of Molly’s life that Scott wasn’t sure he would be able to handle.

But he had gotten lucky. Molly matured, gained a lot of responsibility, and kept a close focus on her priorities which included school work and band practice. She helped out around the house, completed all her house chores and then some before going out with friends. Scott constantly reminded her how much he appreciated her being a perfect daughter. He had watched her grow from being a quiet and shy little blue-eyed girl in pigtails toa shapely, intelligent looking woman. The undeniable fact that she had become a stunningly beautiful girl did not escape her father. He knew that boys would be tripping over one another to get to her before long. He knew because she favored her mother and he had been the luckiest guy to end up with her.

Scott pushed through the front door, flinging his coat over a dining room table chair, before grabbing a cold beer out of the fridge. It was finally Friday evening. He was off for the weekend and could enjoy a few drinks since he didn't like to drink on work nights.

He sat down at the dining room table, the daily newspaper already resting on the place mat ready to be read. The dining room and joint kitchen sparkled with a fresh scent of lemon clean. Scott looked at the headlines on the newspaper, scowled at how ugly the daily news could be, and flipped through the pages to read the editorials, skipped the sport's section and was enjoying the comic strips when he heard footsteps behind him.

Turning around he saw Molly stroll into the dining room. She was wearing a t-shirt with The Doors on it, tight jeans, her freshly washed-still-moist brown hair framing her oval shaped face and her perpetually innocent blue eyes staring at him from behind her narrow-rimmed eyeglasses.

Scott flashed her a smile. "Hi, honey. What are you up to?"

"Not much, dad. I was just going to ask if I could go down to The Tilt and hang out with some friends for a little while."

"Sure, sweetheart. Just don't stay out to late." Scott took a sip from his beer. Molly always had her homework finished and chores done before she headed out. She usually hung out at The Tilt, a local arcade/pool hall where a lot of high school students spent the evening. It was a lot better than her hanging out with the ones who loitered in parking lots or went to Jefferon's Field to drink.

"Thanks dad! You're the best!" Molly wrapped her arms around him followed by a light peck on the cheek. Scott felt a slight electrical tingle shoot through his body, ending abruptly somewhere in his loins. He shuddered from the sensation.

"You okay dad?" Molly asked standing next to him.

"Yeah. I'm fine. Just a chill. Be sure to wear a coat outside, okay?"

Molly giggled, grabbed a denim jacket off the coat rack next to the door and said "See ya later!" before she was gone.

Scott sat motionless for a moment at the table, one hand resting on the newspaper and the other gripping his empty beer bottle. "Christ," he muttered, "one beer and I'm getting aroused by my own daughter's hug." Scott shook his head to clear that disturbing thought from his mind. He got up and

snagged another beer from the fridge. One more wouldn't hurt anything, he told himself. Molly was gone to the arcade for a few hours so there wouldn't be a repeat of what had happened. Scott knew he needed to get out soon to find a woman since it got where the slightest female contact send his hormones into overdrive.

Just as he had sat back down at the table the phone rang. The sudden ringing startled him in the quiet house causing him to jump to his feet. He hurried over to the wall and picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Hey, Scott, it's Melisa."

Scott felt a sting of dread when he heard his sister's voice on the other end. Ever since his wife's death Scott lived nearly every moment worrying about his daughter's and his sister's well-being. They were the two most important women left in his life. He had been worrying about Melisa's well-being ever since they were younger, though. She'd gotten pregnant at 17, their parents kicked her out of the house and disowned her; she was forced to marry the older guy who'd knocked her up, and he turned out to be a royal jerk. Scott never turned his back on his sister. Instead, he'd helped her throughout the years stay on her feet and even paid rent for an apartment after her divorce to keep her from having to beg their parents to let her come back home. Her son, Cody, was now seventeen, and Melisa had re-married to another older man.

"What's wrong, Mel?"

From the other side of the phone came a low whimpering noise. "It's happened again, Scott!"

"What happened again? Are you alright?"

