

JACK & JENA - STRANDED LOVERS

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Siblings find Love and Romance while Stranded on an Island.

Incest/Taboo

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Jack and Jena were the only children born to a very wealthy family. Jack had recently graduated high school, and Jena, two years his senior, had been away for college.

That summer, their parents pulled them all together to vacation during summer break, christening their newly purchased super yacht.

Although the siblings appeared to get along, like most things in their family, it was mostly for show. Jack and Jena got along really well as children but found they had grown apart as they each had to find their path to survive as best they could in the family they were born in.

The world they found themselves in was rife with superficiality due to the way their parents inhabited it and conditioned them.

Jena found herself caught up in that world, playing the part of the beautiful heiress destined to rule above the lesser folk. Whereas Jack tried his best to reject the opulent lifestyle and social circles, his family moved in, making him somewhat of a black sheep.

From a young age, Jack didn't partake in most of the benefits that come from being ultra-wealthy, opting instead to strive for a simple lifestyle.

Jena didn't like the way her younger brother seemed to look down on her. He didn't know what it was like to be the oldest in a family like theirs. The weight of expectations was like a heavy burden she carried, and Jack was able to shrug it off because the target was always on her.

Jack didn't move in the same circles either, and a part of her envied that he was able to do his own thing, living his outdoorsman lifestyle without a care in the world. Jena knew many of her friends approved of Jack's rugged good looks and liked to talk about him, but she didn't understand why they fawned over him.

She didn't see Jack around very often, but when she did, he could be an ass with his veiled commentary. He didn't know her, and just like others around her, he never would, as far as she was concerned.

Jack didn't dislike Jena per se, but the type of people he related to had depth and would never put on airs. His sister could be haughty with the way she liked to flaunt her modelesque good looks.

Jack didn't totally blame his sister for the way she was since she learned a lot of her behavior from their parents. He truly despised the way his family seemed to believe they were above other people.

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When they reached the high seas, Jack and Jena hung out on the deck, suntanning. Jack knew Jena loved to show off her body.

She really was stunning with her blonde hair and curvaceous butt and boobs. She sported a flat stomach and toned legs that most women envied, and men lusted after.

Jena was pretty, Jack had to admit, with her large bright blue eyes that highlighted her little nose and cute heart-shaped face. He would give her that, but to him, that was all she was -- all surface and no depth.

He had to roll his eyes as she posed herself in front of the large staff that ran the yacht, many of them sneaking glances at the blonde beauty on board.

Their trip went initially as planned.

They reached the open ocean and enjoyed days of sun and food as the family was served gratuitous amenities.

Unfortunately, they were in for a big turnabout when a massive storm rolled in.

The gray skies morphed into a full-on hurricane as the massive ship began to slosh and sway uncontrollably.

In terror, everyone held on to whatever was locked down. Jack knew there was a chance they wouldn't come out of this one. He had been boating all his life and never saw a storm like this.

Always ready for action, Jack did his best to prepare the ship for the storm, but when the waves picked up and tossed the ship on its side, he knew it was dire.

From what he could tell, the side of the ship was already breached, letting in massive amounts of water on the lower deck.

It was only a matter of time before the overly expensive craft was at the bottom of the ocean.

At that moment, he knew he needed to look for Jena. Where the fuck was she?

Jack searched frantically and found her in her cabin. She looked terrified as she hung onto a fixture in the corner.

Jack handed Jena a life preserver and said, "Hey, you gotta come with me...this is about to get fucked."

He helped Jena put on the preserver and led her outside into the storm.

Jenna yelled over the roar of the wind, "Why are we going out here? It's terrifying!"

"You're going to have to trust me...this ship is going down, and we need to position ourselves so we don't get pulled under."

Within minutes the massive ship capsized and smashed into multiple parts, just as Jack predicted.

Everything was a blur as he grabbed his sister, a stack of extra life preservers, and pulled her into the swirling black water at what he calculated was the best possible moment to avoid getting sucked under.

The voyage would become a tragedy that made the news: Billionaire's family lost at sea, no survivors.

* * * * * The Beach

Jack woke up feeling like he had the worst hangover ever. His mind was foggy, and it took a few minutes to realize that he was on a beach.

In sudden terror, he recalled the previous night's efforts to keep the ship afloat. His memory had blurred it all together into a jumbled mess.

The last thing he remembered was grabbing his sister and jumping overboard with life preservers. It had all happened so fast.

Where is everybody? Jack thought, suddenly getting his wits about him.

He ran down the beach, noticing chunks of detritus washed on the shore mixed with various objects he recognized from the ship.

He reached the end of the island and turned around to go in the other direction, running as fast as he could muster.

As he neared the opposite end of the small island, he made out a figure in the sand. It was Jena, still in the white bikini she wore on the sundeck earlier that day.

Jack shook her, hoping beyond hope that she was still alive.

She didn't appear to be breathing, so he reached into her mouth, checked her airways, and proceeded to do CPR.

Miraculously, Jena began to cough up water. It took several minutes before she was fully aware.

"Where are we," she said.

"Believe it or not, we washed up on an island somewhere. By the looks of it, we are in the middle of nowhere."

Jena got up, suddenly sounding bossy. "We need to figure out if there is some way to contact anyone, so we can get rescued."

"No kidding. I've been across the main beach on this island, and there is a lot of stuff washed up, but nothing remotely like a radio that I could see."

"Did you see anybody else?"

"No." Jack looked down a dark feeling in his stomach.

Jena grabbed his hand. "I know it looks bad...but you did save me. Thank you!" Jack returned the gesture with a hug -- so glad to have something positive come out of the situation.

Hours turned into days as they explored the island, pulling together supplies and figuring out what to do next.

They were quite lucky as they found plenty of luggage and supplies that washed ashore. They had the basics, such as toiletries, toothpaste, clothes, and first aid kits, but only enough food to last for a couple of weeks maximum.

Jena felt helpless as she was way out of her depth. If there was a gala or event where she could dress up, be beautiful, and entertain people, she was good to go.

Thank God I have Jack, she thought as she watched him assemble a shelter. All those years of living off the land had made Jack into quite the badass. He even managed to create a makeshift bed in the shelter by using empty luggage containers covered with miscellaneous clothes and fabric.

That first night they ate a meal and went into the shelter to sleep. Jack plopped himself on a sheet in the sand at the foot of the makeshift bed. Jena said, "What are you doing?"

"I'm giving you the bed. I know you like your comfort, and I'm used to handling these rugged situations."

Jena said, "Don't be silly. You literally saved my life, and I would be absolutely screwed without you here. There's enough room. We can share the bed."

Jack got up and laid down next to Jena. "You know...you're right, this is a pretty huge bed. Whoever made it didn't do a bad job, if I do say so myself!" Jack chuckled.

Jena replied, "I'll let you have that one...but don't get a big head!" They were so tired they fell asleep right away and didn't wake until morning.

* * * * * Weeks gone by

Days turned into weeks, and thanks to Jack's industriousness, they came up big in terms of food.

Jack took the lead, instructing Jena on how to set up a fish enclosure with makeshift nets and fencing, as well as create spears and other useful items.

Smiling, Jack said, "This is refreshing -- I don't think I've ever seen you do any physical labor."

"I do too! You think my workouts are easy? It takes a lot to keep this up," Jena said with a smirk on her face as she posed, showing off.

"Fat lot of good that will do you here," Jack said, unimpressed.

Jena punched him in the arm. "Hey, be nice. I'm proving to be more useful than you thought; admit it!"

She did have a point. Jack assumed Jena was not going to be able to contribute, but she had surprising skills and learned incredibly fast.

He had to hand it to her. "You do have a point. If I'm honest, you have impressed me...and as you can tell, I'm pretty hardcore with this stuff. When did you get so smart?"

