

JOE & KATIE - THE KISS CH. 01

idealogue2077

Siblings find True Love awakened by a Kiss.

Incest/Taboo

4.59

19.4k words

Joe and Katie were close as they grew up together in a small town. Katie was one year older but even closer in terms of shared experience. At the time of this tale, Katie was nineteen, and Joe was eighteen, having recently graduated High School.

They grew up in a broken home with an abusive father who drank a lot and beat up their mother. The situation at home left the two of them to fend for themselves, and they often kept each other company as they hid to escape their father's abuse.

Maybe it was due to the violence at home, but Katie began to skip school and became rebellious, making her an outcast at their school. Joe always found ways to fit in and make his way, but he always looked out for Katie the way she did for him.

As they grew up, they developed in their own unique ways.

Joe was ambitious from a young age, always starting businesses and trying to find a way to turn a dollar into two. Katie, on the other hand, blossomed into an unusual beauty. It was hard not to notice her once she matured into womanhood.

Joe, of course, knew thinking about his sister in the way he thought about other women was wrong. She didn't make it easy, though. She was a taller-than-average blonde with strong and beautiful Nordic features.

With her soft, blue eyes and her supple, full lips, she was a beauty that caught men's gazes wherever she went. Her fit body was blessed with an athletic build that included shapely legs, admirable breasts, and a big, well-proportioned butt that drew attention.

From high school on, Katie dressed provocatively, enjoying the attention and admiration of boys and adult men. Joe couldn't blame her, as the temptation to leverage her assets had to be great. Katie didn't get good grades at school or play sports like he did, so it was her way of standing out.

It was not lost on Joe that his big sister had a harder time at home, as she was her father's main target for abuse. That was saying a lot since Joe didn't have it easy himself.

Joe knew Katie in ways others didn't. They had shared time in the trenches dealing with their father's abuse. As small children, Joe would step in any time their father, Dwayne, tried to hit Katie, usually taking a considerable beating in the process.

Luckily Joe grew big and strong, and by the time they were in high school, he could protect Katie from their father most of the time, assuming Joe was there to witness his father's indiscretions.

Dwayne talked big but feared Joe since he got his ass whooped during one of his drunken tirades. Joe, just sixteen at the time, told their father to "shut the fuck up" when he kept harassing Katie for how she dressed, saying she was a "slut."

Dwayne said, "Oh, you think you're a man now. You're going to get a man-sized ass-whoopin'!"

Katie watched in horror as her brother struggled with their father but was shocked when Joe overpowered him. Joe had a lot of pent-up rage, and by the time he was done, Dwayne was bleeding on the floor, unconscious.

They were so used to living in terror with their father; seeing him subdued so definitively was revelatory.

"What are we going to do," Katie asked, her eyes big with surprise.

"We'll let him sleep it off. He'll just be drunk anyway. Let's get out of here so we're not around when he wakes."

They went to the nearby river and had one of the happiest and most carefree days of their lives as they used the rope swing and made a fire. It was their private place under an old bridge that nobody seemed to know about.

They sat on the edge of an old mattress they had put there years before. They kept the mattress covered so it stayed in good condition -- they had used it to sleep when things were really bad at home.

Sitting there under the stars amidst the crackle of flames, Katie looked at Joe intently.

"Joe, I know you know this...but...I don't know how I would have made it this long without you."

"Katie...it's nothing, I--"

"No, Joe, listen. What you've done for me...to protect and keep me safe...I can never repay you. All the beatings you took in my place growing up...I just..." Tears streamed down Katie's lovely face as she sobbed.

Shuffling over the remaining foot between them, Joe put his arms around Katie and held her as she cried. She felt so safe, wrapped in his embrace.

"I'm the luckiest girl...you've always protected and cared for me. Joe, I love you so much..."

Joe felt his heart swell, hearing Katie's admission.

He responded, "Thank you...but it's not much of a sacrifice to keep you safe. You're worth protecting...and easy to love." Katie blushed and glowed with inner joy.

After the emotional outpour, Katie had some sobering news.

"I didn't want to tell you this, but he's been looking at me and saying things...things about...my body." Katie looked ashamed.

"It's not ok for anyone to look at you that way. You can't help how you look; besides, your outside will never be able to match what you have going on, on the inside."

Katie felt grateful for how Joe always saw her the way she wanted to be seen, unlike pretty much everyone else.

Joe continued. "If he ever lays a hand on you ever again, he'll wish he hadn't. I can promise you that!"

After that night, Joe and Katie were careful to steer clear of their father, especially when he was drunk.

Dwayne's pride had been irreparably damaged the day he was finally taken to task by his much stronger son.

There was always a chance that their father could snap and hurt Katie or their mom when Joe wasn't around.

Eventually, their father started coming on to Katie more often when she became an adult woman. Joe made sure he was around when Katie was home, keeping an eye on his lewd father.

Joe truly loved his sister and her beauty was not lost on him. He knew she was a knockout blonde and that her extraordinary figure was easy to sexualize.

Since the siblings lived in close proximity inside their little house, it was inevitable that Joe would see Katie at various levels of undress and vice versa.

The very last thing Joe wanted to do in the world was to view his sister from that narrow lens, and he worked hard not to allow himself to think of her in that way.

He tried hard to push any everyday male thoughts directed at her out of his head and saw himself as her protector.

He may have been a horny teenager with raging hormones, but ever since he became an adult, he was able to keep pictures of his pretty sister out of his head.

On occasion, if an image of her cleavage or that body of hers snuck in, he didn't beat himself up about it. She was that hot. But he always reigned it in and felt guilty if he harbored any secret thoughts toward her.

Because she was attractive and sexy, men would give Katie almost anything. Unfortunately, most of those men were bad. Katie was always in a bad relationship. It was as though she were destined to repeat her father's abuse with new men.

Joe was always there for Katie when her relationships fell through, or she needed support. She loved him for it and knew Joe would be there for her, unlike anyone else.

The only constant for each of them, coming from that broken home, was each other.

* * * * * Trouble at Home

The summer after Joe graduated from high school proved to be a time of transition in more ways than one.

Katie still lived at home since her menial job at the local superstore was insufficient to support herself independently. Joe had done well with his online business and investments and was planning on purchasing his own place and moving out in the fall.

His timeline escalated when he came home that one summer night.

Joe knew something was wrong right away. His mother was even more despondent than usual, lying on the couch in a drug-induced stupor.

Neither his father nor Katie was anywhere to be found. Katie was usually home by then, and they had plans to hang out and go to a movie that night.

Out of pure instinct, Joe went quietly up the old staircase to the second floor of their rundown home. He thought he heard Katie's voice but couldn't make it out.

As he neared his father's room, he heard not words but guttural sounds. He carefully opened the door and looked in.

His father had his sister pinned to the bed, his big hand over her mouth. Her skirt was pulled up, and his other hand was in her panties, moving around lasciviously.

Dwayne said, "Nobody is going to know about this...or I'll kill you. Got that, bitch?"

Katie looked terrified.

Joe didn't see it at first, but his father's pants were pulled down just below his ass. As Joe crept closer, he saw Dwayne rubbing his hard dick against Katie's smooth thigh.

It looked like he was priming up for the main event, which would involve flat-out raping his 19-year-old daughter.

Joe heard Dwayne whisper in a dirty, gravelly voice, "Yeah, that's it. You're getting nice and wet for me, aren't you bitch?"

Joe snapped.

He grabbed his father from behind by his shirt and ripped him off his sister. With rage-enhanced strength, he flung him like a rag doll into the wall six feet to the side of the bed.

Dwayne's head and shoulders smashed through the plaster, embedding themselves into the wall. His legs flailed and crashed into a cheap standing mirror, smashing it to bits.

Joe had intended to hurt his father, but he thought he might have caused permanent damage. He realized that wasn't the case when he heard Dwayne come to, mumbling, "What...what the fuck!?"

Dwayne pulled his head out of the wall, slowly falling to the ground.

He looked up at Joe, his face covered in white dust and blood.

Joe said, "Stay down, you piece of shit...or I will kill you."

Dwyane was terrified and looked down at the ground, avoiding eye contact with Joe.

Joe was heartbroken as he looked at Katie. Tears streamed down her cheeks. She was curled up into a ball on the bed.

He picked her up, cradling her, and easily carried her out of the room, down the stairs, and into the backyard.

Katie clung to him, crying into his broad shoulder as he swung open the door to his pickup truck and gently set her in the back seat.

Joe leaned down and gently touched Katie's cheek.

"You're ok now. I'm going to get your clothes and a few important things. Any other shit we don't need."

Joe ran back into the house, checking back in on their father on the way to his sister's room.

Dwayne had started crawling along the floor towards the door.

Joe said with menace, "Lay the fuck down and don't FUCKING MOVE, or I'll stomp your head into the floor. Do you understand me?"

His father flattened on the ground and croaked, "Yes."

"Good. Now you're going to stay like that for the next two hours. If I see you get up, it will be the last time you ever get up. We're leaving, and you better hope, to God, you never see me again."

Joe left his deadbeat father groveling on the floor as he rounded up all of their clothes and belongings of significance, putting them in the back of his pickup truck.

It didn't take long since they didn't have a lot to begin with.

Joe drove to the outskirts of town to an old, dilapidated motel most people didn't know still operated.

Joe parked and returned with two keys, leading Katie inside their room.

Katie sat on the bed. She had stopped crying, but she looked despondent. Joe kneeled, gently addressing his sister.

"I can't imagine how you feel right now. Just know that you are safe. That fuck head is never touching you again. I swear it."

Katie was tracking what he said. She nodded.

"I've brought in a bunch of your things, including clean clothes, and put them on your bed. Why don't you shower and get yourself cleaned up for now while I finish unloading my truck."

Katie nodded. When Joe returned with the next load, the bathroom door was closed, and the shower was running.

Hopefully, she would feel better now, he thought. Seeing his sister curled up and in such a bad state had been terrifying.

Joe finally got the room situated and organized. When Katie emerged from the bathroom, he was sitting on the bed nearest the door, messing with the TV.

She was dressed in pajamas and looked fresh and more like herself.

Joe stood up and said, "How are you doing?"

"Much better...thanks."

"I'm so sorry, Katie...."

Katie walked up to Joe, looking intently into his eyes. She wrapped her arms around him, embracing him in a tight hug.

"Thank you, Joe...thank God you showed up. I'm so...grateful."

Joe returned the hug. "You're more than welcome." And he meant that. It was cathartic to demoralize his piece-of-shit father as well.

Katie suddenly felt completely safe for the first time in her life. She had finally gotten away from her leering and disgusting father.

Her heart opened to Joe.

She felt so many emotions. She had always loved Joe deeply but was feeling so much at that moment.

Katie wanted to thank Joe and show him how she felt. She only intended to give him a symbolic peck on the lips.

Katie relaxed in Joe's embrace, looking up at her handsome, protective brother.

Her sparkling blue eyes softened as she said, "I love you, Joe."

Joe felt Katie's lips press against his. They were soft and gentle.

He stood frozen

Joe felt her full lips move tenderly around his.

Katie felt so good in his arms. His eyes closed as he felt her mouth tenderly suck and caress his lips.

Not thinking, Joe relaxed and felt Katie begin to explore his open mouth with her tongue.

