

Satin Butterfly IV: The Prodigal

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Prolog: *It might make more sense to read Satin Butterfly: Spiders and Moths but this like the others can stand alone.*

Four years after Rita, my younger sister, had returned to Thailand with my mother I was offered an opportunity as a partner in a commercial Design firm but it meant relocating to Düsseldorf. So after wrapping up the establishment in Milan, I made the tedious move to Germany. Selling the old, stone farmhouse and getting rid of almost all of Rita's belongings, including her clothing, was meant to expurgate the ghosts of our past but the catharsis came at a high price and proved to be a far more complex experience.

I was settling into the new environment adjusting to the cultural differences and was thankful for the busy schedule – it kept my mind from thinking about my sister. It had been a torrid and memorable three years together where she had gone from being a pretty seventeen year old girl to a vivacious, twenty year-old woman who had become the center of my world. The year following that traumatic split was possibly the worst I could recall – the family had closed ranks, forming a protective shield around Rita while she mended her fragile heart. They blamed me for manipulating the mindless fancy of an infatuated girl and began screening my phone calls, precluding her from making any contact with me. It drove a schism through the dynamics of the family and was a difficult time for those of us who knew about the intense incestuous relationship Rita and I had shared.

As for me, I gradually distanced myself from all of them possibly out of a sense of remorse but mainly because the emotional wounds lay too close to the surface and were still too painful. It didn't take much for the bleeding to wash over my wretched soul. I wanted Rita to have a normal life if she could and knew that if we stayed in contact, it would reignite the smoldering embers of our deep emotive bond. So I withdrew even from her and immersed myself in my business.

I had moved to Düsseldorf in April and met Hanna in late July during the huge, festive carnival called the "Größte Kirmes am Rhein". It seemed incredible that amongst the crushing throngs I had noticed her walking by, tall and fleshy, with flaxen hair, blue eyes and a dazzling, white smile. We exchanged a brief glance, eyes latched in curious attraction before we were pushed along by the teeming mobs. Later, after watching the spectacular fireworks lighting up the sky over the Rhine, she had been standing a little behind me with her friends when she heard me struggling with my order for a glass of the local "Altbier". We were at one of the many bars that populated the old town and the waiter at the counter was having a hard time understanding my broken Deutsch (German). She leaned forward smiling and mercifully translated for me.

"Thanks, you're a life saver." I said thrilled at the coincidence that I would run into her again.

Thoughts of karma and predestination flashed through my mind as I studied her fresh, glimmering face. Her cheeks were flushed from walking in the sun and the tiny beads of perspiration gave her flawless skin a sheen that reflected golden in the dim light of the tavern. And her eyes were amazing ... deep blue pools of molten Larimar.

"Where are you from?" she asked, weaving her way beside me. I felt the homeostatic thrill that often accompanies mutual and instant attraction and saw her fussing with her hair, looking straight into my eyes.

"I just moved here from Italy but I'm from Thailand originally ..." past experience had taught me that this anomaly almost always required a response and had been my way of keeping the conversation going.

"You don't look like that ... I mean you could be Italian or maybe, Portuguese and your accent is very American."

"I attended university in America ... in New York."

"I love New York!" she gushed.

"I've never been mistaken for Portuguese before ... that's a first. The Italians thought I was Sicilian and my father swears I'm a Gypsy ... I must be, I can't seem to stay put!" then I introduced myself, "Hi, I'm Milo ... Milo Deranja."

She laughed and then held out her hand saying, "Hello, Milo the Gypsy ... I'm Hanna Van den Akker." Her grip was firm and her hand, soft.

We stood there making small talk about New York while her friends who had been waiting for her began meandering down the Altstadt, except for the guy she was with. I sensed the man's impatience as they spoke animatedly in Dutch and after a terse exchange; he glared at me and walked away following the others from their group. He was tall and rangy, about six-foot-five and very sure of himself. Every ten steps or so he would turn around and stare in our direction as the sea of people parted around him until finally he disappeared, swallowed up by the amaranthine crowds.

"He's not a happy camper ..." I remarked.

"Oh don't worry, he's a friend and wants to be more." She confided, leaning closer to me.

"I'm not worried ..." I smiled and asked, "and you, do you want him to be more?"

She laughed, a throaty, sensual laugh that made me smile and before she could answer, I continued, "are you hungry ... do you want to get a bite to eat?"

She hesitated, "We are leaving for the station ... we have to get back to Eindhoven ..." I could sense her reluctance to end our brief encounter and noticed her fidgeting with her hair again.

"I'll walk with you then ... do you mind?" I asked.

"No ... of course, I would like that very much." She said flashing a big, happy smile.

Her friends were waiting for her by the bus stand in Oberkassel (you had to catch the underground line to the main train station in Dusseldorf to get to Eindhoven) and as we approached them, I guided her by the small of her back in an overtly intimate gesture. I did this to get a rise out of her male companion but was surprised when she leaned into me with the familiarity reserved for lovers. I could

see him tense up and was almost certain he was going to start something but he controlled himself and the testiness of the testosterone ridden moment dissipated.