Jena beamed. "I know what everyone thinks of me, but I just might surprise you." Jena winked as they continued to work.

Over those first few weeks, they set themselves up nicely. There were plenty of fish, coconuts, fire, and supplies. They explored the island and found a freshwater aquifer as well as a cave. The island was small, but it had everything they needed.

Jack joked that they were living in a movie, the way everything worked out somehow. Now all they had to do was wait a while until a ship came to save them.

They found ways to entertain themselves each day. There were always their daily routines; check the fish, harvest food, restock the fire pit, and verify the fire pile was ready to go should a ship or plane ever come by. This left a massive amount of time for them to spend with each other.

Back in their previous lives, they had fit into their roles so perfectly. Jena was the perfectionist older sister, meeting their demanding parents' expectations, while Jack was more of a recluse, sometimes getting into trouble.

Their life of privilege appeared to be great, but it was also a prison of conformity.

* * * * * Months gone by

As weeks turned into months, all that time alone together did something to their relationship. The outside world that had formed them slowly drifted away, losing its grip on their new reality.

For Jack and Jena, a new normal formed over the course of their months together on that island.

As their relationship evolved, the dream of being rescued seemed to slip away more and more. In a moment of weakness, Jena broke down as they ate dinner together at night.

"Jack, I'm starting to get scared. I...I...don't think anyone is coming for us!" Tears rolled down Jena's delicate cheeks. Jack was not used to seeing his sister cry or show any emotion really.

She really had changed. She no longer seemed stuck up but instead, let herself be genuine and even vulnerable at times.

"Jena, it's ok, I got you," Jack said as he reached his arms around her and held her.

"Jack -- as bad as this could be, I truly am so glad you are here with me." Jack held Jena for a long while as she cried herself into exhaustion.

He put her to bed. Kissing her forehead, he said, "Good night, princess." Jena murmured back, "I love you, Jack."

For as long as he could remember, his sister had never said that to him -- or really anyone, as far as he knew. Jack went to sleep with a warm feeling as he thought about his sister.

She was obviously a beautiful-looking woman, but he was learning that she had been hiding an inner beauty and warmth that was rarely seen in people.

Jack came to admit that he really looked forward to their time together and even felt a strange sense of gratefulness for having been stranded alone on the island with Jena.

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As the months rolled on, Jack and Jena got even closer. They learned more about each other in this timespan than they had in their entire lives together, living under their parents' regime.

Even though they had lived together in their massive estate, they had been strangers.

Jack had always thought his sister was shallow, only caring about how she looked and having to maintain her status as the hottest and most popular girl.

As she dropped her guard and opened up to him, he realized she was so much more than he could have imagined.

Jena likewise let go of her preconceived notions. In her former life, she thought Jack was just some extreme sports guy who generally had no interest in her.

In fact, he was incredibly deep, kind, and thoughtful and shared many of the same interests. She loved talking and playing with him and sometimes caught herself daydreaming about him.

She had to remind herself often that this was her brother when she reminisced about how it felt when he touched her or when she felt his warm body next to her as she slept.

They were both voracious readers, though neither would have guessed. When they discovered that a great many books had washed ashore from the ship's library, they both worked to dry them out, geeking out on the titles they had an interest in.

They spent hours comparing books they had read previously and discussing the deeper philosophies of life. Aside from reading, they could make each other laugh no matter what activity they were engaged in.

It had been over eight months, and they didn't know when it happened exactly, but they had become best friends.

* * * * * A Heated Conversation

During one of their long exchanges after dinner at the fire pit, Jack felt the need to pry. "You are not at all the person you always seemed to project back home. What the fuck Jena -- I thought you were some vapid beauty queen. Why did you hide your true self for so long!?"

"Well, first, I am a beauty queen." She smiled radiantly, showing off her pretty smile, a flash of teeth, and a sparkle in her eyes. Jack chuckled.

Her expression slowly changed as she suddenly got serious. "I guess I just fell into what and who they saw me as and what they expected me to be. I just got used to hiding who I really was. It just seemed safer to play into some kind of Barbie fantasy than risk being rejected if I showed myself. I'm a bookworm, for god sake -- and people never seemed interested in my intelligence, as I'm sure you can guess."

Jack said, "I was so wrong about you. It must have been hard to have people only see and value you for how you look and not for who you truly are. You are amazing, Jena...I'm not just saying that." Jena blushed.

Jena said, "I see you too, Jack. I didn't know you at all before. You are so much more complex than I could have known. I guess I knew you were strong and smart, but...well...you're just so lovely. I really mean that."

Jack said, "I like this version of you."

"I really like this version of me as well. If we ever get off this island, I'm not going back to the person I thought I had to pretend to be. You're stuck with this version of me!"

Jack gave Jena a huge hug, and she hugged back. They held each other for a while, not wanting to let go. Jack smelled Jena's hair as he breathed in her scent deeply. It invoked a feeling of deep

comfort and warmth.

Neither one of them had experienced being seen and accepted in such deep and intimate ways before, nor had they enjoyed the company of another person so fully.

Jack said, "I love you, Jena."

"I love you too, Jack."

Jena felt so safe and special at that moment as Jack held her in his arms. She felt compelled to say more, "I'm so grateful for how you've protected and taken care of me. I would not have been able to survive without you."

Jack felt wetness on his cheek as he realized Jena was crying.

He said, "It's ok...I've got you. You're safe."

Jena leaned her head back, looking up at Jack, her eyes bright and glossy from her tears. Jack felt her hands on his face as she pulled him towards her.

Jack could not breathe as his sister's face was not even an inch away from his. He felt her breath on his lips as she looked at him with her beautiful eyes.

Suddenly he felt her soft mouth envelope his lips. She felt warm and tasted sweet. He kissed her back, probing her luscious mouth.

Jack pulled her closer, feeling her body pressed up against him. Jena let out a subtle moan as she felt Jack's tongue enter her mouth. He felt delirious as he french kissed her sexy tongue.

Jack reached down, putting his big hands on Jena's butt, giving her a squeeze, enjoying the feel of her well-muscled glutes. Jena felt Jack's arousal as his penis pressed against her leg.

They were full-on engaging in erotic foreplay, breathing hard, and completely lost in each other.

Jack came to his senses first. He backed off and stood staring in shock. "Umm...what was that!?"

Jena was also shocked as she said, "I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me!" She looked embarrassed.

Jack said, "It's ok. It wasn't just you..." as he looked away.

Jena broke the awkward silence, saying, "soooo, how about those stars!?" Her smile was infectious as Jack started to laugh alongside her.

He said, "Yeah, I think I see the big dipper over there!" smiling.

That night when they got in their bed, Jena put her head on Jack's shoulder as he lay on his back.

She put her arm around him. "mind if I snuggle a little...it's getting colder out." Jack didn't mind at all.

He liked the comforting feel of his sister's warm body touching him. "Yes, that does feel better," he said as she snuggled up close to him.

Jack kissed her on the forehead. "Good night, princess." Jena kissed Jack on the cheek. "Good night."

That night they slept better than either had since they got to the island.

* * * * * One Year Anniversary

The next day as Jack walked the beach in his bathing suit, he couldn't help but remember the taste of Jena's lips. She was so tender and affectionate and, at the same time, so passionate with her kisses. He had never experienced anything like it -- it was intoxicating.

He watched Jena as she took her routine walk along the beach, looking for anything that washed up. Her tan body really was incredibly sexy. He knew it was, but he had never allowed himself to think of her that way.

Now he couldn't ignore her big sexy butt, toned legs, and abs, as well as her gravity-defying breasts, barely contained in her small bikini top. It was as though a wall he kept up had started to come down. He wasn't sure if it was good, but he was sure he couldn't stop it, not after last night.

