

# BARRY & LANA - SOUL MATES

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*Barry finds the love of his life is his Sister/Daughter*

Incest/Taboo

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Authors Note: This story can be read as stand-alone but is technically a continuation of "[Barry & Janet - Just A Fantasy](#)."

Barry lived with his sister Lana in a large house on a private lot. When Barry's mother, Janet, gave birth to Lana, nobody could ever know that a shared secret bonded Barry and Janet.

Although Lana grew up in a loving household with a mostly normal life -- other than being unusually wealthy -- she had no idea that her missing father was actually her brother Barry.

Her mother and brother maintained a healthy and loving relationship as lovers for most of her life.

Barry and his mother, Janet, added a bedroom to their house when Lana was just a few years old. This new bedroom became Barry's, and it just happened to connect to their mother, Janet's bedroom, via a shared bathroom.

Barry entered Janet's room at night secretly and was always seen leaving his own room in the morning. So for all Lana, or anyone, knew, Barry and Janet had a normal relationship.

Their lives seemed perfect until one fall day the year Lana turned twelve.

In a twist of fate, Janet was hit by a truck and killed instantly in a car accident that nobody could see coming or have predicted.

Barry and Lana were devastated.

Lana had lost her mother, but Barry had also lost the love of his life.

At the funeral, Barry asked Lana if she could wait by the car as he went back to Janet's grave for one final private moment alone.

Tears ran down his cheeks as he said his final goodbyes to his late mom.

"Janet, I promise I will take care of our daughter. I will make sure she has all the best things in life. I swear to you; I will always protect her and show her the love you wanted her to have."

He turned to walk away, paused, and added, "I know what we had between us was not a normal Mother/Son relationship. It will remain our secret, and I'll keep our daughter from ever having to deal with the implications of learning that truth. I'll make sure she has a clean slate and is never subject to any harm or corruption related to our union."

Shortly after the funeral, Barry -- who was 18 years older -- took custody of his younger sister, Lana.

Thankfully, his mother had come into a great deal of wealth, so Barry only worked because he liked to. Lana was set financially for life due to a trust that was put in her name that she would be able to

access when she turned 18.

A year after Janet's death, Barry moved into her old room as it was the master bedroom, and Lana - always the opportunist -- took over Barry's old room, as it was quite nice.

They shared the joint bathroom that Barry had installed a decade earlier, mostly because it was convenient. There were other bathrooms, but neither of them liked going far out of their way very often, so they sometimes fought over its use.

Barry and Lana were close. Barry took care of and protected her and loved her as both his sister and his child.

Lana loved Barry more than anyone else in the world and was often looking for his approval. She didn't have a father that she knew of, but she felt lucky that her older brother was more than able and willing to carry that torch.

Lana thought that if she ever found out who her dad was, it was unlikely that he would be able to measure up to Barry. Barry was many things: handsome, funny, warm, reliable, charming, and most of all, protective.

Losing her mother was traumatic, but if there was a silver lining, Lana knew it was that she got her lovely brother all to herself.

Lana seemed older than her age, and this was partly because of her unusual intellect.

Lana wasn't like the other girls. She was not just a pretty face. She was into science, psychology, physics, and technology; you name it. She could play the piano at a virtuoso level and cook like a chef.

Barry, on the other hand, was more average. He wasn't dumb, but he recognized his little sister was not normal. This meant that she didn't fit in with other kids. And so she would rather spend her time hanging out with her older brother Barry.

Even though Barry was considerably older, they spent a lot of time together, playing video games, going to movies, and just having fun doing things together.

Barry always found Lana mesmerizing to chat with, and Lana kept Barry on his toes, as she could be refined and mature but also playful and even a bit devious.

Over the years since their mother's passing, Lana matured, and it wasn't just her intellect that stood out, but her unusually beautiful body as well.

She developed at a younger age than most, feeling a little awkward as her slender body was graced with admirable breasts along with a curvaceous rump.

Her cute face, adorned with a dusting of freckles and framed by auburn hair, transformed into delicate features, pouty lips, and striking blue eyes.

The kids in her school noticed, as well as grown men.

Although Lana was 18 and technically an adult, Barry thought they had no right to look at her the way they did.

Lana's beauty just made Barry more protective, and he wasn't sure he liked all the attention she got for it.

She was like his best friend, but ever since she had become an adult during her senior year of high school, he had to look away sometimes and push thoughts out of his head when he saw her curves or the way she made him feel when she looked at him a certain way.

When she dressed in skimpy clothes, bent over, or showed some cleavage, those images would freeze in his brain, only later to come out when he was least expecting. He kicked those thoughts out and stayed on the straight and narrow.

Barry knew crossing the line between family members could happen, and he was determined to stick to his vow never to allow harm to come to Lana, including harm from him.

Lana had always found Barry incredibly attractive. There were times when she allowed her thoughts to cross the invisible line of accepted norms.

Once, when Barry forgot to lock her side of the shared bathroom, she peaked in and saw Barry's naked body.

He was looking in the mirror getting ready, so she took her time eyeing up his sexy butt, chiseled abs, and well-endowed member.

On another occasion, Lana peaked into his room from a crack in the bathroom door and saw Barry on his bed masturbating.

He was completely oblivious, so Lana took her time, noticing the intense arousal in her panties as she watched her brother pleasuring himself.

At school, Lana had fallen in with a group that people referred to as "the hot girls." Everywhere she went, boys and even men would ogle her and give her attention, so she figured, why not just own it?

She liked the power she wielded but had little interest in men outside of Barry.

Sure, she had messed around with boys at parties, but she had never had full-on sex, opting instead to give blow jobs and occasionally allow boys to touch her.

In her mind, she pretended that the boys she was with were actually Barry -- and it was him she was giving blow jobs to or allowing to touch her.

She knew it wasn't right to think of Barry that way, and maybe something was wrong with her, but she had long since accepted that she had a certain brand of kink, and it wasn't going away.

Over time, she developed elaborate fantasies about Barry. Her fascination led her down the rabbit hole of internet porn, where she often watched step-sibling porn, imagining what it would be like to cross the line with her brother.

The kink turned her on, unlike anything else. It helped that she was so attracted to him, but she was always able to keep her fantasies separate from reality by compartmentalizing them.

After all, there was no way Barry would want to do the perverted things Lana fantasized about.

She thought about trying to do something to stop her attraction to Barry, but she couldn't help herself. It was the way she was wired. No other man truly interested her in the slightest.

Lana's secret world remained well guarded and far outside the realm of reality, that is, until that fateful summer.

It would be a summer she would remember for the rest of her life.

\* \* \* \* \* Summer Begins

Barry and Lana hung out often on the weekends and after school. They had fun playing sports and swimming in the pool at their house.

Lana would sometimes touch Barry playfully and vice versa.

Lana liked to pretend that they were boyfriend and girlfriend. The way they spent time together, goofed around, and enjoyed each other's company made it easy for her to imagine.

Barry, on the other hand, was apprehensive about his feelings and thoughts towards Lana, which sometimes crept in. He was able to keep them at bay, but the temptation was only made worse by Lana's raw sensual beauty.

That summer, Barry suspected for the first time that Lana had a crush on him. He noticed that she found a way to get his hands to graze her butt or boobs when they were playing around.

When he hugged her, which was often, he would have to tamp down any arousal.

She was unbelievably sexy, and he was finding it harder to resist thinking of her as she matured. He loved her so much, and he didn't want to mess her up.

He, of all people, knew that taboo lines could be crossed. In the case of his mother, things worked out. But he knew that he had just been lucky. Not only would society shun incestuous behavior, but it was also illegal as well.

Besides that, Lana wasn't aware that she was technically his daughter. Barry had already crossed sacred lines before. He was not content with crossing those same lines with the person he adored and vowed to protect the most.

Unfortunately, the best-guarded gates have a tendency to open a crack. One of Barry's greatest weaknesses was exposed when he went into the bathroom during that crazy summer.

Lana's panties were lying on the floor of the bathroom - she must have forgotten to pick them up after showering.

He and Lana had just been hanging out that day, and he recalled seeing a glimpse of those very same yellow panties when she didn't cross her legs on the couch.

He wondered if she did that on purpose. He had looked away, but the image had seared into his mind.

"No," Barry said out loud. He had to leave her panties alone and walk away.

Barry's cock started to put other ideas in his mind.

Just as he was about to beat the temptation and leave her panties, he snatched them up impulsively and left the bathroom.

He locked his door and sat on his bed. Up until then, he had not crossed any lines other than having occasional sexual thoughts of Lana he had to ignore.

I should just put these back in the bathroom where I found them, he thought.

Before he could stop, he lifted his sister's cute panties to his face and smelled them.

Ohh, my god, he thought as the ambrosia-like scent of her womanhood flooded his senses.

His dick was like an iron rod as he felt a thrill course through his body.

Images started flooding his mind. The images he had packed away and hoped never to act on.

Images of Lana's body. Her cute face and beautiful eyes. Her impossibly pert breasts and her amazing ass that she always seemed to be showing off.

"Ohhh fuck," he muttered as he pumped his dick furiously. In less than 30 seconds, he erupted and shot his load all over Lana's panties.

Barry felt shame and also like something had opened in him.

He justified his actions. He couldn't have taken on a more difficult task than ignoring Lana's advances and pushing down his own attraction to her.

Maybe he needed to have an occasional outlet to keep from cracking. If that is what it took to keep her safe, then that's what he would do.

He hid his secret fetish in his mattress like he had done so many years before with his mother's panties.

After that first crack in his armor, Barry struggled in his dealings with Lana.

As they hung out, he found that he was having more lewd thoughts, and he found it was getting easier to fuel his developing fantasies further. At least that's all they were; he thought...just fantasies.

It was summer, and Lana wore a bikini under her shorts and a small cutoff T-shirt. "I'm going to go out back and suntan," she announced.

Barry couldn't help himself. He stared out the large panel window into the backyard. The very same one he looked out when he had masturbated for the first time to his mother lying in the same sun-lounger by the pool.

Lana appeared to be asleep, but with her sunglasses on, she was able to watch.

She hoped Barry's gaze was directed at her body.

She was rewarded when she saw him peering from an opening in the curtains.

He kept looking. This was too good to be true. He must be looking at me, she mused.

Lana had been providing breadcrumbs for a long while now. Wearing revealing clothes. Holding her touches a little longer than necessary.

She knew she was playing with fire, but she wanted to know if Barry could ever look at her the way she did him. What she saw was beyond what she could imagine ever happening in reality.

Barry stared at her, believing her ruse, with his big dick in his hand, pumping furiously.

Barry openly ogled Lana's sexy body. Although she had a naturally white complexion, she had taken on a little tan, which highlighted the light dusting of freckles she had on her face and shoulders.

The swell of her breasts was exposed nicely as the bikini fabric barely held them in. Her lean and taut stomach extended down to her pubic mound, barely covered by a tiny patch of fabric.

Lana left very little to the imagination with what she was wearing and how she had positioned herself.

She almost couldn't breathe. Lana held still, not wanting to spoil this moment.

It didn't take long for Barry to blow his load. He shot huge strands of cum right onto the picture window.

He was so hot and manly. Lana felt so gratified that she was able to have this effect on her brother.

Barry quickly cleaned off the window and vowed to go no further. He was allowing himself just these little fantasies.

He knew the difference between reality and fantasy. In giving in to his fantasies, at least he didn't have as much sexual frustration pent up, and that was good, wasn't it?

After her poolside tanning session, Lana knew one thing for sure. Barry was into her.

She smiled and felt her heart swell with pride.

The very next day, Lana would gain far deeper insight into Barry's mind and behaviors...and what she learned was surprising, to say the least.

#### \* \* \* \* \* A Discovery

Lana always had a fascination with the mystery of her father. Her mother had told her that her birth was the result of a one-night stand with a stranger at a business convention far away.

Her mother, Janet, had no desire to even attempt to find this man, and it seemed impossible for her to do so since she claimed she didn't remember his name.

Barry was no help, just repeating the same information to Lana that she had heard since she was little.

Being a smart little detective, Lana decided to take a stab in the dark.

