

A Sister's Persistence

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Disclaimer This story is entirely fictional, and has nothing to do with my life. It is also my first story, so comments are greatly wanted!!! Hope you enjoy!

It's dark, quiet. Calm and cool. Peaceful. And yet, Amelia Trimble cannot sleep. As of late she was struggling with feelings she had no business experiencing. In every sense, her mind screamed its protest, and she knew how wrong, morally, she was. She was irrevocably, completely, and utterly in love with her older brother, Samuel. And, thinking as she had the last few days, had come to the realization she had been for a while now, but just hadn't understood it.

She could understand how it had happened, in a way. Their father had died when they were young, she had been only 4, Sam, 9. Now, at 18, she knew no other man could ever compare to the brother who had cared for her all her life. He had cradled her when she fell off her first bike ride, wiped away the tears from being dumped by her first boyfriend and cheered her on when she graduated just a couple months ago. She had never known a time when he hadn't been there for her. Their mother had been, of course, but they hadn't had a father figure. So, they took care of each other.

Now she was upset. Her boyfriend - EX-boyfriend - had just dumped her, declaring he couldn't stand it anymore, her detachment from him, her unease. He said she loved someone else too much, that there was no room in her heart for another. He had been right.

She looked at the clock: 11:23 PM. With only a moment's hesitation, she picks up her cellphone, and finds herself dialing Sam's number. Her thumb hovers over the SEND button. *Should I call him? Would he understand? What if he hates me forever?* She sighs, and decides, pushing the button. After a few rings he picks up, and she smiles, hearing his deep, dulcet tones, a sense of love and comfort filling her heart.

"Hey Ames! How's my girl?"

She grins. "Well, good and not so good, I guess."

His tone becomes worried. "What's wrong, sis?"

"Richard dumped me."

For a moment there is silence, and she knew he had gotten angry. "What?! Why, babe? What happened?"

"I dunno, he said I didn't love him. He says I love someone else. I'm just so confused, Sam. I'm so upset, I just have no idea what to do." She wipes away a tear, sniffing a bit as she holds the phone to her ear, worried over the odd, lingering silence. Finally he breaks it.

"I'll be over in a few minutes Ames, OK? Just hang tight..." She mumbles an OK, and he hangs up, leaving her to end the call as well.

She grasps the phone, her heart soaring, though tears continue to fall down her cheeks. She waits. After several minutes she hears her buzzer sounding, and she gets up to answer the door. She composes herself, and opens the door, breath catching as his form fills her view. Clad simply in a tee-shirt and jeans, his hair still slightly wet from a recent shower, he looked perfect. She smiles at how little they looked like siblings. She had large, mischievous green eyes, surrounded by naturally long, dark eyelashes, long, chestnut brown hair that fell to mid-back. Her figure was slim, lithe, and undeniably feminine, with flaring hips, toned calves, a lovely, rounded derrière and perfect, 38C breasts.

He, on the other hand, had hair so dark it looked black, with eyes the color of a storm tossed sea, heavily lashed with full, sensual lips she longed to taste. A firm, toned physique, a height of nearly 6 foot 1, and feline grace made him irresistible to women, although he hardly gave in to lust. She knew he was waiting for "her", and it always made her jealous. She shifts her weight, allowing him access to her apartment, but he just stands there, looking at her. After a moment, her eyes tearing up again, she punches his arm, laughing as she swipes at her eyes, sad only because he would never know why she cried, that her heart hurt wanting him.

"What are you doing you oaf? Get in and quit loitering in the hallway." She tugs on his arm, and thinking he would just follow, turns to walk them back into her apartment. She frowns, feeling his hand grab her arm, pulling it away from his, and she turns back to protest. Immediately this fails, finding herself pressed up to his form, his arms wrapping about her waist as he hugs her to him, his lips pressing against the skin just below her left earlobe. She freezes. And then, melts into his embrace, letting the tears come freely, letting him do as he always did. His grip on her tightens, just holding her, comforting her, loving her. She thinks this and pulls back, blinking away the tears.

"Let's go in Sammy, ok?" He nods, her heart skipping at the odd way he gazed at her, how his hand

stayed on her waist as they stepped into her apartment. She locks the door, pausing a moment before turning towards him, meeting his gaze finally.

"How long, Ames?" His tone is firm, and confident.

Her brows furrow in confusion. "How long for what?"

No sooner than those words are out of her mouth, he is standing directly in front of her, pushing her against her door, staring down at her for a few seconds before dipping his head, crushing his lips against hers in a searing kiss. Which leaves her completely breathless, confused, aching and wet. Instinctively her hands move up, cupping his face in her palms, returning the kiss with fervor and love. He pulls his head back, his breathing harder, just looking at her with a confused look.

"Why didn't you tell me? When did you realize this is how you felt? Do you know how long I have loved you? How long I have wanted this? How long have you loved me, Ames?" His face is sad, one hand reaching to her face, caressing her face lovingly.

She smiles, lifting her face to his for another kiss, arms wrapping about his neck to hold him close, pulling back for just a moment to whisper, "For forever, Sam, since forever..."

He smiles, and pulls away, taking her hand, leading her into her own bedroom, his eyes glowing with love, although a new expression was seeping into his features, one she recognized well: Lust. "Let me show you how much I love you, little sister, my Ames."

She nods, and follows him.