“Why don’t I give you my number and if you want you can give me yours and I’ll try and see you next week end ... would you like that?” I asked and gave her one of my business cards.

She nodded her head emphatically, her blond tresses shimmering under the streetlight then fumbling in her purse she wrote her number on the back of a napkin and thrust it into my hand, “Don’t lose it ...Milo.” The slight lilt to her English had an endearing quality and I liked the way she said my name. I waited until they had climbed onto the bus and then turned and left, heading back to my apartment. For the first time in years I felt free, my spirit soaring ... well, almost free from the sordid memories that tugged relentlessly at my innermost core. But, this would do for now considering the alternatives and what I’d been through.

The following week, I intentionally arranged for meetings in Amsterdam and flew in on a Thursday afternoon – this was one of my favorite cities and I enjoyed spending time visiting the museums especially the Rijks and Van Gogh. The city also boasted nightlife second only to New York. I checked into the Amstel Intercontinental and called Hanna. The Intercontinental was located on the water’s edge and housed the famous restaurant, La Rive, and since she had never dined there, we agreed to spend a quiet evening at the hotel. It was about a fifty-minute drive from Eindhoven and the traffic can often be tricky on Friday evenings but she insisted on meeting me in the city. I was touched by the considerate gesture and could sense that she was quite impressed that I was staying at the Intercontinental. I was eager to see her and could hardly wait for Friday.

She was waiting in the lobby dressed in a white, silk dress which clung provocatively to her body with the neckline cut low in a plunging V, allowing for just a subtle glimpse of her sensational breasts. The only jewelry she had on was a thin, gold necklace with a small cross on it. Except for her lipstick she had very little makeup on. I loved the fresh look of her. We had spoken several times during the week, staying on the phone for hours, so though this was only our second meeting I felt like I already knew her.

“You look lovely, Hanna.” I said as I walked towards her.

She beamed and replied, “Thank you ...” leaning up to kiss me on the cheek.

Most European cultures kiss you twice, once on each cheek but the Dutch do it three times ... something I struggled with. The third kiss was always awkward because I would intuitively step back and this time was no exception. Hanna laughed and said, “One more ...” and pulled me to her, kissing me gently on the mouth instead. I was, of course, pleasantly surprised by her bold gesture. “That was nice ...” I said. She tasted sweet and fresh and smelled of jasmine and cardamom, “You smell wonderful ... what are you wearing.” I added.

“You mean my dress?” she asked, her expression incredulous.

“No ... your perfume ... it smells delicious!”

“Oh ... that’s Lacoste, a Touch of Pink.” She answered then countered, “Are you a connoisseur of women’s perfume?”

“Hey, I have two sisters ... and you learn a thing or two about these things whether you like it or not ...” I responded and was suddenly beset by the flashing image of Rita, her body sensually sprawled on my bed, my mind recalling the intimate smell of her. And despite the years, five to be exact, I was overcome by the essence of her being.

“Are you okay?” Hanna asked.

“Sorry, it’s my family ... I haven’t seen them in a long time ...” was the best I could muster.

Dinner was nothing short of brilliant. The old-world charm of the restaurant and their excellent Wine Cellar added to the wonderful culinary experience. And Hanna was the perfect date. She was easy to talk to; a good listener who seemed genuinely interested in the things we discussed. Unlike many of the women I knew, she was grounded, authentic in the middleclass values of her hardworking family. She helped her father and brothers in their Bakery business while attending college. She made no pretenses about who she was and I found that to be inherently appealing.

At some point during the after-dinner drinks, mellowed by the smooth effect of the Frangelico, I took her hand in mine, gently caressing her fingers across the small table when the waiter brought another round of drinks, “Compliments of the house, sir ... for you and the lovely lady!” he said with an exaggerated flourish. All of this was getting to her and I was happy that she was really enjoying herself.

It was hard to conceal the physical chemistry sparking between us and I felt her weaken, giving herself up to the reckless swell of her feelings which were mutating rapidly with every sip of the heady liqueur. It had been a while since I felt like this and wanted this evening to continue, hopeful that it would culminate with her in my bed.

After dinner, we strolled down the waterfront, holding hands but the weather had turned damp and blustery. I wrapped my jacket around her shoulders, drawing her to me emboldened by the alcohol and the mystery of this beautiful Teutonic girl. We passed one of the ubiquitous Canal Tour Boats and impulsively decided to take a ride.