"No, I'm not alright!" Melisa sounded more hysterical each time she responded. "That stupid bastard has been cheating on me. I can't believe this is happening. Look, Scott, I can't stay here another night in this God forsaken hell-hole. Can Cody and me come stay there for a few days?"

It took Scott a couple seconds to digest and decipher his sister's furious words, but it finally hit him: her current husband had turned out to be another douchebag and Melisa needed his help again.

"Sure, Mel. You and Cody came crash here for awhile. Do you need me to come get you?"

"No, we'll be there shortly. Thank you so much, Scott! I'm so grateful for you. I know I'm a huge screw up and you've always helped me. I'll pay you back, I swear it."

“Don’t worry about it. I’m sure Molly and me both will enjoy the extra company around the house. I’m off for the weekend so we’ll have a good time.”

“Thanks, again. I’ll see you in a little while.”

* * *

Forty-five minutes and three beers later, Scott heard the doorbell ringing. He’d moved from the dining room table to the couch in the den. When he stood up he felt a little light-headed. He couldn’t tolerate the beers like he could in his college days.

He opened the door and there stood his younger sister and nephew. Melisa was only thirty-five but unlike some young women she looked her age, maybe even a little older. She’d been through hell and back, though. Scott had done his best to look after his sister, but the stress of life had tarnished her. Still, as she strolled into the house, he smiled at how lovely she looked. She was only 5’6, had some extra pounds but was nowhere near being overweight. Her long black hair was as black as ever, not a trace of gray. Ever since she was a kid Melisa had always had a simple beauty.

Melisa sat a suitcase down on the floor, and took her leather jacket off. She was wearing a plain green sweater and Scott felt a little uneasy when he noted she wasn’t wearing a bra. Her large round breast could clearly be made out through the sweater.

Melisa caught the look in his eye. “I know, I know, I’m not wearing a bra. I just threw something on and threw some things in a suitcase and left.”

“I’m glad you two made it okay,” Scott replied. Cody sat a duffel bag on the floor next to his mother’s suitcase. Scott couldn’t miss how well toned and muscular his nephew had become since he’d joined the football team. “I see all that weight training is paying off.”

“Yeah,” Cody replied with indifference.

“Where’s Molly?” Melisa asked.

“She went down to the arcade to hang out for a little while. She should be back soon.”

“Well, where do you want us to stay?” she asked.

“I’m not sure just yet,” Scott replied. Scott thought about it for a moment. “I don’t think Molly will mind

if Cody crashes in her room for tonight. They'll probably stay up all night watching t.v. or playing video games anyhow. Cody, just go throw your stuff in Molly's room and I'll inform her when she gets home."

"I guess I'll take the couch, then," Melisa said, picking her suitcase up and heading for the living room.

"No. No. That's not right!" Scott shouted at her. Cody shrugged, picked his bag up and headed for Molly's room.

Scott chased Melisa into the den. "Look, you don't have to sleep on the couch. If anything, I'll sleep on the couch."

Melisa laughed. "My husband is cheating on me and I'm suppose to make my brother sleep on the couch? I don't think that's how it works."

"Fine, fine, just bring your stuff in here and sleep with me," Scott muttered, not fully realizing what he'd said.

"Sleep with you? In your bedroom? Are you sure?" Melisa followed her brother into his bedroom.

"Yeah, it's fine. No big deal, not like we never shared a room before."

"Oh,cool!" Melisa chuckled. "It'll be just like the good ol' days. Do we need to draw a line down the middle of the room to mark who's side is mine and yours?"

"We'll try getting along better this time," Scott said with a smile.

"We won't stay here too long, Scott. I promise. I've got some money saved up and can get an apartment soon as possible."

"Don't worry about it. You and Cody can stay as long as you need to. I told you earlier that Molly and me will enjoy having you here."

Melisa stepped right up to Scott so their faces were inches apart. Scott noticed for the first time since she'd arrived that her face was streaked from crying. Melisa threw her arms around him pushing herself into him. "Thank you so much, Scott. I don't know what I'd do without you."

Scott patted her back but couldn't help but notice the feel of her large, soft breast pressing against

his chest.

