Finding Sister

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Finding hope when all seems lost...

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Our mother's last couple of years on Earth became a dark spiral of mental illness and addiction. It began when our father was shot and killed, for being nothing more than an innocent bystander in a convenience store during broad daylight. The tragedy left mother listless and empty and while she tried to fill that void with a cocktail of alcohol and amphetamines, the void only became bigger until it was all that was left.

Even after her suicide, the chasm of fear and desperation she left behind seemed to fill the house. My twin sister Jaime and I both dropped out of our first year of college, a decision fueled by the fact we became the sole inheritors of our father's substantial life insurance policy. There was enough money to buy a new house, to escape that house of dire memory and broken faith. Still, we were both inexplicably mired in that place, haunted by ghosts with no form other than those chained within our memory.

For a few months after mother's death, we were zombies in our home. Like automated machines we woke, stirred within the house, sat in the darkness with the curtains closed, and made our way to bed when what little energy we retained slipped away, along with yet another mundane traversal of the sun and stars.

How long had it been since we spoke? I can't recall. Two months? Maybe six. It all seemed to run together, one day into the next until weeks piled upon weeks. Even when we visited our parent graves on Sundays we were worlds apart, lost in silence. Then things started to change.

I was sitting in the study staring blankly into nothing at all when Jaime suddenly appeared.

"Andrew, let's see what a little light looks like," she said as she opened the curtains and stared away into the morning sun. I turned into that white abyss and my eyes felt like they were burning within their sockets.

As the ache of the glare subsided, what I saw was the silhouette of an angel bathed in a silver blaze.

Somewhere within the shards of my memory I knew that my twin sister Jaime had grown into a beautiful woman, but I was somehow seeing her for the first time.

Her curly blond hair was the same as mine, but it was long and glowed like gold in those bright and foreign rays. It fell on her shoulders, which were bare along with her arms and tiny hands that seemed to be forcing the curtains open against their will. Jaime was wearing a white bra and panties, and I followed her form with my eyes down her flanks, over her full, round hips, around her firm thighs to her calves and her bare feet. The sun seemed to highlight each and every tiny white hair along her womanly frame, and in between the delicate curves of her thighs seemed to emanate a different kind of light, one that seemed to hint of promise and hope.

I felt something stir within me for the first time in many moons. I was aware of Jaime's beauty and it seemed to rekindle an awareness of my own. We were the same, Jaime and I. Of the same blood and body. Even though we were fraternal twins we looked the same. Same hair, same ice-blue eyes, same full lips. We were both 5' 10" tall and even had similar mannerisms. When we were young, people often thought we were both girls, or boys, depending on the color in which we were dressed.

As we matured there were changes in our bodies, but I had never really noticed them until that moment in the morning light. Jaime was a woman. I was suddenly painfully aware of my manhood.

That night I was restless. When I slept I saw the image of my sister in the light. In my dream she turned to face me and she was naked, her huge breasts hanging free and her nipples hard with anticipation. She was biting her lower lip. She approached me and her face suddenly became mine, causing me to wake as though it had been a nightmare. But it wasn't a nightmare. My cock was hard and I reached under the covers and felt it rigid in my hand. I pulled the covers down so I could see it. The head was swollen and a droplet of precum was nestled at the tip. With my index finger I rubbed it around the head until it was glistening. I closed my eyes and began to stroke, imagining the form of my twin sister bathed in light, my hands reaching out and caressing her waist, kneading at her thighs, spreading them open to reveal the thing I could only imagine, that key part of her anatomy that made her different from me.

When I came it covered my belly and chest. I expected a pang of guilt but it never came. That night, I slept better than I had in months.

The next morning I was back in the study when Jaime came in and opened the curtains again. She turned to me, just like in my dream and said, "Something amazing happened, Andrew. I slept."

I stood up and heard the words come out of my mouth involuntarily, "So did I."