She knew that DNA databases existed and heard how, after an analysis was done, people would sometimes find relatives that were also in the database.

It was a long shot, but she took it.

In order to get a good baseline, Lana secretly submitted samples from her mother, Barry, and herself.

She had sent for them weeks earlier, and the results of the tests arrived at last.

Lana was in for a shock. Barry and her mother's DNA match showed a Mother/Son relationship, as expected.

However, the results also showed a Father/Daughter relationship between her and Barry.

"Holy fuck," Lana said out loud, her incredible intellect rapidly filling in all the missing blanks.

Barry and his mother always got along unusually well...and they were really close.

They also had adjoining rooms, connected by the bathroom she and Barry now shared.

Lana realized with absolute certainty that, during her entire childhood, up until the day of her mother's death, Barry had been sleeping in her mother's room...and they had surely been fucking!

In stunned amazement, she realized that her brother, whom she was infatuated with, was, in fact, also her father.

This new knowledge seemed to have the opposite effect on Lana in terms of her sexual fantasies.

Instead of stopping, her kink grew further. She now explored the step-father/daughter porn on the internet, fantasizing.

In her mind, she not only saw Barry as her brother but also as her daddy.

In her fantasies, he was unable to resist her charms. He would explore her body and profess his love to her as they made love.

Other times, he would hold her down and take her like a man hungry with lust. Sometimes, when she was at her kinkest, she would seduce him and take him almost against his will.

But in her most secret fantasy, she and Barry would fall in love, much like she imagined had happened with him and her mother, and they would get married.

In this fantasy, she would move far away, where the mooring of societal norms would do little to interrupt their happiness.

Ultimately, she would have Barry's baby, and they would live happily ever after.

Her fantasies turned her on and allowed her an outlet, but in reality, she knew it was all an impossibility.

Still, the fact that Barry had crossed the line with his mother gave Lana a glimmer of hope as she thought about how a fantasy could sometimes become a reality.

\* \* \* \* \* Surveillance

Lana's knowledge of Barry's darkest secret emboldened her.

She installed micro cameras in Barry's room.

Yes, it was a terrible invasion of privacy, but Lana liked to be in control...and she was already so far over the line with her fantasies.

Lana sat in her room, looking at her computer screen.

Barry was naked on his bed, holding his erect penis in his hand. She always thought he had a gorgeous body and considered him to be the peak of masculinity. But seeing Barry playing with his dick from the comfort of her room was next level.

She had seen plenty of men's dicks on the internet, but this was Barry's... And it was beautiful. She couldn't believe how thick and large it was. Not outrageously so, but definitely bigger than the norm.

As he masturbated, Lana slipped her fingers into her now-wet pussy. She had thought about Barry when she masturbated. He was her muse.

But those were fantasies imagined in her mind, and this was his actual dick he was stroking.

Lana watched, fixated, holding her breath, as Barry ejaculated into some sort of material. It couldn't contain the torrents of sperm he shot out of his monster cock.

He then reached over his bed, pulled the mattress up, and stowed the cloth in between the mattresses.

"What was that?" Lana said to herself.

After Barry left for work, Lana snuck into Barry's room, lifted the mattress, and was utterly shocked at what she saw -- the object he had ejaculated into was...a pair of her panties that had gone missing.

Her panties! Lana almost fainted with the realization as she looked closer to inspect them.

Her brother's sperm was still warm and oozed, coating the inside of the panties.

She thought, my God, how long has he been doing this!?

She dipped her finger into Barry's semen and put it to her lips. She tasted her brother's cum and proceeded to pull her panties down. Her pussy was so wet, and she couldn't believe what she was doing.

She dipped another finger into his cum and rubbed it on her pussy. "Ohhh fuck..." She said as she played with herself, orgasming almost immediately.

She estimated he had been gone a little over 30 minutes. She knew sperm only lasted, at maximum, 30 minutes outside the body, so she was relatively sure that nothing bad would come from what she did next.

She laid down on his bed and dripped his cum directly onto her pussy. This was the most erotic moment of her life thus far.

She had Barry's sperm seeping into her, and she felt so aroused that she kept cumming over and over again as she massaged her clit and stuck her finger inside her pussy, pushing his seed deeper inside.



She didn't know how many times she came, but it was a lot. Exhausted, she covered her tracks and left his room.

From that moment on, Lana knew that Barry had to be into her deeply, even if it was limited to the world of fantasy.

She decided to wear tighter outfits that showed off her cleavage, shapely butt, and legs.

Because she knew what to look for, she would catch Barry sometimes lingering too long...and on her butt, especially when he thought she wasn't looking.

She could tell he was trying to contain himself, but her underwear that would go missing told another story.

Toward the end of summer, Lana got into a routine. She knew when Barry went to work and when he masturbated each day like clockwork.

She watched him from her monitor, masturbating at the same time, imagining she was in his room with him.

She began using a dildo she ordered online. At first, it was hard to even put it in her tight vagina, but over time she was getting more used to it. It was the first time she had anything larger than a finger in her.

Lana imagined the dildo was Barry's big cock, and it felt huge inside her, even though she was sure it was smaller than Barry's actual penis.

She loved watching Barry cum in those videos. His sexy body and thick, photogenic dick got her hot.

As her fantasies evolved in her mind, Barry would also vow his undying love for her and beg to impregnate her. Something about being impregnated triggered her on a primal level.

She loved Barry, and although it seemed crazy, she imagined that a part of the fantasy of carrying his baby was that he would be with her and never leave her.

If she was really honest, the icing on the cake was that he would marry her. It was a crazy thought, of course...one she knew only existed in her fantasies.

It was fucked up. She was not only his sister, but she was also his daughter. He had no idea that she knew...and that it didn't change how she felt about him in the slightest.

\* \* \* \* \* Movie Night

Lana and Barry had established a routine movie night each week. It was something they did for years. This particular one went a bit differently than any that preceded it -- for better or worse.

It was Lana's turn to pick the movie, and she chose a scary one. Horror was usually more Barry's thing, but she was feeling risky.

As the movie progressed, they went from laughing and making comments about the scenes in the beginning -- to slowly becoming enraptured by the movie's eerie tone and plot twists.

At one point midway through, a jump scare caused Lana to squeal in surprise.

It happened so quickly and naturally that Barry didn't notice at first. Lana grabbed his hand, and she didn't let go.

The longer it went on, the more Barry noticed it. Her hand felt good in his, but he wasn't sure if this was crossing a line or not. Lana was scared, and this was a normal reaction, right? It's not like it was the first time they'd ever touched hands...

Lana hadn't planned it, but now that she held Barry's hand, she was reluctant to let go. The movie was intense, but holding his big strong hands brought a sense of comfort and excitement.

After a while, it was clear that neither of them was going to let go of the other's hand. After a few more scary scenes, Lana found herself leaning in close to Barry and continuing to squeeze his hand as she reacted to the scenes.

They both jumped so hard at one point that they started laughing.

After they calmed down and settled back in, both Barry and Lana became acutely aware of how closely they were sitting together.

It felt so good to have Lana clutching Barry's arm and holding her soft hand, and Lana became aware of the heat and lovely scent of Barry as she pressed against him.

Lana turned her head to look at Barry, and he turned in kind. Their eyes met just inches apart.

For just that moment, the naked truth permeated the veil they kept up. The one that allowed them to interact and pretend there was no attraction and that everything about their relationship was normal.

Both of them locked eyes as they felt drawn into one another's field.

Barry wasn't sure if he moved or Lana -- perhaps both. Their lips suddenly were touching.

It was electric and as though time itself slowed down as Barry tasted his sister's sweet mouth.

Her lips were soft and needful as they explored his.

Barry's brain didn't have time to react... His body was responding instinctively.

He gently pulled her towards him as they started making out.

Lana's tongue flicked into his mouth as she began to French kiss him. Her tongue felt so good and right as it darted into his mouth, exploring.

She fell on top of him as her legs splayed naturally around Barry's waist. Lana felt so fucking good on top of him, and her smell and taste were intoxicating.

Lana breathed harder as she passionately kissed Barry, biting and sucking on his lip.

She began rocking forward and back with her hips, rubbing against him.

Barry reached behind Lana and grabbed her butt, pulling her onto him and encouraging the subtle humping motion.

She felt so good against him and on top of him.

Barry was so turned on his dick felt like it could rip through his jeans.

As Lana rubbed herself against the turgid lump in his pants, Barry reached up and cupped his sister's breast.

It felt so perfect. Not big, but just enough to fill his hand and feel the softness and heft of her ample tit. He had never felt them before and had imagined what they would be like, but the reality was so much better than expected.

As they continued to make out, Lana moved her hand down and squeezed Barry's hard cock through his jeans.

Ohh fuck, he thought. The pressure of her hand on his cock was delightful.

She stopped kissing for a moment as she focused elsewhere, starting to unsnap his jeans, both of them breathing heavily.

At that moment, Barry came to his senses.

He gently and carefully sat up, causing his sister to un-straddle him.

Lana's eyes showed a sudden alarm.

Barry looked at her with compassion and said, "I'm so sorry, Lana. We shouldn't be doing this... I don't know what came over me."

He felt shame as he got up, unable to face her, as he walked out of the room, leaving Lana to process what had just happened.

Barry sat in silence in his room. He was in shock. Lana had felt so good to him, so right in the moment.

Now he realized he needed to find some way to course correct before he and Lana crossed a line they couldn't return from. He could think of only one thing that might work.

Lana, on the other hand, lay in her bed, her heart thundering.

Everything that night felt so right and so natural with Barry. It didn't feel weird at all to finally kiss him, and she felt his magnetic attraction toward her just as she had fantasized.

He was so cute when he came to his senses...Always thinking of her, always trying to protect her.

She went to sleep feeling giddy and hopeful for the future. A future that would find Barry and her together at last.

\* \* \* \* \* Jealousy Falls

The next day when Lana got home from school, she was greeted by an unwelcome surprise.

An attractive woman was in their house hanging out with Barry without a care in the world. Lana sensed something was wrong right away.

Barry introduced them. "Misty, meet my sister Lana."

Lana could barely get out a "hi," before excusing herself and going to her room. With Barry acting as Lana's legal guardian, they normally had the house to themselves.

Barry was one hell of a wealthy and good-looking guy, so one would think it was only a matter of time before he had a girlfriend. But Lana had never seen Barry with any woman other than their mother. He strangely didn't seem interested, even though girls fawned over him wherever he went.

So what the fuck was this one doing there with him!?

Women threw themselves at Barry, so it was easy to choose one of the many he worked with. Barry hoped to create a little distraction and maybe create some distance between him and Lana.

It was now utterly obvious that they both had intimate feelings toward each other, and he needed to try something to set things right.

Lana hated Misty immediately.

Why the fuck had Barry chosen to bring some bitch home now?

She knew it had to do with what happened the night before in the movie room. That experience had felt so magical and right, but Lana suspected Barry was spooked.

What they had between them was real and true, and he was trying desperately to deny it.

That night Lana sat in her room watching her computer screen, enraged. Misty lay on the bed with Barry kissing and fondling him. Lana felt betrayed as she continued to watch this woman make out with Barry.

Tears streamed down her face as she turned off the monitor. It was clear where this was going, and it hurt too much to watch anymore.

The next day, when Barry came home from work, Lana had a friend over.

Lana introduced Barry to Jeff, the most attractive guy in her school.

It was Barry's turn to issue his own awkward "hi," before going to the kitchen, pretending to do something.

Lana left Barry, his feelings tearing him up inside, as she led her date into her room and closed the door.

Barry couldn't believe what he was feeling as he imagined what was going on in that room. It was obvious that Lana intended to make him jealous.

He suddenly realized how much it must have hurt Lana to see him with his own age-appropriate date the night before.

It was fucked up, but he couldn't deny his feelings for Lana. He could barely breathe, thinking about what might be going on in her room.

He imagined what it was like for Lana the night before... feeling just like he did now. It was terrible.

When at last, Lana's guest left, Lana found Barry sitting in the living room in the dark.

Lana saw him lurking and said, "What do you want?"