There weren’t many people on the boat and as we made our way to the rear, we passed a young couple sitting a few rows from the back. I nodded as they smiled at us like coconspirators in a secretive, sensual game. We took the last row and sat huddled together oblivious of the others, only aware of each other - I pulled her close to me and felt the warmth of her body radiating through our clothing as she melted against me. I bent down and kissed her neck just below the ear then trailing my tongue downwards, I nipped gently at her tender skin until I reached the edge of her shoulder. I felt her tremble and sigh ... a soft gasp so alluring it sounded more like a mewling whimper emanating from somewhere deep within her feminine soul, a mystical response like the Songs of the Sirens, irresistible to the masculine senses. My mouth searched for hers and the first kiss was electric; soft and delicate; her lips parting slightly, the tip of her tongue running wetly against the edge of my mouth. And as I cupped her breast in my hand, she moaned sucking lewdly on my lower lip before forcing her tongue into my mouth. I continued to knead her tits, squeezing her nipples through the gossamer material of her dress our mouths locked together fused like smelting alloys in a Blacksmith’s cauldron. I felt my cock harden awkwardly in my trousers. And as we broke from each

other, she held me tightly, leaning her head against the crook of my neck.

"I have to tell you something, Milo..." she said, her breathing altered by our kiss.

"Don't ... don't tell me you are a man!" I said, teasing her.

She laughed, "No silly, I'm not a man ... at the Fair, I saw you going into the bar and followed you ..." she was smiling, "I was surprised to see you again and knew if I didn't ..." her voice trailed off when I kissed her tenderly.

"You've been naughty girl, Hanna." I whispered, burying my face into her neck, smelling the exotic bouquet of her body, "stalking strange men is risky business!"

"Are you going to punish me?" her voice had dropped to a husky murmur taking on a little girl charade.

"Yes, baby girl, you need to be punished ..."

She got up and sat on my lap, her arms around me, resting her head against my shoulder. I knew she felt my turgid stem, throbbing salaciously against her bottom while the boat rocked and swayed riding the choppy waves of the Amstel River.

It was late when we got back to the hotel. The room was darkly diffused in the monochromatic yellow haze of the lamp by the bedside, the light spilling dimly onto the plush carpets. We walked in holding hands, our fingers interlaced, greeted by ghostly shadows dancing like broken origami on the walls. I hugged her from behind, kissing her shoulders and the arc of her long, sensual neck. I felt her lean back, stretching like a languid feline, her eyes closed; her head turned upwards offering her mouth to me. I kissed her again – a deep, slow, passionate kiss savoring the taste of her. I was still standing behind her with my cock pressed against the cleft of her ass and began unbuttoning her dress when she turned in my arms, diffidently hiding herself within the folds of my jacket.

I felt her shiver and tried lifting her face but she clung tightly to me. I wasn't sure what she was thinking and was irritated at myself for acting like some hormone driven juvenile. It had never been my intention to rush her. I could sense her indecisiveness, "We don't have to do anything, Hanna, we can just talk and I'll sleep on the couch." I said gently. She remained quiet, her body molded to mine while we stood in each other's arms. I wasn't sure if it was the air-conditioned chill in the room or her emotional struggle but I felt her body trembling and hugged her tightly against me.

"I am so attracted to you, Milo ... my body is going ahead of my mind ... I must slow down!" she was translating her feelings from Dutch into English and her phrasing was quaint.

"I understand, baby ..." I reaffirmed, "let's just talk, I like you a lot too and we don't have to rush this." She was quiet for a while, her face buried in my chest. I could almost sense the mind-body struggle trying to resolve her next move.

"This evening has been magical and I want to experience everything so it is complete. If this is all it is going to be then that is also okay, Milo ... I wanted this when I first saw you and more now." She looked up at me her mouth slightly parted waiting expectantly.

Like an intricate game of Chess the Queen, threatened by the Knight, was forced to make her play ... and she did; it was an aggressive move - Check Mate. We kissed again more passionately her body

laced by the carnal urgency of her submission. Knowing now with certainty our hands roamed the spectrum of each other discovering the intimate contours while shedding our clothing with shameless unrestraint. She began unbuttoning my shirt while I fumbled awkwardly with the buttons of her dress until she turned her body around allowing me better access.

The dress slid lazily down in a heap by her feet and I pulled her to me, one hand on her stomach and the other cupping her ample breasts. Brushing her hair aside, I kissed the nape of her neck and slowly knelt behind her placing soft, gentle kisses along the small of her back, holding her hips while working my way down the curve of her ass, skirting her crack while licking the sensitive flesh on the inside of her thighs. She spread her legs instinctively while I ran my tongue along her slit from behind. I was being titillated by her heady redolence, the familiar aroma goading my senses driving me insane; a rutting bull in the heat of the mating ritual. She turned facing me, guiding my head gently towards her crotch and I could see the damp outline of the wetness shaded darkly on her white panties. I licked again, tasting the inebriating nectar strained by the gauzy barrier of her undergarment. And as I tugged downwards she wiggled her hips helping me peel her panties down and off of her. Then she stood naked, a golden Cytherea, statuesque and daunting.

“You are so beautiful!” I said truthfully while she brought her thighs together in a shy gesture of modesty.