“Hey, how about a beer, sis?” Scott asked after they broke their embrace.

“Hell yes! I thought you’d never offer.”

They walked back into the dining room and Scott stepped into the kitchen and grabbed a couple cold beers. They sat down at the table and started talking. Melisa did most of the talking about how her second and current marriage had now gone down the drain.

“Looks like the only man who wants me around is my brother,” she remarked, wiping a few fresh tears from her eyes.

“I guess I’ve known you long enough to know just how to deal with you,” Scott said with a cheerful grin. He was fetching the next round of beers when the front door opened.

Molly stepped inside the house, removing her jacket and then realized her aunt Melisa was sitting in the dining room.

“Hey, Aunt Mel! What are you doing here?”

Scott returned with the two beers. “Hey, honey. You’re aunt Mel and cousin Cody are going to be crashing with us for a little while. I hope you don’t mind but I told Cody you’d share part of your room with him until we can fix better sleeping arrangements.”

“Dad! You let him go into my room without me here? Oh jeez! I might have personal things lying around in there!” Molly rushed off to her bedroom.

“Uh-oh, Scotty,” Melisa giggled. “You’re in trouble now.”

“As clean and spotless as she keeps the rest of the house I doubt she left anything personal just lying around in her room.” Scott took another gulp of his beer hoping he was right. He forgot sometimes how peculiar teenage girls could be about those sort of things.

“Well, she’s a lucky girl,” started Melisa, “she’s never had to share her room with a nasty, nosy, boy like I had to when I was her age.”

“I wasn’t nasty or nosy!” Scott argued.

“Oh, right. You stole my diary one time and read it to your friends.”

“That wasn’t nasty. That was just harmless fun.”

“Yeah?” Melisa narrowed her eyes at her brother before taking a big swig of her beer. “Okay, what about that time I caught you with my panties?”

Scott nearly blew beer out out of his mouth and nostrils but stifled it to a crude cough. “Dear God, Mel! That was one time and I was sixteen.”

“One time? I don’t think so. I never told you about the pair of red panties I found under your mattress one day. God, they were so stained from where you’d jerked-”

“Okay! Okay! So maybe it was more than once. I was a teenager, and I was horny.” Scott paused for a moment then got a clever gleam in his eyes. “Why were you looking under my bed mattress anyhow, huh?”

Melisa giggled. “I was looking for where you hid those dirty magazines.”

“You were trying to steal my dirty magazines but you’re giving me hell ‘cause I took your underwear? Hell, the way I see it we were both after the same end result.”

Molly and Cody suddenly reappeared in the dining room to find Scott and Melisa both laughing madly.

“What’s so funny, dad?” Molly inquired as she took a seat next to her dad.

“Yeah, really. What’s the big joke?” Cody asked, taking a seat next to his mom.

“Nothing, honey. Nothing at all,” Scott said. “Your aunt Mel and me were just talking about the old days.”

“Yep, we sure were.” Melisa was still having trouble controlling her giggling. “You know, Molly, your dad and I had to share a room. He was a pain to live with then. I hope it’s not going to be that way this time around.”

“Dad’s pretty easy going now,” Molly said. “Not a big morning person until he’s gotten his coffee, though, so be warned.”

“You kids going to be alright sharing a room?” Scott asked. “You won’t kill each other tonight will you?”

“We’ll be fine,” Cody replied.

“Yeah, it’s cool, dad. We’re going to watch a movie and play some games for awhile. I told Cody he can get an air mattress to blow up and sleep on the floor.”

“Good. But if any killing goes on I would hope Molly wins ‘cause she cleans up the messes better than I do.” Scott laughed and threw an arm around Molly to give her a tight squeeze on the shoulder.

“What are you two drunks going to do?” Molly asked, readjusting her glasses that her dad had caused to slip off her face.

“We’re not drunks!” Melisa shouted and then laughed hysterically. “We’re just enjoying a couple...six or seven beers, then we might break out Jack Daniels and Cuervo!”

“Can I join in?” Cody asked with a hopeful grin.