Barry had a stern look on his face, clearly upset.

"Did you just have sex with that kid?"

Lana replied, "No, I didn't, and how is that any of your business?"

He looked relieved as he responded, "Well, I guess it isn't. . . I just. . ." He paused, feeling his heart hammer in his chest.

Lana interrupted in a flat tone, "Yes...what!?"

He continued, "Look, Lana, I don't know what this thing is that's going on between us, but I don't think I can stand you being with any boys...at least until we figure this out." Barry was looking away in shame.

Lana pressed, "I see...but it's ok for you to bring women home and fuck them in front of me!?"

Barry's eyes were glistening. Lana could see he was emotional.

Looking at her, he said, "...I am so sorry, Lana. I thought I was doing the right thing --"

Lana quickly interjected, "That was the right thing!? You sure know how to do...the right thing!?"

Now it was her turn to look away on the verge of tears.

Barry felt his heart break just a little for the sweet girl that stood before him.

He had rejected her and then hurt her as he dealt with his own fear and loss of control. Barry wanted to reach out, to console her.

Barry confessed. "What I did was insensitive. I was just scared...actually...terrified of my feelings lately."

Lana stood, listening.

"You mean too much to me, Lana. I've done some fucked up things in my life, and I just don't want any of those fucked up things to affect you."

Lana knew what Barry was referring to -- his terrible secret. She would have to hold onto that until he was ready to tell her.

Lana softened a little as she responded. "What feelings?"

Barry blushed as he said, "You know...the feelings I have for you."

Probing further, she teased, "You mean the feelings you have for your sister?"

Barry said, "I mean, feelings I shouldn't be having for my sister."

Lana liked hearing Barry outright confess he had feelings for her. It made her feel butterflies in her stomach.

She couldn't believe how quickly she was on the verge of forgiving him.

She said, "For someone with these alleged feelings, you sure have a funny way of showing them."

Barry retorted, "You of all people should know...." He paused for dramatic effect. "...that I'm an idiot."

Lana laughed before responding, "Well you finally got one thing right the last 24 hours!"

Barry stood up and stepped towards Lana. "In all seriousness, I thought that -- if I was with that woman -- maybe I would learn that my feelings were misplaced. Maybe I'm just lonely for that part of my life and projecting that onto you."

Lana looked unimpressed as she said, "So, how'd that work out for you?"

"I learned the opposite was true. That I was wrong. Yes, I did make out with that woman, but it didn't feel good at all. I had to stop and send her packing."

Lana was the one who showed relief now, "You only kissed her?"

"Yes. What about you?"

Lana confessed, "I didn't even touch him...I just wanted you to feel how I felt."

Barry said, "Jealous, you mean?"

"Yes."

Barry continued to reassure Lana. "I wanted to break that fucking door down and kill that kid. You almost caused a homicide!" he said with a smirk.

Hearing him further admit how he felt made Lana bolder.

With a softness in her voice, Lana asked, "Did what happened at movie night mean anything to you?"

Barry paused before saying, "You know it did. But it was also terrifying. You are the most important person in the world to me. I know now we have feelings for each other, but what we did was not ok."

"It felt ok to me," Lana retorted with a sweet smile that made her face adorable.

Barry stepped closer as he said, "Let's just promise not to bring anyone else over like that for now. I'm sure we can figure out how to control and deal with our feelings, and I know we'll figure it out together."

Lana took the next step, closing the gap between them, and said, "Agreed."

Barry bumped her nose with his finger in a cute gesture before putting his arms around her in a great big hug.

Barry held her, whispering, "I'm sorry, Lana. . . we'll figure this out. I love you so much."

They held each other for a while, clutching tightly, not wanting to let go.

Lana reciprocated. "I love you too, Barry."

Barry felt a ray of hope. Perhaps he would find a way to get over this infatuation with his sister, and they could lead a normal life.

Maybe his feelings of guilt for thinking about his daughter the way he had could be cured someday.

Barry reluctantly broke off the hug.

As he walked towards his room, he said, "I'm going to bed. Good night my sweet princess."

Lana liked his added touch of calling her by his old nickname for her.

"Night, night," she said.

\* \* \* \* \* First Night

Barry lay in bed in his underwear, trying to go to sleep. He knew Lana wanted him, but he could never do that to her.

He found it hard to stop thinking about how pretty she was the night before as she kissed him. The taste of her lips...how right it felt for the few moments he had given in.

He remembered how strong his feelings of jealousy were when he thought she was touching another man.

Lana was in her bed just through the bathroom door in the adjoining room.

He thought about what it would be like to go over there that very night and sleep in bed with her.

His desire and shame continued to battle. It was going to be hard to get to sleep tonight.

As he finally started to doze off, he heard the bathroom door open. Lana stood in the doorway in a long nightshirt.

She said, "Can I come in?"

Barry said, "I don't know if that's a good idea."

Lana replied, "I won't bite, I promise!"

Barry chuckled. "Ok."

Lana continued, "I couldn't sleep...I just wanted to talk for a minute about some of the things you said."

Barry relented. "ok, you can come in, but only for a little bit."

Lana came in and sat on the edge of the bed.

"I've been thinking, maybe you're right. There are some lines that shouldn't be crossed. This is probably not the first time that siblings have had these kinds of feelings for each other, right?"

Barry was surprised. Up until now, it had been Lana who seemed to allow herself to cross the line between what was acceptable behavior and not.

He said, "This is not what I expected to hear when you came in." He relaxed. "Honestly, I'm relieved. I feel terrible for the thoughts I've allowed myself to have about you."

She said, "Good. I have been thinking that I don't want you to feel bad and conflicted anymore...I think we can get through this together like you said."

Barry let that sobering thought sink in.

Lana said, "Mind if I lay here for a bit? I have more to say."

As this was going in a good direction, Barry thought it was ok, responding, "sure."

Lana pulled up the sheet and slipped into bed next to Barry.

Barry could make out Lana clearly in the moonlight as he turned towards her.

Lana continued, "Do you really think we can move on from these feelings? That it's what we should do?"

Barry felt an uneasiness in the pit of his stomach as he said, "Yes. I'll always love you and be there for you, no matter our relationship. This way will be better in the long term. Relationships come and go, but we're family, Lana. We have to live together for the rest of our lives."

Lana seemed to take in what he was saying, but she was silent -- like a statue in his bed. She didn't say anything for a minute.

He could hear her breathing was different, and he suddenly realized that she was crying softly, trying to hide the fact.

He reached over and held her hand. "What's wrong, baby?"

Lana whispered through ragged breaths. "I...don't think...it's that easy."

Barry said, "Tell me why; what do you mean?"

Choking on tears, Lana said, "Because I love you...I'm in love with you...and I think you feel the same. I just...don't know if I can let that go."

Barry felt his own tears coming up as he said, "I know Lana...I love you so much...but I don't think I can control my feelings for you if we allow ourselves to be too close. That's why...we need to... --"

He stopped, overcome with emotion. Lana heard him sobbing quietly. This was so unexpected; she had never seen Barry cry before.

She turned towards him and reached her hand up to his face, feeling his tears, and said, "You're crying...I'm sorry, Barry...why are you crying?"

Barry continued, "Because when I think about pulling away from you like I'm planning to do, it hurts...so...much."

She began caressing his hair as he continued sobbing, "Something is wrong with me, Lana. The way I've thought about you...you're young and impressionable...I should act as your guardian, keeping you safe from things like how I've been thinking about you."



Barry continued sobbing quietly.

Lana replied, "You don't have to feel guilty about any of this. I don't think the way you think about me is wrong...at all. I'm a smart person Barry, and I don't think anything is truly wrong with you."

Barry continued, "I can't be with you, Lana, and it hurts so much when I think about not having you close to me. I think...I'm in love with you too. I just...want to do the right thing... and not be a fucked up deviant. Lana...I'm a fucked up deviant; you don't want me!" Barry shook as he wept.

Lana moved closer as she consoled him, stroking his hair and face.

She put her finger up to his lips, "Shhhhhhhh...it's ok...If you're a fucked up deviant, then you're my fucked up deviant."

Barry didn't know what was happening, but feeling Lana's unconditional love and her gentle, comforting strokes took all the weight off he had been carrying for so long.

He suddenly felt her beauty -- inside and out -- so clearly as he looked upon her face, only inches away from his. He admired this young girl more than anyone in the world.

She repeated, "It's ok. . . It's ok," as she inched closer to him, their bodies touching, her incredibly soft hands caressing and consoling him.

Barry felt all the resistance drain out of his body as -- only for the second time ever -- Lana's soft lips touched his.

He felt her tears mix with him as she tenderly kissed him. She pulled his arms over his head and gently moved on top of him.

She kissed up his neck and cooed in his ear in a soft voice, "I understand...I'm right here, baby..."

Barry didn't know what had taken him over, but he felt powerless. Lana's body felt angelic on top of him as she touched him.

He whispered, "I love...you so much...Lana."

Lana continued with her healing kisses before she whispered, "It's ok, honey...I'm right here. I'm not going anywhere."

Barry broke wide open. He didn't fully understand, but he had never felt such a flood of emotions.

He felt like he was having an out-of-body experience as Lana whispered, "Would you like me to make you feel better?"

Tears subsided, and Barry whispered, "Yes...Lana."

She moved down Barry's body, kissing his chest and down to his stomach.

He felt the tickle of her nails as she pulled his underwear down, taking them off.

He felt her hair caress his erect penis as her soft lips planted kisses down it and onto his sensitive balls.

"Uhhhhhhh. . ." Barry breathed, feeling the heavenly sensation of Lana's caressing kisses as she moved back up his stomach, chest, neck, and then to his lips.

She leaned into his ear and whispered, "Just relax, baby," as he felt Lana's hand position his erection against her soft, wet mound.

She began rubbing slowly against him.

Barry realized that Lana must not have had any panties on under her nightshirt.

Lana whispered, "Do you want me to show you how much I love you?"

Barry knew there was no way to stop this.

Mesmerized, he said, "Yes."

She whispered, "I'm so glad..." as she pushed down, her wet entrance enveloping his penis slowly.

Her lubricant coated his hard-on as she worked him into her sacred folds. He felt Lana's pussy lips wrap around the head of his penis, tenderly stroking slowly up and down.

She was unbelievably tight. "ohhhhh fuck." Barry said as he felt his shaft enter deeper into Lana's vagina.

She began kissing him more fiercely, putting her tongue in his mouth and biting his lip, just like she had done during movie night.

He felt their connection amplified as she took him completely into her depths.

They felt as one as Lana held him inside of her, moving her hips slowly, in complete control.

She whispered, "Does that feel better?"

Barry felt so warm and comforted, finally inside Lana, completely given over to her.

Feeling her this way was better than anything he could have imagined.

She moaned softly and said, "Now, do you finally know how I feel about you?"

She was so powerful and sexy as she pushed all the way to the base of Barry's cock to emphasize her question.

Barry croaked, "Uhhhhh, yes. God, yes..." This felt so comforting, tender, and intimate.

Barry had never experienced sex like this before. It was like they were communicating through their bodies in addition to the words they spoke.

As his sister's pussy glided up and down on his cock, Barry reached up into Lana's shirt to feel her breasts. Lana quickly took off her shirt as she slowly moved her hips up and down.

He squeezed as he cupped her perfect tits, and felt her hard nipples.

He felt so loved as she held him deep inside her. "I love you so much, Lana. You're so beautiful and amazing."

Barry moved his hands down to feel her hips and butt as she continued to move skillfully on top of him, sliding up and down on Barry's rigid cock.

Her breathing increased as she said, "I love you so much, Barry...I saved myself for you. I've never done this before...I had no idea it could feel...so...good."

Lana groaned as she felt waves of pleasure coursing through her body.

Barry had never imagined that Lana had never had sex. She was literally the most attractive girl at her school.

His realization that he was experiencing his deepest secret fantasy with the object of his desire and that she had saved herself for him was too much to handle.

He tried to calm himself down, to make this last before he blew his load.

Lana asked, "Do you like how I feel?"

She moved slowly over his shaft, pulling him into her until he felt his cock pressed up against her cervix. He fit perfectly.