She was tall and leggy with just the right amount of flesh on her. There were no ribs or bones protruding but rather, sensuous curves which swelled like grapefruit halves at her bosom and tapered radically down to her waist. Her hips flared in proportion and I could feel the taut muscles of her thighs flexing under her delicate skin. Her soft, downy patch had been neatly trimmed and like a gilded landing strip, pointed to the hooded kernel perched on top of her liquid slit. The engorged outer lips of her vagina were large and puffy with excitement partially concealing her inner petals glistening auriferous with the seeping trail of her juices. I pushed her back onto the bed and knelt between her thighs at the altar of her sex lapping the nectarean sap trickling from her golden chalice.

Her body twitched as I flattened my tongue and licked her cunt upwards from her perineum towards the top and around her labial lips until I felt her swelling open. Then stiffening the tip, I tickled the underside of her clit while I pushed a finger slowly into her.

“Ohhh ... Milo ... mmmm ...” she gasped.

I could see the outer lips spreading retracting the sheath on top of her Mons and drew the somatic pod deep into my mouth feeling the little ridges as she leaked her venal juices onto my tongue. She pulled my head into her while her hips undulated in little circles smearing my face with the sticky nectar of her passion. And trapped within the steamy cradle of her thighs danced the Goddess of Love and Lust seeping amrita from within the swollen petals of the mystical Lotus.

I kept licking her, running my tongue rapidly across her clit, back and forth, twirling it around the little nub and heard her moan, whispering incoherently in Dutch and broken English. And just as I felt her body begin to quake, I inserted another finger into her and bit gently down on her core. Her legs wrapped around my head like a vice, holding me in place as her body arched, hips lifting off the bed stretched like a rubber band to its limit. I felt the sinewy strength of her muscles as her body tensed,

her vaginal canal pulsing wetly while the waves crested outwards racing towards her extremities. She shook uncontrollably while I kept a steady rhythm, my tongue fluttering rapidly over her swollen clit urging her closer to the edge of the chasm. She shuddered again as another wave of pleasure washed over her, her orgasm lasting longer than most of the other women I had made love to. Her fingers tugged at my hair while I lapped the syrupy fluids flooding my senses, her hips twisting and rolling in small, jerky undulations until finally she relaxed, making soft soothing sounds while lying limply on the bed.

Her legs uncoiled spreading languidly and I saw her raise up and look down at me her eyes dilated from the exertion of her climax. I was in a state of hyper arousal as I continued to orally stimulate her. Each time I flicked at her clit her body would jerk, her thighs would draw together and her hands would push my face away.

“No ... no, baby ... I’m too sensitive ... please ...come here ...” she whispered, her husky, voice softly inviting.

But I remained between her thighs, licking the inner and outer lips, circumscribing her sensitive apex, flattening my tongue and letting it go soft so the pressure on her vaginal patch was less intense. My cock was harder than I thought possible, throbbing wildly as I worked my way up her body towards her face. But when the angry ridge of my Glans brushed against the soft inside of her thigh it triggered the final reaction - I felt the light go off in my brain as I climaxed intensely.

“Ohhhh, God ... I’m cumming ... I can’t ...” I groaned as the neurotransmitters in my brain sparked in a coagulated synapse saturating my mind with dopamine.

My cock pulsed thickly shooting the first stream of the translucent juice in between us sullyng her thighs and my stomach. And just as she leaned down reaching for the lurching shaft, I felt my cockhead expand and contract, shooting the second ropey glob upwards, arcing like a liquid missile splattering viscously against her chest. She held the jerking shaft, her fingers stroking up and down, rubbing the bloated head while it squirted wads of opalescent cum until finally, it dribbled weakly onto her fingers. She drained the stem; squeezing it like a straw then sucking the sensitive head into her mouth she swallowed the vestiges of my sperm as I collapsed next to her.

She cleaned us both with a wet towel and I was once again touched by her considerate nature. And after wiping us down she crawled back into bed, wiggling her body and making herself comfortable against me. Her head was resting on my chest with her leg thrown over mine while her fingers traced lazy mosaics across the plateaus of my abdomen - her body contrasting erotically against my burnished skin.

“I’m sorry.” She whispered softly as I held her to me.

“Why are you sorry? You are so beautiful I couldn’t control myself ... I wanted to but it has been a while since I’ve made love ...” my voice trailed off but needing her to understand, I continued, “you were wonderful, mijn minnares!” I said and smiled down at her, “you didn’t think I knew Dutch, did you?” It meant “my lover”.

She squeezed me tightly, kissing my chest and then asked, “Why don’t you have a girl in your life,

Milo? I'm sure you meet many women ..." and added, "my friends wanted to jump you at the carnival!!" she giggled at the thought, using the Dutch word for Carnival.

"I think that ape of yours wanted to jump me alright, but not like you are thinking ... he was getting ready to crack my skull!"

"What ape ... oh, you're cruel; Karl is nice but he doesn't like you!"

"No kidding." I laughed, recalling the angry, red face of her friend.

"He thinks you are a Pretty Boy and only after one thing!" she said.

"He was right!" I kidded. She bit my arm ... not so gently.

"Ouch! That hurt."

"See, you are a pretty boy ... no, you are a mama's boy, I think ...!" she laughed, that thrilling husky laugh.

