

Kindled in Fiction

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Brother and sister try to pull their lives back together.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/kindled-in-fiction.aspx>

(A Les Lumens story. This story is *fiction*.)

Amanda moved the phone to her other ear once it started ringing, looking at the bare walls of her bedroom and still finding it strange. "Hello," she heard from the other end of the line on the second ring.

"Hello, Nick. Sorry I couldn't come over today. Did everything get there okay?"

"Nothing's broken, Sis. You can stop worrying now. Don't worry about having to work, either. It's not like I have anything better to do," Nick answered and then laughed.

"One more trip left. I can't believe I'm moving back into the house."

"I can't believe I'm still here, but life doesn't always work out like you plan."

"Tell me about it. I should really get some sleep so that I'm not exhausted tomorrow when I have to pack up what's left and make the drive. Love you, Nick."

"Love you too, Sis. Bye."

"Bye."

Amanda hung up the phone and stretched. Flipping her shoulder-length brown hair back over her shoulders, she walked over to her computer desk. Other than the bed, it was the only remaining piece of furniture left in the house she'd lived in for the last two years and four months. Pushing those thoughts out of her head, she sat down and clicked to open her email.

One address and subject line jumped out at her immediately. She bit her lower lip and clicked, finding a short message and a link. She knew that she probably shouldn't click that link tonight, and

should go to bed as she'd told her brother she would, but she couldn't resist. Her fingers were already clicking before her brain even had time to protest.

When the erotica site opened in her browser, Amanda felt her juices start flowing before she'd even read one word. Her escape and guilty pleasure in the final year of her short marriage, the racy writings of her favorite author always captivated and excited her.

She'd stumbled across the site and his writing by happenstance, as she would have never even considered reading sex stories – let alone stories about *incest* – if she'd thought about it. The story had caught her from the first word, however. By the time the taboo romance built to the point of sex, she'd already overcome her initial uneasiness. The orgasm she'd experienced while fingering herself as she read was one of the strongest she'd had in years.

After that, she devoured every other story that he'd written, and moved on to read other taboo tales while waiting for new chapters from AlostOne. His newest chapter in her favorite story drew her in immediately.

The character John in the story was struggling to hide his relationship with his sister, and more specifically struggling with the necessity to do so. The relationship between John and Linda had built so slowly to such a perfect place that it almost made Amanda feel envious of the two imaginary people on the digital pages. They had everything she'd ever wanted, and yet had to hide their love from the world. John had experienced an especially stressful day of dealing with a co-worker he always clashed with, and turned to his sister for comfort.

The story had gone several chapters without any sex, and as Amanda recognized the building passion between the two characters, her own arousal grew stronger in response. As Linda pulled free her brother's manhood to engulf it in her mouth, Amanda pulled up her nightgown and shrugged off her panties. She knew that she couldn't possibly read the rest of the story without relieving the already strong ache between her legs.

Amanda's fingers glided slowly over her folds as she read AlostOne's account of the tender oral scene. She could feel every ounce of soft, sweet emotion from the couple in the story, and feel every vein and contour of John's cock in her own mouth as she caressed her nether lips. When John pulsed into Linda's mouth, Amanda could almost taste the bittersweet offering as well.

The couple cuddled in the story, holding each other and gaining the strength to endure from the closeness and their soft words. When John's manhood swelled again in the story, Amanda's fingers moved faster.

As John's erection slid into Linda's depths in the story, Amanda pressed two fingers into her wet heat. She let out a sharp gasp as the digits penetrated her and her thumb rubbed her bud beneath its protective sheath.

There was nothing of *fucking* in the words on the page, though the couple's passions had risen to such an occasion within the story. In this chapter, only *making love* could possibly summarize the gentle, sensual coupling of Linda and her brother. Amanda's fingers followed the same pace as the story, building the heat and pressure within her at a slow boil.

As the couple in the story neared climax together, so did Amanda. Her fingers moved more quickly, even as John's hips thrust faster on the page. The words conveyed every touch, every word, and every emotion to Amanda as though she was there. It was not her fingers stroking her velvety depths, but John's throbbing manhood, so close to releasing deep inside her.

On the page, Linda reached her peak at the exact same moment as John coated her walls with a hot rush of his seed. Amanda let out a warbling cry of release as she too climaxed, a perfect three-way simultaneous orgasm – even if two of the characters existed only in her mind.

Amanda continued to stroke her folds and shudder as the couple in the story kissed and caressed – still joined by a bridge of emotion and John's stiff member. A halting rub of her bud caused the blissful waves of orgasmic energy within Amanda to spike, drawing a yelp from her and causing her to slump so much in the chair that she nearly fell to the floor. She panted for breath, holding her hand motionless with her thumb still pressed over her hood and her fingers buried deep inside her.

Amanda managed to find the strength to slide back into a proper position in the chair, her breathing still heavy and her body still aglow with the aftereffects of her orgasm. She chuckled as she read about the couple drifting off to sleep, through eyelids that were difficult for her to keep open.