He said, "I've never felt anything as good as this."

Lana seemed to be getting close as she replied, "good, because... you...are...mine...now...."

That seemed to set her off as Lana moved faster, impaling herself on Barry's shaft.

Barry felt his balls tighten. He wanted to so badly, but he simply could not let himself cum in her, as she might be unprotected.

He said, "you're going to make me cum. I need to pull out."

Lana said firmly, "No. I want all of you in me."

She hooked her legs under Barry as she held him tightly, locking her mouth onto his and kissing intensely.

Barry felt powerless as Lana took over.

She was taking him, making him hers. Her legs felt so strong as she held him down and pleased him. He knew there was no way to resist at this point.

Lana sounded so sexy and womanly as her voice strained. "Ohhh. Fuck...I'm coming, Barry... Ohhhhhhhh fuck...cum in me...now!"

When Barry felt her pussy squeeze him as she orgasmed, it was over. He couldn't help himself.

His cock hardened as he crossed over the edge. He felt his balls tighten and begin to contract.

As much as he tried not to, his cock erupted inside Lana's young, hot pussy, filling it to overflowing.

His balls emptied their contents with powerful bursts as he ejaculated deeply into his sister's virgin pussy. Waves of pleasure radiated between them both as they basked in their orgasmic delight.

As Lana relaxed, laying on top of Barry, he felt his cum dripping down and out of her.

He was horrified, but at the same time, he was more satisfied than any other sexual encounter he had experienced.

He really, truly, loved her, and that seemed suddenly to make this seem normal.

Lana's breathing slowed down as she laid on his chest, Barry still inside her.

She ran her nails across his skin as she said, "That was amazing. Is it like that every time!?"

Barry chuckled. "Uhhhhhh. No. That was definitely not normal. That was incredible... I've never experienced anything like it."

Lana was curious. "Why do you think that is?"

Barry felt his heart open wide as he said, "It's because it was with you...Lana, you're special."

She felt warmth coarse through her. "Awwww...you mean that?"

"Yes, I do."

Lana looked him in the eyes as she said, "That means the world to me. All I want is to be your girl."

Barry felt elation at the prospect he had never considered to be in the realm of possibility.

She kissed him on the lips before extracting herself and lying by his side. Lana couldn't believe she had finally done it.

Barry was still in shock.

Both of their hearts beat fast as they pondered the implications of what just happened.

Lana's eyes were bright in the dim light as she said with a taunting voice, "It looks like you might want to be with me after all...?"

He smiled as he said, "Well, duh!"

On a sudden impulse, Barry said, "Lana, this might sound dorky, but will you be my girlfriend?"

Lana's face lit up, clearly happy, as she replied, "Well, duh!"

Barry continued, "I don't know how this will work, but --"

Lana interrupted, shushing him with a kiss on the lips. Then commanded, "Let's get some sleep...Now hold me."

Barry wrapped his arms around her, feeling the warmth of her little body and the intoxicating smell of her.

He had tried so hard to resist Lana, to protect her from this kind of outcome...but he knew now that the love they shared transcended all of it.

As Barry drifted off to sleep, he had a realization -- that all his protection and nurturing, his promise to his mother, and his desire for Lana to have the best possible life came down to one inescapable question: What if the thing that made Lana's life complete, the thing that truly mattered to her happiness...was him?

They slept together that night, snuggled up, completely at peace.

\* \* \* \* \* Lana's Fantasies Fulfilled

When they woke in the morning, it was just another normal day. Except that Barry and Lana woke up in each other's arms.

Barry might have believed it was a magnificent dream, except the proof was lying right next to him -- Lana's warm and naked body.

Lana turned, sensing he was awake. "Good morning, you!"

He said, "So it wasn't a dream!" which caused Lana to laugh.

"Of course not, silly." She smiled and kissed Barry, snuggling up into the crook of his neck as he lay on his back.

My God, she feels good, thought Barry. He felt her soft skin as he moved his hands down to her butt. He squeezed her cheeks and pulled her in tighter. His dick hardened, feeling the soft pressure of Lana's leg.

She adjusted a little more to Barry's side, grabbing his hard dick tightly in her hand, squeezing at the base. "It looks like you want more, don't you, tiger?" She gave him a teasing look and kissed his neck, breathing in his ear as she stroked him.

Barry reached down and felt Lana's soft mound. Her little slit was wet. He rubbed her with his finger.

Lana whispered in his ear, "I want you, Barry."

Just as they were on the verge of having intercourse, Barry noticed the clock. "Ohhh, shit, I have to get moving!"

Barry jumped up, showered, and started making breakfast.

All morning they contemplated continuing where they left off, looking forward to their next intimate experience.

Barry still felt a combination of guilt, attraction, and fear regarding his relationship with Lana.

When he had his relationship with his mother, things were different.

He was young, and she was "the adult." He wondered if she had harbored similar feelings of conflict towards him.

They made it through so many obstacles, but Barry wasn't so sure it was that easy, especially with a young daughter.

Barry wasn't very sure lightning could strike twice.

As Barry cooked, Lana set the table and played on her phone. She wore sexy stretch yoga pants that left nothing to the imagination.

Barry noticed, watching her bending over the kitchen counter to text on her phone.

She was clearly aware of Barry's gaze and showing off. He leered at the rounded outline of her pussy through the stretchy material; he couldn't help but recall what it felt like to have his dick buried inside her last night -- unbelievable.

Barry said, "I'm not sure I like my girlfriend going out in such revealing clothes." Lana lit up at his use of the label and without missing a beat, said, "Luckily, my boyfriend is secure enough to handle it if others appreciate my considerable assets!"

She smiled as she turned around, walked up to him, and kissed him. Barry squeezed her ass through the stretchy fabric...by God, she was hot!

Lana stood holding Barry's hands, peering at him with her striking blue eyes. "I've been thinking. Since you're my boyfriend now...I'd like to go on a date." Barry smiled. "Of course! After last night, your wish is my command."

"Do you mean that?" She said, her face lighting up. Barry really did. The experience the night before had changed him. Lana had healed something inside him with her love.

"Yes, I do mean it." Barry said, smiling. "Besides, I know you like to get your way, so how about for one night we can do anything and everything you want."

"Yayyyyyy!" Lana was giddy. "Do you promise to do everything I ask?" Barry didn't know where this could go, so he responded, "Yes, but only if it's in my power to grant. I'm not going to kill anyone for you!"

Laughing, Lana said, "ohhh shoot, I'll have to take that off the list!"

Barry cracked a smile. "Ok, well, I have to go to work. Text me the details." He kissed her, pulling her in close. "Until later..."

\* \* \* \* \*

When Barry got home, he knew Lana was waiting for him in her room. She had texted earlier with specific instructions that Barry was to follow exactly.

Barry laughed to himself as he thought about how much Lana liked to control situations. They had bumped heads many times, but Barry had learned how to step aside and let Lana have the power. It made things easier sometimes.

If he was honest, Lana held that power well. She made great decisions, was highly competent, and was a natural leader. Barry admired Lana. She was the smartest person at her school but hid it well, leading that group of "hot girls" that set the trends for the rest of the school. Those girls danced to Lana's tune, and Barry always enjoyed seeing her play the "alpha" around them.

Per Lana's instructions, Barry changed into a specific Armani suit that he wore on special occasions for work. He carried a bouquet of flowers with him.

Finally, he put a small jewelry case in his pocket. Lana was definitely a romantic, so Barry thought a little surprise off-book wouldn't hurt. He was ready.

Barry knocked on Lana's door.

She answered, "One minute."

Barry waited, holding the flowers in his hand.

Lana stepped out of her room. She wore an elegant form-fitting red dress and heels, and her hair and makeup were very mature and refined. The sheer fabric of the dress accentuated her bosoms and butt, which appeared larger than usual.

Barry couldn't help it; she looked so beautiful that he was aroused already.

Lana noticed. She reached down, squeezing his dick through his pants. "It looks like someone approves of my dress."

He handed her the flowers, and she smiled, beaming, "For me!?" She leaned in for a kiss.

It still surprised Barry how good her soft lips tasted and how sensual and expert her kisses were. There was very little she wasn't good at.

Barry said, "Now what?" Figuring they were probably going somewhere nice if they were dressed up like this.

Lana linked arms as she walked him towards the backyard.

As they neared that side of the house, Barry heard a thumping sound.

He stopped dead in his tracks. "You have got to be shitting me? Where is that going to land!?"

Lana loved this. She said with a funny accent, "Don't worry about it, darling!"

Barry laughed; she really was full of surprises, he thought. As he walked outside, a helicopter landed in the yard.

It's not that there wasn't room for it -- they did have a very large and private home with no neighbors nearby. It also wasn't like they didn't have the money for something like this, as they were both wealthy from a large inheritance.

It just seemed so extravagant.

Barry was a simple guy and didn't even drive a super fancy car, even though he easily could.

Well, that was Lana for you, he thought.

As they walked to the helicopter, Lana explained. "I really wanted to go on a romantic date, but...well, as you know, you and I aren't exactly in a situation where we can be seen that way in public. Since I couldn't think of a way to make that work here locally, I decided to bring us to a place that does work."

They hopped in the helicopter and took off.

She sat with Barry -- they held hands. "Don't worry, the outfit that is flying and housing us caters only to the wealthiest clients who value their privacy and secrecy."

That did make Barry feel a little better. It was crazy enough to be entertaining a relationship like this, but to do it in public where their secrets could get out was terrifying to Barry.

Just what did Lana have up her sleeve?

The trip took an hour and a half, but they saved time by landing on the rooftop of what looked to be a very secluded and fancy hotel, as there was nothing but countryside and woods surrounding it.

Stewards awaited them, and Lana handed them a bag.

"Right this way," said a man in an impeccable suit.

He led them into the lavish hotel, taking them right to their room on the top floor.

The steward opened the door and said, "I am here if you need anything. Dinner is in the private dining area on this floor...whenever you are ready."

Lana clung to Barry's arm, responding, "thank you very much," as she kicked the door closed.

Barry had never been in such an opulent hotel room before.

He looked around, taking it all in -- the place was massive.

He scanned, noting the marble floors, over-the-top bed with white curtains and bedding, hot tub, living room, kitchen with bar, and wall-to-ceiling windows, overlooking a breathtaking view of the countryside.

Realization showed in Barry's eyes suddenly. "You booked the bridal suite?"

"Don't look so shocked," Lana implored with a devilish look on her face. "You said I could have whatever I wanted."

Barry tried not to roll his eyes, but he did have to wonder, was Lana actually imagining them married?

Barry thought, ok, well, whatever gets her off in her fantasy land is her business, but if she truly could see her and Barry married, as sweet as a romantic vision that was, he couldn't see how that was possible.

He recalled that he promised earlier to give in to her every wish.

Lana set down her bag and grabbed Barry's hands, pulling him along. "Let's go to dinner!"

They entered a lavish ballroom and were seated at the best table, overlooking the scenic landscape.

They ordered their meals and got to talking. Although the restaurant appeared to be fully staffed, they were the only customers.

Barry looked at Lana, "Geezus...how much did this cost!?"

Lana smirked. "Better you don't know."

He continued, "So all this is...just for us!?"

Lana smiled, her pretty face glowing, "I wanted to have a normal experience with you as your girlfriend just this once. Without having to worry about what society thinks. Without having to be concerned with who would find out. I guess I just realized that there are things that I want in life that might not happen because of the nature of our relationship...and I just wanted to experience them with you."



Barry felt guilt welling up inside. This was exactly the type of thing he was afraid of. Like most girls, Lana clearly wanted to get married and have children.

He would give her anything -- he loved her unconditionally -- but now there were things he was already depriving her of because he selfishly wanted her all to himself.

"Barry, what's wrong?" Lana had a concerned look on her face.

He snapped out of his thoughts, "I just...was thinking about how I'm probably bad news for you in the long run. I should be taking care of you and protecting you instead of what I'm doing."

Lana said, "Stop that!"

She got Barry's attention. "What you aren't taking into account is that I can make my own decisions, and I know what I want. I'm not some young, defenseless girl...well, I am technically, but you get what I mean."

