

Passion

By lolwriter89

Published on Lush Stories on 07 Aug 2010

Little sister gives her brother the passion he's been looking for.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/passion.aspx>

Here I am again. Another bed. The silken sheets cleaved to our sweaty bodies as I neared the climax of my performance. I could hear the woman, whatever her name was, moan in pleasure. She muttered something in my ear. I think it was French. I tried focusing on what I was doing. I could feel her hot, wet pussy engulf my cock... But something was missing.

She clawed at my back as she came again. What was it, something like three times now? She was an animal. Don't get me wrong, it felt fantastic, but I couldn't enjoy it. With a few more thrusts I pulled out and moved back. She hungrily lapped at my little toy. Licking my wound. Hot cum drizzled out the tip, and into her mouth. It was beautiful, but still no enjoyment.

I slowly got dressed and made my way for the door. I felt so empty and hollow. Never was there a lonely man such as I. I left my car at the bar. I was way too drunk to drive at that point. The long walk home gave me time to think. What was it I was missing? As I took in deep gulps of fresh August air I pondered what it was I was so desperately seeking every night. Woman after woman couldn't rekindle the dwindling fire that burned within my soul.

I thought about what was so great the first time. It was a new adventure. My first girlfriend. What we had then was what I lack now. PASSION. Passion is what makes sex. It's not the thrusting, the licking, or the cumming that made it great. It was the passion. But we broke up, and all the passion left. After a little time alone I was ready to date again. But burn after burn left me scarred. I couldn't find peace with lovers anymore. No one cared.

Well... that is to say, no one cared except for her. Rose. My sister. But she was forbidden fruit. She was something that was off limits. She took care of me when I was in need. Every time my depression got bad, she was there to hold me, and tell me everything was going to be okay. When I close my eyes at night it's her I see. I can smell her on my clothes sometimes.

It was still wrong though. It was my sister. I fought these feelings for such a long time. Not tonight. I found myself walking towards her house. I don't remember making the conscious decision to do it, I

just started walking, and stopped outside her apartment. I used the key she had given me to enter, making my way upstairs. She must have still been awake. She left the bar soon after I did with whatever woman I just crawled away from.

"Rose. Thank God you're still awake," I drunkenly slurred out. "There's something I've needed to tell you for a long time. I Love you so much. I've always wanted you. Ever since we were kids. I see you in my dreams every night. I can smell your fragrance wherever I go. I need you to be with me."

She just sat, and stared blankly at me. She was shocked. I was drunk, so I didn't care anymore if she knew. She got up and sat me on the couch, taking my shirt off, and putting a blanket on me. "You need to get your rest, my love."

My love... she normally called me big bro. There was something different in her voice, but I was drunk. Everything slowly faded as I succumbed to sleep.

Next Morning

Where am I? Oh God this headache is killing me. What did I do last night? And how did I end up at Rose's apartment? All these questions burned through my mind, as pancakes filled my nostrils.

I trudged into the kitchen to look at the full meal laid out before me. Rose had cooked me breakfast.

"Good morning," was all I could squeeze out through this massive hangover.

"Good morning, bro" Her voice was so soft.

"Wild night, huh?" I asked, wondering if she knew how I had gotten to her apartment.

"Yeah, especially when you stumbled in here confessing your love to me at 2 in the morning"

My coffee was all over the place as I coughed it all up, choking after hearing what she just said. I remembered everything now. *What have I done?* I thought to myself. I had to do damage control. But what could I say.

I finished the meal in silence and left as quickly as possible. What was wrong with me? I told my sister I loved her. My SISTER. And it wasn't like you would normally tell a family member you love them. I told her I wanted her. I lusted for her. How could I ever see her again? And yet when I got home there was a message in my in-box.

It went like this:

Dear brother of mine,

Please come to my house three days from now for dinner so we can talk. There are things you said last night that need to be cleared. I would like you to come dressed up, if possible.

Love,

Rose--

I was just as confused now as I was before. I re-read the message several times, trying to gain some hidden meaning from it. She probably hated me. This could be our last meal together. She probably is going to tell me to never talk to her again. I dreaded the night.

Work was hell. The next three days dragged by slowly. The clock ticked by. Seconds went by like minutes, minutes like hours, hours like days. Finally the day of judgment was upon me. I clocked out, and took the long drive home.

My last suit. I put on the black pants, the belt, and a nice dark red shirt. If this was the last time I was going to see her I wanted to at least look good. After all my preparations were made I went outside and walked to her house. What hurry was I in? The more time I had to think, the better. I tried thinking of things to say to her. *Maybe I can downplay what I said? I could be casual about it, and just pass it off as drunk babel.* I knew that wouldn't work though. I looked her in the eyes and I said it with meaning.

The closer I got to her house, the clearer my head became. By the time I reached for the doorknob all thoughts of lying to her had left. I would stand by what I said. If she never wanted to talk to me again, I at least knew I tried. I would rather live life without her, knowing I can't be with her, than live life always wondering.

When I entered her apartment, things were not what I had imagined. It was like a scene out of a noir film. The first thing I noticed was the dark lighting. Candles were lit everywhere, setting the atmosphere for the night to come. The air was thick with a smokey perfume. Sinatra was playing softly in the background as I walked into the dining room. The dinner table was set like an expensive restaurant, the food masterfully prepared.

And then she caught my eye. THIS was not what I expected at all. Rose stood before me now, in a long red dress, with a cut up one of the legs, revealing just enough of her tantalizing skin. Her hair was long, black, and flowing down her smooth back. She walked elegantly towards me, taking me by

the hand, leading me to the living room which had been cleared. It was a private dance floor for two lovers.

