

Irresistible

Alexis Alexandra

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Mia was just stepping out of the shower when the doorbell rang. Lithe body and long, light brown hair dripping wet, she threw her favorite pink terrycloth bathrobe on and went down to let Aiden in. At least she hoped it was her step-brother and not someone trying to sell her something she did not need. Looking through the peephole, she let out a soft sigh. Unlocking the door, she pulled it open. "You're early," she said to her step-brother.

"No, you're running late," Aiden replied, stepping into the house. "You said to be here at eight and it's five after," he added with a quick glance at his Rolex – a gift from his grandfather before he passed seven years ago.

"Make yourself at home. I just need to go dry off and get dressed. I'll be back in a minute."

Need a hand with that, he thought, catching a glimpse of his step-sister's cleavage. And when she turned to walk back up the stairs to one of four bathroom, his eyes locked on her swaying ass. Knowing she was completely naked under that thick, comfortable robe, he wanted to bend her over and take her right there on the stairs, or at the very least have it accidentally come open giving him a view of the forbidden fruits within, but such was not his luck on this day.

Meeting eleven years ago when she was twelve and he thirteen, he fell instantly in love. She was the cute, popular cheerleader with a million friends and he was the quarterback for the Warriors – the eighth grade football team. He fell hard for her, harder than anyone he had ever met then and now. Becoming fast friends as cheerleaders and quarterbacks do, they dated briefly, but his hopes of spending the rest of their lives together – a childish notion to be sure, were dashed when they discovered their parents, or at least her mother and his father were also dating. This of course caused days of arguing over whom should be together followed by weeks, months of scorn when mother and father decided to get married.

Though their budding romance was over, they remained close throughout the years. She dated other men, he other women. But no matter how far apart they were always there for each other as friend and confidant. Which is why he was now sitting in her living room waiting for her to dry off and get dressed. Walking around the huge mansion – one of many locations a local porn studio used for its various shoots that she bought for a steal when the company sold off assets to keep the doors open, he imagined all the things he would like to do to her in each room.

Walking out to the kitchen, he saw her bent over the long, mahogany table while he took her from behind. He envisioned her sitting on the counter, legs spread as he licked her for hours. Opening the fridge, he grabbed a bottle of water and returned to the living room where he saw her walking down the stairs wearing a tee shirt and pair of tight-fitting jeans – her hair pulled back in a ponytail. He wanted to grab her, pull her close and kiss her hard. He wanted to tear her clothes off and take her until she begged him to stop. But instead he gave her a smile and took a drink of his water.

"I'm just about ready and then the place is all yours for the next two weeks," Mia said. "Please don't have any wild parties while I'm on vacation. I don't want anything broken or stolen. Not that you hang around those types of people anymore, but you never know what people will do when piss drunk."

"I don't know why you need me to watch the place at all. It's not as if you're in the bad area of town. Who's going to break in when you've got police patrolling the streets day and night?"

“I’ve only been here two months, Aiden. I don’t really know the neighbors all that well and I just feel safer knowing there’s someone I trust watching the place while I’m gone.”

“So, I have to ask, why a porn house? Is there something you’re not telling me, Mia?”

“Damn, you caught me. But seriously, I bought the house because it was cheap, not for what took place here.”

“Well, I hope you had it thoroughly cleaned. I don’t even want to imagine the things you’ve found hidden in the corners.”

“It was professionally cleaned three times and gone over with black lights to make sure nothing was left behind so don’t worry, it’s clean. You can sleep in any of the spare bedrooms and I’ll leave you some money for food and whatever.”

“I don’t want your money, sis.”

“And I can’t ask you to stay here for two weeks watching my house for nothing. I insist and I’m not taking no for an answer.” Going up to her bedroom, she went to a walk-in closet larger than some bedrooms, unlocked her safe and counted out some cash from the rather impressive stacks. Placing it in an envelope, she relocked it, closed the closet door, picked up her suitcase and went back downstairs. Handing her step-brother the envelope, she leaned in and kissed his cheek. “Thanks for watching the house for me, Aiden.”

“No problem,” Aiden said, taken aback by the kiss. It had been the first since they stopped dating more than a decade ago and though it got his imagination running wild with the possibilities, he knew there was no way in hell he was ever going to get anything more from her. Waiting for her to pull out of the driveway before opening the envelope, his eyes went wide when he pulled out a thick stack of fifties and hundreds totaling \$7,500. Knowing better than to complain that it was way too much, he dropped it on the coffee table and went exploring. Otherwise known as snooping.

