

A photograph of two young women in a cabin. The woman in the foreground has short brown hair and is wearing a blue t-shirt, smiling and looking towards the camera. The woman behind her has long braided hair and is wearing a white shirt, smiling and making a peace sign with her hand. The background shows a bed with blue and white striped bedding and a wall with decorative arrows.

*The Snow
Cabin*

The Snow Cabin

by

Levi Holland

Chapter 1

I sent my best friend Sarah a snap and jumped when Dad's ringing cell phone broke the silence in the car. Four hours deep into this grueling car ride and still no sign of freedom. I'm pretty sure my parents were about the only ones excited for the cabin we were staying at. Me? I had far better plans this winter break, and they didn't involve being stuck in the boonies with my parents and little brother. I sighed as the evergreens rushed past outside the car window. At least if I smelled another of Luke's farts, I might be put out of my misery.

As his phone kept ringing, Dad fumbled through his pocket and answered.

Sarah sent me back a picture, and I laughed at the puppy filter she used over her peace-sign pose. Miss you, Hannah. Try not to die in the snow!

I sent back a frown emoji and typed in: Thanks, Buttface. TTYL

"It collapsed!?" Dad shouted.

"What collapsed?" Mom asked. "Brian." She set her Kindle on her knees and readjusted her seat. Luke still had his AirPods shoved in his ears, oblivious to the world around him.

Dad swapped ears with the phone and covered part of it with his hand while he answered Mom. "The cabin we're going to had a cave-in from last night's storm."

"Oh my god," Mom said. "I hope nobody was hurt. And of course there's a refund policy, I'm sure."

Oh boy.

"Sorry, continue," Dad said. "No, we weren't planning on it....I mean, yes, somewhere for the night....Well how sturdy is this other cabin?"

Other cabin? It sounded like we were about to make a bit of a detour. Well, so much for the big vacation. After Dad finished up the phone call, there was a new plan. Cheap and sleazy motels were out of the question—my parents made that clear from the get-go. They wanted someplace...private.

I shuddered at the thought of them getting it on. I mean sure, I knew they had sex to make Luke and I, but yuck. No need to have that mental image seared in my brain.

Turns out the new place was about 40 minutes out of the way, and soon Dad had the SUV turned around and headed to our destination. I checked my phone to see how late it was getting and texted Sarah goodnight.

The car's headlights struggled to punch through the falling snow as we pulled in to the driveway. All we had for traction was the gravel crunching beneath the tires as the SUV trudged forward.

"Are we gonna die out here?" Luke asked, trying to peer out the edge of his window into the inky darkness.

"What? No, be quiet, dweeb," I said, but to be honest, wherever here was did give me the creeps.

A forest of dense trees followed us along the narrow driveway until we came upon a clearing with two small cabins facing each other at an angle. A lone streetlamp loomed over them, bathing the cabins and falling snow in soft yellow light.

"At least...there's electricity," Dad said.

"Jesus, Brian."

"I'm sure it'll be much nicer in the morning. Hannah, Luke: let's get the bags for your Mom."

The frosty air bit my cheeks the moment I opened the door, and it became a mad dash to race the luggage up to the cabin porches. Luke and I stamped our feet and tried to rub some warmth into our hands, but it made little difference. I'm surprised our breath wasn't turning into ice on the way out. Mom tested the door to the larger cabin and stepped inside when she found it unlocked.

About the same time, a rusty pickup rounded the bend and crunched along the gravel path until it rumbled to a stop beside our car.

"You folks the Cliftons? Hope you found the place okay."

An older man stepped from the truck and zipped his coat up to his thick, gray beard. His cheeks held a rosy tint that reminded me of Santa Claus. And people who drank too much. In a place like this, it was probably the second option.

“Found it alright. Are you Hank? Can’t seem to get much of a signal,” Dad said.

“That’s me. Signal comes and goes,” Hank said with a shrug, “but there are landlines in either cabin. Speaking of..”

He fished out two sets of keys from his coat pocket and tossed them to Dad.

“Oh, uh, just the one cabin is fine.”

The man shook his head. “Cabin keys come as a set. Ain’t enough room to house all four of you in one. Just a single bedroom, living room, and bathroom in the big one. Heater too, of course. Got it running for y’all when I heard you was comin’.”

Mom came back outside and shouted from the porch.

“Brian! Why is there only one bed?”

“I’m working on it, dear!” Dad shouted back.

“It’s inconvenient, I know,” Hank said. “I wish probably more’n you that the other cabin didn’t collapse. Couldn’t tell you how long it might take me to fix her back up.”

“No, it’s fine,” Dad said. “We’ll make it work. Any issues with the power here?”

“None that I’ve seen,” Hank said. “House ain’t too far from here. You holler on the landlines if you need me. Same number.”

And with that, Hank loaded himself back into his truck and took off into the night.

When we gathered together inside the larger cabin, Mom was complaining about our misfortune while Dad prodded the different dials for the electric fireplace. Luke slouched down at the tiny kitchen table as we worked out

what came next. It seemed pointless to find a new place tonight. The snow was too thick, the night too late.

“Well, there’s two options for now,” Dad said. “Either I can bunk with Luke in the other cabin and leave you two here, or we can put the kids in the second and take this one.”

I yawned. “Honestly,” I said, “I don’t really care what we decide. This was supposed to be a trip for you guys anyway, so if you want the main cabin together, Luke and I will be fine.”

“Luke?” Mom asked.

He shrugged. “Doesn’t matter to me. We’re just sleeping there.”

“Alright,” Dad said. “I’ll make sure the heat’s still on while you guys bring your luggage over.”

The snow hugged our ankles as we followed Dad to the second cabin. Five days. That’s how long we were stuck here, although maybe we could convince Mom and Dad to leave a day early if this place sucked as bad as I thought it would.

Without a porch or overhang to rest under at the smaller cabin, we immediately moved inside. A well-worn Welcome Home mat sat in front of the doorway. It was a tight squeeze, so we spread out to the rest of the cabin, which was essentially a one bed, one bath setup. Off to the left side was the bedroom with a queen sized bed and two nightstands on either end. A thin widescreen TV was propped up on a dresser facing the bed. To the right was the bathroom and shower. Dad stepped into the bedroom and fiddled with the electric fireplace along the wall.

“You sure about this, Hannah?”

“I’ll be fine, Dad,” I said. “We’ll be fine. You guys are right across from us if we need you. You and Mom...enjoy yourselves.”

Dad flushed a bit as he stamped off some of the snow clinging to his laces.

“Alright, well, I’ll make sure your mother is settled in, and then I’ll come back to check on you guys one last time.”

By the time Dad returned, Luke and I had already picked sides for the bed. Despite his killer farts, my brother really was easy to get along with most of the time, and having to share a bed with him was just another example of that. He took out a fresh set of clothes along with his shampoo and body wash before heading to the bathroom. Rap music began playing from his phone as the shower started.

There was a knock at the door, and Dad poked his head in.

“We getting settled alright?”

“Yeah, Dad, we’re good.”

“Alright. Well, I love you both. Your mother says she loves you too. Call if you need either of us.”

“Goodnight, Dad. Love you,” I said, and then he shut the door behind him.

On my nightstand was the other landline for the house. A few numbers for local emergencies were printed and the number for the cabin next door was circled as well. There was a TV guide book which included must-see sites for traveling tourists. I picked up the guide and flipped through a few of its pages while Luke finished his shower. Some of the activities like skiing and snow tubing sounded pretty cool. Maybe I could convince everyone to go if there weren’t any other plans.

The shower squeaked to a stop, and soon Luke was back in the room, barefoot and shirtless with the towel wrapped around his waist. There was a surprising amount of muscle definition around his flat chest and torso—no doubt from the baseball he played outside of school.

“How’s the water pressure?” I asked.

“It’s pretty good! Man, I hope this place doesn’t totally blow.”

“Let’s hope so.” I grabbed my own shower stuff and stepped into the bathroom.

Inside, the air was still thick with steam, and I set my spare clothes on the little sink area. Closing the door behind me, I cranked the hot water back on and hoped the water heater would last through our back-to-back showers.

I stripped out of my shirt and bra first, pausing a moment to admire my breasts through the fogged up mirror. I cupped one in each hand to see if they'd somehow gotten any bigger overnight. Today was not that day. They were still the same boring cone-shaped breasts I was cursed with. Why couldn't I be like some of the other 8th grade girls with their busty chests? My body still looked like I was stumbling my way through puberty.

With a sigh, I unbuttoned my pants before sliding them down with my panties. If any part of me had seen a change lately, it was my pussy. Over the past year, my mound had swelled nicely, and my pubic hair was finally filling in. It wasn't very dense yet, just a few dozen curly hairs on the outside of my labia, but it was a start, at least.

After finishing my inspection, I stepped into the shower. The hot water melted away the tension in my shoulders from the day-long road trip. I gave my hair a rinse and squirted out some of the body wash I'd brought. I rubbed the slick liquid across my bare skin and began massaging my breasts and torso. It was times like this I wish I had a third hand to take care of a different part of me as well.

I was careful as I reached the outside of my vagina so I wouldn't get the body wash inside. Once I rinsed it away however, I teased my clit with my middle finger and trembled as I stood in the shower. God I wish I had a boyfriend. At least then I could imagine the things he would do to me. I stifled a groan and forced myself to remove my fingers. I wasn't exactly quiet when it came to masturbating. At home I could shove a pillow in front of my face until the orgasm passed, but here? Fat chance of that happening.

Twisting the knobs off, I stepped from the shower and toweled myself dry before slipping on a fresh set of panties and a long tie-dye t-shirt.

Coming back across the small foyer and into the bedroom, I found Luke flipping through the TV channels. He was snuggled beneath the comforter with his head propped against a few pillows. He stretched his arms out with a yawn which gave me the chance to check out his bare armpits.

"Anything good?" I asked.

“Probably,” he said. “All the channels here are different though, so I haven’t found anything yet.”

“The shower was nice, at least.”

I dropped my dirty clothes beside my suitcase and got under the comforter. The mattress was a little firmer than I would have liked, but I’d live. No sense in nitpicking anything and everything that could go wrong with the trip. Dad liked to tell us that if we only ever focused on the bad stuff, then the good stuff would pass us by.

As Luke channel surfed, I felt a huge yawn come over me as I realized it was past midnight. I guess my body was finally winding down too.

“This blows,” Luke said before turning off the TV. “And I don’t have any signal on my phone so I can’t watch YouTube or talk to my friends.”

“Yeah, I know,” I said. “Same with me and Sarah. But at least we have each other. I feel like we don’t get to talk a whole lot lately. We used to all the time.”

Luke was quiet for a few moments before saying, “That’s kind of your fault.”

Now this was a surprise. I wouldn’t have thought there was any tension between my brother and I, but apparently I was wrong about that. Go figure.

“What does that mean?” I asked.

“Really?” he asked. “Ever since I started middle school you’ve wanted nothing to do with me.”

“That’s not true,” I said.

“You don’t even say hi to me in the hallway.”

That part...might have been true. But it wasn’t because of Luke, really. It just wasn’t cool for 8th graders and 6th graders to interact. I was almost in high school, and 6th graders were basically still elementary kids. That’d be social suicide! But Luke’s words did sting, and I realized how selfish I’d been acting.

“You know what? You’re right,” I said.

“I am?”

“Yes, silly. I haven’t been a good sister to you. So I’ll make you a deal; from now on, I’ll be sure to spend some time after school each day with you. And of course I’ll say hi to you when we see each other at school.”

“I guess that would be cool,” Luke said, smiling now. His teeth glinted from his braces. He wasn’t the biggest fan about getting them because he thought they made him look stupid, but I thought braces were cute in a way. I could never tell him that, of course, but the braces weren’t as bad as he worried.

Seeing him now, I realized my brother was turning into quite the looker. He and I were both blessed with decent genes, although Luke was the only one with freckles sprinkled across his cheeks. Along with baseball keeping him in shape, he seemed pretty popular in school, even for a 6th grader. I wondered if he had any interest in dating yet.

“Guess it’s time to hit the hay, yeah?” I asked, and pretty soon, we both said our goodnights and switched off the lamps.

Sleeping in a foreign bed was never as comfortable as the one back home, and it took a while for my brain to shut down. After what seemed like hours, I felt myself drifting away into the peacefulness of sleep.

I think that might have been the end of it, too, had I not startled awake in a shiver.

The glow and crackly sounds from the electric fireplace had stopped. Beside me, Luke’s teeth chattered while he slept. The clock on our nightstand read 4 am. Dad could easily fix the fireplace, but I didn’t want to disturb him and Mom if I didn’t need to. I had to show them Luke and I could handle being alone.

I braced myself for the nippy air and threw the comforter back as goosebumps shot across my arms. Luke began to stir beside me as I jostled the covers and set my feet on the floor.

“Hannah?”

“The h-heater’s off,” I said. “I’m going to try and turn it back on. Shouldn’t be t-too hard.”

Using my phone’s flashlight as a guide, I hobbled across the bedroom to the heater and searched for buttons I recognized. It had a few unmarked dials, but the on/off switch was easy enough to spot. My hand shook as I pressed my thumb against the button, and after a failed attempt or two, the heater kicked on with a dim orange glow. There was no immediate relief, but with any luck, the fireplace would warm the cabin long enough for the sun to come up. At least then Dad could adjust the timer setting.

“Jesus, it’s f-freezing,” I said and hopped back in bed, wrapping the covers around me like a cocoon.

Rubbing my hands up and down my arms wasn’t doing much at all to help me stay warm. Beside me, Luke’s teeth were still rattling.

“We could try this thing I learned about in S-Scouts a few years ago,” Luke said.

“What’s that?”

“If y-you’re ever camping out and it’s really c-cold like it is now, it’s better to share body warmth by laying close together. It’s saved lives before.”

“Well, I don’t think we’re in danger of d-dying, but what the hell? I’ll try anything.”

Luke laughed despite the chill. “I don’t think I’ve ever heard you s-swear before.”

“Just shut up and come here,” I said.

The two of us squiggled our way closer until I bumped into Luke’s arm. I grabbed his shoulder and pulled him close, my bare legs brushing against his own. He didn’t seem to be wearing any kind of pajama pants. He must have ditched them by the time I’d come back from my shower.