When she at last managed to catch her breath, Amanda sat up straight and scrolled down to the closing note of the chapter. AlostOne thanked all his readers, as he always did, and made special note of a few readers who had sent him pictures of themselves in the aftermath of reading his stories.

That's the least I could do, for someone who writes so beautifully and seems so lonely, Amanda thought. She'd never even considered taking photos of herself nude before, but in this moment, it just felt right. Bringing up a new window, she turned on the webcam atop her computer and aimed it. After pulling off her nightgown, she could see her body from her breasts to her knees on the screen. A creamy stream of her juices trickled from her nether lips into the surrounding dark curls – also sticky with her wetness – the evidence of her orgasm plainly visible in the shot. After a moment of hesitation, she clicked the mouse and saved the picture.

Amanda pulled back on her panties, a chill racing up and down her spine as the soft cloth covered her still sensitive sex. She stared at the picture, wondering if she had the willpower to attach it to an email. She was amazed to see how flushed her body was in the picture, a rosy glow infusing her chest and breasts.

Clicking back to the email window, she hit the reply button – yet another daring step for her. Once again she hesitated with the cursor hovering over the attach button. She knew that if she typed one word first that she would never attach the picture. With another surge of willpower, her fingers clicked the mouse.

With the picture attached to the email, Amanda typed a quick note to the author, telling him how much she loved the chapter. She typed at the end, *But a picture is worth a thousand words*, and signed it with her internet name.

Only one step remained. “I can’t believe I’m doing this,” she chuckled, and then clicked the send button.

Amanda closed the windows with rapid-fire clicks, and then stood up immediately. She walked over to her bed with her cheeks burning, but feeling extremely sexy and excited at the same time. Once she turned out the lights, her fingers again brought her to a shuddering climax before she fell asleep.

Pulling into the driveway felt almost surreal to Amanda. She hadn’t been home in over a year, even feeling too emotionally overwhelmed to go to the visitation after her mother’s funeral. Now, she was coming home to stay.

Parking the car, she stared at the familiar sight of her girlhood home. Right in front of her, a dent in the garage door that she’d made when she was sixteen was still there. A huge pot of violets sat on the porch, only a small portion of what her mother had nurtured from a single plant brought home from school in a styrofoam cup for Mother’s Day. Most of the family and her mother’s friends had equally large pots filled with violets from that single plant. A weather report on the radio warning of possible frost overnight – a stark contrast to the unseasonably warm autumn day – prompted her to make a mental note to bring the plants into the house.

She could feel her eyes misting over, and once again wondered if this was a good idea. Shaking her head, she chased the thoughts away. As hard as it was to come home, she knew it would have been harder to stay anywhere near her abusive ex-husband or anything that reminded her of that

nightmarish time. She knew she would miss her new friends, but she looked forward to catching up with old ones that had remained in the area.

The sight of her sandy-haired brother stepping out the front door chased away the edges of melancholy threatening to overwhelm Amanda, and she opened the car door as soon as she saw him.

“Welcome home, Sis,” he said as he walked toward her. He wrapped his arms around her and said, “It’s good to see you.”

“It had better be, because you’re going to have to see me every day now,” Amanda responded and laughed.

Nick laughed with her and said, “Come on inside, we’ll get your things later. I know you have to be tired after that long drive.”

She followed him into the house, feeling the same mix of strangeness and nostalgia that she’d experienced upon pulling into the drive. Everything remained much the same as she remembered it except for an exercise machine she could see in the den just off the family room. Recognizing it as one of those expensive machines advertised on television, she wondered how Nick had managed to afford it.

Noticing her glance, he said, “One of my friends gave it to me when he went to college. I couldn’t really get out because I was taking care of Mom, and he didn’t want to mess with putting it in storage. I work out a few times a week so I don’t end up a fat slob.”

“You could eat everything in the refrigerator and not gain an ounce,” Amanda scoffed. She hadn’t noticed it in the formal clothing at the funeral, but now that he was dressed casually, Amanda could see that he had packed on a few pounds – of muscle, not fat.

“Want something to drink?”

“I could use a Jack and Coke right now,” Amanda replied as she sat down heavily on the couch.

“Will Diet Coke work?” Nick asked with a grin.

“That’s fine,” Amanda laughed in response. She settled into the couch, exhausted from rising early and the long drive. She wasn’t looking forward to unloading the last of her things from the moving van, but she was certainly ready to end the ordeal of packing up her life and moving it across two

states.

As soon as she finished her drink, she stood up with a sigh. An hour or so later, her bed and computer desk were set up amongst a mountain of boxes in her old room – one of several such mountains she'd have to deal with over the next few days.

Seeing her eyes drooping, Nick suggested, "Just get some sleep. You can deal with all of this in the morning."

Too tired to argue, she bid her brother goodnight and prepared for bed.

Upon waking in the morning, Amanda moved to her computer to check her email before she was even fully awake, as she did every morning. She rubbed the sleep out of her eyes and stretched as she clicked through to her inbox.

When she saw the reply to the last email she'd sent, she bit her lower lip and wondered if she'd ever have the courage to open it. She still couldn't believe she'd sent a naked picture of herself to a complete stranger. Curiosity finally overwhelmed fear, and she opened the email.

