

# Friends and Siblings

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*Let's, she replied softly.*

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They met on the stairs. He was just entering and she was exiting the same building. She bumped into him and as she looked up to apologize, he immediately fell in love. He helped her pick up her bag and the papers that had fallen when they bumped into each other. She thanked him and was about to continue down the stairs, when he stopped her again and spoke to her.

“Has anyone ever told you how beautiful you are?”

She stopped and looked at him; “Actually, quite a few people.”

He held her arm and said, “Well I think so too. Do you think you could have a coffee with me, or maybe lunch.”

She really didn't know what to think. “This is so sudden, I don't even know your name.”

“My name is Harry Neilson and I live in this apartment building. What is your name, my lady.”

“My name is Sylvia Nelson and I also live in these apartments.”

He then said, “Well now that we know a little about each other, let's have lunch and get to know a little more. I can't understand why we haven't met before this.”

“Alright Harry, only lunch though. I have some appointments this afternoon that I have to keep. So we must be finished by about two thirty okay.”

So Sylvia and Harry went across the street to the hotel and were given a table just on the side of the room. Harry liked that position as it gave them plenty of privacy to talk, without too much noise around them.

Sylvia was a tall, dark haired and elegant lady. She stood about 5'9", had grey eyes and a soft, fair complexion. Harry was also tall at 6'2" with sleek black hair, and a permanent tan, due to his regular travels, many of which were to tropical countries. He had a cleft chin and a very manly stature.

They ordered lunch; Sylvia only wanted a prawn salad and Harry ordered a chicken salad – as they waited for the waiter to bring their meal and drinks – a Cabernet – they spoke of their work and their lives up to that time.

After coffee, Sylvia insisted that she had to leave for these appointments. Harry begged her to have dinner with him. If not tonight, then tomorrow night.

She had enjoyed having the meal with him, so she agreed to have dinner the next night. They exchanged phone numbers and Harry arranged to pick her up the following night at about seven-thirty.

Harry went about his own business that afternoon in a daze. He had never felt this way before. On the other side of town, Sylvia was feeling the same way. She just didn't realize what was happening. They both returned to their own apartments that night after work. Harry called to book a table at one of the top hotels; Sylvia to go through her wardrobe to see what she would wear on this special date.

When Harry called the next night to pick her up, Sylvia opened the door and he stood back and gasped. She was so lovely. She had on a filmy turquoise cocktail length frock, with four-inch heels and emerald earrings and necklace.

"I hope I am dressed smartly enough, I didn't ask where we going and wasn't sure what to wear," she said as he stood there.

Harry could hardly speak, but he eventually said, "You look so lovely, and you are definitely not underdressed or overdressed for where we are going. I will be the envy of all the gentlemen in the room." He smiled at her.

They got to the Ambassador Hotel on time and the Maitre de' showed them to a booth that was tucked away, but where they could see all the entertainment. She slid into the booth and Harry followed her. Taking her hand in his, he looked into her eyes and just gazed at her. He didn't want to stop looking.

They both decided on a prawn cocktail, followed by a steak Diane and salad – Harry ordered a red wine to accompany the dinner. Even though it was only a little over twenty-four hours since they had

seen each other, they both found so much to talk about and to learn about each other.

It was nearly midnight by the time the meal was finished and they were having coffee. Harry took Sylvia's hands and leant forward and kissed her full on the mouth. He was met by her lips and then his tongue slipped inside her mouth and twirled around.

He dragged her into his arms. She looked up at him and smiled. He lowered his mouth to hers and kissed her again. It was the most gentle touch she had ever felt. Smoothing his mouth across her lips, he drew her into his embrace, both mentally and physically. She knew she was lost at his first touch.

"Let's get out of here," Harry whispered in her ear.

"Let's," she replied softly.

He called for his bill and they both made their way to the door. Harry thanked the Maitre' De and told him that they would be back.

When they got outside, he realized he didn't have his car. He hailed a cab, all the while holding her tightly by the waist and lightly kissing her on the top of her head.