As we pressed against each other for warmth, Luke’s chest smushed against my breasts through my t-shirt. I won’t lie; it felt pretty neat, but we were there for warmth, not enjoyment. Within a few minutes, our

chattering began to quiet. We were by no means warm, but at least we weren't chilled to the bone like before.

There were a few beats of silence when Luke shifted against me, and something poked against my leg. He froze.

Oh my god. Was that what I think it was?

"Luke?" I whispered.

I could hear the panic and embarrassment in his voice right away as he pulled his hips back. "Sorry! I'm sorry, Hannah! It just happened. I'll move away."

He was shaking beside me, and he sounded close to tears, so I pulled him in for a tighter hug. It also meant his clothed erection was snug against my leg again. The fact that there were so few clothes between us was starting to turn me on, but I couldn't let myself get carried away. This was Luke, after all. I wasn't trying to traumatize him or anything.

"Listen, it happens. It's not a big deal. Let's just try and get some sleep. Besides, I think your little Scouts trick is actually working."

He calmed a bit but still shimmied his hips further back. "Maybe Scouts wasn't so useless after all," Luke said. Despite the darkness, I could hear the grin in his voice.

"Goodnight, dork," I told him before giving him a brief kiss on the forehead.

He was silent a moment before saying, "Goodnight, Hannah."

Chapter 2

I'd never tried sleeping while wrapped in someone's arms, but it was surprisingly comforting. Before I could really think too much about the cold any longer, I had conked out entirely, only waking up once I sensed the morning sun streaming through the cabin window.

I woke up on my back with my left arm pinned under Luke's head. He was on his side and snuggled up close to me. Our legs were tangled up, so I started to shift until I noticed Luke's hardness at my hip again.

I turned my head and studied Luke's face while he slept. He had a bit of bedhead, his brown hair fanning out like a rooster's. His eyes darted behind his closed eyelids, and I wondered what kind of dream he might have been having. Apparently a pretty decent one based on the erection against my side. Luke would absolutely die if he realized he'd boned up against me in his sleep, so I carefully removed my leg from his before scooting away.

It seemed Luke was already pretty close to waking up, because almost as soon as I moved from him, he began to stir. When I sat up and set my feet on the floor, he let loose a massive yawn and stretched his arms out.

"Good morning, sleepyhead," I said as he blinked his eyes open.

"Mmm, g'morning," he mumbled as he adjusted to the light in the room. After opening his eyes and looking around, he said, "Well, we didn't die from hypothermia."

"Nope," I said. "Good thing, too. That would've made for a sucky Christmas vacation."

He laughed and sat up in bed before his eyes darted toward his midsection beneath the covers. Seems like Luke realized Little Luke was up before him. A thought trickled into my mind about what Luke's penis might look like, how big it might have been. Last night and this morning, as it brushed against me, it was tough to tell exactly how big it might have been against my leg, although I didn't have much to compare it with.

Wait, what was I thinking? I shook my head to clear the thought away. Bad, Hannah.

I couldn't let myself think about Luke that way. I mean, hello? Incest? Gross.

I excused myself to the bathroom, giving my brother the privacy he needed to either adjust himself or throw on his clothes for the day. I remembered hearing in health class how random erections happened all the time to boys in puberty. This was just one of those embarrassing times, I figured, just like last night. Better to let it be and try to put the image out of my mind. As I entered the bathroom and sat on the toilet to pee, however, I couldn't help but notice there seemed to be an extra bit of moistness inside my pussy.

When we left the cabin to join Mom and Dad on the other side of the cabin lot, I gasped when I looked out at the horizon. The lot gave us a breathtaking view of the snow-covered valley and town below, the sun glistening like little diamonds off the snow. Somewhere off in the distance echoed the sound of a buzzing saw against a tree.

"This place is way cooler in the day," Luke said.

"It's beautiful," I agreed.

We hurried along to Mom and Dad's cabin. It was beautiful, but it was also still cold as hell.

"There's the kiddos," Dad said when Luke and I entered their cabin.

"Wasn't sure how late you both would sleep in. Ready to eat?"

We loaded up into the van and drove until our GPS signal came back. It was another twenty minutes of narrow lanes and sharp curves across icy patches that took us downhill into the main town I saw earlier. We passed a small grocery store, a diner, and what I guessed was a repair shop for cars, but nothing like back home. These businesses were all Mom and Pop shops. No recognizable chains anywhere.

Apparently Dad had spoken with Hank earlier in the morning and got a recommendation for breakfast. After we pulled in to the diner, I guess I

shouldn't have been surprised when we saw Hank's truck in the parking lot. It was a small town, after all.

Dad pushed the diner door open into a set of wind chimes as we stepped inside. The diner carried a certain rustic charm, although it was in serious need of a makeover. Most of the furniture looked like stuff Grandpa would own. A few framed pictures hung from the wall featuring the owner and his family and another of the landscape. They seemed like they were of some sort of Native American descent. I couldn't remember enough about our early American History classes to say what kind, though. At the counter sat a few older locals sipping coffee as they read the paper. One was in light conversation with the short order cook. Hank gave us a nod when we came in.

We were seated at a booth and soon had our menus brought to us. Mom rubbed at her neck a bit as she checked her phone.

"Dad, can we go snow tubing while we're here?" Luke asked.

Luke told him all about the pamphlet we had on our nightstand and some of the activities inside.

"Maybe," he said. "Might be a fun way to kill some time. Maybe skiing, too."

Mom sighed. "I wish the other cabin had worked out. My neck is so stiff!"

"I didn't think it was too bad," I offered. "Oh, yeah, Dad. Our heater was on a timer. Can you fix it when we're back?"

Dad nodded as our waitress came to take our order. Sarah and I exchanged a few Snaps while Luke scrolled through different TikTok videos.

Hank caught Dad's eye and shuffled over from his spot at the counter. "Not exactly paradise, I know," he said, "but hopefully the cabin treated you right."

"Thank you again for the quick change," Dad said. "Not sure what we would have done without you."

They talked a bit more until the food showed up, and not long after, Hank said his goodbyes. His truck rumbled to life in the parking lot before he

took off.

While we finished up our food, Dad found a ski resort with snow tubing and skiing about thirty minutes out that also had some available spa openings the next day. Mom was super interested in that, so at the very least we had a plan for tomorrow.

For the rest of the day, we hit up the shops around town. A few pieces of handcrafted jewelry caught my eye, but they were too pricey, so I ended up buying a yellow scarf instead. Mom picked out a clay-fired coffee mug, while Dad bought a cap with the words “Mountain Man” on it. When I found Luke in the back of the shop, he was examining a wooden trinket with strange symbols carved into it—maybe the language of the Native Americans indigenous to this place. To me, it just looked like a lame piece of wood, but Luke seemed drawn to it and brought it to the cashier up front who shot him a small glance before ringing it up. Finally, we grabbed a couple decks of playing cards to help pass the time inside the cabin.

On the way back to the cabins, we stopped by a barbecue place and stuffed ourselves silly. Mine had this insanely good sweet sauce that was to die for, and I swear it was some of the best food I’d ever had in my whole life! Definitely a hit all around, but at long last, we were on our way back to the cabins. I couldn’t believe how quickly the day passed, and I was ready to have a little R&R.

My phone buzzed with a new Snap from my best friend.

Sarah: Hannah, you’ll never believe what I just got from Jeremy.

Jeremy was a pretty hot boy from our class who Sarah’s had a crush on since early middle school. I opened it up, and my jaw nearly hit the ground.

Jeremy was standing near his bathroom mirror, dressed in only his underwear as he flexed his muscles. That was nice enough since he was nicely toned and had a flat six pack, but what really caught my eye was the bulge jutting against his black briefs. I felt a tingle shoot through my pussy and then remembered where I was.

I quickly shut the screen and looked to my left to see if Luke had seen my phone. It was hard to tell in what little light was in the van, but it seemed

like Luke was facing out the window. At least I hoped he was. That would have been way too embarrassing to explain.

When we pulled up to our cabins, Dad fixed the settings on our heater while we brushed our teeth, and soon it was just Luke and I. Like the night before, he started taking off his winter clothes and getting his shower stuff ready. I noticed he hadn't really said much since we'd gotten back, which wasn't totally abnormal, but it got me wondering again if maybe he'd seen my phone after all. He barely looked at me at all.

Oh well. There wasn't much I could do about it if he did see. Hopefully he wouldn't tell on me. Not like I did anything wrong, though. And besides, if he did see, then Luke was the one snooping. Not me.

I took the time to do a little channel surfing while Luke was in the shower. There were hundreds of available options, and it seemed like Hank had some kind of special TV provider, probably because there weren't many regular cable channels out here. While I had the chance, I stripped down to my night clothes. I didn't feel too messy and decided to skip a shower for the night. If I changed my mind, there was always the morning. Besides, I was on vacation—I was allowed to slouch.

Before hopping under the covers, I reopened Snapchat and messaged Sarah back.

Me: You didn't tell me you and Jeremy were a thing!

I sent the message and waited for her response.

Sarah: Weeeeell, we're not really. At least not yet. But it sounds like things are looking...up...between us. ;)

Me: OMG I can't with you. Ur gonna spill all the deets when I'm back. Later, bitch.

I turned off my phone when the shower stopped running, and Luke came back in, one towel around his waist and another being used to blot his dripping hair. He dumped his dirty clothes beside the bed and stopped short when he saw I was already under the covers.

"You're not going to shower?"

“Nah,” I said, stretching my arms out and yawning a bit. “I’ll get one in the morning.”

“Oh,” he said, looking a bit uncomfortable. “Sorry, I planned on changing in here while you were gone. Be right back.”

Boys, I thought. Always so embarrassed about the strangest things. When Luke came back, the waistband of his sports briefs poked out from the edge of the towel. He turned off his lamp, dropped his towel, and darted under the covers.

I sighed. This little dance was going on too long.

“Listen,” I said, hitting the power button on the remote and turning on my side to face him. “We should talk about what you saw.”

Luke paled a bit next to me and stammered. “W-what do you mean?”

“Luke,” I said, shooting him a deadpan stare.

“Okay,” he said. “Maybe I did see something, but I’m not gonna tell or anything. I swear!”

“Then why are you being so weird about it? You’ve barely talked to me or looked at me since we got back.”

My brother squirmed a bit. “I don’t know. I guess I didn’t think you were doing sex stuff with your boyfriend.”

I snorted. “Please. Jeremy is not my boyfriend.”

“He’s not? Then why was he sending you a picture of his crotch?”

It was my turn to blush, and my heart beat like a hummingbird in my chest. How did I possibly explain why Sarah would have sent that pic? I’m not even sure I had a great answer for that. But Luke clearly had some inkling about what he saw, which meant he was old enough to talk this out.

“Sarah’s really the one into him. She and I talk about everything. I don’t know why she showed me that pic of him, but if I’m honest, I was kind of turned on by it.”

“Eww, yuck!” my brother shouted. “I don’t want to hear about that.”

“Come on,” I said. “You’re the one who wanted us to talk more. This is part of it.”

To his credit, he shut up. I thought of an idea that might alleviate some of the awkwardness a bit.

“Listen, let’s make a deal with each other.”

“Like what?” he asked.

“This cabin can be our safe space. We can talk about anything in here, and it stays between you and me. No sharing between friends, no Mom and Dad, and definitely no embarrassing each other.”

“I guess that’d be okay.” He was quiet a few moments before he spoke.

“Hannah, can I ask you a question?”

“You just did,” I giggled but told him to ask.

“You sure you won’t get mad at me?”

“Just spit it out.”

“Okay,” he said. He sat up in bed and stuffed some of the pillows behind his back while we talked. “What’s the farthest you’ve ever gone with a boy?”

Wow, just coming right out the gate with it, I guess. But, safe space. That was the deal.

“No boyfriend yet, remember? But I can’t wait until I finally get one.”

“That’s cool, I guess. I was just wondering.” Luke gave a shy smile.

“My turn. What about you? You have any secret crushes I don’t know about?”

“Maybe,” he said cryptically.

“Nuh-uh,” I said. “Spill it. I told you about me, remember?”

He nodded and cleared his throat a bit.

“Well, there is this one girl in my homeroom class—Grace. I think about her sometimes.”

“Think about her?” I asked.

Luke's blush spread down his neck to his chest as he moved his wrist up and down. "You know...when I..."

"Oh!" It was my turn to blush in embarrassment. Part of me wondered if my brother was old enough to start masturbating yet, and clearly he was. I had to stop my head from spinning too fast as I tried to ignore the familiar moistness spreading inside my panties.

"Do you?" he asked. "Do it, I mean?"

I nodded shyly. I had never admitted to touching myself to anyone before, even Sarah. We were super close, but it was just one of those private things that never came up.

Apparently confessing to playing with my pussy finally kicked down the last barrier of nerves my brother had left.

"That's really cool!" His braces gleamed with his toothy grin. "I do it a lot now. I didn't think girls did stuff like that."

"What? Of course we do. We like to feel good, too!"

"So, how does it work?"

I shrugged and lifted two of my fingers. "You know, just kinda in and out, almost like a...like a penis."

My brother's hands were cupped in front of his lap, and even though he was shielded by the comforter, it didn't take a genius to figure out he was hard. Hell, the front of my panties were soaked by this point.

"Hannah? Well, never mind."

"What?"

"It's just that...do you think girls like me? I wanted a girlfriend by now, but so far none of them wanna talk to me. I haven't even had my first kiss yet."

Over the past few months, Sarah had actually mentioned a couple times how she thought Luke was pretty cute for his age. She said she could never date someone two years younger than her, of course, but I felt like I could share that with him. He could use the confidence boost.

“She really said that?” His blue eyes brightened a bit.

“Mhmm, it’s really true. You’re not an ugly dingbat.”

“Hey!” He grabbed a pillow and slapped me with it.

Sharing this time with Luke and opening up about all these personal things was making me feel really warm and fuzzy inside. I couldn’t believe what I was considering, but to hell with it. He was my younger brother, yes, but it was also my job to look after him.

“Hey, dork, close your eyes.”

“No way! You’re gonna tickle me or something stupid.”

“Just do it. You trust me, right?”