Thanks so much for the picture. You are an incredibly beautiful, sexy woman. I only wish I could see your face, but I understand why you might not want to do that. Every email you send me makes my day, but this one will have me smiling for a long time.

You sparked my imagination, and I'm writing something especially for you. Nobody else will know it when I post it, but you will. It's as close as I can come to thanking you for such a sexy image.

AlostOne

Amanda was relieved that he hadn't replied with something crude, and yet a little disappointed at the same time. Some small part of her wanted to know if her picture had made him as hard as his stories made her wet. The thought of him writing a story just for her made up for it, though.

The tingle between her legs finally snapped her out of her trance, and her cheeks warmed with embarrassment. With no other emails in her inbox, she closed the window and stood up to find something to wear amongst her boxes of clothing. After a few minutes of digging, she decided that her clothes would be the first thing to come out of the boxes.

After showering and dressing, she stepped out into the quiet of the house. Looking down the hall, she saw Nick's door still closed. She'd turned in early, and the sun was barely above the horizon. With her stomach growling, she decided to go downstairs and make breakfast as some small thanks to her brother for helping her set up her bed and desk. She knew it would be a treat for him, as he'd spent the last year taking care of not only him, but their seriously ill mother as well.

A short while later, the smell of bacon and coffee filled the kitchen. A flash of movement in Amanda's peripheral vision caused her to turn, and she saw Nick walking on his tiptoes with his nose pointed up high into the air, pantomiming a cartoon character drifting along on the trail of some enticing scent.

Amanda broke out into laughter – the first real, heartfelt belly laugh she'd experienced in more than a year. "You're insane," she said to him, and then laughed again.

"No, I'm hungry," he argued. "That smells so good. I've been living mostly on McMuffins ever since I started working."

"I don't have to go in to the new office for a few days, so we both may as well eat right for at least a little while," Amanda said as she pulled the last of the bacon from the skillet.

"Maybe between the two of us, we can manage more than a few real meals, even with us both working. I'll do the dishes when I get home this evening."

"I can do them; I don't have to work, after all."

Glancing at a pile of boxes in the corner of the kitchen, he arched his eyebrows and said, "Oh?"

Laughing again, Amanda said, "Okay, you win. You can do the dishes. This is going to be a first for me, cooking without having to clean up."

"It will be the same for me if you return the favor," Nick said as he poured a cup of coffee.

Amanda filled two plates with bacon, scrambled eggs, and buttered toast, bringing them over to the table where Nick was already sitting down. As always, Nick wolfed down his food with the voracious appetite that only a nineteen-year-old man could possibly muster.

As he sat back with a sigh, Amanda shook her head, taking another bite from her still nearly full plate. "I'm glad I got my fingers out of the way in time," she teased. "Did you even taste it?"

Nick chuckled and took another pull from his coffee mug. "It was delicious, Sis. I just need to get out

and mow the yard before it gets too hot.”

“Thank you. I suppose I should start unpacking as soon as I’m done eating. I’ll lose my mind if I have to dig for something to wear again tomorrow.”

Standing up and draining the last of his coffee, Nick said, “Just put anything you’re going to put in storage into Mom and Dad’s room for now so it will be out of the way.”

A few minutes later, as she finished the last of her breakfast, Amanda heard the lawnmower start up. As with his offer to do the dishes, his mowing the lawn was a rare treat for her. Her husband had refused to do anything with the house. He expected her to take care of everything, work, and still somehow find the energy to have sex with him whenever he felt the urge – usually leaving her unsatisfied.

Shaking those thoughts out of her head, Amanda took the dishes to the sink and rinsed them before heading upstairs to begin unpacking.

By the time Nick returned from work, Amanda’s closet and dresser were full, and she’d moved numerous boxes out of her room. A few still remained, but she could at least walk around the bed now. When she heard the sound of the front door opening, she walked downstairs to see Nick carrying a familiar red and white bucket.

“I thought I’d cheat tonight with a little KFC so that neither of us has to cook.”

“Good idea, I’m completely worn out.”

After they finished eating, Nick moved to the sink to wash the dishes as he’d promised. They had a dishwasher, but using it for so few things was almost a waste of time. Despite his protests, Amanda picked up a dishtowel to dry everything and put it away after he washed it.

As he dried his hands, Nick said, “I’m going to go work out for a while.”

“I think I’ll see if there’s anything on worth watching. I’m just going to relax while I have the chance.”

“Take it while you can get it,” Nick said as he walked toward the den.

Amanda took a seat on the couch and flipped on the television. After only a few minutes of channel

changing, she turned the set back off in bored irritation. Wondering if she could find one of her novels to read amongst the still daunting amount of boxes, she stood up and saw Nick on the exercise machine.

Dressed in only a light t-shirt and a pair of shorts, she could now really see the effects of his workouts. Muscles rippled throughout his body as he pushed against the resistance of the machine, his shirt tight against his well-defined chest. It was almost hard to believe how much he'd changed from the thin teen she remembered.