I slapped her ass playfully and held her close feeling secure and comfortable. I couldn't believe this was our first date but she broke into my reverie.

"Why don't you have a girlfriend, Milo?" she persisted.

I lay quietly wondering how much I could tell her. I wasn't going to lie but I didn't want to frighten her. There was a part of me that wanted to avoid the past but if there was going to be a healing redemption for me, she was it and I had to be true to her. Maybe it was my desperation that made me feel this way but I preferred to think that this golden seraph was sent to save me from my torment.

"I'm not going to lie to you, Hanna; that would be a sick way to begin our relationship. Just remember, if you want the truth it comes in many shades and sometimes it's not what you may want to hear. We don't have to go there if you don't want to." I said truthfully.

She rolled on top of me staring down into my eyes, her own glimmering in the darkness like violet neon. She leaned down and kissed me tenderly.

"I want the truth ... I want to know you like no one else has, Milo." She said softly.

After a moment of hesitation, it was decided. I spent the next two hours telling her about my life and the major role my sisters played in it ... how it had begun with Kat, the innocent exploration of puberty and then the incredible relationship with Rita. I had wanted to circumvent the depth of our involvement but once I got started it just poured out of me. They say that confession is good for the soul and this cathartic soliloquy enveloped every aspect of my life with Rita even the sexual side. I tried to keep the storyline from debasing its essence by sinking into the risqué but by that time I needed her to know it all. I explained in vivid detail the extended bouts of our erotic games, her oral proclivity and the deep, sanguine bond that fractured hurting us both when she finally left.

Hanna had listened quietly, her head lying on my chest gently stroking my face and body. My cock had hardened while I told her about the sexual games Rita and I played and though it throbbed salaciously against her leg she ignored it, never paying any attention to sticky precum smearing lewdly on her thigh. Each time there was a pause she would raise herself up and kiss me, letting me know that it was okay. I had inadvertently opened a Pandora's Box of emotions and when it was done, I felt vindicated and spent ... then inexplicably I felt a tear trickled down the side of my face. I couldn't recall, even as a boy, ever crying.

She kissed my eyes and wiped the tears as I began to lose control. She kept whispering, "Poor, Milo ... poor, poor Milo ..." over and over like an angel praying desperately for the soul of a sad profligate. That was it, the levee had breached and I was lost heaving uncontrollably into her body, clinging to her like a drowning man, my body wracked by the depth of my sobs. I ran the entire gamut of that broad emotional rainbow changing like a cunning salamander, from self-loathing, to remorse, then anger and isolation to self-pity and most of all the deep loss I felt for my sister until finally there was nothing left. Then just as quickly I regained control and through the obscure fog of embarrassment I looked at her wondering how she would perceive me. I needn't have worried. She was making soft cooing sounds soothing my frayed emotions.

"Shhhh ... it's okay, it's okay ..." she whispered, "that was the most beautiful thing I've heard, Milo ... my heart breaks for you!" her eyes had brimmed and for a moment I was confused. Was she kidding me? Did she really mean that?

Along with the relief, I experienced a licentious surge of lustful current shooting through my turgid cock as it flexed wildly.

"You don't think it's twisted ... sick?" I asked wanting to be sure.

"Sick? What are you saying, Milo? You loved her ... it's beautiful and pure and tragic because she is your sister!"

With that, she slithered down and licked the slimy crown, stroking the base while her tongue swirled around the ridge of the tumescent head. I knew that if she continued I would lose it all too soon again.

*"From her is the race of women and female kind:
of her is the deadly race and tribe of women who
live amongst mortal men to their great trouble ..."*

From Hesiod's Theogony.

It was late March and Hanna and I were sitting in one of the many Bohemian cafés in Düsseldorf when my cell phone rang. It said 'private number' and out of curiosity, I answered.

"Hello?"

"Milo?" it was a woman's voice which I recognized immediately. It was Katarina my younger sister with whom this incestuous journey had begun many years ago when we were still teenagers.

Hanna was looking on curiously and I held the phone away and whispered, "Its Kat ..."

She raised her brows, her eyes wide with renewed interest.

"Milo ...? Are you there? Can we talk?" Kat was always reserved and her voice was like my mother's, soft and firm. I had a hard time hearing her over the cacophony of the music, the chatter and waiters bustling by the table so I got up and pointing to the door stepped outside.

My mind was buzzing with the myriad possibilities; were my parents okay, was Rita alright, why would Kat make contact after all this time? It had been over eight years since we spoke.

"Are Mom and Dad okay?" I asked, my voice laced with concern.

"Oh ... sorry, of course, everyone is fine ... Dad's Blood Pressure is a bit high but he's okay." She paused, "I wanted to tell you the good news myself, Milo, I'm getting married ..."