They were both suddenly lost in the moment, caressing and sucking on each other.

Joe couldn't believe how sweet and delectable Katie's soft mouth tasted. Better than his high school sweetheart Barb or any girl he had ever kissed.

Joe felt like he was transported into another dimension as he was swept up in the moment.

His hands naturally moved down and rested on Katie's big curvaceous butt.

Without thinking, he squeezed her fleshy cheeks and felt Katie respond more passionately as she moved her soft tongue around his hungrily.

Her butt felt so sexy in his hands. An erection formed in his pants, pushing hard against the flimsy cloth.

Completely enraptured, Katie reached behind Joe's neck, pulling him in, running her fingers through his hair. He always smelled so good to her, but now his scent was overpowering and intoxicating.

He returned Katie's French kiss as she started to moan quietly deep in her throat.

Joe's strong hands squeezed and pulled her body against his, sending an overpowering jolt of excitement through her core.

She felt every fiber of her being focused on the powerful connection that formed through her mouth and the deep interplay between their tongues.

Holy fuck, Joe thought. What are we doing!?

His need was intense. His pulse raced as he realized the next natural course of action would be to fall onto the bed with Katie. But what they were doing was already so crazy....

Katie gently moved forward, causing Joe to sit and fall backward on the bed with her on top.

Katie was not allowing her brain to catch up to the reality of the situation. She was lost in the moment, feeling him return her kisses, feeling the love flow between them.

His hands felt so good on her butt, and when she felt his hardness pressing against her leg, she felt her arousal overtake her. Katie reached down to feel it through his pants.

Feeling Katie squeeze his member emboldened Joe. He removed one of his hands from her butt and slid it up to her chest.

Katie's breast filled a little more than his large hand could contain as he gently squeezed it, feeling its shape and heft. She had beautiful boobs, he knew, but feeling them, even through her shirt, was profoundly erotic.

When she felt Joe's big hand on her breast, Katie wanted more. She wanted to be completely enmeshed with Joe, stoked by the arousal she felt deep in her loins.

She squeezed and began to rub Joe's hard-on, stretching through his pants.

Joe felt her passion and now moved both his hands below his sister and towards her prize as their tongues continued to dance passionately in each other's mouths.

Katie felt Joe's hand slide down her stomach and into her pajama's elastic waistband. His fingers slowly moved under the thin fabric in the front of her panties.

She wanted to feel his touch, where she ached with need. His fingers moved across her pubic mound. Less than an inch away from her womanhood, Katie came to her senses.

Joe felt her hand grab his wrist, arresting his progress toward his single-minded focus. Sudden awareness washed over Joe as he realized what he was about to do.

Katie released his lips and smoothly extricated herself, standing up.

Joe followed suit, facing her.

It may have been that Katie came to her senses first, but it seemed like a tie as they looked at each other awkwardly.

Katie looked embarrassed as she said, "I'm...sorry...I didn't mean to."

Joe stammered, "I...me too." He looked down, clearly flummoxed.

With a sudden realization that their actions needed justification, Joe added, "After what we want through today, I think there's a lot of emotions."

"Yeah, that's true...still, I shouldn't have kissed you." Katie blushed.

"Is it terrible if...If...I'm not sorry?" Joe looked away.

"I...liked that too...it felt good...but Joe, we can't do that..." Katie reached for and took Joe's hand in hers.

Joe exhaled loudly, releasing tension. "I know...it was just...surprising."

She looked down. "I'm not feeling myself after what happened...earlier. I'm really embarrassed."

Joe knew he needed to help Katie save face. "It's ok. I think we can put this whole day behind us."

"Thank you."

Katie hugged Joe. "I'm going to hop into bed."

"Ok, feel free to find something to watch. I'm going to take a shower."

Katie got into her bed. "I'm exhausted. I might just fall asleep."

"That's ok by me...you've had a hard day. Tomorrow will be better."

Joe grabbed a change of clothes and entered the bathroom.

He climbed into the shower to wash away the physical and psychological grit and also to process what had just happened between them.

Katie wanted to fall asleep, but she was still in awe at what transpired between her and Joe.

His smell and taste were intoxicating. The way his strong hands felt on her aroused her immediately. She never saw that coming. What came over her to prompt her to do that? She had crossed a line that she knew was wrong. But at that moment, it felt so...right?

Joe was handsome and attractive, but she had never allowed herself to think of him that way.

The temptation to touch herself was overpowering as she couldn't get the experience with Joe out of her head. She was still so wet, and she really needed to sleep.

When she heard the shower start, Katie touched her wetness, rubbing the lubrication over her swollen clitoris. She ached for release and pictured that release coming from the most unlikely place -- Joe.

The warm water melted into Joe's tense muscles, and he felt himself relax.

He couldn't help but think about the feeling of Katie's lips and the taste of her mouth, and especially the desire she clearly felt for him.

The recollection of his hands on her tight butt and the sound of her intense breathing caused his cock to harden. Those little passionate sounds she made as they kissed were indescribably sexy.

Instead of stopping when they had, Joe couldn't help himself as he imagined moving that one extra inch inside Katie's panties.

He pumped his hard dick, remembering his sister's smell and feel as she gave him the best kiss of his life. Joe took his time, imagining touching her and feeling her naked body against his.

A part of him warned him not to go there, but his aching balls overrode the disclaimer, and soon he shot a huge load, spraying the shower wall with pulses of his thick cum, imagining it was going somewhere else.

When he got out of the shower, Katie was asleep. She must have been exhausted as she looked so at peace.

Joe climbed into his bed and got under the covers. As he drifted off to sleep, he pondered the events of one of the craziest days of his life.

* * * * * The Motel

The next day, they got up and went about their day, never speaking of their momentary lapse the night before. Instead, they focused on planning for what came next. They each worked out plans to establish themselves so they could move on with their lives and forget about their unfortunate upbringing.

Joe had plenty of money saved from his Internet business and investments so he could cover their lodging for the foreseeable future. He didn't intend to live at the motel forever, but his plan of buying an investment property he could live in would take some time--months for sure.

For Katie, it wasn't as easy. Her basic plan was to get a second job so she could afford a place of her own, but options were limited with her qualifications, and that amounted to more minimum wage work. That scenario didn't add up in her mind.

Katie had pride and knew she needed to make her own way. She didn't have Joe's business savvy, so she leveraged what she had. Her greatest asset was her looks, and she looked into opportunities, but there weren't a lot of options for fast cash that weren't degrading.

She could look into modeling, but breaking into that world seemed far from her small-town aspirations. Katie wanted less attention, not more.

* * * * *

The coming weeks stretched into months, living in that small motel together.

Although living in such tight quarters could have been unpleasant, they had some of the best times of their lives there.

For the first time, they were free to be themselves without dealing with or managing their dysfunctional parents.

They had each other -- that hadn't changed -- but their fondness and desire to be near one other seemed only to grow.

They worked into a routine. On weekdays, they would both head off to their jobs.

Katie went to the superstore to slave away for low pay, while Joe went to the little office he had been renting for years. He was able to run his small Internet business and conduct day trading without any distractions.

Each weekday they hugged each other as they went to work and returned home. Looking forward to their time together got them through the day.

When they returned to the motel, Katie would snuggle up with Joe on the small couch in their room while watching TV. Katie loved being close to Joe; breathing in his scent made her feel safe and warm, and Joe always relaxed, feeling Katie's warm body against his.

Katie knew her feelings for Joe pushed the edge of what is normally acceptable, and the amount of time she spent finding ways to be close to him and feel him near her was something she closely regulated.

She had crossed the line with him that first night at the motel and hoped that she hadn't corrupted him into thinking about her differently. Her love for Joe was unquestionable, but when her attraction to him overwhelmed her at times, she felt guilty, as though something was wrong with her.

Joe loved Katie's facial expressions as they laughed and played with each other; at times, her pretty smile made him feel like he was the center of the world. He loved spending time with Katie, and in one of those beautiful moments, as she sat curled up next to him, he was overcome with emotion.

It was one of those instances where time seemed to stand still.

He leaned in close, his face centimeters from hers. Katie sensed Joe's intense focus and felt a thrill course through her body. She knew he wanted her, and that turned her on.

She wanted this so badly, but she knew it would destroy their existing relationship. She felt guilty since she knew she was the one who crossed these lines first.

Joe leaned into her, face to face. As Joe's lips brushed against hers, Katie carefully pushed him away.

She was gentle as she said, "Hey...you know we can't do that..."

Blushing with embarrassment, Joe said, "I know...I just was overcome...by you."

Katie took his hand in hers, squeezing it reassuringly. "Joe, I know how you feel..."

Sincerity shone in his eyes as he said, "...then you know it's not something I can just turn off...and it's not just because you're so beautiful.... It's...more than that."

She felt light-headed hearing Joe's words. She wanted to give in but pushed ahead. "I...love you...so...so much, Joe."

Her blue eyes shone with love. "And I love how close we are...I wouldn't give that up for anything...but some lines cannot be crossed."

Joe seemed to come to his senses. "You're right, of course...can we pretend I didn't just try to kiss you?" Joe smiled awkwardly.

Katie smiled in response. "Pretend what? I was just trying to watch a movie!"

Joe relaxed, thankful that Katie was always able to fix things without making it seem difficult.

Katie snuggled up reassuringly, pulling Joe into her and resting her head on his shoulder.

She said, "Now, can you rewind the movie? I missed what's going on!"

At least nothing had changed. He wrapped his arm around her and hugged her tight. He couldn't imagine losing the closeness and companionship they had -- he would not jeopardize that.

He also knew that he had fallen completely in love with his sister.

He wanted her badly at times, and it made him feel guilty. He was her protector and had admonished so many people, including their father, for wanting her in inappropriate ways. He felt like a hypocrite and knew he would have to carry his secret to his grave.

Katie feared what would happen if she ever kissed Joe again. The connection she felt with him was already overwhelming, but the intimacy and love she felt when she tasted his lips and felt his need through her mouth was far beyond what she was able to experience with the countless men she had been with since she'd become sexually mature.

It had cracked her open and awoken dormant feelings and a yearning for him. She was able to keep things in check in day-to-day interactions, but when she was showering or alone for extended periods, that was a different story.

* * * * * An Opportunity

An old girlfriend of Katie's told her about a way to make money without doing much work. Katie said she had no interest in signing up for any internet sites or getting subscribers to ogle her. She had enough of that from the men in her life.

Her friend convinced her to try something else, even though it sounded like prostitution, only classier. Katie decided to look into it but knew instinctively that she couldn't talk to Joe about it as he definitely wouldn't approve. But she didn't have a lot of options that allowed her to live independently and afford a place of her own, so she decided to give it a try.

The escort service was extremely professional. They saw women like Katie as high-class assets and would give much to have them on their roster. The biggest selling point for Katie was that she could go on as little as one date a month and still afford rent and living expenses.

If she were lucky, like her friend, most of the men would be rich old men looking for companionship and not much else.

Still, if she had to do more than just hang out and flirt, the service was exclusive, screening customers to ensure they were disease-free and only offering protected sex with a condom. Any forms of intimacy -- kissing or sex -- were at the escort's discretion.

Her first client was exactly what she had hoped for. He was a retired executive that just wanted to have a hot girl on his arm, paying attention to him.

