

# BLACK SHEEP

*sunburycd*

*Sister returns to the family home.*

Incest/Taboo

4.64

5.6k words

"Have you seen your sister's facebook?" Mia handed me a much needed glass of white wine.

I nodded my thanks and looked around the milling throng attending the wake, most of whom I had no idea as to their identity.

"You know I don't bother with those things," I re-informed my ex-wife. "Why, has she sent condolences?" I added, scoffing at the actual thought of it.

Six months Mom had lain dying and not a word from Carly, let alone a visit. That she would spend a second acknowledging our mother's death was to me, both amusing and sad.

"No, she's coming!" Mia informed me, already accentuating the fact by nodding, as if she knew I'd look in her eyes for signs of jest.

"To the funeral? Well it's a bit late for that."

"No here. To the wake," Mia explained. "It was your son that saw it."

"He's on Facebook? He's only eleven years old!" The thought of him following my sister on social media made me pale. "Oh god, she's not still posting 'those' photos is she?"

The question caused Mia to cough on her own drink. "Oh no, thankfully. Well not on Facebook. I don't think Connor knows about her Insta account. Thank the lord."

If he was navigating his way around Facebook I reasoned, he'd know about Instagram, but tried to dismiss the image of my son let loose on the world wide web from my mind as I was approached by elderly friends of my deceased mother, wishing their best.

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It was early afternoon and my sister's impending return to our childhood home had slipped from thought with the departure of many of the guests. It wasn't until the excited squeal of my six year old daughter from the entrance hall broke the sombre mood of the day did her expectant presence take actual form. No one else could make Lucy scream in excitement like her long absent auntie, and though my feelings towards Carly right then were mixed, I joined my family to welcome her arrival.

In the process of hugging my wife. Correction, my ex-wife, (I continue to make that mistake) Carly's arm was being dragged to the side by my daughter, eager to claim my sister for her own. Connor looked on with the puppy dog eyes he'd always had for his aunt. Eyes I recognised as probably not dissimilar to my own at his age. Looking upon a goddess. A goddess that just happened to be part of the family.

My presence was felt in the hallway and Carly's eyes dragged up from over my wife's shoulder to settle on me, a fresh glass of wine still in hand.

"Hey stranger," I offered after a moments silence where even little Lucy could sense tension between us.

"I'm sorry," Carly stated, her eyes teary as she pressed her body against me in an embrace. How 'sorry' she actually was intrigued me with her lack of compassion during the last year or her failure to attend the funeral but those questions would wait. Right then, it was just pleasant to see her, to have her back home for how little time she was endeavouring to treat us.

It again was Lucy that dragged us apart, pulling Carly across to a settee to show her a drawing she'd done. I noticed a large well used suitcase beside the door and wondered if indeed she was planning on staying on?

"It's wonderful," Carly praised Lucy's art whose own attention was drawn to the artwork adorning my sister's arm. A temporary henna tattoo daubed her left hand but it was the intricate lattice work of ivy running her entire arm from wrist to shoulder that demanded investigation, Lucy tracing her fingers across the green trending to red leaves upon the vine.

"That's new," my ex-wife seemed to convey my thought and Carly regaled us with the when and where of her latest acquisition.

"So are you planning on hanging around?" I broke into her story probably too abruptly and much more callous sounding than I meant.

"Well yeah, I was hoping to," Carly stated. "I'm sure I can find somewhere cheap to rent."

Lucy and Connor were understandably ecstatic with the news, my son taking the opportunity to hold her other hand in a bid to mimic his sister's innocent examination of her skin and the tattoos thereupon.

"Well obviously you'll stay here until then," Mia proposed and Carly's eyes immediately went to mine.

"I mean that would be great if I could," Carly questioned me, Lucy answering for me.

"Of course you must!" She maturely stated. "Dad showed us your old room, it's mine when I'm staying here but you can have it. There's a grown-ups bed in it and everything. Come on I'll show you."

Connor as well was eager to lead my sister up the stairs and I stopped their progress as the two of them dragged her off the settee.

"Wait a second," I challenged and all three sets of eyes looked furtively toward me, nervous I was about to object. "Maybe you could carry your aunts suitcase up for her Connor, what do you say?" I proposed, essentially giving my approval, and eager to show his strength, Connor was quick to comply.

"You're holding up well," Mia placed an arm around my waist when they'd reached the landing, out of earshot.

