

Vacation For Two

by [Daddycums](#)

(mf, inc, oral)

Contents

- [Saturday](#)
- [Sunday](#)
- [Monday](#)
- [Tuesday](#)
- [Wednesday](#)
- [Thursday](#)
- [Friday](#)

Saturday

"Mom! Tell Trevor to stop touching me!" Melinda Clifton whined.

Trevor stuck out his tongue at his little sister, enjoying the annoyed look on her face that it caused.

"And tell him not to stick his tongue out!" she added.

Their mother sighed, no doubt in frustration at how soon the kids had started bickering, and glanced back at them. Just in time, Trevor turned his head and stared out the window to make it look like he hadn't been doing anything.

"Trevor," his mother said, and he turned his head once more to look at her.

"What?" he asked.

"Don't bother your sister."

"I wasn't bothering her!"

"Yes you were," Melinda insisted. "You were touching me!"

"Why would I want to touch you?" he asked. "I might catch a disease or something."

"I hope you do. I hope it's fatal."

"Melinda," their mother told her, "don't egg him on."

"I wasn't! I--"

"If you wouldn't let it bother you, he wouldn't do it."

"He'd just find some other way to annoy me."

"Aren't you kids too old to be fighting like that?" said their father, his eyes staring at them out of the rear-view mirror of the van.

"Tell that to Trevor. He's so immature," replied Melinda.

"I'm two years older than you, so what does that make you?" Trevor grinned.

"You're both teenagers now," said their mom. "Why don't you start acting like it?"

"So I should be going out doing drugs and trying to get laid?" asked Trevor. "Thanks for your permission, Mom."

"That's not funny," she told him sternly.

"See?" Melinda pointed out. "He's such a pervert! That's all he ever thinks about!"

"Like you ever think about anything else," her brother taunted. "All I hear at home is 'Jason this' and 'Jason that.'"

"Shut up!" she snapped, growing red. Ever since he found out about her secret crush, he teased her about it to no end. At least he didn't mention it to anyone else, especially to Jason Walters, the object of her affections. Despite how much they fought with one another, there was an unspoken rule between the siblings, a line that they just did not cross.

"Look," said their dad, "can't we spend one week together in the cabin without all this fighting?"

"I'd almost settle for just the drive up there," their mother added. "Do we need to separate you like we did when you were kids?"

"Can I sit up front?" asked Melinda hopefully.

"How about we stuff her in the trunk?" Trevor suggested helpfully.

Melinda stuck her tongue out at him.

"Mom!" Trevor whined in a mocking imitation of his sister's voice. "Tell Melinda not to stick her tongue out!"

She punched him in the shoulder, hard enough to hurt, but he wasn't about to give her the satisfaction of knowing it. Instead, he laughed. "And tell her to stop touching me," he continued in that same whiny voice.

It was much the same for the rest of the trip. Trevor and Melinda teased each other incessantly, driving each other, and their parents, crazier and crazier. A dozen times their mom or dad had to turn around and tell them to behave, threatening them with grounding, withholding allowance, or anything else they could think of to

try to make their kids settle down. It didn't work.

Finally they pulled up to the front of the cabin, none too soon. It looked like the kids were about to start killing each other. Everyone hurried out of the van to stretch their legs and breathe in the fresh air.

It was a modest log cabin, a quaint and cozy little place that fit in well with the surrounding pine forest. Despite it being a sunny day in the middle of the summer, here in the mountains, especially in the shade of the ancient pines, the temperature lingered in the high sixties. After the stuffy atmosphere and high temps in the van the whole trip, the cool air was a welcome reprieve.

Trevor glanced around, his disgust at having to spend a week unable to get away from his sister tempered by the serenity and silence of the alpine environment. Despite the isolated locale, a set of power lines and poles running from the cabin into the woods gave them the reassurance that they were not entirely cut off from civilization.

Their father fit the key to the lock and opened it, peering in. His family followed, stepping into the place that would be their home for the next week. It had only four rooms: the living room and kitchen formed a single area with not even a divider separating them. A fireplace in the front room would provide heat; it would likely get pretty cold at night, and despite electrical power for the lights and kitchen appliances, the cabin had no thermostat. Two bedrooms surrounded the living area, and a single bathroom off to the side completed the quarters. Trevor and Melinda had both groaned when they had first discovered they would be sharing a room. At least it had two beds. But not, apparently, a door. That was an unpleasant surprise; both Trevor and Melinda liked their privacy, and the vacation would have been almost bearable if one of them could hide out in the bedroom while the other one was out in the living room. At least they they would have been able to stay away from each other.

At least the bathroom had a door, so they had a place to change. It was small, but there was room enough for a toilet, sink, and shower.

"Well, here we are," said their dad. "Let's get everything unpacked. Trevor, help your sister with her suitcase."

"I can manage by myself," she insisted. "I don't want Trevor deliberately dropping it."

"I wouldn't have deliberately dropped it," he said with a wounded tone. "It would have been an accident."

Their parents sighed in unison.

Melinda hauled her suitcase out of the back of the van while Trevor and their father carried the cooler full of food for the week to the kitchen. Then Trevor returned to fetch his own suitcase. Their mother set to work putting the perishables in the refrigerator as Trevor carried his bag into the bedroom to discover that Melinda had already claimed the bigger of the two beds and had her suitcase open on top of it.

"Move your stuff," he told her.

"Go to hell. I got here first," she replied.

"Watch your language, young lady!" their mom called from the kitchen.

"But he's trying to take the bed that I already picked," she whined.

"I'm bigger than you," he replied. "I should get the bigger bed."

Their dad appeared in the bedroom doorway. "Look, you two, I've had just about enough of your fighting. I happen to know a secret that means it doesn't matter who gets the bigger bed."

"What?" asked Trevor.

"I'll tell you in a minute. Let's just finish unpacking the van."

Muttering under his breath, he followed his father back out to the car to retrieve the last of the gear. He was about to grab his mother's suitcase when his dad told him to leave it for last. The two men carried the other things back to the cabin to find their mother just finishing putting away the food in the kitchen.

The two parents gave each other a knowing glance, then their dad gave their mother a nod.

"Melinda," she called. "Would you come in here for a minute?"

The girl emerged from the bedroom, deliberately avoiding close proximity with her brother.

"All right kids," said their mom. "Here's the deal. Your father and I have had enough of your bickering. So we're going to do something about it."

"What?" asked both of the kids.

"Remember how we used to threaten to lock you two in a room together all day if you didn't stop fighting? We're going to go even further than that. In about two minutes, your father and I are going to climb back into the van and drive off. You two are going to stay here."

"What?" Trevor and Melinda exclaimed at the same time.

"You two are going to spend a week alone together. No parents to get in your way, no TV or video games or phone calls to distract you, and most importantly, no way to leave. For the next week this cabin is your home, and your only way to pass the time is talking to each other."

"But Mom--" Trevor began.

"This is not negotiable," their father cut in. "You have plenty of food, hot water, and wood for a fire if you need it. Trevor knows how to start a fire in the fireplace, and we're leaving a whole box of matches in one of the drawers in the kitchen. You'll survive. Physically, at least."

"Unless Trevor kills me," mumbled Melinda.

"He won't kill you," their Mom reassured her. "If he does, he can forget about the car we said we'd buy him for graduation next year."

"Hey!" Trevor exclaimed.

"Don't worry," she smiled. "I've set the bar pretty low. All you have to do is not kill your sister. I think you can handle that, don't you?"

"Spoil all my fun," he grumbled, though jokingly.

"Anyway, you two *will* spend a week alone together in this cabin. What you do while here is up to you. The way I see it, you have two choices. You can either spend the time making each other miserable, in which case

this will be the worst week of your entire lives, or you can learn to get along and even enjoy one another's company."

"Yeah, like that'll ever happen," mumbled Melinda.

"It's up to you," their mom shrugged.

"But you didn't leave us any books or anything!" said Trevor. "You said we weren't allowed to bring them!"

"Exactly," said their father. "That's by design. If you had books, you could spend your whole time reading. The whole point of this vacation is to get you two to talk to each other. And now, I think we've made ourselves quite clear, so your mother and I are going to leave."

Their mom came over and hugged each of them. "This is for your own good," she told them with a smile.

"But Mom..." Melinda started.

"But nothing," their dad told her. "Our minds are made up. We love you, but you've given us no other choice. Besides, it will be good for your mother and I to get away from you two for a week. We plan to have a lot of fun. You can have fun too; all you have to do is learn to get along."

"Bye now," their mother smiled. "We'll be back to pick you up next Saturday afternoon."

The two adults left the house, leaving their children to watch in resignation as their parents climbed back into the van, waved goodbye, and drove away.

"This is all your fault," said Melinda.

"I'm not going to argue with you," Trevor told her. He opened up a pouch in his bag and pulled out a deck of cards. "And now if you don't mind, I have a lot of solitaire to play."

"You jerk!" she exclaimed. "And what am I supposed to do in the mean time?"

"Who cares?" he shrugged.

"Fine." She reached into her own bag and brought out a notebook. "At least I have my journal. I can write for the thousandth time what a creep you are."

"Only a thousand? I must not be working hard enough."

She stuck her tongue out at him.

"By the way," he said, "since you already claimed the bigger bed, I claim the one in the other bedroom."

"Good. At least we don't have to sleep in the same room."

Those were the last words they spoke to each other for several hours. The silence was awkward and depressing, but at least it was preferable to yelling. Trevor kept one eye on his sister as he played cards, expecting her at any time to say something that would start an argument, but she managed to keep quiet the entire afternoon.

It's not fair, he thought. Just because Melinda's a brat who keeps picking a fight, I have to be cooped up with her all week. It's all her fault. He half wished she could hear his thoughts, so that she would know exactly what he thought of her.

Trevor was the first to break the silence, and he immediately wished he hadn't. It was nearly time for supper, so he told his little sister to go fix it. Of course she jumped on that and told him in no uncertain terms that just because she was a girl didn't mean it was her job to fix the meals or clean the house or wash the dishes, and if he didn't like it he knew exactly where he could shove it. Trevor countered with an ominous tone of voice that maybe he didn't need a car so much after all. Melinda tore out a sheet of paper from her notebook, crumpled it into a ball, and threw it at his face.

They only yelled at each other for ten minutes this time, a surprisingly short duration considering how long they had been saving up. But as soon as Trevor stormed into the kitchen to put a can of soup on the stove, both siblings shut back up, refusing to speak to one another again.

As if to make their mood even darker, it started raining during supper. Maybe if Trevor and Melinda were talking to each other it wouldn't matter, but with their silence, all they had to listen to was the incessant pounding of the rain on the roof. With the rain came a drop in the temperature, inside the cabin and out. There was apparently no heating other than the fireplace, and when Melinda suggested that Trevor go out to the woodpile out back and bring in some wood so they could build a fire, he told her that just because he was a guy didn't mean it was his job to chop wood or bring it in or start a fire. The truth was that he was getting kind of chilly, but he wouldn't give Melinda the satisfaction of seeing him back down. So despite the rain, they had no fire that night.

With nothing to do but sit and try to ignore each other, it came as no surprise that they went to bed early. As Melinda unpacked her suitcase in the smaller bedroom, Trevor did the same in the larger. The door had been closed most of the day, and when he opened it he was delighted to find that his bedroom was quite a bit warmer than the rest of the cabin. Perhaps it was insulated a little better. With that cheery thought (the first one all day), he changed into a tee shirt and sweat pants, then plugged in his alarm clock, set it according to the time on his watch, climbed into bed, and settled down for a good night's sleep, relieved that he was finally free of his little sister for the rest of the day. Granted, he had almost a whole week alone with her ahead of him, but for now he had a few minutes of peace without her.

He should have known it wouldn't last. She had a talent for finding just what would most annoy him, and in this case, it was interrupting his solitude. He had been lying in bed for ten minutes and was just starting to grow drowsy when his obnoxious little sister knocked on the door. Without waiting for a reply, she opened it, letting in a blast of cold air.

"Trevor," said Melinda. "Can I... can I sleep in here with you?"

"What? No way!" he exclaimed.

"But there's a crack in the window in the other room, and it's letting all the cold in."

"Not my problem," he told her.

"Come on, please?"

"Go to bed, Melinda."

"Fine, you jerk!" she snapped, then left the room, slamming the door behind her.

Sunday

The clock read 1:27 when he awoke to an annoying whimper coming from the front room. For a while he lay motionless, too sleepy to even move, and hoping that the noise would go away. It was a quiet sound, just at the edge of his hearing, and for the longest time he wondered whether he heard it at all. But after lying there trying to ignore it for a while, he just couldn't put it out of his mind.

It was probably just Melinda, he figured, doing her best to be obnoxious even in the middle of the night. Couldn't she even spare him long enough for him to get some sleep? He sat up, rested for a moment to work up the willpower to get out of bed, then rose to his feet and opened the bedroom door.

A blast of cold air immediately struck him. The rain earlier in the evening had stopped, but it had done its job; the temperature had lowered dramatically, and that crack in the window made sure that the chill crept into the cabin as well. In fact, the only room in the house that had been sealed off from it was his bedroom.

In the darkness he could barely make out the shape of his sister, lying on the couch wrapped in a blanket and shivering almost violently from the cold. He could hear her sobbing quite clearly, and he didn't blame her. No wonder she wanted to sleep in his bedroom. She was likely to get really sick if she had to endure this temperature all night.

A chill came over him that had nothing to do with the cold. The vacation had just started, and there was no way to contact the outside world. If she got sick, it would be a full week before she would get any help. A lot could happen in a week.

He slipped to the side of the couch and knelt down in front of her. "Melinda," he said, in probably the gentlest tone he had addressed her with in years.

Her eyes opened. "I'm so c- c- cold," she stammered through rattling teeth.

"I know. I'm sorry for kicking you out of my room earlier." He couldn't remember the last time he had apologized to her, at least when not being forced to, which didn't count. But he found that once he said the words, they didn't feel as painful as he expected.

"Can... can I...?" she started to ask.

"Come on," he told her. Then he did something that surprised even himself. He slipped his hands under her and lifted her into his arms. Feeling her shivering against him, he realized just how dangerous it had been to make her sleep out here in the cold. If anything had happened to her...

He was shocked to realize that he really did care.

Trevor carried his little sister into the bedroom, kicking the door closed behind him to fight off the chill. Even in the brief time that it had been open, the temperature had dropped noticeably. It was still quite a bit warmer in here than out in the front room though, and with the heat from both of their bodies no doubt it

would warm right back up in no time.

He deposited Melinda gently on the bed, then climbed in next to her and drew up the blankets. She surprised him by throwing her arms around his neck.

"Thank you," she whispered.

Trevor nodded, holding her to him and marveling in the fact that he didn't find it disgusting at all to sleep in the same bed as his sister. He wasn't even worried about cooties.

Melinda was still curled up in his arms when he woke in the morning. She lay there slumbering peacefully, huddled against him, her face against his chest. He glanced down and watched her for a few minutes, enjoying what he saw. Trevor had always thought his little sister was pretty, though he would never say it to her face. And despite not getting along with her, he had always felt just a little protective of her. Right now she looked so beautiful and vulnerable sleeping there, he felt like he could just watch her for hours.

My little sister, he thought. *How can such a beautiful girl be such a brat?* But he already knew the answer. She was a brat because he never gave her a chance to be anything else. It was not often that Trevor would admit feeling guilty about how he treated her; normally he just got defensive and said it was her fault. Right now, though, he was filled with regret for not having been a better brother to her.

Before he realized what he was doing, he reached up and started stroking her cheek tenderly. Melinda gave a little moan, then opened her eyes. She blinked a couple of times as her eyes focused, then glanced up at him.