“Not tonight, champ.” Melisa leaned over and gave Cody a light peck on the cheek. “Why don’t you two go on get ready for the big movie and game night?”

“Man, I wanted some Jack!” Cody got up and looked over at Molly. “You coming or what?”

“Yeah, I’m on my way.” Molly stood up, gave her dad a kiss on the cheek, said her good-nights and hurried away.

“Who would’ve imagined we’d have two great kids?” Melisa spoke after the kids had left.

“I just hate that we have to stick them together like this after what you and I went through sharing a room.”

“Oh, c’mon now. It wasn’t all that bad. And we don’t hate each others’ guts today so it all worked out nice.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right about that. You want to head off to bed yet?”

“Maybe we could stay up and watch a movie or something, too?” Melisa looked at her brother with caring eyes. “You know, like old times.”

“Sure, we could do that.”

“I think I need to get a shower first. I still feel cruddy and need some clean clothes.”

“Go ahead and use the bathroom in our bedroom.”

“Our bedroom? Wow! This really is starting to feel like the old days!”

* * *

Scott heard the shower water in the bathroom and figured Melisa would be occupied long enough to give him a chance to put on his sleep clothes. He got undressed until he was standing in the middle of his bedroom with just his boxers on. Normally, he’d sleep in just boxers and a an extra large shirt--sometimes not even the shirt. But since he’d be sharing the room, and even the bed, with his sister he felt he might need to wear something a little more appropriate.

He picked up his discarded khakis, and work shirt and went to step into the bathroom to place them in the hamper before remembering that Melisa was in there. He listened, still heard the shower running, so he stepped inside.

Sure enough, Melisa was in the shower. He couldn’t see anything but a blotched figure behind the frosted glass shower doors. He quickly hurried to the hamper to deposit his dirty clothes. When he lifted the lid the hamper almost overflowed with clothes. He saw Melisa’s green sweater crumbled up on the top. Lying on top of the sweater he saw a pair of silky red panties.

“Scott? Is that you?”

Melisa’s voice nearly made him jump out of his skin. “Yeah, it’s only me. I was just putting some clothes in the hamper.”

The shower door slip partially opened and Melisa’s face poked out of the opening. “Remind me tomorrow and I’ll help with the laundry,” she said.

Scott stood next to the hamper, in just his boxers, holding his dirty slacks and shirt and looking at Melisa’s face. He could tell she’d just shampooed her hair. Then a strange thought popped into his head: he wished he could see her tits, but they were obscured behind the frosted shower door.

“Scott? You alright?”

“Oh, yeah, fine. Guess I’m not use to drinking so much anymore.”

Melisa laughed and slid the shower door shut again. Scott stared down the hamper for a few more moments. There was an urge coming from somewhere deep in his loins to pick up his sister’s red panties and sniff them like he use to do when he was a teenager. But even when he was a teenager he’d never had the audacity to do it with Melisa in the shower right next to him. So he tossed his own clothes into the hamper before hurrying back to the bedroom.

Back in the bedroom he searched through his dresser drawers for a pair of sleep pants and an extra large shirt. He’d just gotten into bed and was reaching for the t.v. remote when he heard Melisa calling his name from the bathroom.

“What is it, sis?” He called back.

“Do me a favor and bring my suitcase to me.”

“Sure.” Scott climbed out of bed, located the suitcase, but when he went to pick it up the top fell open and several articles of clothing tumbled out. “Damnit!” he cursed, kneeling down to gather up the clothes.

“What happened?” Melisa shouted from the bathroom.

“Nothing. Just spilled your suitcase. Give me a second.”

He picked up a shirt, a lacy black bra and matching black panties, along with a pair of socks and stuffed them all back into the suitcase. As he went to close the suitcase he noticed a mesh-netting on the inside of the lid that served as storage for various items. There were a couple romance novels stuffed in it along with a bright pink vibrator.

Good God! I’ll pretend I didn’t see that, Scott told himself. He closed the suitcase and hurried to the bathroom door. Without even thinking he pushed the door open.