Both my brothers had gotten married within the last three years and as much as Nickolas had wanted me to attend, I had stayed away. The rift between my family and me seemed to deepen with every passing day and the more I avoided them, the farther away they seemed from me. I remained quiet trying to feel some sort of emotion but felt nothing; neither happiness nor anger. During the aftermath of my mother taking Rita back home, I had called Kat to find out about Rita and to get messages to her but Kat had remained unapproachable and obdurate and I had felt emotionally betrayed. We had been close at one time but that didn't seem to matter to her and in response, I had shut down to her in an emotional sense.

"Milo, are you there? Did you hear me?" she asked and brought me back to the present.

"Yes, I'm here ... hey, good for you, Kat ... you must be very happy." I said after the long pause.

"I am ... Hank is really sweet and everyone likes him ..." she gushed. I could hear the love in her voice and just then Hanna walked out to join me, leaning against my side and wrapping her arm around my waist.

"Hey, listen ... congratulations and all that ... but I have to go; give my love to Mom and Dad." I said wanting to get off the phone.

"Wait, Milo, just give me a minute ... I want you to come for the wedding ... please, I am asking you for all of us" she was speaking quickly, "Mom has not been the same and Dad never smiles anymore ... whatever happened and God knows I was a part of all that ... we love you ... please, Milo, please say you'll come ..." she was pleading.

"I'll think about it, Kat, that's the best I can offer ... sorry ..." and I hung up.

We stood there our backs against the wall of the café with Hanna holding me tightly.

"Do you want to talk about it?" she asked.

"No ... there's nothing to talk about ... Kat is getting married and wants me to attend." I answered, "I'm not going ... they can all go to hell!"

"You don't mean that, baby!" She said immediately, looking up into my face. I felt all this love for her. I held her close to me and kissed her, ignoring the people passing by and staring at us. She was the anchor in my turbulent, emotional world and in the past four months we had gotten really close. After we made love that night, she lay with her body wrapped loosely around me.

"I love you so much, Milo, you know that don't you?" she professed in her simple, straightforward manner stroking my face and tracing the outline of my lips with the tips of her fingers.

"Unh-huh ... and I love you more, my lovely Dutch lass." I replied, feeling the warmth of her breath on my neck basking in the afterglow of our lovemaking.

"It is time to make things whole again with your family... I want us to be really happy, darling, and that will never happen until you make things right especially with your mother and father." She had a way of cutting through the nonsense and getting to the heart of the matter.

"I'll think about it ..." I said feeling uncomfortable with the direction this was taking.

"You promise, Milo, you will really consider it ... seriously?" she asked, her face etched with earnest concern.

"I will if for nothing else than to shut you up!" and with that I rolled her over, tickling her ribs and

kissing her neck. I loved the way she giggled and laughed ... she was so much like Rita and I felt myself getting aroused again.

I had found out through a labyrinthine network of cousins and friends that Kat's June wedding was going to be held on Phuket Island on Karon Beach at the Le Meridien which is truly a fabulous hotel. It seemed as though my old man was going to splurge on this occasion. Hanna and I were in the Executive Class lounge at Schiphol Airport in Amsterdam. She had a cousin who worked as a shift Manager for KLM and he managed to get her in with me. We sat in a corner, away from the others, saying very little while gently kissing each other. I didn't want to leave her and had begged her to come but she insisted that this was for family alone and that she would only be in the way. Also, there was the matter of her college exams so we decided that I would face the storm alone. She cried softly at the departure gate and I felt the familiar tug at my heartstrings as I walked down the bridge-way and into the plane.

The flight was arduously long with a changeover in Bangkok and finally when I arrived in Phuket, I checked into a nearby hotel, the Centara Villas Phuket, a beautiful resort in its own right and after taking a shower and resting I decided to call Hanna. We chatted for an hour or so with her urging me to be open and nice, especially to Rita and my Mom - it was so easy for me to talk to her. She was never judgmental and always supportive ... you guessed it, much like my sister Rita.

That evening was the "friends and family" bash and I decided to meet up with everyone when the party was winding down. Things would be mellow and just maybe I could heal these open wounds. I spent the day in my room catching up with work and some sleep and then later went to the gym and got in a pretty intense workout. After a light lunch of Thai Chicken Satay and salad, I decided to get my bearings and strolled around the beautiful gardens. Then it was almost time to get ready for the big event.

Hanna had picked my ensemble for this occasion: an off-white, light linen suit with a turquoise blue cotton shirt. It wasn't really my style but I had to admit that when I put it on it looked pretty nice ... the colors contrasting favorably with my dark hair and tanned skin. I strolled into the Sunset Bar at the Le Meridien and ordered a Vodka and Tonic – I wasn't much of a drinker but I had a few hours to kill and hoped that the alcohol would temper my nerves. So I sat there making small talk with the bartender and some of the patrons, tourists like me looking to find a piece of paradise and Karon is as close as you'll get on this Earth!