He huffed in annoyance but did so. I took in my brother’s face, his short brown hair, his freckled, buttony nose. He was still far from an adult, but it was clear adolescence wasn’t far away. I leaned forward and gently placed my lips against his in a brief kiss.

Luke gasped and opened his eyes as he pulled away.

“You...you kissed me?”

“There, now you can say you got your first kiss from an 8th grade girl.”

He flushed a bit. “But you’re my sister.”

“Ehh, so what? That’s how you know I’m not bullshitting you.”

Luke rubbed his lips together, no doubt feeling the same tingle I felt.

“So wait,” he said, “if you haven’t had a boyfriend yet, was that your first kiss, too?”

I nodded, and his face split into a huge grin.

“That was pretty cool,” he said. “Thanks, Hannah.”

“Don’t mention it. Literally. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Goodnight.”

“Goodnight.”

We turned off our lamps, and Luke and I settled beneath the covers. In the quiet of the room, the wind blew steadily against the cabin, and far away came the howl of a wolf. It was kind of nice, oddly enough.

Like the night before, I was having trouble getting to sleep. I tried not to shift around since I figured that would only make things harder on myself. The mattress wasn't all that comfortable, but honestly I'd slept on worse. It was the fact that I wasn't in my own bed and in a strange place.

Maybe twenty minutes had passed when I felt Luke shuffling beside me.

It seemed at first like he was turning over in his sleep, but then, I noticed an almost rhythmic scratching sound as the mattress started to shake. It sounded like he was tapping the comforter with his hand, and I realized then that Luke must have been masturbating. I was faced the other way so I couldn't chance turning my head to see him, but there was no doubt about it. I was pretty sure anyway.

Sarah and I once watched a video where a woman and man had real sex, and before the guy cummed, he pulled out and began cranking his dick above the woman. I thought the guy was going to rip it off with how hard and fast he was going. The sounds were a little different now, but it definitely sounded like Luke was doing the same thing, his quick, little breaths straining as he tried to hold them in.

I wanted to reach inside my panties and frig myself until I was quaking on the bed with my own orgasm, but if I dared to move, Luke would surely notice and stop.

Beside me, Luke began to pant. It was only a few seconds later when I heard him pinch off a tiny, high-pitched whine. The shaking stopped abruptly, and Luke released a ragged breath. The covers rustled again, and this time it sounded like a hand was wiping something on the comforter. I guess he came pretty quick. And, surprisingly, it sounded like he was making semen. At least a little, anyway.

When the sounds of Luke's soft snoring began to fill the room, I was finally able to reach my fingers down. I let my thumb work the outside of my clit while teasing the entrance to my vagina with a finger. There was little

resistance as my middle finger slid up to the second knuckle, completely coated by my juices each time I dove back inside. The pleasure was like hot sparks and tiny fireworks popping off, and I tried desperately not to make any noise or commotion.

My fingers were on autopilot as my orgasm built up, and then, like a dam bursting wide open, I buried my sweaty face into the pillow as I came, my pussy clenching tight around my finger as my juices flooded past.

When I came down from my high, I wiped my middle finger against the sheets and fell asleep with a smile on my face.

Chapter 3

The ski lifts were visible well before we pulled into the crowded parking lot. It was impressive how high the cable lines climbed up the mountain, disappearing into the thin veil of early morning clouds covering the peak. The people on the lifts near the very top were no more than tiny black specks from our car.

“I can’t wait to get up there,” Luke said, smushing his face against the car window to see better.

“You can change your mind still,” Dad said to Mom. She was nose-deep in her spy-romance novel, turning the page before looking up.

“Absolutely not,” she said. “The sooner I’m in the spa, the better. Clearly I’m not built for the cold.”

“Dad, can I try snowboarding?” Luke asked.

“Really?” I asked. “You’re going to snowboard?”

“It can’t be that hard.”

“Why not just ski like always?”

“Duh? Because we always do?”

“Guys, not now, please,” Dad said.

Despite our bonding over the past two days, Luke and I were still typical siblings, and arguing over nothing was part of the deal. But whatever. If Luke wanted to waste his whole day struggling to snowboard, then so be it. I planned on enjoying my time skiing.

We got out of the car, and I pulled my scarf tighter to fight against the chill. The extra layers of clothes I had on made me look like a puffy marshmallow. Luke adjusted the ski goggles propped on his head before fidgeting with that dumb wooden necklace he bought from the craft shop yesterday. I told him he should have left it behind, but he insisted otherwise. It was just a matter of time before he accidentally snapped the cord and lost it somewhere in the snow.

“Let’s get checked in,” Dad said, “then we’ll hit the slopes.”

Thirty minutes later, after double checking our registration and getting fitted for our gear, we headed upstairs. The main level of the resort featured a large lounge space where families could relax at different tables. The smell of baking cinnamon rolls and hot chocolate filled the air, and even though we just came from breakfast, my stomach grumbled. Soft music played through the overhead speakers as a group of smaller kids rushed past us and out the main doors.

We followed them outside, shielding our eyes against the early morning sunlight bouncing off the snow. Luke set his board down and clamped one of his snow boots in its slots. When he tried to shimmy forward, he lost his balance and toppled over into the snow. Dad and I both laughed.

“See? Not as easy as it looks, huh.”

“Just give me a minute,” he said. “I’ll get it.”

He did not. Luke kept falling, and eventually I told Dad to start without us. I would hang with Luke on the bunny slopes until he learned his way around the snowboard. Being a comfortable skier meant there was no challenge for me on the bunny slopes, but I still had to dodge all the newbies who lost control and crashed every few seconds. Even though Luke’s entire backside was covered in snow powder, he did improve throughout the morning, which was good, because I was getting bored babysitting him. After a little bit of convincing, we decided to press our luck on the next slope up.

We waited about ten minutes until it was our turn to take the lift. After we lowered the bar to secure ourselves in, the cable wire groaned above us as we began our slow climb up the mountain as the snow fell softly around us. There were a few moments of awkward silence between us until Luke suddenly turned to face me.

“Hannah, can we talk about last night?”

I cut my eyes over to his furrowed brow, like he was wrestling with a thought in his head.

“Why did you kiss me?”

My heart started beating faster. Luke and I never had the chance to talk this morning since Dad woke us early for breakfast and our ski trip. Now we were alone again, at least relatively, and of course he would want to talk about the kiss. So did I.

“I wanted you to know what it was like,” I said. After a little pause, I added, “And I guess I wanted to know what it was like, too.”

“What did you think?” he asked.

What did I think? I thought Luke’s lips had an impossible texture to them, somehow both soft and firm as I pressed against them. Every nerve ending in my lips was electrified as we shared a level of intimacy I had never experienced before. That one touch had forced goosebumps across my whole body. Maybe part of why it felt so special was because it was Luke. He was my brother, someone I cared deeply for. And maybe that love had more depth to it than I first realized.

All that seemed like a bit much to lay on him right then, so instead I said, “It was nice...I liked it.”

He blushed. “I did too,” he said. “I thought maybe, if you wanted, we could —”

“Kids! Luke, Hannah!”

My brother and I looked down to the slopes below where Dad had paused to flag us down with a wave. His phone was in his free hand as he snapped a picture of us and the surrounding landscape. God he was embarrassing sometimes. Other people skiing past paused to look at us, and I waved back at him so he would shut up. Luke and I giggled together as we rode past him and over a small grove of evergreen trees. I was about to ask Luke what he was going to say when I noticed something strange happening with his necklace.

“Luke, your necklace. Look!”

He tucked his chin down and lifted the thin piece of carved wood in his hands.

“Oh, awesome! I didn’t know it could do this.”

The wooden totem was covered with small etches that might have been symbols from another language. In its center was a larger sign I didn't recognize surrounded by inward facing arrows. All that I had seen before. What caught our eye was the cerulean glow coming from somewhere within those symbols.

"Why is it doing that?"

I had never seen something like this before. Leaning forward to get a closer look, I held my ski poles together in one hand and grabbed the totem with the other. This close to Luke, I was reminded of when I kissed him, but I shoved that thought back and ran my thumb across the etches. They didn't feel any different than I imagined they would. There was no discomfort, no burn or tingling or anything else dangerous that came to mind. All at once the glow began to fade until there was none at all.

"It's gone..."

"Uh, Hannah, our stop's coming up."

I dropped the necklace and raised the bar protecting us over our heads until it was time to dismount on the snow. The totem was still on my mind as we glided over to the slope's edge. What would have made it react like that? As Luke craned his head to plan his route down the slope, I found myself alternating between his cute face and the necklace he wore.

"Well, here goes nothing," he said.

Luke shuffled over to the edge and angled his snowboard forward. Almost immediately he wobbled and lost his balance again before sliding down to a stop. Oh, brother. I was gonna have to ditch him if I wanted some practice on the tougher slopes. "Later," I told him and slalomed through the snow and ice on my way down the mountain where I found Dad waiting for us at its base. It was a while before Luke tumbled his way down, his clothing and hair smothered in powdery snow. He shot Dad and I a toothy grin and gave a thumbs up from the ground.

"I think it's time to eat," Dad said.

Once inside the resort, the three of us scarfed down some cheeseburgers for lunch, but by the time we made it back out, a thick blanket of clouds

had rolled in. No more clear skies or sun shining down on us. The clouds brought a chill with them, and after a couple more times down the slopes, we packed it up for the day. Mom was inside reading her novel. Her feet were propped on a chair as she drank from her cup of hot chocolate. There was a glow about her face, so I'm guessing she got all the pampering she was after. By the time we finished returning our rentals with Dad, she had finished her drink and was ready to go.

"Did you all have fun?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, but I suck at snowboarding," Luke said. "And my butt is so sore."

Luke reached back to grab his cheeks, and I briefly pictured him doing the same in just his briefs or less.

"Well, I had the perfect day," Mom said with a smile before looking at Dad. "I should be very relaxed tonight."

Luke didn't seem to catch the hint, but Dad and I sure did. He stammered the whole way back to our car. We loaded our bags and strapped in before making the hour drive back to our cabins. With the soft rumbling of the car and the heat coming through the vents, I was nodding in and out of sleep. One of the times my head jerked awake, I noticed Luke inspecting his necklace. Stifling a yawn, I leaned over to him.

"Is it doing it again?" I whispered.

He angled the totem of wood in my direction. No glow.

"What do you think it was?" I asked.

A few sirens wailed behind us as Luke shrugged, and Dad pulled over to the side of the road to let an ambulance race ahead of us followed closely behind by a firetruck and two squad cars. They seemed in a hurry to get to their destination, despite the rough weather making the roads treacherous.

The snow was getting much worse, collecting on our windshield in thick clumps before being wiped away. The weather forced us to drive slower, and Dad kept a white-knuckle grip on the wheel the rest of the way back. When we finally reached the thin gravel street that led to the cabins, our

car tires slipped along several patches of ice. I think we all breathed a sigh of relief when Dad safely parked the car.

The first thing I had to do after getting out was stretch. After a jam-packed day of skiing and being cramped in the car, my body was stiff. A hot shower would be just what I needed. Leaning forward to touch my toes, my muscles began to relax all through my legs, my glutes, and lower back. I held the deep stretch for about half a minute, and when I stood back up, Luke quickly shifted his gaze in the opposite direction. His cheeks looked a little rosy too.

“I’m getting in the shower first!” he shouted and dashed into the cabin.

Brothers are so weird sometimes.

“Huh, that’s strange,” Dad said.

I was about to agree with Dad that yes, Luke was very strange, but he was distracted by the scene across the valley. Now that the sun had dropped below the nearby peaks, the mountain side facing us across the valley was covered with enough shade to make out a bunch of siren lights reflecting off the trees. We couldn’t see anything specific this far out, but it seemed like it had something to do with the vehicles we passed on our way back. A thick plume of black smoke drifted from the cabin in front of the emergency vehicles.

“Hope everyone is okay,” Mom said. She slipped in beside Dad and wrapped an arm around his waist.

He kissed the top of her head. “I’m sure everyone’s fine.”

I don’t know how I felt about that. Things weren’t fine if a bunch of ambulances and police cars showed up at your place. Something was seriously wrong.

“Hey, Hannah,” Dad said after I turned to go inside our cabin. “Make sure you wash up quick. Probably want to get an early dinner tonight if the snow continues to pick up.”

I nodded and went inside, waiting for Luke to finish his shower. After a day of skiing, my body was ready to collapse. Hopefully between the warmth of

a shower and a bite to eat I'd be more refreshed. About ten minutes later, the shower squeaked to a stop, and Luke came out wearing nothing but the towel wrapped around his torso. His hair was still damp, and a few stray droplets clung to his body as they ran down his chest and stomach.

"Just grabbing my stuff," he said, his bare feet padding across the floor. "I'm almost done."

"No worries," I said. When he leaned over to grab his clothes, there was the barest hint of his crack showing as he rummaged through his duffel bag. My groin tightened a bit as I perved on him. After Luke left to go change and returned fully dressed, it was my turn to grab a much-needed shower.

"I'm hungry again," he said. "Any idea what's for dinner?"

"Dad said we're going out after I'm done."

"I hope we go to that diner again. They had good food."

I laughed as I grabbed my clothes and towel. "You think all food is good food."

He stuck his tongue out at me. "Well duh, that's because it is."

After my shower, we left the cabin and began the short drive into the valley. I pulled out my phone, having wrestled with the idea of mentioning anything about what happened between Luke and I to my best friend, but finally I decided to ease into the conversation to see how Sarah responded first. Besides, I also wanted details about the latest between her and Jeremy. I flipped to her name under the besties section and opened up our chat. After a little bit of bullshit between us, I took the plunge.

Hey, so guess who got their first kiss?

When Sarah saw the message, her response was immediate. !!! Whaaaat? Tell me everything!

Relax, horndog. It was just a small kiss on the lips. But it was pretty sweet.

No way! What's his name? Is he a hottie?

Luke was playing a game on his phone, his face fixed in concentration as he tapped away at the screen. The backlight let me admire his short, brown hair and freckled nose. I couldn't explain why he was having such a strong effect on me. I would have never thought about Luke this way before the skiing trip. I mean, yeah we were always close, but this was on another level. Was it my fault because of the kiss I gave him the night before? I had a feeling I had awakened something between us, and I wasn't sure I could put that something back in the box. I wasn't sure I wanted to.