They arrived back at the apartment building, and Harry said, "Your place or mine."

Sylvia replied, "The nearest."

So they rushed to his unit as it was on the floor lower than hers. He juggled the keys around trying to fit them into the lock and pushed the door open and almost lifted her into the room. He turned and locked the door and then grabbed her by the waist and pulled her to him. He then got to kiss her the way he had wanted to all evening. His lips slid across her mouth and his tongue entered the most wonderfully tasting area. He slipped his tongue around the inside of her mouth and licked her cheeks from the inside. Sylvia met his tongue with her own and a duel began.

Harry began to undo the zipper of her frock and slid it gently from her shoulders, letting it float to the floor. He then lowered his lips and slid them across the mound of her luscious breasts. At the same time, his hand was slowly removing the straps of her brassiere and undoing the clips at the back; he threw it away to join the frock on the floor.

He took her right nipple between his lips and then nibbled on it with his teeth; all the time being so gentle; changing from side to side with regularity.

While concentrating his lips above her waist, his hands proceeded to wend their way down the curves of her lower body. Touching her hips and upper thighs and teasing her. His fingers found their way to the mound between her legs and he slipped his finger inside the slit that nestled there. Her legs opened automatically to his explorations. He rubbed two fingers across the nub that was growing under his ministrations.

Slowly his mouth followed the same trail, until his lips were sucking at her and nibbling her clit. He was sending her to a planet she had never before been to.

Her limbs were heavy and she couldn't move. She could only let him do as he wished. She loved it and couldn't get enough.

Harry stayed licking and sucking on her mound without touching her clit for about ten minutes. Sylvia writhed beneath the passion and feeling that it was eliciting in her. He then stuck his tongue between the slit and began to lick her clitoris. This was so unbelievable – Sylvia was in seventh heaven. Harry continued to lick and suck and nibble at her clit and inner lips until she couldn't take it any more. She pulled his head up and then moved him to lie over her.

"Darling, my clit is so tender, can we give it a bit of a rest?"

Harry didn't say a word. He immediately placed himself above her and moved her legs to allow him more access to her Garden of Eden. He lowered himself until his prick was sitting on the outer section of her lower lips and teased her with it, rubbing it across her pussy a few times.

"You are just teasing me, baby," she whispered softly, "but I love it."

Harry then pointed his cock at her love hole and inserted his hot, stiff rod into her, and they met in a passionate embrace that took them both to cloud nine.

He worked himself up and down, Sylvia meeting his rhythm with her own. This went on for some fifteen minutes, until at last, they both erupted; spilling their love juice to meet in her cunt and outside and onto the sheets.

They both collapsed onto the bed. Harry with his arms around Sylvia and holding her close. Sylvia seemed to be the first out of the trance.

"Wow, I haven't cum like that for so long. You knew just what I wanted."

Harry looked at her and replied, "I am ready to give you anything you want, at any time. I have fallen

in love with you in only two days, but I know that it is the real thing.”

Sylvia looked up shyly. “I think I am falling in love too, my sweet. I know I have never felt like this before about anyone.”

Sylvia and Harry continued to see each other on a regular basis, for about three months, getting to know more about the other as time passed.

One night they were sitting at home after having a meal at Harry’s and began to speak about their childhood. It seemed that they had been born in the same hospital with only about 18 months separating them. When they got to their parents, they discovered that they had the same mother and father; which made them brother and sister. The parents had separated when the children were small, and Mother took her daughter and Father took his son. This explained the instant connection between them.

This upset Sylvia greatly, and Harry attempted to comfort her.

“I don’t think that we can do anything about it now, my darling. We have consummated our love, and we love each other. Let’s look at this again and see what we can do about it.”

They both decided, after a long and emotional conference, that they weren’t going to let it bother them. After all, they had different surnames, which were already registered and no-one else would ever realize that they were siblings.

Harry was a travelling IT expert and Sylvia worked in a bank. Because of this, they knew that if they moved away, that they could both get good work elsewhere. That is what they did. Twelve months later, Harry asked Sylvia to marry him. Of course, she accepted.