She then realized she was staring, and felt her cheeks burning. Memories of what had driven her to leave home and get married washed over her, adding to her embarrassment. Quickly leaving the room, she dived into another pile of boxes until she found a book, discarding several racy romances in favor of a spy novel.

The next morning, Amanda saw AlostOne's name in her inbox once again with the subject, *something special*. She heard her brother's door open and knew that she didn't dare open the email and click the link now. She knew the effect that the story was likely to have on her, and the thought of masturbating while her brother was in the house and awake was impossible to consider.

Moving on to a pair of emails from her co-workers at her old office on her main email address, she replied to those to distract her from the story she knew was waiting for her – only a few clicks away. The smell of coffee soon drew her downstairs, where Nick had prepared breakfast.

As soon as she finished the dishes, Amanda started feeling anxious. She knew why, and did everything in her power to avoid thinking about it. The urge to run to her computer was even harder to resist when Nick left to buy groceries before his shift at work. Throwing herself into the task, she made a significant dent in the boxes before he returned home.

Only a few minutes after helping him put the groceries away, Nick hurried off to work. He'd ran into a friend and spent too long talking to him, leaving him in a rush once he returned home. The door had barely closed behind him before Amanda ascended the stairs to her room.

The email simply said, *This is for you*, with a link. The main female character was undoubtedly based upon her picture, obvious even in the building story. She was amazed – and a little embarrassed – to find the character named Anne, her middle name. Even though the picture didn't show her face, he'd somehow correctly guessed her eye color as green. The detail and description of Anne's eyes in the story made Amanda's heart flutter before Allen, Anne's brother, ever made an appearance in the

story to launch the taboo romance.

The couple in the story had not seen each other in some time, and they had both endured a lot of hardship. In comforting each other, they grew closer, and soon discovered something even deeper within them. Amanda only tore her eyes away from the screen long enough to retrieve her vibrator and remove her clothes when the couple in the story shared their first passionate kiss.

As Allen's manhood penetrated Anne in the story, Amanda slipped her vibe into her depths with a gasp. One hand pumped the toy in and out of her saturated sex while the other scrolled through the story. Both hands worked of their own accord, her thoughts fully within the story and the images forming in her mind as she read.

Once again, AlostOne's account of the coupling was soft and romantic, yet exciting at the same time. Quiet sounds of passion and words of love passed between the couple as they – and Amanda – drew ever closer to climax. Her own moans and gasps echoed those of Anne in the story, the description of the character so perfectly molded to her that she felt a deeper connection than ever before to the words on the page.

Anne climaxed in the story, her arms wrapped around her muscled brother's torso as he kissed her neck, his manhood squeezed tight in her depths. Amanda let out a long warbling cry of relief as her own orgasm took hold of her, warmth flooding her and every inch of her body tingling.

Panting for breath with her head hanging over the back of the chair, Amanda fumbled for the switch on her vibrator, managing to slow the humming toy. It remained buried inside her as she rode out the waves of her climax, her other hand caressing her breasts. When she at last caught her breath, she opened her eyes and reached with a trembling hand to scroll down in the story.

Allen had not yet reached his peak in the story, and Anne encouraged him to fill her. As Allen rose above Anne, Amanda felt her own passions rising again. She moved the control on her vibe to the halfway point, once again stroking the toy into her sheath.

Anne encouraged her brother to greater efforts in the story, and he allowed his passions to run. Amanda flipped the switch on her toy to its highest setting as the story unfolded, thrusting the vibe inside her to match the speed and power of Allen's cock in the story. When the couple came together, Amanda let out a scream that she couldn't believe had emerged from her as she exploded into orgasm.

The grip of the vibe pressed almost painfully against Amanda's nether lips as she writhed and cried out in her chair. When an especially strong spike of ecstasy nearly stole her breath and brought on a

brief coughing fit, she let the vibrator fall to the floor and covered her tingling sex with her hand. Her orgasm continued unabated for what felt like an eternity.

When she at last settled back into the real world from her perfect state of bliss once more, Amanda read the end of the story. The couple fell asleep in each other's arms after promising to love each other forever – no matter the odds.

Amanda looked down between her legs and smoothed back the curls, amazed by the amount of sticky wetness coating the hairs immediately surrounding her folds. The touch caused her to shiver and let out a moan. With no hesitation this time, she opened her capture program and aimed her webcam.

In the first picture, she zoomed in tight on her sex, the image on the screen from the camera's point of view even more startling than what she could see from above. The curls around her sex were wet to the point of dripping, her clit still swollen and plainly visible as she parted her lips for the camera.

Next, she moved the camera upward and snapped a picture of her breasts, glistening with droplets of sweat despite the air-conditioning, one of her hands cupping the bottom of the left globe.

Finally, having noticed that the author had a fondness for women's backsides, she turned around and presented hers to the camera. Even though she had always felt her hips too wide and her ass far too large, she felt unbelievably sexy at the moment, and snapped the picture without hesitation.

She felt no resistance to attaching the pictures this time, and typed a long, excited email about how much the story had touched her – and how hard it had made her come. She ended by saying that she hoped her pictures were half as exciting as his stories, and then sent the email.