"What are you doing?" she demanded, though in her tired state her tone lacked the venomous quality that normally accompanied it when talking to him.

"Just feeling your cheeks to see how cold you are. You gave me a good scare last night. I thought you were going to freeze to death."

"What do you care?"

"I just do," he replied.

Melinda remained quiet for several seconds, then said, half mumbling, "Sorry for snapping at you."

"Hard to break old habits, isn't it?" he smiled, trying to sound amused. On the inside, though, for some reason it bothered him that her first inclination was to get mad at him, no matter the circumstances.

How did it come to this? he wondered.

"So are you feeling better?" he asked.

"I'm feeling warmer," she replied. "I didn't get much sleep last night though, until you brought me in here."

"Sorry for waking you. You just go ahead and go back to sleep. I'll look after you."

"I don't need you to look after me."

"I know, but I want to."

She glanced up at him, a slightly confused look on her face. He didn't blame her. He couldn't remember the last time he had been nice to her out of choice. Usually he was only nice to her after a stern lecture by one of their parents, accompanied by the threat of grounding. Of course, she was usually just as bad.

"Humor me," he said. "Let me look after you."

"You're acting weird," she mumbled, but she closed her eyes and lay her head back down on his chest. Almost immediately her breathing grew deeper and he could tell from the sound of it that she had fallen asleep again.

He lay there for the longest time, staring up at the ceiling and thinking about his relationship with his little sister. He really did love her, despite almost never showing it. It made him wonder whether things could change between them. Had they gotten so used to constantly fighting that they wouldn't even think about being nice to each other? Right now it felt so nice to lie here with her in his arms that it was easy to forget that they were always constantly at each other's throats. For a moment, at least, they were not enemies, and that felt surprisingly good.

Melinda slept another hour as he patiently watched over her. He dozed a couple of times himself, but never for more than a few minutes. He had, after all, had several hours more sleep than she had, so he wasn't particularly tired.

It was nearing 8:00 when she woke again. She yawned and stretched, then lifted her head and stared at him.

"So you're still here, are you?" she asked.

"Still here," he smiled.

"So it's not just some crazy, mixed-up dream where you're actually a decent human being for once?"

"Not unless I'm having the same dream."

"Huh." It was obvious she couldn't wrap her head around the idea that he wasn't being a big jerk to her. He found it a little unbelievable himself.

"Well, I guess I'd better get up then," she said. "I'm in the mood for a cup of cocoa."

"You just lie right there, young lady," he said in a teasing but authoritative tone reminiscent of their father's. "I'll go get it for you."

"Okay, what's up, Trevor?" she asked. "I feel like this is all some kind of setup to a practical joke or something."

"No joke. Strange as it may sound, I actually feel like being nice to you this morning."

"Why?" demanded Melinda.

"Do you promise not to tell anyone else?" He could trust her with that promise because no matter how much they fought and bickered, there were certain lines they just did not cross, including telling each other's secrets.

"Fine," she nodded.

"I love you," said Trevor.

"What?" she asked. "That's your big secret?"

"More or less," he shrugged. "Look, Melinda, last night got me thinking. We're completely cut off from the outside world. Mom and Dad wanted it that way so that we would be stuck with each other. But it also means that if you were to get sick, we'd have only the supplies in the first-aid kit to keep you alive until they got back on Saturday. With you half frozen for most of the night, I was worried that you might catch pneumonia."

"And if I died, you wouldn't get that car for graduation next year," she grinned.

"The hell with the car," he said. "To tell you the truth, it really scared me to think that you might get sick and die, just like that."

"It really bothered you that much?"

"It really bothered me that much."

"Really?"

"Really. So think of this as my way of making it up to you for putting you in danger last night by refusing to let you sleep with me. Because I really do love you, Melinda."

"Wow."

"Wow?"

"You know, for a big jerk, you really can be sweet once in a while. Once in a long, long, long, long while."

"Don't worry. If it makes you uncomfortable, I can always turn back into a big jerk this afternoon," he teased.

In response, she grabbed her pillow and hit him in the face with it, laughing.

"Oh, you want to get rough?" he taunted. He grabbed his own pillow by the ends and held it above her head, slowly lowering it as if to place it over her face.

"No suffocating me!" she said. "Remember the car."

"Dang! Oh well. I guess I'll have to wait until after the vacation." He set the pillow back on the bed. "Well, since I can't suffocate you, would you settle for a nice hot cup of cocoa instead?"

"Sure. And Trevor, I really do appreciate it. If you promise not to tell anyone either, I'll admit that I love you too."

He smiled, lifted the covers out of the way, slid his legs over the side of the bed, then gave a surprised yelp.

"What?" asked Melinda.

"Cold floor," he explained. Fortunately, his shoes sat right by the bed, so he slipped his feet into them and stood up. The chill of the morning air was an unpleasant change from the warmth of the bed and his sister's body, so he grabbed his coat and threw it over his tee shirt. Then he opened the bedroom door, stepping out

into the even colder atmosphere of the cabin.

He headed straight into the kitchen to put a pan of water on the stove and start it heating. Their parents had thoughtfully left them a 54 ounce jar of instant cocoa mix, more than enough to last the whole week even if they drank it with every meal.

Since he could do nothing until the water boiled, he went into the other bedroom to take a look at the crack in the window. It turned out to be more than a crack; a roughly triangular piece about five inches long was missing. The inside of the wall was even water-stained below it where the rain had come in. Trevor spent some time searching through the gear their parents had left them for some duck tape or anything else he could use to cover it, but it turned out that the only adhesives were bandages in the first-aid kit, and even if they weren't too small to do the job, they likely wouldn't stick to the glass for more than a couple of hours.

He wasn't sure how he felt about the prospect of sleeping in the same bed as Melinda the entire vacation. It had felt surprisingly comfortable last night and this morning, but if they started up their usual bickering and fighting, it probably wouldn't be so fun.

By now the water had reached a steady boil, so he poured it into a couple of mugs, added the cocoa powder, and stirred it in. Then he carried both mugs back to the bedroom, where he found Melinda already sitting up in bed waiting for him. He handed her one of the cups, then lifted the covers and climbed back into bed, half expecting her to bitch and moan about not wanting him in the same bed. But she didn't, so the two of them sat there together, sipping their hot chocolate in silence.

Their truce lasted another fifteen minutes. At 8:35, Trevor took his shower. At 8:45 he left the shower and got dressed. At 8:48 Melinda took his place in the bathroom. At 8:50 she discovered that there was only enough hot water for a single 10 minute shower.

Her screech of annoyance accompanied by a loud accusation that he did it on purpose penetrated the bathroom door and made its way to Trevor's ears at the other end of the cabin. He sighed, knowing that whatever strange mood had overtaken them this morning and caused them to actually be nice to each other had passed. Glancing regretfully at the bathroom door, he reached into his pocket and fished out his deck of cards, knowing that he had a long day full of solitaire to look forward to.

But the memory of cuddling in bed with his little sister lingered. The mood might have passed, but it had changed something, at least in Trevor. He found himself glancing at her all day, seeing her in a new way. She was bratty. She was annoying. She was obnoxious to the point of sometimes driving him crazy. But now he knew that she was also cuddly. Although he would never say it out loud, when he was honest with himself he couldn't deny that she was pretty. With her long, straight brown hair and big brown eyes, she showed the first glimmerings of what she would become one day: a beautiful woman. For now, youth dominated her features; in some ways she was still a child. But even that had its appeal; she wasn't just pretty, she was also cute.

Whenever Melinda caught him staring at her, she scowled until he turned away. Normally that wouldn't bother him, but today for some reason it did.

He decided he didn't like her scowl. It detracted from the cuteness and beauty of her face, but more importantly, it sent the clear message that he was out of her favor. On any other day he would be relieved by that; it meant that she would leave him alone. But perhaps because he was trapped here with her, with little to occupy him, he didn't *want* her to leave him alone. Maybe their parents were right, though he hated to admit it. Maybe it was best if they tried to get along. But he couldn't quite bring himself to make the first move.

For the rest of the day, they hardly spoke to one another. It was an awkward silence, but any time either said anything, it was like they had broken an unwritten rule, and the sound of their voice was even more awkward than the silence. They quickly returned to the natural state of not speaking with each other.

Lunch and dinner passed with hardly a word; Trevor took it upon himself to fix the meals, and despite a brief complaint from Melinda claiming that he had volunteered to do that so that he could poison her, the same silence dominated the meals.

Even that night after they got themselves ready for bed, Melinda simply walked in and climbed into bed with him, not saying a word. He noticed, however, that she cuddled up to him again, and he fancied that maybe, just maybe, she didn't hate him so much after all.

Monday

Unfortunately, Trevor woke with a bad case of morning wood the next morning. He could hardly be blamed for that; during the night Melinda's hand had wandered down and found its way to the hard shaft, where she unconsciously grasped it in her sleep.

It wouldn't have been so bad if she moved it before waking. It might not even have been so bad if Trevor had woken before her, with enough time to carefully move her hand away. But neither of these were to be.

They woke basically at the same time. First Melinda stirred, which brought him back to consciousness. He was just opening his eyes as she yawned. She lifted her head and glanced at him, still a little groggy. Then she glanced down at where her hand was, her view obscured by the covers. No doubt she wasn't yet aware of what she was holding. She gave an experimental squeeze.

Trevor noted the exact moment when it dawned on her, because her eyes went wide and she quickly withdrew her hand.

"Ew!" she squealed. "Trevor, you pervert!"

While he couldn't deny that he was a pretty typical horny teenage boy, he wasn't about to take the blame for something that wasn't his fault.

"Don't blame me," he told her. "You're the one who grabbed me down there."

"But you didn't have to... I mean..." she stammered. Of course she had nothing to accuse him of, so she gave a frustrated growl and climbed out of bed to go take her shower.

Trevor got out of bed and made his way into the kitchen to fix breakfast. *Stupid little sister*, he thought. But he couldn't quite bring himself to hate her this morning. Ever since sleeping in the same bed with her Saturday night, since waking up to her pretty face, since holding her in his arms watching over her as she slept, he had realized something. She wasn't just his sister; she was a girl. A pretty girl. Even a sexy girl. Maybe he had already been cooped up with her too long, but she was actually starting to look appealing.

With that thought, his animosity toward her was tempered, and he actually felt like being nice to her for a

change. It was a disturbing feeling.

Nevertheless, he fixed toast, bacon, and eggs for breakfast that morning, making sure that there was enough for both of them. Melinda was just emerging from the bathroom when he served the breakfast onto two plates.

She looked surprised to see that he had made enough for her; back home he would have just made some for himself and left her to fix her own breakfast. Doing something nice like that would be considered a sign of weakness in their unending war.

"Thanks," she said, then sat down to eat with him.

The rest of the morning passed in silence, but it was a different kind of silence this time. It wasn't that they deliberately weren't talking to each other; they both tried to start up a conversation on several occasions. But it turned out that they really had nothing to talk about. They had been enemies for so long that it was hard to communicate as anything else.

It looked like the afternoon would be more of the same. Trevor had played about a million games of solitaire so far (at least it seemed that way) and he was really getting tired of it. Melinda kept scribbling in her journal, and he figured she had enough material in there just from the vacation to write a full-length novel. He was beginning to develop a serious case of cabin fever.

Finally after an eternity of staring at those cards, he decided he needed a change of pace. They were in a cabin in the woods after all; he could at least go hiking around the area for a couple of hours. He put the cards away and was just about to put his shoes on when Melinda came and sat down beside him on the couch.

"I'm bored," she said.

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"I don't know. Let's play a game or something. You have a deck of cards."

Trevor nearly groaned. Not more cards. If he had to look at those kings and queens and jacks staring up at him and mocking him one more time.... Then he caught himself and took some time to think about the possibilities. He wondered if he could turn this to his advantage. If he was going to be cooped up in this cabin for the rest of the week with just his sister for company, he planned to make the most of it.

"All right," he told her, and her face lit up with delight. He wondered just how long she would keep that expression when he told her his plan. "But I get to pick the game."

"No way," she insisted. "You'll pick something like strip poker. You're such a pervert."

"I wasn't going to pick strip poker," he lied. In fact, that was exactly what he had planned, but it looked like he had to go with Plan B now.

"Okay, fine," she said. "What game are we going to play?"

"Dare poker," he smiled.

"See? You *are* a pervert! You'll probably have me run around the cabin naked or something."

"Now that's a great idea!" he smiled, and she stuck her tongue out at him.

Dare poker was about the only game they enjoyed playing together, mainly because they loved to force each other into humiliating and compromising situations. The rules were simple; they played the game like poker, but the "bets" were a lot like the dares in Truth-or-Dare. One of them would start off with a dare, then the other one had three choices. They could raise with their own dare. They could call, in which case both players would show their hands and the loser would have to perform all of the dares mentioned so far. Or they could fold, in which case they would have to perform all of the dares except for the last one mentioned. The ones they could accomplish right away they would have to do before the next hand, but some of them required more effort, sometimes taking days or weeks to accomplish. There were a few other minor rules, like not being allowed to mention the same dare more than once, but for the most part it was pretty straightforward.

He once lost a hand that ended up having him doing all her chores for a month. He got her back for that though; making her kiss the ugliest boy in school. Until now, he had kept the tasks merely humiliating. But that was before his attitude toward his sister had changed, before he thought of her as a beautiful and sexy girl instead of just an annoying brat. Now he realized that the possibilities were endless. She would just have to lose a hand or two at key points in the game. He even had a few tasks in mind to force her to fold.

Of course, she had always been as cunning and devious as him, so she might end up having him perform some particularly embarrassing stunts. But for what he had in mind, it just might be worth it.

"What do you think?" he asked her, trying not to sound too eager.

"Okay," she sighed.

Melinda had some sheets of paper in a notebook, so she took some of these out and cut them into smaller pieces to write their dares on.

"I'll flip you to see who gets to say the first dare," Trevor said, reaching into his pocket for a coin.

"Fine," Melinda agreed, "but I get to call it. And I get to examine the coin first. And you toss it on the floor, not back into your hand."

"Sounds like you don't trust me," he grinned.

"I don't."

He shrugged and handed her a quarter. She turned it over in her hand to look at both sides, then handed it back to him.

"Call it in the air," he told her, then flipped it.

"Heads," she said. It landed on the floor, settling down to show tails side up. Melinda groaned. "Can I deal then?" she asked.

"Okay, but I get to examine the deck of cards first," he said in a mocking voice.

"They're your cards!" she replied.

Trevor opened the deck and handed the cards to her. They sat down across from each other on the floor. Melinda shuffled the cards, then dealt. Trevor glanced at his hand. He had two kings. Not great, but he might

be able to salvage something from it. He figured he would start right off with the bluffing, so he set down just one of his cards. Let her think he had a better hand than he did. He could probably get her to fold if he acted confident.

The card she handed him to replace the one he discarded didn't help. He noticed, however, that she took 3 cards herself.

"All right," he said with a smile. "We'll start off easy. The loser has to wash the dishes for the rest of the vacation." This was a good one, since neither of them had washed any of the dishes yet, which had been piling up since Saturday. He jotted the task down on a strip of paper and tossed it on the floor in front of them.

"Oh good," she smiled. "I was hoping to get out of some chores. I wouldn't mind taking it easy while I'm here. Speaking of which, you might want to get your hands warmed up, because if you lose, you're giving me a foot massage." She wrote her task on a strip of paper and added it to the pile.

Surprisingly, Trevor wasn't too disgusted by the thought. Maybe yesterday he would have been horrified by the thought of going anywhere near her feet, but since he had adopted his new attitude toward her, it actually appealed to him. After all, her feet were attached to her legs, and she had such lovely legs... Besides, he might win, in which case *he* would be the recipient of the foot massage. That sounded rather nice, actually.