Now that Jack saw Jena fully, he appreciated the soft side of her and the poetic soul she had hidden under her tough exterior. He found her to be exciting, complex, fun, and deep.

There was nobody he had met that he would rather spend this kind of time alone with. She also happened to be extraordinarily beautiful and sexy.

He wasn't sure where this was going. He was terrified and also excited at the thoughts he had been having about his sister.

Jena knew she had gone too far in what she instigated the night before. She couldn't help the feelings she was having when she looked at or thought about her brother.

She had never felt so close to someone, and he was so handsome and attractive that it gave her butterflies in her stomach. It seemed insane, and she had been pushing these thoughts down for a long while, but she didn't think she could stop herself if she got into another situation like last night.

They continued to walk along the shore, chatting. Their coastal walks had not turned up anything for a while, so it was a very special surprise when they saw a bottle floating under some kelp near the shoreline. "Holy fuck," Jack said as he pulled up a full bottle of top-shelf liquor.

Jack continued, "You know what -- this is a gift from the universe. I'm not sure if you realize, but today is our one-year anniversary of washing up on this island."

"Let's have a feast," Jena said, smiling as she examined the perfectly intact bottle.

That night they prepared the most elaborate dinner so far. It included fruits, coconut, fish, crab, and of course, their bottle of Macallan 30-year double-cask whiskey.

Jack couldn't take his eyes off Jena as she laughed, drank, and ate with him. The fire reflected off her dazzling eyes, and it was not lost on him that she had dressed up in an outfit that she must have been saving.

Jack wore some decent clothes he had scrounged from the luggage they had stored. At that moment, it was almost like they weren't trapped on an unknown island in the middle of the ocean.

Jack had been waiting to bring up the elephant in the room, but after feeling the effects of some long sips from the bottle, he was ready. "I've been thinking. I know what we did last night was...well...wrong."

Jena interrupted. "Look, this is like temporary insanity. We are in uncharted territory, just trying to survive, so I think we get a free pass here."

"I have more to say." Jack couldn't look at Jena as he continued. "I can't stop thinking about you...about kissing you." He was clearly blushing.

Jena's heart beat faster as she thought about how cute Jack's admission was.

She said, "If I'm being honest, that wasn't exactly an accident last night. I had been wanting to kiss you for a long time." Jack looked at her with surprise.

He said, "If I'm being honest, I think I'd like to kiss you again." He had a hunger in his eyes that elicited a fiery feeling deep in Jena's core.

"If we do that, I'm not sure where this will go...I don't think I'll be able to stop, Jack."

Jack stared mouth agape, realizing the implications of his sister's admission. She wanted him...and not just a little, but a lot.

Jack knew then that he also wouldn't be able to stop. He was in love with Jena. Completely, madly, in love. The only part missing was the physical aspect.

Maybe it was the booze talking, but Jack had a crazy idea. "What if we pretended we were just two people with no history?"

"You mean, forget that we are brother and sister?"

"Yes."

Jena said, "We might not ever get off this island, and we might have to choose how we live the rest of our lives. I, for one, am not excited to live without some level of comfort. Also, in case you didn't realize it, I completely love you."

Jena had been wanting Jack for so long now; to hear him give an opening like this was a relief.

Jena suddenly perked up as she said, "Hi, I'm Jena" She held out her hand as she faced him. She was so cute in the firelight.

Jack took her hand. "Hi, I'm Jack...now can I kiss you?".

"Yes, you dork." Jena beamed, smiling.

With nothing holding them back, Jack and Jena kissed again, exploring each other's mouths, picking up right where they left off the night before.

It was not long before Jena took Jack's hand and led him into their hut. They quickly took off their clothes between kisses, completely at the mercy of the shared passion they felt.

Standing in their underwear, facing each other, Jena said, "Can I touch you, Jack?"

"Yes."

Jena pulled down the briefs he wore and marveled at Jack's large, hard dick. She had been thinking about what it would be like for a long while. She was not disappointed as she grabbed it and gently stroked it with her soft, small hands as she looked into his eyes.

"Ohhh, that feels good," Jack said, "Can I touch you, Jena?"

"Yes."

Jack pulled down Jena's panties as she took off her top, exposing her unbelievably beautiful body to him. Her womanhood and breasts were better than he could have ever imagined.

He reached down, moving his hand over a short patch of soft pubic hair, and touched her wet lips. He inserted his finger and used the lubricant to gently rub her clit.

"Ohhhhh...fuck" Jena breathed as a needful look came over her face.

She leaned forward and kissed Jack ravenously. He felt her hand cup and fondle his balls as she stroked him.

Jena leaned in and continued kissing Jack while she held his dick, pulling him towards her as she backed up and onto the bed.

With Jena's guidance, Jack found himself above his sister, feeling her hand guide his hardon to her entrance.

Jack hesitated. Should he really be doing this?

Jena looked at him and said, "It's ok; I want you so badly."

He moved forward, falling on top of her fully as he felt the soft folds of her pussy wet the tip of his dick. Jena moved the head so he was perfectly aligned with her.

Jack pushed slowly into her pussy, feeling its heat and lubrication coat his member as he moved deeper inside.

"Ohhhh, fuck, you're so big," Jena whispered.

He replied, "I can't believe we're doing this...you feel so fucking good!"

Jenna grabbed his butt, urging him onward and feeling him pump his cock into her depths. With urgency, she said, "fuck me!" with a wanton expression on her face.

Jack pounded hard at first, loving the sweet moaning sounds his sister made, but soon found himself slowing down to take in the experience.

He couldn't believe he was in Jena, feeling her deepest, most sacred place. He liked seeing his hard dick slide into her tight pussy and the feel of her slick vagina as it gripped and rubbed his shaft. He sucked on her large nipples and felt her perfect tits, finally exploring her mouth again.

Jack had sex plenty of times before, but this felt more intense, more intimate.

Jena put her hand on his face and looked directly into his eyes. It was like they were becoming one single organism. She looked so beautiful and vulnerable in the moonlight.

Jena's breath quickened as she moaned, "Ohhhh fuck...I'm going to cum...ohh fuck...."

Jack quickened his pace, feeling the need to say, "Jena, I fucking love you." She held his face in her hands as she said, "I want to look at you as you cum."

Jack was close. "Ohhh fuck, I'm going to cum."

Jena responded by wrapping her legs around him and holding him tightly against her. Jack had perfected the art of pulling out with his most recent girlfriend, Alice, but he lost all sensibility when he felt his sister's legs and arms lock him into place.

Jena couldn't believe how good it felt to give in to her urges. She wanted Jack to cum in her. Of course, they had no protection, and getting pregnant out here would not be good, but she felt compelled to partner fully with Jack -- to give herself fully.

She came hard, holding him in place with a look of pure ecstasy on her face, just as Jack's balls erupted.

Jack felt his sister's pussy clench as she orgasmed. He continued to look and connect with her eyes as she held his face in her hands.

He made a deep grunting sound as the feeling of her pussy milking his dick pushed him over the edge.

He saw and felt her love for him as Jena beamed, her face beautiful in its expression. Jack's testicles pulsed, sending him into bliss as he spurted his hot semen into his sister's pussy.

Jena stared deeply into his eyes. She said, "Ohhh, yesss. I can feel how much you love me, Jack," as she felt him spewing gobs of his sticky seed deep into her hungry vagina.

They lay together, kissing and basking in the euphoric afterglow of their love-making session. When Jack pulled out, his sperm oozed out of Jena's pussy and dripped down overflowing. She said, "You came so hard in me...I felt it!"

"You're so fucking hot, Jena -- I couldn't help it!"

She kissed him and said, "I don't mind...at all." She nestled up against him as he held her, drifting off to sleep.

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The next day they woke up naked in each other's arms.

Jena said, "Good morning," kissing Jack.