Finding her master suite at the end of the left hallway on the second floor, he opened the door and stepped in. The walls were painted pale lavender, the queen-sized cherrywood sleigh bed was made up with a purple comforter and hanging on the wall behind was a painting of cherry blossoms spanning four canvases. Knowing what he was doing was wrong, he never the less went to the dresser and opened the top left drawer. Finding it full of panties, he picked up a pair of lacy boy shorts and immediately pictured his step-sister in them. Dick twitching to life, he folded them back up, put them on top of the pile and closed the drawer.

Going to the closet, he opened the door and stepped inside. Hanging from six bars were shirts, pants, skirts and dresses in a variety of styles and colors with the left wall dedicated entirely to footwear from tennis shoes and boots to high heels. Along the back wall were shelves lined with collapsible crates. Pulling one down at random, he removed the thin blue lid and peered inside to see nearly two dozen dildos.

“Jesus Christ, Mia, how many sex toys does one woman need?” He asked aloud, replacing the lid and crate and pulling another down – this one filled with butt plugs ranging in size from the thickness of a finger to the thicker than his fist. A third contained speculums, wartenberg wheels and other medical devices while a fourth was filled with lubes. And then he hit the jackpot. Opening the fifth crate, he saw it was filled with DVD cases. Pulling one out at random, he did not see some mainstream porn star or even an amateur one. No, the cover of this one was his step-sister’s bedroom and she was on the bed straddling a man he recognized as her now ex-boyfriend Joel.

Dick hard in his pants, he took the entire crate to a second master suite complete with television and blu-ray player. Putting the disc into the machine, he stripped naked, lay back on

the bed and watched as his step-sister and Joel made love. Or at least it started out as making love. Playful kisses and nibbles turned to hair pulling, ass-spanking and throat fucking. Every time Mia gagged on Joel's long, thick cock, Aiden jerked his own even harder. Feeling the pressure build, he stopped, not wanting to blow his load too quickly.

On the large, flat-screen TV, Joel flipped Mia onto all fours and pulled her head back by the hair as he continued slamming into her ass. Aiden's eyes were locked on her breasts swaying back and forth with every hard thrust and without realizing it, he was jerking off again.

WHACK! Joel's right hand slapped Mia's ass.

"Mmmm, harder!" she purred. "Make my ass red!" Arching her back, thrusting her hips upwards, she fucked herself on her boyfriend's cock as he spanked and fucked her.

Unable to hold back any longer, Aiden grunted as ropey strands of semen shot from his dick and landed all over the blankets. Leaving the video playing, he got up, pulled the bedding off and took it to the laundry room. Tossing them in the washer, he went back to his room in time to see his step-sister's face plastered with Joel's load.

"Well, this is going to make a great conversation piece when she gets home," he said, hopping back onto the bed to watch the rest of the show. Though he had more than enough to watch for a lifetime, let alone the next two weeks, he hit the stop button on the remote and went back to his step-sister's bedroom to see if any of the other crates contained such high quality personal sex tapes.

Rooting through several more crates of toys and clothing, he caught her large safe out of the corner of his eye. *If you leave this out in the open for all to find, what do you keep in there?* He thought, walking over to the four foot tall vault of steel. Staring at the electronic number pad, he grinned – the eight zeros indicating how long the passcode was. If there was one thing he knew about his step-sister it was her horrible memory when it came to numbers and passwords.

Kneeling down, he punched in her birthday. 08151994. Turning the handle, nothing happened. "Hmm...what could it be, sis?" 11231975. "Nope. Not your mother's birthday. Aiden's mind went to the darkest day in his step-sister's life. The day her first child was stillborn. Morbid, he knew, but it was also a date no one would ever forget. 05112015. The lock clicked and with a now trembling hand, he pulled the door open.

Sitting on the top shelf were stacks and stacks of twenties, fifties and hundreds in US currency. On the middle were more piles of money in Canadian, Mexican, Australian dollars, British Pounds and Euros. "Jesus fucking Christ, Mia!" he exclaimed, picking up a stack of €500 notes an inch thick. Putting it back, he removed a metal box from the bottom shelf and opened it thinking there would be more money inside. But instead he found a dozen passports, birth certificates and social security cards. Now fearing the worst – that his step-sister was a con-woman stealing identities for a living, he peeled back the cover of the the passports. Each contained an image of Mia under a different name that matched those of the birth certificates and social security cards.

"What in the actual fuck? I guess this explains how an unemployed twenty-three year old is able to afford a mansion, new cars and vacations every month. Hit the lotto my ass." Anger welling up inside, he slammed the safe door shut and carried the metal box to the bedroom he as staying in. Tossing it on the bed, he picked up his phone and dialed his step-sister.