"Why stop there?" he shrugged, reaching for another slip of paper. "After you're done massaging my feet, you can rub my back."

She seemed almost disappointed that his reaction had been favorable. No doubt she had hoped that he would have folded just at the thought of having to touch her. Actually, he had been pretty fortunate so far; other than the dishes, the dares so far were things that he would enjoy doing almost as much as he would enjoy having them done to him.

She put an end to that one really quickly. "Since you seem to like the idea of massaging my feet so much, you should like this one too," she said with a wicked grin. "The loser has to suck on each of the winner's big toes for thirty seconds."

Now *that* didn't sound appealing. He considered folding; he could come out virtually unscathed, other than having to wash the dishes every day. And the thought of massaging her feet and her back actually appealed to him. But he wouldn't give her the satisfaction of seeing him fold on the first hand. It was time to bring out the big guns.

"Let's get this over with," he said. "The loser has to take off all their clothes above the waist. In front of the winner."

"Hey!" she complained. "That's not fair!"

"Why not? If I lose, I'll do it."

"But you're a boy. It's fine for you to go topless."

"It's not my fault that the rules of society say women can't take their tops off. I'd be happy to change it."

"Yeah, you would!" she smirked.

"Yeah, I would," he agreed. "In the mean time, that's my dare."

Melinda scowled at him. He had her, he realized. There was no way she would risk this. And that meant she had to fold. As if to hurry her decision, he stuck out his foot and wiggled it in front of her face. "Doesn't that look yummy?" he asked.

"Get your smelly feet out of my face!" she told him.

"Why? You're going to suck on it in a minute anyway."

"No I'm not," she replied, reaching for another slip of paper. Trevor withdrew his foot, excited that she had chosen to continue. He didn't have a very good hand, but he had a ton of ideas almost guaranteed to make her fold.

What am I doing? he thought to himself. *Am I really getting excited about seeing my sister's chest?* He knew the thought should have disgusted him, and he had originally mentioned the dare not expecting her to go through with it, but now that it looked like a real possibility, he realized just how much he was getting aroused at the thought of it.

But Melinda had her own secret weapon. She wrote down her dare on a strip of paper and tossed it into the pile, grinning triumphantly. Trevor picked it up, curious to see what had her smiling like that. The instant he read it, he tossed his cards down in resignation. "Let the winner kick you in the groin," it said.

He could afford to risk that even less than she could afford to risk taking her top off. If he won and kicked her, it would hurt her a little and then they would go on with the game. But if she won and kicked him...

It was his own stupid fault, he realized. He had written a dare that was unfair to her, so she had retaliated with one unfair to him. He had no place to complain; she had simply outsmarted him.

She clapped her hands in glee when she saw that he folded. Trevor sighed in defeat. "Okay, let's get this over with," he told her. He immediately grabbed the collar of his shirt and pulled it over his head. Melinda grinned, raising one of her feet off of the floor and pointing it at him with a triumphant look on her face.

Trevor took one of her feet in his hands and gently massaged it. On any other day he would consider this humiliating, but he found that it really wasn't so bad. She had surprisingly soft skin, even on the bottoms of her feet. There was something actually appealing about touching her like this.

She seemed to like it too, because when he started working on the second foot, she gave a contented sigh.

"What?" she asked when he looked up at her and grinned. "Okay, I admit it feels good. So what?"

Trevor just shrugged.

After a few more minutes, he decided he couldn't put off any longer the moment he had been dreading. He had been working himself up to the humiliating task, and now he was ready.

One minute total, he told himself. Thirty seconds per toe. That's not so bad.

He glanced up once more at Melinda, who grinned maliciously at him. Trevor glanced down at his watch. "Thirty seconds," he said, "starting... now."

He lowered his head and took his sister's big toe in his mouth.

Melinda immediately burst out into uncontrollable giggles. He had never known her to be ticklish, so he

figured it must be just the delight of humiliating him like this.

But surprisingly, it didn't feel humiliating. He had expected her toe to taste bitter, or sweaty, or something like that, but really it was just a neutral taste. No worse than sucking on his own finger.

He kept an eye on his watch, and as soon as the thirty seconds ended, he pulled away.

"Wasn't that yummy?" Melinda said in a taunting voice.

"How would you know?" he retorted. "Whose toes have you been sucking on?"

"Nobody's!" she exclaimed. "I was asking *you* if that was yummy."

"Delicious. Tastes like chicken. You know, I think I'm developing a fondness for human flesh. Maybe tonight after you go to sleep I'll kill you and barbecue you. I'll bet you go good with ketchup."

"Yeah, like I really believe you would do that."

Trevor shrugged. "Suit yourself. It's probably better that you don't believe me. You'll put up less of a struggle."

"Yeah, well you can have my other big toe as an appetizer." She stuck out her foot and wiggled her toes in front of him. He took the big toe in his mouth, causing her to giggle uncontrollably again. Thirty seconds later it was all over. Trevor spit out her toe and stood up, glad to be through with the humiliating part. He was actually looking forward to the next part.

Trevor climbed off of the couch and knelt beside it, as Melinda lay down on her stomach on it. Trevor reached out with his hands and ran them over her back, delighted at the feel of her body under his fingers. It was just her back, but he still enjoyed touching her like this.

Apparently Melinda did too, because after five minutes of the massage, she gave a contented sigh. Trevor kept going, willing to keep going as long as she wanted. She had her eyes closed and he wondered if she had fallen asleep. But another five minutes later, she opened her eyes.

"Thanks," she smiled. "That's good enough." Trevor withdrew his hands, and she sat up.

"How did that feel?" he asked her.

"Surprisingly good, considering you're my annoying older brother. Maybe if you did that to me more and fought with me less, we might even get along."

He wasn't about to argue with that. He really did like running his hands over her back. Now if he could only convince her to let him do the same to her front...

He chuckled under his breath. As if she would ever allow him to do that. On the other hand, they were playing dare poker, which meant some interesting possibilities.

"Shall we go again?" asked Trevor.

"I don't know..." said Melinda. "I've already got you washing the dishes all week. Maybe I should quit while I'm ahead."

"You have to give me a chance for payback."

"Fine. One more hand. But that's all for today."

Trevor dealt the cards this time. He ended up with a pair of threes and a pair of sixes. Melinda grinned when she picked up her hand, then set down two cards to be replaced by another two from the deck. Trevor replaced the unmatched card from his hand, and was delighted to discover that he ended up with another three. Full house.

This was a big hand. A *really* big hand. Almost guaranteed to win. The trick, now, was to make the best use of it. He had to string her along slowly in order to get the most out of her; he didn't want her to fold too early. Fortunately, it looked like she had a good hand herself, which would make her more confident.

It was her turn to go first though. She grabbed a piece of paper and wrote her first dare on it.

"Since you're already doing some of my chores," Melinda said, "let's have you fix breakfast in bed for me every morning too."

That didn't sound too bad, but Trevor was still sore that she had outsmarted him the last hand. He wondered just how far he could push her without her folding. The possibilities were exciting.

Now that he was thinking of her as a girl and not just his sister, she was stirring certain feelings in him. He realized that this was a perfect opportunity. If nothing else, he was determined to see her nude.

"The loser," he told her smugly, "has to run around the cabin five times. Naked."

"Yeah, I knew it wouldn't take you long to get around to that," she grumbled. "A pervert like you couldn't resist it."

"I may be a pervert, but you knew that when you agreed to play the game. I think you secretly *want* to get naked in front of me."

"No way!" she exclaimed.

"You could always fold," he shrugged. "I'm kind of looking forward to breakfast in bed every morning." Actually, he didn't want her to fold; the taunting was just reverse psychology to push her to go on.

"You wish. Okay, since you're obviously going to be naked in five minutes, let's go for maximum humiliation. After the loser finishes their laps, they have to leave their clothes off for an hour."

Things were really starting to get interesting now. Since Melinda had accepted the dare by suggesting one of her own, it was no longer possible for this hand to end without one of them losing their clothes. Now all Trevor had to do was win, which was likely with the hand he had, but still not a sure thing.

"Let's not just extend it to an hour," he said. "The loser has to leave their clothes off until we go to bed tonight."

"Oh, you think I'm afraid of getting naked in front of you?" sneered Melinda, grabbing the pen and writing on another strip of paper. "Let's make it for the rest of the vacation. You can get dressed on Saturday morning. Not before."

Trevor couldn't believe how things were turning out. He could have his cute little sister naked in front of him

for almost a whole week. And it was her idea! Now he just *had* to win this hand.

Calm down, he told himself. She knows what she's doing. Concentrate on the game, or you're going to make a mistake.

This had developed into a whole new game. At home, they wouldn't have dared to get this naughty. But here, alone in the woods, there were no parents to get in their way, to remind them of the rules. The possibilities were unlimited.

But that meant he had to force her to fold before she came up with another "kick in the groin" type of dare. If he won this hand, then it wouldn't matter whatever else he had to do. Just the thought of her walking into the bedroom naked carrying a tray of food for him each morning was just too damn thrilling. But it all depended on coming up with something she would absolutely refuse to do. But what could that be? She was already willing to risk going naked; how else could he test her?

It suddenly came to him, and he grinned. "The loser," he said, "has to masturbate herself to orgasm in front of the winner."

"What the hell!" Melinda exclaimed in shock, but he merely chuckled. He could back off from it right now, pretending it was a joke. But she had already humiliated him once today; now it was time for payback. Right now he wasn't sure whether he wanted her to fold or continue. What he wouldn't give to watch her play with herself like that!

"You're the biggest pervert in the whole world, you know that?" she fumed. "You want to watch your own sister masturbate?"

"Maybe I'm an even bigger pervert than you think," he grinned, maintaining an icy cold calm on the outside despite the pounding of his heart in his chest. "Maybe I'm playing to lose. Maybe I want to jerk off while you watch. And maybe you'll like it so much that you'll want to do it for me."

"You... sick... ergh!" she growled.

"Does that mean you fold?" he asked.

"Absolutely not," replied Melinda stubbornly. "Okay, if you want to get nasty, I'll get nasty too. The loser has to have sex with an object that the winner picks. Any object in the cabin."

"Oh, you're really digging your own grave now," Trevor taunted. "I've got five or six things in mind for you right now."

"Yeah, well, just to warn you, I'm thinking about a certain cheese grater in a drawer in the kitchen. Imagine how nice it will feel to rub your dick on that," she told him.

He almost folded again; she had come up with another dare almost like the one that had won her the first hand. But he knew she wouldn't go through with the threat. No matter how mad she got at him, she wouldn't force him to do anything that would cause serious injury. It was all an empty threat. No doubt she would choose an empty ketchup bottle or something like that if she won.

"Sounds fun," he smiled, not giving her the satisfaction of seeing him squirm. But still, the thought of what she had said made him more determined than ever to win this hand. And he knew just how to do it. He would give her a dare that was so horrifying that she would have no choice but to surrender.

He had just the thing in mind. He was playing for keeps now. "Well, let's go ahead and take this where you knew it would go when you agreed to play," he smiled.

"You wouldn't dare!"

"I would. The loser has to go down on the winner. And just so that there's no confusion, I'm referring to oral sex. Oh, and you have to give the winner an orgasm."

"You're such a... actually, there's no word to describe what you are. My own brother, who can't keep his mind out of his pants for five minutes. There's no way you're actually related to me. You must have been adopted."

"Oh, but then it wouldn't be as nasty when you suck me off," he grinned. "It's so much better to keep it in the family, don't you agree?"

"You make me want to throw up," she told him. "You know what the worst part of this dare is? I don't want to win any more than I want to lose. The last thing I want is any part of your body touching me down there."

"So then--"

"No, I'm not going to fold. I'm going to make you pay for that suggestion. Let's see... I know. The loser lets the winner tickle them for five minutes."

Although on the surface it sounded like a much tamer dare than the ones leading up to it, it was particularly devious on her part. She knew he was ticklish and she wasn't.

He also realized that he had pushed things too far. He had put her on the defensive; she wasn't going to fold no matter what he came up with. While that meant he could pretty much say anything he wanted and she would have to agree, it also meant that he couldn't make winning a sure thing. He didn't want to add anything more to the hand, in case he lost.

That meant there was only one thing to do.

"I call," he said.

"Fine. I do too," she replied. Trevor set his cards down face up to show his full house.

"NO!" she exclaimed with a look of horror in her eyes, revealing her own cards. She had three queens. It was a good hand, but not enough to beat his. He realized with nearly overwhelming excitement and arousal that his fantasies were about to come true.

"Off with your clothes," he taunted. Melinda scowled at him.

"Not yet," she said. "We can do the dares in any order, so I say you have to tickle me for five minutes first. I'm not having you touch me when I'm naked."

"Fine," he agreed. He reached over and dug his hands into her side.

It would have been more fun if she were ticklish, but she just sat there with a bored and impatient look on her face. He tried tickling her ribs, her sides, and under her arms, but he got no response. In the end, he gave up after three minutes and called it good enough.

"Now lose the clothes," he told her.

She sighed, then reached for the bottom of her tee shirt. Trevor watched in gleeful anticipation as she lifted the shirt over her head, exposing her skin to him. Then she stood and slipped her shorts down to the ground, leaving her in only her bra and panties. So far it wasn't any more of her than he had seen of her before; last summer she had worn a bikini to the beach which didn't cover any more of her body than her underwear did now. But there was still that thrill of seeing her in clothes not meant for his eyes.

He more than half expected her to turn away from him when she reached behind her back and unfastened her bra, but to his amusement and delight, she slipped it off her arms without even attempting to cover herself. She glared at him as if daring him to make a comment, but there was no need. He was speechless. She had incredible tits for her age, small but perky, capped by pretty pink nipples. Instead of throwing her arms in front of her chest, she put her hands on her hips and continued to glare at him. That pose, probably meant to discourage him from staring, was about the sexiest thing he had ever seen in his life.

"Keep going," he said, trying to keep the lust out of his voice. Melinda moved her hands down to the waistband of her panties and slid the garment down her legs. Trevor couldn't help but grin in erotic excitement. He had never really thought of it before, but his obnoxious little sister was the complete package. Gorgeous face, perfectly formed tits, and a pussy to die for. She had a healthy growth of hair down there for her age, and either she kept it trimmed or it just naturally grew in a perfect small triangle between her legs. Her pussy lips were small and enticing, and he imagined that she must be extremely tight.

What was he thinking? This was his sister! Was he really imagining what it must be like to have sex with her? Looking was one thing, but that was something completely different.

"Like what you see?" asked Melinda, spreading her arms to give him a good look but keeping that scowl on her face.

Trevor shrugged. "I would if you weren't so ugly," he replied.

"So I'm ugly, am I? Is that why you spy on me when I take my shower?"

She was bluffing, of course. Until this vacation, the thought of spying on her in the shower had honestly never crossed his mind. That was because he was always too annoyed with her to think of her as a girl, one who could be attractive and have a nice body.

"I don't spy on you!" he retorted.

"I'll bet you do."

"And I'll bet that's your fantasy. You secretly hope I'm spying on you every morning when you take your shower. So do you give me a good show? Do you play with yourself or something, hoping I'll take pictures and upload them to the internet?"

"No way, you creep!"

"You know, you still have to run around the cabin five times. Good exercise. You might want to take a shower afterward."

Melinda stuck her tongue out at him, a gesture that he normally found obnoxious. Coming from a gorgeous naked girl like her though, it seemed more flirtatious and even sexy.

"Can I at least put my sandals on?" she asked.

"Fine," he shrugged. He considered making her run barefoot just to be extra mean, but he was just so excited about seeing the rest of her body that he didn't care if she covered her feet.