"I do," Barry said, "but you are not so mature as to be unimpressible, and there is one person I care the most about in this world...and I think you know who that is...."

"You!" Lana said, showing her lovely smile as she laughed. "Just kidding! ...I really do know how seriously you care about me. Ever since Mom died and you became my guardian, you have been everything to me...and now so much more."

Her eyes softened, accentuating the features of her lovely face. Barry sensed she had emotions welling up.

She continued, "If you think about it, I've gotten to know you better than anyone else in the world. So when I say that I want to be with you, it's not some fly by the seat of your pants decision. It's not something that will come and go. It's a conclusion I made deep inside long ago, Barry, I could no more change how I feel about you than I could change the orbit of the Earth."

Barry was taken aback. He had been infatuated with Lana, but that was more recent as she had blossomed into a woman. The way she looked and the kind of personality she had turned heads.

Of course, he loved her more than anything, but the kind of love that Lana professed was epic.

How could she be so sure? How much of his love was like that, and how much was his dick fooling him into taking the most desirable woman, even if it came at a cost?

Lana was willing to give everything up for him, knowing he was her brother, when she could have anyone in the world, easily.

What made him so special? If he allowed himself to get in any deeper, would his heart even allow him to come out of this relationship if he needed to?

Lana would be a once-in-a-lifetime catch for any man. Who was he to be the one to receive her!?

Lana interrupted Barry's contemplation. "Should we eat?"

What followed was one of the best meals either of them had ever had. Lavish courses and even more lavish wine.

The topic had turned back to lighter fare, and they both laughed with their usual playful banter as they felt the buzz of the wine kick in.

Lana, suddenly excited, said, "Let's dance!"

Barry led Lana to the dance floor.

As night overtook the restaurant, the dance hall smoothly transitioned into a comfortable atmosphere with glowing lights as slow dance music played.

Barry pulled Lana close as they danced, taking in her scent and radiance.

Lana said, "You look so handsome -- I always liked you in that suit."

Barry quipped. "You're not so bad yourself!" Lana was amused but also humbled as she said, "Why thank you!"

"No, I mean, you are absolutely stunning in that dress...well, in anything, if I'm honest."

Lana blushed, "Well thank you again." She looked at him, bit her lip, and said, "Are you just buttering me up to get in my pants?"

Barry cracked into a smile. "Would it improve my chances if I said yes?"

Lana leaned forward seductively, "I think your chances are pretty good already." She kissed him, and suddenly, they were entwined in their own world, forgetting to breathe as they devoured each other.

Barry ran his hands through Lana's soft hair and pulled her close while Lana reached behind and grabbed and squeezed Barry's butt. He liked how handsy she could get.

Barry suddenly was aware of the sizable staff that worked the bar, restaurant, dance area, and main entrance, only to service their two exclusive customers. "It feels a little crazy to be making out with you with all these people watching. They definitely have to be wondering who we are to have the money to do this."

Lana said, "Imagine if any of these people knew I was your sister." To herself, she also thought, and your daughter.

Barry replied, "...then they would be disgusted, and I would be mortified."

She said, "Why do we have to care what they think at all? I know nobody can possibly understand us, nor would I expect them to."

Barry looked into her eyes. "I love that about you...you really don't care what anyone thinks."

"That's not true...I care about what you think." Barry blushed.

Lana said, "Anyways, the good news is you're way off on your assessment here. they most likely think you're some kind of rich Jeffrey Epstein type freak, who's into young girls," Lana tried to stifle her laughter, unsuccessfully.

"Cute," Barry said. "They're only half right."

Lana outright laughed. "Ok, funny man. I think it's time for the next phase of my plan."

They left the dance floor holding hands, leaving the staff to wonder who the good looking couple was.

Most staff members felt jealous imagining they could be in either of their shoes, experiencing such powerful love.

\* \* \* \* \*

When they entered the room, Lana took control, immediately saying, "Take off your clothes."

Barry was strangely turned on by this side of her. He stripped his clothes off.

"And the underwear."

Reluctantly he pulled them off, his semi-erect cock exposed.

She turned and said, "Take off my dress." Barry unzipped and removed Lana's dress, leaving her standing in her lace panties and bra. He looked at her, and his cock immediately responded to what he saw.

From her auburn hair and large blue eyes, down to her toned body, perky tits, and flat stomach. Her smooth white skin was augmented with a smattering of freckles that made her appear cute and innocent. More innocent than she clearly was.

Barry realized, this was still so new. Yes, they had sex in his room the night before, but that had been in the dark. In the bright light of day, Lana was on full display as much as their indiscretions.

"You like what you see?" Lana said. She was staring at Barry's rock hard dick. It could not be any harder.

She walked around him, looking him up and down appreciatively. "My God, you're hot," she said as she grabbed the base of his penis firmly.

She reached down and hefted his balls with her small, delicate hands. "And these are fucking huge. You could probably impregnate a village."

He liked her admiration and attention and stifled a moan as she stroked his rock hard cock.

"Now tell me I'm beautiful and sexy."

Barry looked at her appraisingly, "Geezus... You are. You are incredibly beautiful and sexy."

That seemed to satisfy Lana somewhat.

She instructed Barry. "Remove my bra."

Barry complied without hesitation. He couldn't help but ogle her perfect white breasts with her pink nipples standing at attention.

"Suck them." Barry leaned in and put her nipple in his mouth as he cupped her other breast.

"Mmmmm, I like that," she said. "Now take my panties off."

Barry knelt down and stripped her panties off, observing her shaven pussy and athletic, toned legs.

Before he could throw the panties, she said, "No -- keep them."

Barry stood, waiting for her next instruction. She said, "Now, before moving on to this next part, I wanted to clear the air on some things. We are naked with nothing to hide, right?"

Barry said, "Yes," wondering where this was going.

"I want us to be naked like this in all ways -- vulnerable and honest. I'm going to share some things I've kept secret from you, and I'd like you to do the same."

Barry really didn't know where this was going, but seeing Lana standing there naked, bold, and powerful was exciting.

Barry still held her panties. Lana said, "Smell them."

Barry had no problem lifting them up and inhaling her scent -- a scent he had intimate familiarity with.

Barry's dick responded as precum started to leak from its head.

Lana continued. "Is there anything you want to tell me?"

Barry felt embarrassed immediately, which somehow did nothing to deter his erection -- if anything, it made him harder.

"Lana, I...I...am ashamed to admit this...and it seems you must suspect, but for a long while now, I've taken your panties and...used them...to masturbate."

Lana stood still and waited. "Is there anything more you want to tell me?"

Barry hesitated and finally relaxed. "Yes...I take them out of your dirty hamper. I use them because they remind me of you...and they have your scent on them."

Lana said, "Does that turn you on...thinking about my pussy?"

Barry replied, "...Yes."

"How long have you been thinking about my pussy?"

This was turning him on. "A long time...I also cum on them...."

Lana said, "Is that because you've wanted my pussy...to cum in my pussy?"

"Yes."

"Even though I'm your sister? Wouldn't that be...wrong?"

"Yes...I'm sorry, Lana...I think I have a problem."

"Well, you might want to hear my confessions before you get into your guilt-a-thon." She said with a sweet smile on her face.

Barry listened intently, wondering where this was going.

"So...first, let me just say. That is hot as fuck hearing you admit all that to me. You should know I am wet right now...and I see you clearly want me...." Lana looked at Barry's throbbing erection knowingly.

She continued, "This might sound obvious in light of present circumstances, but over the years, I have developed a kink for incest. I'm not sure if it started from my attraction to you or if it was finding things on the Internet that turned me on, but I definitely get hot thinking about doing what is supposed to be wrong...and of course, I get off thinking about doing those things with you."

Lana was blushing.

Barry smiled and said, "That checks out. I think it goes without saying that I'm ok with that."

Lana said, "My final confession is that I...sort of...put...a little camera in your room." Lana winced. She knew this was far across any line of acceptability.

"You what!?"

"Yeah...well, I wanted to see you masturbate in your room. So I installed a camera. I was just so hot for you!"

"Lana, that is totally not cool! How would you feel if I did that to you!?" Barry was humiliated.

Lana proceeded. "I might not be the best person to ask that, but I would be flattered and excited if you secretly watched me, just so you could masturbate along with me...imagining we were together." Lana was blushing. She looked so cute to Barry right then.

"Wait -- what!? You masturbated while you watched me? How many times!?"

Lana hesitated. "A lot...and I bought a dildo to use, pretending it was you inside me. That's why it didn't hurt when I had sex for the first time with you."

"Lana..." Barry seemed to be processing everything. "...That IS hot! I can't believe you topped my creepiness! I strangely don't feel so bad about my obsession anymore." He was smiling and seemed pleased with himself.

Lana said, "Good...Is there anything else?" She was giving Barry a chance to come clean with his darkest secret.

Barry answered. "Other than the obvious -- that I've thought about you for a long time, trying to deny and hide my feelings...I think we're good." She wouldn't push him further as she knew he would reveal his secret when he was ready.

Lana said, "Good. I don't like how much guilt you seem to carry. In case you didn't notice, I am well aware of how society would view me, but all that matters to me is how I feel about you."

Barry said, "...and how's that?"

Lana smiled, "Well, duh...I love you, you idiot."

Playfully Barry said, "But what if I love you more!?"

Lana said, "Show me," as she walked to the bed and climbed up.

Lana positioned herself on the edge of the bed, spread her legs, and said, "Does my teenage pussy turn you on?"

Barry hadn't heard Lana be so lewd before. He might have been surprised if he wasn't so turned on.

"Yes." He said.

"Do you want to eat my pussy?"

"Yes."

"I'll let you if you convince me I should."

Barry professed, "I have dreamed about your pussy for so long. When I masturbate in my room, I think about tasting you and making you cum."

Lana continued. "That's good. I like that...you pass this time. Now eat my pussy."

Barry had thought about this for so long -- often when he smelled the scent from her underwear. He got down on his knees and moved his face up to her tender mound. She was so lovely -- legs splayed -- her pink pussy lips already wet with arousal.

Barry leaned in and began licking her clit as he inserted a finger in her slit. She was oozing with lubricant.

Lana's young pussy smelled and tasted unbelievably good, no doubt emitting pheromones that were making Barry's head spin.

Lana intoned, matter of factly, "I want you to make me cum...and when I am satisfied, I might allow you to pleasure me in other ways."

Barry wasn't sure why, but her confidence and commanding tone aroused him. Lana was sexy when she demanded what she wanted.

He continued to work Lana's pussy as she moaned and began to cry out. "Ohhhhh fuck Barry. You're so good to your baby sister."

Barry was surprised and turned on by her words as he pleased Lana into an orgasm. She tensed and strained her breathing as she came, crying out, "Uhhhhhhhhh...oohhhh...fuck."

Her pussy tasted incredible.

Barry let her orgasm subside.

She pulled him upwards and kissed him. "You eat my pussy so well, big brother."

Barry's dick was so hard. It ached for release as it rubbed against Lana's soft and smooth leg.

She grabbed him by his hair and pushed his head back down towards her snatch, saying, "Not until I say...your sister's pussy needs more attention."

Barry kissed and licked his way back to Lana's honey box.

Her lips and clit were swollen as he continued his tongue thrashing.

He inserted his finger inside Lana's hole and rubbed the top, pulling his finger towards him across the spongy surface to stimulate her G spot.

Right away, Lana moaned, "ohhh fuck.... What are you doing to me? Ohhhh fuck... I'm going to cum again....hard."

Barry said , "cum for me, baby." As continued to stimulate her clit and vagina with his finger and thumb.

Lana exploded. "Ahhhhhhhhhhh...fuuuuuuuck. Baaaaarryyy!" As massive waves of pleasure enveloped her, wracking her body.

She lay panting. "Ohh, my God...I've never had an orgasm like that before..."

She commanded, "I want you to fuck me now."

Lana lay back on the bed, spreading her legs for him.

Barry stepped up and rubbed his cock against her engorged lips, feeling the slick surface with the head of his penis.