She didn't have to have sex or even kiss him. Out of sheer gratitude, she gave him a peck on the cheek and a warm hug at the end of the date. He really was sweet.

The hourly rate they paid her was ok, but she knew that she wasn't going to pay the bills unless she had a generous benefactor like her friend Jennifer had -- but that likely required performing sex acts.

Her second client was a different story. It was another old rich man -- a senator from a nearby state. He did want to have sex with her.

Technically, it was up to her to decide if she wanted to, as she would have to do it on her own time to absolve the escort service of providing any illegal services.

Her friend Jennifer told her this was where the big money was. Wealthy clients had no problem 'gifting' them thousands of dollars afterward.

She could try going on a bunch of dates for less money, but she decided the less she had to pretend to like people, the better. Besides, she knew she would have to do this sooner or later, so she allowed it.

She met the old senator in a room at the fanciest hotel in the area. He leered at her beautiful body, making her turn around for him and commenting on her sexy ass and perfect tits.

He asked if he could have sex with her. She reluctantly agreed and put a condom on him. She was happy to see he had a small penis, at least.

She had to use lubricant before he took her from behind, mumbling profanities as he pumped away.

She felt demeaned and gross. Thankfully he came quickly and tipped her five thousand dollars.

If she had many more experiences like that, she was not sure how much longer she could do this type of work.

From just those couple of dates, she was able to afford a decent car, put down a deposit on her own apartment, and have a little left over. The timing was perfect because Joe had finally found and purchased the perfect investment property. A nice duplex that he intended to live in and rent out eventually.

He was planning to move in that coming weekend, and although he invited Katie to move in with him, she felt it was the opportunity she needed to get on her own feet.

In reality, her biggest motivation was that she needed to get some space before she did something she would regret. Her longing to touch Joe and be intimate with him was proving to be too challenging.

As painful as the thought was, she needed a break.

They packed up all their belongings from the motel into their vehicles and said goodbye to the room they thought of as home for the past six months.

Joe said, "Look, you know you can stay with me for as long as you need if anything doesn't work out."

"Yeah, but I don't want to mooch off you forever. I do appreciate how you've helped me, but I have to make it on my own."

"Well, you're always welcome at my place, even if you just need a place to crash. You can come over, no questions asked."

"Thank you so much for taking care of me, Joe. I'm going to miss living with you."

"Me too."

"Well, take care. Love you." Katie said as she hugged Joe goodbye.

"Love you too."

Katie kissed Joe on the cheek and turned to leave.

She was still careful not to kiss him on the lips since that intimate moment on that first night at the motel.

It wasn't like they wouldn't see each other again, but they each felt like a chapter in their lives had ended, and there was sadness in losing what they had while holed up in the dingy motel at the edge of town.

Joe went back inside to make sure nothing was left as Katie drove away. He had barely made it through his exchange with Katie. He knew this day was coming, but his heart was wracked with pain and loss. He sat on their couch and broke down in tears.

He loved Katie in ways he struggled to deal with. Not having her around every day was going to be hard.

Katie drove away as tears flooded her vision. It was much harder to leave than she ever imagined. She knew she loved Joe a little too much and in ways that were not appropriate.

So many times, she was tempted to cross uncrossable lines with Joe while living there. It was better for everyone that they had some space before anything more could happen.

She was doing the right thing, but why did her heart feel so broken?

* * * * *

Each day when Joe returned to his new home and didn't see Katie there, he felt his sadness deepen.

He had become attached to her, and it was like a piece of him was missing.

He knew it was foolish to allow himself to have romantic feelings toward his sister, and now he was paying for it emotionally. How did he think this was going to go!?

He hadn't even thought of dating anyone over the months that he and Katie lived together, but now that he felt such deep emotional pain, he finally reached out to his ex-girlfriend, Barb, whom he had been with throughout high school.

Joe had lost his virginity to her and loved her deeply at one time. He even intended to marry her, but when she went away to college a few hours away, they found it challenging to make the long-distance relationship work.

Barb was quite attractive, so she had plenty of options at the University, and since Joe was not around very often, Barb had cheated on him in a moment of weakness.

Barb tried multiple times to get back together with him, finding that the men at her school were pale comparisons to Joe, but he never considered it until now.

Joe recalled fondly who was there for him to mend his broken heart when he was in pain and lonely after that breakup -- Katie.

Katie said, "There's somebody out there for you. She was never good enough anyway. Anyone who would cheat on you is a fool."

"Thanks, Katie, that means a lot."

"There's not a lot of guys out there like you: strong, honest, and reliable."

"And?" Joe smiled, fishing for compliments

"...and handsome, athletic, and rich!" Katie giggled.

Blushing, Joe said, "I was just kidding; you don't have to boost my ego, though it is appreciated right at the moment. I don't think I've ever felt this sad."

"I wasn't just saying all that; I mean it." Katie smiled brightly at him, her pretty face warming him up.

Joe's heart swelled at the recollection. Katie always knew what to say to make him feel better.

He could never have imagined that he would be in a worse state than at that time -- sad and sulking, trying to get over another girl -- and that the girl would be Katie.

They only had the one kiss? It was an amazing kiss, to be sure, but how did he end up with such deep feelings for her? It was inexplicable but also undeniable.

At least Joe would see Katie that upcoming weekend. They were able to hang out each weekend, which was a mercy.

* * * * *

A couple of weeks later, they met at Katie's new place. It was a bright and cheerful condo with a lake view.

Katie opened the door. She looked beautiful in her cutoff jeans and a cute top, which exposed her midriff, accentuating her sexy stomach.

Joe hugged her, enjoying the warmth and softness of her body and her luscious fragrance.

When Joe stepped in, he looked around in amazement, saying, "How are you able to afford this!?"

"Like I said, I got a new job."

"That's right -- the new job you seem to be super vague about." Joe teased.

Katie knew this was coming -- she would have to share her secret with Joe sooner or later, though she had not been looking forward to it.

"I don't want to tell you...you'll hate it." Katie looked down, avoiding eye contact.

Joe softened. "You can tell me....you know you can tell me anything."

"Do you promise not to judge me?" Katie was unnerved.

"I swear." Joe wondered where this was going.

Katie nervously played with her fingers as she continued. "I sort of...got a job...at an escort service."

Joe's eyes widened, but he pulled back, recalling his promise not to judge. "Ok...so what does that mean, exactly?"

"I know what you're thinking...but hear me out. My friend Jennifer works there -- you remember her -- and she literally just goes out on dates with lonely guys and makes a killing. She doesn't even have to do anything with them most of the time!"

Joe relaxed a little. "So that's what you're doing -- going out on these...dates?"

"For the most part."

"Katie, I have to ask -- and I know it's none of my business -- but do you have to have sex with these 'customers'?"

Hearing that question from Joe made her uncomfortable -- she didn't want to tell him.

He prompted again, with more concern in his voice. "Katie?"

Looking down, Katie said, "Yes...but there's more to it than that." She felt more ashamed than she would have guessed.

"Isn't that dangerous, like what about STDs?"

"The escort service is exclusive and screens clients for that...and they only allow protected sex with condoms."

Joe was silent and unreadable.

Katie continued. "I really only need to go out on one of these dates each month to cover all my bills. Also, I can refuse to engage in intimate acts...so sex acts obviously, and kissing...."

Joe pictured Katie kissing faceless men and performing sex acts. It hurt him to think about it -- it hurt him badly. Katie noticed how hard it was for Joe to hide his true feelings.

Hoping to finish the topic, Katie said, "Anyway, my plan has been only to do the bare minimum until I find other income beyond working my ass off for minimum wage."

Joe's expression was still dark. Katie pushed back. "You said you wouldn't judge me!"

Wanting to course correct and be more supportive, Joe said, "Well, it could be worse. But Katie, you know you don't have to do this, right?"

"Joe, I'm not like you. I don't have a lot of skills to make it in this world."

"Whatever amount of money you are getting for doing this, you are worth so much more than that, Katie."

Katie's eyes began to well up, but she tried her best to hide it. She didn't like the sadness she saw in Joe's eyes. She really wished what he was saying was true. Years of abuse and mistreatment made

her doubt her worth, but it felt good to hear Joe tell her she was valuable.

She said, "I appreciate that." but she couldn't maintain eye contact and had to look away.

Joe knew this was not something he had control over, so he decided to change the subject. "I have something to share that I'm not exactly proud of."

"Such as?"

"Well, you remember my ex, Barb?"

"Yes." Katie wondered where this was going.

"I sort of am getting back together with her." Joe almost winced as he said it.

"What!? After she cheated on you?"

It was Joe's turn to look away. "Yes."

Katie did not look happy. "I know I'm just repeating what you said to me, but you can do so much better than her, Joe."

"I...I hear you. It's just that...what we had was good...at one point. And I've been sad...lately."

Katie had been sad lately, too. She wondered if it was for the same reason.

She really missed snuggling up with Joe on the couch and all the countless hours they spent together, even when they did absolutely nothing.

Katie wanted to be happy for Joe, but why wasn't she? He deserved not to be alone and sad...he deserved so much more.

She could understand wanting someone in her life to fill the void, and she probably would be doing the same if she weren't already overwhelmed by her situation with the escort service.

That job was enough to make her want nothing to do with men.

Finally, she said, "I'm sorry you're sad," walked up, and gave Joe a big hug, holding him tightly.

Joe relaxed. It felt overwhelmingly good to bask in Katie's love, if even just briefly.

* * * * *

Temptations

After Joe got home late that night, he pondered the implications of Katie's confession.

He couldn't believe his sister resorted to using her body to make money. At least it was as a high-end escort, but he knew, deep down, it hurt her to sell herself like a common piece of ass.

It also hurt him more than he would have imagined. He was angry at her for sinking so low.

Her father had always talked shit, belittling her and saying she would end up being a whore. Well, now she really was one, even if it was fancy and exclusive. He couldn't stop picturing his lovely sister having sex with random men. He wanted to punch something.

His feelings were confusing. He vacillated between feeling like he wanted to punish her, to empathy -- imagining whisking her away and ensuring she never had to do something like that again.

Throughout the week, he couldn't stop thinking about Katie and what she was doing as an escort. He felt helpless, and his pain turned dark within his psyche. Picturing her with faceless strangers suddenly made it easier for him to sexualize her as he worked out his frustrations by masturbating, thinking about Katie as a sex worker.

Sure, after the kiss, he had pictured her big, sexy butt, supple, athletic legs, and magnificent breasts when he masturbated, but he always felt guilty afterward. Now, he started visualizing what it would be like to have her completely, and he left his guilt behind.

He was confused. He missed and loved her so much, but If random strangers could have her, then why not him? He knew that how he was thinking was not good.

He had always deeply loved, protected, and advocated for Katie, so his sudden fantasies of using her made him feel terrible. He missed their closeness at the motel, and knowing it was gone forever emboldened his worst demons.

Joe knew he could never be with Katie, but he justified that if he could have just one more experience like the kiss they shared at the motel, maybe that would be good enough for one lifetime.

After days of obsessing over the situation, he committed to a crazy idea that had been floating around in his head. He would find and contact the escort service using the information he picked up from conversations with Katie.

Hell, they were a service for high-end clients, and wasn't that what he was?

* * * * *

Joe finally contacted the number using a burner phone. A refined male voice answered.