She went to the bedroom to slip on her sandals, then walked to the front door and put her hand on the doorknob. "Are we really all alone out here?" she asked. "You don't think someone can see us?"

"We're miles away from anything," he reassured her. "Besides, even if there was a crowd out there, you still have to go through with it."

"Oh, thanks for being so reassuring," said Melinda, rolling her eyes. Then she opened the door and stepped out into the sunlight.

Trevor stood by the front door as she ran her laps. He watched her with great interest and amusement. He had to admit a certain erotic thrill at seeing her run around without clothes. He especially enjoyed the way her boobs, though still small and developing, bounced around. By now he was feeling very restrained inside his pants. It would have been pure torture if not for the knowledge that Melinda would soon be taking care of that. He shivered in anticipation at that thought, despite the heat of the sun.

She finished her laps, then met him at the front door. "Now let me back in, you big bully," she said.

He considered pointing out that it had been a fair game, and if he had lost he would have had to do the same thing, but he was too excited about the upcoming events that he didn't push the point.

"And now for the fun part," he said as they made their way back to the couch. "Start playing with yourself."

"I can't," she told him, her face growing red.

"A dare is a dare," he insisted.

"I know, but I can't just turn it on and off like that. Especially when I'm embarrassed. I just barely took my clothes off, and with you watching me... I need some time to get used to being naked in front of you. Can we maybe postpone this?"

Trevor considered her request. Seeing his bratty little sister without her clothes on really excited him, and the thought of watching her masturbate herself was thrilling beyond belief. On the other hand, he knew that despite the dares, he couldn't really make her do anything she truly didn't want to. If she stubbornly refused to go through with things, he had no way of enforcing the rules.

That meant he had to be careful not to push her too hard. He still might be able to get what he wanted if he was willing to show a little leniency.

"All right, I'll take a rain check on that one," he conceded. "You can put it off until tomorrow. But you'd better give me a good show to make up for it."

"And what about... um... having to have sex with an object."

"You still have to do that. Remember, that was your idea."

Melinda scowled at him.

"Okay, I'll tell you what," he said. "Since I'm in a generous mood, I'll let you combine those two into one, since they're kind of the same thing. And you can wait till tomorrow if you want."

"Thanks," she mumbled, as if the word tasted bad in her mouth.

"You can thank me by doing the other dare," he said with a wicked grin.

Melinda glanced down at his crotch, her eyes growing wide.

"Trevor," she said, "you aren't really going to make me... you know. You were just kidding, right? I mean, you were just trying to get me to fold."

Actually; she was right. At the time, he had never expected her to accept the dare and continue with the game. But he was far too aroused right now to think clearly; this was an opportunity too good to pass up.

"I notice you didn't fold though," he told her. "So yes, I'm going to make you go through with it."

"You're so nasty!" she said.

But Trevor saw something on her features, something that surprised him. She was putting on a show of being disgusted, but there was a kind of sparkle of excitement in her eyes.

Was it possible that she was actually looking forward to sucking him off? Despite teasing her about Jason Walters, he had never really thought of her in sexual terms; the question of whether she was the type of girl to give a blowjob had never crossed his mind, and until today if it had, it would have been so disturbing that he wouldn't have been able to sleep for a week.

But right now, he was too excited and aroused for any of those thoughts to have room in his head.

"Do it," he told her.

Melinda gave a growl of frustration and balled her hand into a fist, and for a moment Trevor thought she was going to slug him. Then she shook her head and knelt down in front of him.

She's really going to go through with it! he thought with excitement. *I'm going to get my dick sucked, and by my own sister!* It was almost too good to be true. He glanced around the room for a second, expecting at any moment to see a shifting of reality, an out-of-place oddity, anything to indicate that this was a dream and not real life. Then he glanced down at his sister's face, less than a foot from his crotch, and shuddered in anticipation.

He wasn't wearing a belt, so Melinda simply unfastened his pants and pulled down the zipper. That relieved some of the pressure on his eager cock, but it still pressed uncomfortably against his underwear. Melinda gazed at the bulge there in disgust, then reached up with her hands to the waistband. No doubt in a hurry to get it over with, she pulled it down, and suddenly his cock sprang free, bobbing in front of her face.

"Ew!" she exclaimed in a disgusted tone of voice. Then she glanced up at him. "You're not... you're not really going to make me... put that in my mouth, are you?"

"Oh, like you really don't want to do it," he teased her. "You want to know what I think?"

"No."

"Tough. I'll tell you anyway. I think you didn't fold because you're secretly glad you lost. I think you want to do this. You've been fantasizing about sucking me off for years."

"You're a pervert. I'll bet *you've* been fantasizing about this for years."

"And I bet you'll enjoy this as much as I will."

"No way. I bet you'll cum in less than a minute."

"Even if I do, I bet you'll love the taste so much that you'll swallow the whole thing and beg me for more."

"Prove it," she demanded.

That was one of Melinda's favorite ways of ending an argument. It was a challenge, and he could never afford to back out of the challenge. It had gotten him in trouble more than once.

On the other hand, this was something quite different. It showed that she was perfectly willing to go through with this. Truthfully, if she really didn't want to, he wouldn't have made her do it. It was just a game, but being forced to do something sexual could really mess her up emotionally. In fact, he had half expected her to refuse, in which case he would have teased her a little about not going through with the dare, then dropped the subject.

But she was not only agreeing to do it; she was insisting. He wasn't about to pass up an opportunity like that.

She lowered her head and tentatively brushed her tongue across the head of his cock, and he immediately gave a groan of pleasure. Just the thought that she was actually pleasing him orally nearly pushed him over the edge into an orgasm right there, but he exerted all his willpower to keep from cumming. He didn't want to go off until he had it in her mouth.

"Yummy, isn't it?" he asked her in a teasing voice.

"Yeah, and how would you know?"

"Cause over a dozen girls have told me so."

Melinda rolled her eyes in disbelief, then lowered her head again. This time she ran let her tongue linger on his cock for a while, getting used to the feel and taste of it. She continued licking for about a minute, then opened her mouth to engulf it.

When she closed her mouth around his cock and began to suck, he thought he had died and gone to heaven. He'd never had a blowjob before, but he fantasized about it all the time. The reality was so much better than the fantasy. Despite the fact that it was his sister doing it to him, or perhaps because of it, he felt overwhelmed by the intensity of the pleasure.

He groaned over and over again as she sucked him. It was honestly one of the best moments of his life. She wasn't particularly experienced with giving head, but he wasn't experienced with receiving it either. The intensity of the pleasure was beyond anything he had ever felt before.

Unfortunately, she had been right. The thought of how naughty he was being, the sight of his naked little sister with his cock disappearing into her mouth, and the sheer pleasure of the act were too much for him. In less than a minute, he felt the pressure rising.

"I'm going to cum," he warned her. He expected her to pull back and just jack him off the rest of the way, but instead she kept her lips wrapped around his dick. He had been joking about her liking the taste, but as he watched her suck away on his dick awaiting his oncoming climax, he wondered if maybe it were true.

His cock lurched and the first load spurted from the tip. To his surprise, he felt Melinda's mouth contract and he realized she really was swallowing it. The second load came, and she swallowed again. She gulped down the third, the fourth, the fifth. Everything he gave her, she drank down without complaint.

Finally when the spasms ended and his dick began to go soft, she let it slip from her mouth. Trevor lay there panting on the couch, basking in the afterglow and the memory of what had just happened.

"See?" he said once he got his breath back. "You swallowed the whole thing, just like I said."

"Yeah, but it wasn't because I liked the taste," she replied. "Could you imagine what Mom and Dad would think if they saw that kind of stain on the couch? I had no choice but to swallow it."

"You just keep telling yourself that," he smirked.

Tuesday

There are very few feelings in the world as nice as waking up next to a beautiful, naked girl. That was the thought that went through Trevor's head as he opened his eyes for the first time Tuesday morning and glanced over at his sister still asleep next to him.

No doubt about it; Melinda was one sexy girl, despite being a brat. At least when she slept, none of her personality was present, leaving only her gorgeous face and body.

As he watched her sleeping, he thought about their relationship. Sure they drove each other crazy, but when he was honest with himself, he had to admit that it was as much his fault as hers. Perhaps there was a way to change that. Perhaps if he made the effort to be a little nicer...

Melinda yawned and stretched, then opened her eyes and glanced around. She saw him staring at her, and scowled at him.

Trevor laughed, though he didn't know why. Perhaps it was because she was so predictable. Or perhaps it was to hide the fact that it bothered him that her first reaction upon seeing him in the morning was disgust.

She immediately hopped out of bed. Trevor started to follow her, but she stopped him. "I have to make you breakfast in bed," she told him, as if it was the most distasteful task in the universe.

He had been so wrapped up in the other dares that he had forgotten about that one. Still, it was a pleasant surprise, so as she went into the kitchen, Trevor lay back down and stared up at the ceiling.

After a few minutes, Melinda returned. She had found a tray in one of the cupboards, big enough to hold two plates and glasses. She walked over to the bed carrying it, a scowl on her face at having to do something nice for him. He wondered how much of that was just an act. No doubt she expected him to rub it in, but he decided to surprise her by trying something he never would have considered until this week. He would be nice to her.

"Thank you, Melinda," he smiled pleasantly. "I really appreciate all your hard work."

"I'm just doing it because I lost the stupid game," she replied.

"Still, it looks like a lot of work. And it must be cold being naked like that this time of morning. Why don't you hop back into bed and we'll eat breakfast together."

"You think I want to get back into bed with you?" she growled.

"Don't worry; I won't touch you. I just hate to see you suffering like that, especially when the bed is nice and warm. Come on. Do yourself a favor."

"You promise you won't touch me?"

"I promise."

"Okay, fine." She handed him the tray, then hurriedly dashed around to the other side of the bed and climbed in next to him. He set the tray on both of their laps.

As much as he would have loved to touch his little sister's nude body, he was true to his word. Due to his newfound interest in her, he wanted her to like him instead of hate him. And that meant he had to show some good qualities, including trustworthiness. He would show her that he wasn't such a bad guy after all.

Not surprisingly, they ate in silence; despite being a little more comfortable with each other, they still didn't have much to say to each other. Years of nearly constant fighting had left its mark on their relationship.

After breakfast, Trevor took the tray and dishes into the kitchen and filled up the sink with soapy water. He had a lot of dishes to catch up on, after all, and that was one of the dares from the hand he had lost.

Melinda surprised him by gathering up the dishes from the table and stacking them on the counter nearby. Then she surprised him again by offering to help rinse. When he asked her about it, she shrugged and said there really wasn't anything else to do. Trevor was delighted; almost as enjoyable as waking up next to a beautiful naked girl was standing next to a beautiful naked girl, even while washing dishes.

After a good night's rest and recovery from his mind-blowing orgasm last night, seeing her nude body was having its effect on him, and it reminded him that there was still unfinished business. When he reminded her of this, she insisted that it was still too chilly and she would do it later when it warmed up. He agreed, but on the condition that she do it right after lunch. It was a good compromise, but later that morning it naturally led to an argument over when they should eat. Trevor, of course, wanted to eat early, but Melinda wanted to put it off as long as possible. They finally settled on noon as the universally accepted lunch time.

Melinda ate slowly, of course, but she couldn't drag it on forever, and eventually she had to admit that she had procrastinated long enough. With a sigh of resignation, she sat down on the couch.

Trevor was overjoyed. Not only did he get to see his sister naked, but now she would put on a show that he would likely remember for the rest of his life.

"Now let's see..." he said. "What would make a good sex toy..."

"Trevor," said Melinda with a touch of fear in her voice. "Don't pick anything really bad."

"Oh, but I had my heart set on making you stick a bottle of hot sauce up your pussy," he grinned evilly.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Trevor, please. You're my big brother and you're supposed to look after me. Please?"

It was unusual for her to be this pleading with him. Normally she would rather die than sound like she was begging. Of course, he never would have made her do anything that could hurt her. She was right; he was supposed to look after her, and right now he felt like doing just that.

"Before I make my decision," he said, "I need to know something. Do you ever... have you ever... well..."

"Are you asking me whether I'm a virgin?"

"Sort of. I mean, it's none of my business, but I don't want... um..."

"Don't want what?"

"I don't want you popping your cherry because of a stupid game."

"Oh, so you have some decency after all," she remarked.

"Not much," he laughed. "I'm making you go through with it, after all."

Melinda scowled at him, but her face grew red from embarrassment.

"So you still haven't answered my question," he said.

She stared at him. "You promise not to tell anyone? Not even Mom and Dad?"

"I promise."

"I mean it, Trevor. This is important."

"I know. I promise. Cross my heart and hope to die and all that stuff."

"Okay," she sighed. "I've never let a boy touch me there, but I broke my cherry last year. I'm not going to say how though."

"Aw, spoil my fun," he whined teasingly. "But seriously, that makes things a whole lot more interesting."

"So you're going to make me stick something up there?"

"You bet I am!" he exclaimed. "And as an added bonus, I'm going to go get my camera."

"No!" she exclaimed. "That wasn't part of the deal. I'm not going to do it if you're going to take pictures."

The threat had been real, but he realized that he was on the verge of losing something important. Never before had either of them gone back on a dare, no matter how humiliating. But they were breaking new ground here, exploring new territory with these naughty dares, so the rules of the game had changed. If she refused this dare, she might refuse some others. She might even put her clothes back on.

"I was just kidding about the camera," he laughed. "You're so gullible, Melinda."

She stuck out her tongue at him, her usual response when she couldn't think of a good comeback.

"But you still have to go through with it. Now back to the original question of what object to use."

Actually, he had something in mind already, but he wanted to draw this out and make her sweat a little. He knew a secret about Melinda, one sure to embarrass her when she discovered he knew about it.

"I've got it," he finally said. "The perfect object for you to have fun with."

"What?" she asked, her eyes going wide in fear.

"Your vibrator," he told her.

"What? I don't--"

"Oh, don't try to deny it, Melinda. Not only have I heard it, I've seen it."

"You creep!" she exclaimed. "You've been going through my stuff!"

"No I haven't. You just forgot to put it away once. There it was, right on your bed. Not to mention my room is right next to yours, and I hear it every night through the walls. Geez, Melinda. Four hours at a time?"

"I don't do it for four hours!" she insisted, growing red.

"That sounds like a confession," he grinned. "You don't do it for four hours, but you don't deny that you do it."

"Okay, fine. What's it to you?"

"I'm curious. Where did you get it?"

"Like I'd really tell you that."

"Okay, maybe I'll tell Mom and Dad about your little hobby."

"Mom already knows, and Dad probably wouldn't care. So go ahead and tell them if you don't mind them lecturing you on respecting your sister's privacy."

She had him there. He really couldn't argue with that.

"Fine. But you still have to put on a nice show for me today."

"What makes you think I brought it with me?"

"You can't seem to go a day without using it. You wouldn't leave it at home and have to go a whole week."

"Screw you."

"I'm right though, aren't I?"

Melinda clenched her teeth and growled in frustration. "Fine," she said. "But I'm not going to do it out here. I need room to spread out."

Trevor followed her into the bedroom, where she opened her suitcase and rummaged through the clothes until she found the phallic object that they had been speaking of. It wasn't as obscenely big as the ones he had seen in internet porn videos; compared to those it was quite small. But then, Melinda was a small girl,

considering her age.

Melinda climbed onto the bed, and Trevor sat at the end to watch. Reluctantly spreading her legs, Melinda hit the switch on her vibrator and placed it between her legs. She closed her eyes and began to rub.

Trevor watched with excited fascination. He had never seen a girl play with herself before, except the numerous porn videos he had seen on the internet. To be here right in the same room, watching it happen right in front of him, was something completely different. Especially because it was his sister. Rather than disturbing him, that made it all the more exciting.