But I also wasn't ready to share those feelings with everyone just yet.

Couldn't grab a pic, but you'd like him. Freckles to die for.

Oh my god. If U get the chance to see him again, u gotta slip away and make out. Or see his dick.

Haha, whatever, slut. How about you and Jeremy? Any updates?

She told me they were gonna hook up sometime in the next couple days. It seemed crazy to me since they barely knew each other, but I was also the one fantasizing about my brother, so who was I to say what was crazy and what wasn't? Still, it sounded like my best friend was about to lose her virginity if everything went right. That was pretty exciting!

Before I knew it, we were there, bumping over the curb of the diner parking lot. Snow swirled every which way, and Dad dropped us off at the front of the diner while he parked the car. The moment I stepped out, the bitter air stung my face and whipped my hair around. The sooner we were indoors, the better.

The diner bell chimed overhead as Luke and I followed Mom inside. After the menus were brought to the table, Mom excused herself to the bathroom while we waited for Dad. Outside, the snow had piled up several inches since this morning, and I worried how much it might build in the coming hours or days. I didn't love the idea of being holed up in the cabin for the rest of our trip.

"Hannah," Luke whispered beside me. "This old lady keeps staring at me."

Across the diner was an elderly Native American woman with gray hair and small, squinted beady eyes. Her face was smushed with wrinkles, but she

didn't seem too unkind or even ugly. I knew she was a totally different race, but she kind of reminded me of the grandma from that movie Coco. She wore multiple layers of colorful clothing to keep her warm, and I almost missed the familiar wooden necklace wrapped around her neck.

"Come with me," I told him.

"What? Hannah, wait! I don't want to go over there."

I ignored Luke and walked over to the woman's table. Mom was still in the bathroom, and Dad hadn't come inside the diner yet, so this might have been my only chance.

The woman regarded me with those same beady eyes but said nothing.

"Sorry for interrupting," I said, trying to be polite, "but your necklace. Why do you have one that looks just like my brother's?"

Luke had shuffled hesitantly to my side, lifting his necklace as if to help the lady see it better.

She regarded it a moment before nodding. When she spoke, her voice was like feathers and dust. "All my people carry one like it."

"Why was it..." Luke started to ask, and then gained his confidence. "Why was it glowing earlier? Does yours do that? What does it mean?"

Her eyes widened, and in automatic response, her hand embraced her own totem. "It is a warning."

"A warning from what?"

The bell above the diner door rang out the same moment her lips formed around the word: Wendigo.

I wasn't even sure I heard it right. What in the world was that even supposed to mean?

"Where's your mother?" Dad asked as he walked up beside us. "Oh, hello. I hope my kids aren't bothering you."

The woman only regarded Luke and I with the same chilling stare as she clutched her necklace. She said nothing more, but there was no mistaking

the tremble of her hand as it gripped the totem. Dad led us away to our table and asked what the woman was talking to us about, but I could only shake my head. I probably had more questions than he did. Luke gave me the classic crazy sign with a twirling finger beside his head, but after seeing the way his necklace glowed earlier today, I wasn't so sure the old lady was crazy.

When Mom came back, her hands smelled strongly of hand soap. All of us were silent, lost in our own thoughts. "Did I miss something?"

A couple times on our way back from dinner our car slipped on patches of ice, worse than when we returned from the ski trip. Dad thought it best to stay indoors tomorrow since our weather app said the snow was expected to intensify throughout the night. Luke was worried about being snowed in, but Dad said the odds of that were pretty slim.

"Yeah, but what happens if we are snowed in?" I asked. "Does Hank have some kind of snowplow machine or something?"

"Uhh...I'll ask," was all Dad could say, but there was no point pushing the issue. We had to spend the night in the cabins since all our stuff was there, and no way were we trying to drive down the mountain to somewhere safer in this weather. As it was, we were lucky to make it back in one piece. Our car was clearly not equipped for the snow. After arriving at the cabins, we said our goodnights to Mom and Dad before running inside to get warm. It was good we had left the heater on. The warm air wrapped us like a blanket as we shook off the snow from our coats and shoes.

Luke set his necklace and the rest of his things near the nightstand before plopping on the bed. We laid together and watched a few dumb cartoons that didn't really interest me. They cracked Luke up, though, which was always nice to hear. Some of the scenes even got a laugh out of me. After an hour though, Luke started getting restless and wandered around the cabin.

"It's fun when we're out doing stuff, but this part of the trip is so boring," he said. "We should play a game."

“Like what?”

He was opening up some of the drawers and pulled out a crusty cardboard box from the stone age. “I don’t know... what is this? Backgammon?”

“Never heard of it,” I said.

“We could play cards,” he said. “Dad bought us a pack from the store yesterday. I have some candy we can use, too. You know, for prizes or whatever.”

“Sure, that sounds...different, at least.”

Luke went to our bags and pulled out a fresh deck of cards. I turned off the TV and sat cross-legged on the cabin floor while he fiddled with the cellophane wrapped around the box. Once he had it undone, he sat down with a bag of half-eaten M&Ms, which he shook out and split between us.

“You’re not planning on eating these later, right?” I asked.

He shrugged and shuffled through the cards in his hands. “Maybe. Nothing wrong with them.”

“Eww...that is...so gross.”

“Doesn’t bother me,” he said cheerfully as he dealt two cards for each of us. “We’ll play Texas Hold’em for now.”

“Sure.” I took a look at the cards in my hand. Nothing but a 3 and an Ace, but Dad had taught us how anything was possible this early in the round.

“One M&M,” Luke said, tossing his in, and I matched him. When he flipped the first three cards over, the flop showed an Ace, King, and a 7. That was nice for my Ace, but something there was making Luke grin. He had a pretty terrible poker face. I threw in another M&M just to show I wasn’t backing down yet, but he was quick to match mine.

The fourth card revealed a 3 of diamonds, which was great for me but didn’t seem to interest Luke. We each chucked in another M&M anyway, because why not? We weren’t really doing any high stakes betting. After a 10 dropped, it was time for our final bid. Luke tossed in an extra piece of candy, but I figured I might make it interesting for him, maybe bluff him out

of the growing pile of candy between us. I had two pair, which admittedly wasn't great, but since I already had one of the Aces, the odds were pretty low for him to have anything better.

He chewed his lip as he worked out the numbers in his head. Come on, Luke, take the bait. I watched as Luke went to reach for his cards, and I thought he might fold, but he grabbed a few pieces of candy and instead raised me two more M&Ms.

"You're bluffing," I said.

"I don't know, Hannah, am I?" He wiggled his eyebrows and held back a giggle.

"You're on," I said, tossing the matching M&Ms into the pile. I flipped my two pair and tried to read his expression.

"Dang, I didn't think you had anything." He flipped over his two cards, a Queen and a Jack. "Too bad it can't beat a straight!"

"No!"

Luke laughed as he scraped the pile of M&Ms over to his side. He played me! From the beginning. And he only got lucky on the last card. How was that fair at all!?

The two of us went back and forth, trading hands here and there, but honestly, Luke had the better luck between us. It turns out he actually had a decent poker face after all. Sometimes he got carried away and overbid, but most times he was so unpredictable that it was tough to tell when he was bullshitting or not. We were down to the final M&Ms on my side. I was all in at this point. I had no other options. Luke knew it too and took my bid without any hesitation. He was out for blood, and he intended to rob me of every piece of candy he could.

"Full house," he said with an angelic smile, laying down an impossibly strong hand on the ground.

"Are you kidding me!? Whatever, fine. You're the better player. Hand me some more M&Ms."

Luke shook his head. “No, that wouldn’t be fair. It would make winning pointless. We could play for something else, though.”

“Like what, gummy worms?”

Luke was silent for a few moments. He had this same look of concentration during our poker hands, like he was working out whether it was worth it to play the hand or not.

“Is this still our safe space?” he asked.

“Uh, yeah, of course it is,” I said. What was he up to?

“Well, what if we made this next round a little different. Instead of candy, maybe we can play with...clothes.”

A little gasp escaped me. “Wait, like strip poker?”

“Maybe, I mean—” He was starting to backpedal from the idea. “Actually, forget about it. It was a dumb idea. Let’s just—”

“Luke.”

“What?”

“Okay,” I said, sensing a thickness in the air between us. “Let’s play.”

“Really?” He stuttered like he couldn’t believe his ears. “I mean, are you sure?”

“Just deal the cards out,” I told him.

I got up from the floor and made sure the curtains were pulled tight over the windows. Not like I really expected anyone to be peeking their head through our window in the middle of a night during a mini blizzard, but still.

Luke dropped part of the deck as he reshuffled the cards but eventually got a new hand passed out to each of us. Same rules as before, only this time the consequences were a lot more exciting. I might really get to see Luke naked. I couldn’t believe what I was thinking, but the thought made my heart race, my hands clammy, and my vulva wet. I squirmed on the floor as I picked up my hand.

“So, uhh, how do we bet?” Luke asked.

“Let’s just play each hand out,” I suggested. “No betting, no folding, but the loser chooses which piece of clothing goes.”

“I’m fine with that,” he said and flipped over the first three cards of the flop.

Not bad, I thought, checking out a matching pair of Kings. We played on, but by the final card, my pair of Kings hadn’t improved.

“Well, I don’t have much at all,” I said, showing my hand to him.

“Beats me,” Luke said, revealing an Ace high. “I was hoping for anything better.”

I shuffled the cards for Luke while he pulled off one of his socks, wriggling his toes near my face.

“Gross!” I smacked his foot away. I couldn’t tell him how I really felt seeing his bare foot and knowing what it could lead to. Each hand closer to bare skin was only exciting me more.

I managed to win the next hand, too, which only awarded me Luke’s other sock. The time after that, though, he got the first of my clothes, and I quickly peeled off a sock. I tried to do some quick math on the amount of clothes left between us. Luke still had his t-shirt, track pants, and presumably his briefs, while I had one sock left, my top, bra, shorts, and panties. I liked those odds, especially since luck had not been on my side the entire first game.

The next hand, I absolutely crushed Luke with a straight, while he had a measly two pair. When his shirt came off, I roamed my eyes over his torso, because why not? Clearly we knew where things were headed, so the least I could do was take my time and enjoy what I saw before it was over. His pale chest and stomach were stretched tight, without any blemishes, and I wondered what it might feel like to rest my hand against his skin. He gave a little shiver and rubbed the goosebumps along his arms. I wondered if he was more nervous or anxious.

“Next hand,” he said impatiently as he loosely shuffled the cards.

Turns out my luck was, in fact, out. I hit a losing streak and quickly lost the next two hands, much to Luke's satisfaction. Partly because he'd always been a little competitive, but also because I was now losing enough clothes for him to ogle at me instead. He said nothing when the last of my socks came loose, but when I decided to pull my shirt off, revealing my bare stomach and bra, he found it difficult to look away. My tits, though not the biggest in the world, pushed out against my bra because of their conical shape. I'd worn this same purple bra enough times before to know that anyone could still see the top of my breasts without any trouble, which probably explained why Luke had shut up all of a sudden.

"Try not to have a stroke," I said. "Besides, they're still covered so it's not really that big of a deal."

"Erm, yeah—" he said, a furious blush spreading over his freckled face. "Sorry. It's just—I've never seen any. Real ones, I mean."

"Do you want to stop?" I asked him. I hoped he had every intention of continuing, but I also wasn't interested in forcing myself on my brother. If he wasn't into this, then I didn't want to continue either.

"No, it's fine," he said. "I'm fine. You're really fit."

"You're not too bad yourself," I said.

Luke was down to just his pants and underwear, and I wasn't too far behind him. I wasn't sure which I would lose yet between my bra or my shorts, but I guess time would tell. The next hand we played was tense, without a word between us, and by the end of things, I won the hand with two pair. Luke leaned back and shimmied his pants down his legs, kicking them off and leaving him in just a pair of neon orange briefs. He kept his knees raised as he sat back up, I guess to try and shield himself a bit, but I could still see his hard penis poking up in his briefs. If everything went in my favor, those briefs would be next to go.

"Guess I should have worn more clothes," he laughed nervously.

Luke won the hand after that, and now I was just left in my matching purple bra and panties. His eyes were once again glued to my body, only this time between my legs. I knew our game of strip poker was turning me

on, so I guess I shouldn't have been surprised to see a little patch of wetness around my crotch. Apparently I was horny enough to start soaking my panties.

"Is that..." Luke started to ask, but he couldn't bring himself to finish.

It was my turn to blush. "Like I told you yesterday, boys aren't the only ones who get horny."

"Wow..." was all he could say as one of his hands drifted between his legs. He gave himself a small squeeze and groaned softly. Seeing him touch himself did nothing to stop my juices from flowing. I doubted I could last too much longer without having to pleasure myself one way or another.

My heart was pounding as Luke dealt out the next hand. It would either be his last or my second to last. We hadn't really talked about what would happen when one of us ended up naked, only that we knew the game would probably end. I'm not sure I wanted it to.

There wasn't a damn thing good about the cards I had, but when the flop came, I thought there might have been hope for me since I now had a pair of Jacks and nothing else seemed likely. When I showed Luke, he sat there with a stunned look on his face, still holding his cards in his hand. I figured that meant he had lost for sure. When he showed me his cards, he was holding a pair of Aces.

"You lose," he said breathlessly.

Well, this was it. Luke was about to see a very intimate part of me no matter what I chose to reveal. Either he'd see my breasts, or he'd see my pussy, and I figured since I was still in the game, it was best to hold back on giving him the top prize. Instead, I reached a hand behind my back and pinched the clasp of my bra together. The back separated, and I loosened the straps from around my shoulders, peeling away my bra and exposing my breasts.

"Wow, Hannah," he whispered. He leaned over his hunched knees to get a better look, staring at my breasts. "They look...you look...beautiful."

"Thanks," I said, fighting the urge to cover myself. No one had ever seen me like this before—the closest I'd ever come was gym class, but even then

we were all covered up in bras. The air in the cabin was by no means chilly, but the newness of the situation along with my nerves was making my nipples stiff. “So, uhh, last hand, right?”