"Your concierge, at your service."

Joe said, "Hi there. I'm a very affluent and famous person who would rather remain anonymous, and the price is no object. Would you be able to help me out?"

The man asked, "What services would you like, sir? We can offer a date, but other, more intimate experiences are up to the escort on their own personal time. We would never advocate prostitution, of course."

Joe responded, "Of course," realizing that was how they got around the laws.

He said, "I would like my date to be more...intimate."

"In that case, sir, we can arrange a date with an escort in private at a four-star hotel. Simply write your wishes down on the piece of paper provided, and we'll provide the means to remain anonymous. Simply answer the door when it is time."

"That sounds perfect."

"Of course, whatever gifts you give on your escort's personal time are completely up to you, sir, though I hope you would be generous."

"Of course."

"There is one more thing, sir. Please describe your ideal woman so we can ensure we meet your expectations."

Joe closed his eyes as he responded, truthfully describing his ideal woman. "She would be a young blonde with beautiful blue eyes, a pretty face, and an infectious smile."

"Noted."

"She would be on the taller side, lean with a big sexy butt and perfect C-cup breasts."

"Noted. Anything else?"

"No."

"Ok. Can we use the number you called from to contact you?"

"Yes."

"We'll be in touch."

The phone disconnected. Joe sat in stunned silence, wondering if he had made a big mistake. He should just break the burner and pretend he never called. The chances were not great that this would work out anyway. Even if they sent Katie, she chose which clients to accept. She could still deny him.

Suddenly, his burner phone rang.

Joe answered it, expecting to be told it was a 'no go.'

Instead, the concierge said, "You're on. Would 6 pm this Friday night at the Royal Hotel work for you?"

Joe found it hard to respond.

"Sir?"

"Yes. That works."

"Great. We'll send additional instructions for our screening process."

The phone disconnected again.

* * * * *

Joe was anxious as he waited in the hotel room. He was dressed in a nice suit he bought just for this purpose. The mask was tasteful, considering it was a glorified ski mask. At least it was comfortable, and he would be unidentifiable with it and his suit.

Joe checked the clock. In mere minutes, he would find out who his description matched. He waited, seated in a big chair, feeling anxious, until the key beeped and the door opened.

A woman walked in wearing a leather coat. She was definitely high-class.

Joe felt fear crawl up his spine. It was Katie. Deep down, he hadn't thought it would really be her who showed up.

She walked over to the table and picked up the paper that contained Joe's wishes.

She came over and stood before him, carefully reading the paper.

Looking at him, she conducted an appraisal, careful not to make eye contact per his instructions to maintain anonymity.

He didn't see Katie wearing makeup often -- she didn't need to. She was wearing it now, and she was gorgeous.

She said, "So, mister anonymous. You must be someone special to take so many precautions. I know you won't speak or do anything to reveal your identity, so I'll do all the talking."

She said, "I accept your first request. We'll see where it goes from there."

Katie opened up her leather coat. She wore sexy black lingerie.

She tossed the coat in the corner. He had written down three requests and put a dollar figure next to each one.

The first was to give him a lap dance like a sexy stripper for two thousand dollars.

The second was to give him a blow job worth three thousand dollars.

The final request was to have sex with him while he lay on the bed for five thousand dollars, provided he was still able to after the blow job.

Katie wondered who this high end client was. She was still new to the job and had heard about this level of anonymity from Jennifer. The pay was great, and this guy looked fit based on how he filled out his impeccable suit. Even so, she was unsure if she could complete even the second request.

The third request would be a definite no after her experience of feeling that grotesque Senator pleasure himself with her body.

At least the first one sounded fun. Katie generally liked to dance, but she lacked experience giving lap dances. Still, she would give it a try.

Katie turned on the entertainment system and put on some music. It was slow and sensual.

She sashayed over to the man and began to move with the music.

Her movements were sexy as hell, and Joe was in awe of Katie's body.

She thought this man was definitely hot. She could feel his body through his clothes as she pressed up against him, touching his legs. He was very fit, athletic, and likely young.

She turned around, bent over, exposing her ample posterior, and moved her butt with the rhythm as she rubbed his lap.

Exposed and sexy, Katie had never looked so good, and Joe was immediately hard.

He thought, I really shouldn't be doing this. It was wrong on multiple levels, but now that Joe saw Katie in all her glory, he found he couldn't stop.

His hands drifted towards her, just grazing her butt.

She said, "It's ok, you can touch. I'll tell you if anything is too far."

Joe reached out, felt the soft flesh of Katie's ass cheeks, and squeezed them with his hands. He had wanted to do that so many times, and her skin felt soft and sumptuous.

As Katie ground on the man's lap, she felt his turgid member press against her butt. He was clearly well endowed, and she liked how quickly he responded to her.

Joe felt Katie lower herself in his lap, pressing into his hard-on as she writhed against him. The fact that it was Katie pressing her sexy panty-covered mound against him made the experience surreal.

She sat on his lap and moved smoothly, rubbing against him. He smelled her flowing blonde hair and her skin as she leaned back against him.

Joe moved his hands around her, feeling the contours of her hips and then the smooth surface of her flat stomach.

Finally, he moved his hands slowly up her torso and onto her chest.

He felt the soft curves of her boobs through her bra.

Katie unclipped her top and discarded it.

She said, "It's ok; you can touch them."

Oh my God, Joe thought as he moved his hands onto her chest. This time he felt the soft and silky texture of Katie's breasts.

They were exquisite. His fingers found her nipples as he squeezed her flesh. Her sizable nipples were hard and felt magnificent in his hands.

He gently twisted them, eliciting a slight gasp.

Katie hadn't imagined being turned on while doing her dance, but the man's hands felt so good on her body, and when he squeezed her nipples, she felt wetness forming between her legs.

She realized at that moment that she wanted to accept his second request.

Katie slid smoothly down the man's body, turned to face him, and sank to the floor. She was kneeling, looking up at him with sparkling, affectionate eyes while still trying to avoid direct eye contact.

Katie unzipped his pants, exposing the outline of his straining cock through his underwear.

She gripped the underwear-covered tumescent shaft, squeezing it with her delicate hands. He groaned, suppressing the sound as much as he possibly could.

Katie gently pulled down his underwear, releasing his cock.

Oh my God, it's so beautiful, she thought. She had seen some penises in her day, but this one was perfect. She touched it, then gently stroked it, liking how hard he was.

She pulled his underwear down completely, exposing his big, manly balls. Katie marveled at their size and felt compelled to touch them.

She lifted each one gently with her dainty hands. They were heavy and felt potent. Excitement coursed through her core. She suddenly wanted to please this man.

What a turn of events, she thought.

She leaned down, kissed his shaft, and inhaled his scent.

He had a heady smell that turned her on immediately. She felt her womanhood throb with anticipation in response. She found something about his smell to be comforting, even familiar.

She knew she wasn't supposed to look him in the eye, but she couldn't resist giving a quick peek as she continued to place gentle kisses along his cock with her supple lips.

She figured he would be so enraptured he wouldn't notice, and she was right.

Those eyes were also familiar. They were deep and lovely...and she knew them like she knew her own heart.

She looked away and continued teasing him with kisses as she stroked him.

Holy fuck, she thought. It didn't seem possible, but the penis she held in her hand...the penis she was enraptured with...the one that made her so wet, belonged to none other than her brother, Joe.

Joe had disguised himself in every way but one. He could not have known how acutely bonded to his scent Katie was.

Katie let the reality of what she was doing sink in.

What was Joe doing? This couldn't have been an accident. He must have arranged this and wanted her in this way.

Joe was the most important person in her life -- the one she loved the most in this world.

To continue doing this with him was something she would not be able to undo. Then again, she could play along, pretending she never knew it was him.

Her most secret fantasies came to light just then. She had imagined touching Joe and sharing the most intimate experiences with him when she masturbated. Here he was, ready for her, no strings attached.

The implications overwhelmed her. No matter how she looked at it, it came down to one thing. Joe had come here for her, and his desire for her was thrillingly erotic.

The part of her that made sure she didn't cross the line again with Joe in the motel was confronted by the part that had lost herself in their kiss. The part that wished she had not stopped him when he was just about to touch her most intimate parts.

She only had moments to process the situation. A voice in her head warned her that Joe had put her in this situation without her consent. As confused as she was, her lust took over.

Her pussy ached as she held Joe's big cock in her hand, knowing she had to make her decision.

She suddenly needed to experience pleasuring Joe with her mouth. That he knew it was her that was doing it, turned her on even more.

Maybe their relationship wouldn't change? Maybe everything would stay the same between them?

She knew she was justifying her decision. She knew it was wrong. She also knew she couldn't stop herself.

Katie put her lips over the head of Joe's dick, feeling it throb as she guided it into the back of her throat.

Joe felt Katie's hot mouth engulf his member. She looked up, making eye contact for a moment.

The eye contact excited him; he couldn't look away.

Joe could not control his groaning. Katie knew what she was doing. She was good at this, and she liked the response she was getting from Joe. She didn't know exactly why, but she felt good when she made him feel good.

She wanted to make him cum. She wanted him to cum, thinking only about her.

Knowing she was anonymous -- she could pretend she didn't know who this man was -- made her even bolder.

Katie released him from her mouth. She stroked his dick, saying, "You're so hard...do you want to cum in my mouth?"

She continued, "Since you can't talk...I'll just assume that's a yes." She gave him a sly smile.

Katie tasted his balls, tenderly caressing them with her tongue and putting them in her mouth. She wondered how much cum they had in them -- they were so large. She planned to find out.

Katie looked at Joe and said in a sexy voice, "I'm going to make you cum in my mouth now," before wrapping her lips around his cock and continuing down the final stretch.

Joe looked at Katie's beautiful lips as they slid over his shaft. It was Katie -- his Katie -- that was sucking his dick! It was so hot; he knew he wouldn't last long.

Katie's hand and mouth worked in unison, pleasuring him until his eyes rolled back into his head.

The faster pace produced lewd slurping sounds, but that couldn't be avoided.

Katie felt hornier than she had in her life as she listened to the grunts and groans she elicited from Joe.

It was exciting and satisfying to pleasure him so deeply. She loved him so much and wished they were born from different families so she could always do this for him.

She felt him tensing and getting close. She squeezed his balls, sliding deftly up and down his shaft, excited to take him over the edge.

"Uhhhhhhnnnnngggggghhh," Joe moaned as he felt his balls contract.

Oh fuck, here he cums, Katie thought. She wanted to swallow all his cum.

His balls erupted and blasted a huge load into Katie's mouth and down her throat.

Katie made sweet moans as she sucked and swallowed Joe's seed, feeling hot pulses of his thick cum coat her tongue.

Although she swallowed fiercely, some oozed out of her lips and onto her chin. There was so much....

Joe watched in awe as his sister wiped his cum off the corner of her mouth and licked her finger, ensuring she got every drop.

"Mmmmmm. That tasted good. I agree to request number three."

Joe was in shock. His beautiful sister had just swallowed his cum, and now was going to go all the way with him. He felt his dick getting hard again.

Katie felt her pussy aching for satisfaction. How was it that Joe made her this wet?

She said, "Lay on the bed."

Joe climbed into bed, rolling over with his pants still down part way.