"For now," I countered. "She hasn't said anything. Why would she even come back at all? And today of all days. It wasn't for Mom's funeral, so why?"

"I don't know," Mia offered. "Ask her. You've said yourself you and her were close. Maybe she thinks it's time. And the kids love her. It'd be good to have another potential babysitter on call."

I hugged Mia myself, glad she had been there for me today; during the last year, despite our divorce.

"Thanks for today," I stated. "Helping with everything."

"Hey it's what ex-wives are for isn't it?" She laughed.

I frowned in response. "Hmm, I'm not sure about that, but I'll take it. Are you going to hang around for a while?"

"I don't see why not," Mia smiled. "Try dragging those kids away from her now anyway."

"I think Connor has a crush on her," I admitted and Mia once again laughed.

"What man doesn't?" She giggled.

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I bade farewell to the last of the guests late afternoon and finally breathed out. The delighted screams of the kids in the backyard, especially Lucy's was a welcome sound echoing through the house and picking up paper plates and some empty glasses from the hallway I ventured toward the distraction. Depositing the rubbish in the kitchen, I walked out into the strong sunlight in the yard and shielding my eyes looked upon the entirety of my family.

Carly was in the process of climbing out of the pool, Lucy impatiently awaiting her to watch her dive. Connor was doing laps, the little would-be olympian demonstrating his prowess for his favourite aunt, ignoring his mother's warning to 'not go too hard.'

I looked back at my sister, the water cascading down over the barely there olive colored bikini that she 'just' wore. Was I being prudish? It covered all of the contentious regions I supposed. Maybe having children of my own had made me more conservative? Certainly twenty years prior I'd have done just about anything to see my big sister as she was; in less. The sudden recollection of my youth took me by surprise. God I spoke to myself. It's more than twenty years!

Before Lucy had a chance to dive, Carly pushed her in, jumping in directly behind her to splash my daughter as her head arose, laughing and not the least resentful for the trick.

"It's nice to hear laughter around here again," Mia smiled at me, sunning her legs on a deck chair.

"Stay for dinner?" I proposed, admittedly not looking forward to being alone with Carly and the eventual argument I knew would come.

"It's school tomorrow Trey," Mia acknowledged. "We'd be getting home too late if we stayed on."

I understood where she was coming from. The kids would be overexcited from seeing Carly anyway, bedtime later than was usual would be a nightmare for both of us were we still together, alone, I didn't envy her. Mia looked at her watch, I think sensing my reason for asking. "We'll stay till five."

"Can we stay next weekend Daddy?" Lucy anxiously asked as I saw them into the car well after Mia's anticipated departure time. "If Carly's still here," she threw in the addendum.

I looked at Mia in the front seat and she was nodding furiously, obviously ecstatic about the possibility of an added weekend without the kids.

"I'm sure that can be arranged Honey," I kissed my daughter before attempting the same on Connor who without malice shirked away, his eyes looking over my shoulder to be sure Carly hadn't observed him. I ruffled his still damp hair instead and wished them a safe drive home before taking a deep breath and re-entering the house.

Carly remained where the kids had reluctantly said goodbye to her, stretched upon a banana lounge catching the last of the sun's rays before it dipped below the tree-line. She poured wine into my glass as she noticed me head back out, handing me the glass as I dropped back into my own deck chair.

"Thanks," I told her, downing a large amount of the glass in one go, Carly smiling over her sunglasses.

"Big day huh!" She grimaced.

"You could say that again," I sighed and she did, repeating the claim which drew a smile from me.

"There's lots of leftovers," I observed. "At least I don't have to make anything for dinner."

"Mm, I would've suggested a delivery anyway had there not," Carly stated.

It was all small talk and it continued on for the next five minutes while I ran through my head the amount of times she'd been home in the last decades, coming up blank when imagining the last time she'd stepped foot inside this house. For a while it felt like no time had passed. Sitting out there together we could still have been in high school. Pool parties with friends. Her face turned up to the sky and I took a moment to admire her body, still perfect in my eyes even now closing in on her 41st birthday. Where had the time gone? In her early twenties leaving for college, then leaving for good and not looking back, rarely re-entering our lives. The bikini in the process of drying, from my vantage still damp between her upper thighs where it created a pronounced cameltoe. It sat lower on her pubic bone than it'd been when Mia and the kids were there I perceived, paler skin and the hint of pubic hair above the hem. I felt myself blush and looked further up along her body, quickly skirting over her breasts to more palatable viewing, her tattooed arms.