For the first few minutes as Melinda warmed herself up, she didn't really seem to be enjoying herself. Rubbing her pussy with the vibrator seemed to be no more thrilling to her than washing her hands. She alternated between her toy and her hands, whichever she felt she needed at the moment to stimulate herself the best. She had told him, after all, that she couldn't just turn it on and off. Naturally it would take some time for her to get into it.

Eventually as her nervousness subsided and the physical feelings she was giving herself began to take control, the signs of her increasing arousal became more apparent. She opened her mouth as she breathed, and each breath grew louder and heavier. Her hips started wiggling, joining in the motion of her fingers and vibrator.

For a while, Melinda ran the vibrator mostly over the outer lips of her pussy, her body spasming each time it touched her clit. She used her fingers to gradually pry apart those lips and delve inside. Trevor watched with fascination as she slipped first one finger, then two into her pussy. It was a delightful sight, one that he knew he would never forget. How could he forget the vision of his gorgeous little sister giving herself such pleasure, right in front of him?

After several minutes of loosening herself up like that, she moved the vibrator lower, lining up the tip with her now eager opening. Trevor grinned and even shivered in anticipation, knowing what came next. She pressed it gently against the opening to her pussy, letting the lips spread to take in the head. Because of the phallic shape of the toy, it was like watching her have sex, except that he would have been extremely jealous if any boy did to her what she was doing to herself with the vibrator.

Melinda bit her lower lip as she pressed the vibrator in deeper, but she couldn't contain the smile that broke out on her face as she did so. Despite Trevor's presence, she was really enjoying herself.

She withdrew it and pushed it in again several times, each time going deeper until she decided not to go any further. The vibrator still had a way to go, but then, it wasn't designed for a girl as young and small as her. Once she was satisfied with its depth, she began to thrust it in and out. She built up a rhythm, letting her hips join in the motion. Together, they made it easy to imagine that she really was having sex. Trevor wanted so much to rip off his clothes and jump on her right there.

With one hand working the vibrator, it left her other hand free to rub herself on the outside. Naturally she focused on her clitoris, letting her fingers trace circles around the little bud. The effect was stunning. More than her hips were engaged now; her whole body had joined in. She was practically lifting her back right off the bed with each wave of the pleasure.

Melinda began rubbing herself harder and faster as she thrust the vibrator in and out rapidly. At the same time, her moaning grew higher in pitch, and Trevor could tell that she was on the verge of orgasm. She let it come, apparently so lost in ecstasy that she was oblivious to the presence of her brother watching her. Her moaning turned into a wail that she didn't even try to suppress. And why should she? Out here away from civilization there was no need to hide what she was doing.

She reached her peak, then slowly let herself glide down from that high. The wail turned back into moans that descended as her body slowed down, her fingers moving slower and slower until she stopped rubbing herself altogether. She let the vibrator slip out and then turned it off, but didn't bother to close up her legs. Instead, she just lay there panting, a smile of pleasure on her face.

Now that the show was over, Trevor left her alone. He was still worked up almost to a frenzy by the sight of her playing with herself like that, but he knew from experience that after an orgasm like that, she needed time to rest. He slipped out of the bedroom and closed the door behind him, wishing he hadn't promised not to use his camera.

She emerged from the bedroom twenty minutes later, and headed straight for the shower. He considered examining the bathroom doorknob to see if it had a keyhole that would allow him to peek through, but figured, what's the point? It wasn't as if she would be any more nude in the shower than when she came out later.

He did watch her when she exited the bathroom after taking her shower. There was something delightfully appealing about her immature young body, exposed completely to his eyes. Even something as simple as crossing the room was exquisitely erotic in her state of undress.

She caught him staring at her, and stuck her tongue out at him.

"I'll bet you liked that, didn't you?" she said, obviously referring to her antics on the bed a while ago.

"Quite a lot, actually," replied Trevor.

"Okay, now you have to give me a chance to get some payback."

"You want to play some more dare poker? Because I can think of all kinds of humiliating things for you to do. You'll wish you had never challenged me in the first place."

"And I bet you'll fold on the first dare," she retorted.

"Prove it."

"Okay. Go get the cards."

Trevor grabbed the deck from where he had set it on the couch yesterday, along with the leftover scraps of paper. They argued over who got to make the first dare, but Melinda pointed out that if she didn't go first, she would have no chance to take him up on the offer of proving that he would fold on the first dare. So Trevor dealt the cards, nearly groaning when he ended up with absolutely nothing good. To bluff, he replaced two cards, which gave him a pair of fours. Melinda only replaced one card. She then scribbled her dare on a piece of paper.

"I noticed that your suitcase has a lock on it," said Melinda.

"Yeah, so what does that have to do with your dare?"

"The loser," said Melinda, "has to lock all their clothes in the suitcase. Including the ones they're wearing. The winner gets to keep the key until the end of the vacation."

So that was it, Trevor realized. Melinda had chosen that dare on purpose, to get her revenge for having to go naked all vacation. According to the rules of the game, the same dare couldn't be made twice, but she had found a loophole by wording it a little differently.

It was another unfair dare, of course. If Melinda lost, she really didn't lose anything. But if she won...

If she won, Trevor realized, it might be even more fun for him. After all, they still had to sleep in the same bed. He wouldn't try anything during the night, of course, but just the thought of sleeping naked with her excited him like crazy.

"I fold," he said.

"See?" she said triumphantly. "You folded on the first dare."

"Yeah, because you gave me just what I wanted. it's always been my secret ambition to take my clothes off in front of you," he said sarcastically. "And from your dare, it's obvious you want to see me naked."

"I do not!"

"You've probably been peeking on me while I take my showers in the morning. You should have just asked me."

"You pervert!"

"I'm the pervert? You're the one who wanted to see your brother naked, you sick freak."

"I'll bet you're really enjoying this," she said. "I'll bet just the thought of getting naked in front of me makes you hard."

"Yeah, and I'll bet as soon as you see it you'll get so horny you'll jump on me and rape me," he taunted.

"Prove it," she demanded.

"Okay." Trevor bent over and pulled off his socks, then rose to his feet and stood in front of her. If she wanted to see him naked, he would give her a good show. He was already erect, just as she had claimed, and since there was no way to hide it, he figured he might as well go all out. She'd probably enjoy it, though she would never admit it.

He positioned himself right in front of her so that his hips were about a foot from her head. It was a little closer than perhaps comfortable, but she had asked for it.

He lifted his shirt over his head and tossed it on the ground. Then he unbuckled and unzipped his pants, letting them fall to the floor. That left only his shorts, with the bulge of his erection clearly obvious.

"See?" she asked. "I told you you'd be hard."

"So you were right about something for once in your life. Now are you ready to see the rest of me?"

Melinda nodded, surprisingly having no retort for that. Of course, Trevor could see excitement in her eyes; maybe she was too eager to see him naked to be able to think of a good comeback. Or, more likely, she was just too thrilled to be making him do something humiliating.

But it wasn't humiliating. Back home, losing his clothes like this in front of her would have been the most mortifying thing in the world. But here, perhaps because she had lost her clothes first or perhaps because he was starting to see her completely differently, this felt less like getting naked with a little sister and more like getting naked with a girlfriend.

As for the way she felt, all he knew was that as soon as he dropped his shorts and exposed his cock to her view, her eyes lit up with delight.

Melinda grinned as soon as he stepped out of his shorts. "Ooh, you make me so horny I want to jump on you and rape you," she said.

They both burst out laughing at that. It was the strangest sensation; he honestly couldn't think of the last time he had laughed at one of her jokes. Or vice versa. There was something actually pleasant about sharing a joke with her, especially right now. Despite his obvious arousal, taking his clothes off in front of her was a little stressful, and the humor helped to take the edge off it.

He noticed her staring at his crotch, but didn't make a big deal out of it. After all, he had spent a long time staring at her body after she took her clothes off yesterday. He liked to think that she enjoyed what she saw as much as he had, but he really couldn't tell from her expression.

He picked up his clothes and took them into the bedroom, where he stuffed his clothes into his laundry bag and shoved the whole thing into his suitcase with the rest of his clean clothes. He locked it with the small luggage lock that came with the suitcase, then returned to the front room and handed the key to Melinda.

"Since you didn't give me time to really do what I wanted, we have to play again," she insisted.

Trevor shrugged. So far these dares were turning out to be more and more interesting as they went along. He didn't even mind the times he lost, so he was willing to keep going as long as she was.

On the next hand, he ended up with a pair of sevens. It wasn't the worst hand in the world, but he couldn't count on winning. He decided to go easy on the dares this time, then fold as soon as Melinda suggested something he really didn't want to do.

"The loser has to clean up the cabin before Mom and Dad get back on Saturday," he said, writing the same thing on a piece of paper.

"That's a wimpy dare," said Melinda. "I'm guessing that means you have a bad hand."

She had it all figured out. Now she would no doubt start making some pretty wild dares, hoping to seriously humiliate him. This was her moment of payback. Of course, he would rob her of her victory by folding early; he would have to clean the cabin Saturday morning, but that didn't bother him.

"Since you made me do disgusting things to you, I'm going to make you do disgusting things to me," she said. "The loser has to give the winner an orgasm once a day until Mom and Dad get back."

Trevor was shocked and delighted. Her plan had backfired. If she thought he would be opposed to pleasuring her like that, she was completely mistaken. For him, this really was a no-lose situation. Forget folding; he was going to make sure that *someone* had to perform this dare.

"I call," he smiled.

Melinda's eyes grew wide. "You call?" she asked. "You don't fold?"

"I call," he repeated. "Show your hand."

"No!" she whined, spreading her cards in front of her. Technically, she didn't have to do that; she could have raised by submitting another dare, but he had managed to catch her off guard by not folding, and she had showed her cards before she realized she didn't have to.

He stared at her cards. A pair of fives. She had been bluffing, and Trevor had just won. He showed his cards, and Melinda growled in frustration. She threw her cards on the floor and ran into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her.

Normally, Trevor would have just rolled his eyes and thought about how stupid it was that she was so sensitive. It was a fair game after all; she had even dealt the cards, so she couldn't claim that he had cheated.

But for some reason it bothered him today. He didn't like the thought that she was angry, especially if he had any part in making her that way.

Maybe Mom and Dad were right, he thought, though he hated to admit it. Maybe it is better to get along after all.

Certainly he had enjoyed laughing together with her a few minutes ago. It at least felt better than knowing that she was in the bedroom fuming because she had lost a game. Was it possible for them to change their attitude and actually enjoy each other's company?

Melinda stayed in the bedroom for an hour. When she returned, there was something different about her. She seemed friendlier, even a bit cheerful. She sat down on the couch with him and then, to his surprise, began to talk with him.

It felt a bit forced, a bit awkward even, but he wasn't about to complain. Just the fact that she was speaking to him was enough. Trevor thought he knew where that change had come from. She had probably been thinking exactly the same things he had. And that meant something wonderful.

They were both trying to get along with each other.

It worked, at least for the rest of the day. There were plenty of lulls in the conversation; they hadn't had much to talk about in years, and could never keep up a discussion for more than three minutes before it broke down into an argument or a yelling match. Now, though, with them both trying to make an effort, somehow they kept it civil.

They stayed away from topics that they knew they disagreed on, and they were careful not to tease each other for fear that it would lead to fighting. Thus, the conversation was rather boring. But that wasn't the point. The only thing that mattered was that they were starting to get along.

In just a couple of hours of speaking to each other, they started getting more comfortable with it, and those awkward moments of silence came less and less frequently until they disappeared entirely. The atmosphere grew more relaxed, and they even began to crack jokes, though never at each other's expense.

They continued their conversation at dinner, and then when Trevor went to clean up the dishes (now that it was his responsibility, he preferred to do it right after eating rather than let it pile up), Melinda again stood by and helped him, continuing their discussion.

Trevor found it ironic that he was standing there with a beautiful girl, both of them naked and one of them at least clearly aroused, yet all they were doing was washing dishes and talking. It was a bizarre, surreal

sensation but not exactly unwelcome.

He could have reminded her that she had a duty to perform; certainly his engorged cock would have been happy if she fulfilled her obligation from the dare earlier in the day. But he felt that they had found a kind of balance here, an unsteady one that could fall apart at any moment if he pushed it. If he insisted that she take care of him, it might ruin things. Besides, if he gave her a free pass today, it would add more weight to his demand when he insisted she fulfill the dare tomorrow. And the next day. And the next. He couldn't help smiling at that thought. Yes, he would be patient.

As the sun set, the temperature dropped, and they found themselves getting colder. When Melinda shivered, Trevor looked at his watch.

"Okay, bedtime," he announced.

They spent a few minutes using the bathroom, brushing their teeth, doing the usual bedtime routine, minus the changing into their pajamas. Trevor was the first to be finished, so he went to the bedroom and climbed into bed. A few minutes later, Melinda entered the room. She froze in the doorway.

"What is it?" he asked her.

"The bed," she said. "I... we shouldn't sleep... I mean..."

"Naked? Together?" he asked.

"Yeah. You'll probably try to rape me in my sleep."

"Why would I want to rape an ugly girl like you?" he asked.

"Hey!" she exclaimed.

"If you're at all worried about it, there's an easy solution," he grinned. "Give me the key to my suitcase. I'll go throw on my pajamas. Of course, you still have to be naked the rest of the vacation."

"No way," she insisted. "If I have to be naked, you have to be naked."

"Suit yourself," he shrugged, sitting down on the bed.

Melinda sighed. "Okay, fine. Scoot over."

Trevor moved to the other side of the bed and pulled down the blankets to give Melinda room to climb in. She stayed as far from him as possible, not surprisingly. They drew up the blankets, then Melinda turned out the lights.

Trevor grinned. He was sleeping naked in the same bed as a gorgeous, sexy girl. Maybe this vacation wasn't so bad after all.

Wednesday

If Trevor thought it was nice to wake up next to a beautiful naked girl, it was nothing compared to waking up to the feeling of a beautiful naked girl pressed up against his own naked body. During the night, either because she was cold, or due to a dream, or for no reason whatsoever, she had rolled over toward him, and now lay against his side, one arm thrown over him to grasp his opposite shoulder and her leg crossing one of his. Trevor could feel every inch of her hot young body, including her soft tits with their pointy nipples against his chest, and her hot little pussy against his thigh.

This was heaven, he decided. It didn't matter that Melinda was his sister that normally he couldn't stand. For right now, she was just a sexy teenage girl with an amazing body.

Unfortunately, she didn't see it that way. Five minutes later, she opened her eyes. As soon as she realized where she was, she pulled away from him.

"Gross!" she exclaimed.

"Yeah, that's just what I was thinking," he lied. It was clear that neither of them really meant it; it was just habit.

"I need a shower," she said.

"You certainly do," he teased.

"Hey!"

"I'm just kidding. Besides, I need a shower as much as you do. I'll even go first."

"No you don't. You'll use up all the hot water."

"And if you go first, you'll use up all the hot water. I'm not waiting half an hour before it heats back up again."

Melinda stared at him. "We could..." she said. "We could... share?"

Trevor stared at her in shock. A few seconds ago she was complaining about touching him, and now she wanted to take a shower with him?

"Look," she said, "we're already nude, so what's the big deal?"

The big deal was that he would get to watch her run her hands all over her soapy, wet body.

"Good point," said Trevor. "Let's do it."

They both climbed out of bed and made their way into the bathroom. Two minutes later, they stood under the hot spray of the shower, a welcome relief after the chill of the morning air.