Katie retrieved a condom from the bedside drawer, selecting the larger magnum size.

Joe lay on the bed, a pillow behind his head.

She stood facing him and removed her silky black panties. She was naked, except for the stockings and garter belt she wore.

Joe was in awe of her splendor.

Her pert breasts defied gravity, she had the legs and stomach of a fitness instructor, and her exposed pussy was smooth and delicate like a flower. He had imagined this moment so many times. Somehow the real thing was better by far. His imagination did not do her justice.

Katie felt confident as she felt Joe's eyes examine her body. She knew she looked good, and she liked his admiration and approval. It made her feel...sexy.

His sizable penis grew into a full-on erection as he looked upon her naked body. Katie loved the way he was responding to her.

She climbed into the bed, paying special attention, caressing and touching Joe before putting the condom on him.

She was on birth control, so she technically didn't need it, and part of her wanted to feel Joe -- truly feel Joe -- in the most intimate way possible if she was going to go through with this anyway. But for the charade to continue, she needed to do things by the book.

Katie moved into position above Joe. She reached below and took his member, positioning it against her entrance.

She pushed against him, feeling his penis enter her well-lubricated channel. Joe felt his wrapped dick slide into Katie's depths.

Her warm and muscular vaginal walls gripped and squeezed him. She was tight. As much as he wanted to be in her without any barriers, he was glad he was because otherwise, he wouldn't have lasted long.

Katie straddled Joe's thick cock and rocked her hips. She took his big hands, lifted them, and placed them on her breasts.

Joe was in heaven, feeling his sister stroke him while he felt her silky mammaries, taking care to squeeze and gently twist her nipples. He had learned earlier that she responded strongly to that.

Katie felt an almost electric sensation from her nipples to her sacred depths. He was turning her on, and his thickness rubbed her insides in just the right spot.

Katie couldn't help but breathe heavily and moan as Joe made little pushes upwards each time she descended onto his shaft.

It was helpful that he wore a mask. If she allowed herself to think about Joe -- that this was her Joe she was doing this with, she might lose her restraint.

Like how he always made her feel safe, protected, and loved. Or the warm feeling in her stomach when they touched and snuggled on the couch together. Katie was flooded with emotions as she recalled all those intimate moments she shared with Joe.

Uh oh -- she felt a wave of energy building up in her body and moving through her sex.

Oh shit, I'm going to cum, Katie thought as she instinctively increased her pace.

Overtaken by the moment, she looked into the eyes of the one she loved and adored as the first wave broke through her.

"Ohhhhhh...uhhhnnnnngggnnn," she moaned as she felt her insides pulse and release untold pleasure through her pussy onto Joe.

Writhing as she came, Joe felt her vaginal contractions.

The sight of Katie cumming, her beautiful face scrunching in ecstasy as she let out her womanly cries easily put him over the edge.

Joe came hard, grunting, "Uhhhhnnnnn," as his balls emptied everything he had left into Katie.

Feeling dizzy, Katie moved to the side, releasing Joe's now flaccid cock, feeling the flood of endorphins course through her.

She climbed off the bed and retrieved a warm washcloth.

She said, "Let me clean you up."

Carefully, she removed his condom and wiped him clean.

Still naked, she walked to the bathroom to dispose of the condom.

Looking at the condom, Katie realized it was as full as she had ever seen one. He had given up so much of his cum when she took him in her mouth earlier and still had this much left!? She couldn't believe how turned on she was as she pictured what it would be like if Joe deposited all his seed deep inside her.

What was wrong with her...why did she feel like this? Why would she want that!?

When she exited the bathroom, Joe was gone. Stacks of cash adding up to ten thousand dollars sat on the table for her.

She put her clothes back on and sat for a minute to ponder what happened. The euphoria of the moment had passed, and she had to work through her emotions. She had just had the most erotic experience of her life with the most unlikely person possible.

Giving herself as she just had meant so much to her; she would have never done that if it had been with someone else.

Her feelings for Joe were overwhelming and confusing. She should not have crossed the line when she realized the customer was him. She let lust overtake her at the moment when she should have stepped up and done the right thing.

Wasn't she also responsible for the momentary lapse that led to their kiss in the first place? She may have been responsible initially, but it still hurt that Joe had tried to deceive her. Why had he done that?

He surely knew it was wrong to have sex with her. So maybe he thought it was the only way?

As she finally thought about the angles, she found something that bothered her greatly. Hadn't Joe just gotten back together with the love of his life? What was he doing in this hotel if not just using her for sex?

She felt so dumb suddenly. Didn't he just pay you for sex, Katie?

She had let her feelings for Joe override her rational brain. It became clear now he had decided to use her for her body, just like her father and everyone else wanted to, and she had let it happen because of her attraction to him.

Joe was the one person she trusted the most in the world. The one who protected and loved her through everything. She felt humiliated suddenly.

She confided in Joe, telling him everything about her escort gig, and he used the information to exploit her. She really did feel like a slut and a whore like her dad constantly told her she was.

Though she and Joe had grown up and been through so much together, was this what he secretly thought of her? And for how long?

Was this why he started to come on to her at the motel? He said nice things, but did he see her only as a piece of ass, just like her father?

Her worst and most secret fears materialized inside her. She succumbed to the belief that Joe had finally shown her she had only one thing to offer him or anyone; she felt truly worthless.

Tears welled up in her eyes as she walked out of the hotel. She barely made it into her car before she broke down sobbing uncontrollably.

She was so angry with Joe for hiding his true self; she just wanted to hurt him. One thing was sure; she was done with being an escort.

* * * * *

After the hotel, the experience had the opposite effect on Joe from what he intended.

Katie would be visiting him the upcoming weekend to hang out as usual. Joe wondered if he would be able to handle it. Instead of putting his romantic feelings toward his sister behind him, they clouded his mind.

Katie was so much more than he could have imagined. She was already beyond comparison before anything sexual happened. Now he felt smitten -- like a puppy wanting to follow someone around. Only he was the puppy, and this was his sister, whom he shouldn't be thinking of like that.

It was crazy to think that he just had sex with her, but how he had gone about it made him feel terrible.

There was also something Joe hadn't anticipated two weeks prior; He invited Barb up from school that weekend. It was going to be their attempt to get back together. Then again, maybe that was precisely what he needed if he would ever be able to put his feelings for Katie behind him. He wasn't sure he could, but he had to try, for his sanity's sake.

He had acted out his sexual fantasy and had gotten away with it. It felt great in the moment, but that empty feeling in his heart remained and even worsened.

* * * * *

The day was bright and beautiful when Katie arrived at Joe's place and entered the front door. It darkened considerably when a surprise guest greeted her.

Joe said, "Oh hey, Barb, you remember my sister, Katie?"

"Oh yeah -- Hi, Katie!" Barb looked very happy indeed.

Katie wasn't sure how to respond.

She had just had the most erotic experience of her life with Joe the previous weekend, and it was clear afterward that he had only intended to use her while he spent real time with this girl that he actually valued and cared for.

Katie wanted to hurt them both.

Katie mustered a response, trying to put on a cheerful face. "Hi, Barb. Good to see you again."

"How have you been? Your brother told me about you and how things have been."

"Oh - he has? I bet there are some things he left out...I mean, there are always secret sides to everyone." Katie smiled brightly, though it didn't feel genuine as she did it.

Walking toward Joe, Katie said, "So Barb...are you planning on staying over tonight?" It was clear what she was asking, and Joe looked annoyed.

"Oh, no. I just got into town, and my parents are expecting me later...but I'm here all weekend!"

"Great!"

Jumping in, Joe said, "I know we usually watch a movie at this time on the weekend, but I thought it might be nice if Barb hung out with us?"

Trying to appear placid, Katie said, "Sure!"

After some setup, they all sat in the living room with plenty of popcorn, watching a new release. Katie took a recliner, letting Joe and Barb have the couch.

Although Katie watched the movie, she couldn't help but watch Barb snuggle up with Joe on the couch--the very couch and the same snuggling that she was used to doing.

Barb was a beautiful redhead, and seeing her with Joe after he had used her was a slap in the face. Her feelings were complicated. She could never be in a relationship with Joe like Barb could -- nor should she want to be -- but now she had lost her foundation.

The Joe that she thought she knew had never really truly existed. The situation was made worse because she still wanted him in carnal ways, which only made her feel even more worthless. What was wrong with her? Why was she like this?

She was a mess.

During the movie's second half, Barb started planting kisses on Joe's neck.

Katie thought, If Barb knew how her brother really operated, she might not feel so frisky.

After the movie, Barb said her goodbyes and kissed Joe, not just a peck, but a long, passionate kiss. Katie couldn't help but notice.

After Barb left, Katie told Joe, "It's getting kinda late. Do you mind if I stay over again in the spare bedroom?"

"Of course! Anytime!"

"Ok, then, I'm exhausted...I'll see you in the morning."

Joe went to give Katie his usual hug goodnight -- he had been looking forward to it, but she had already turned and was walking to her room.

He stammered, "Ohhh...Ok...good night."

Joe thought Katie had been acting strange all night. He would talk about what was bothering her in the morning.

He went to bed, wondering if this thing with Barb could work out. It was hard seeing Katie sitting alone and not with him. He would much rather have had her next to him than Barb, but maybe he wouldn't feel so much pain in his heart over time if he made this work with Barb.

* * * * * The Reckoning

Joe was just about to go to sleep when he heard his door open and sat up.

A silhouette stood in the dim light, framed by the doorway, walking towards his bed.

"Katie...is that you?"

Before he was fully alert, he felt his sheets yanked completely off his bed, leaving him exposed since, after he moved into his new place, he slept in the nude.

Standing before him at the end of his bed was his sister.

What Joe saw was incomprehensible. Katie was completely naked.

He couldn't help but ogle her in all her glory.

"Katie, what are you doing!?"

He felt his cock hardening and tried to pull his sheets over his hard-on.

Katie pulled the sheets entirely off the bed, exposing him completely.

"Is this what you want, Joe?" She gestured to indicate her fully naked body, exposed in the dim light that spilled in from the hallway.

Joe couldn't look away. She was impressive standing there, radiating sexuality.

Her sensual curves pulled his eyes toward her body; his dick ached as he remembered the things he had done with that same body the weekend before.

"You want to use your own sister...for sex?"

Oh fuck, Joe thought as he got over his initial shock. She knew -- she fucking figured it out. He felt terrified and needed to come clean.

"No, Katie, there is so much more to the story."

She said, "Get up."

Joe rolled off the bed and stood up, naked and fully exposed, as he faced Katie.

Katie stepped forward and grabbed Joe's throbbing dick.

He didn't move. He could barely process what was happening, but feeling her hand squeezing his erection sent waves of pleasure through his body.

"I know it was you at the Royal Hotel."

Joe was frozen. Any illusions that he fooled Katie with his charade were fully dispelled.

"Katie, I'm so sorry...let me explain."

"Oh, I don't think you have anything to explain. It's quite simple. You're a man, and you get what you want. Even from me. I guess I know where you learned that from."

Her words hurt and shocked Joe. He struggled with how to respond.

Katie dropped to her knees, looking up at him.

"Is this what you want, Joe?"

Joe was caught between two places.

On the one hand, he loved Katie with all his heart and knew he'd crossed the line into possibly irreparable territory now that his hotel charade was exposed.