Amanda's arms collapsed at her side as she finished typing the email, her vibrator still buzzing, forgotten at her feet. It took her many minutes to find the strength to rise from the chair and dress again.

Feeling especially energetic, she tackled the cardboard boxes in her room with renewed vigor.

Amanda couldn't help but smile as she walked across her room to the computer the next morning. While the rest of her things would take some time to unpack, she at least had a bedroom and bathroom where everything she needed was where it should be – the rooms completely devoid of cardboard.

Opening her inbox, she saw a reply from AlostOne and felt her cheeks burning. At the same time, she felt incredibly sexy, an emotion that hadn't manifested within her for some time.

Opening the email only increased the feeling, because he wrote that her pictures certainly did make him feel exactly as she said she felt when reading his stories. At the bottom of the email was something that truly caused her heart to race, however. He'd written, "A picture is worth a thousand words, and here are two that say what I can't put into words. They are what you probably think they are, so I've only put links. You can look if you want, but I won't be offended if you don't."

Feeling extremely naughty, she clicked the first link without hesitation. Her mouth dropped open as the image opened. She could just see well-defined abs and muscular legs, but her eyes were naturally drawn to the center of the picture – the most gorgeous cock she'd ever beheld in her life.

Shaved and generous in both length and girth, the sight of the author's manhood immediately sent a rush of juices flooding Amanda's sex. Her eyes drank in every inch of the high-resolution image, far better than anything she'd sent to him. She could see every contour, as well as just a hint of glistening wetness adorning the tip of his erection.

Mindless of the potential hazards, she saved the image to her computer and clicked the other link. She couldn't stifle a quiet moan as the image of his cock appeared, his hand wrapped around the shaft and thick streams of semen coating both his hand and manhood.

She was still staring at the image in aroused fascination when the sound of Nick's voice startled her.

"Sis?"

Her face burning with shame, Amanda quickly saved the picture and closed her email, ignoring the messages from her other addresses. "Yes?"

From the other side of her closed door, Nick said, "I need to pick up some things from Wal-Mart to work on the dining room table tomorrow. Do you need anything?"

Batteries for my vibrator, Amanda thought, unable to shake the image of the gorgeous cock coated in cum from her head. "We'll probably need laundry detergent by the time I'm finished with the laundry today. That's all I can think of."

"Okay. I'm going to go straight to work afterward, then. They want me to come in early."

“I’ll see you when you get home, then,” Amanda responded.

“Later, Sis.”

“Have a good day, Nick.”

Somehow, she resisted the temptation to sit back down at the computer and stare at the pictures again. After a shower, she gathered up the clothing and towels from her room, putting them in the basket she’d brought up from the laundry room the night before.

Looking into Nick’s room, she shook her head and chuckled. Some things never changed, and her brother’s tendency toward sloppiness was one of them. Clothing was scattered around his bed and his computer, left to lie where it fell. Bending to pick up clothing as she walked, she circled the room.

Reaching the computer desk, she picked up the jeans and briefs lying off to one side and deposited them in the basket. She could just see one sleeve of a t-shirt peeking out from beneath the desk, and moved the chair out of the way to reach it.

When she stood back up, she saw that she’d bumped the desk just enough to disable the power-saving feature, turning on the monitor. She was surprised to see one of her senior pictures as the background of his desktop, the pose he’d suggested that everyone said was the best picture ever taken of her.

She couldn’t help but smile, remembering what a good relationship they’d shared before she moved out of the house. They’d talked about everything – even sex to some limited degree – as much friends as siblings. The difficulties of her marriage and Nick’s sorrowful tending to their failing mother had pulled them apart over the last year, however. Though they’d still talked regularly, it was hard for either of them to say much without adding to the other’s melancholy.

Time to fix that, Amanda thought as she looked at the smiling picture of her. She could certainly use a friendship as close as she’d shared with her brother now.

She just had to keep her emotions under wraps and remember that he *was* her brother.

Tossing the shirt in the basket, she walked out of the room and made plans to start rebuilding that relationship this weekend at their favorite place – on the ski slopes.

Seeing Nick's smile when she revealed the surprise trip she'd planned warmed her heart.

"I haven't been up there since the last time we went," Nick said, his wide smile still beaming.

"Me either. I wish I'd listened to you then. You knew that Adam was completely wrong for me from the very beginning."

"I felt horrible about that. I felt like I had to say something, but it ruined the whole last day of the trip."

"We'll make up for it this weekend," Amanda responded with a smile matching her brother's before pulling him close into a hug.

Nick sighed and said, "I didn't know how bad I needed that hug until just now."

Melting into the warmth of the embrace, something they'd done regularly until that fateful day on the slopes, Amanda said, "I think I needed it too." Looking up at him, she smiled and kissed his cheek. "Let's eat before dinner gets cold."

Nick nodded, but hesitated a moment before releasing her from the hug, which didn't bother Amanda at all. She was reluctant to give up the warm closeness as well.

After dinner and the dishes, brother and sister sat down to watch television together. Sitting near to her brother on the couch watching late night TV transported her back to the happier times they'd shared as teens.

"I should probably hit the sack. I need to get the oil in the car changed tomorrow, and they always take forever. I'll have to leave early to make it to work in time."