Barry slowly eased his cock into her. Lana's pussy was warm, and it felt incredible to be inside her again, like it was the most natural thing in the world.

Barry had a big cock, but it seemed even bigger when it was inside her little pussy, which seemed to suck on him as he moved slowly in and out.

He looked down to see his dick plunging into her exposed tummy, marveling at how perfect the opening of her pussy stretched to engulf his member and how sexy her body was, from the sweep of her hips to her belly button piercing.

He remembered how she handled him the other night, taking what she wanted. Now he wanted to have his way with her.

He eased his dick in deeper, feeling her flesh seemingly pull him inwards.

After his slow thrusting, working his way into such a tight pussy, he was able to move more freely.

He pushed her hands back over her head, holding her down as he started pumping harder. She was into it.

Pleasure showed on Lana's face as she said, "Tell me you want me."

"I want you...I've wanted you for so long!"

Between moaning and the sounds of his dick plunging deeply in and out of her pussy, Lana continued.

Lana said. "I know you've wanted me...but you fantasize about cumming inside me, don't you?"

"Yes. . . I have wanted to fill you with my cum for so long." Barry liked the things she made him admit -- the barriers were coming down quickly now.

Lena asked, "But what if you make me pregnant?"

The thought hadn't occurred to Barry. He assumed she was on birth control the night before.

"Aren't you on birth control?"

Lana quickly responded, "That's none of your business. Answer the question." He realized he had to be honest but also wanted to play up to her dirty talk.

Thinking about getting Lana pregnant, as disastrous as that would be, tripped a trigger deep inside Barry. Just talking about it made his balls tighten up and his dick harder.

He decided to play her game -- treat it as a fantasy -- but was honest when he said, "Then I'd be the luckiest man alive since any man would want to impregnate you."

Barry had to add, "But Lana, we're related, so we can't...this is just fantasy, right?"

Lana replied, "...Sure."

He wondered, could she be serious about all this? He wasn't sure at this point, but her talk was hot. If she knew that she was also his daughter, he wondered what she would think then.

Lana purred, "Do you like fucking your little sister's pussy!?"

Ohhh fuck, Barry thought. He liked when she made it dirtier. He became aware that he was deep inside his baby sister's pussy. It was terrifying but also exciting, and it felt so fucking good!

Barry was honest when he replied, "Yes!"

"Did you think about cumming in your sister's pussy when you masturbate?" Barry pictured burying his load deep inside her sexy tummy. He was getting past the point of no return.

"Fuck yes," he growled as he thrust his cock deep into his sister's pussy.

Lana pressed. "You want to cum in your little sister's pussy!? Tell me!"

"I want to cum in your pussy Lana. . . my little sister's pussy."

She was getting more excited. "Tell me I'm hot, and that you want only me!"

"You are hotter than any other woman...I only want to be with you!"

"Fuck' me harder... I'm going to cum" Lana said as her breathing increased.

Barry thrustled vigilantly, while Lana held tightly onto him, her face contorting with pleasure. He watched his dick sink into Lana's soft mound, her tender pussy lips stretching around his cock with each thrust. He couldn't hold out any longer.

Lana shouted, "Fuck Barry, give me your load...show me how much you love me," as she started to cum.

He considered pulling out since he wasn't sure if she was serious about not having protection.

But right now, he needed to feel his cum shooting inside her. He wanted to show her how deeply he loved her.



He felt her pussy's loving embrace as his balls boiled up a batch of baby batter. "Ohhh fuck. I'm going to cum, Lana. I'm going to cum...right...in...your pussy."

She moaned, "Yesss, Barry.. . fill me with your cum."

Jolts of intense pleasure rose up and through Barry and into Lana as he ejaculated intensely.

He pumped his manly seed into her willing pussy.

She mewled as she came, breathing, "ohhh Barry, ohhh Barry, you're so good to me...." until they both slowly subsided.

Barry eventually pulled out, and Lana rolled over. They kissed -- Lana's mouth soft and inviting as she bit his lip and put her tongue in his mouth. She tasted delightful.

"Now hold me," Lana demanded. Barry held her soft and warm body to his and marveled as his sperm leaked down Lana's leg. There was a deep satisfaction knowing his load was in his teenage sister's pussy.

After their love-making session, Barry felt even closer still to Lana. He could never have imagined this -- it felt like his heart was outside of his chest -- it almost hurt.

Lana said, "I'm glad we're sleeping here tonight. I don't think I can move from this room!" Barry felt the same. He stood up and pulled a small package from his suit pocket.

"Lana, I'm so glad to be here with you...I wanted to give you this to remember this amazing week -- the best week of my life."

Lana looked surprised. "What is this?"

Barry handed her the package, and she unwrapped it diligently.

Inside was a striking platinum anklet with diamonds embedded and tiny etchings scrawled with their initials BP + LP.

Lana looked at Barry with tears in her eyes. "I love it! It means so much to me!"

Barry reached over and wiped tears from her face. "I love you, Lana."

She put it on her ankle. Still teary-eyed, she said, "I love you so much, Barry...I'm going to take such good care of you." She hugged, held, and kissed him. Barry was in heaven.

Barry awoke the next morning with Lana still curled up in his arms. He still couldn't believe that this girl, who was so many things to him, was now his lover.

They showered together, grabbed something quick to eat, and flew away from the top floor of the secret countryside hotel.

\* \* \* \* \* Barry's Fantasies Fulfilled

When they got home, they sat together for coffee at the breakfast table, holding hands. Lana said. "Thank you for fulfilling my wishes and being such a good sport yesterday."

Barry blushed. "I fully support you anytime you want to get your way like that!"

Lana's stunning smile lit up her face.

She turned, taking Barry's hands into her own. "Seriously, it means so much to me that you were willing to give me whatever I want. I know I can be a bit...extra. If you ever need me to back off and be less demanding, I have no problem doing that. Anyway...I have a little surprise planned for you after work. I hope you'll like it."

She was so sweet and sincere, her eyes shining like sapphires.

Barry said, "First, I wouldn't change a thing about you, Lana...I love you exactly the way you are. Second, thank you for thinking of me...you know I love surprises!"

Now Barry was beaming. "I can't wait."

He reached over and took Lana's face in his hands and kissed her intensely. "Well, I have to go to work. Looking forward to tonight!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Barry received a text to meet at an unknown address after work.

This should be fun, he thought as he headed to the address.

He rolled up to a seedy motel in the middle of nowhere and parked.

Once again, the excitement and love he felt for Lana drove him forward, but he was still dealing with his guilt about how far they had crossed the line without having revealed his darkest secret.

She had given him the perfect opening to confess his sins, but he just didn't have the temerity to tell her.

He was afraid he might lose her and, at the same time, destroy her. How did he find himself in this situation, and if he kept going in deeper, would he ever get out?

At the moment, he didn't care. His dick swelled with anticipation and clouded any sense of conscience he had left for the moment.

Barry found the room unlocked, entered, and closed the door. Lana came out of the bathroom, dressed in lingerie.

Lana was dolled up, to say the least.

She wore black lingerie with red panties. Her exposed waistline highlighted her belly button piercing, and her makeup accentuated her eyes with a glittering cat-like quality.

Barry had to admit; she was a sight.

He also noticed her sparkling diamond anklet just above her lovely foot. He liked that she wore it so proudly.

Lana stepped towards Barry, her soft blue eyes penetrating, as she said, "These last couple nights, I've gotten to have my way with you. And so I thought it might be nice if you had your way with me. I've always wanted to please you... and now more than ever as your girlfriend. You can have any fantasy fulfilled tonight. You can do anything to me; you only have to tell me what to do."

Barry took in the situation. It was true that Lana liked to get her way, and so far, he had happily complied. She generally liked to be in control -- it was her personality -- but Barry was no slouch in that department either.

He had repressed his thoughts and ultimately conjured up fantasies about the things he would do to Lana. Now he felt the thrill of the power to make those fantasies real as he thought about the possibilities.

He stood before Lana, looking her up and down.

Fuck, he thought, she looks so beautiful dressed up for sex, all made up like a doll. That gave him an idea.

Barry said, "You are now my sex doll. You will do exactly as I say."

"Yes, master," Lana immediately replied with only the slightest smile on her face. He had to give her credit; she maintained enough sincerity to make the fantasy believable -- and God, what a sex doll she would make.

Barry walked around Lana, enjoying the views of her body. She wore black stockings with garters that connected to a band around her waist, just above her hips.

Her belly button piercing was bejeweled, drawing the eye to her lean tummy.

Her panties were red silk, as was her lacey bra that was nearly see-through.

Her makeup highlighted her striking eyes with a little pageantry, bringing dark accents and sparkles. She was gorgeous.

Barry walked around and looked from behind. Her ass was spectacular. The thong-style panties ran up her crack, exposing her ass cheeks while covering just enough of her pussy with a red splash of silk. She really was dressed up to be someone's sex toy.

Barry put his hands on her butt, feeling her soft skin and squeezing.

Lana said, "You like my butt, don't you master."

Barry said, "You got that right. They made it perfect when they made you."

Lana felt a slight thrill at the compliment. She knew Barry couldn't resist looking at her butt. She had known that for a long time... back when he would try to look away out of modesty. Now that he admitted it openly, Lana could feel herself getting wet already with just his attention on that one body part.

Barry stripped down so he was naked, leaving a pile of clothes behind Lana.

He put his arms around her, first holding his hands on her tummy and sliding them upwards and onto her breasts, sending goosebumps throughout Lana's body.

When he cupped her breasts, her nipples were already hard.

He leaned forward and kissed her neck, inhaling her scent. Damn, she smelled good.

As he continued to squeeze and fondle Lana's soft yet firm breasts, Barry's dick unfurled and took on a life of its own, pressing up against Lana's soft butt cheeks.

He pushed against her slightly, feeling the head of his dick rub against her silken panty-covered entrance. Precum started to drip from his penis, leaking onto Lana's butt crack.

Barry was ready for the next phase. He walked around Lana again and kissed her lips, pulling her forward as he grabbed her butt from a new angle. He had to give her credit. She held her posture erect and kept still for him.

Barry instructed, "Kiss me back," as he went in for another taste.

This time Lana's tongue took over. She was an amazing kisser, and her tongue in his mouth alone could make him hard -- except he already was.

Satisfied, he walked over to the bed. Barry was rock hard as he climbed onto the bed, laying back and propping his head up on the pillows.

He said, "Come over here and kneel in front of me on the bed."

Lana couldn't believe how sexy Barry looked with his huge cock and balls on display. She was praying that his next instruction would be to pleasure him with her mouth, something she had fantasized about many times.

She had only kissed it and stroked it with her hand so far. Although she had never had sex before Barry, she knew she was especially good at giving blow jobs.

It was something you learn to do to shut boys up that are trying to get into your panties.

"Suck my dick," He commanded.

Lana felt her panties moistening further as she crawled forward and put Barry's dick in her mouth. He was bigger than anyone she had been with before, but the technique worked the same.

She used her hand, wetting her finger into a loop around his dick and then sliding his penis into her mouth, using her hand and mouth at the same time. It didn't take much to make a guy cum, in her experience.

She plunged down, taking Barry's cock in her mouth while maintaining eye contact. She liked how he watched intently as she pleased him. She knew the show she was putting on had to look hot.

Oh my God, she looks adorable, Barry thought, as his sister slurped his cock masterfully while she looked at him with her baby doll eyes.

Her mouth felt so good; he knew she would make him cum in 30 seconds if he wasn't careful.

"Slow down," he said. "You're going to make me cum too soon. They may have made you too good at this." Pride welled up in her chest at his compliment.

Lana released his dick, which was coated with the reflective sheen of her saliva.

She said, "As you wish, master."

She moved down and took one of his balls into her mouth as she gently stroked his dick. He was hard as a metal rod, watching his sister pay attention to his balls.

Her soft hands stroked his cock and alternatively kneaded his balls as she switched from sucking and teasing. Lana liked watching Barry's eyes roll into his head with the obvious pleasure she gave him.

Barry could hardly believe what he was experiencing at this moment -- only days before, he was in a normal relationship with his baby sister.