On the other hand, she had his manhood in her soft and warm hands. It was like he was caught in an erotic fever dream.

He said, "No...Katie..I--"

His words abruptly stopped when he felt Katie's hot mouth envelop his hard dick.

"Ohhh....fuck" Joe groaned as waves of pleasure overrode his senses.

The only man Katie ever trusted had betrayed her and used her. Now here she was, sucking his dick, her pussy wet and aching like never before. She felt like such a worthless slut, just like she feared she would become, but she knew she couldn't stop.

Maybe she could take some of her power back, though, as she gave into her urge to use him and pleasure herself with Joe's sexy body. She planned to leave him right afterward, just like he had done to her.

Katie used her tongue on his sensitive balls, gently caressing them and taking them into her mouth. Once again, she felt herself respond to Joe's enticing scent as she pleased him.

Joe groaned in ecstasy.

She felt that same excitement again that Joe -- her Joe -- was so turned on by her.

It made her wet.

She knew he just wanted to use her for her body. She felt humiliated and vulnerable because of how sexy he made her feel just by responding to her touches.

There were so many conflicting emotions, from her great pain from being deceived and betrayed by him to the lust she felt as she pleased him with her mouth.

She was angry, but she also needed Joe inside her.

Katie stood up and pushed Joe backward onto the bed.

Joe felt Katie's soft body rub against him, sliding upwards as she climbed on top, straddling him.

He felt slender hands grip his wrists as his arms were pinned up over his head. Katie's hair tickled his face as she leaned over him, saying, "Is this what you want, Joe?"

He felt her soft mound pressing against his erection; warm wetness leaked from her slit onto his dick, lubricating it.

He was so turned on he could barely get out one word: "Yes...."

Katie's hand gripped his cock, positioning the head against her warm entrance.

Rocking her hips, she pushed against him, her slick pussy engulfing his big dick.

"Uhhhhhhhh," Katie sighed as she felt Joe's manhood fill her up.

Katie's insides felt warm and comforting to Joe, so much better than that condom. He was finally feeling Katie, deep inside her, fully connected. It felt so right.

Leaning down, she said, "You wanted to fuck me so bad; you paid me for sex, isn't that right?"

"Katie...no, it's more complicated--."

"It's ok, Joe, you can admit it...you wanted to fuck me, didn't you?"

She increased the pace and moved into a steady rhythm as her vaginal muscles stroked Joe's cock exquisitely.

Caught up in the moment, and because it was true, Joe said, "Fuck...yes, I wanted to fuck you." The pleasure of her pussy gliding over him was indescribable.

"I'm glad you can admit how you are."

She took his hands and put them on her silky breasts. He felt her nipples harden as he squeezed her soft globes, liking the feel of her smooth skin as she moved up and down.

Katie said, "Do you like how my pussy feels?" Her tender pussy continued to caress his rigid cock, bringing Joe closer to climaxing.

"Oh God, yes, Katie, you feel so good!"

"Do you want to cum in me, Joe?"

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. Katie was acting wild, but she felt so fucking good that he couldn't think straight.

"Yes...yes, Katie, I want to cum in you!"

"That will cost extra...do you accept?"

What the hell was she talking about? Was she selling herself for sex...with him...now? Joe didn't have time to think; she was about to make him cum.

"Yes!" he exclaimed.

Her butt slapped against him as she pumped harder, intending to finish Joe off. She wanted this to be over quickly.

He felt so good inside her, but she felt hurt by Joe's willingness to use her like all the men in her life had done or wanted to do.

She knew she shouldn't, but she still loved Joe deeply, even though he turned out to be an asshole. Maybe that was just her pussy lusting after him, though?

Katie wanted to feel Joe's cum inside her as her experience the weekend before had left her wanting. Thinking about how his rich cum tasted and how much his big balls produced was intensely erotic.

Katie suddenly felt the familiar build-up of energy deep in her core.

She had never orgasmed while having sex with men, but she was about to for the second time with Joe.

She began making feminine mewling sounds as she felt Joe's strong hands on her hips, pulling her more forcefully up and down on his cock.

Katie cried out. "Oh fuck, I'm going to cum!"

Joe felt his balls constrict as he was overwhelmed by the need to pump all of his semen into Katie's tight pussy. She was so goddamn sexy, and he needed to fill her sanctuary with his seed.

He knew she was on the pill, so he intended to let go completely as he released his pent-up load into his sister's beautiful body.

Urgently, he said, "I'm going to cum, Katie...I'm going to cum in you!"

Her pussy contracted as she orgasmed, moaning, "Unnnngggggnnnnnn...fuck...Joe!"

Joe grunted as his balls unleashed a salvo of his sperm deep into his sister's sexy tummy.

Katie felt the warmth of Joe's cum flood her insides as his strong hands held her tightly against his groin while he pumped sticky white ropes of his sperm deep inside her.

Slumping down to rest on Joe, Katie's heavy breaths were matched only by Joe's heaving chest.

When at last, the moment had passed, Katie got up.

Torrents of Joe's sperm leaked out of Katie's pussy, dripping down her leg. She was astounded by the amount, even though she had some idea from her previous experience.

Walking through the doorway, Katie returned with a couple of towels and her clothes.

She tossed Joe a towel, which he used to wipe their mixed juices off his lap. He noticed and enjoyed the lingering scent of Katie's sex.

Joe gaped at her body as she bent over, exposing her beautiful ass, as she toweled off his seed from her legs and pussy. His cum glistened as it oozed, dripping down her perfect skin.

After she was done cleaning herself, she finally put her clothes back on.

She said, "Since you were so caring and wanted me to leave the escort service, I have a proposal for you."

Joe just stared, wondering where this was going.

"Instead of me sleeping with random strangers for money, you're going to pay me instead."

Joe was dumbfounded. Katie was so cold and calculated. He'd never seen her like this. He did not want her to sell her body, and yet he himself took advantage of her. He felt terrible.

He said, "I'll definitely pay you the money not to have to work there anymore."

She used a mocking tone as she said, "I bet you will, Joe...out of the kindness of your heart."

"Katie, you wouldn't have to do anything..."

"Oh, don't worry, you'll get your money's worth, just like you did just now."

'Katie, I really am sorry! I need you to understand--'

"That was one. You can transfer to me what you think is fair. I'll be back at the beginning of next month for your next appointment."

She got up and left without saying another word.

Joe was overcome with emotion. He had hurt the person he loved most in the world and simultaneously had the satisfying and powerful sex of his life. It appeared that she was planning on giving him sex on a purely transactional basis and nothing else. It was like she did it to hurt him-- and it did hurt. He just wanted to hold her and feel the love and warmth she used to give so freely to him.

Joe was confused, but it was clear that Katie was not in a good place. No matter what he did, he couldn't stop the pain he felt, partly because he had hurt Katie and partly because he missed what he had lost.

* * * * * The Next Appointment

Several weeks went by before Katie called Joe.

He answered.

She said, "Are you ready for your appointment? I'm coming over at 6 pm."

She hung up.

It just happened to be the same day and time when Katie usually came over for movie night. He had missed her each weekend at this exact time. He did not think her timing was an accident.

Joe sat in his kitchen chair, facing the entryway, waiting.

He had been thinking of so many things to say to Katie. He had different versions of an apology and many questions for her, but ultimately he needed to talk about how he felt these past weeks and figure out what was going on with her.

Her behavior had been outrageous the night she stayed over. He couldn't get her out of his head. His sexual fantasies directly clashed with his deep love for Katie, and he didn't know how to handle it -- and without any communication with her, he felt lost.

The door opened, and Katie let herself in, strutting right up to him. His mouth opened as he took in the sight of her.

Katie wore a short and sexy dress skirt and a nearly see-through top that barely concealed her breasts. Her heels were seductive, as well as her hair, makeup, and nails. She had been tanning, and her legs and stomach were sexier than he had ever seen them.

He didn't need to say anything. His dick did all the talking as it hardened in his thin shorts instantly.

"I see you like how I look." She reached down and gripped the thin cloth around his dick and squeezed it, enjoying the feel of his erection in her hand."

"Katie, I thought we could talk--"

Katie pulled Joe's shorts and underwear down, exposing his rock-hard cock.

Katie held it, her eyes appraising. "Your penis...it's...so beautiful." She squeezed it and felt his balls as she stroked him.

Joe was, once again, overcome with lust. He moved his hand up Katie's sexy leg and under her short skirt. Her panty-covered pussy was damp already. She was just as turned on as he was.

Joe stood up and moved his hand into Katie's panties, feeling her wet slit with his finger as she stroked his throbbing dick.

Her breathing became heavier.

Joe leaned in, inhaling Katie's subtle fragrance. He wanted her so badly.

He moved his lubricated finger in little circles around her swollen clit, eliciting soft moans from Katie. Her vocalizations were hot, but Joe wanted more.

He ran his other hand through her long, soft hair and lifted her face to his. As he leaned in, just inches from her face, she used her free hand to stop him.

"No," she said.

"What!?"

"I get to choose which intimate acts you get to do, and that is not one of them. You can fuck me any way you want, but that's it."

Joe was dismayed. He longed to connect through Katie's lips and feel her respond in such a close and intimate way. He wanted to get back what he had lost. He was hurt, but he was also so horny, and hearing Katie tell him he could 'fuck' her was so far out from how she usually talked -- it triggered something in him.

"Fine," he said, as he held her tightly and increased his attention on her pussy.

"Ohhhhh Fuck..." Katie moaned as Joe rubbed her clit, alternatively sliding a finger into her slick cunt to re-lubricate his fingers.

"You like that, Katie?"

"Uhhhhhh...yesssss." She was already on the brink.

Joe was driven by the pleasure he saw on Katie's face as he stimulated her clit. He pressed forward, making her cum with his hand.

"Ahhhhhhh...Uhhhhnnnnn," Katie moaned as she came.

He paused his hand, allowing Katie to regroup from her orgasm, listening to her heavy breathing as she stood before him.

Joe thought this could be the time for him to pry. "I missed you so much...why won't you talk to me?"

She paused, a glare in her eyes. "I have nothing to say."

After all these weeks of silence and after all his maddening thoughts, this was her response?

Joe knew he had caused all this, but he was angry anyway. He didn't want to be, but he couldn't help it.

He walked behind Katie and pulled her top off, releasing her stunning tits.

He then unzipped her skirt and let it drop to the floor.

Putting one hand around her, he grabbed her soft breast, pausing to smell his other hand covered in her juices. Her scent was like ambrosia, driving him mad like a wild animal.

He took both her breasts in his hands and rubbed his rock-hard dick against her soft ass.

He whispered in her ear, enjoying the strands of her soft blonde hair that tickled his face. "I love your tits, Katie...they turn me on."

She gasped, enraptured with what he was doing. He saw she had goosebumps on her skin.

Reaching down and into her panties, Joe began to rub her pussy again. Her vulva was swollen and wet -- she was definitely turned on and ready for what he planned.

Hearing her heavy breathing, he knew he had Katie close to another orgasm.

Leaning into her ear, he said, "Tell me you want me to fuck you."

Katie whimpered, "Joe...please...fuck me."

Show me you want me to fuck you.

Katie pulled her soaked panties down, dropped them to the floor, and leaned forward, putting her hands on the kitchen table.

