

Treehouse Adventures 4 (The Final Chapter)

By nellieneska

Published on Lush Stories on 24 Sep 2011

Copyright of this story belongs to Nellieneska ... do not steal my work.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/incest/treehouse-adventures-4-the-final.aspx>

So after the last adventure I told you about, what would you assume? Henry and I lived happily ever after? We were meant to be together? I wish I could tell you that it was the truth, but it was far from it. Now I don't know if our love wasn't strong enough, or the way we wanted the world to see us too great, but there was too much riding against us. So we ended up going our separate ways. Hannah and Henry ended up getting married after all and life went back to the way it was.

"I would really like for you to come Abby," Henry said through the phone. I had missed his voice so much that I almost cried, but I held it back the best that I could. "Come meet my son, your nephew."

I was not sure how to answer him. There was a part of me that wanted to go and a part of me that wanted to stay as far away from him as possible. I had even been hurting our mother, staying away from major family functions. As much as it was hurting people around me staying away, being in the same room with Henry was more than I could bare.

"I don't think I can," I spoke surely into the phone. "I have so much work going on right now, there is no way that they would let me get away. I will have to come see you some other time."

"Dammit Abby," Henry yelled quietly into the phone. "Stop pretending with me. I know what's going on, and you need to stop. I know that I made some mistakes, but you are still my sister. Don't pull yourself away from us all like that. You are being nothing more than a selfish brat."

"Fuck off Henry," I yelled back into the phone before pushing the off button and hanging up on him. I was not in the mood to put up with his shit. He was the last person who deserved to talk to me like that.

I tossed the phone to the side of the room, it landing directly in the middle of my bed. I then proceeded into the bathroom to take a shower and wash the horrible feeling away from myself. I

wanted to forget this conversation had ever happened. I wanted to be able to forget about Henry all together, but I couldn't. I ... I I loved him.

I waited patiently for the door to open, and was worried for a moment that no one was home. I was about to turn around and head back for my car when the door slowly pulled back, revealing my mother, a look of shock on her face. I could tell that she was happy to see me, but sad at the same time. I felt bad for all that I had put her through, though my reasons meant something to me, hurting her was not what I wanted.

“Hi Mom.” I smiled, stepping up and inside the house. I wrapped my arms around my mother before she could attempt to back away. In that moment, I felt the tears escape my eyes and I fell into her arms, sobbing.

“Oh honey,” my mother said in a soothing voice, running her long slender fingers through my hair. She pulled me into the house and shut the door behind us.

As the door clicked shut, we were both on our knees in the middle of the entry way. My head was buried in her shoulder and she held onto me tight. I had needed to cry for so long and I could not hold it in any longer.

“Honey,” my mother asked, pulling me away from her, just enough to see my face. “What is going on? Did someone hurt you?”

Yes someone hurt me, Henry hurt me. He hurt me more than I ever imagined he would. I thought he was always going to be the one to catch me when I fell, and stand beside me no matter what, but I was wrong. Henry was no better than any other guy I could have possibly slept with, but for some reason, I still loved him more than I could put into words.

“Oh mommy,” I cried, pulling myself completely out of her arms and sitting directly in front of her. I knew what was about to happen and at one point, I would have been scared, but now I was only hurt and I needed my mom. I knew I had to do this. “I did something really bad.”

“You can tell me,” she said in a calm motherly voice, placing her hand on my knee and squeezing it lightly. “You know that no matter what you do, you will still be my baby girl and I will always love you.”

“But what I did was really bad,” I hung my head as the words left my mouth. “I mean really bad mom.”

“Well then I guess you really need to tell me,” she said with a small laugh. “I can’t fix it or make it go away unless you tell me what’s going on.”

I looked up from the ground and locked eyes with my mother. She looked calm and ready for whatever I was going to tell her. For a moment it felt as if a stranger was sitting in front of me, but I knew for sure it was my mother.

“I slept with Henry,” I blurted out. My hand shooting up and covering my mouth soon after the words escaped. I could not believe I just let it out so quickly and so easily.

So many things were racing through my mind. What was my mother going to say? Was she going to be angry at me? Was she going to take back what she said and stop loving me? But the biggest thing going through my mind was relief. I no longer had this deep dark secret bottled up inside of me and for the first time in forever, I could breathe.

“I know,” my mother said calmly, rubbing her hand over my leg and shushing my tears away. “I have known for a very long time dear.”

“How did you,” I began to ask.

“Actually,” my mother began, looking away for a brief moment, as if recalling the moment she found out. “Henry told me. The night after he left Hannah at the altar.”

“Oh,” I said in shock, shrugging my shoulders as if I should have expected this. “Henry told you.”

“Hello,” a voice called from the bottom of the stairs. I knew that it was Henry and the nerves completely took over my stomach.

“Hi,” I said, making my way down the stairs. He was alone and for this I was grateful. I asked him to come alone, but that did not mean that he would listen.

“Where are mom and dad?” he asked me curiously, looking around. I knew he would never have expected me to call him here if they were not around.

“They went away for the night,” I said as I made my way into the living room. “Dad had some business meeting out of town and they decided to just rent a room and get away for the night.”

“Oh,” he said nervously, as if I was about to do something horrible to him. He slowly followed me into the living room but kept a good distance from me. Deep down this hurt, but I did not think too much into it.