Now she was sucking his balls and expertly pleasuring him with her beautiful mouth, completely made up and looking like a sex kitten.

This should be so wrong, and he wondered if this was going too far, too fast. Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Barry was going to experience yet another once-in-a-lifetime moment to its fullest.

He instructed her. "Move to the edge of the bed, and stay on your hands and knees"

Lana backed up, looking at Barry expectantly, her lovely eyes shining with excitement.

He got up and walked behind Lana. "Put your head down and show me that sexy ass."

Lana leaned forward, pressing her head into the mattress as she raised her butt upwards and towards Barry. She hoped he liked what he saw.

"Does this please you master?"

Her panty-covered pussy and ass were on full display. Barry had fantasized about what she would look like in this prone position.

Barry had been to a few strip clubs over the years, but nothing he saw there was even close to what he saw before him.

Her toned legs, visible through her black stockings, created a runway for his eyes as he marveled at how smooth the skin on Lana's sexy ass was. Her thong panties accentuated the curve of her round butt.

He noticed her panties were on the outside of the garter straps connecting to the thin garter belt around her tummy.

Perfect for doing this, Barry thought, as he carefully pulled down her red silk panties, noticing their color had been darkened by the incredibly wet pussy they covered.

Lana's intoxicating scent permeated the air as her arousal was evident to Barry's acute senses. He could feel his dick harden in response to her fragrant smell.

Barry thought, fuck, I can't believe I get to have this!?

Lana's curvaceous butt was beautiful. Her ass crack exposed her tiny and perfect anus, and her dark pink pussy lips had the slightest edge, opening like a perfect little flower, leading into her glistening inner sanctum.

Barry finally said, "Now I'm pleased."

Lana responded smoothly, "That's good, master; I'm here to please you...and only you."

He recalled all the times Lana had flaunted her shapely butt in front of Barry. How he had to look away and put her out of his mind.

The vision in front of him was far better than any of the mental images he had used for masturbatory fuel over the years.

Here she was, with her actual ass and her pretty pussy completely exposed for Barry's enjoyment.

He had never seen such a sexy backside and pussy presented in all his years looking at porn.

He was overwhelmed with a primal lust to rut with her like an animal.

He felt power trickling through his balls as he used his hand to rub his impossibly hard dick just inches away from Lana's slick entrance.

Lana said, "You can do whatever you want...I belong to you..."

Barry rubbed the head of his dick against Lana's wet slit, coating it with her lubricant.

Then he said, "Now tell me you want me to fuck you."

Lana looked back at him with her soft eyes and said confidently and sincerely, "I want you to fuck me, Barry."

Barry slowly pushed into her tight pussy, gently feeling the slickness of her entrance stroke him.

He slid deeper into her juicy pussy, liking the feel of her ass in his hands as he controlled the pace.

He held her hips, admiring her beautiful butt as it bounced with each pump of his dick. It felt so intimate the way Lana's tender pussy rubbed and caressed him.

Lana couldn't help herself; Barry's dick was so hard and stimulating her so deeply, she made muted whimpers as he thrustured into her.

He tightened his grip on her butt, pumping deeply into her rich canal. She felt so warm and wet. Her tight pussy squeezed his cock as he moved with even strokes.

"Ohhhh fuck. . . that feels good," Lana purred.

Lana could feel her pussy aching to take all of him in. It felt so good to feel dominated and give Barry exactly what he wanted.

Maybe it was the fact that he had fetishized cumming in Lana for so long, but lustful images of Lana, her tummy swelling with his baby, popped into his head.

Yes, he did fantasize about impregnating her when he masturbated, but this was different, this was real life, and he was already struggling with the consequences of his actions.

Barry slowed down his strokes...deciding to leverage his position to understand the situation fully. "Since I am your master, you have to tell me the truth, right?"

"Yes, Master."

"Are you actually on birth control?"

Lana hesitated, likely remembering how she had dodged the question before.

She said, "No, Master."

"So we are having completely unprotected sex?"

"Yes, Master."

Barry continued to pump slowly in and out of Lana, doing his best to prolong this experience, realizing he should actually pull out this time as much as he didn't want to.

Lana's breathing increased as she clutched the bedspread tightly with her face down and sideways on the bed. The view of her sexy face, exposed back, and voluptuous butt was almost too much.

Barry was so attracted to her, and he couldn't get the thought of impregnating her out of his head now.

He knew for sure she was completely unprotected. If he came inside her this time, there were likely very real consequences.

Lana sensed his hesitation and said matter of factly, "You can cum in me when you want to, Master."

Barry pondered with wonder; she didn't even seem phased...she wanted him this much!?

Oh my God, he wanted so badly to take her and make her his in this deep, sacred way, but Lana was completely unprotected and -- Barry had no doubt -- at peak fertility.

Slightly breaking character, Barry said, "I want to cum in you Lana. . .but --"

Lana broke character as well. "Tell me what you want, baby. You can have anything you want. I am here just for you. Is there anything else you want?"

"I can have anything I want, and you won't deny me? No matter how crazy it may seem?"

"Anything. I am yours."

Barry felt suddenly lightheaded as he shocked even himself saying what he really wanted. "I want...to... put my baby in you."

Up until now, it was just a fantasy, but a deep, primal part of him loved the idea, and he felt his cock harden and his balls tighten in response to what he had spoken.

Ohhh fuck, Barry thought, I really do want to impregnate her!

Ohhh fuck.... He was half expecting Lana to pull the plug on his fantasy.

Without hesitation, Lana looked back at him with her pale blue eyes, a pleased look on her face, and said with sincerity, "Yes, Barry, you can put your baby in me."

Barry grabbed her hips and pumped his cock harder into her tight pussy. Lana's ample round butt bounced as he pumped into her.

He couldn't believe it, just thinking about impregnating her was intoxicating. It was exciting to think that she wanted this...she wanted him...and she was unprotected.

Lana sensed Barry getting closer; she urged him on, reassuring him in her sweet voice, "You can cum in me when you want to. I really do want your baby."

She had dreamed of Barry for so long. Of becoming his wife and having his kids -- but that was just a fantasy, and this was really happening.

She was so close, and thinking about how Barry was going to knowingly shoot his cum in her unprotected pussy, how he wanted to make her pregnant, was too much.

It brought her over the edge as she felt herself begin to climax.

Barry hit the point of no return. As he felt his orgasm taking over, he grunted animalistically, "You...belong...to me!!"

Lana crossed over the edge, responding with a raw feminine voice, "Make me yours...cum deep in me!"

Barry thrust harder, feeling how deep he could penetrate into Lana's pussy, touching her cervix.

Lana cried, "Ohhhhhh shit...Uhhhhhhnnnn. I'm cumming!"

Still in complete control, Barry held the tip of his dick against her cervix as he locked her soft hips tightly against him and pushed into her.

Barry felt her pussy tighten around his cock as he came, an electric current coursing through him and into Lana.

Barry's balls clenched and unloaded. His hungry cock spurted gobs of his semen deep into Lana's schoolgirl pussy.

He emitted a guttural groan as he bellowed, "ohhh...fuck...yeahhhh..." continuing to empty his balls into Lana and feeling her pussy contract to milk his seed.

Lana felt the eruption inside her tummy as ropes of Barry's potent seed entered her womb and -- she had no doubt -- impregnated her.

Slowly Barry pulled out; white semen oozed out of her pink pussy and dripped down onto the bed.

He admired his handy work before turning Lana over and kissing her tenderly.

Lana was so happy that Barry had given in to his fantasy...it just happened to be her greatest fantasy as well.

"You're the best Master," she murmured as they cuddled in total contentment, Barry's sticky seed trickling out of Lana's satisfied vagina.

For the next couple of nights, Barry and Lana made love and had more fun plans for the upcoming weekend -- their first full weekend as a couple.

Unfortunately, the best-laid plans have a way of changing at the most inopportune times.



\* \* \* \* \* Boundaries Drawn

Barry was called into work to travel that weekend, so it seemed they would have a little time apart.

A voice in Barry's head nagged him all week, and it had gotten louder.

It said, "If you continue with this, you'll ruin that girl. She's your fucking daughter! You made a promise to protect her."

He knew she loved him and that she had no issues with their relationship going in this new direction, but Barry couldn't bring himself to tell her his darkest secret.

He became convinced that, when she found out he was holding back such important information for her entire life, she would not be able to forgive him.

He had taken advantage of her, even if she had pushed herself onto him.

With great pain, Barry realized he had to draw a boundary with Lana.

He was in too deep and would not be able to resist Lana's charm if he didn't course correct now while he had the opportunity.

He wasn't even sure he could survive the heartbreak, but he had to try for her sake.

Lana had given him the most erotic encounters of his life, but it seemed too crazy for them to have a future together in light of the dark truth he had yet to reveal.

Especially since he had finally crossed the line, trying to impregnate her knowingly.

He just couldn't resist her. Like an addict, every fiber of his being wanted to make her his, regardless of the consequences. He couldn't ruin her further. He felt fucking terrible.

Before leaving for his flight, Barry texted Lana to meet him for lunch.

Lana showed up in high spirits. She looked radiant and was beaming.

She looked around and saw they had privacy.

"Hey, lover," she joked, hugging Barry and giving him a long sensual kiss. This was going to be harder than he thought.

Barry tried to project strength and keep it together as he proceeded to tell Lana that, though he had the most amazing times he would never forget, they would have to take a break before they did irreparable damage. The longer they waited, the more heartbreaking this would be.

Lana was in shock. She was devastated. She broke down crying as Barry tried to console her.

He was bawling as well. It was one of the most terrible experiences of his life.

To make things worse, Barry realized he didn't have as much time as he thought -- he had to leave for the airport!

He told Lana, "Look, I know this is bad timing...and I know it doesn't make sense to you right now...but we still have each other, like before...and I promise we'll talk it through when I get back."

He quickly hugged her and left.

Lana went directly home, completely in shock at what had happened.

Barry was so caught up in his work that he didn't really have time to think about what he'd done.

Lana didn't call or text him, and he hoped that when he got back, he could work things out and heal the wounds he had surely created.

On Monday morning, he got back and walked into the house, hoping to catch Lana.

He had missed her so much that weekend, and she still had not responded to his texts -- unsurprisingly.

He had started second-guessing his black-and-white stance on their relationship. What if he revealed his dark secret to her? Maybe he wasn't giving her enough credit to move past a betrayal of that magnitude.

He knew it was terrible to backpedal after what he had done, but he wasn't so sure he could live without being with Lana after everything they had been through.

Walking into the house, he called out, and when Lana didn't respond, he looked in her room.

Everything was gone. Lana was nowhere to be seen.

Barry was in shock.

He called Lana's cell phone, and the number was disconnected. No response via email.

This was no accident, of course; Lana had significant means due to the inheritance money she recently collected.

She could go anywhere in the world and live there for the rest of her life if she wanted to.

Only when he went to bed and discovered a letter Lana had left under his pillow did the impact of what had happened settle in.

"My dear Barry,

I know you mean well. I know you love me. You have been, and will forever be, the greatest love of my life.

It is with the greatest sadness that I have left. I realized that if I had to go back to pretending we were as before, I couldn't live with the reminder of what could have been.

I know I'll miss family and friends, but most of all, I will miss you.

I really don't want you to feel bad, but my heart is completely broken.

You left me with two options. Either I end my life or start a new one. I know you'll be happy that I chose the latter.

Yours forever,

Lana."

Stunned, Barry wept in silence.

He felt a deep ache in his heart. And suddenly, he knew, it would never truly go away. He had fucked up by making such a rash decision.

Images of all the fun and amazing times he had with Lana flashed through his mind. Their recent week together as lovers had been transcendental.

He knew then that he had drastically underestimated Lana's impact on his life.

He had always tried to brush off their connection, even while enjoying her never-ending energy and love for him.

There would never be another woman like Lana for Barry, regardless of the bizarre and uncommon circumstances.

Over the coming weeks, which turned into months, Barry never got over his depression.

He never stopped looking for Lana, though. If he never found her, he would die trying.