She bent over and raised her butt towards him. The curves of her ass were gorgeous.

Joe was stunned at how beautiful her pussy was. The ridges of her delicate lips opened invitingly.

He leaned down toward her pussy and inhaled the scent of her arousal. His cock was throbbing.

He grabbed his shaft and started to rub his engorged head against Katie's soft, wet pussy lips, positioning it against her opening.

"Tell me what you want -- I want you to look at me as you say it." He commanded.

Katie turned her head, looking back at Joe. "I want you to fuck me, Joe," Katie pleaded, lust in her eyes.

He slid his cock head into her, grabbing her soft, muscular hips and pushing himself completely into her depths.

"Ohhhhhh...fuck," she crooned as she felt him enter her sacred channel.

She felt so tight and warm; Joe didn't think he was going to last long. He didn't care; he just wanted to take her and make her his.

Joe's dick sent waves of pleasure throughout her body as he pumped away inside her. She was reminded again that he was bigger than any man that had been inside her, and she loved it.

"Play with your pussy while I fuck you." Joe demanded.

Katie reached a hand down to her clit and moved her fingers while Joe pumped into her, thrusting hard now.

The feel of her lips and inner walls pulling on his dick, sucking him into her, was exquisite.

"Ohh fuck...I'm going to cum," Katie exclaimed.

Her breathing increased, as did Joe's thrusting.

Joe felt an aching in his balls as they lifted, filling with tension. He knew he was going to shoot one hell of a load into Katie's hungry pussy.

"Ohhh, fuck Katie...I'm going to cum. I'm so close."

Katie responded in the heat of the moment, "Ohhh yes...cum hard in me, Joe!"

Joe pumped furiously to the sound of Katie's plump ass slapping against his hips.

His big strong hands gripped her backside as he thrust harder into her slick sheath, bringing himself to climax.

Katie began to orgasm, "Uhhhhhgnnnnn...fuck. I'm cumming..." she whimpered.

Joe felt himself begin to release as he pressed deep into Katie's hungry vagina, pulling her hips and ass tightly against him.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh fuck" he grunted huskily as his dick began spurting thick, sticky gobs of his semen into her.

"Yesssssss...yessss," Katie murmured as she felt Joe's warm sperm filling her pussy.

She could feel his dick pressing up against her cervix as he emptied his load into her.

Joe groaned as the last remaining pulses of his essence squirted into Katie's love center.

"Ohhh, fuck yeah," he proclaimed with satisfaction as he held his cock in Katie, listening to her panting.

As his cock eventually softened, he pulled out, his cum leaking down Katie's leg.

She turned and looked at him. "My God, how much did you cum in me?" She looked amused as she tried to contain the torrent that leaked from her.

He responded. "I don't think I've cum that hard before in my life."

"Me too," she said. Her eyes had softened, and Joe saw love in them. He wanted to hold her so badly.

Katie put her panties back on and dressed quickly.

Joe touched her shoulder, and when she turned, he wrapped his arms around her, pulling her in tightly.

He whispered softly in her ear, "Shhhhhh...You can stay...." Katie relaxed momentarily; he thought she might give in.

Katie wanted nothing more than to stay. It took all of her strength to pull herself away from Joe.

She ducked under his arms and walked towards the door.

"Send me your payment. I'll see you next month," she said.

A look of pure pain crossed Joe's face. At least he had a plan for what to say in case things went into a worst-case scenario like they had.

"Ok, but text me to coordinate - I'd like to go somewhere else."

"Fine."

She quickly walked out and closed the door.

Katie walked to her car, tears streaming down her face. She had never been so turned on, orgasmed so hard, or been as attracted sexually to another person, but she didn't know how much more of this her heart could take.

She missed Joe so much but couldn't trust him. He could be so sweet and seemed sincere, but it had to be an act to manipulate her.

She had to stick to her guns.

* * * * *

The Date

It had been three weeks of radio silence; then Joe finally got a text from Katie.

She wrote, "Let me know the time and place."

He responded, "For what?"

"You know what."

"Ok, well, I'd like a proper date then. I'll send you an email with the details."

"Ok -- I guess!?"

Joe wasn't sure of everything going on in Katie's mind, but he needed to try something different. He needed to pull out all the stops.

His instructions were to dress up as though they'd be going to a nice restaurant and that he'd pick her up that night at 6 pm.

* * * * *

Katie walked down to the limo that had pulled up at her place.

Joe watched her intently as she crossed the space between her door and the limo. She wore an elegant soft blue dress that was tasteful and refined yet left nothing to the imagination.

Katie stepped in. "Well, this is...surprising."

"I thought we might do something different for a change."

"I see."

They rode in silence.

Joe occasionally asked Katie questions like, "How are you doing?"

To which Katie replied, "Good." She only gave short answers and was withdrawn into herself.

After the long ride, they rolled up to a fancy restaurant in the city.

Joe quickly got out and opened the door, holding his hand out for Katie. She had to admit; he looked nice all dressed up -- thankfully not in the same suit he wore when he pretended to be someone else.

Joe walked her into the establishment, holding her arm. Katie hadn't been out in a long while, and she had to admit, it felt pretty nice.

He whispered, "Don't worry, nobody will know us here; this place is pretty private."

"Why does that matter?"

"Ummm...we're on a date, aren't we? Isn't that how you described most of the job?"

"Well, yes, but..it's not like a 'date', date."

"I see."

They were seated at their table, given menus, and ordered fabulously expensive wine.

Joe said, "So when you're on these dates, are you supposed to keep conversation with your client?"

Katie rolled her eyes, saying begrudgingly, "Yeeaass."

In a fancy voice, Joe said, "Well, I would like to, shall we say...converse."

Joe was acting goofy, and Katie couldn't help herself. She smiled brightly. Maybe it wasn't so bad to talk a little bit.

She asked, "So...how have you been?"

"Ohhh -- I see you're a real conversationalist!" He had a shit-eating grin on his face.

Again she rolled her eyes, "Shut up!" smiling.

In a more sober voice, Joe said, "If you really want to know...not good."

"You don't say."

"...and you?"

"Not great here either."

"Oh? And why is that?"

"Because somebody I thought I knew turned out to be someone else completely."

Joe hammed it up some more. "This person sounds like a real jerk...or -- is there a female word for a jerk? I shouldn't just assume it's a man."

Katie laughed, and just in time. Their wine had arrived, and she took a big gulp.

They commenced with small talk. Joe would take it. This was infinitely better than what he got from her on the ride in.

They continued to drink, and food was eventually served.

This was the most relaxed Joe had seen Katie in months. Really it was the only time he had seen her fully clothed and behaving normally in the last couple of months. It gave him hope.

After they had their fill and were sufficiently inebriated, Joe stood up and held out his hand.

"Are you coming?"

"Where are we going?"

"You'll find out. I promise it's nothing you can't handle.."

They returned to the limo, rode a short distance, and stopped. Once again, Joe opened the door for Katie and held his hand out for her.

She took it, and he led her into another establishment.

Waking in, Katie saw the place was beautiful, with large bars and dance floors.

Leading her to the bar, Joe said, "How about a drink?"

"Ok, but I can't stay out too late."

"Are you going to turn into a pumpkin or something?"

"Cute."

Joe ordered Katie's favorite drink and clinked glasses with her.

He said, "Here's to this date."

Katie obliged but wondered what Joe was up to.

After another drink, Joe took her arm and led her out to the dance floor. The ambiance was romantic, complete with mood lighting and music, perfect for slow dancing.

"Joe, I'm not sure what you're trying to do here. I think we know how this date ends. What's the point?"

"Katie, humor your client...just pretend I'm an old man wanting to go out with a hot girl on my arm."

"Fine, but let's not go overboard here."

Joe took Katie into his arms, pulling her close as they moved slowly to the music.

As much as Katie didn't want to, she slowly sank into Joe's comfortable arms. His familiar scent made her feel like all was right with the world.

Leaning in, Joe breathed in Katie's fragrance as he nuzzled into her soft hair.

He whispered, "I missed you."

Katie wanted to respond. She wanted to tell Joe that she missed him and thought about him all the time, but she couldn't trust him after his deception.

All she could think to say was, "I'm sure you did."

She wanted to hurt him like she had been hurt. She lost her closest friend and the person she counted on the most when she learned she couldn't trust Joe. The worst part was that she couldn't think about Joe without becoming aroused now that they had been together. His body and his scent turned her on.

She didn't know how much of that was due to the experience of having had sex with him or how much of that attraction existed before that. She surely had been harboring romantic feelings when she opened Pandora's door with her kiss.

Feeling Joe's body pressed up against her triggered her arousal. Although she wouldn't admit it openly, she was looking forward to another sexual encounter with him.

Joe asked, "So, you good with everything so far?"

"Well, it's your date."

"And I get to choose an intimate encounter, right?"

"Yes."

Joe leaned in seductively. "Then I choose...a kiss."

"What!? I refuse!" Katie was stunned.

"What are you afraid of, Katie?"

She stood silent. Impenetrable.

Joe said, "I'm paying for this date, aren't I?"

"Yes, but I have the right to refuse any intimate act."

Joe leaned in and began kissing her neck. She smelled so fucking good. Was that a new perfume she put on?

Katie drifted off into a vision in her mind. One where things could have been so different. Maybe there was another universe where she and Joe had fallen in love -- true love. Maybe, in this other universe, they could have come from different families, and maybe she could have taken Barb's place. Maybe she could be with the Joe she remembered -- the one who always kept her safe and loved her more than anyone else ever could.

Unfortunately, this was the real world, and Katie knew for sure she couldn't allow Joe to kiss her. It was hard enough to allow herself to be used by the man she had trusted the most, but she knew she would be lost if she did that.

Joe continued kissing her neck, moving upwards, nibbling on Katie's ear. She had goosebumps again -- she was definitely enjoying this. He was in no hurry, but Katie suddenly interrupted before he could think of moving on to her lips.

"What would Barb think about all this?"

"I'm not sure she'd have a say."

"Why is that?"

"Because I broke up with her."

"What? When!?"

"Right after you...ahh...visited me that first night."

Katie looked shocked. "Why did you do that!?"

"Because she's not who I want to be with."

"Ohhh." That made sense since Barb was never right for Joe.

Joe looked carefully at Katie's expression. She really didn't read into what he had just said. The unspoken part was "...because I want to be with you." He couldn't get himself to say it, though. Not only was it crazy, but Katie would surely shut him down based on how she was behaving.

After their dance, Joe said, "Ok, one more place to visit, then I promise we are done."

They hit the bathrooms and then headed out to the Limo.

* * * * * A Familiar Place

As they drove, they traveled back towards where they came from, then changed direction towards the countryside.

Katie said, "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise."

Katie normally liked surprises, but she felt apprehensive. As they neared familiar territory, Katie almost gasped as she realized where they were going.

The limo slowed to a crawl and then stopped.

Joe opened the door and held out his hand for her again. Katie reluctantly took it as he led her towards a place she was intimately familiar with -- their old motel room.

They walked through the door into their old room.

Katie suddenly panicked. "Why would you take me here? Why ruin it?"

"What?"

"This place is special..."

"I know...that's why we're here."

"Fine." Katie frowned, looking frustrated. She walked over to her old bed, removed her heels, and began to undress.

