

A beautiful Love story

By jena121

Published on Lush Stories on 04 Dec 2009

At last.....

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/a-beautiful-love-story.aspx>

A Beautiful Love Story At last.....

Mark **found** himself walking down the streets of his hometown, wondering if he should contact his sister Emily. They hadn't seen each other or been in contact for about 11 years because of a family quarrel, which had divided their loyalties.

He was in town on a business trip for his Company, of which he was the Managing Director. He only knew that Emily still lived here because his mother had mentioned it to him when he told her that he would be visiting there.

Oh well, he thought, she can only refuse to see me, I suppose. I will call and see if she wants to meet for lunch.

"Emily, its Mark, your brother. I am in town for a few days and wondered if we could meet."

"Oh, well.Well Mark..... , it has been so long. Do you think we can meet and be civil to each other after all these years," replied Emily.

"We can only try," replied Mark.

"How about lunch, it will be in a public place, so we won't be able to start arguing, will we."

"OK then, lunch it is. Where shall we meet?"

Mark named a restaurant he remembered, and they arranged to meet at 12.30pm.

She walked into the restaurant and asked for his table. He couldn't believe his eyes. This beautiful 32yr old woman coming towards him had grown up from being a 21 yr old redheaded bimbo type, to a sleek, sophisticated lady. She stood about 5'9" with a bust about 36c and a small waist and wide hips. Her skin glowed naturally with very little make-up and she had the greenest eyes he had ever seen.

These were complimented with chestnut-red hair which fell below her shoulders. She was wearing a dark green dress which fitted her like a second skin. She was gorgeous and she was his sister.

As Emily walked up to Mark at the table, she couldn't believe her eyes. This handsome man before her was her brother. He stood as she joined him and towered over her at about 6'2". He was so tanned; it looked like he hadn't stopped surfing, which he loved when he was younger. As he was a couple of years older than her, he always used to tease her. When the family division came about, she went with their father and he had gone with their mother. He was slender but with a great body that she could see, and dressed in the latest, smartest male fashion.

Over lunch they talked and decided that as far as they were concerned, the family division would be forgotten. They were old enough with their own experiences, they could make up their own minds on anything that had occurred.

Emily invited him back to the house after lunch, but he had a meeting, so she suggested dinner and it was settled. They parted on a good note, Mark armed with the address.

They had each learned that although they had both been married, they were now both divorced and living on their own. Neither party had any children to worry about.

Mark got through his meeting and went back to his hotel to shower and dress for the evening. He had ordered some flowers to be delivered to his suite and these, along with 2 bottles of red wine, he left for Emily's .

Again they enjoyed their evening meal, and discovered that they had a lot in common. Movies, music, books etc, they had many of the same.

They sat side by side on the lounge drinking the second bottle of wine and listening to a loving CD. Mark asked Emily if she would like to dance and she accepted.

They pulled back the rug and started to dance, feeling very comfortable as they slowly circled the room. He pulled her closer to his body, she felt so good in his arms. He hadn't realized that she was such a wonderful woman. After being apart for so long, the idea of being brother and sister seemed to be forgotten. She just felt like any other woman as she snuggled in his arms, only much better!!!!

He bent his head towards her and tenderly took her mouth with his.

"Oh Em, I wish we weren't related, he whispered. I feel so much more for you and I want to love you. Just these few hours we have had together seem to have been a lifetime."

"Mark, why is it that I feel exactly the same about you. You have come back into my life; not as a brother, but as a man. What can we do about it?"

"I know what I want to do, I want to love you in every way possible and then some more," he murmured.

"I think that we had better go up to the bedroom and explore the possibilities then, don't you?"

She looked at him as he slid the zipper of her dress down and drew it off, leaving her standing in front of him in bras, tiny panties, a garter belt and stockings with 3" heels. As his hands glided over her bare back, he snapped the clasp of her bra and pulled it off over her arms, so that he could lave her bountiful breasts. He licked and teased then until she was squirming in his arms.

His fingers delved into her hair, holding her head steady while he plundered her mouth, his tongue driving deep into the dark recesses of her mouth. It wasn't enough. As she gasped for breath, he slid down into the crevice of her neck, sucking at the pulse beneath her skin.

" Mark please, this was for you!"

"It is, Em... . It is."

He found his pleasure was in giving her pleasure.

While ravaging her breasts with his mouth and tongue, his fingers found their way to the waistband of her panties. He stroked through the curls at the top of her mons with a light teasing touch.

" Mark" she panted. "I can't stand this"

With that he picked her up and carried her to the bed.