Trevor couldn't help but peek at Melinda's body. He had spent the past day and a half with a great view of it, but it was different, and perhaps even a little sexier, with rivulets of water running down and the sheen of the dampness on her skin. He especially enjoyed the sight of her running her hands all over her chest, including

her young boobs.

She didn't even turn away or try to cover herself. Of course, after being naked in front of him for so long, it was pointless to start being bashful now.

"You're staring," she told him.

"Cause you're putting on a great show. What did I tell you?"

"Yeah, well if you can stare, so can I," said Melinda, dropping her gaze deliberately to his crotch.

Trevor had a sudden exhibitionistic impulse, so he put his hands behind his back and thrust out his hips, putting his swollen cock obscenely on display.

"Like what you see?" he asked.

"See? I'd need a microscope to see anything," she teased.

"Hey!"

"Just kidding, Trevor."

"Yeah, well when you're done with that microscope, let me borrow it so I can see your tits."

"Oh, ha ha. You're very funny. Next time you use my joke you're going to have to pay royalties."

It was the type of teasing that almost invariably led to a heated argument back home, but today it just felt non-threatening, even playful. Their jabs lacked the venom that they usually did.

Trevor continued to watch as Melinda showered, loving the sight of her nude skin. He wished her could just reach out and run his hands all over her. Then he realized, there was a way to do just that, and get away with it.

"Can I wash your back?" he asked.

Melinda scowled at him. "Yeah, like I wasn't expecting that."

"What?" said Trevor with a hurt tone to his voice. "I just want to be nice to you."

"No, you want to grope me."

"Why would I want to grope you? It's not like I enjoy touching you."

"Like you didn't enjoy touching me in the car?"

"Look, if you don't want me to wash your back, fine. See if I ever do anything nice for you again."

Melinda sighed. "Okay," she conceded. "Go ahead and wash my back. But keep your hands above the waist. And no reaching around."

"Never crossed my mind," he grinned.

"Yeah right."

As Melinda turned away from him, Trevor reached for the bottle of liquid soap, squeezed some out onto his hand, then placed his hands on his sister's back. The fantasy was nice; the reality was even better. He let his hands explore her skin, enjoying the softness and slickness as he lathered up the soap. Not wanting to push his luck, he followed her rules explicitly. Despite being tempted to slide his hands around to fondle her tits, he kept his hands to her back.

He could have gone on like that forever, but they only had a limited amount of hot water, so after only about a minute, Melinda stepped forward into the shower spray to rinse herself off.

"Thanks," she said, and surprisingly there was no hint of reluctance or distaste in her tone of voice.

Trevor nodded. He should have been the one to thank her, for giving him the chance to feel her exquisite skin like that.

"Now it's your turn," said Melinda.

That surprised Trevor; he wouldn't have expected his little sister to be willing to wash his back for him. Of course, he had never expected her to let him wash her back either.

"Oh, so now *you* want to grope *me*," he teased, as he turned his back on her. "Keep your hands above the waist. And no reaching around."

"But that's exactly what I had in mind," said Melinda. He felt her hands slide around in front of him, and suddenly she grabbed his cock.

"What the--" he began.

"I have to give you an orgasm sometime today, so I might as well get it over with," she explained.

He certainly wasn't about to argue with that. With her hands slick with soap, the feeling was intense and almost ticklish as she rubbed them up and down the shaft. He couldn't help but moan at the sensation, causing Melinda to giggle. She seemed to be enjoying this too, though obviously not as much as he was.

She surprised him by pressing her body up against his back. Perhaps she only did it to give her arms more room to work, but nevertheless it felt amazingly good. He could feel her whole front side, especially her soft young tits with those perky little nipples. It would be enough to drive him wild even without her hands rubbing up and down his cock.

His hips began to make involuntary movements, thrusting slowly and rhythmically forward and back in time to the motions of her hands. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the soapy, slippery feeling as she jerked him off.

Trevor could hear himself groaning at the sensation, but he didn't care. At the moment, the rest of the world might as well not exist; he was alone with his sister's hands in front and her chest in back. Nothing else mattered.

Then he heard Melinda giggle again, and without warning she changed tempo. Suddenly she was beating him off as fast as she could, teasing him beyond his capability to stand. It took less than thirty seconds of that before he felt the pleasure spiking. His legs began to buckle, and it was all he could do to keep from falling as she coaxed his orgasm out of him. His cock spurted over and over again, the cum mixing with the water on the floor and running down the drain. Melinda kept up the tempo until his dick softened in her hands.

"I'm glad that's over with," she told him, sliding past him to rinse her hands off in the spray.

Trevor couldn't stop grinning after the shower, to which Melinda merely rolled her eyes. But his good mood was contagious, and more than once when she glanced at him and saw that the grin had not disappeared from his face, she broke out laughing.

He returned to bed after showering so that Melinda could bring him his breakfast like she was supposed to. Without being coaxed, or even invited, she crawled under the covers with him to eat their breakfast together. Trevor didn't mind; he loved any activity that brought her this close to him. Now that he had experienced the touch of her bare skin, he was addicted. It was both pleasurable and tormenting to sit here so close to her without touching her.

Something, however, was missing. They reverted back to that awkward silence, eating breakfast without speaking a word to each other. It wasn't that either of them wanted it, but it seemed that yesterday had been a fluke. Melinda had put forth a valiant effort to get them talking, but perhaps it had exhausted her, and she was in no mood to do the same.

Trevor tried to start up conversations several times, but they lasted only a minute or so before falling completely flat and reverting to silence. He didn't like it, and apparently neither did Melinda, but there was really nothing they could do about it.

Is that our curse? Trevor wondered. *Are we doomed never to have anything to say to one another?* He wondered how it had gotten to that point. They used to get along great as kids; they played together and got in trouble together and generally made a mess of themselves together. Some time between then and now they had lost that and they could hardly speak to each other.

The silence lasted through lunch, and afterward Melinda headed into the bedroom, no doubt to write some more in her journal. He wondered about that. If he could see it, would she still be griping about him, or would her words be similar to his own thoughts?

He was so sick of solitaire by now that he wanted to throw the cards out the window. Without Melinda to talk to, all he could do was sit and stare at the wall, thinking about how nice it would be if he could find some way to make up with his sister. It was clearly what they both wanted, so why was it so difficult?

He had been sitting like that for half an hour when he decided to do something about it. Trevor and Melinda needed a good, serious talk about their relationship. He had to know exactly how she felt, and he had to tell her how he felt.

Trevor rose to his feet and strode to the bedroom, determined to have that talk with her. He opened the door, then gasped.

Melinda lay on the bed, her legs spread and her hands rubbing herself between. She opened her eyes wide when she saw him, and for a moment the two of them stared at each other. Then she gave out a yelp and slammed her legs shut.

"Get out!" she shouted, her face growing red. Then tears of shame started to flow down her cheeks.

"I'm sorry," Trevor said, then hurriedly backed out the door and started closing it behind him.

"No, wait," said Melinda, and he stopped. He could see the tears still in her eyes, her face red with

embarrassment. For a moment he stood there, not knowing what to do.

Then for some reason, instinct perhaps, he walked over, sat down on the bed, and put an arm around her. Her response, surprisingly, was to wrap her own arms around his chest and sob softly into his shoulder.

Trevor didn't know what to do, what to say. So he just held her and remained silent. Melinda continued to cry for a few minutes, then eventually lifted her head and wiped the tears away.

"You're not going to tell anyone, are you?" she asked.

"Tell anyone? What are you talking about?"

"Well, you caught me... playing with myself."

"Is that what's bothering you? After yesterday, this really doesn't--"

"But that was different," she insisted. "I had to do that. It was part of the game. This time... I... I get so frustrated sometimes. I've had to do all kinds of things for you, and I just wanted... I mean, I have to take care of myself. It's hard being cooped up in this cabin with you, with you hardly talking to me. I need... I need someone to..."

Was she really implying what he thought? Trevor was amazed. Melinda, his bratty little sister, was confessing that she wanted him to take care of her needs.

She was right; it hadn't been exactly fair these past few days. The cards just seemed to work out for him every time. She had been seeing to his needs, but he hadn't returned the favor.

Not that he didn't *want* to return the favor. She had the most beautiful body, and he would love to get to know it a lot better. So what if she was his sister? She was also a beautiful naked girl who was practically giving him her body.

He had a sudden idea. He released her, then rose to his feet. Returning to the front room, he snatched up the cards then entered the bedroom again. He shuffled the deck, then dealt five cards to each of them.

"Trevor," said Melinda. "I don't want to play cards anymore. Every time we do, I just have to end up doing things to make you feel good, and you never have to do anything to make *me* feel good."

"Do you trust me?" he asked.

"My obnoxious older brother who keeps looking for new ways to annoy me?" she asked. Then she smiled. "Okay, yeah, I trust you."

"And can I trust you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, I'm about to do something nice for you, and I don't want you taking advantage of it."

"Fine. You can trust me."

"Good. So my first dare is, the loser has to be the winner's sex slave for an hour every day, for the rest of the vacation."

Melinda rolled her eyes. "Yeah, you *would* come up with--"

"And I fold," he added.

She stared at him. "You fold?" she asked. Trevor nodded. Technically, he wasn't allowed to fold right after making a dare, but considering what she gained out of it, he figured she wouldn't push the point.

As her eyes lit up with delight, he knew that he figured right. Her lips spread into a smile, then she squealed and threw her arms around his neck, hugging him tightly.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed. "Maybe you're not as obnoxious as you seem. Trevor, I know that we bitch and moan and complain and try to drive each other crazy, but you don't know how much you've made my day." Then she drew back and stared into his eyes. "So you're going to be my sex slave for an hour?"

"Yes, but remember, you promised not to take advantage of it. I know how much you would have loved to get me in this position before, but don't make me do anything humiliating or degrading."

"You mean like... licking me? Down there?"

"That's not humiliating or degrading," he grinned. "In fact, I'll prove it." He slid off the bed and knelt in front of her.

"Oh my god," she breathed, spreading her legs for him.

"Set your alarm, because for sixty minutes, I'm going to do everything I can to make you feel good," said Trevor.

He lowered his head, taking a moment to get a good view of her gorgeous pussy. Truthfully, this was the first time he had ever gone down on a girl, and he was a little apprehensive. The smell was rather strong, and he wasn't sure whether he liked it or not. Still, he was willing to try this once for Melinda's sake. Things were starting to really go well between them, and he wanted that to continue. Unfortunately, that meant he had to give up being a selfish prick; he had to show her that he was willing to do things just for her.

As soon as his tongue touched her skin, all his apprehensions vanished. The taste wasn't anywhere near as bad as he had anticipated; in fact, he could come to enjoy it, even learn to like the flavor if he kept it up. Even the dampness from her arousal wasn't too bad. He let his tongue run all over her pussy, tasting every part of it and getting used to it.

Whatever he was doing, he was doing it right, because Melinda let out a moan of pleasure. He glanced up and saw that she had her eyes closed and a smile on her face; it was the same expression he had seen yesterday when she had used her vibrator. That meant she liked what he was doing to her.

He liked it too. There was something amazingly thrilling about giving a pretty girl that kind of pleasure, even if he wasn't receiving any direct stimulation himself. Just the thought of what he was doing to her was enough.

His tongue wandered all over the outer lips, sometimes flicking against them and sometimes running up and down in long strokes. He listened to the sounds coming from her mouth and the motions of her body as he tongued her, paying attention to what she liked the most. This was all for her, after all. She had told him that she had never actually had sex, but he wondered if she had ever let a boy do anything sexual to her at all. Was his the first tongue to taste her like this? Probably, and that meant he needed to make it special for her.

Not surprisingly, she seemed to enjoy it most when he licked her clit. The first time he touched her there, she gasped and her legs spasmed, almost closing on his head. He loved that reaction, so he licked her there again. He tried several different techniques, and discovered that he could work her into a frenzy if he flicked his tongue against it rapidly. When he did that, she couldn't even breathe properly; she gasped so quickly that she was practically hyperventilating.

To draw it out and give her a chance to calm down a bit, he left her clitoris and spent a few minutes working on some of the other parts. There was still plenty that he hadn't explored yet, including the mysterious depths inside.

To that end, he worked his way down the slit, massaging the lips with his thumbs as he ran his tongue up and down. Then he gently pried them apart, and dipped his tongue in. That elicited another excited groan from Melinda, so he continued to explore the fleshy pink interior, sometimes flicking his tongue against it and sometimes spearing it in as deep as he could. He was really getting into this; maybe there was something to this whole "being nice" thing. Maybe it really was sometimes as fun to give as to receive.

After spending a few minutes spearing her with his tongue, he moved back up to her clit, to her delight. The change in her response was instantaneous. Her hips began to buck, her moans grew louder, and every so often a tremor would run through her body. He had heard somewhere that girls could experience mini-orgasms, and wondered if that was what he was witnessing. The thought that he was making her feel that good put a smile on his face even as he continued to lick her.

Mini orgasms or not, she soon began building toward a much more powerful one. He could tell that from the same signs that he had seen yesterday when she brought herself to climax. Her moans turned to whimpers and whines as they rose in pitch, and her legs shook as her hips tensed. Trevor returned to flicking his tongue against her clit rapidly, the action that seemed to have the most effect on her, and this time it put her over the edge. She literally shrieked as the climax hit her, and this time she literally lifted her hips off the bed. She held that position for two seconds as the shriek cut off in a tightening of her throat, then her whole body collapsed in exhaustion. She lay on the bed gasping in her breaths, the occasional aftershock running through her body and causing her to shudder.

Trevor lay down on the bed, and Melinda immediately cuddled up next to him. This time it was deliberate. "So this is what it's like to get along," he mumbled. "It feels nice."

Melinda laughed. Neither of them were under any illusion that this was anything like the way most brothers and sisters got along, but he liked their own private version. In a way, it was funny. Their parents would definitely see a change in them when they arrived on Saturday, a welcome one even. But they would be horrified to know the cause.

He wondered about the extent of that change though. So far today they hadn't fought once, though they had teased each other plenty. But he still worried that it was an unstable balance, that any of a thousand things could go wrong to upset it.

For now, he wouldn't let it bother him. He just enjoyed the peaceful tranquility of holding his little sister in his arms as they rested together in bed.

They spent most of the afternoon napping, and for the second time that day he awoke with Melinda cuddled up next to him. This time she didn't complain or gripe or moan when she woke in that position, but instead lifted her lips to kiss him on the cheek.

That was another first, at least in a very long time, at least since they were young children. He liked it.

"You know what's funny?" asked Melinda. "You're supposed to be my sex slave, and I haven't even given

you a single order."

"Are you complaining?" replied Trevor with a teasing grin.

"No. But just to make it official, I'm going to give you an order. Nothing that you're not doing anyway. Cuddle with me."

"Yes ma'am!" he said, giving her a squeeze.

They lay awake like that for at least half an hour, in silence but not the strained silence of earlier in the week. This time it was because they were too relaxed and comfortable; words would distract them from the pleasant feeling of lying together in each other's arms.

It was nearing supper time when they finally got out of bed. They did it reluctantly, but they had to eat after all. During the meal they talked and even cracked jokes, feeling much more comfortable about it than they had yesterday. They even experimented with teasing each other, and surprisingly, it didn't turn to a fight.

The conversation continued afterward as they washed up then retired to the living room. They spoke of everything and nothing, just all the millions of little things that they had never said to each other. It was like all of those subjects had been held back by a dam, a dam that was breaking and letting them all spill out.

As much as he enjoyed talking with Melinda, he enjoyed cuddling with her even more, and apparently she felt the same way. They went to bed early, and this time she made no pretense of staying on her side of the bed. Instead, she snuggled up to him like she had done earlier in the day when they took their naps. Trevor wrapped his arms around her and smiled.