Joe was right behind her. "Katie, no."

A look of confusion fell over her face as she turned to look at him.

Joe reached his hand out to touch her arm. "I told you earlier. I only want to kiss."

"I said no." Katie's eyes glistened with turbulence.

"But you'd rather have sex!? It's just one little kiss!"

"I can't."

"Why?"

"Because...it's too...intimate."

"But that's--"

"I can't go there with you!" Katie looked pained. "If I kiss you, I won't be able to do this anymore."

"But Katie, that kiss we had here...was...special to me." Joe's voice nearly cracked.

"Why do you say things like that..." Tears began to well up in Katie's eyes.

"Like what?" Joe looked confused.

"You wanted to use me for sex, so let's get this over with."

"Katie, I don't."

"Why are you lying to me!?"

"I'm not -- I swear. If this is about when I tried to trick you...I'm sorry!"

"Of course, it's about that!"

Joe softened the tone of his voice. "Ok...ok. Then tell me how you felt."

"How could you do that? I trusted you, Joe." Tears began rolling down Katie's cheeks.

She continued. "You were supposed to be the one that kept me safe...that saw and valued me...."

Katie suddenly had anger in her voice. "You're just like all the other men. You want to use me...that's all I'm good for!" Katie sat on the edge of the bed sobbing.

"Katie, no, I--."

"You what? You didn't use me for sex?"

"Yes, I did...but...."

"But what!" Katie put her arms up. She was more upset than he'd ever seen her.

Joe sat down on his old bed across from her. "I only did it because...I couldn't have you."

"No shit! I thought we established that you wanted to fuck me!"

"Katie...just...stop. I don't think we're talking about the same thing." Joe voice was sincere. "I know how this sounds, but just hear me out. I'm going to tell you everything -- the God's honest truth. I'll accept whatever judgment you have for me and what I've done."

Face wet, Katie nodded, suddenly interested.

"Yes, I did want you that way you've accused me of. I tried so hard not to, but...Katie, I never truly wanted to use you for sex. It was the last thing I wanted. I never even thought about it until we came to this motel. Ever since that kiss, I haven't been able to get you out of my head."

Joe became animated. "I know you've been mistreated and objectified most of your life, and that's the last thing I wanted to do to you. What can you do when you feel the way I do? There was no way for us to have the kind of relationship I wanted with you."

Katie dabbed her face with a cloth while she continued to listen intently.

"I was in such a bad place when I went to that hotel to meet you; I admit I let my dick do the thinking. I mean, you are an incredibly beautiful woman, and I'm human. But even though it felt good in the moment, I regretted it immediately."

Katie gave no clue as to how she was receiving Joe's speech; she just listened.

"I got back with Barb out of desperation...because the one I really wanted...was impossible to have." Tears were streaming down Joe's face. He couldn't look at her.

"There wasn't a day that went by after you left that I didn't think about you. My heart has been broken in ways that can never be fixed." Joe covered his face with his hands to hide his embarrassment as he bawled.

Katie stared in disbelief. She had never seen Joe cry like this. He was the strongest man she had ever met...and yet his feelings for her...caused this!?"

Joe finally looked up, his face covered with tears and devastation. "I am in love with you, Katie. I fell in love with you in this motel...And I don't know what to do about it. I can no more stop these feelings for you than I can stop time itself." Joe looked down, unable to face her.

He had put it all out there.

Katie stared dumbfounded. She did not expect any of that. She had created a completely different narrative in her head.

His boldness and honesty were powerful and unexpected.

She felt her heart open.

She had kept her secret so tightly closed that she almost hid it from herself. It came out the one time they kissed -- here in the very same bed Joe sat on.

Joe looked so alone in his tortured reality. He really couldn't help how he felt. Like her, he had tried his hardest to stop this insane attraction and found he couldn't.

He was...adorable.

He wasn't really a jerk. He was just a guy who couldn't help himself from falling in love with her even though he knew it was wrong and impossible.

When he realized there was no hope, he tried to rekindle the flame he shared with his old girlfriend, but even that didn't work!

She didn't want to admit it, but she had been so jealous of Barb for what she had. Joe had dumped her. It made sense now. He dumped Barb because he was in love...with her!?

Katie stood up, walked to Joe, and sat down next to him on the bed.

"Joe...I...I...don't know what to say." Katie sighed before continuing. "You aren't alone in this."

She turned toward him, putting her hand on his cheek. "I fell in love with you too...right here" Tears began to trickle down her cheeks. "I am in love with you too."

Her eyes radiated the soft kindness he was so familiar with and missed so much.

She said, "There are so many times in this room that I was just a hair's breadth away from kissing you and professing my love to you."

Joe looked at her, connecting with her eyes. "Are you...serious?"

"Yes."

Tears continued to trickle from her eyes. "Even when we had sex, and I was convinced you only wanted to use me, I still wanted you...even though I didn't think you ever could want me like that...in a normal way. Like how you used to be...with Barb."

Katie's eyes were filled with love as Joe took her face in his hands, moving just inches away.

"May I...kiss you?"

Joe felt her breath on his face as she said, "Yes."

His tears mixed with hers as he felt Katie's soft lips once again pressed against his. Her lips tenderly sucked his as her hands moved through his hair, pulling him close.

Eyes closed, Joe pressed his tongue gently into Katie's voluptuous mouth.

Her tongue delicately entwined with his as he explored her mouth. Katie tasted sweet. He had longed to feel her exquisite mouth pleasuring his.

Joe moved a hand into her soft, blonde mane.

They could not get enough of each other as they passionately kissed, barely aware that they were removing each other's clothes at the same time.

Katie broke away to take Joe's underwear down, releasing his throbbing hard-on, which pointed to attention.

She kissed him down his neck, chest, and stomach, and soon Joe felt Katie's hot mouth kissing his sensitive balls. She was sexy as she looked up at him, on her knees, planting kisses along his shaft.

Katie smiled, "You have no idea how much I like doing this for you. It turns me on to make you feel good."

Katie moved her mouth over his dick as Joe felt her warm and inviting lips envelop his manhood.

"Ohh fuck, Katie, that feels so good." Joe moved his hands into Katie's hair, feeling her movement as she bobbed, making little sucking sounds. "...and you look so hot!"

Katie looked up, happy to give Joe a show, her eyes sparkling like blue diamonds as she pleased him.

"Katie, I love that, but there's another intimate act I'd like to do with you."

Katie paused, reluctantly releasing Joe's saliva-covered dick as she felt him pull her upwards and off her knees.

Joe gently moved Katie onto the mattress; her only clothing left was her panties. She lay splayed out, wondering what Joe was up to.

He kissed the inside of her thigh and worked his way up, enjoying the feel and scent of her soft skin. His mouth reached her panties; he kissed around each side of her silk-covered mound.

Joe slowly and ceremoniously grabbed the elastic bands of her panties and pulled them from under her butt and along her long legs, discarding them onto the floor.

He moved towards her exposed sex, kissing and teasing her until he got to her glistening lips.

He moved into position, kissing around the sides, still teasing her.

He breathed into her sensitive pussy. Katie shuddered as she felt his hot mouth against her entrance.

Joe inhaled, taking in her sweet and profoundly erotic scent. He had wanted to do this for a while.

Katie felt Joe's mouth kissing her delicate pussy as his tongue flickered and tasted her lips, then focused on her swollen clit.

"Uhhhhhhnnnnh... that's... that's...so...good," Katie moaned.

She knew she was going to climax right away. She had never experienced such erotic foreplay. It was like Joe knew just how to take care of her in this intimate and special way.

She could feel his love for her as his tongue continued to pleasure her.

Katie tasted exquisite. Joe lapped up her juices and put his finger inside her to stimulate her further.

"Ohhhh, Joe...ohh...fuck...!m...cumming!" Katie exclaimed.

Katie's grabbed Joe's hair, pulling him into her as she came hard.

She writhed as waves of orgasmic pleasure erupted inside her.

She lay breathing intensely.

"Joe, I want you so bad," Katie said as she suddenly pulled him upward with urgency. "I need you inside me."

Joe climbed on top and positioned himself above Katie, feeling her grab his member and guide it inside her.

"Oh my God, you feel so good, Katie. I've wanted you so bad for so long...ALL of you, I mean."

Joe pumped his cock deep into Katie's depths, feeling her pussy stretch and cling to him as though she didn't want to let him go.

Katie opened herself up fully to Joe.

"I want all of you too, Joe," Katie said softly, looking into his eyes, touching his soul.

She was so pretty in that moment.

He kissed her passionately, and she lost herself in the extreme moment as she felt connected to him through her mouth and her vagina simultaneously.

Their emotions were fierce as they continued making love.

Joe was so deep inside Katie in this position he felt the head of his dick pressing up against her cervix as he pushed inside her.

Releasing his mouth, Joe looked into Katie's beautiful eyes. "I'm going to the care of you, and I'll never deceive you again."

Katie's heart had never been so open. She never knew she could give herself so fully to someone.

She looked deeply into Joe's eyes. "I want to belong to you, Joe." She never wanted anything more in her life.

Her nails ran down his back as she wrapped her legs around him. Katie grabbed Joe's muscular butt and pulled him into her.

Katie whispered, close to his ear, "cum in me, Joe. Make me yours."

Joe felt like his balls expanded as he anticipated filling Katie with his seed.

He felt Katie pulling him into her in all ways; her hands, legs, and pussy yearned for him.

"Oh fuck, Katie...I'm cumming!"

She locked him in place, urging his completion. He had never felt anything like it -- he felt completely wanted.

Joe's cock exploded, sending torrents of his thick cum deep into Katie's tummy.

Katie cooed, "That's it...fill me up...I love you so much, Joe."

Katie felt his warmth deep in her belly as Joe filled her with his potent seed.

She held him right until he finally relaxed, completely spent.

Holding his head in her hands, she moved her mouth into position, kissing him intimately and passionately, his cock still in her, leaking cum.

Joe kissed her back and connected with her eyes. "I love you, Katie."

She held him tightly, embracing him, until finally, she let him go.

Joe pulled out and lay on his side, looking satisfied.

He said, "Wow. I know the sex was good before, but what was that, even?"

Katie grinned. "Get used to it because you're with me for real now."

Being there in that moment with Katie, naked, having made love on his old bed in the motel they shared for so long, was dream-like.

Then Joe had a sobering thought, and he didn't want to hold anything back with Katie ever again. "I have a serious question."

"Tell me." Katie looked intently.

"What are we going to do about...us -- we can't have a relationship...like normal people, right?"

Without pausing, Katie said, "I...don't...care."

"What?"

"I love you, and I don't care. I want you, even if I have to hide it for the rest of my life."

Joe was speechless. His heart leaped out of his chest upon hearing Katie's admission.

He said, "Then I have a new proposal for you."

Katie looked on with interest.

"How about you stay with me, and I provide for you, take care of you, and love you completely."

Katie looked stunned.

Joe continued, "In return, you don't have to have sex with me. You don't have to do anything in return. You can leave anytime, go anywhere, and do anything you want."

With a smile that could stop hearts, she said, "I accept!"

Katie took Joe's face in her hands and leaned in, pressing her lips to his.

They were, once again, transported to another dimension where their mouths conveyed everything through the intimacy and boundless love of a kiss.