Melisa was at the sink, a blue towel wrapped around her body and a red towel around her head. “Here you go, Mel.” Scott sat the suitcase on the bathroom counter next to the sink. Melisa was busy putting toothpaste on a toothbrush keeping her eyes focused on the mirror on the wall.

“You know I grabbed my toothbrush outta the suitcase and totally forgot to get any clothes out. Could you look inside for a sleep shirt or night gown for me?”

Scott swallowed hard but a lump remained in his throat. He knew if he opened the suitcase she'd know that he would see her vibrator inside--not to mention all her sexy underwear.

God, did I just think of my sister's underwear as sexy?

"Scott!" Melisa's shout made him jump.

"What?"

"Did you hear me?"

"Oh yeah, sorry."

Melisa began brushing her teeth while Scott opened the suitcase. He fumbled through the articles of neatly folded and packed clothing tossing lacy bras and panties aside and stacking shirts, socks and pants to the side too.

He heard Melisa washing her mouth out, spitting in the sink, and putting the toothpaste and toothbrush away. "Did you find anything?"

"No!" Scott replied quickly. "I mean, I don't think you brought any sleep wear," he corrected.

"Move aside," Melisa said while playfully shoving her way closer to the suitcase. She searched through the clothes herself. "Well damnit! I completely forgot to bring anything to sleep in. I guess I'll just have to wear a shirt and jeans."

"I'll see if I can find you something," Scott said.

"Okay, thanks." Melisa reached up to close the suitcase then shrieked. "Oh my God!"

"What is it?" Scott asked in a frantic tone.

"Oh my God!" Melisa repeated. "I completely forgot I had left this in here." She pulled the pink vibrator from the suitcase. "I'm so sorry, Scott. I didn't mean for you to see this." She stuffed the vibrator underneath her clothes in the suitcase.

Scott forced a smile through his embarrassment. "I know you didn't mean for me to see it. What's it even doing in there?" He wasn't sure why he had asked any questions. He should have just left it

alone.

Melisa blushed and Scott knew she was embarrassed as much as he was. “I left it in here the last time I went out of town. I wasn’t going to use it here, I swear!”

Scott laughed. “You can use it if you want to, I guess. Don’t let me stop you.” Scott wasn’t going to tell his sister she couldn’t use her own vibrator just because she was in his house.

Melisa flashed him a smile with sparkly white teeth. “Well, thanks, Scotty... you know I might need to use it. God knows I haven’t had the real deal in forever!”

This time Scott blushed. “I’ll go look for you something to sleep in.” He walked back into the bedroom. Melisa followed after him.

Scott opened the walk-in closet door where he went to the back and dug through some old boxes on a shelf. After locating a couple boxes he opened them up revealing old silk nighties, lacy lingerie and satin bathrobes that once belonged to his wife. Scott picked through the clothing but he couldn’t find anything appropriate enough to offer his sister to wear.

He plucked a sheer see-through negligee from one of the boxes that was a shimmering red. An image appeared in his head, an image of what Melisa would look like wearing the sexy red lingerie, and other little outfits he saw in the box.

I bet she’d look great in this little thing, he thought to himself while running his hands over the smooth red fabric. In his mind he saw Melisa lying on the bed in nothing but the negligee, licking her sultry lips and running a hand over her plump titties.

Shit! What the hell am I thinking about that for? Melisa would drop dead if I suggested her to wear this. And why would I even want to see her in this?

“Scott?” Melisa’s voice floated into the closet. “Did you find anything for me to wear yet?”

Oh, yeah, I found something alright, he thought shamefully while stuffing the nighties and lingerie back into the box. “No I didn’t. Sorry, sis.”

When Scott returned to the bedroom he saw Melisa had removed the towel from her head. She was now combing tangles from her long black hair. “I’ll get you a large shirt to wear as a night gown,” Scott told her. The house was full of extra large shirts because Scott and Molly both used them for sleep shirts so Scott had no problem finding a t-shirt for Melisa. Though he did have to search a little

deeper in the drawer to find a XXL because he figured Melisa would need a bigger size to accommodate for her large tits.