After a few drinks and feeling buttressed by the effects of the Vodka, I left the bar and walked down the wooden walkway towards the beach where they had erected a large tent, with a decorative canopy, for the party. There were still a few guests milling around and talking but it was Rita's incredible Auburn mane that I noticed first. I felt my heart catch as I took in her silhouette. She was with a small group standing outside the tent. I could see Nickolas, his wife who was noticeably pregnant, Jan, my other brother who was elder to Nick, my sister Kat, my Mom and few others I didn't recognize. I could hear snatches of the light banter and the ensuing laughter as I walked towards them, my shoes sinking into the soft white sand and my heart pounding in my head. I had a sudden

urge to turn and head back, to leave things as they were but I was determined to see this through and when I got closer my legs felt like they were being sucked down by a marshy quagmire as I slowed to a halt. My shoes had filled with sand and I was about to take them off when Nick noticed me. I was approximately twenty yards from them and heard him above the din.

“Milo?” it was pretty evident from his tone that he was shocked, “Milo!” he said again this time shouting my name and then there was silence. Everyone had stopped talking and turned in my direction. My mouth was dry and I was as nervous as a teenage boy on his first date. I saw my mother raise her hand to her mouth and then it was a blur. It was Rita who reacted and all hell broke loose.

“Milo ...” she squealed, “Oh ... Milo!”

She ran at me full tilt, her long, prancing strides covering the distance between us in seconds and then she threw herself at me. This time there was no holding her up and we tumbled, falling back against the soft cushioning sands with her landing on top of me. She shimmied herself up and straddled my stomach, leaning down towards my face, her beautiful hair forming a rich, dense curtain around us. Her eyes were bright and wide and I felt the heat from her crotch burning against my abdomen. She had the that look, the one I knew so well; I was certain she was going to kiss me and had a flash of panic but before anything could happen, I saw Nick pulling her off of me.

“Rita, give him a break ...” he said and lifted my baby sister up. Then he turned to me, “Hey, are you okay, big guy?” He helped me up dusting the sand off my back.

“Yeah ... I’m fine, I think ...” I smiled at Rita. She looked more beautiful than I remembered - if that were even possible, at least she did to me.

She pushed Nick out of the way and hugged me tightly to her, burying her face in my chest. She was whispering so softly that I couldn’t hear her but it didn’t matter, I reveled in the warmth of her embrace. I noticed Kat and her fiancé and smiled at them as the ring of people closed around us with Rita still in my arms. We stood there holding on to each other like palms bracing against an impending storm; actors in a Cyprian play where love and lust were intricate webs woven by the uncaring hands of the audience.

I saw my mother standing there wiping the tears from her eyes. She had always had a soft corner for me. It might have had something to do with the fact that I looked a lot like her father and I knew that this self-inflicted exile had hurt her the most. I walked over to her and hugged her, “Milo ... my son ... oh, Milo ...” she was crying as she hugged me to her. I was determined not to break down and steeled myself holding her tightly, kissing her cheeks and hair.

“It’s okay Ma ... it’s alright.” And then, I saw my father.

He was older and looked less self-assured, almost frail but his face lit up as we hugged. I felt a wave of emotion run through me as I was welcomed back into the fold. I realized then that I had been foolish to stay away for so long and how right Hanna had been. There would have been no real happiness if it wasn’t through a healing with my family.

My mother shooed away the waiters and insisted on fixing a plate for me.

“You look so thin, Milo ...” she said walking towards the tables where the food was still laid out.

Everybody laughed. It was my mother's mantra whenever she saw any of her sons!

We sat around the table catching up with all the news everyone speaking at the same time, laughing almost compulsively, sitting on the edge not wanting to upset the tenuous balance. I told them about Hanna and showed them the few pictures I had with me. Nick snatched the photographs and let out a low wolf whistle, genuinely impressed. "Wow, she's beautiful, Milo ... what's she doing with you?" which had Kat and Rita peering over his shoulders.

They took the pictures from him and looked at each one slowly. I wondered what was going through their minds as they studied the fresh, beautiful face of the woman that had replaced them but then Rita gave them back to me and without much preamble, plunked herself on my lap. There was an awkward silence; Nick glanced quickly from my Mom to me but no one said anything and then like marionettes manipulated by the master puppeteer, the conversation resumed with everyone chattering simultaneously. Strangely, they seemed to ignore the fact that my lovely sister was perched on my lap her head buried into my neck while my cock hardened under her.

We all sat there talking for a while until Dad and Mom said they were going to rest before dinner. My mother kissed me on my forehead and brushed Rita's hair away from her face. She just looked at us and smiled – I think she was resigned to the fact that some events were preordained and some spirits were born wild and free to dance high above the murky apothegms of bourgeois morality resolute in their freedom to pursue happiness as only they can define. She kissed my face again, smiling brightly letting me know that she was going to let fate run its course and that having us all together meant more to her than the irreverent machinations of her children. Then telling us not to be late for dinner she accompanied my father as they walked together towards the hotel.

Nick and Elsa, his wife, had also decided to head back to their room – I think Nick wanted Rita to have time alone with me. As Nick stood up, I said "You're getting fat ..."

He turned and smiled, "I can still kick your sorry ass ..."

"Promises, promises ..." I retorted like he had done years ago in Italy. He looked happy and taking hold of his wife's hand added, "Just like old times, Milo ... we love you, man!" I had missed my brother and his quirky personality.