"So that wasn't just a dream?"

"Afraid not."

"If it was a dream, it was the greatest one ever!" Jack smiled and kissed Jena's neck, making her laugh.

They got up and started their day, heading off to the aquifer to refill water and clean themselves with their makeshift shower.

It felt like any other day, except they now felt something different. A deep and special bond between them. It permeated everything they did and flowed between them like a palpable energy. This feeling was more powerful than anything either imagined.

After breakfast, as they held each other, watching the sunrise, Jack said, "What if we never get off this island?"

"That would be sad, but at least I would be with you." Jena stared into Jack's eyes. She was so beautiful. Jack kissed her, feeling her hands on him, pulling him in.

He broke away to say, "I guess maybe it wouldn't be so bad to spend the rest of my life with you."

Jena beamed, her warm smile penetrating Jack's heart.

She changed the subject. "Sooooo...I know I made you finish inside me last night..."

"Made me!? There's nothing I wanted more in my entire life." Jack looked serious.

"Well, I know, but there could be serious implications out here, with no options available to us if I get pregnant."

"Maybe we should be careful not to do that, but you should know, Jena...if we are trapped here for the rest of our lives, maybe that wouldn't be the worst outcome?"

Jena stammered, "You...you would be ok if we made a baby?" She had never imagined herself actually having a baby, much less with Jack.

Jack said, "You should know...you are so beautiful and intelligent...you are literally anyone's ideal mate. So yes, if it did happen, I would take care of you and make it work. We'll try not to, but if it did happen, I got you."

Jena couldn't believe how turned on she was hearing Jack refer to her as his mate. A deep warmth blossomed in her belly as she suddenly imagined Jack's baby growing in her tummy.

Jena would have to be careful to suppress her urge as she realized how easy it would be for her to go over the edge. It was crazy to have a baby out here, but she felt such love and attraction for Jack; it awakened a primal longing deep inside her.

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The day continued like many days before. They kept busy with chores, taking occasional breaks to make out and play with each other.

As the sun started to go down, Jack made a special trip to their workshop area as he had an idea that he hoped to surprise Jena with.

As dinner was prepared, they took sips from their still, mostly full bottle of liquor. They sat in front of the fire, feeling the breeze from the ocean. Jack spoke up.

"Jena, I've been thinking about our conversation this morning...."

"Me too."

Jack continued, "We have seen no ships or planes in an entire year, which tells me we aren't close to any routes...meaning it would be completely accidental for someone to find us on an island this small, so far out in the middle of nowhere."

"That makes sense."

"So I figure, if nobody has come for us in just over a year now, there's a chance they never will...."

Jena jumped in. "Are you trying to make me depressed? Because I can tell you that won't work as long as I have you around." Jena smiled sweetly.

"I...no...I'm not..." Jack stammered.

Jena held a quizzical expression. "Then what are you --"

Jack was suddenly kneeling before her. He held a makeshift ring in his hand carved from wood.

"Jena...will you marry me?"

Jena was unprepared. She had never seen anything so sweet in her life. She stood in utter silence, taking in the scene.

Jack looked earnestly at her. "Uhhhhh, Jena?"

Tears burst from Jena's eyes as she pulled Jack up towards her, smothering him with her kisses.

Jack kissed her back but then pulled away, a confused look on his face.

Jena put her hands on his face and said, "Yes...yes, I will marry you...you silly man!"

She continued her relentless kissing, and Jack relaxed, drinking her in, feeling the warmth of her mouth and the sensuality of her tongue. He felt relief and arousal in equal measure.

They wasted no time putting dinner away and heading back to their little home on the beach.

They frantically removed their clothes, standing naked before one another once again.

Jena said, "You know you made me the happiest girl in the world tonight, don't you?"

Jack lit up, "I wasn't so sure that would go the way it did. Some might think it's crazy."

"Well, that 'some' doesn't include me. Nobody could ever understand what we've gone through and how I feel about you."

Jack smiled, listening intently as he touched Jena's soft skin, noting the hardness of her nipples and appreciating her arousal. They were so comfortable with each other; it was unprecedented for both of them.

Jena held Jack's manhood as she said, "I know this might sound crazy, but..."

"Yes?"

"I want to give myself fully to you, Jack. I...I...want you to cum in me again tonight...."

"Ohh fuck" Jack's dick somehow hardened even more. His balls felt larger, as though they had been energized with raw power. "Are you sure?"

Jena had crossed the edge she had intended to hold. Maybe it was the commitment that they made to each other, or maybe it was biological or instinctual, but Jena wanted only one thing at that moment. To receive Jack's potent seed and allow him to fertilize her egg. She wanted to breed with him, to make a baby for him. She had never felt so submissive and needful of anything in her life.

She responded, "Yes."

If they had made love the night before, this night, it seemed like they would be mating.

Jena lay on the bed and spread her legs like a beautiful centerfold model. Jack's rock-hard dick thrummed with his pulse as he looked over his woman's sexy body.

Her pussy was on display, her soft pink lips calling to him. Her tummy was so smooth and perfect, accented by the slight jut of her hips. Jena's lovely breasts stood perky and capped with impossibly hard nipples. She was ready.

Jack moved into position, rubbing the head of his dick slowly along Jena's slick entrance. He could smell the scent of her arousal; she was hot for him.

Slowly, he started to insert himself into her slit. Jack could feel how much Jena wanted his seed from the moment he entered her.

She grabbed her knees and pulled her legs back, allowing him deeper access to her depths.

Her pussy felt all-consuming, and she was sure it couldn't be any more ready for him to deposit his load.

Jena looked up at Jack with doe eyes. "Jack?"

"Yes?"

"Don't hold back...I want you to impregnate me tonight."

Jack couldn't believe what he was hearing. It was like his balls were responding as they tightened further in anticipation.

He pumped into her, feeling his cock slide into her depths as he responded. "Baby, I want that...I'm going to knock you up."

Jena coaxed him further. "That's it honey...take me...I'm yours."

Her body knew what to do. Her pussy throbbed, triggering a sense of yearning deep in her tummy. Jack felt it too. Her pussy was drawing him in, urging him to release his seed. Jack found he could easily push all the way to the end of Jena's canal.

She felt him fully penetrate her sheath as she held her legs wide and as far back as possible. "You're touching my cervix, Jack. When you cum, I want you to push against that and hold yourself there."

Holy fuck, Jack thought, we really are making a baby. He felt how easy it would be to hold his cockhead against the opening to Jena's womb and release all the seed in his heavy balls.

Jena was so beautiful and sexy. He felt excited thinking how his sperm -- not any of the multitude of interested suitors out there -- was going to fertilize his sister's precious egg.

He was going to make her his...he needed to. And when he did...she would belong to him and only him.

Jack's body needed to breed her...fill her with his precious cum, but he needed to hear her say it.

"Jena...I'm getting close. If I do this, you'll belong only to me from now on, right?"

"Yes!" she said, as she felt an orgasm starting to build.

"Tell me," Jack grunted as he thrust more fiercely.

Jena was overcome with emotion as her orgasm was right on the edge. "I belong to you, Jack...only you!" Her words tipped her over as she began to quake with the biggest orgasm of her life.

Mewling like an animal, she said, "uhhhhhnnnnnnngghhh...I want your baby...Cum in me nowwww!"

Jack felt her pussy spasming, grasping his shaft, searching for his baby-making sperm. His balls felt heavy as they clenched to release their load.

Jack felt in complete control as he timed his thrusts perfectly, touching the end of his dick against Jena's cervix and pressing each time he felt his balls release each pulse of his sticky cum.

Ropes of thick semen-coated sperm were injected into Jena's cervix, causing an extraordinary amount of his sperm to enter Jena's womb.

Jena continued to murmur, "yess...I feel it," as Jack released the final pulses of his hot cum into her.