Luke gulped, his eyes once again darting to my crotch, no doubt the same thought going through his mind. In this next hand, either I’d see his penis, or he’d see my vagina. No way around it.

He struggled to shuffle the cards, so I offered to do it for him and instead Luke kept staring at me. I set the deck down and picked up my cards. In my hand was a Jack and a 9 of clubs, and when the flop came, two more clubs hit the board. I was one card away from a flush, one of the better hands in poker. The problem was if a club didn’t drop, then my hand was pretty much useless.

The next card was a 9 of hearts. It was nice to have a pair, but that didn’t do much for me.

“Ready?” I asked, my hand on the last card in play. Luke nodded, and when I flipped it over, my heart soared at seeing a Queen of clubs. I got the flush!

Apparently Luke had something strong, too, because his face lit up. I wracked my brain over what he might have. Maybe two pair, maybe three of a kind somehow, but neither of those beat my hand.

Luke practically slapped down his cards on the floor. Looking at his hand, a 10 and J, he had a straight along with the other cards on the board. The smirk on his face told me everything I needed to know. He thought he had this in the bag.

“Sorry, dork,” I said, giving the same smug-ass smirk he gave me when he crushed me earlier as I laid down the flush. His jaw dropped open.

“No, but I—how? No!”

“Guess I win,” I said, returning the most innocent smile I could manage.

He was silent for a moment as he regarded me. “You promise not to make fun of me?”

Luke still had his legs drawn to his chest, so I leaned forward and placed my hand on top of his knee. “I meant what I said about this being our safe

place. I don't want to push you into doing anything you don't want. And I would never make fun of you."

After a few moments of consideration, he nodded. "Okay, I'll do it. Fair's fair."

I held my breath as Luke leaned on his back again, giving me a quick view of his clothed butt. He grabbed the waistband of his briefs and tugged them down to his ankles in one smooth motion. I gasped as his ass came into full view, crack and all, and I caught a glimpse of his sack.

He rocked back and removed his underwear from his feet, but I couldn't care less about that anymore. Pointing straight up in the air was my brother's twelve-year-old penis, the first I had ever seen in real life. It was thicker than I imagined, bobbing as it strained in the air with the beat of his heart. His knees were still up, but I could just make out the mushroom-shaped tip angled towards his stomach.

"That's really cool," I told him truthfully. "I've never seen one before."

"Same," he said, "you know. With you."

The cards from our last hand lay in front of us, and I briefly toyed with the idea of suggesting a few more hands, but honestly, the game seemed irrelevant now. That last hand could have shook out either way, and I took a deep breath before I could change my mind about what I was going to do.

Standing to my feet, Luke gave me a strange look, but his eyes widened as I grabbed the edge of my panties and stepped out of them. Now we were both on full display, but rather than block Luke's view with my knees, I decided to sit with the soles of my feet together so he could have a better view of my exposed pussy.

"But why?" he asked. "I was the one who lost."

I shrugged. "I don't know. Maybe the same as last night. Neither of us have seen another person naked like this, so I figured it was only fair you got to see me too."

"Can I...can I get a closer look?"

“Sure, if I can see you, too.”

Luke glanced down between his legs and with a blush about as strong as mine felt, he finally relaxed his knees. In doing so, I could finally see his penis in the full light. It stuck straight up towards his chest nearly four inches I'd guess, and I spotted a few curly hairs coming from his groin. His balls had dropped some in his sack, stretching down beneath his twitching dick. Seeing something like that compared to Luke's cute, innocent face seemed almost contradictory.

“Wow, I've never seen anything like that,” he said breathlessly. “You have a lot more hair than me, too.” With my legs spread out, my vaginal lips were parted, and my opening glistened with wetness from our game of strip poker. “Do you pee from the same hole?”

“What?” I asked. “That's ridiculous. Didn't they teach you anything in health class?”

“Well, we do! Besides, it was kinda hard to pay attention,” he argued. “They should have taught us like this instead.”

I reached a few fingers down along my lips and spread them out. I thought Luke might faint.

“This is where we pee from,” I said and pointed a finger to my urethra. “And then below that is the vagina.”

“So what's that bumpy thing on top?”

I explained to him about my clit, how sensitive it could get, and how I played with it when I wanted to feel good.

“What do your boobs feel like?”

I took a hand and gently squeezed my tit. “Soft, I guess, but tougher the more you squeeze.” Luke's eyes were locked in on whatever my hand was doing. I imagine this was all a little much for him. It was for me, too, but since I had a couple years on my twelve-year-old brother, it was me guiding him through all this. Still, as much as I enjoyed making my brother happy, there was something I wanted from this as well.

“Here, give me your hand,” I said.

He looked at me like I'd just given him a million dollars. "What, seriously?"
"Just do it."

Luke got up on his knees and came closer, his stiff penis leading the way. I noticed a little bead of moisture at the tip, but he wasn't nearly as wet as me. I took Luke's palm and could feel it trembling as I placed it around my breast. The feeling was immediately electric as he squeezed, a little too roughly, but after some guidance, he eased up, occasionally running his thumb over my nipple.

"Wow, this is...so cool," he said.

"Could I touch you, too?" I asked, looking down at his straining penis.

He flushed a bit. "Sure, I guess that's okay."

As Luke continued to knead my breasts, I slowly wrapped my hand around his penis, startled at how hot it was to the touch. Beneath the skin, there was an expected firmness to the muscle that had a little give when I squeezed it. In doing so, Luke groaned loudly.

"Sorry," I said, releasing my grip, "Did I hurt you?"

Luke shuddered and shook his head as he dropped his hand away from my breast. "No, feels good. No one's ever touched me there before. But me, I mean."

I sat back down on my knees and laughed, trying to break the tension between us. "I get it. This all feels a little weird, huh?"

"Maybe a little," he said, "but I like it. I'm glad we decided to play."

He surprised me then by leaning forward and giving me a quick kiss on the lips. It was a little bit longer than our kiss from last night. When Luke pulled away, his blue eyes were dancing back and forth between mine, and in that moment I felt an aching desire for him, to drink him in, to let him know he was mine.

We kissed again, only this time, our lips steadily moved against each other's, much more relaxed than our first two times. I held the back of his head and lightly stroked my fingers through his short brown hair as we

made out. It was Luke who gave in first, gasping for air. His cheeks were flushed like he might pass out.

“You’re supposed to breathe through your nose,” I said with a smile.

“Wow,” was all he could say as he leaned back on his hands and closed his eyes. There was an indescribable sexiness to how he was posed, one leg folded under himself, the other stretched out, and his steely erection never wilting for a second. The bead of moisture from before had trickled down the length of his penis, resting just above his sack.

“That thing stays pretty hard, doesn’t it?” I asked.

“Yeah,” he said, opening his eyes and grimacing. “It happens all the time now. Sucks when I’m at school.”

My heart was beating a little faster. “What do you do about it?”

“Usually, I just go to the bathroom, and...you know...”

“At school?” I laughed. “Aren’t you worried about someone walking in on you?”

“I’m pretty careful,” he said, “but earlier this year I definitely overheard someone doing it. He was making a lot of noise.”

I smirked and wondered how Luke would feel if he knew I’d caught him touching himself the night before. To his credit, if I wasn’t already awake, I probably would have never noticed, so maybe he was pretty careful about doing it.

“Do you need to do it now?” I asked as his penis kept twitching and bobbing. Another tiny bubble of moisture appeared at the tip.

“I mean, I definitely could, but I’ll probably just go to the bathroom first.”

“What, um...what is it like? To do it with a penis, I mean.”

His penis lurched a bit as his blush spread down his neck. “Feels...really good. Like being tickled from inside. What about you?”

“I usually rub around my clit and put a finger or two inside. I know it’s not exactly like sex is supposed to be, but it still feels good.”

“Wow, that’s cool,” Luke said. “Sometimes I wish I knew what that felt like. I mean, it’s not like I want to be a girl or anything, but—”

“No, I understand. It’s hard to imagine a penis sticking out of me.”

“Hey, Hannah? Can I ask you another question and you not think it’s weird?”

I giggled. “I think you and I are well past that point.”

“Well, earlier you got to feel me. Down there, I mean, but I didn’t get the chance to feel you. You could touch me again if you wanted, and then you and I would kind of know what it’s like to be the other.”

I weighed the pros and cons of that. Actually it sounded pretty cool, and based on Luke’s reaction earlier when I grabbed his penis, being touched by someone else must have felt pretty amazing. If I was being honest, though, I wasn’t sure how much longer I could possibly last without bringing myself to orgasm. If I had been alone, I would have cum two or three times already.

Finally I nodded. “Let’s lean against the bed, though. Might be more comfortable.”

With that, Luke and I scrunched together, our bare shoulders touching. I still had about half a foot on my brother, my legs stretching further than his, but it was neat to see us side by side like this. When his hand hesitantly reached between my legs, I spread them out to give him better access. He gently rested his palm against my pubic mound, my hair bristling against his skin.

“It’s really warm,” he said with a mix of curiosity and wonder.

When he kept moving downward, his thumb grazed against my clit, and I moaned.

“You’re good,” I told him. “It’s just really sensitive there.”

He continued exploring, tracing his middle finger along my slit, past my urethra, and to my vagina.

“Is this the place?” he asked. I nodded. “Can I try putting my finger in?”

Nodding again, I reached out and ran my fingers along the sparse pubes he had growing above his penis before finally taking his four-inch length in my hand, this time prepared for its texture and warmth and the groan Luke released when I wrapped my fingers around his dick. I gave it a few soft strokes up and down.

“Feels so good, Hannah,” he whispered, his hand pausing momentarily. I held off on stroking him until he was ready to continue. Thanks to the moistness around my pussy, he found my opening with little trouble before slipping a finger partially inside. “This is crazy, it’s almost sucking me in...”

“Yeah...” I said, leaning my head back against the mattress as he tunneled his finger in and out.

I continued stroking Luke, watching as a fresh bead of moisture appeared at his purplish-red tip. His abs flexed every so often, like the pleasure was punching him in the gut. I understood that feeling well.

“Hannah, I’m really close,” Luke said, but instead of pausing what he was doing, he pressed his hand against my mound harder, smushing my clit and driving his finger deeper inside. The pleasure and the squelching sounds of his finger as he pushed in and out was enough to nearly send me over the edge.

“Me too,” I panted. My brow and neck were damp with sweat, and I tried to hold off on cumming as long as possible, but I wasn’t the one in control. It was Luke who was incessantly driving his finger into my pussy as his palm dug against my clit.

Luke had been panting beside me, but suddenly his breath caught in his throat, and he gave a little whine as his head rolled to the side and his penis started to kick in my hand. From its tip a sprinkle of watery droplets flew into the air, dotting both his stomach and my hand. I was in sensory overload, and between his finger inside me and the fact that I’d just brought my brother to orgasm with his cum on my hand, I shuddered and moaned as I came, my pussy clenching deliciously against my brother’s moving finger. With my free hand I rubbed furiously along my sensitive clit, adding to the stimulation.

It was a good minute before my pussy finally relaxed and I could open my eyes. I was still holding Luke's penis, which had softened only slightly. He was inspecting the fingers that were in my pussy, rubbing them together before smelling the juices on them.

"I think that was the best orgasm of my life," I finally managed to say.

"No kidding. I thought just regular cumming felt good. It's way better with someone else!"

I smeared my brother's tiny bit of semen between my fingers and gave a smile. "I guess I was right about you making cum."

"What does that mean?" he asked.

"Well...I might have overheard you last night. Doing it under the covers."

Despite all we had just experienced, Luke was still beside himself in embarrassment. "You were awake!?"

"Oh, relax. We just came in front of each other. So what if I was awake last night?"

He seemed to consider that as he gave his penis a few absent tugs. "I only started making it a few months ago. It's not even the real white stuff yet."

I went to roll over from the mattress, and in doing so, a huge yawn escaped me. Having an orgasm always tired me out, and this one had been a doozy.

We went to the bathroom to wash our hands and wipe ourselves down, although Luke started giggling as he counted the number of stray cum droplets on his stomach. He told me he'd never shot like that before, only dribbled some out before. When we brushed our teeth and returned to the bedroom, we started to grab our clothes but paused with our underwear in hand. It seemed foolish to be bothered with clothes now. We could always put them back on in the morning. Instead, we set them in a pile near our bags and crawled under the covers together.

I turned off my lamp, and Luke turned off his, and for a moment we lay there together in the dark and silence. Luke reached across the bed and took my hand in his, interlocking our fingers before giving me a soft kiss on the cheek.

“Thank you, Hannah. I’m glad we did that. It was really fun.”

“Me, too. Goodnight, dork,” I told him, and we went to sleep.

Chapter 4

“Hannah! Hannah, did you hear that?”

The shaking against my shoulder was enough to wake me. It was still dark out, but Luke didn't seem to care about that little detail whatsoever as he nudged me again.

“mmm...what is it?” I mumbled, burying my face back in the pillow.

“Something's outside the cabin.”

Didn't he realize this was the woods? There were noises everywhere. All the time.

I fought a yawn and forced myself to answer my brother before I fell asleep. “It's probably just a deer or something. Go back to bed.”

He rocked my shoulder. “Seriously, Hannah. It sounded like it was really close.”

I rolled and pushed back the covers. My bare feet hit the carpet as I padded over to the window and peeked my head past the edge of the curtains. We were both still naked, and after being wrapped in the warmth of the mattress comforter while we slept, the air was nippy against my skin. The sooner I was back under the covers, the better.

Outside the window, the snow fell in thick, white clumps, piling up over the last twelve hours. Even with the streetlight over the cabins, I couldn't see any animal tracks outside, not without going to check, and no way was that happening right now. It was freezing! A gust of wind howled and shook the snow from a few of the evergreens outside. Maybe Luke had heard the wind, or maybe it was the creaking structure of this old cabin.

“It's nothing,” I said, looking back at him. He was hiding under the blankets, the comforter drawn to his eyes. “Come see if you want. I think you just heard the wind.”

“I'm good,” he half-whispered. His eyes glanced quickly over my naked torso, so I figured he must have calmed down at least a little.

“Well I’m going back to bed, so try to let me sleep.”