"Me too. I'll need to go buy a new coat for the trip."

As they stood up, Amanda and Nick both said, "Night night," simultaneously, prompting them to laugh. Amanda heard Nick's bedroom door close only seconds after hers did. She dressed for bed, glancing over at the computer calling out to her.

Sitting down, she opened the pictures and shivered over them again, fueling a need that she knew she couldn't resist long. She wrote a quick reply to AlostOne's email, saying that she liked his pictures very much, and that she eagerly awaited his next story.

With the email sent, she closed the confirmation window, planning to retrieve her vibrator and slip

into bed with it. When she returned to her inbox, however, she saw a new email from AlostOne, announcing a new story.

She devoured the short tale, a quick rush of pure heat with little deeper meaning. Although different from his more involved stories, the heated passion of the vignettes never failed to send her heart racing. This time, she had the image of his gorgeous cock added to her visualization of the scene. She pressed her hand over her sex and let out an excited sigh as she finished his latest offering.

A minute later, a low buzzing sound broke the silence of the night.

“You’re kidding me, this is too much,” Nick said in surprise as he examined his new laptop.

“That’s for the birthday and Christmas presents I didn’t send. Just take it. I know you have a lot of online friends, and now you can keep up with them wherever you are. This way, you won’t be borrowing mine while we’re on the trip either. The lodge has Wi-Fi now, according to the website.”

Hugging Amanda, Nick said, “Thanks. This means a lot to me. I’ve always wanted one.”

“You’re welcome. Now let’s eat so we can pack. I want to be on the slopes bright and early.” Nick’s wide smile warmed Amanda’s heart.

“I got you something too. Hold on,” Nick said, holding up one finger as he walked across the room to pick up his jacket, revealing something hidden beneath. He walked over with a smile and handed over the box.

Amanda gasped as she opened the box, finding the most beautiful sweater she’d ever seen in her life. The soft blue color and the diamond patterns simply screamed for her to put it on. Pulling it out of the box, she realized that the sweater was fitted, and would hug her body to good effect. “It’s so beautiful. Thank you, Nick.”

“Thought you’d like it. That should turn heads in the lodge.”

“Are you trying to help your desperate sister find love?” Amanda asked with narrowed eyes, though her slight smile made the expression far from ominous.

“Let’s eat so we can get packing,” Nick said, changing the subject and walking out of the room with a laugh.

Shaking her head and chuckling, Amanda quickly followed to bop her brother in the back of the head before sitting down to dinner.

The trip transported Amanda back in time. The excitement of the slopes combined with Nick's constant stream of jokes and funny stories to erase any thoughts outside of the moment. She'd even started a brief snowball fight when he teased her about skiing far better in the real world than she ever had on the yard sale Intellivision game they'd played as kids. The moment he imitated the harsh *kra-koom* sound of the player hitting a tree in the game, she'd reached for her first snowball.

Back in their room at the lodge, they both realized that they'd overdone it a bit. Weary and sweating beneath the layers of clothing, they agreed that they should take a shower before going down to take in the nightlife of the resort. Amanda wanted to change into her new sweater anyway, which was too light to wear out on the slopes.

As she stepped out of the bathroom from her shower, Nick looked up from his laptop and smiled. "Yep. That's going to turn heads."

A flush of color flooded Amanda's cheeks. She'd looked in the mirror before exiting the bathroom, and she knew it was true. The sweater hugged her curves, drawing even her eyes directly to her breasts. Though only average, just enough to complement the curve of her hips and bottom, her breasts looked huge in the sweater. "Thanks," she said with a shy smile.

"My turn," Nick said as he stood up. "A friend of mine is sending me a video he claims is hilarious. Don't jump out of your skin when it finishes downloading. That sound effect is set to the Knights of Ni, and it's really loud for some reason."

"Okay," Amanda laughed as Nick walked into the bathroom. She then retrieved her laptop from her luggage, planning to check her mail. Despite the warning, she still jumped when her brother's computer proclaimed the download complete with a loud, "*Ni!*" Glancing over, she could just see the confirmation window superimposed over her picture, the same image that adorned Nick's computer at home.

Thinking, *Goofball*, Amanda turned on her computer and logged in to her email account. She then thought, *Oh dear*, upon seeing a story announcement from AlostOne. Opening the email, she discovered it was another chapter in her favorite story.

Hitting the reply button, she typed a quick email.

"I can't believe you released a chapter when I'm somewhere I can't possibly read it for days! I'll read it as soon as I get home from my ski trip – you meanie."

She closed the email with a wink emoticon, indicating that she was only kidding, and then hit send.

Once again, she jumped when Nick's computer sounded off with a loud thunk and the words, *Message for you, Sir*, again from Holy Grail.

Rolling her eyes and chuckling, Amanda closed her inbox, seeing nothing else except forwards of fluffy chain letters. Shutting down the laptop, she walked over to retrieve the television remote from the dresser next to Nick's bed. She paused with her hand extended – the remote forgotten – when she saw the mouse pointer hovering over the email notification that had caused the last burst of sound from Nick's computer. There, next to the jean-clad image of her hip on the screen was her internet nickname – the private one she used only on the erotica site.