"They're new," I repeated my ex-wife's observation and her face lowered to aim in the direction I looked.

"I was sure I had the right arm done the last time I was in town," she proposed and I shook my head.

"Do you even remember when that was?" I charged and she lowered her glasses.

"Not really," she replied, sensing my mood change.

"Connor was only nine. I'm surprised Lucy remembers you at all."

"What do you want me to say?" She challenged. "I've been working. Travelling."

"Yeah, so busy you couldn't even come back for Mom's funeral. To see her while she was dying."

"Did she ask to see me?" Carly threw back and it took me by surprise. She hadn't. And the fact I hadn't thought of that fact prior shocked me and left me momentarily speechless.

I didn't answer her question, rising from the chair with a non-committal shrug and went to the edge of the pool. I heard her rise from the lounge behind me and as she did I dropped to my knees to rescue a lady bug from the surface of the water. Seeing it safely back on land, I looked to my left and my sister's bare feet.

"He swims like you, you know," Carly changed the subject. "Connor. All arms and splashes," she chuckled.

I squinted in the last rays of the sun and looked up her body, my face level with her crotch, her nipples now more overt.

"Like I used to!" I challenged, smiling.

"Oh yeah? Prove it," she stated and ever so quickly she had both hands pressing my back. Fully clothed I fell headfirst into the pool, the water colder than I'd expected, bobbing back up, catching my breath to see Carly in rapturous delight above me.

"Oh god I wish the kids were here right now," she laughed, dropping to a knee on the poolside and reaching a supporting arm down.

I swam to the edge and accepted her help, taking hold of her tattooed forearm but dragged her into the pool instead. Her shocked scream muffled by the water as she fell. She came back up spluttering, laughing, wiping water from her eyes as I held onto the edge of the pool.

"I've missed you," I admitted, being together with her, alone in the pool bringing memories flooding back. Of innocent play as children and teens and then not so innocent as we aged. Were they real? Memory is so corruptible, over the years I began to tell myself much of what I thought was true was possibly fantasy. She came to my side and clung to the edge facing me, still the twenty year old girl I remembered from my visions.

"I've missed you to," she concurred as my teeth chattered, a smile returning to her serious visage. "Come on, lets get out of here."

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Showered, she returned downstairs hauling her suitcase and I thought the worst until she explained.

"I can't stay in my old bedroom, Trey," she admitted. It had been completely redecorated for my daughter in the years we'd been living there until the divorce, but the bones remained. "There's too many memories," she added.

"It's alright, come downstairs," I stated, providing an alternative.

Much like my son, I was eager to take Carly's case from her, gesturing for her to head to the basement as she frowned at me skeptically.

It was the room where we'd spent our teens. Parties, television, homework. Now refurbished, new carpet, painted. Carly's eyes lit up at the transformation from dingy hangout to modern media/guest bedroom.

"Trey, it's fantastic," Carly beamed and I felt goosebumps run my spine. Everything was how it had been, but updated. CRT television to large flatscreen. Playstation one to Connor's PS4. The tattered old couch to modular lounge, easily converted to a double bed. "We used to spend all our time down here just to get away from Mom and Dad," Carly reminisced. "Now I actually want to!"

I placed the suitcase against a wall and joined her as she scoured a shelf of old cd's.

"Remember these things?" She laughed as she pulled out a title and flipped the cover. "This is mine!" She remarked.

"Yeah, all your old cd's are there," I acknowledged. "Like I was going to throw away all your stuff!"

She placed the disc back and looked down at the gaming console. "Oh god. Remember that game we used to play for hours? The bandicoot one."

I stepped back and sat down on the sofa, recalling the game and the memories it invoked. Of Carly laying on the floor as I sat behind her. Her legs spread enabling me to see up her skirt. Of her looking back over her shoulder and catching me, parting them further. Had that actually happened? I wondered.

"Yeah of course," I stated. "Crash Bandicoot. It was awesome," I added. Was I referring to the game or her?

She joined me on the couch and lay back, the light sun dress settling upon her body, moulding to her every bump, most notably her groin.

"You know I was there when we released some back into the wild in Western Australia a few years ago," she confided. "I thought of you!" She added.

"What? Real bandicoots?" I quizzed to which she nodded. "Is there anything or anywhere you haven't been or done?" I marvelled.

She was quiet a moment as I leaned back on the lounge with her.

"There are still some things I haven't done," she cryptically answered, her eyes searching mine and I wondered what she meant by her demeanour?