I was just about to sprint back to the warmth of the covers when a glow from Luke’s nightstand caught my attention. It was faint, just bright enough to cast a dim, blue hue against the wall. I thought maybe my eyes were playing tricks on me, but as I stepped closer, the glow became more discernible. I picked up the necklace, running my fingers across the hand-crafted talisman. What had the woman said in the diner last night? Something about it being windy? Wind go? I couldn’t remember.

A shiver ran up my arms as I looked toward the curtained window. Maybe something was outside after all. If so, would we be safe inside the cabin?

“It’s doing it again,” Luke said, getting out of the bed beside me. He took the necklace in his hands.

I couldn’t help but sneak a peek between Luke’s legs, surprised his penis was soft. It was only two inches long now as it rested against his balls, so different than when it had been sticking straight up during our game of strip poker.

“Do you remember what that lady said at the diner?” I asked him.

“The crazy one?”

“I’m not so sure she was,” I said. “She seemed pretty scared.”

“You’re freaking me out, Hannah,” he said.

My heart was racing in my chest, and a cold pit spread in my stomach. The old woman said the totems were meant to warn her people. She had gripped her necklace like it was some kind of safety blanket, but at the diner, neither hers nor ours were glowing. So the glow must have meant something dangerous was near. Whatever she had warned us about was very real. Very dangerous. It scared the shit out of me.

“I’m sure it’s nothing,” I lied to Luke, and tried to smile for him.

“Are you sure?”

I gave him a soft kiss on the forehead. “Absolutely. Let’s get some sleep for now. We can hold each other if you want.”

That seemed to cheer him up, and soon we were back under the covers, scootched together like our first night when the heater cut off. It already felt like so long ago. Despite how uninterested I was in the vacation when it started, things had really turned around. Even between Luke and I, it really felt like we had grown closer than ever before. A few nights ago, he freaked out when he'd grown hard against me, even though he had on his underwear. Now as we lay together, his bare penis began to chub up against me, pushing against my inner leg, and this time he only giggled.

"Of course you would be scared one minute and hard the next."

"Sorry," he said with another giggle. "You know I can't help it."

"Mhmm, I'm sure."

Even though Luke's penis was only a few inches from the opening of my vagina, I focused on getting back to sleep instead. Did I think my brother and I were going to fool around during the last two days of our trip? Probably. But now wasn't the time. The pillow was still warm and smushed from before, and my eyelids were heavy. Before I could even think about what the next day might bring, I conked out.

When I began to stir again, it was to a pleasurable kneading sensation against my breast. I'd been having an intense dream involving a few hot boys in my 8th grade homeroom. Each of them were stripped down, massaging different parts of my body as they kissed me all over my neck and breasts. At times their hands were on my breasts, at times my pussy, all while massaging their own cocks. I guess my dream had a way of filling in the blanks since I'd never seen a real-life penis before Luke's.

I groaned as the pleasure coming from my nipple intensified. When my eyes fluttered open, Luke was grinning at me, one hand working my breast while a thumb rubbed against my hard nipple.

"Didn't anyone tell you you're supposed to ask first?"

I pulled his hand away, despite the slick moistness between my legs.

"Didn't you like it?" he asked.

“I did,” I told him, “but I also don’t want you to think it’s okay to touch people when they don’t know about it. You know, consent?”

“I thought consent was just for...you know...for sex,” he said, whispering the last word even though it was just the two of us in the cabin.

“You should always ask for consent. Doesn’t matter if it’s just touching or not.”

“Even for kissing?”

“It’s a good idea, at least starting out. Until you know the other person is comfortable with it.”

“Well...” he said, trailing off as we stared at each other’s faces. “I’m comfortable with it if you are. You can kiss me whenever.”

“Oh, yeah?” I asked, drawing closer to his face. Inches away, I could feel his breath grazing against my skin, and for all his bravado a moment ago, he could do nothing to fight the blush that inflamed his cheeks.

“Yeah...” he whispered, eyes closing as he leaned in for a kiss.

A devilish smile spread across my face as I suddenly dug my fingers into Luke’s ribs and tickled him. He jumped and squealed as he tried to fend me off, flopping his legs beneath the covers.

“Stop! Hannah, stop!”

“Apologize for grabbing my boob.” When he tried to roll away and escape, I moved with him and pinned his body down beneath mine. Between attacking his ribs and his bare armpits, I was merciless.

“Okay, fine! Fine, I’m sorry!” He was gasping for air as his eyes brimmed with tears from his laughter.

“Sorry for what?”

“H-Hannah, don’t make me pee myself!”

“Sorry for what!?” I insisted.

“S-sorry for grabbing your b-boob!”

Satisfied with my revenge, I released him and rested down on him, feeling his hardness pressing up against my butt. Luke stared down to where our bodies joined, and I realized how close his penis was to my vagina. Feeling flustered, I rolled off of him before I could let the thought flourish.

“Come on, dork. Let’s see what’s for breakfast.”

After we had our clothes and jackets on, I pushed open the door and fought against some of the snow drift that had piled up against our cabin. Outside, the ground was a great white canvas. Things hadn’t been nearly this bad when we left to ski the day before. Even going to dinner last night had been manageable, but now, the snow was as high as the tires of our car, and while the sun glistened beautifully off its surface like little white diamonds, I couldn’t shake the feeling that we were trapped here.

“It’s never snowed like this back home!” Luke said in awe. “I bet we could build a crazy huge snowman.”

“Maybe later on we will,” I said.

Mom and Dad were already up when we knocked on their cabin door. Because of the overhang over the porch, the snow hadn’t blocked them in. They were as surprised as Luke and I with how much had fallen overnight. We sat together in the kitchen area eating toasted bagels. It wasn’t the best breakfast in the world, but it beat going hungry.

“I’ll call Hank and see if he can’t get us sorted out. Besides, we leave tomorrow, so there’s got to be something he can do about all this,” Dad said, vaguely gesturing to the snow outside.

“Hank can’t control the weather, Brian,” Mom said. “Even if he clears the snow away, that doesn’t make the roads safe.”

“I know,” he said, biting into his bagel. “We’ll just have to see. Oh, kids, take a look at what I picked up in town the other day for New Year’s Eve.”

Of course! How could I forget the New Year’s holiday? We’d been so busy lately with all the different activities that it totally slipped my mind. Luke and I walked over to one of Dad’s black duffel bags and opened it up to a stockpile of fireworks. He had everything from sparklers to roman candles to those insane tube launchers that exploded in the sky.

“Apparently the town does a small show, too,” Mom said. “We could watch it from here. Might be nice to set them off around the same time.”

“These are awesome!” Luke said, wielding one of the roman candles like a magic wand as he pretended to blast imaginary monsters.

While we ate, Dad used the time to call Hank on one of the corded phones installed in each of our cabins. Turns out Hank had a snowplow he could use, sort of. It sounded like it was an attachment that hooked to the front of his truck. Didn’t matter to me as long as we weren’t going to stay trapped here. We learned Hank was responsible for helping manage some of the New Year’s activities in town, so he wouldn’t be around until nightfall to help clear the path. Dad told him we were fine staying at the cabins for the day.

“Think of it as a day you two can bond together,” Mom said.

I think I played it cool, but Luke was tomato red as he hid his face from our parents.

With breakfast wrapped up, we took Luke’s suggestion to build a snowman, which proved to be challenging. The crunchy snow made it tough to keep our footing, but we eventually rolled up several massive snowballs for the base, body, and head. Luke, Dad, and I lifted the body together as Mom watched on, and then lastly came the head. Luke and Mom scoured the nearby forest for some suitable arms to stick in its side while Dad and I centered the snowman’s head. We grabbed an extra scarf to wrap around its neck, but we were still staring at a faceless snowman until Luke came up with the idea to use his M&Ms from the night before.

After Luke squished the last of the M&Ms into place, we all thought the snowman was about as perfect as it could be. It was just a smidge taller than me and slimmer than a snowman should be, but all in all, I was pretty proud of our work. I pulled back my scarf to let in some of the cool air against my sweating body. We had on several layers to keep us warm, but after working to roll and assemble the snowman, I was getting hot.

It was Mom who tossed the first snowball. I laughed as it struck Luke’s padded chest with a dull thump, spraying snow in his face as it struck. And

so began Snowmageddon. We chucked a furious amount of snowballs back and forth, whopping each other whenever we had the chance. The snow was that perfect, powdery mix—not like the icy sleet we had back home. After the last snowball was thrown, we were all exhausted, laughing together as we caught our breath.

Luke and I decided to check out the steep incline near the property's edge. It was the perfect view of the mountains ahead of us and the valley below.

“Kids, be careful,” Mom said, patting away the snow from her jacket. “Don’t get too close.”

The town looked like one of those scenes in a snow globe, picturesque with all its little shops and streets as the snow drifted lazily overhead. This spot would make a great view for the fireworks tonight.

Luke peered over the steep embankment. As he did so, the snow around his foot collapsed, and Luke lost his balance. We lunged for each other at the same time as he cried out, and I grabbed Luke by the forearm. He face-planted against the snow, but we held on to each other so he wouldn’t slide any further. I doubted he would’ve flipped and tumbled down the mountain, but I think we would have both agreed that wasn’t a risk worth taking.

“Are you alright?” I asked.

Luke’s face glistened from all the snow covering it, and he spat out some of it from his mouth. “Fine, I guess. Did Mom see?”

My guess was neither of our parents had seen Luke slip based on the lack of frantic shouting from either of them. “I think we’re okay. Come on, I’ll help you up.”

I tugged on his sleeve as Luke shimmied back up the slope. A couple times, his feet slipped against the snow, but eventually I pulled him away from the edge.

“Thanks, Hannah,” he said, casting a worried look once more behind him.

I helped brush the snow from his jacket and face, and together we headed back inside our cabin, eager to grab a hot shower. While Luke fumbled with

his clothes, I went into our bathroom and began running the hot water. When I walked back to our bedroom, he was struggling with the zipper to his coat, so I went and unzipped it for him, helping to peel away the heavy jacket from his arms. His t-shirt looked as drenched with sweat as mine felt. He shivered as he stood there, his hands still shaking.

“I started the shower for you,” I said, tossing our wet clothes in the corner. Our pile of dirty laundry was getting larger each day, but I guess there wasn’t much we could do about it right now.

“I thought you wanted the first shower.”

“It’s fine. I don’t mind waiting to get one.”

I walked toward our bed and planned on resting until Luke was finished, but he stopped me.

“We should just take one together,” he said. “It’s dumb to wait. Besides, we’ve already seen each other naked, so what does it matter?”

Luke didn’t wait for my answer, instead unbuttoning his jeans and working them down his hips. Maybe I thought Luke would have reservations about what we did last night, but if anything, he seemed completely unbothered. When his wet briefs came down, I drank in the sight of his cock, which looked extra shriveled because of the cold and wet. His balls were practically withdrawn inside his body.

He smiled when I started shedding my clothes. By the time I had my top off, my nipples were hardened knobs at the end of each breast. I removed my pants and sweats and finally the black panties I wore that day, leaving me as bare as Luke. In doing so, it looked like his penis might have regained some of its girth.

“Let’s go,” I said.

Leading the way into the steamy bathroom, I opened the shower door and tested the water’s temperature. Hot, but not scalding. We stepped inside, and the water streamed down my neck and body. I ducked my hair under the shower head while Luke climbed in beside me. When we traded places, I grabbed my shampoo bottle from the ledge and squirted some in my palm before running my fingers through my hair and scrubbing my scalp. I

shut my eyes to keep the shampoo from burning, but after rinsing my hair and opening them again, Luke was gazing at the sudsy trails streaming down my breasts and legs. His hard-on pointed straight to the ceiling, and he gave it a few absent-minded tugs.

“Hannah, you’re so pretty,” he said softly, making me blush.

“You’re just saying that because you’ve got a naked girl in the shower with you.”

“No, really. I mean it,” he said. “Plus, I’m your brother, so you know I’m not bullshitting you.”

I smirked as he used the same line on me that I had on him when we first kissed a few nights ago. Luke shampooed his hair, and it was my turn to admire him while I soaped up my body. The suds washed past his shoulder blades before reaching the globes of his pale cheeks and slipping through his crack. My pussy contracted some as I imagined running my fingers along that groove, feeling and teasing the hole there while my other hand gripped his dick and brought him to another shuddering orgasm. As before when I laid on top of him, I wondered how different it might feel to have his cock shoved up inside me as opposed to his fingers or mine. How would it feel to have him flex that impossibly hard muscle within me?

“Uh, hello, Hannah?” Luke said, waving his hand near my face.

I swallowed the saliva building in my mouth. “Sorry, I guess I was distracted. What did you say?”

He smirked like he understood exactly why I wasn’t paying attention as he flexed his erection under the stream of water cascading down.

“I said, do you need me to soap your back?”

“Uh...sure,” I said, presenting my back to my brother. I heard Luke uncap the lid to the body wash before squirting some out in his hand. A moment later, his hands were at my shoulders, kneading them and working his way down, rubbing his thumbs over the tense muscles. When he reached my ribs, I jumped as his fingers tickled me, but I relaxed as he kept massaging around my ribs and the base of my breasts.

“Don’t worry,” he said, close to my ear. “I’m not gonna tickle you. I’m not mean like you.”

I turned my head and stuck out my tongue at him. He moved downward, eventually getting to my lower back, still felt tight from yesterday’s ski trip. I groaned at his touch as he pressed his thumbs in circular motions. He paused as he reached the top of my glutes.

“Hannah...” he asked open-endedly.

“It’s fine,” I told him. “You can touch me.”

He needed no further invitation as his thumbs dug into each of my cheeks. I shivered as he cupped my ass in each hand. In all honesty, I think we both knew I could have easily washed my own bottom, but if we admitted that to each other, the moment would pass. His hand continued gliding across, pulling up on my cheeks, and my pussy grew wetter each second, feeling the slickness from my juices grow between my legs. When he stopped, I felt light-headed from both his touch and the steam building up in the shower. I turned around as Luke grabbed his erection with his soapy hand before running it along his drooping sack.