Sitting down heavily on the bed, she stared in stunned disbelief at the truth in front of her. *AlostOne* was her *brother*. The man whose stories had stirred so many emotions within her was the same one who had stirred them before when they were teens. The shame that had caused her to make the fateful decision to marry Alan crashed back down on her, and she covered her face in embarrassment.

Her shame only grew as she thought about sharing photos with him – showing him her body in the aftermath of orgasm from reading his stories. His pictures revealed that he'd stroked his cock to her, the cum-covered image as clear in her mind as the real thing.

Shaking her head, she tried to pretend it was a coincidence. *Someone else must be using the name HrtBrknMandy*, she rationalized. She clicked the notification to open Nick's inbox, sure that she would see something other than her email.

"No," she whispered when the page loaded, dashing the hope that she'd known was false as soon as the thought entered her head. The evidence in front of her was irrefutable, impossible to deny – much like her repressed feelings for the brother she loved in ways that she knew were completely wrong.

The emotional thunderstorm within her caused the world around Amanda to vanish as her head fell into her hands again. The roiling thoughts paralyzed her as the minutes ticked by uncounted.

Only the sound of Nick emerging from the bathroom jerked her back into reality – too late. "Did the..."

Sis, what's wrong?" Nick asked, his voice filling with concern when he saw her expression. He quickly crossed the room to lay a hand on her shoulder, noticing the opened email on his computer screen. "I can explain. I just needed..." He paused, the words *ski trip* leaping off the page at him.

The recognition in his eyes caused Amanda to gasp, "Oh, god," and tears to roll down her face. *Why did I send that email! He knows! Oh, god – he knows!*

Sitting down next to her, Nick wrapped an arm around his sister when she tried to pull away in shame. "Amanda... It's okay."

"I'm so sorry," she sobbed.

"Don't be," Nick said in a gentle voice. "There's nothing to be sorry for."

"But I... We... I didn't want to feel like I do, but..."

"Neither did I," he responded.

Looking up into his handsome face, Amanda asked, "What do you mean?"

"Why do you think I write the stories that I do? There's a reason that every woman I write about is so much like you. It wasn't anything to do with Alan that made me tell you not to marry him – it was jealousy."

"God – what's wrong with us, Nick? We shouldn't feel like this. It's wrong."

Placing his hand on her cheek, Nick tilted her face up toward him. "It doesn't feel wrong."

The look of love in his eyes and the hints of a smile on his face caused Amanda to tremble. "We..." Her protest trailed off as his fingers traced the line of her neck, causing her to sigh and shiver.

"I love you, Amanda. I always have. I think about you. I dream about you."

Amanda's heart fluttered from his words and his touch, her eyes locked in his to see what she felt reflected there. Unconsciously, she leaned forward, her lips parting slightly. Warmth flooded through her as he did the same. Their lips touched in a feather-light caress, quickly followed by a stronger, more passion-filled kiss.

Once again, the world around Amanda vanished. Unlike the turmoil she'd felt upon seeing the email,

her emotions surged into a tidal wave of love and desire, the primal power impossible to resist. She wrapped her arms around him, reveling in the feeling of his muscular back, as their kisses grew ever more ardent.

Nick let out a gasp and leaned back, reaching down to adjust his swollen manhood, now tightly constrained in his jeans. Need swelled within Amanda, and she reached down to touch him as well.

Pinching the material of her sweater between his fingers, Nick tugged it free of her pants. Amanda's heart rate jumped as he continued to pull her sweater upward. She lifted her arms without thinking, allowing him to remove the garment completely. "You're so beautiful," he softly said.

Beyond any ability to consider stopping now, Amanda stood and unbuttoned her pants, shrugging them down as Nick pulled off his shirt to reveal his muscled chest. Clad now only in her bra and panties, Amanda kissed her brother again, a hungry kiss that matched the surging need within her. Her fingers worked the button on his jeans even as their tongues danced over each other.

As she tugged the zipper of his jeans, Amanda looked down and let out a shuddering gasp upon seeing the bulge in the briefs below. Her nipples aching, she quickly unclasped her bra to relieve the pressure. Nick tugged down his jeans to his thighs, quickly wriggling out of them as he drank in the sight of her bared breasts. Even as he kicked the denim away, Amanda leaned down to tug away the tight, white cotton from his manhood.

Tracing his organ with her fingertip, Amanda breathed, "So gorgeous."

Tugging her toward him with his legs, Nick quickly pulled down his sister's panties, revealing the dark curls beneath. She stepped out of her panties, climbing back into the bed.

"I have a condom in..." Nick began in breathless anticipation as his sister leaned over him.

"I'm on the pill," Amanda quickly interjected before pressing her body and her lips to his.

The aching void within Amanda screamed for relief, the feeling of her brother's hard cock against her skin making the need all the stronger. Rising up on her knees, she reached between their bodies to grasp his manhood, and then sank down again until the tip penetrated her moist center.

"God, Amanda," Nick groaned as she sank down onto his erection.