He kissed her passionately as she wrapped her legs around him and held him in place as she said, "I love you so much, baby."

With that, Jack said, "I love you too," and pulled out of his sister's pussy, intrigued by how much sperm he had deposited inside her gorgeous tummy.

They snuggled together, Jack holding Jena as they drifted off to blissful sleep.

* * * * * The Rescue

The very next day, as they went about their morning routine, walking along the beach, Jena stopped in her tracks. "Jack...what is that!?"

Jack stared in shock; it was a rescue boat crawling slowly toward them from a large ship.

Jena said, "Fuck...I'm not ready to be rescued!"

"I figure we have about five minutes max before they get here."

"What..what do we do?" Jena sounded flummoxed.

"I think we're going to have to pretend nothing happened between us."

Jena replied, "Yeah...I guess that wouldn't go over too well. But promise me something?"

"What?"

"That nothing changes between us. This was not temporary insanity. It was all true, everything we said and did together."

Jack said, "I promise. We are together, no matter what. We may have to play it cool for a while until we figure out where things stand. I'm assuming our parents are dead, so that should leave us as sole heirs-- and there will be a lot we can do to protect ourselves with that money."

Jena seemed to relax. "You're right. We may have to pretend for a while but know that I'll be thinking about you the whole time. There will be some awkward things to handle, like, for instance, if Derrick still thinks he is my fiancée. I can't exactly tell him I sort of have a new one." Jena smiled at Jack. "What about your girlfriend, Alice?"

Jack said, "Ok, I'll brush off Alice if she somehow stuck around waiting for me, but you have to do the same with Derrick. I don't think I would be able to handle seeing you with someone else, even for pretend."

"It's a plan," Jena said as she kissed him. They hugged one last time as the rescue boat got within range.

And just like that, they were whisked away; the illusion of the dream-like fantasy world they had experienced fell apart as their old reality crashed down, sweeping them away like so much flotsam.

That night as they slept in separate rooms, heading back to the nearest port to fly home from, they thought about each other and the magical life they shared, hoping it was truly real, but terrified that it could be taken away somehow.

At breakfast the next day, they spoke hidden messages with their eyes and body language, but they only had a few private moments to reassure each other.

As they disembarked and were greeted by news crews, their family's lawyer, and a multitude of onlookers, Jack whispered to Jena, "We just have to pretend to be our old selves and get through these next few days, and we can regroup after things calm down and we can get some privacy again."

Jena nodded and said, "Sounds like a plan"

* * * * *

The Estate

They were in all the papers -- they were the missing children of a wealthy family, after all. All eyes were on them as they arrived at the sprawling mansion they called home.

A large gathering of family and friends awaited them with a staged celebration of their survival and return as the heirs to their family's fortune.

With no way to communicate privately, each sibling formed their own specific plan.

Jena was going to tell Derrick she had gone through a lot while stranded and break up with him, preferably when they were finally alone.

Jack thought he would have no problem breaking up with Alice but wondered if she would make a scene. Probably better to do it in private, he thought.

They arrived at their estate in the late morning and were greeted by family, friends, and their significant others. Jack's girlfriend Alice was there -- he had half expected her not to be, an indication that she had moved on, making his plan easy. Even so, she could just be there to get a piece of the media action.

Jena's fiance Derrick was, of course, going to be there -- no doubt he had waited for her this whole time. Jack was definitely more leery of Jena's situation, as she and Derrick had been together since high school. He did not envy the task that she had to do.

When they exited the limo, it was pure chaos. Jack and Janet were split up as people greeted them, leading them into the main ballroom of the mansion.

Jack lost sight of Jena, doing his best to greet everyone he came in contact with. After a couple of minutes, he noticed a large area that had been cordoned off, creating a makeshift stage.

Behind it was a large digital display with "Jena and Derrick -- Love Reunited" written on a banner as pictures of them -- going all the way back to prom -- smoothly rotated across.

Jack paused, caught in the crowd, ignoring urges from people who tried to guide him, and continue walking.

As Jena walked up to the stage, he felt terrified. Was everything he experienced even real, or was this old reality the true one? He felt sure what he experienced on the island was a new reality -- how could it not be?

When Derrick saw Jena, he ran to her and hugged her as everyone watched with elation. The massive screen showed a live feed, keyed in on Jena. She had a look of surprise on her face, and then tears began streaming down her cheeks.

Jena was unprepared for the onslaught that ensued. First, her emotional response, but second, Derrick's fast moves. She had no time to deflect.

Derrick was suddenly kissing her as the entire crowd roared with approval. Hearts appeared on the screen as the two betrothed kissed. Jena remembered Jack's warning, thinking to herself, I just have to pretend everything is normal for a little while longer.

Jack stood frozen. His deepest insecurities provoked. After the overly long kissing and hugging, Jena held up Derrick's hand, exclaiming, "It's good to be back!" to raucous cheers. Derrick dipped Jena and began passionately kissing her as someone from the crowd yelled, "When is the wedding?"

Jack couldn't watch anymore. Of course, Jena would have no problem going back to the way things were. She went to Derrick, clearly emotional, and suddenly everything clicked into place for Jack.

She had pretended to be different on the island, but maybe it was an act. She was just lonely and had used him during her most desperate hour. Jena had already been engaged to be married after all, and Derrick was a stud - the type of guy that always went after and got a girl like Jena.

Jack felt sick as tears welled up in his eyes, allowing people from the crowd to pull him forward. Finally, the swell of people in front of him parted and he saw his girlfriend Alice waiting for him in front of a pre-planned area with a "Welcome Home Jack" banner right behind her.

They had set up a smaller space without all the media for him to reunite with his girlfriend.

It felt strange seeing Alice. She had seemed so attractive to him -- and she was a very attractive girl. Now she seemed like a stranger. Jack was completely lost and reeling from the betrayal he had witnessed. He lamented, caught in his thoughts, How...how could I think something so unlikely and amazing could be real!?

The dam broke open for Jack at precisely the wrong moment. He felt like he couldn't breathe as he tried his best to push his thoughts about Jena from his mind but couldn't help himself. Tears poured down his face as Alice ran to him.

Seeing Jack's face, she said, "I missed you too!" Alice proceeded to hug and kiss him, tears in her eyes, as the crowd cheered them on.

Jena heard a loud cheer from the other end of the large ballroom and spotted Jack.

She couldn't see in much detail from that distance, but it looked like there was a very emotional exchange happening. She felt a sudden terror as she watched Jack kissing his girlfriend. When he came up, he was crying harder than she had seen him ever before.

At that moment, an awful thought found its way into Jena's head. Perhaps Jack had been lonely on the island and given in to his urges provoked by her. What if he downplayed his relationship with Alice all along, longing to be reunited with her the whole time?

It was too terrible to consider that outcome. Jena pushed it from her mind as she thought, no way, what we had was the deepest, truest love possible. There had to be an explanation. She needed to check in with Jack in private -- and soon.

Jack felt totally despondent as he walked through the crowd and up the main stairway towards his room on the second level. He just needed to get away from everything -- to process what had happened.

As he opened the door to his all-too-familiar room, he realized that Alice had followed him upstairs. She closed the door and looked at him, smiling awkwardly.

With a seductive tone, she said, "I've missed you so much...I've been waiting to do this." She pushed Jack towards the bed. Jack was still in shock as she reached into his pants and began squeezing his dick.

It was strange to Jack. Even though Alice was supposed to be his girlfriend, and even though Jena had betrayed him, he felt like he was cheating. But soon, his dick was hard as Alice performed fellatio expertly.

For a brief moment, Jack's thoughts stopped spiraling out of control as he gave in to Alice's advances. It was over quickly enough. He was emotionally exhausted as, thankfully, he drifted off to sleep.