“My turn,” I told him, turning him around as I grabbed the soap. His muscles were lean against my fingers as I massaged his shoulders. Luke still had plenty of growing to do, still half a foot shorter than me, but already his body was so toned from baseball. No, he wasn’t some ripped-out-of-his-mind jock, but there was certainly the potential for him to have that physique one day. I couldn’t quite reach his cheeks as easily as he could mine, so I got down on one knee, bringing myself eye-level while I worked on the firm muscles inside his butt. Occasionally he groaned, one hand on the shower wall to support himself, as I dug into certain tender spots. He’d spent the entire day before falling on his tushy time and time again, so it was no wonder he was sore. After I finished, I gave his butt a little slap, and he turned around to face me.

We both froze. This was the first time his penis had been so close to my face, and I could see every little detail on it: the way its purplish mushroom tip bobbed every second with his heartbeat; his pale, four-inch stalk, a single blue vein tracing along its side. The running water made the three or

four stray pubes at his pubic region more distinct. A sudden urge to try something washed over me and made my pussy juices flow even more. It was something Sarah and I had both seen that day we watched porn together. At the time, it seemed so gross, so...dirty, but now...seeing Luke like this, after what we'd experienced already...

"Hannah?" he asked quietly.

"Tell me if you want me to stop," I said and leaned forward to plant a small kiss on the tip of his penis. Above me, Luke gasped as his penis lurched, smearing a small amount of his cum against my lips. Although, I suppose it was more like the pre-orgasmic juices my vagina made when I was turned on. Instinctively, I ran my tongue over my lips to measure its taste. It was slimier than saliva, and had a unique, almost...bittersweet quality to it. I leaned forward again, this time, letting his penis slide past my lips as it entered my mouth for the first time. Almost immediately it pressed against the softness of my tongue, and Luke gave a shuddering thrust forward with his hips, gagging me as his erection shoved to the back of my throat.

"Sorry," he said, in a strained, high-pitched voice. "Wow, this feels...so good...oh my god."

I ran my tongue all against his boner as he moved in and out, and Luke seemed to enjoy it best when I rubbed my tongue against the underside of his penis near the tip. Each time he glided along the surface of my tongue, he groaned loudly in the shower, and I was thankful that our parents weren't around. This would be a tough one to explain. He began thrusting frantically as he placed his hands at the back of my head, seemingly wanting to hold me in place and push me away at the same time.

"Gonna cum already," he whined, shaking on his feet. Reaching around to grab hold of Luke's ass, I craned my head up. His head had tilted back, rolling from side to side in pleasure. I figured I'd already tasted a little of his cum already, and last night he hadn't made much, so I didn't mind him finishing off in my mouth. The thought sent another jolt of pleasure through my pussy. I was so turned on that I was close to frigging myself as I gave Luke his first blowjob.

“Here I go...” he shuddered, and his penis swelled in my mouth before twitching away, firing off a thin jet of cum against my tongue. I was shocked at how warm it was, but not unhappy with its taste. If anything, it might have been sweeter than before. As his meager cum pumped out, my tongue smeared it along the tip of Luke’s penis as I continued to lap around it. It was a good dozen twitches before his penis stopped bouncing, but no less hard than when we’d started.

“What was that?” he asked as he leaned back against the shower wall. The tip of his penis looked an angry red after having just cummed.

“It’s called a blowjob. I...saw a video of it one time...” I said, not wanting to go into too many details.

“You watch porn?” he asked, a look of mild shock on his face.

“Not really. Just this one time. Sorry, I don’t know what came over me, but I thought it might feel good.”

I stood to my feet, and Luke nearly tackled me in a hug. If he realized his still-hard boner was pressing dangerously close to my entrance, he didn’t show it. He just kept squeezing the air from my lungs. “That was even better than yesterday! Thank you.”

When he finished hugging me, we looked into each other’s eyes a few moments before exchanging a soft kiss on the lips. It was tender, not as lust-fueled as the one from last night, but still sweet.

“Maybe we should turn off the shower,” I suggested, knowing we were wasting the hot water by this point.

“But what about you?” he asked. “You didn’t get to cum.”

Hearing Luke talk dirty in his squeaky, innocent voice only made me wetter. Surely I must’ve been flowing down my leg. I told him not to worry about it, but he frowned as I shut the water off. There was an old towel from the day before we used to dry each other off, and although it wasn’t perfect, at least we weren’t dripping water on the floor as we returned to the bedroom. I leaned over to sort through my bag for some fresh clothes when Luke stopped me.

“Here. Come to the bed.”

“What? I have to get changed first.”

“No,” he said, and when I turned around, my brother stood with his hands on his hips, his penis stretching upward. “It’s your turn to feel good now.”

In a daze, I made my way to the bed, wondering if Luke really meant to do what I was imagining. My twelve-year-old brother, Luke, who—prior to this trip—had zero experience with a girl whatsoever beyond his right hand and his fantasies. As I sat down on the cool mattress, Luke walked over and spread my legs before dropping to his knees. I tried to steady myself with a few ragged breaths, but it was tough to breathe. Tough to think.

“Tell me if I’m doing something wrong,” he said, inching his face closer to my crotch. His mouth was open, and I could feel his hot, moist breath against my crotch. He began by kissing my labia, pressing his face against me as he inhaled deeply through his nostrils. Then came his tongue as it traced the outside edges of my pussy before working steadily inward. My eyes fluttered closed, and I leaned back on the mattress. Luke lapped his tongue against my pussy like a puppy. Occasionally he slipped between my lips, mixing his saliva with the fluids pumping out of me. As his face climbed up my crotch, his nose brushed against my clit, and I moaned into the open air of the bedroom, rolling in the pleasure. As he dragged his tongue across my clit, I had to redirect him to lick around it instead since I was too sensitive.

And still, his tongue went rogue, at times glancing off my clit in delicious ways. At some point, I was thrusting against him, my legs propped on his shoulders with my feet dangling in the air as he went deeper and deeper still. When Luke’s jaw tired out, he switched to his hand, teasing his index finger in and out, at times adding his middle finger alongside it. By then, I was ready to cum. I needed to be rubbed vigorously. But when I reached my fingers down to touch myself, Luke grabbed my hand and held me away, working his tongue back up, knowing what I was desperate to have. No doubt Luke was familiar with the level of horniness I was experiencing. That burning, building desire that screamed how badly you needed to cum

right then before you burst wide open. He clamped his lips around my clit, flicking his tongue back and forth as my pussy began to clench.

“Ah...Luke...ah...ah...” I panted as the pleasure became overwhelming. I careened over the edge as Luke plunged both fingers inside my vagina at the same time as his tongue fluttered repeatedly over my sensitive hood. Once the contractions began, I couldn’t stop them, only ride out the wave and squeeze my thighs against Luke’s head as I tightly gripped the covers of the mattress beneath my hands. By the time my orgasm finished, I felt like I might pass out. Luke wasn’t kidding—having someone go down on you was way more intense than just rubbing yourself off.

“Luke...that was incredible...” I trailed off. When he raised his freckled face, it was smeared with a mix of my juices and his saliva, but he didn’t seem to mind as he crawled forward to lay at my side. His steely erection was harder than ever as it poked against my hip. I doubt it went down at all since the shower. He placed a hand on my stomach and rested his head on my shoulder as I caught my breath.

“I love you, Hannah,” he said and gave me a soft kiss on the cheek.

“Love you, too,” I whispered as I kissed the top of his damp hair, breathing in the floral scent of our shampoo.

“Can we make each other a promise?” he asked.

“Sure, anything,” I said.

“When we get back home...I just don’t want this to end. Feeling close to you like this, I mean.”

I took his hand in mine, locking our fingers together. “Trust me. Nothing is going to break us apart. We can be close like this whenever you want.”

He gave me another soft kiss, and angled himself so his dick wasn’t jabbing into my side. We laid together in silence for nearly half an hour, just listening to each other’s breathing as the snow fell softly outside. There was a risk in laying naked on the bed together. For one, at any point in time, Mom or Dad could barge into our cabin, although I thought they would probably knock first. Still, it would be best if they didn’t see Luke and I spooning against each other without any clothes on. That might be

tough to talk our way out of, and then promises be damned, I'm not sure what would happen next. So we decided to get dressed in our regular clothes. There would always be more time for play later on, especially after the fireworks tonight. We chilled together and watched whatever shows happened to be on the local network until it was time to join Mom and Dad for dinner. Outside, the snow drifts had grown taller, now a few inches past the wheels of our car, and even our snowman had a little buildup on his head.

While eating, Dad got a few updates from Hank and found out he'd be on his way shortly, but it would take him some time to get home, attach the snow plow, and return to the cabins. We also set a timer for the fireworks show, which was set to go off around 7 pm. It would be dark enough to enjoy, but still early enough that people who didn't care about the New Year holiday wouldn't have their sleep disturbed. That meant we had about an hour to get everything set up. We worked with Dad to unwrap all the different fireworks and get them set up outside, keeping the extras stacked under their overheard porch to prevent them from getting wet from the snow. He had enough fireworks to supply a small army, but I had a sneaking suspicion Luke would make a pretty big dent in the pile by the end of the night.

Luke was the first to try out one of the roman candles. Dad showed him how to safely use a lighter without burning himself, and once the fuse was lit, Luke aimed it high into the air, laughing as the shells flew out in fiery reds and burst in the air. He started shouting out a bunch of different Harry Potter spells, half of which sounded made up. When we moved on to the tube launchers, I couldn't believe how big the explosions were. It was like a bomb detonated over our heads rather than a traditional firework. Dad tried to offer me the lighter so I could light a few rounds, but I shook my head and said Luke could keep setting them off. He gave Luke the lighter to hold for the time being as we launched a few more shells from the tube launcher.

One of the fireworks came in a fat, wide tube that was so big you could shove your arm inside. On its front was a warning that indicated the firework was not a toy. No kidding. A thick, smoking trail snaked out from

the pipe as the shell skyrocketed into the air and exploded. The concussion wave slammed against our chests as pale yellow sparks showered down overhead. If not for the snow all around, there might have been danger of a fire. My ears rang, and I was pretty sure we were all half-deaf now.

“That was awesome!” Luke shouted.

“Huh,” Dad said. “That one might be a bit dangerous.”

“Wow, Brian,” Mom said. “What gave you that impression?”

Dad tucked the rest of the mini rocket launchers away on the cabin porch, and pretty soon it was time for the real show. Even though it was far from midnight, we counted down the seconds until 7 o’clock, cheering as the first of the fireworks from the local town began to go off. From our vantage point, we could appreciate the fireworks at eye-level, admiring them as they exploded in brilliant patterns across the night sky. We set off a few more of our own in tandem to celebrate.

“Happy New Year’s, everyone!” I shouted. “Well, sort of, anyway.”

Mom gave Dad one of those mushy kisses, which honestly didn’t seem so mushy anymore now that I had a little kissing experience of my own. Luke and I only laughed with each other, a shared secret between us. We were ready to turn and watch the rest of the show when a horn began blaring behind us.

It looked as if Hank had finally shown up with his snowplow, which hopefully meant the end of Snowmageddon. His headlights swept over the lot, blinding us as his truck scooped great heaving piles of snow off to the side. Dad said we would shovel away the snow around the car tomorrow. When Hank had a small path cleared, he put the truck in park and left it running while he stepped out to greet us.

“Hope I didn’t keep you waiting,” he said. Hank was bundled in thick clothing to keep himself warm. Mom went inside to pour herself some coffee while Dad greeted Hank. They began chatting about the weather and the fireworks display that Hank helped to organize. As they talked, Luke and I appreciated the fireworks blasting into the sky, the booming

echo reaching us only a few seconds after the dazzling lights. I was just turning to say something about the show when my blood ran cold.

“Luke...Luke!”

He raised an eyebrow in confusion until he saw my finger pointing at the glowing totem around his neck. A warning. Luke and I spun around, searching for signs of danger. Between the blinding lights of Hank’s truck, and the light cast from the streetlamp, it was difficult to make out any threats in the forest beyond. Or maybe the danger was even closer than we realized. I didn’t even know what we were supposed to be worried about. The only thing I could picture was the fear on the Algonquin woman’s face from the diner.

“Where did you get that?” Hank said suddenly, cutting off his conversation with Dad. “That necklace. How long’s it been like that?”

As the rolling thunder of fireworks in town ceased, and all that remained in the night was the quiet rumble of Hank’s truck, a terrifying screech pierced the night. I jumped as Hank reached into his waistband and withdrew a handgun before turning to face the dark forest.

“Kids, go inside the cabin,” Dad said, his voice shaking as he stared at the gun.

“Nobody move,” Hank warned. He wasn’t threatening us with the gun, but his eyes were wide as he frantically swept them across the forest. I was certain Dad must have heard the noise, but all he seemed interested in was the weapon in Hank’s hands.

“Hank, give me the gun. You don’t have to do this.”

“Shut. Up,” Hank whispered hoarsely. “This gun ain’t for you.”

Dad looked like he might say something else, but the screech came again, this time closer, and we jerked our heads toward the snapping of a thick branch in the woods. There was too much overhead light for our eyes to adjust to the darkness beyond, but surely we had to move. Had to do something.

Mom and Dad’s cabin door opened, and Mom called out to us.

“Brian? What was that noise just now?”

That’s when all hell broke loose. Another branch snapped, and the blood-curling wail came again, only this time, something came bounding out of the forest, hunched on all fours as it lumbered towards us in a vicious sprint.

“Wendigo, fuck! Run!” Hank shouted, leveling the gun forward.

I flinched as he fired the first round, instinctively ducking as I stumbled backwards. Dad tried pulling at my sleeve to bring me in, but I tugged away from him. Luke was already running a different direction, away from Mom and Dad’s cabin.

“Hannah!” he shouted.

“I have to get Luke! Protect Mom!”

A few more rounds of gunfire echoed out as I chased after Luke, my foot slipping once on the snow. I found Luke crouched behind our cabin, his hands clamped over his ears as he squeezed his eyes shut. The necklace glowed a haunting blue. Behind us came the sound of tearing metal, and I peeked my head around the side of the cabin to see a shadowy creature dive forward onto Hank, pinning him to the ground. There were no more gunshots.