"There, you don't have to stand it now, my darling."

She made futile efforts to pull away but he gripped her waist firmly. He moved his hands over her body, feeling every curve, as if he were a blind man trying to commit her shape to his memory.

He slid the two straps aside as he uncovered her breasts and ignored her protests. He then slid his arm around her again and drew her to him, fitting her tightly to his thighs. He kissed her mouth hungrily, letting his tongue find the moistness within hers, and let his free hand stray to her uncovered

breast, his thumb touching the hardened nipple.

She moved against him, feeling helpless. When his mouth moved down to suckle on the area where his hand had been, she drew his head hard against her upper body. He was in no hurry however, and tortured her with teasing on one or the other breast, urging her emotions into a frenzy.

"How do you feel now, sweet one?" he whispered.

"I want you, Mark, more than any man I have ever known. I can't help myself. You affect me like no man ever has."

"Not even your ex- husband?" he asked.

"Never him."

As he stood up and disrobed, he kept running his eyes over her body, lingering on her aching breasts and on the close scrutiny of her whole femininity. She quickened with the thoughts that were running through her mind. She could not resist this man.

"Touch me, my sweet."

She responded by placing her hands on his chest, running them over the hard contours of his flesh. He was so beautiful to look at; with a body like an Adonis. The skin tanned and shining from sweat. As she continued to run her hands down towards his rigid member, she took it in her hand. He was about 8 inches long and thick with a large, purple mushroom head. She placed one arm around his neck and slowly rubbed her body against his. Her nipples rubbed on the hair on his chest, releasing a slow moan from her throat. She was putty in his hands.

"Make love to me now, lover."

Their gazes locked as he stroked her, preparing her gently, making sure she was moist and ready for him.

He decided that this wasn't to be a rushed sexxion. He gently laved and kissed her neck and earlobes, wending his way down to her beautiful breasts where he continued to lick and suck the 36c boobs, the nipples standing up for his attention. He wanted to go further and drew his tongue down her belly to the top of her mound, which was covered with a light smattering of red-gold hair. He parted her legs and his tongue met the lips of her pussy, lightly laving it on each side, up and down for a few minutes and then delved into the warmth of her open cunt, using his tongue like a prick, he

thrust it in and out of her for a while until she was writhing so badly that he had to hold her down or lose her. His tongue then landed on her clit and started to lick and suck it. This stood up just like her nipples and looked like a tiny penis. She was starting to lose herself in his loving and the cum was oozing out of her wet pussy.

By this time, Emily decided that she had had enough and wanted him to insert himself in her pussy and fuck her. She would make him pay for this later.

"Now," she demanded. "Now."

"First this." He leaned over the edge of the bed and fished around in his trousers and came up with a condom.

"Please don't use that my darling, I want to feel you inside me," she said quietly.

He rose above her, supporting himself on his elbows, careful not to put all his weight on her. When he entered her, hard and strong, she erupted in a burst of desire and feeling, as hot as a volcanic eruption. He thrust again and again as she shuddered and starbursts rocked her world.

She had never made love like this before, always holding back, afraid of losing control. This time she abandoned all restraint. Her legs wound themselves around his waist as she lifted her body to meet his thrusts, both of them on a completely different planet to the rest of the world. Their momentum increased as they very quickly reached the peak of their desire for each other.

Finally, after their passions were spent, they collapsed on the bed. His head turned towards her. All tension had left his face. He looked completely relaxed.

"Oh my darling, I don't know how we didn't know what we were missing while we were growing up, but I do now," murmured Em.

"What are we going to do about it then, my sweet," asked Mark.

"I really don't know what we can do, I only know that I never want to lose you again. I also know we can never go back to just being sister and brother."

"I think we had better think hard on this and try and work something out and soon, because I know I don't ever want to go back to our previous relationship, even if it were possible," Mark stated.

"At least I am in town for another 4 days, so we can think of something while we are enjoying each

other."

"I think that I am going to take a few days off work so that we can have more time together, what do you think?"

"Well, I only have one more meeting to attend and that is not until the day after tomorrow, so until then we have all the time in the world for thinking – and other things. Then I have another 2 days before I go back home."

In the end, it was decided by the both of them that they would move to a new town and live together. As they had different surnames, they thought they could even get married. They moved to a town which was not too far from Mark's business, and Emily managed to get another position in the new town. Mark had his own business, so he could delegate more work to other people if it was necessary.

So they eventually became Mr. and Mrs. and lived and did produce two children, a boy and a girl.....