Amanda let out a satisfied groan, sure that she'd never felt something as amazing as his throbbing cock buried inside her. Rocking forward and back, she stroked him in her warm sheath, continuing to

emit small sounds of pleasure. His eyes were locked with hers, his hands sliding over her back as she rocked forward and back. He breathed heavily, groaning from the feeling of her wrapped around him.

Her body moving in a gentle wave, Amanda could feel every inch of his cock, which felt as though it was made for her. He was just big enough to fill her perfectly, not painfully pushing her cervix every time he settled into her depths. The feeling prompted her to slowly increase the motion of her hips, building the hot friction of his cock against her walls.

The increased sensation caused Nick to gasp, thrusting his hips up at her as she sank down onto him. Levering her body up on one arm, she slid the other between their bodies to tease her swollen clit. The first touch caused her to cry out as a rush of ecstatic energy raced through her body. Sitting up straighter, she rose and fell over his thick cock at an ever-quickening pace. Likewise, her fingers circled her bud faster with each rise and fall of her hips.

“Oh – oh, Nick,” She gasped out as her pleasure mounted, “Oh, so good.”

“God, yes,” Nick groaned in response, seeing the tightening of her features as she built toward orgasm.

Amanda’s eyes pinched tightly closed as she approached her peak. Her every indrawn breath was a gasp, and every exhale was a yelp of bliss. She lost the rhythm of her hips, though her fingers continued to flash over her throbbing clit at a furious pace. Finally, her hips slammed down hard of their own volition and her eyes popped wide open as she came. A warbling cry of release bubbled from her lips as tingles raced through her body, raising goose bumps on her skin.

Stroking her trembling hips with his hands, Nick asked, “Are you coming?”

“Oh – yes, Nick,” Amanda groaned in response, and then cried out as a shock of orgasmic energy shot from her tightly contracted depths up her spine. Her back arched and her head lolled back as she gasped for breath.

Snapping her head back forward, her hair falling in a curtain to cover her face, Amanda collapsed atop her muscular brother. The twitches of his manhood, still buried inside her, caused her to writhe and gasp as the stimulation kept her coming. Nick pulled her into a kiss that caused a final spike of energy to rock her body. Then, her orgasm released her, allowing her to spiral back to earth once more.

She didn’t resist when Nick swung one leg over her body, using his weight to roll her over onto her

back. He slipped free of her depths in the process, causing a loud gasp to escape her. He rose to his knees in front of her, her eyes drawn to his cock, coated in her juices.

Pulling her knees up toward her chest and out wide, she parted her legs for him. Nick quickly took advantage of the invitation, sinking into her with a groan that bordered on a growl.

Amanda let out a deep moan as he pushed into her, filling her so full and settling even deeper inside her in the new position. He slid his hands up her legs to her knees as he held his cock buried in her depths, pushing her hands aside to support her legs. With her fingers now free, Amanda utilized two of them to stroke her again-throbbing clit, which begged for attention.

Already beyond the point of controlling his need, Nick thrust quickly into his sister's depths. Seeing the strain of his approaching climax in his face, Amanda rubbed her bud even faster, wanting to reach her peak with him.

"Oh – Ah! Amanda, so hot," Nick grunted as his cock pounded home.

Amanda's breasts bounced under his assault, the pressure of another orgasm building within her – even more powerful than the first. The bed creaked, the headboard even tapping against the wall as it rocked beneath the couple.

"Oh, yes! So close, Nick," Amanda cried out. A second later, Nick slammed his hips forward with a loud, almost growling gasp. A series of strained moans accompanied his seed spurting into Amanda's depths.

Seeing the ecstasy in her brother's face and feeling his cream pooling within her, Amanda toppled over the edge into orgasm. Her tensing muscles pulled her back up from the bed, and she slapped her free hand behind her to support her weight as the fingers of her other hand haltingly rubbed her clit. After a few strokes, she held her fingers pressed tightly over the swollen bud, clenching her intimate muscles tight to feel him throbbing inside her.

Nick's head fell forward, his breath exploding from him in strained gasps. Beneath him, Amanda panted for air, collapsing to the mattress once more. Her head lashed on the pillow as aftershocks rocked her body with each twitch of his cock within her. Finally, the tight squeeze was too much for his over-sensitive cock, and Nick pulled from her with a groan.

What started as a disappointed moan when she felt the void within her turned into a deeply satisfied one as she felt her body grow warm, still tingling from the strength of her orgasm. Letting her legs stretch out, she ran her fingers over her slippery folds, shuddering from the final tickles of her climax

as it released her.

Nick lay down in the bed next to her with a gasp. “I’ve dreamed of that so many times, Sis.”

Rolling onto her side and draping an arm over him to pull him against her, Amanda nestled her head against his chest. “So have I. What do we do now?”

Holding her tight against him, Nick breathed out a satisfied sigh. “We do what I always write. We love each other – no matter what.”

“I love you, Nick.”

“I love you, Amanda.”

Amanda snuggled in closer as she drifted off to sleep, knowing that she would never again feel jealous of the special love that her brother wrote about in his stories.

Now, she had it too.