I wanted to kiss her. The more I looked at her, the stronger my feelings for her. If none of those last years of her at home had been merely my overacting imagination, we'd been on the verge of fucking. I had no doubt. We'd kissed. Not innocently either. I could describe the account perfectly even so many years later. In this same room discussing my then girlfriend. Carly had wanted to hear all about our date, even down to the kiss which I'd described as 'awkward.' Her offer to see if it was me that was the problem, try out on my sister. It was her's, the first tongue mine met. And then New Years Eve. By the pool. Neighborhood fireworks and Carly the closest girl at midnight. At 18 and 20 years old respectively. Brother and sister. We knew what we were doing. Alcohol affected or not.

"I know!" Carly declared. "Leg's get drunk and stay up listening to cd's! Like old times."

I was taking the next day off work for bereavement leave anyway, but even not, there was nothing I wanted to do more. Well, maybe something.

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"Remember sneaking upstairs and drinking Dad's booze?" Carly sat crosslegged on the carpet as I passed her another glass of bourbon and ice.

It brought a smile. Running back downstairs and smelling the other's breath to prove we'd gone through with it.

"I remember getting caught!" I recollected. "Dad smacked me so hard. Can you believe they would do that?"

"Not Mom," Carly noted. "Not to you anyway. You were her golden boy."

Carly changed the cd, on her knees and leaning forward, her dress riding up on her hips. History felt like it was repeating. More than twenty years later and my eyes descending once again on my sister's ass, the smoothness of the back of her thighs, the hint of white panty as she leaned lower. All it would take is her to look around and catch...and then it happened.

The first song playing, Jeff Buckley's 'Everybody Here Wants You' and Carly turning her head to see my eyes lazily make their way from her bottom. A smile. A knowing smile? Coming to her lips before she retook her seated position. It was the same song. Playing when we first kissed. In the same room.

Did she remember? Was it planned?

"Why did you go?" I asked as I drained another glass. "Why didn't you come back?" I added. Two questions that had haunted me for years.

"Mom," she answered as if a response to both.

"What, so you have a fight with Mom and then wait for her to die before returning?" It was then I thought of her timing. "God tell me you didn't come back just for the will?"

Carly turned her face from me and when she looked back there were tears in her eyes.

"You really think that?" She questioned, not waiting for me to respond. "How do you not get it Trey?"

I looked back blankly, still not understanding but troubled I'd made her upset.

"All I know is things were cool and then you go and leave. You drop by every two years or so and then whoosh, gone again," I was yelling. Unsure why. "Now you say you're gonna hang around awhile. What for? The house, the money?"

"You're a dick if you think that!" Carly spat back.

"Then what?"

"It's you, you fuck!" She shouted as Jeff Buckley aptly sang '...they all look so good from a distance but I tell you I'm the one.' "It's always been about you."

She rose from her seated position leaving her drink behind and marched to her suitcase as I looked on stunned. Tearing it open she brought forth an envelope and threw it at me. The paper yellowed and soft from age I held it before myself.

"What's this?" I challenged.

"Read it you asshole. I'm going to get some air." She took the bottle of bourbon from the table and stormed away upstairs, the song ending to leave me in the now silence of the empty basement.

The one word on the front read 'Trey' and inside was a single sheet of paper as aged as the envelope. Thin and delicate, the writing in red ink, faded with time.

My heart broke as I began to read.

'My dearest little brother,

There are words we long to say but rules always hold us back. Prevent us from declaring. For years I've wanted to tell you how I feel. To admit this lifetime of love I've had for you. So many times I've been on the verge of admitting, biting my tongue and hoping you take the lead and say it first. For surely you feel it too. We should be together. More than brother and sister. We're both adults now and there's only the taboo that can stop us acting upon what I know we both feel.

I want you. Only you. I want your kiss. Your touch. I want you inside me. To be my first. To be your first. At night I dream of you coming to me. That we make love in my bed.

I touch myself Trey! I touch myself and think of you. I think of you looking at me. Of every time we've touched, we've kissed. I saw you hard in the basement and knew it was for me, willed you to take it out. To have me take you. In my mouth. In my pussy. I want to be naked for you. To fall asleep in your arms and wake up with you beside me. Inside me.

You are my one and only Trey. I know it. You know it. Let us be together. If not forever, then only for a night. Tonight. Come to my room when Mom and Dad go to bed. I love you. I always will. No matter what.