Of course, there was no reason why they couldn't combine the snuggling and the talking. They both seemed so eager to tell each other everything on their mind that they continued their discussion right past midnight and into the early hours of the morning.

They only fought once during that time, if it could be called fighting. Melinda, her head resting on his chest, commented that he made a good pillow. Trevor then jokingly asked if she made a good pillow too, roughly depositing her on her back and then lowering his head as if to lay it on her nearest breast. She squealed and shoved him away, then grabbed one of the *real* pillows and smacked him in the face with it.

That was an opportunity way too good to pass up. What teenage boy could resist having a pillow fight with a naked girl? So he grabbed the other pillow and retaliated. He was bigger and stronger than her, but he held back. If he won, he risked offending her, and then they would be enemies once more. But he really didn't mind if she won. So although he got in a few good hits, he mostly defended, letting her swat him as hard as she liked.

He was the first to fall off the bed, which wasn't exactly comfortable because it was a hard wood floor. Melinda, however, took that as an opportunity to leap on top of him. If they were clothed it would have been perfectly innocent, but he ended up with her lying completely on his chest, her boobs mashed against him and his cock, which had hardened during the fight, pinned between their bodies.

As they realized how compromising their position was, they ended the fight. Melinda had been in the middle of a taunt, but she cut it off halfway through.

Instinctively, Trevor wrapped his arms around her waist. For a few seconds, a smile crept onto her features as she gazed into his eyes.

This is it, he thought. First she's going to kiss me. Then we'll make out for a while, then I'll pick her up and put her back on the bed, then lie down with her, and then...

It didn't happen like that. Melinda rolled off of him, breaking out of his grasp. She stood up, then reached out to offer to help him to his feet. He accepted the offer, then the two of them climbed back into bed. The pillow fight was over, but she at least was willing to cuddle with him again.

It would have to do for now. But it had been so close. Trevor realized that he had actually considered having sex with his little sister. He knew it was wrong; it was immoral and shameful and disgusting. But he couldn't quite convince himself that he wouldn't act on it if the opportunity arose again.

Thursday

For the second morning in a row, Trevor awoke to the feeling of his sister's nude body pressed against him. This time it was even better. On Monday, Melinda had unconsciously grabbed hold of his cock in her sleep, which felt nice even through the fabric of his shorts. Today she did the same thing, minus the shorts.

Her hand was literally wrapped around the shaft, holding it in a firm grip. It was the first thing Trevor noticed when he awoke, and just the thought that his little sister was holding his cock like that nearly drove him to an orgasm right there.

Melinda woke a few minutes later, lifting up her head to smile at him. "Good morning," she said.

"Morning," he nodded.

Then she glanced down at where her arm disappeared under the covers. She gave an experimental squeeze.

"Ew!" she exclaimed when she realized where her hand was. But instead of pulling it away, she kept it there. "You're such a pervert, Trevor," she said, but this time it lacked the scathing, insulting tone to it. It was more a friendly jab. "You wake up hard every morning."

"Yeah, well I bet you're just as horny. You just don't have an automatic way of showing it."

"I bet you've been fantasizing about me all night. I bet you'd love to stick it in your little sister."

"I bet if I did, you'd love it."

"See? I bet if I offered, you would do it."

"And I bet if I did it, you would cum first."

A naughty grin spread on Melinda's face. "Prove it," she said.

Trevor stared at her. "Prove it?" he asked. "Are... um... do you... are you...?"

"The sixty minutes starts right now," she told him.

"Well then, since I'm your slave, give me an order."

"Let's see... first, kiss me."

Trevor grinned. Before the vacation, Trevor would have rather kissed a skunk than his sister, but that was all in the past. He actually looked forward to this. He leaned over and pressed his lips against hers. For a few seconds it was kind of awkward, partly because Melinda couldn't stop giggling. It was probably out of nervousness; they were about to do something she had never done after all. But she eventually relaxed, and the awkwardness faded away, replaced by a pleasant, beautiful feeling.

When he drew back after the kiss, Melinda stared into his eyes. Trevor gave her a smile.

"That was nice," she said.

"And it doesn't bother--"

"It doesn't bother me a bit that you're my brother. That makes it... well... kind of kinky." She giggled again, and Trevor couldn't help but join her in the laughter.

"Now I want you to touch me," Melinda ordered. Jokingly, Trevor poked her in the shoulder.

"Like that?" he asked.

"No, not like that, you doofus. I want you to touch me on my... on my boobs."

"You mean these boobs?" asked Trevor, placing his hand onto one of her tits.

"Exactly. You found them. And you didn't even have to use a microscope."

Trevor massaged her there, enjoying the soft and spongy feeling of her flesh under his hand. Melinda closed her eyes and let herself relax as he fondled her. He could tell by the smile on her face that she enjoyed this as much as he did, or possibly even more.

It was so fun that he could have kept this up for hours, especially as he watched Melinda's beautiful face as she lay there just breathing. He loved the sight, partially because it reminded him of the first time he realized just how much he loved her. It was impossible to see her like that with her eyes closed and that cute little smile on her face and not fall in love with her.

After a couple of minutes, she told him to move his hand to the other side. "I have a better idea," he told her, then lowered his head and slipped her nipple into his mouth.

Melinda groaned, obviously liking his better idea. Trevor, of course, loved it. After what he had done yesterday, he loved the taste of her skin. This part of her was of course milder, but still wonderful. He also loved the feel of her nipple under his tongue, at first small and springy as he flicked his tongue all over it, but gradually swelling and hardening.

The rest of Melinda's body was starting to respond as well, rocking with those sexy motions that he loved so much. She arched her back as if trying to force more of her tit into his mouth, so he took the signal and sucked in the nipple deeply. That elicited another groan from her lips.

During this entire time, Melinda has yet to release his cock from her hand. Perhaps out of instinct she started stroking him up and down very slowly. It wasn't enough to stimulate him to orgasm, especially without the

lubrication of the soap that she had used in the shower yesterday. But it gave him a low erotic buzz that kept him hard and horny, eager to move on to activities even more pleasurable.

There was something else he wanted to do first, though. Her tits were tasty enough, but he longed for another taste of her pussy. He let his mouth slip away from her nipple and kissed his way down the swell of the underside of her breast. He involved his tongue in those kisses, occasionally letting it brush gently against her skin. From the sounds she made as he did that, it was clear she enjoyed that particularly well.

Unfortunately she had to release his cock as he lowered himself along her body, but he wasn't about to complain, considering what was coming up. He continued kissing his way down, reluctantly leaving her breast to kiss her lower chest then down past her rib cage to her stomach. He spent several minutes here, kissing all around her navel and running his tongue all over her stomach. At first he deliberately avoided going too low, teasing her by drawing out the anticipation. Then he let his tongue run right along the edge of the hair line, and she moaned with pleasure and excitement.

From the sight of her pussy so close and the strong aroma, he could tell that it was already getting excited despite not having been touched yet. He was eager to remedy that state.

His fingers came first, running in little circles over her pussy and causing her to gasp. She reflexively spread her legs, and he took advantage of that to move into a position where he could work easily, with his head positioned right above her cute little pussy.

He couldn't wait any longer, so opened his mouth and lowered his head, taking as much of the mound into his mouth as he could. He pressed his tongue against her, getting a taste of that flavor that he had been longing for. Melinda wailed and lifted her hips in another one of what he suspected were mini orgasms.

Trevor sucked his little sister's pussy for a while, then pulled back for a breath of air. He didn't wait long, however, but almost immediately lowered his head again, this time running his tongue from the very base of her slit all the way up to her clitoris. At the end of his journey, Melinda squealed in pleasure as he reached that most sensitive spot of hers.

Since she loved it so much, he decided to focus his attentions there for a while. He used the same technique that had elicited such a favorable reaction yesterday, flicking his tongue rapidly against her clit. His efforts were rewarded by her body going into convulsions, trembling in ecstasy as he tormented her with his tongue.

In fact, it worked *too* well. He was just about to ask if she was ready to move on to something more substantial when without warning her moans elevated to a wail and her body shook with a major climax. Since there was no way to stop it, he figured he might as well make it as pleasurable for her as possible, so he attacked her clit mercilessly as she rode out her orgasm, only stopping when her body came down from that high and lay there nearly motionless.

Trevor moved up on the bed until he lay beside her again. Melinda gazed at him with a loving smile. "Trevor," she said, "that was wonderful."

"Don't tell anyone, but I actually like making you feel good," he smiled.

"But that wasn't fair to you."

"Don't worry about it."

"No, I'm going to make sure you don't get left out of all the fun. Besides, just because I climaxed doesn't mean I don't still want to know what it feels like to have you inside of me."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "Because I don't want you to feel obligated--"

"You really are a dummy," she told him. "Let me put it this way. I want you to have sex with me, Trevor. And in case you still don't get it, that's an order."

"Yes ma'am!" he grinned. He immediately rolled over on top of her, positioning himself above her and kissing her gently on the lips. Melinda, obviously eager to get to the fun part, grabbed his cock and placed it against her pussy, which by now was plenty moist and loose enough to accommodate him. He pressed in firmly, noticing the absence of her barrier. Since she had never done this with a boy, she had probably lost it to that vibrator of hers. That put her in the awkward position of being a virgin by only some definitions but not by others. Trevor was thrilled and excited that he was about to change that.

He loved the tight, hot feeling of her tunnel as he penetrated her, the way it fit around him like a glove. Judging from the satisfied sigh that escaped Melinda's lips as he bottomed out inside her, she enjoyed it too.

"Oh god, Trevor!" she breathed. "I've been wanting to feel that for a long time."

"With me?" he asked.

"No, not with you," she laughed. "Not until this vacation and you started acting like you really love me. But now, I can't imagine it with anyone else."

"Me neither," he smiled, then kissed her again.

For a few seconds he rested his body on hers, hugging her tightly and enjoying the full-body contact. Then he began to thrust.

Right from the beginning he felt wonderful. As he pressed in and pulled out, he reveled in the feeling of the interior of her soft yet tight pussy rubbing against the shaft. He had thought that her hands and her mouth had felt good, but they were nothing compared to this. There was something much more satisfying and fulfilling about finally making love to his little sister properly. Part of it was the sight of her beautiful young face so close to his own, her trusting and loving eyes staring into his and that open-mouthed smile on her face as her breathing grew deeper and heavier. Part of it was the feel of her body against his, her hard nipples rubbing against his chest and the heat and sweat from her body mingling with his own. And of course, part of it was the exquisite feeling of her pussy tightly enveloping his cock.

After a good night's sleep he had plenty of energy, but he had also had almost a full day since the last time Melinda had given him an orgasm, so he knew if he wasn't careful he would go off too early. Since he had already satisfied her with his tongue, this was mostly for his sake, so it wouldn't bother her too much if he climaxed early. Still, he wanted to draw it out as long as possible. He kept the pace slow and leisurely, which worked well.

Despite her earlier orgasm, Melinda obviously felt the pleasure building as well. Her breathing turned to moans, and her body soon fell into the rhythm that he set with his thrusting. She even wrapped her legs around his hips and squeezed him tightly, encouraging him to penetrate her deeply.

With that kind of encouragement, he sped up the rhythm and thrust deeply and powerfully, causing even louder moans from her. The sound of her in that kind of pleasure so close to his ears fueled his excitement. He abandoned his plan to take it slowly, instead pumping her as hard as he could. She seemed to enjoy that a lot, and he was more than happy to oblige her.

Of course, that meant he soon began to peak. He tried to hold it off as long as possible, but there was only so

much he could do. As the pleasure spiked, he thrust into her one last time as far as he could, then tensed up his body to try to hold off the orgasm even a second or two longer in order to push the pleasure as high as he could.

Then his cock spasmed inside her, releasing his seed deep into her body. Melinda gave out a satisfied hum, a smile of delight on her face. Trevor groaned as he rode the wave of his orgasm over the peak and down the other side.

When it was over, he collapsed on top of Melinda and lay there for a minute, relaxing in her soft embrace.

He had recognized the signs and knew that she had been close to another climax herself, and he didn't want to deny her that satisfaction. So after spending a moment to rest, he lifted his body up and started to thrust again. His cock had not had time to go soft, and the resumption of the pleasure kept it at least semi-hard.

Whatever he was doing, he did it right, because only a short while later Melinda cried out in ecstasy as her pussy clamped down on him, and her body tensed up much the way his had earlier. Only when the last signs of her orgasm subsided did he pull out, rolling over to lie next to her on the bed. He lay there panting, basking in the afterglow of their lovemaking.

Trevor felt wonderful. For someone who had just had sex with his sister, he should probably have felt guilty or disgusted, but he felt no regret whatsoever. After all, this pretty much put an end to years of fighting and bickering and arguing. Melinda was no longer his enemy; she was his friend and lover.

Their parents had tried everything to make them get along, including trying to develop some hobbies that their kids could both enjoy. As it turned out, Trevor and Melinda had discovered a mutual hobby on their own: sex.

For the rest of the day they couldn't get enough of each other. They took a shower together, spending more time groping and fondling each other than washing. It was too bad that they only had ten minutes of hot water, because Trevor was having so much fun that he could have stayed in there all day.

They made breakfast together, again spending as much time fondling each other's bodies as focusing on the task at hand. Then just to follow the rules, Trevor hopped back into bed so that Melinda could bring the breakfast to him on a tray. As usual, she climbed into bed with him and they ate together. Of course, they just "happened" to spill some of the food on themselves so that the other person would have to lick it up. A dozen times. Trevor probably ate as much off of Melinda's chest as off of his plate, not that he was complaining.

His favorite instance was when she dripped a bit of jam from her toast right onto her nipple. Before licking it off, he swirled it around the nipple with his finger, causing her to giggle out loud. When he finally did lick it off, he loved it so much that he dipped his finger into the jam and swirled it around her other nipple just so that he could do it again.

That led to them setting the tray aside and throwing off the covers, throwing out all pretense of eating breakfast in favor of just licking jam off various parts of each other's bodies. Of course, that made them so sticky that they had to wash themselves off. Fortunately, the water had had plenty of time to heat back up, so they headed into the bathroom.

Just for variety, they decided to take a bath together instead of a shower. They filled the tub, then climbed in. Trevor sat back against the end of the tub as Melinda sat in front of him, practically in his lap. That suited him fine; it gave him plenty of room to reach around and play with her tits.

He had had plenty of time to recover after their earlier lovemaking, so he was plenty hard. Melinda raised her

body up, lined up his cock with her pussy, then slowly lowered herself, impaling her body on him. He didn't think he had another orgasm in him so soon, but it didn't matter; right now it was enough just to have his dick inside her as they cuddled together in the water.

At lunch they had a serious discussion, if any discussion could be called serious that involved them licking various bits of food off each other's bodies like they had done at breakfast. They both agreed that they liked their new relationship, especially the sexual aspects of it. They both agreed that it didn't matter that they were sibling. The only thing to discuss then, was what it meant for the future.

"This better not be a one-night-stand," Melinda insisted. "Or a two- or three-night stand either. This doesn't end when Mom and Dad pick us up on Saturday."

"You know, I was kind of hoping you would say that," said Trevor. "That's exactly how I feel. So we need to figure out how to keep it secret. If Mom and Dad found out what we've been doing, they wouldn't just take away my car, they'd probably throw me out on the street."

"If they did, I'd come with you," said Melinda with a smile.

"Well then, we're just going to have to convince them to get out of the house as much as possible. I bet if they see us getting along they won't be afraid to leave us alone together. Just don't get too cuddly with me when they're watching."

"I thought you like getting cuddly," she said with a teasing pout.

"Oh, I do. Especially with you. You're the cuddliest girl I know. I just mean we need to be careful not to do anything that would make them suspect."