Finally, it was just Rita and me. She was still on my lap and I knew she could feel me throbbing against her. I know she enjoyed the fact that she still excited me without effort. After sitting there and watching the sunset for a while, she got up and taking my hand said, "Let's walk on the beach, Milo." I couldn't stop looking at her. Time had been more than kind and she seemed to glow in the fading light. She was a beautiful woman now, twenty five and in her prime; her pale skin, the endearing light freckles, that thick shock of velvety red hair, the bright almond shaped eyes, small cute nose and her sensual mouth ... they all fit together in an alluring puzzle, irresistible to me.

"I tried so hard to call you but they wouldn't let me ..." she said, holding my arm walking slowly by my side. "You didn't think I would forget did you, Milo?" she stopped and waited for me to answer. We were like mythical lovers reincarnated from a previous life but the cruel twist of fate had cast us into our filial roles.

“No, I knew it wasn't you ... I tried calling you so many times in that first year ... Mornago, the house, the neighborhood none of it meant anything after you left.” I told her truthfully.

“I'm sorry, Milo, I would do anything to go back there ... anything for a few moments of that life!”

I looked away into the sunset, the beauty was ethereal and I knew exactly what she meant.

“Me too, baby girl ... but we have to move on.” I said then asked, “Do you have a boyfriend now?”

“Yes ... just recently. He's nice ...” she said, “Papa likes him ...” she added as an afterthought. Then she continued, “There will never be anyone for me but you, Milo. When he makes love to me, I close my eyes because it is you lying on top of me and it's your cock that is inside me and it's your name I call out and I don't care ... if that's sick then I'm doomed forever!”

I stopped thrilled by her candid admission and held her to me, stroking her hair and planting soft, gentle kisses on her face. It felt so right being with her again.

We walked in silence, holding hands and glancing at one another every now and then, wanting to reassure ourselves that this fragile strand of chance was indeed real. We'd smile, our fingers twisting, stroking, playing with each other's like lovers needing no language to convey their fleshy desires. We passed some sand dunes and she tugged me in their direction and once we were hidden away, she pulled me to her, “Come here, darling brother ...” and kissed me.

It was a deep, passionate kiss her tongue slithering wetly into my mouth, swirling against mine fervent in her passion. I sucked on her tasting the essence of her as my mind spanned across time, flooding with the memories of our past. The very smell, taste and feel of her body was a rebirth like some potent aphrodisiac fomenting my senses. I wanted to prolong the intimacy but she had other ideas and pushed me down against the beach. She was kneeling in between my thighs, struggling with my belt. Then just as my raging hard-on was released from the confines of my trousers, she sprawled lowering herself onto the sand and stretching her long neck, she swooped down like an angry goose and swallowed me whole.

She was relentless in her oral administrations, her mane tossing wildly as she bobbed over my turgid cock. Her fingers tickled my scrotum, massaging the sensitive tissue around my ass sucking and stroking with ferocity built-up over the long abeyance. I pushed her hair away from her face and watched her lips riding the ridge of my cockhead, stretching lewdly as she swirled her tongue, rubbing the sensitive underside of the swollen Glans. Her mouth was coated with a mixture of my precum and saliva and felt indescribable, warm and slick, lubricating her lips as she worked my pulsing stem and was made so much more urgent by her passionate desperation.

“Oh, God ... slowdown, Rita ... easy, baby ...” I croaked, as I felt the tremors begin deep within my body, racing down towards the crown of my enraged shaft but she was not to be denied.

I tried to pull her off of me but she pushed my hand away, making angry noises around the pulsing rod in her mouth. I saw her hand snaking down between her thighs pressing against her cunt through the thin cotton fabric of her dress. The sight of her hips fucking her fingers was too much and sent me tumbling over the edge. And just then, she squeezed the root near my pubic bone as tightly as she could, trapping the blood within my cock distending the mushroomed head so it was bloated like an angry, purple gargoyle. Then releasing me from the warmth of her mouth she caressed the slippery

beast with her fingers, rubbing her palm up and down and around the grotesquely flared ridge sending intense surges of pleasure ricocheting through my body, almost too pleasurable to bear. I doubled over, groaning loudly, when I felt her lips wrapping around me again sucking wildly as she released the swelling fluids in one ruptured effusion flooding thickly into her mouth. She swallowed quickly as my cock pulsed and jerked, draining the viscid juices as fast as they were jettisoned down her throat. I lay back on the sands, twitching helplessly in reaction to her gentle sucking; debilitated by my sister's oral proficiency, watching her as she whisked away every last drop from inside me. The prodigal had returned to the sanctuary of his lover.

Epilog: *My sister, Rita, and I resumed our intense relationship with the support from Hanna. My family never interfered again, choosing to ignore the obvious irregular fondness we had for one another. I am undecided about whether I should write about a weekend Hanna, Rita and I spent in Amsterdam ...and will speak to both of them before trying to capture the essence.*