Hours later, Jena entered Jack's room quietly. She had so many emotions going through her. She just needed to talk. What she saw earlier in the ballroom had unnerved her, but she would be better after Jack reassured her that they only needed to pretend for a little while longer.

What she saw gobsmailed her. Jack was in bed with his ex-girlfriend, naked. Jack's eyes went wide when he saw Jena in the doorway. Just as quickly, Jena said, "ohhh, I'm sorry. I didn't realize..." as she quickly turned around and left the room.

Tears blurred her vision as she ran down the hallway and into an empty spare room. Jena curled into a ball on the couch, wrenching in agony as she thought about the implications of what she had witnessed.

She had given herself completely to Jack. She had given herself in ways that she didn't even know she was capable of.

The worst part was that she let herself be completely vulnerable, exposing her truest self to Jack. This is why she had learned to hide behind a shallow and snobby caricature of herself.

She felt her heart closing down as the old walls that had imprisoned her went up. Nobody was going to be allowed to hurt her again. She only hoped she wasn't pregnant.

She cried herself to sleep in the spare room as she thought about all that she had lost. She woke in the middle of the night, skulked back to her room, and slipped into bed with Derrick, who was fast asleep.

* * * * * Second Day of Celebration

The next day the homecoming celebration continued at the estate. With the media and most outsiders gone, the crowds had thinned out. The remaining guests and family met in the ballroom, where breakfast was being served.

Jack entered the main ballroom. That morning he had sent Alice home, telling her honestly that he was in a strange place and needed time alone.

Almost right away, Jena walked towards him with Derrick in tow. It was not lost on Jack that Jena was wearing an incredibly sexy outfit.

Her short dress was made of a sheer and silky fabric that accentuated her already ostentatious body. It was clear that she wore no bra, as the thin fabric almost directly exposed her sexy nipples.

Her fiancée Derrick seemed over the moon...and why wouldn't he be? He had the most desirable woman on his arm. If he only knew what had transpired between them, Jack thought, as anger built up inside him.

Jack was still puzzled about why she had come into his room the night before. To tell him what he already knew? That she had reconsidered everything when she got home and had a choice between him or Derrick?

He still winced when he thought about the look on Jena's face when she saw him in bed with Alice. Maybe a part of her regretted getting back together with Derrick?

He felt feeble as he remembered how he had snuck into the bathroom the night before to cry in the shower. It was then he realized that he would take her back in a heartbeat. If only that were a possibility.

He had never imagined he could love someone so much. Even though she had betrayed him, he knew he could never stop loving her in the deeply layered ways the island had brought them together. Though right now, he was angry.

Jena introduced Derrick. "You remember my brother Jack?"

"Oh yeah, of course. I hear you took care of my girl on that island?"

Jack said, "I sure did," while giving Jena a knowing look. Jack imagined smashing Derrick's face right there and then, but he held it in.

Jena had a hurt look in her eye as she broke eye contact and kissed Derrick on the cheek, hanging on to him like a floozy.

Jena didn't know what else to do with her anger. Every chance she got, she planned on seeing if she could make Jack jealous. She could swear he was upset, as he couldn't stop looking at her wherever she was in the room. Interesting, she thought; why does he seem to care after he so clearly made his choice?

Jena still couldn't imagine how Jack had abandoned the love they found together on that island. Her heart belonged to Jack, and he had managed to break it already. Jena was in a terrible place, having to pretend everything was alright while feeling an overwhelming cascade of emotions internally.

And then there was Derrick. She had loved him for what seemed like a lifetime ago, and he was so sweet to have waited for her when everyone thought she was dead. Except now she had no feelings for him at all. His touch was gross to her, and all she could think about was being back with Jack in their little hut on the beach.

The people waiting to chat interrupted Jack and Jena's exchange. They had questions like, "How did you eat? What was it like?" At one point, somebody said, "We're so sorry about your parents...at least you have each other!"

Jack stayed away from Jena after that, but he was compelled to watch her wherever she went. She couldn't keep her hands off that asshole.

Jack felt jealous anger wash over him as he saw Derrick rest his hand on Jena's rump. Jena seemed so haughty and stuck up the way she carried herself, flaunting her body like a trashy slut.

How could he have been so wrong about her? It really was like reality had turned itself upside down.

As the morning progressed, Jena was finding it hard to care anymore. Her heart was broken, and it took all of her willpower not to break down in tears publicly.

Jack was hanging back on the outskirts of the hall, pretending not to watch her, but she could feel his eyes on her. She sat down next to Derrick, positioning her chair so she was facing Jack.

She subtly hiked up her short skirt and spread her legs. She wanted to see what Jack would do. She could feel Jack's eyes on her panties. When she caught him looking, he locked eyes and mouthed the words, "What are you doing!?"

Jena rolled her eyes and got up. She excused herself, saying, "I have to go to the bathroom. Be right back."

Jack watched as Jena strutted towards him, going out of her way to walk past him. Jack leaned against the wall holding a drink in one hand.

Jena didn't even give him eye contact as she strolled past, "accidentally" brushing his crotch with her hand.

She carried herself down the hall the way she used to when Jack thought of her as stuck up. She was out of control. Jack set down his drink.

He silently followed, watching her beautiful ass move with every step. God damn, he missed that.

Jack followed her into one of the many bathrooms in their mansion, closing the door behind him and locking it.

Jena turned to face him. In a bitchy tone, she said, "What do you want!?"

Jack grabbed Jena's hand. "What the fuck Jena. Why are you acting like this!?"

"Are you enjoying your alone time with Alice?"

Jack was taken aback. "Are you enjoying planning your wedding with Derrick?"

"I thought we were supposed to pretend for a few days?" Jena said innocently.

"Why are you acting like a slut? Is this outfit how you want to be seen!? Do you want me to be jealous!?"

Jena responded with a smirk, "Are you?"

"Why are you being such a bitch?"

Jena slapped Jack hard. "How dare you!? You didn't take long to move on and fuck that bitch. I bet you couldn't wait..."

Jack suddenly grabbed her other hand and turned her around to face the bathroom vanity.

He wrapped his arms around Jena. She froze. This was totally unexpected. Jack moved his head close to her, taking in the scent of her hair. He inhaled loudly as she felt him move his hands all over her body.

Jena wondered what he was doing. Did he think he could have her and Alice? Was that his game? She felt humiliated as she realized that she didn't care. She wanted him, no matter the circumstances.

Jena felt Jack's hands move onto her breasts, exploring the contours and squeezing her hard nipples. She was breathing audibly and felt so aroused she might faint.

Jack then moved one hand under her dress and into her panties. Her pussy was slick with her arousal.

She wanted Jack to feel jealous and regret what he had done. She was operating on pure instinct, desperate and hurt, but she could not have foreseen Jack's course of action.

He pulled her panties down. Jena leaned forward onto the bathroom counter, giving him better access. He pulled out his dick and lifted up her skirt, exposing her soft and lovely pussy.

Jack said, "If you're going to act like a slut, I'm going to treat you like a slut."

He rubbed the head of his dick against her tight little pussy lips, enjoying the familiar feel of her lubricant moistening his cock. Jack suddenly felt powerful again as he could sense Jena's body trembling in response to him.

He continued, "Is this what you want?"

She said in a quiet, shame-filled voice, "Yes."

"I didn't hear you. You want me to treat you like a bitch?"

Much louder but still with reluctance, she said, "YES!"

Jena was so wet Jack easily slid his throbbing dick into her cunt. Jack didn't care how he got here. He just knew he couldn't stop. He needed Jena like he needed to breathe.

He began to fuck her like a wild animal making its mark. He thrust hard, making an audible smack with each bounce of her butt.

Jena whimpered and gasped as he drove deep into her, holding her hips in his tight grip.