"I know. We'll have to be sneaky about it."

"One more thing, Melinda. Are you... um... do you... use... birth control?"

"No. But don't worry; it's not the right time of the month."

"Good. Let's not worry about it right now; we're still on vacation. We're going to have to figure something out as soon as we get home, though."

"You bet. If I ended up pregnant, I think that might make Mom and Dad a little suspicious," she laughed.

"A *lot* suspicious," he agreed.

"But like you said, we can worry about that later. Right now I'm in the mood to do something fun."

"Like what?"

"Have sex," she grinned.

"Okay, if I have to," he groaned facetiously.

The rest of the day they spent talking, having sex, and even having sex while talking. It was a strange yet humorous feeling to carry on an ordinary conversation with her when his cock was buried fully inside her. They usually started out cuddling together on the bed or the couch, then they started kissing, then fondling, then rubbing, then finally Trevor would climb on top of her, all the while continuing their discussion. They

didn't necessarily take it all the way to orgasm though, especially later in the day after they had done it enough times that they were tired and sore. It was really just an extension of their cuddling, with the added stimulation of the penetration.

That afternoon Melinda asked Trevor if he wouldn't mind bringing in some wood so that they could build a fire. She assured him that it wasn't so that she could sleep comfortably on the couch; in fact she looked forward to spending the night in bed with him for the first time as true lovers. But she just felt kind of romantic and thought that a nice, warm fire in the fireplace would add to the mood.

Trevor was happy to oblige her. He had never really considered himself the romantic type, but it did sound kind of fun to cuddle up with her in front of the fireplace.

That had to wait until the evening after it started cooling down though. They weren't in the mood to spend much time fixing dinner; they wanted to put that time to better use, such as playing with each other's bodies some more, so they just ate snacks and leftovers. Despite it growing late in the week, there was still plenty of food left; their parents knew that a growing boy and girl needed to eat a lot so they had left them with far more than they needed.

Trevor started the fire after supper. Once he got a good blaze going, he took a seat on the couch, and Melinda sat down sideways on his lap, reclining in his arms.

They sat and stared at the hypnotizing blaze in the fireplace, watching the flames dance before their eyes and feeling the radiating warmth. It felt wonderful to cuddle like this in such a romantic setting, and Trevor decided to make the most of it. He started kissing Melinda's neck, and she kissed his forehead in return. Then they moved onto lips, then he lowered his head to her tits and suckled on her nipples for a while.

That, of course, got them both excited, and soon the thrill was too much to bear. Trevor lifted his little sister into his arms and carried her into the bedroom.

They made love again, this time much more slowly than before. They had both had several orgasms during the day, which allowed to take their time. They spent over an hour fondling and groping and kissing and licking each other all over their bodies, exploring each other anew. When it was finally over, they collapsed in each other's arms and fell into the deepest and most satisfying sleep of the entire vacation, possibly the most satisfying in years.

Friday

Trevor had awoken to a lot of nice feelings during the vacation, but it was nothing compared to the feeling of his little sister's lips wrapped around his cock. She was buried under the blanket, sucking greedily on it.

"Oh god, that's nice!" he groaned, and Melinda giggled.

"You've been so nice to me lately, I wanted to do something to be nice to you," she told him.

"You know, I could get used to this."

"Well don't. We have today and tomorrow, then we won't get too many more opportunities."

Trevor had a sudden, bright idea. "Then let's make the most of this one," he told her.

"What do you mean?"

"I want to be nice to you too," he said with a grin. "At the same time."

"Huh?" asked Melinda, scrunching her face into a puzzled expression.

"Think about it," said Trevor.

Suddenly, her eyes lit up with realization and delight. "Ooh!" she squealed. "Really?"

"Really. Let's do it."

Melinda threw off the blankets and rolled off of her brother so that he could scoot down the bed a couple of feet to give her more room for her own legs. She turned around so that her head pointed toward the foot of the bed. Trevor lay on his back, and Melinda lifted one of her legs and placed it on the other side of his head so that she straddled his face. She lowered her own head and took his cock in her mouth again.

He loved the feeling of her warm mouth engulfing his dick. He especially loved her slippery tongue as it ran all over the shaft, teasing it mercilessly. At first she didn't suck, content to just lick it. That was fine with Trevor. After repeated lovemaking yesterday, he was in no hurry to get off. She could take all the time she wanted. Besides, he had something just as fun to occupy his attention down at the other end.

He was really starting to enjoy eating her pussy. Though he had initially been wary about the taste, now he had come to love it. It wasn't so much the flavor, more what it represented. It meant that he was giving pleasure to his little sister, and that meant that their days of fighting were over. All the bickering and complaining and trying to make each other mad were behind them, replaced by a relationship that was so much more fun. Everything was different now, in the best possible way.

He let his tongue probe her delicious pussy, at first just running over the outside. He loved to lick the outer lips in circles, running up one side of the slit and down the other. He traced this path over and over again, enjoying the response he received from Melinda's body, especially when his tongue brushed over her emerging clit. She was extremely sensitive there, he had already learned, and he planned to make use of that fact.

Of course, his own body was starting to react in the same way, with Melinda working over his cock with her mouth. At first it had been only semi-hard, but now that he was fully awake and open to the stimulation, she had quickly brought it to full hardness. That also made it very sensitive, especially around the head. Melinda was discovering this now, and using this new discovery to tease him. She let her tongue run circles around the head, giving him a pleasurable, almost ticklish sensation and causing his body to squirm beneath her.

They both began to moan at the same time, and the coincidence was humorous that they both had to laugh at it. Trevor liked being able to laugh with Melinda, especially during sex. It made it not just pleasurable, but fun and lighthearted.

He continued to lick her pussy, noticing the growing dampness as her arousal increased. She was also loosening up, her body preparing to be penetrated. Unfortunately the real tool of penetration was down at the other end of the bed, so she had to be satisfied with his tongue. He spread her outer lips and thrust his tongue inside, licking her up and down and loving the reactions that elicited from her body. Her hips writhed

sensually over his face, moving in time with the motions from his tongue.

It was about this time that Melinda wrapped her lips around his cock and began to suck. Trevor gave a loud groan at the sensation, loving the feeling. His little sister was not an expert cocksucker by any definition, but she was learning quickly just what he liked. She was watching and listening to the reactions in his body just like he was watching and listening to her. Together, the two of them were exploring this new world of sexuality, and it was wonderful.

His hips rocked up and down as she worked, their bodies falling into a rhythm. At the other end, Trevor tried to match that rhythm. It took a few minutes, but suddenly it all came together. Their motions fell into a slow, luxurious tempo, making this almost like a dance. Everything they did, from the rocking of their hips to their licking and sucking, the sounds escaping their lips, even the very beating of their hearts, became a part of that dance.

Trevor was the first to cum. He felt the first stirrings of the oncoming orgasm, and immediately he began thrusting upward faster with his hips. Fortunately Melinda had a good grip on the base of his cock or he would have speared her throat with the motion. She recognized the signs and began to suck deeper and harder. Unfortunately, this broke the rhythm that they had enjoyed for several minutes, but it didn't matter; from her enthusiastic sucking he could tell that she just wanted to please him.

He tried to keep working on her as well, but once the pleasure began to increase on its way to his climax, he could no longer concentrate on what he was doing. His body was taking over completely, leaving no room for thought. His hips bucked almost wildly, and suddenly he was there at the peak. He felt the cum spurting from the tip of his dick right into his little sister's mouth, and she gulped it down with an eagerness that he hadn't expected but nevertheless found delightful. She hummed in pleasure as she swallowed, as if she really enjoyed the taste.

And why shouldn't she? Trevor was learning to love the taste of her pussy simply because of the knowledge that it was making her feel so good. Perhaps the same thing was happening with Melinda. All he knew was that she seemed more than willing to swallow everything he gave her.

As soon as he calmed down enough to take control of his body again, he resumed his tongue's attack on her pussy. Even as his cock went soft in her mouth, Melinda continued sucking as if trying to coax even more cum out of him. This kept him partly hard, but he knew he wouldn't be up for another orgasm for a couple of hours at least.

But he hadn't satisfied his little sister yet, which he really wanted to do. Now that he had climaxed, he was eager to give her the same pleasure, so he fell back on his favorite trick. He started flicking his tongue rapidly against her clit.

This had exactly the effect on her that he had hoped. She immediately squealed in delight, loving the merciless onslaught. Trevor kept it up for over a minute, not caring that his tongue was starting to ache. He would not rest until he had given her an orgasm.

Fortunately, she didn't last too much longer. Soon her body began to tense up and her moans turned to a wail, muffled by his cock in her mouth. Trevor continued to attack her clit as the pleasure carried her up and over the peak. The frozen tenseness in her body turned into a shudder that ran all the way through her like an earthquake, then as she reached the pinnacle of pleasure and began the regretful yet still satisfying downhill slope on the other side, she relaxed once more. Trevor didn't let up until he was sure the orgasm was completely over.

Melinda rolled off of him, and the two of them rested for a minute. Then she turned herself around and the two of them crawled up to lay their heads down on the pillows, reclining together in tranquil bliss.

Tired but satisfied, Trevor and Melinda lay in each other's arms. He didn't think he would ever get tired of snuggling with her. There was something fulfilling about the contact of their nude bodies; something that made him whole. Wrapped together like this, it was as if their love for each other seeped through their very skin and into each other's souls.

There was no rush to get out of bed. That afternoon Melinda would have to spend some time tidying things up, and despite that it was her responsibility since she had lost the game, he would give her a hand. Honestly, doing *anything* with her, even chores, sounded fun. For now though, they had plenty of time to just relax and enjoy the soothing warmth of each other's bodies.

Trevor stared up at the ceiling, thinking about the future. He didn't like the idea of sneaking around behind his parents' backs, but he just couldn't bring himself to give up Melinda. Things were going so well between them. Yesterday they hadn't gotten into a single argument. They were finding things to talk about, and they were getting comfortable with each other's bodies. They might even start developing hobbies together, aside from sex of course.

Once the vacation ended, however, they would have to be careful. They would have to cut back on their favorite activity together, always searching for the occasional moment of privacy when they could express their love for each other the way they wanted.

It wouldn't be too bad. As they had discussed yesterday, they would have to look for opportunities to get their parents out of the house. And even when they couldn't make love to each other, just spending time together would be enough. Yes, things would be much better from now on.

With that happy thought, he closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Trevor had always found it difficult to wake from a nap, even more difficult than waking in the morning after a good night's sleep. The crash after the adrenaline rush from their intense excitement earlier only served to make things worse. Several times he opened his eyes, coming to consciousness for just a second before falling back into sleep. Even after a couple of hours when he had slept more than he needed and his body began to wake up, he still lingered on the edge, partially aware of the reality that surrounded him but mostly unconscious. The relaxing feeling of Melinda's presence in his arms also kept him drowsy, preventing him from fully waking. He didn't care; at the moment there was no rush to do anything, and he wanted to go on like this for as long as possible.

It was while he was in this state that he got the first tiny impressions that something was wrong. Somewhere in the back of his mind, Trevor thought he heard a familiar sound, something that should have been important. It was the sound of a vehicle, specifically the family van, pulling up in the driveway.

He had heard it a thousand times before, but this time it was different. It didn't register with him that the difference was the rest of the environment; the van was pulling into the driveway of the cabin, not their home.

Despite a tingling in the back of his mind telling him that he should do something about it, lying here with Melinda in his arms was just too damn relaxing. Drifting on the edge of sleep, he just didn't have the willpower to care.

A few seconds later came another sound, one that sent even more warnings through his thoughts. Somewhere, far away from this half-dream state, someone was opening a door. But it was muffled by a wall, so it was nothing to worry about. Those warnings might as well not have even been there, for all he cared about them.

Then came voices, distant and low, and similarly muffled. He recognized them as familiar and comfortable voices, but couldn't quite identify them. Not that it mattered at the moment; he had no intention of conversing with them anyway. He just wanted them to go away so that he could sleep.

Then came one final sound, louder and closer than the others, intruding on his tranquility. Another door was being opened, this one close, right in the room. Someone had the rudeness to interrupt him when he was trying to nap with his little sister.

"And just what's going on in here?" asked their dad.

Melinda shrieked, sitting up in bed and pulling the blankets up to her neck. That sound finally shocked him out of his drowsiness, and he sat up beside her, staring at the faces of their father and mother.

Trevor had never been more frightened in his life. Of course, he had never done anything like this in his life. In desperation he tried in vain to change the subject, knowing that he didn't stand a chance.

"Weren't you supposed to be back tomorrow?" he asked weakly.

"So we're early. We just wanted to check on you two to see if you're all right."

"Is this how you two spent your time this week?" their mom asked them. "Having sex with each other?"

"We..." Trevor stammered, trying to think of something, *anything* that would get his sister and him out of trouble.

Melinda came to his rescue. "Well what did you expect?" she asked their parents. "You're the ones who stuck a couple of teenagers alone in a cabin with no TV, no books, no games, nothing to occupy our attention when we got bored. You wanted us to learn to get along. Well, guess what? We're getting along. Can you blame us if it's not in the way you expected?" She shot them a challenging look as if daring them to try to refute her words.

"It's most certainly not what we expected," said their father, then the two parents exchanged a knowing look that had Trevor and Melinda confused. Then suddenly, their mom and dad both smiled.

"But it's what we hoped," said their mother.

Their children stared at them, uncomprehending, or perhaps refusing to believe what they heard.

"Do you think you two are the only two siblings who have ever had sex with each other?" asked their dad. "I could tell you stories about me and your Aunt Jocelyn that you wouldn't believe."

"And don't forget me and Uncle Kurt," added their mom.

"You're not serious!" Melinda exclaimed.

"Honey, you have to understand something. Both your father and I experienced our first loves with our siblings. It was a wonderful experience for both of us."

"When we got married," their dad continued, "we decided that if we had children who had the same inclinations, we would encourage them. Instead, we ended up with a couple of kids who couldn't stand each other."

"That's why we set up this vacation. We would have settled for you getting along, but we kind of hoped that you would discover the same joy we experienced a long time ago."

"But we'll spare you the details, because we know kids don't like to think of their parents like that," said their mom. "Suffice it to say that we're happy that you two have found a way to enjoy each other's company. Your father and I both know exactly what you're going through, because we both went through the same thing."

"So that's it?" asked Trevor. "You're not going to disown us? Or murder us?"

Their parents laughed.

"No, you get to live a while longer," their father told them. "But that's not the last time we're going to talk about this. Your mother and I already discussed what we would do if the situation turned out like this," their father told them. "So here's the deal. We'll let you continue this relationship on three conditions. First, no one outside of the family is to know about it. Second, after we get home we need to have a talk about birth control. And third, you have to promise to stop fighting with each other. We'll go lenient on you about that last part because we know that old habits are hard to break. But we want to at least see an effort. Do you agree to these terms?"

Trevor and Melinda stared at each other for a moment, hardly daring to believe that this was actually going to work out. All their worry about discovery, all their plans for sneaking around behind their parents' backs, all of that was in the past.

"We agree!" they both exclaimed at once.

"Good," smiled their mother. "And now I'm sure you two want your privacy. I hope you don't begrudge your parents an extra day away from you, because we really did just stop by to see if you're all right. We're still on vacation for one more day, after all. So have fun, and we'll see you tomorrow."

Their parents closed the bedroom door, then Trevor and Melinda listened as the front door opened and closed, and the van pulled out of the driveway. The kids stared at each other for a second, then burst out laughing in relief. Melinda kissed her older brother on the lips, then snuggled up next to him with her head on his chest. Trevor lay there staring at the ceiling, a smile on his face. This was the best vacation ever.

THE END

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