Jaime stepped toward me. She was dressed in a loose fitting nightshirt and panties. As she wrapped her arms around me in an embrace she said, “And I had the most amazing dream. You were in it.”

I could feel her breasts pinned against my chest and her head resting fully on my shoulder. My hands found the small of her back and pulled her close. I could feel her warmth on my body and her breath on my neck. I had an urge to let my hands fall lower and grip her ass. I felt my heart beating in my chest and it was in time with Jaime’s. My face went hot like fire and I could feel my cock growing in my shorts. I eased her away and smiled into those beautiful eyes. Jaime gave me a kiss on the cheek and seemed to float out of the room.

Later that afternoon, I saw light pouring from Jaime’s door. I could hear feral sounds on the edge of my perception and felt them motivate me toward the narrow opening. When I peered in I saw the room was bathed in radiance and all I could see of Jaime were her long legs writhing on the bed. I pushed the door open another few inches, and it moved without a sound.

My twin sister was completely nude and lying on her back with a hand between her legs. Her breasts were heaving with her motions, and she used her free hand to tweak her hard nipples. Her areolas were pink, the same color as her lips, which were parted slightly and wet. My eyes fell in between her thighs where she removed two fingers from her slit and wiped her juices on her mouth and chin. Her pussy was bare except for a small patch of white-blonde hair below her waist. Jaime’s labia were thick and spread wide, revealing an opening that glistened in the daylight. She brought her hand back down and started to rub her clit, throwing her head back in ecstasy, her hair spread out around her like a well fed fire.

I took my cock out of my shorts and began to stroke. Jaime pulled her legs into the air, bent at the knee, and buried two fingers inside herself again. Her moans became more audible, almost like a growl, and as I watched the tension increase in her face and body I could feel the same intensity swelling within myself. Jaime’s body went rigid for a moment before she suddenly released. Her legs seemed to vibrate uncontrollably and her hips bucked up and down like she was fucking some invisible form that sought to penetrate both her body and soul.

In that moment, I came along with my twin sister. My cum shot through the opening of the door onto her bedroom floor in a series of tremendous bursts. As Jaime’s body relaxed I slid away from the crack in the door and a sound came out of her lips that caught me off guard.

Did she say, “Andrew?” I could have sworn she did, but that couldn’t be. Or could it? It was merely a whisper, and it could have been anything. I put the thought out of my head and went to take a shower.

That night I had another dream. I was with Jaime in her bed and our bodies were intertwined. My mouth was exploring her neck and shoulders before finding its way to her sweet lips. They tasted of her juices and I savored the flavor. My cock was deep inside of her and the feeling was that of pure bliss. I felt like I was penetrating her deeper and deeper with her legs spread wide to take me all in.

I woke in a sweat and immediately ripped off the covers and masturbated violently. I held the base of my cock with one hand, so tight that it almost hurt. I furiously stroked the head with my other hand while my mind reeled with thoughts of being deep inside my twin sister's pussy. I looked down at my throbbing cock and in my peripheral vision I saw two eyes glowing in the seam of the bedroom door.

Jaime was watching me. I didn't let on that I saw her, but it made me feel like my whole body was on fire and I somehow stroked even harder. I began to grunt and trust my hips into my hand, fucking it like I would my gorgeous sister's pussy.

I didn't do it on purpose, but when I came I said Jaime's name. I said it with every burst of cum that flew into the air and fell haphazardly on my face and chest and legs. I knew she was still watching so I wiped some of the cum from my cheek and put it in my mouth, sucking my finger clean. I heard a whimper from the doorway and then footsteps, light as a mouse, as Jaime crept back to her room.

The next day was a Sunday — the day to visit our parents graves.

Jaime dressed in a form fitting black dress, her wild blonde hair spilling around the neckline like some morose tragic irony. She had black stockings that were only visible below the knee and a pair of black heels that made her a couple inches taller than me. I wore my navy blue suit with a white shirt and red striped tie.