\* \* \* \* \* Final Destination

One fateful afternoon, there was a ring at the door. Barry opened it and saw a couple of Lana's friends he recognized from school.

They had been over at his house many times over the years. Lana wasn't super close with many people, but he supposed these two were probably her closest girlfriends.

Barry answered, saying, "I'm sure you know by now, Lana is not here."

Both girls were dressed scandalously, as they were part of the "hot girls" club that Lana was in.

The first one replied, "We know. Lana sent us each an email, letting us know she had moved overseas. We just wanted to stop by to tell you something we just realized."

Barry said, "Ok."

The second girl jumped in. "It was weird that she just left school like that, and she didn't respond to any emails we've sent her, and then her social media went dark. We figured if she ghosted everyone, then you had to be worried about her."

Excited, Barry asked, "What is it that you wanted to tell me!?"

The first girl said, "Well, it's not exactly what she wrote us, but we were talking, and we remembered how she was obsessed with this place in the south of France back when she was in eighth grade. With her inheritance money, she could live anywhere in the world and never have to work for the rest of her life. I'd put money that that's where she went."

Like a lightbulb going off, Barry had a sudden recollection. He remembered that report she did from years ago and how she could really get obsessed with something she was into.

Barry said, "Thank you so much...you lovely girls!"

They both lit up with smiles. They were always cool with Barry.

For their help, Barry could almost kiss them.

He had hope for the first time in months.

Barry sent the girls off.

He ran to the storage area and dug through boxes frantically until he found Lana's old school report.

There it was! Thank God, Barry thought as he quickly read her report, looking for clues.

He made plans to leave the very next day.

He put his affairs in order since he was pretty sure this would be a one-way trip. Like her, he would appear to disappear; if he was successful, that was.

Barry landed in Brittany. The weather was perfect and tropical, exactly how Lana liked it. It took him several days driving around to get the lay of the land and start to figure out where she might be.

Unfortunately, days turned into weeks, and he was starting to realize how hard it would be to find her. How do you find someone who doesn't want to be found? Someone who is smart enough to leave no trail?

One afternoon, towards the end of the third week, Barry randomly passed a huge lighthouse overlooking a beach. Lana liked lighthouses. There wasn't much to go on, but he had nothing left to lose. He had looked everywhere.

He drove down a lone one-way road passing exotic-looking vacation houses where the super wealthy lived.

The road morphed into a secluded frontage road, leading to large houses that straddled the beach, each with its own private access.

It was on one of those private beaches that he happened to see a woman off in the distance, sitting under an umbrella.

Barry didn't know if he was going crazy or not, but he felt a pull toward her even though he couldn't possibly identify someone from that distance.

This could be anyone. Don't get your hopes up, he thought.

As he got closer, walking towards her from behind, he could see the woman's tan body, clad in a white bikini.

Ohh, my God, he thought, tears welling in his eyes as he filled with hope.

As he got closer, recognition formed in his brain. He would know her anywhere.

Barry, approached from the side and nonchalantly sat in the chair next to hers. He felt optimistic, as she was still wearing his anklet!

Lana may have been sleeping because she suddenly looked over and gasped, "Ohh my God! Barry!? What are you doing here? How did you find me?"

Barry pulled her up out of her chair, looked down upon her beautiful freckled face, and into her soft blue eyes and said, "When you are looking for the love of your life, I have learned you will go to the ends of the earth."

Tears were streaming down Lana's wet cheeks.

Sobbing, she said, "I'm not going back to the way things were...before. I've just barely gotten to a place where every day is not a terrible struggle to get through. I thought I made things clear in my letter...Why would you try to bring me back!?"

Barry winced inside. "I'm not here to bring you back, Lana. Every minute that you have been gone has been an eternity. I, for real, am so fucked up, it's beyond imagining...."

Tears rolled down Barry's cheeks as he continued. "I realize now that I will never be able to 'turn off' the things we set in motion. I had a choice to make...let go of you and likely die, or let go of my conceptions of what is possible. I wish we would have been able to talk more...--"

"Barry, when you rejected me, I didn't know how to face reality. You are my first and only lover, and we had just experienced the deepest connection and reached the greatest heights imaginable. It just didn't make sense...I thought...I thought you loved me like I loved you." Lana continued to sob.

"Lana, there's one thing I have to tell you that I should have told you then. I just couldn't bring myself to...I was so terrified to do so because I thought when you found out, you would hate me for keeping such a terrible secret."

Lana's facial expression softened. She had stopped crying.

With tears in his eyes, Barry said, "Lana, the reason I couldn't get over my guilt is that. . . I'm not just your brother...I'm your father as well."

Barry looked away in shame. He couldn't believe he had finally admitted it to her.

Lana contemplated what he said, her face expressionless. Barry looked alarmed as he said, "Is that all you have to say!?"

Lana paused for another few seconds before she burst out laughing.

Her laughter was infectious, and soon Barry was laughing uncontrollably.

After the laughter died down, Barry said between breaths, "What are we laughing at?"

Lana smirked, "You, you dingbat. You really think I didn't already know that?"

Barry stood utterly shocked. "But... That's why I had to break it off. I was so terrified that -- if you found out -- you would be horrified and disgusted that I didn't stop what was happening between us. It's one thing that you're a teenager...and a sibling...but also my daughter...it's so far over the top."

Lana took Barry's hands in hers and said with the sweetest look on her face, "Oh, Honey. I figured all that out long ago. Who do you think you're talking to? Yes, it's fucked up, but I accepted it and still wanted to be with you. I didn't want to force you to reveal that bit of information until you were ready...If I had known that was the reason you rejected me, I would have--"

"Lana, there is a gift in all this pain -- I swear!"

Barry looked intense as he said, "When you left, I realized for the first time what you truly meant to me. Misguided or not, I really thought breaking things off would hurt you less than the hurt you'd feel in the long run if you stayed with me. I think I finally learned...how deep love could go...and that that's how you feel about me."

Lana relaxed, hearing Barry's words, suddenly understanding.

He continued, "For me to be here, I had to give everything to be with you -- to remove all remnants of my old life. I needed to disappear to have a life with you where nobody will know our secrets, where we can start over with a clean slate."

Lana said, "You're not the only one with a confession."

She paused before continuing. "Barry...I am carrying your baby. I wanted your baby, and I realize now that I was insecure and, on some level, thought that you'd stick with me if I was pregnant. To be sure, I do want your baby, but that was not entirely nice to manipulate you into making me pregnant."

Barry moved closer and put his hand on the slight bump growing out of Lana's tummy, looked her right into her eyes, and said, "You can't manipulate the willing. Nothing could make me prouder than to raise this baby together with you, Lana."

Lana's face lit up, "For real, Barry?" Barry suddenly knelt down in the sand. Lana paused, confused.

Barry looked up at her as he knelt. He held up a large diamond ring as he said, "Lana Janet Parker, will you marry me!?"

Lana was in shock. Time stood still as more tears welled up. Never in a million years did she think things would actually go this way -- that all her dreams would come true.

Wiping tears away, she replied, "Yes, you idiot."

She pulled him up and into her arms, kissing him like a lover lost.

Barry held her and could feel the electricity and heat of her body. He had missed her so much.

Lana said what he had been thinking. "I missed you so much...."

Eventually, Lana pulled back; her eyes glistened as tears welled up. "You know, I never believed it could happen, but hearing you say those words has been my dream since I was a little girl."

Lana walked Barry back to her beautiful mansion on the beach and showed him around. She led him into her opulent bedroom. They stood facing each other.

With a devious look in Lana's eye, she unbuttoned his pants and reached into his underwear, gripping his dick, which hardened in response.

She looked intensely into his eyes and began kissing him as she rubbed his manhood.

Barry reached for and fondled Lana's swollen breasts, releasing them from her bikini top.

Barry leaned in and put one of her large, pink nipples in his mouth, suckling her. At the same time, he reached into Lana's bikini bottom, moved down her shaven mound, and rubbed his finger along her wet slit.

Barry hadn't thought about it, but he had a surprise as he tasted small bursts of sweet milk as he sucked Lana's nipple.

He couldn't believe how good it tasted and how hot it suddenly made him.

She responded, "Ohhhhhh, you like that baby?" as she felt his lips draining her milk.

Barry paused to say, "hell, yes!"

They were swept up in passion, having thought they lost each other up until only minutes ago.

He finished taking his clothes off and releasing his dick from its constraints.

Lana got down on her knees and started to suck her man's dick.

He responded instantly to her ministrations, turned on by her soft blue eyes as she looked up, intent on pleasing him.

Barry said, "Ohhh my God. . . I love you so much, baby."

Lana moved her lips downward and gently suckled Barry's balls. "I want you to put all the cum you have in these balls in my pussy. Just like when you impregnated me."

Barry picked Lana up and carried her to the bed, laying her on her back. He stripped her panties off, smelling them, and tossed them aside. "You smell so fucking good," Barry growled.

He crawled up and breathed in her the sweet scent of her pussy as he proceeded to lick her clit, inserting a finger into her wet pussy.

Lana guided Barry's throbbing dick into her entrance. He positioned himself on top of her, and she wrapped her legs around him, taking his face in her hands.

Something was different -- more powerful. They looked into each other's eyes with an intensity that was almost too much to take.

Barry kissed Lana's luscious lips and inserted his tongue in her awaiting mouth. They kissed slowly at first and then more frantic as if they were making up for lost time.

Barry moved slowly, feeling Lana's soft, comforting pussy lovingly embrace him. Instead of fast strokes, he moved slowly and tenderly.

They made love as they kissed and melted into each other.

Barry whispered. "I'll never leave you again."

"Do you mean it?" Lana said.

"Yes," he replied.

She knew it was true. Something deep inside her finally clicked. She had never felt this safe and complete as this moment with his dick buried deep inside her.

Barry continued his slow strokes in and out of Lana. They were connected, and neither one wanted to disconnect again.

As Barry thrust into Lana, she looked him in the eyes and said in a soft, sweet voice, "I'm so glad to know you're my real daddy." Barry felt a jolt of excitement at hearing her call him that.

He was so turned on. "Yes...I'm here for you, baby...daddy's here."

"Are you going to cum in me, Daddy?"

"Only if you want me to, baby."

"I do," Lana said softly.

"You want me to fill your pussy...Just like how I made that baby in your tummy?"

Lana was transfixed. Her face became serious as she peered deeply into Barry's eyes. "Are you sure you won't get sick of me when my tummy is big and full with your baby growing in it, Daddy?"

Barry almost fucked a response back into her as he continued to thrust. "I want that more than anything. I'll never leave you, and you'll never be without your father."

Barry increased his pace as he was getting closer to cumming in his daughter's perfect pussy.

Barry's balls tightened up. He was on the verge of letting loose his load and shooting his seed into Lana's eager pussy.

Only this time was different. He knew he was deep inside his daughter's pussy and that she had no need for protection ever again.

This was real -- she was already pregnant -- her tummy starting to swell with his baby.

She was young and fertile, and he had desires to knock her up many more times.

Lana looked imploringly at Barry between strokes that were getting faster and deeper.

They locked eyes as Lana started to cum, "I am yours...take me Daddy!"

Barry bellowed as he began to cum, "You belong to me, Lana. You always belonged to me!!"

His dick pulsed as he felt wave after orgasmic wave shoot through him.

Lana cooed, "That's it...Cum in me Daddy...I belong to you now," as jets of Barry's semen filled Lana's hungry pussy.

Eventually, Barry's dick softened. He pulled out and leaned back.

They both turned towards each other, leaning on their sides.

Lana said, "Fuck...that was hot. You should have revealed your secret sooner."

Barry laughed. "I should have learned by now never to underestimate you."

They kissed tenderly for a moment before Lana said, "I'm so glad you found me, Barry."

He replied, "Me too. I can't live without you, after all...."

Lana smiled and said, "You're damn right. No other women for you. Especially that stupid Misty!"



Barry clapped back, "You always were a controlling bitch!"

Lana chuckled. Then in all seriousness looked at him while she softly stroked his face. "My greatest dream is now real. . . I'm going to be your wife."

Barry responded, "Now, that...is hot!"