More than your sister,

Carly.'

I re-read the letter and my eyes clouded with tears. It was dated 1998 and left me with more questions than answers.

It was all real. None of it had been the trick of memory. Mistaken recollections. I placed the letter back in the envelope and made my way back up the stairs.

The back door open on the night, I found her sitting on a deck chair hugging the bottle like a security blanket. She acknowledged my presence as I sat down the far end beside her feet.

"Why didn't you give it to me?" I cautiously asked.

She'd been crying and wiped her nose with the back of her hand, her eyes glassy as they looked to mine in the low light.

"Because Mom found it! Read it," she stated.



Even with her gone, I felt sick at the revelation. "What? How?" I asked still amazed at my ability to have a normal conversation with the information bombs I'd been delivered.

"I was writing it in my room," she explained matter-of-factly. "I left to do something, came back and she was there. Reading."

"Oh god," I sympathised.

"Yeah right!" She shrugged.

"Carly. I'm sorry."

"The way she looked at me Trey," Carly emphasised. "Her eyes. I saw only hatred. And then she let loose. Did you ever hear Mom swear?"

Even the thought of it was preposterous. "No."

"She swore!" Carly was at least able to half smile. "She called me a 'vile cunt.'"

"What!?" I exhaled, amazed.

Carly nodded.

"Probably wasn't the worst of it," she didn't elaborate. "Told me to leave and that night I did."

"Jesus," I exclaimed. "The week before college."

"Yeah, you remember?" Carly smiled.

"Of course," I began to blush at the recollection. "I hated you for going. I thought we were about to...fuck!"

"Literally," Carly laughed and her smile was beautiful.

My head was swimming.

"But you could've come back. You could've told me," I challenged to which she shook her head.

"She said if I saw you again she'd tell Dad. You know what he was like Trey. He'd have killed you!"

Pieces fell into place like a jigsaw. The thought of what she'd gone through turning my stomach. Every word ringing true. Even Dad. His temper, especially toward me, wouldn't have coped with this kind of news. Her prediction as to Dad's response, not hyperbole.

"But what about when Dad died?" I enquired. "You could've told me then."

"Oh when you'd just got married?" Carly countered. "Hey Mia, now your stepfather's dead I'm going to come and fuck your husband. My brother!"

The statement though ludicrous was also true and as we looked in each other's eyes we both held back the laugh as long as we could.

"Oh god Carly," I reached for the bottle and took a draught. The thought her lips had just touched the glass, arousing. More thoughts coming to mind. "You knew my marriage had ended. Even then?"

Carly shook her head.

"Mom was online you know," she explained. "She sent me a message saying she'd tell the kids about us. Turn them against you."

The words were like a sucker punch. It was like my own mother was two different people. The woman I'd nursed through her ordeal, loved. And this venomous spite filled portrait my sister only knew.

"She saw us," Carly added. "New Years. Remember the kiss?" 'Remember?' It was my go to when I would masturbate for years to come but didn't mention it there and then. "Other times too. She said she saw us in the pool once, ignored it. Once spotted us in the basement doing something, said it confirmed her suspicions. I don't know what that was."

I smiled upon reflection. "Well it could've been a few things," I proposed. "But seriously, why was it just you? We were in it together."

"Trey, she idolised you. Of course she'd blame me. It would've been the same with Dad," she added. "I was his princess. You would've been his scapegoat."

"You saved me," I declared. "All these years, you were protecting me."

She didn't immediately reply, instead reaching out for the bottle, taking a sip before her eyes once again looked into mine.

"It's what big sister's do," she almost whispered. "The letter stands Trey," she admitted. "I love you."

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A song, the taste of alcohol, a scent. All can take you back to an earlier time period. It was 1998 and we drank Jim Beam and coke, played Crash Bandicoot and listened to Nick Cave, the world revolving around a chance peek up my sister's skirt. It was 2019 and I tasted Wild Turkey Rare Breed on my sister's lips, the Ship Song played in our ears and we were no longer playing any games.

Her gentle push had me sitting down on the sofa and looking up at her, watching as she one by one dropped the straps of her dress from her shoulders. Like an unveiling curtain it fell from her body to leave her topless. Breasts I'd waited forty years to look upon. Small pink nipples, hard amid an untanned triangle of the softest looking perfectly formed flesh on earth. And below. I didn't disguise the route my eyes took, drifting down her belly to settle on the lump of pussy behind a tight pair of cotton panties. Her hands followed, fingers sliding beneath the hem and lowering. Her underwear falling as my cock rose.