"Rose, what is all of-" She put a finger to my lip and cut me off before I could finish my sentence.

"Don't talk now. Just dance with me. Hold me in your arms, and if you love me like you say you do I want you to show me."

Fly me to the Moon played quietly as we swayed back and forth across her makeshift dance floor. I was nervous at first, but the longer we danced, the more I relaxed. She placed her head on my chest as we glided all over the place. We danced for what felt like hours, but in reality our song hadn't even ended yet.

Her movements were enchanting. Charming something out of me that I had long thought dead. It was passion. My heart began to beat faster and faster as all sorts of thoughts raced through my head. I was in love before, that much I was sure of. But she reminded me of what true love was tonight.

The song ended as she looked up at me with her blue eyes. They were on fire. She was an angel, and a devil. Her smile could melt the coldest mans heart. My dwindling fire of passion became a roaring inferno. I wanted to convey emotions to her that words simply could not. She put a hand on my left cheek, kissing me on my right, and walking towards the table to eat. Her hips swayed seductively as she walked away.

I sat down as we consumed our meal. It was fuel for what I was going to do to her tonight. Everything was delicious. What I thought was the last meal of my life, was actually the first. She had woken me up from a deep, inescapable slumber. With our meals down, I grabbed a bottle of wine, pouring a glass for her and I.

Slowly we drank. Our eyes met, and we seemed to communicate what we couldn't say. The last words to escape our lips for the night, were a simultaneous, "I love you."

This time I took the lead. I grabbed her by the hand and dragged her to the dance floor. I've got you under my skin droned on as we swayed back and forth again. The light hit her just right, and her red dress seemed to glow.

She lifted her head up from my chest, as I lowered mine. Our lips met for the first time. I wanted that moment to last forever. I could write an entire store devoted to her kiss. Her lips were softer than any I had ever felt before. She tasted delicious, and her breath was sweeter then a spring breeze. When our lips parted we knew what was going to happen next.

The walk to her bedroom was slow, and deliberate. We held hands the entire way, intoxicated with each others aromas. As we worked our way down the hall, we stopped every few steps to kiss once more. With every kiss our hands would squeeze more of each others bodies.

Finally we reached her room. It was lit by two brightly burning candles, shining their light like a beacon of love across the room. We basked in the light, and took in the other sites. Her bed was covered in silk sheets. Rose petals were spread across the top of the bed, and a path of them led from the door, to the spot we would make love.

"Are you sure we're ready for this?" I asked apprehensively.

"More sure than anything in my life, now kiss my you fool!"

I leaned in, kissing her passionately on the lips. We were at the point of no return the minute I crossed her threshold.

She grabbed my belt, fumbling with the lock, finally releasing it, and dropping it slowly to the floor. Each button in my shirt came undone one at a time underneath her nimble fingers. Finally my shirt joined the ever growing pile. Next came my pants, and socks until I stood there with only my boxers to cover myself.

I kissed her on the neck, sliding her dress down slightly, and moving my way onto her shoulders. She moaned gently as I moved the dress to the floor. She backed up, grabbing her left arm with her right and looking shyly to the floor. She had a poor self image ever since she was a child that she never got over. I put my hand under her chin, and raised her head so I could look in her eyes.

I whispered, "You're beautiful," into her ears and her face instantly brightened up.

There we stood. Brother and sister. Lovers. The passion I had long lost had returned. She stood before me in only black lacy bra and panties. I had only my boxers to cover myself. We shared one last kiss before shedding our last vestiges of clothing.

She fell onto her back on the bed, raising her arms above her head. She had a come hither look in her eyes as I crawled on top of her.

"I love you," she whispered into my ears.

I whispered back as she guided the tip of my cock to the entrance of her temple. Slowly I slid inside

her. Her hymen yielded to me, the pain was overcome with pleasure. She dug her nails deep into my back, kissing my neck and sucking on my chest as I worked a rhythm in and out of her body.

The bed was our stage, as we moved our bodies as one you could almost hear the music. Her soft moaning and my slow, deep, shallow breathing was the overture. The music built as we moved faster and faster, getting closer and closer to the climax of the performance.

Sweat rolled down our chests, forming a puddle in between our pressed together stomachs. I gently sucked on her neck as I continued with the rhythm. "Cum .. inside me... I can't... hold... much.... longer" she gasped.

Finally the ending of our performance came. And it came hard. Our faces were pressed together, as we breathed heavily. I came first, waves of cum soaking the walls of her inner sanctum. The second time the cum hit her she climaxed. Her face went flush red, as she gasped on last time, collapsing onto the bed. She gripped the blankets firmly as she writhed around. I pulled out, staggering back, trying to remain conscious.

I picked her up, placing her soft frame on the bed properly. She opened her eyes slightly and giggled, still panting. She couldn't speak, but I know what she was trying to say. I crawled next to her in bed, wrapping our bodies together. Our legs were intertwined, my arm on the small of her back, her face nuzzled against my chest. Quickly sleep came to us. This time I wouldn't have to wake up ashamed. I would remember what happened tonight for the rest of my life.

Epilogue

Every night after that very first one was the same. They found new ways to satisfy their needs with each other. They found ways to be together in the end, changing their names and going deep down the rabbit hole, into hiding. Rumors are they had a child together about two years after the beginning of the relationship. The child is perfectly healthy.

Not much is known, but this much is certain. They are a happily married couple, with no thoughts of divorce. No unhappiness. They treat each other fairly in every meaning of the word. Not a night goes by that they don't embrace one another. They could be anywhere. They could be your neighbors. Wherever they are, they're happy, and in love.