The day was warm and sunny. I could feel the heat of the sun on my face as we stood by the gravestones. I looked over at Jaime, and for the first time at the grave site her crystal eyes were free of tears. She stood with her head up, as though defying the reality of fate. I could feel the same confidence within myself, and I came to the sudden realization that what lay beneath our feet were nothing but mere husks left to become the food of whatever slithering things made their home in the darkness of death and decomposition.

Here were my twin sister and I, members of the living and the light, with no need to hurry ourselves toward those morbid ends. I put my arm around her and her hand fell on mine. We turned and left without a word.

In the car on the drive home my twin sat motionless in the passenger seat. We were traveling along a mountain road lined by trees and beams of light danced on the folds of her dress. Jaime's skirt had

ridden part way up, exposing her knees and a portion of her thighs. Her chest was rising and falling with her breath, and my eyes found their way to her cleavage where it disappeared into the neckline of her dress. I glanced up to her eyes and she was staring at me with a hint of a smile across her lips.

“Something has changed,” she said.

“I feel it too,” I responded, not sure if she was talking about our parents, or us. Perhaps they were the same thing.

“Do you think I’m beautiful?” she asked, and she moved her hands down and around the curvature of her hips.

I glanced over and caught her eye. “I think you’re gorgeous. We do look a lot alike, after all.”

“Don’t joke. I’m serious!”

“I’m not joking. But, yes. You are the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

Jaime’s hands moved down to her legs just below her skirt. She began to pull it up, slowly revealing more of her thighs, then the clips of her black garter where they held her stockings in place. She exposed more of herself to me — the milky skin of her thighs seemed to glow in the light.

“Pull over,” she said.

A mile ahead on the winding road there was a turnout. I pulled off the road and parked. Jaime moved her seat back and put her feet on the dashboard, hooking her black heels onto the edge. She spread her legs and looked me right in the eye. She wasn’t wearing panties.

I simply watched silently as my twin sister used her fingers to open her pussy wide. Her lips were meaty and luscious, and she held them open with both hands to give me a clear view of her swelling clit and her dripping cunt.

“I’ve been dreaming about you, twin brother,” she purred. “I’ve been dreaming about you inside me. Right here.”

Jaime stuck two fingers inside of herself. She held them there for a moment before pulling them out, covered in a thick clear glaze. She reached over and smeared her honey all over my lips. I pulled them into my mouth and sucked them clean. The taste was familiar, sweet and clean. It tasted like my

own cum.

“Let’s go home,” Jaime said, straightening herself back up.

We arrived home and I followed Jaime into the study. It was filled with light and her shadow was an ethereal phantom falling on my body. She turned to face me, her eyes aglow with a deep longing. We were inches apart, so close I could feel the vibrations of her energy in sync with my own.

“I love you, twin brother,” she said, her words like hot embers glowing within my stomach.

“I love you, twin sister,” I said while closing the gap that lie between us.

Our lips met first. The fullness of Jaime’s mouth opened up to mine and we pressed them together in a soft kiss, lingering on the gentle friction and familiar taste. I turned my head in unison with hers and we explored the fullness of each other’s lips. Her tongue began to hunt and tangled with mine, and I could feel the heat rising in her face. I pulled on her lower lip, sucking it into my mouth. Jaime moaned and I could smell sex oozing from her pores.

Jaime backed off for a moment, her eyes fixed with mine. She pushed off my jacket and then loosened my tie and slowly pulled it from the collar. She let it drop and then unfastened the buttons of my shirt from top to bottom. When that was off she pulled my sleeveless undershirt over my head and threw it aside. Still fully dressed, my twin sister got down on her knees and released my belt buckle. Jaime untied my dress shoes and pulled them off, then she removed my socks. She unbuttoned and unzipped my pants, letting them fall to the floor. She gazed back up at me with an evil grin and pulled off my boxers. I stepped out of them and stood there completely naked while she leaned back to take me in. My cock was hard and sticking straight out.