At her knees she let them loose. To go with gravity and drop to her ankles before stepping from the unnecessary item of clothing. It brought her closer to me and I was able to drag my eyes from the small manicured tuft of pubic hair at her crotch, to her face which descended. Our mouths once again came together as she climbed upon me, her knees straddling my hips, her pussy settling on my groin.

A fumble as she attempted to unbutton my pants. An unselfconscious shared giggle as I helped her and I was free, the heat of her pussy above me, upon me and then around me as she descended. We were made for each other. The wetness of her sex met my pelvis, fully inserted she ground upon my pubic bone as I held her back, my hands exploring her body, feeling her spine, her ribs, gripping her buttocks as she began swaying her hips back and forth.

I ran a hand into her hair and pulled her head back as I opened my eyes to kiss her jaw. Her neck presented and I ran my lips down her skin to her chest, a nipple made available to my worship, the other.

"Oh God Trey," Carly sighed as she tugged at my t-shirt, wrenching it up over my head to toss away. I wrapped arms around her, her breasts against my bare skin and lifting, lowered her to the sofa, my pants below my ass.

Her feet did the rest. Sliding my pants down my legs and shuffling, never taking my cock from her now we were finally together, they left my body. At last. Naked. Brother and sister as we should have been twenty years before. Could have been. Carly's nails ran my back as we fucked, her pelvis pushing against me at the pinnacle of each thrust to compound the penetration. I wrapped my arms beneath her body, one hand on her ass, the other around her neck and increased my rate, now furiously fucking as her legs circled my hips, locking us together.

"Don't stop," Carly expelled as she pressed her lips to my ear, my face buried in her hair. "Don't stop," she repeated over and over again as my erection found its reason for being. Pleasing her. To be at her beck and call. Coated in her lube, inside her body alone. "Don't sto...ooh God," she screamed over my shoulder as she came. I could feel it. Her pussy convulsing around me. Flooding my cock with her release, her body quivering as over and over her orgasm swept her.

"Now Trey," she managed to moan as I never slackened my pace. Her legs unwrapped from my hips, spreading, and I drew them up alongside her body, her arms locking them in place, knees at her shoulders. "Cum in me now," she seemingly ordered, her eyes dreamy, cum dazed. Leaning on my fists, essentially doing push-ups, I looked down on her face as I came inside my sister, staggered thrusts as jet after jet of cum left me. Entered her to mix with her own. Ten, fifteen pulses of the most wonderful orgasm, her mouth open, her eyes reflecting every surge she felt before I collapsed upon her sweaty form, her arms enveloping me. Protecting me. 'What big sister's do.'

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She released my face from between her legs, the water from the shower head flooding my mouth where her cum had just flowed. On still wobbly, post orgasm legs she lifted me to stand with her under the warm water and with my erection safely pressed between her thighs, we embraced like lifetime lovers.

"What do we do now?" She whispered as her lips met mine, her tongue entering my mouth to savour her own taste.

"We continue making up for the last twenty years," I suggested as I lifted her in my arms, a hand reaching behind and sliding myself inside her to her expulsion of breath.

"Ohhh," she sighed as her thighs wrapped tight around me. "I mean us."

Pressing her back to the tiles to take some of the weight I looked in her eyes.

"I'm not letting you go again," I stated.

"I don't want to," she admitted.

"Then, we become the neighborhood creepy brother and sister that live together," I smiled, my cock fully inserted.

"I can't sleep in any of these bedroom," she added, squeezing her vagina around me.

"Then we become the creepy brother and sister that live in the basement," I laughed.

She groaned, more out of pleasure than the joke and I focussed on her eyes.

"Hey, we're in this together," I told her. "Whatever you want. We'll move. Find a new place. But we stay together, ok?"

Her eyes became glassy and it was then I saw a look upon her face I couldn't recall ever seeing. I dropped to the floor of the shower and with her breasts against me, her legs wrapped around my hips, the water cascading over our bodies; I saw happiness. For the first time in her life I think she was truly happy.

A tear ran down my own cheek and I pulled her closer, declaring my love as I came inside her with barely a movement. Her arms gripped me, holding me in place as she in turn embraced my cock, drawing every ounce of seed from me with her walls.

"I don't care where we are," Carly sighed. "As long as I'm with you, I'm home."

I felt exactly the same way.

The End.

Thank you for reading.