“Look,” I began quickly, turning around to face him one on one. “I know that things have been bad for us since, well you know. And I know that things will never be completely the same between us, but I want to try and bury the past.”

“I don’t know if I can do that,” he said quietly, looking me dead on in the eyes, causing my legs to shake just slightly and my heart to speed up.

“Why not,” I asked him in almost a begging tone. “Don’t you want us to be able to be around each other without things being completely awkward all the time?”

“I do,” he said making his way toward me, but stopping just a few feet away, as if he were trying so hard to control himself. “I just don’t know how we are going to do that.”

“I have an idea,” I answered him, “I have thought a lot about this and I think that I have a solution to our problems.”

Before he could ask me what was going on, I made my way out to the backyard and began to climb up into the treehouse. He was right behind me, without any sort of hesitation. His lack of hesitation made me nervous that I was not going to be able to go through this, but I knew what needed to be done.

“Henry,” I said with a nervous smile, turning to face him completely. “I want you to make love to me one more time.”

I expected him to protest, for him to tell me he was married and had a child and that he could not do this. I expected him to be angry for me even mentioning this, but he did the opposite. He did not say anything at all. Instead he rushed toward me and pulled me into his arms, pressed his lips firmly against my own and lowered us down onto the floor of our faithful treehouse.

We were quick to remove each others clothes, the warm breeze brushing against our bodies. As quickly as the clothes came off though, we did not make love. We simply wrapped our bodies together and kissed every inch of skin that we could find. Our breathing was rushed and we were getting hotter by the minute.

Henry then began to kiss his way down my neck and to my chest, kissing and licking over my nipples. I moaned lightly and arched my back at the pleasure this sent coursing through my body. I wanted to feel his lips everywhere, touching every possible spot available and it seemed as if he wanted that to.

Once he was done with my breasts, he began to kiss down my stomach until reaching the inside of my thighs. He lightly bit each one of them, causing a shiver to shoot up my spine. His lips then made their way back up slightly. His tongue reaching out and parting my pussy lips. The warmth sent chills across my body and I could feel my juices flowing in large amounts from my body.

Soon he was licking and sucking on every inch of my pussy. Licking up all of my juices and sticking his tongue deep inside of me as if begging for more. My body was more than happy to give him exactly what he wanted as I reached my first orgasm, the sweetness of my body covering his mouth and the floor of the treehouse.

“Oh my god Henry,” I screamed as my orgasm took over completely and then subsided. I did not care if anyone could hear us this time. No one was home and I did not care what the neighbors thought.

“I want...” he slowly spoke, kissing his way back up my body. “to be inside of you Abby.”

I smiled down at him and reached down to grab his arms. Once I had a decent grip, I pulled him up to me and kissed him hard. I could taste me on his lips and this drove me crazy, knowing that he had caused me to cum so hard for him. I wanted to let him do it again, this time with his cock deep inside of me.

“Please Henry,” I begged him, wrapping my legs around his waist and pulling my hips up against him. I could feel his cock touching my pussy and it ached for him. I needed to feel him inside of me, even if this was to be the last time.

Henry lined himself up with me and ran his cock up and down the length of my pussy. Every time it hit over my clit my body shook so hard I felt like I was going to lose control. Only moments before I was about to tell him that it was too much, he slowly pushed his hard cock inside of me, until he was all the way inside of me.

We both let out a moan at the same time as he began to slowly thrust in and out of me. Our bodies so tightly coiled that he could barely pull out of me. Only an inch could come out before he had to thrust it back inside of me. His body hitting so hard against my clit.

My fingers began to pull down the sides of his back as he picked up speed and began fucking me so hard that I was screaming. It felt so good as orgasm after orgasm over took my body.

His breathing was heavy as he fucked me and I could tell that he was getting close. Instead of speeding up though, he slowed down quite a bit and slowly stroked his cock in and out of my pussy, as he looked me in the eyes.

I could feel his heart beating with mine, as he pressed his body against mine. Our eyes never left one another as he pushed me into my final orgasm by coming deep inside of me. I could see all of the emotion on his face, the love, the sadness, all of it, in that single moment when we were completely join.

“I love you Henry,” I whispered before kissing him lightly.

“I love you too Abby,” he whispered back.

We laid there for a good while, talking and laughing and holding each other, before we both decided that it was time to get dressed and make our way back into the house.

Once we were at the bottom of the treehouse, I grabbed Henry by the arm and stopped him from going into the house.

“Wait,” I said, “there is one more thing to all of this, in order for us to completely move on.”

I handed Henry a hammer and grabbed one for myself and made my way back up the stairs slightly and started to beat at the treehouse. Henry followed my lead with a confused look on his face, but he did not ask any questions. I assumed he understood.

Soon the treehouse was no more. Pieces of it lay along the yard, and it was no longer usable. The one thing that we had to call ours, was now no one's. We could finally move on.

“What made you want to do that?” Henry asked me as I began to walk into the house. “I mean, I understand why this had to happen, but what made you think of this?”

Before entering the house I turned around and smiled at him.

“It was actually mom’s idea.” I laughed, then turned back and walked away from the world that had been holding me down for so long. Ready to start another adventure of my own.