Breast! He corrected himself. Your sister has large breast, not tits.

“Here you go,” he said, tossing her the shirt. “I hope it’s large enough for you.”

Melisa stopped combing her hair and shot her brother a threatening gaze. “What is that suppose to mean? You think I’m getting fat?”

“No!” Scott shook his head rapidly. “No, that’s not what I meant at all, Mel. I just meant...well, you know, because of your large chest.” Scott didn’t dare make eye contact with Melisa while he spoke.

Melisa’s face softened, she even flashed a cheery smile. She placed a hand over one of her towel-covered tits. “Oh, yeah,” she said sweetly, “I sometimes wish these damn things weren’t so big. I think I’d be happy with just a pair of Bs.”

“No, no.” Scott was still shaking his head but took a step closer to Melisa. “You’re just fine the way you are. Nothing needs to be smaller or bigger.”

“Turn your head away,” Melisa responded.

“What?”

“Look away real quick.”

Scott obeyed and turned around until he heard Melisa say it was okay. When he turned back around she had discarded the towel and slipped on the large t-shirt. Just the same as when she’d arrived, she wasn’t wearing a bra.

“Fits great.” Melisa stood up from the bed, shook her head so her hair fell behind her shoulders, and then embraced Scott like she had earlier. She pressed herself firmly into him, kissed his right cheek, and placed her head on his shoulder. “God, I’m so sorry I always have to rely on you to get me out of these fuck-ups. I swear I’m going to pay you back one day.”

Scott wrapped his arms around Melisa. As he returned the hug, rubbing his hand up and down her back, and feeling her soft warm tits push against his chest, Scott became aware of something: his cock was stirring, hardening. It was already beginning to form a tent in his loose cotton sleep pants. He tried not to press to hard up against his emotionally torn sister to avoid his cock from rubbing

against her stomach. But Melisa held onto him and she rocked back and forth in his arms so it was only a matter of moments before the tip of his cock brushed against her belly. It was the slightest touch but enough to send a powerful tingle through Scott causing him to jerk away.

“What’s the matter?” A startled Melisa asked as she broke away from him.

“Nothing.” Scott turned sideways, trying to be inconspicuous.

“Oh my gosh,” Melisa uttered. “Scott! You devil!”

Scott felt a rush of red hot shame flood his blood vessels. “Mel, I’m sorry,” he mumbled. He knew his sister was going to be horrified with him and probably storm out of the room. She’d leave for sure all because he hadn’t had contact with a woman in years.

But Scott felt completely baffled the next moment when Melisa laughed, patted him on the back of the shoulder before strolling towards the bathroom. “I’ll be right back. I have to put some panties on.”

“Oh my God!” Scott bellowed. “You’re not wearing any underwear?”

Melisa only responded with a mischievous giggle. “I can’t believe you got an erection from a hug...from your sister!” She taunted him.

Scott turned around when he heard the bathroom door close. “Look, Mel, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for that to happen. It’s just I haven’t had any contact with a sexy woman in a very long time.”

A minute later, Melisa reappeared out of the bathroom with a silly smile. “Oh? So now you think I’m a ‘sexy woman’, huh?”

That red hot shame still pumped through Scott’s body. “No. I mean, well, yeah, you’re an attractive woman. I mean, your not an unattractive woman...it’s just...hell, I don’t know.”

Melisa walked over to the bed where she flounced onto the mattress then patted the bed sheet next to her. “It’s okay, Scott. I’m not mad. It’s kind of flattering that a man thinks of me as a ‘sexy woman’ even if it is my brother. Come on now, you promised we’d watch a movie together.”

Scott hesitantly approached the bed. One benefit of getting so embarrassed meant his erection had never reached a full-blown hard-on so the tent in his pants had deflated. But as he climbed onto the bed he noticed Melisa’s shirt hiked up higher when she’d fell on the bed. He tried not to look at her creamy smooth legs.

“Did you want some pajama pants to sleep in?”