He said, "Do you want me to cum in you like a good bitch?"

Jena tried to keep her volume down as she began to cum. "Oh God, yesss. Cum in me...."

Jack watched Jena looking up into the mirror; her face contorted with pleasure as she orgasmed. "Uhhhhhhhhnnnn...uhhhhhhh. Ohhhhhh...."

Jack pumped for all he was worth, feeling his balls tightening. He had no intention of pulling out; he was going to make her his.

Jack came hard inside Jena's depths, releasing his load deep in her as she orgasmed.

When he finished pumping her full of his sperm, Jack squeezed his dick to release the last drops in Jena's pussy, and then pulled out. Jack pulled up his pants and turned to leave.

As he walked away, Jena said, "I guess you haven't forgotten about me after all."

Jena felt Jack's warm cum dripping out of her pussy and down her leg. She was so relieved to know she had not lost him completely. She pulled up her panties, fixed her hair, and went back to the party.

Jena was still confused about why Jack was so angry seeing her with Derrick. She thought, he moved on from me...he betrayed me...and he expects to have his way with me and still have other women!? It seemed so out of character for the kind and loving protector she fell in love with on the island.

The last couple of days made something perfectly clear to Jena. What happened on the island could not be undone. There was only one man for her, and she was mated for life.

She couldn't begin to understand why Jack was doing what he was doing. If she had to share him with another woman, then she would do that reluctantly. She would be humiliated, but she would do whatever it took to keep him.

She vacillated between being angry and on the verge of tears when she pictured Jack with Alice. What did he see in her that Jena didn't have more of or couldn't give him? Not to be arrogant, but It wasn't even close!

"Fuck!" Jena said out loud as she continued to walk.

Jena made herself angry, thinking about losing to Alice. It not only hurt, but it made her feel deeply insecure.

Jena was not the type to share, however, which meant there was only one solution. She had to make Jack want her, and only her. No way was she going to share him with that bitch Alice.

After an entire day of being dragged around by Derrick, Jena was tired of him getting all handsy with her. What had she seen in him all those years ago? He was a shallow, selfish, immature person.

She realized again how much she had changed on that island, thanks to Jack's ability to reflect back and support the best parts of herself. Derrick was the same, but she had evolved so much as to find Derrick disgusting.

When she got to her room, she finally had the conversation with Derrick. She started by telling him she was still going through a lot and that she needed to get some space. She tried to be kind.

Predictably, Derrick got angry. Hadn't he waited long enough? He had needs, he said. With no reservations whatsoever, Jena sent him packing. That would never be happening.

Jena took a shower, thinking about how hot the sex with Jack had been earlier in the bathroom. She had never experienced sex like that.

Although it hurt to hear him call her names, she was strangely turned on by it. He was clearly turned on. She talked to herself as she exited the shower to dry off. "If he wants a bitch I'll give him a bitch..."

Instead of going to bed, she began to carefully dress.

* * * * *

Jack had sent Alice home earlier in the day, but what he didn't tell her was that it was over. He would save that for another day when he wasn't so emotionally exhausted. Jack needed a shower, though he was reluctant to wash Jena's scent off his skin.

As Jack showered, he thought about the day's events. He could not stand seeing Derrick touching Jena. He had to push away terrible, dark thoughts his mind conjured up about Derrick. He understood now why people committed crimes of passion.

He had shocked himself with what he had done in the bathroom earlier, taking her like some beast. He just couldn't help himself. All he could think about was Jena.

Why had she reverted into some conniving bitch version of herself? He believed in his heart that the woman he fell in love with was still there.

She was genuine, complex, and powerful but also unbelievably tender. He had truly fallen in love with her on the island, and that woman had to be in there, hiding underneath that facade.

Jack's tears mixed with the shower's water as he continued to wash.

Why had Jena tried to make him jealous the entire day? Why was she toying with him? Did some part of her enjoy that? She definitely liked it when he fucked her in the bathroom...so did she intend to keep him around for sex while she stayed with Derrick to appease the public?

Jack was confused, but one thing was clear; He had drastically underestimated how far down the rabbit hole they had gone on that island. There was no coming back for him. He would take whatever he could get from Jena -- even if it meant being used. It hurt deeply, but it was miles better than where he was the day before when he wasn't even in the picture.

Jack got into bed, leaving the bathroom light on so he wasn't sitting in complete darkness as he stayed awake with his already dark thoughts. It was going to be another hard, sleepless night.

At midnight, Jack heard his door open. He saw a silhouette and watched as the figure closed the door and stepped forward into the light from the bathroom. It was Jena. She wore a robe, but her hair and makeup were completely done. He had never seen her look so beautiful.

Jena opened and discarded her robe. Jack's eyes went wide as he took in what he was seeing. Jena wore an outfit right out of a sex magazine.

She wore black stockings and knee-high black leather platform boots with stiletto heels. A black leather skirt wrapped around her hips exposed and highlighted her toned stomach.

A black leather top engulfed her boobs just enough to cover them barely but also accentuate their pertness. The skirt was at just the right height to subtly expose her crotch.

Her blonde mane was teased wildly, accentuating a black leather neck covering adorned with small studs and spikes, all of which complemented her gorgeous makeup that flowed to her eyes, lined with sharp edges, glitter, and highlights.

Jack had never seen a woman so beautiful. His brain completely stopped, and his dick hardened. Jena walked towards him, oozing with confidence as she ordered Jack to stand up.

He complied immediately, standing at the edge of the bed in his underwear.

She stood before him like a mythological Goddess, exuding sexual power. "Take these off," she said as she tapped his bulging underwear-covered hard-on with a small leather switch.

Jack released his underwear, dropping them to the floor. His erection pulsed with the beat of his heart as he felt Jena slide her switch along it. She said, "That's nice," as she objectified Jack's manhood.

Jena reached down and cupped his balls in her hand. "Are you going to be a good boy and do as I say?"

Jack felt humiliated as he said, "Yes."

Jena commanded with a powerful and sexy voice, "Get on your knees."

Jack knelt at the edge of the bed, looking up, his face at Jena's crotch level, thanks to her platform boots. She planted one foot on the edge of the bed, completely exposing her pussy, now only inches from Jack's face.

She said, "Pleasure me with your tongue."

The smell of her already moist pussy was intoxicating as he lapped up her sweet cunt juices with his mouth. He couldn't get enough. He felt like a hungry animal that needed to please her.

Jack felt her hands grip his hair as she tilted his head upwards to focus on her clit. She breathed heavily as she whispered, "Ohhhhh...yeah...that's it."

He continued to stimulate her clit with everything he had and was rewarded when she came, moaning, "You're making my pussy cum...Ahhhh...yes...fuck...yessss!." Her hand gripped his hair tightly.

She removed her foot from the edge of the bed and guided Jack up by his hair.

"Lay down on your back and put your head on that pillow," she commanded. "You've been such a good boy; I'm going to give you a reward."

Jena climbed onto the bed, licking and kissing her way up his legs. Her sexy mouth and tongue created an erotic visual that could have been a painting.

When she got to his iron-hard cock, she grabbed it tightly by the base and licked his balls. Jack felt the intimacy of her sensual tongue as she traced circles around each testicle and kissed them with her soft lips.

Jena looked directly at him with her beautiful blue eyes as she began to suck Jack's dick. "Uhhhhhhh," Jack moaned, feeling his sister's hot mouth pleasure him.

This was Jack's first experience with Jena doing this, and he was in shock at how good she was at it. He had never experienced anything like it, and he was already going to cum.

"Ohhhhh...fuck...Ohhhh...shit," Jack groaned as he was brought to the edge.

Jena stopped abruptly, snapping her switch against his chest. "That's a bad boy...I didn't say you could cum." She squeezed his balls with a little more pressure, letting him know she was in control. "Are you going to obey me now?"