Jaime leaned forward and grabbed my cock with one hand. She stared at it for a moment before wrapping her full lips gently around the head. She kissed the tip like she had my mouth, using her tongue to caress the sensitive underside and then twirling it around the fringe of my helmet. Then she brought her eyes back up to mine and took the whole shaft into her warm mouth. I could feel it in her throat as she held it there. A deep guttural groan came from her body, like she was hungry for my length. She put her hands on my ass and started to work my shaft, slowly at first, then building to a pace that left me dizzy and filled with the desire to cum. I wasn’t ready. I had other ideas about where I wanted my cream.

I pulled away and my dick was covered in Jaime’s red lipstick. She was grinning as she stood back up and kissed me again. This time it was filled with lust and carnal anticipation. I grabbed her waist with my hands and pulled her into me. The fabric of her dress was rough against my sensitive cock. I

felt myself lose all control and I reached up to her neckline and tore her dress open. Jaime threw her head back and laughed. It ripped all the way to her waist and fell of its own will to the floor. I pulled on the straps of her bra and she slipped from its confines. Her perfect breasts spilled out, and her chest was bright red with passion. Her areolas were pink and huge and her nipples pointed out, hard like spikes. I worked my way down her neck, savoring her taste of sweat and pheromones. I pushed her against the wall and pressed my body into hers. I sank my teeth into her neck and felt her fingernails clawing at the flesh on my back. I cupped her breasts and took her nipple into my mouth and sucked. I pulled on it with my lips and flicked it with my tongue.

I moved to my knees as I kissed Jaime's firm stomach and hips. Grabbing her ass, I twirled her around and pulled her to the carpeted floor on her back. I stood back up for a moment to take in the view of my beautiful twin sister laying there looking up at me like some strange mirror, ready for me to couple with her and make her mine. She was brighter than all the sunlight that filled the room, and as I leaned down between her legs she spread her pussy open and pleaded, "Take me, Andrew."

I brought my body down on top of my twin sister's. She wrapped her arms around my waist and I leaned down to kiss her. With our eyes fixed on each other, my cock found its way to her waiting pussy like it had been there many times before. I slipped inside Jaime for the first time, slowly driving my length into the sweet softness of her cunt until every inch was buried inside of her.

Jaime threw her head back and groaned a mixture of pleasure and pain. I stayed motionless, savoring being enveloped by my sweet sister's tender pussy. Her hips began to slowly move up and down using the floor for leverage. I let her grind into me, and watched her face as waves of euphoria flushed her cheeks. A feeling of peace filled me in that moment and I realized I was filled with love for my twin sister.

I never uttered a word, but Jaime looked at me as a delicate smile formed on her lips and she said, "I love you, twin brother."

I felt Jaime's legs wrap around me and her arms pull me close. Her heels dug into my back. I pulled my cock almost all the way out of her pussy and then all the way back in. I stayed in the same rhythm while we gently kissed. Jaime touched my face delicately with her hands and I suddenly felt like we were one in the same. In perfect unison we grinded our hips together, gyrating while ripples of pure energy coursed throughout our entire being.

I pushed deep inside of Jaime and she took me as far inside as I could go. I propped myself onto my hands and locked my eyes with hers. She came with a scream, a shuddering release like a wailing siren beckoning me to do the same. Her entire body shook beneath me and her pussy seemed to massage my cock, pulsating and pounding with the same blood that flowed through both of our veins.

Jaime put her hands on my cheeks and whispered, “Fill me.”

I came in my twin sister’s pussy and each burst was like a terrible shock wave that seemed to shake the very foundation on which we made love. Like some demon lover, I savored the wicked thought of our primal union. I shrieked her name and within that ancient purity I heard the echo of my own.

In our shared ecstasy disappeared the nightmare of our loss. In it we found our love of life, of light, and our love for each other. I fell onto her breast and Jaime held me there, whispering, “I love you.” I stayed hard inside of her and could feel our cum, wet and warm around my cock. We relished our embrace throughout the day and well into the night, finding no inhibition in our desire to feel alive.