Melisa smiled and smoothed out her shirt. “I don’t usually sleep in anything.” She confessed. “Clothes are too restraining at night. Is it okay if I just sleep in this shirt and panties?”

“Sure, that’s fine.” Scott stretched out on his side of the bed. Both of them were laying on top of the sheets. Scott grabbed the t.v. remote and flipped through the channels until they agreed on a comedy movie.

* * *

Half-way through the movie the two of them were laughing and the embarrassing incident from earlier had been forgotten. Melisa eventually ended up leaning against Scott with her head resting near the right of his chest. Scott suddenly realized he’d put his arm around her at some point and his hand now rubbed her shoulder. The sweet fragrance of her hair filled his nostrils. He found himself fighting to hold back another erection.

“You know, Scott, I really meant what I said earlier about feeling like the only man who wants me around is you. Sometimes I feel like me and you get along better than I ever got along with my husbands.”

“I always enjoy having you around, Mel. And I’m sure you’ll find a good man one day who will treat you right.”

“Yeah...I hope so.” Melisa didn’t say anything more for a few minutes. Then she turned her face to look up at Scott. “Scott?”

“Yeah?”

“Would you mind if I went into the bathroom and....if I went in there for a moment... and used my vibrator.”

Scott froze up. For awhile he felt paralyzed by disbelief at what his sister had just asked. He swallowed, his throat dry. “Umm, yeah. Go ahead, you’re free to do that here.”

Melisa kissed him on the neck. “Thanks, Scotty. I’ll be quick about it, I promise.” She climbed out of the bed and hurried into the bathroom.

Scott remained paralyzed on the bed. A few seconds later he heard the distinct electrical humming of a vibrator.

It’s no big deal, he told himself. She’s a grown woman. She can pleasure herself if she wants to. But Jesus! I know she’s in there masturbating herself with a toy. My own sister...

Scott felt the twitching in his pants again. Looking down he saw the tent had reappeared and this time it was growing bigger and faster than before. From the bathroom he could just make out low moans from Melisa. The next thing he knew he was rubbing his hard-on through his pants and it stood up to full attention now.

Then the electrical hum stopped. Scott panicked. Melisa had finished. She’d given herself an orgasm and now she’d be coming back. Scott grabbed some cover to throw over his lap. A moment later Melisa came walking out of the bathroom with the biggest, silliest grin he’d seen her make all evening. She had one hand behind her back as she approached the bed.

“Scott,” she whispered, “I brought you a present.”

“You what?”

“I brought you something I thought you might want.” Melisa revealed the hand she was hiding behind her back. Dangling from a finger was the pair of sexy red panties Scott had seen in the hamper earlier. She held them out to him.

“What? What are those for?” Scott asked in a puzzled tone.

“Here,” Melisa said and tossed the panties at his face. “The bathroom’s free now and I thought you might want to take these in there with you.” She giggled. “Go ahead. Consider it a small token of my appreciation.”

“You’re kidding me, right?”

“No. I’m serious. I just went and gave myself an orgasm and I think you really need one now.”

“You’re crazy!” Scott held the panties in his hand. He could smell the sweet pungent scent of his sister still clinging to them.

“You loved masturbating in my panties when we were younger and I thought tonight would be like old times. So go on, and hurry back so we can finish the movie together.”

Scott blinked several times before he slipped his legs off the edge of the bed. “You sure you’re alright with me doing this?”

“Yeah. It’s fine. Now go on!” She leaned down and pressed herself against him making sure she pressed her tits into his chest. “You earned it,” she whispered into his ear before climbing over him to reach the other side of the bed.

Scott got up, took one more look back at his sister who’s shirt had once again hiked up her thighs. She waved him bye.

In the bathroom, Scott put the lid down on the toliet and sat on it. He held his sister’s panties up to his nose. Her scent remained strong and he wondered if she’d rubbed these panties on her pussy while she was masturbating to make them even “fresher”.

God, he couldn’t believe this. His sister had just come in here and masturbated then given him a pair of her dirty panties so he could jerk-off. Images of his sister in various stages of dress began to parade around in his head. It didn’t matter to him any longer that he shouldn’t be thinking such dirty, kinky thoughts about his own sister because the severe throbbing in his cock needed those vivid images.