Jack was on another plane at this point. He was willing to do anything she said.

He replied, "Yes...I'm sorry."

Jena climbed on top of him. He could feel her positioning his cock against her entrance. She looked at him with intensity as she said, "Don't move."

She kissed him and bit his lip. Her tongue slipped into his mouth, and he responded in kind. He could almost cry, feeling the intimacy of Jena's mouth. The warm caresses and teasing bites overloaded his senses. It reminded him of the love they shared on the island. He missed her so much.

Jena lowered herself, pushing Jack's cock into her lubricated pussy. She was in control as she moved her hips in a smooth, rhythmic motion.

"Ohh fuck," Jack said. The pleasure was unbelievable as he felt her hot pussy caress his overly stimulated flesh. He felt his balls rising, preparing to release their payload. Jena sensed this and slowed down.

She said, "Not yet," her expression suddenly became serious, "I want you to promise me something."

"Anything."

"I want you to promise me that this is the only pussy you'll be inside from here on." Jena slowly rocked her hips -- just enough to keep him on the edge, but not over. She looked so hot on top.

"Yes," he said.

Jack felt humiliated as he gave in to Jena. Here she was, sneaking out on her sleeping soon-to-be husband so she could ensure that Jack belonged to her on the side.

"That's a good boy."

Jena moved faster as her heavenly gash squeezed down to the base of Jack's cock and back up to the tip. She was in total control.

She said, "You've been such a good boy, I'm going to let you cum in my pussy. Do you want to cum in your big sister's pussy?"

"Yes!" Jack felt his balls preparing to unleash their pent-up load.

Jena impaled herself on his rod, as her ass slapped against Jack's pelvis.

She started to orgasm loudly. "Ohhhhh, that's it...fuck me...give me your cum."

Jack felt himself tipping over the edge. "You're going to make me cum in you!" His balls were ready.

As Jena's orgasm unleashed, she said, "That cum belongs in me....cum in my pussy."

Jack unleashed a torrent of hot jism into Jena's tight box. Jena was in full control as she clamped down, feeling her brother's dick spurting inside her.

She milked his seed as his balls kept contracting, shooting gobs of his sticky sperm deep into her core, through her cervix, and into her womb.

Jena stood up as rivulets of Jack's cum slid down her leg.

She walked into the bathroom, grabbed a towel to wipe the semen coming down her legs, and returned to sit on the bed next to Jack.

She took his hand and looked at him sincerely. "I'm going to hold you to your promise," Her expression darkened. "You belong to me now."

Jack looked down and said with a deflated tone, "Yes."

"That means you are going to leave Alice, right!?" Jena said with a hint of menace in her voice.

"I was already going to do that."

Jena paused. "Was that before or after you fucked her some more?"

"I...I...that was not planned. I just...I was just so lost." Jack couldn't help it, tears began to stream down his face.

Jena saw the sincerity in his eyes, and her heart softened a little. He seemed to have reservations about his decision.

She said, "I need to know that you are really, truly done with her." Her gaze was intense.

Jack said, "Why is this such a big issue for you? I'm the one that's getting fucked on the deal."

Tears welled up in Jena's eyes and started streaming down her cheeks. "I understand if you can't...."

"Why are you crying?" Jack moved closer and put his arms around Jena.

"I thought...I thought you loved me...all of me! why am I not enough for you!?" Tears blurred Jena's vision as she leaned over, sobbing, her hands covering her face.

"Not enough!? Jena, you are literally ALL I need. I'll give up all the money and live penniless with you. I will give up my life for you. Jack was serious.

Jana stopped crying -- stunned.

Jack jumped in. "I thought you loved me...you were going to spend the rest of your life with me!" Jack's eyes overflowed as he tried and failed to hold his tears back.

Jena pulled him closer. "I do love you...more than anything."

"Then is it because you realized it was fucked up to have a relationship like this with a family member?"

"Nobody can understand our relationship. It's unique. There's nobody that fits better with me than you. I'll be with you for the rest of my life. I know it in my soul."

"Then why on God's green earth, did you choose...him!?"

"What...who?"

"Are you going to make me say his name?" Jack looked pained.

Jena realized at that moment everything that had gone wrong. "Do you think I left you for...Derrick?"

Jack stared expressionless, with his mouth open.

Jena suddenly burst into a bout of raucous laughter, doubling over.

Jack couldn't help it -- he started laughing too. Jena's laughter was always infectious.

Then he said, "What are we laughing at?"

A kind expression washed over her face as she stopped laughing.

"You silly boy. Do you think I would ever choose someone over you -- love someone the way I love you -- after everything we've been through?"

"But, I saw you...on the screen and in front of everyone. You were crying and kissing him."

Jena cupped his face with her hands. "I had no intention of getting back with Derrick. I was just overwhelmed emotionally, and he pushed himself on me in front of everyone. I'm repulsed by that asshole, which is why I kicked his ass out of here."

Jack seemed to relax, taking in all he was told.

Bemusement washed over Jena's face. "I thought you left me for Alice!"

"Oh my fucking God... I would never. Jena, how could I even compare you to...Alice!?"

"I know!!!" Jena smiled, "that's what I was saying!"

Jack's expression changed as awareness dawned. "So that means you were willing to do whatever it took to get me back? That's what this was just now? You were seducing me...so I would see that I didn't need two women!?"

Jack buckled over with laughter.

"Shut up, you jerk!" Jena couldn't help but smile.

"Wow, you really do love me!"

Jenna rolled her eyes. "Nice."

She asked, "So, what about you?"

"Huh?"

"It wasn't more than thirty minutes ago that you were willing to be my sex slave and share me just so you could be with me!"

"Yes, Jena. I love you so Goddamn much; I was willing to share you with someone else. Are you going to laugh now?" Jack had a serious expression on his face, conveying his displeasure.

Jena's face was a blank slate.

Jack looked at her expectantly. "Well...?"

They both simultaneously burst into uncontrollable laughter, buckling over until their stomachs hurt.

Eventually, the laughter died down.

"I love you so much, Jena." Jack felt his heart open. He had been so stupid and insecure. "I will never doubt you again."

"You better not!" she said, smiling radiantly, "Or I'll have to dominate you again!"

Jack perked up. "I think I'd be ok with that!"

Jena purred, "Mmmmmmm. I like!"

Jena took off her outfit and climbed naked into bed with Jack. They kissed and held onto each other, fully reunited and comfortable once again.

Jack said, "I seriously thought you had regressed into some bitchy version of yourself."

Jena mused, "Well, I think you saw a part of me that does exist!" Her smile was infectious.

She looked even more adorable and endearing to Jack. "Well, as long as I can have all of you, I'm good!"

"You can...and do," Jena said as she pulled him in tight.

He exclaimed, "What fucked up plans we made coming back here!" They both laughed again.

Jena changed the topic. "I hope...I'm pregnant...I'm going to have your baby, Jack"

"Well, that would make sense, as you are my betrothed!"

Jena melted. "I was hoping you were serious about that."

Jack said, "I...want that more than anything...and I think everything can work out for us."

He continued, "There's one thing we didn't count on this whole time."

"What's that?"

"We're filthy rich. If we want to get married and have babies, we can concoct any cover story we want. We can move and live anywhere we want. We'll figure it out."

She kissed Jack and said, "How about the island? I've missed it ever since we got back."

Jack gave her a thoughtful look. "Yes, it was a magical place...and there is no way we could have found each other without it." Jack paused for dramatic effect. "But I brought the only thing that matters back with me." He tapped Jena's little nose with his finger.

Jena chuckled. "You are so sweet...I love you, you romantic fool." She kissed Jack.

The unlikely lovers realized they didn't actually need to go back to the island. They carried it with them wherever they went from then on.