First, he saw Melisa as she was when they were teenagers still sharing a bedroom in their parent’s home. Melisa stood on her side of the bedroom in just a pair of baby blue bra and panties. She was petite, slender, and agile, already sporting perky tits at fourteen. Of course, when they were teenagers she’d never danced in her underwear for him to watch, but in his current fantasy she did!

He use to wait for her to take a shower then go into the bathroom and rummage through the hamper until he found the panties she’d worn. Then he’d sit in the bathroom just like he was doing now, masturbating with his own sister’s wet,scented panties.

God! Now I’m a grown man with a daughter or my own, and I’m jerking off with Mel’s panties just like I did when I was a teenager! He brough the red panties to his face with his right hand while his left hand stroked his rigid cock.

And Melisa knows I’m in here doing this...

More images started to dance in his mind: he pictured Melisa sitting in here moments ago slamming her vibrator into her hot pussy. She’d even asked him if she could come in here and use her vibrator!

Jesus! I haven’t had a woman in so long I’m getting off with my sister’s panties! He’d never thought about his sister’s titties and pussy the way he was thinking about them now. Until that moment he didn’t even consciously acknowledge that she had tits and a pussy.

She’s got a fucking hot pussy, he told himself as he breathed in her fresh aroma. A fucking sweet pussy. I bet it’s so juicy. I’d love to eat her out.

Scott’s hand wrapped around his cock tighter; his strokes became faster and more furious.

God, she’s got some nice tits. I’d love to suck her nipples and squeeze those big tits. I bet her pussy taste as good as it smells...

He pressed the crotch of the panties to his nose then inhaled deeply. Melisa’s pungent, almost spicy odor flooded his senses. He couldn’t remember what she’d smelled like when he was a teenager but he believed she smelled even better than ever now! If her panties smelled this good when he was a teenager it was no wonder he had spent so much time jerking off in them.

Right as he was about to cum he placed the soft fabric of the red panties over the tip of his cock. It only took a couple more strokes before his dick exploded. Burst of hot, sticky cum soaked the panties, leaving large globs of white froth in them.

Scott used the panties to wipe away the cum that had gotten on him then he felt that sting of embarrassment return. He’d just filled his sister’s panties full of jizz. He wasn’t sure what he was suppose to do with them now. When he was younger he’d just shove them under his mattress or run and throw them in the washing machine.

Then he made a decision. After pulling his pants up he turned on the faucet at the sink, washed his hands then hand washed the panties. He wrung them out then washed them again and wrung them out once more. Soon as he thought they were clean enough he shoved them back into the hamper.

Now he had to return to the bedroom and face his sister. His sister whom he’d just jerked-off thinking about... thinking about her tits and sweet pussy.

Well, she told me it was alright. She can’t be mad. God, I hope she doesn’t say anything!

Scott slowly pushed the bathroom door open then casually walked to the bed. Melisa had her head propped up on several pillows with her eyes glued on the television. He climbed onto the bed trying not to make any noise, though, he wasn’t sure why since she could obviously tell he was back.

“C’mon, you’re going to miss the end of the movie,” she said, slapping the bed in signal for him to lay down. Scott sprawled out on the bed and looked straight at the television.

The movie finished with them laughing, then Melisa pointed the remote at the box and clicked it off. She pulled the covers back to climb beneath them. The room now stood in complete quiet darkness.

Scott eased himself under the covers.

He felt Melisa turn over under the covers so she was facing him on her side. “Scott?”

“Yeah?”

“What do you think our kids up to right now?”

Scott chuckled. “If they’re anything like us they’re probably fighting to the death by now.”

Melisa returned a giggle. “I hope Cody isn’t anything like you.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Oh, nothing,” she replied innocently. “Goodnight, Scotty.”

Scott lay awake for a few more moments thinking about what she’d said. Maybe he should warn Molly, he thought. Maybe he should tell her to keep an eye on her panties.