Hearing Hank shout the word Wendigo solidified in my mind what that Algonquin woman from the diner had said. It sounded foreign like it might have been a word from her language, but now it seemed like it was the creature’s name. I watched it dig into Hank’s side before rearing its head, snapping something stretchy away with it. As it stumbled forward, the creature moved into the path of Hank’s headlights. It had humanoid features with gray, dehydrated skin and clumpy patches of fur scattered across its body. Its proportions were all wrong with a wide, hunched back and overly stretched arms that dragged through the snow. It lashed out blindly then, tearing through the snowman we built earlier.

As the body of the snowman broke open against the ground, the Wendigo cocked its head and became frighteningly still. I held my breath, wondering if it had seen us, but a moment later, it lurched toward Mom and Dad’s

cabin. Clawing its way up the steps as it charged, the creature busted through the stack of fireworks before ramming its head into the cabin door. There was a thundering sound as its head struck against it again, its limbs flailing about wildly, and I thought the door might splinter apart. Finally it scrambled upright before smashing its way inside the glass window and into the living room. For a brief moment, we heard their screams, but then they were buried under the shriek of the Wendigo.

“Come on, we can’t stay here,” I shouted to Luke.

“What about Mom and Dad?”

My heart froze up on me. I saw how quickly that thing had attacked Hank. Now it was after Mom and Dad, and I felt powerless to do anything.

“We have to go,” I told him, tugging on his jacket sleeve.

“But—”

I grabbed him by the sides of his face, terrified for my life as something primal within me screamed to run. Run far, far away. But I also had to protect Luke.

“Do you want to die!?”

Tears sprang to his eyes, but he took my hand, and I took us to the only place that made sense. It seemed crazy, but we had no other choice. The only options behind us were a pitch-black forest where we wouldn’t be able to see anything or the cabins that couldn’t stop this thing from reaching us. We stood at the sloped edge where Luke nearly fell over earlier in the day. He squeezed my hand in his, and as the Wendigo screeched behind us, we jumped.

Chapter 5

There was no way we could wait. No way we could stop to check on Mom and Dad. The Wendigo was strong enough to nearly bash the cabin door from its hinges, intelligent enough to break through the window instead, and violent enough to kill. I shuddered as I recalled how the creature had ripped into Hank's flesh with its face.

Luke and I jumped hand in hand over the edge of the steep snow embankment. We lost our footing and slid the rest of the way down our backs as we sped toward the edge. Earlier in the day, when Luke had nearly fallen over, I'd been there to catch him. But who would be there to catch us once we went over?

"Hang on!" I shouted, wrapping my arms around my brother.

"Hannah!" he screamed, and suddenly we were in free fall, nothing but cold, open space around us. I squeezed my eyes shut and gripped Luke tighter as I prepared for the worst to come. We separated in mid air, and my breath exploded out from lungs in a painful rush as I landed on my back. Beside me, Luke groaned as his eyes fluttered open. Ignoring the tight pain in my ribs and chest, I pulled myself up on all fours and commanded my body to move. We'd been lucky our fall had been cushioned by the recent snow, but we weren't out of danger yet. Far from it.

"Come on," I told him, helping Luke to his feet. "We have to move. That thing is still close."

"Where are we going?" he asked, his voice shaking as he kept turning his head behind him.

"Somewhere safe. I hope."

Unfortunately for us, the steep incline and drop offs made it too dangerous to travel straight down. Instead we had to move laterally through the evergreens to create as much distance between us and the cabins as possible. Until we were at a safe distance, I didn't want to use the flashlight on my phone and risk giving ourselves away. We moved as quickly as we

dared, freezing in place and holding our breaths every time our boots crunched through the snow or snapped a thin tree branch.

“Hannah? What do we do about Mom and Dad?”

“Shhh,” I whispered to him gently. “Not now. We’ll talk later.”

Piercing through the somber quiet of the night, the Wendigo shrieked, raising every hair on my body. Our only comfort was that it sounded further away than before. If it was after us now, maybe it wouldn’t know which way we were going. My brain was a jumble of swirled up thoughts involving Mom and Dad. The creature. Why it had come for us. Keeping Luke safe. Survival.

I relied on instinct alone to get us to safety. If the Wendigo managed to find us, there was little we could do to protect ourselves. We were just two kids. Even Hank, who had a gun, wasn’t able to stop it. What hope did we have?

Moving through the dark, wintry air, tiptoeing across the snow to stay quiet, it became impossible to tell how much time had passed. All I knew was that we had to keep going forward, keep working our way down the mountain. Safety was all that mattered. Everything else could come later.

My thoughts were interrupted as Luke gave a sudden yelp, tripping into the rocky snow. I crouched down to check that he was alright, shivering as snow fell across the nape of my neck. Beneath the cover of the evergreens, we hadn’t been able to see much at all, but our eyes had definitely adjusted to the dark. I traced the outcropping of rock Luke had stumbled over and found the slim, darkened crevice of a cave opening tucked against the face of the mountain. With a bit of luck, it could offer us protection, at least until the morning when we could make our way safely into town. I helped Luke to his feet and told him to follow me.

We were scared, huddled together as we shuffled forward into the narrow mouth of the cave, leaving the harsh sting from the cold wind behind us. I’d always expected the inside of a cave to be echoey, but the noises we made were muffled as our hands slid along the rough, stone wall to guide us further inside. We both breathed a sigh of relief when the glow from Luke’s

necklace vanished. It only meant we weren't in immediate danger from being stalked and attacked, but it was a small win I would happily take.

I pulled my phone out and turned on the flashlight. The white light painted the cave in stark colors, but at least we could see. I still had about twenty percent of battery life with no reception whatsoever. If I was careful with how much I used, it might last us through the night.

The further we traveled inside the cave the more the mouth widened, and we soon came upon a large enough space to sit and think. The cave opening wasn't large enough for anything like a bear to come through, but I was a bit spooked at the possibility of bats roosting.

"So, what now?" Luke asked.

"I...I don't know," I told him, at a loss for words and ideas. On one hand we could try sprinting like hell down the mountain, but the odds of us surviving that seemed grim. Option two was getting close enough to town to call the police, but if the Wendigo was still up there when they arrived, then I didn't want to put anyone else in harm's way. Not after Mom and Dad...

No, I didn't want to think like that. There were no guarantees about anything yet.

"I want to go home," he said dejectedly.

"We will," I told him. "We'll get out of this. We have to."

As we sat slumped against the wall, I turned off the flashlight, leaving us in pitch black darkness. To help pass the time, I tried to get Luke thinking about good memories from our past. Dumb things like the time Sarah and I pretended to be pop stars and chased Luke around the house just to annoy him with our singing, or happy moments like the first time he found out he made the baseball team and how he told practically everyone he could when we went to celebrate. I wanted to keep him from being scared, and honestly, reliving some of our fondest memories helped me from being scared too.

Every so often I shined the flashlight to give us a chance to see each other's faces. It was another reminder that we were both still here, that the

darkness hadn't swallowed us up yet. Things eventually got pretty quiet, though, and when I shined the flashlight next, Luke was dozing with his head against the cave wall. I was surprised he was able to sleep at all but happy that he could get some rest. It was going to be a long night.

As it was, I was feeling restless, so I stood carefully to my feet so I wouldn't wake him. Luke's necklace was on the cave floor so we could keep an eye on it. Even though we were safe for now, there was no way we were going back outside yet. Not until we had a plan—some way to get down the mountain safely. Instead, I stretched my legs and decided to explore the cave more. I was curious how deep inside the mountain the channel went. If nothing else, maybe I could find a sharp stone to protect us with. Something was better than nothing, after all.

I swept the light ahead of me, following the rough stone wall as it wrapped around a bend. At times it grew narrow like when Luke and I first entered the cave, but as I entered into one of its wider, open chambers, my jaw dropped. Displayed along the cave walls was a series of ancient paintings. Or at least, they looked like paintings. Most of their color had faded, but as I stepped closer, it was obvious these were intentional markings.

I found tiny drawings of stick people, some with dull yellow and brown streaks meant to resemble clothing. In the background were vague impressions of the surrounding mountains. The people must have been depictions of the early Algonquin people who lived here. These paintings could have been over two hundred years old by this point, maybe even three hundred! The more I saw the paintings, the more I realized they served as a history of their culture. Some of the images showed meals together, dancing around the flames, skinned furs from local wildlife, and so many aspects from their daily lives. One of the paintings displayed a large totem pole with an eagle's head perched on top. I thought I recognized something like it from the cafe diner in town.

As I moved further along the old paintings, I saw a different theme emerge. There was an animal crouched among the homes of the Algonquin people, and some of the tribe members were on their hands and knees in worship. I raised my hand to my mouth as I recognized the unique symbol marked beside its head—the same one carved into the totem of wood attached to

Luke's necklace. In another painting, several members of the tribe held sharpened spears wrapped in cloth, with bursts of yellow, orange, and red fire coming from the tips. Their spears were pointed at the creature, who seemed to shy away from the flames. In the final image, the Algonquin village was shown with its warriors protecting the borders, their clothing now imbued with the symbol of warning against the Wendigo.

I ran back to where Luke was still snoozing against the cave wall and nudged him awake so he could see what I'd found. At first he panicked because he thought the Wendigo was close. That shifted to disappointment when he thought I wanted him to look at some dumb cave painting. When I finally dragged him with me and we reached the final paintings, the wheels were turning in his head.

"So they had a way to stop it," Luke said, rubbing his fingers along the fiery spears. "But then why is it still alive?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe they only chased it away. Sounds like fire might be the key, though."

"We don't have fire."

"Not here," I agreed. "But maybe back at the cabin. Dad had his lighter, and then there's the stove. It's something, at least."

Luke flicked his eyes back and forth between the paintings, and I thought he might be considering the idea, but he finally shook his head and exhaled. "Hannah, no, we can't. The minute we're spotted, we're done for. I don't want...I don't want to end up like Mom and..."

I went to my brother, wrapping my arms around him in a hug as he choked on his words through his tears. I think we both knew in our hearts that there was no way either of our parents made it out of that house alive. Going back where that beast had been would certainly mean risking our lives, too. Was that worth it, the chance to avenge them? The chance to end a nightmare for the people of this town? Or was I too naive to think that we stood a chance at all? Luke cried against my chest, and for a while, I let him empty his tears. I had to be strong for him, at least until we were completely safe. The more I rested in that strength, the more I was

determined that we could make a difference. We had what Mom and Dad didn't: knowledge and the upper-hand. The necklace would be our warning sign when it was close, and with a bit of luck, we would have time to prepare. Plus, I think I was starting to connect the dots about why the Wendigo had come to our cabins.

Some time passed, and as Luke calmed down, I slowly pitched the idea I'd been working on to him. Of course he was totally against it. He began to panic the moment I explained what was on my mind. But I needed him onboard. Without him, I might crumble into nothing on the inside.

I gripped his arms through his coat as I leaned down in the darkness. "I need you, Luke. We can't do this without each other."

"But I'm so scared..." he whispered. "I don't know what to do."

"I am, too," I said. "It terrifies me, but I don't want to spend another night knowing that thing is out there lurking around. That's not living."

Luke finally agreed to join me after I made him a promise: if on our way back the necklace warned us the Wendigo was close, we would abandon the plan altogether and flee down the mountain. He was right. It wasn't worth endangering our lives senselessly. We had to be smart about how we carried on.

More than three hours had passed since we first fled from the cabins. It had taken us nearly an hour to escape on foot going downhill. It would take even longer to get back. There wasn't much time to spare. If we waited too long, our window of opportunity would close. It was now or never.

After going over the plan once more, we prepared to leave. At the mouth of the cave, I took one last look back at this ancient Algonquin place. Whoever made these paintings would never know how they might have saved the lives of not just Luke and I, but plenty of others if we were successful. I wasn't very spiritual or religious, but I prayed in that moment that if there were any altruistic forces out there, that they would be by our side.

It was utterly silent as we stepped out from the cave. The wind and snow had ceased, leaving the world feeling pristine and still. The darkness of the

forest was off to our side, and my heart was a sledgehammer against my chest. Knowing we were headed straight towards the heart of danger, I inhaled a deep breath of the frigid night air, and we began our slow march back up the mountain.

The cabins came into view, nearly the same as when we left them.

It startled me at first to see headlights beaming off the snow, but then I remembered Hank had left his truck running when he started talking to Dad. Looking over to Mom and Dad's cabin, a curtain flowed gently across the splintered window. All that was left was jagged glass and what remained of the windowsill. The front door had been barged open, but was still intact.

"You don't have to come inside if you don't want," I told Luke. "You can always call me if the necklace starts to glow."

"I..." he trailed off, staring at our parents' cabin, likely imagining the horrid scene we would find when we stepped inside. "I'll go with you. I don't want to be alone out here."

Double checking the necklace was dormant one last time, we took a steady breath and stepped out from the cover of the forest.

Hank's body was missing. A smear of half-buried blood was the only sign of him. That, and the butt of his handgun sticking out from the snow. I carefully pulled it out, surprised by its weight in my hand. I didn't know if I had it in me to fire a gun, but as Luke watched on, the protective side of me steeled itself in determination. I would do whatever it took to keep us safe. I tucked the gun safely in my waistband and switched off the keys to his truck so we wouldn't be blinded by its headlights. In the truck bed, there was a locked toolbox and a small jug of gasoline for refueling cars in an emergency. Perfect.

"Let's go," I told him.

Thankfully we didn't find either of our parents' bodies. Similar to Hank, all we found were stains of dark blood across the wooden floor that led to the outside porch and down the steps.

“Try not to focus on it,” I said. “Remember why we’re here.”

And despite my advice, the inside of the house made not focusing on the damage impossible. The cabin looked like it’d been broken into: smashed furniture in disarray, items strewn about the compact living room, a toppled, broken lamp, a shredded curtain, a door hanging from its hinge. Fury didn’t begin to describe the rage spreading through my blood. It pumped through my veins in vicious, hateful pulses.

Luke tugged on the sleeve of my coat. “Hannah?”

I gritted my teeth, not trusting myself to speak, and instead pulled out my phone to check the time. Nearly 11:30. We had to move.

Luke and I began implementing our plan, gathering everything we needed into one place, in hopes that it would be enough. It’s hard to know exactly what was going through Luke’s mind as we worked, but I wondered if it was similar to how I felt. That if this was a suicide mission, and there was a very real chance it was, then at least we were going out doing something meaningful. Something worthwhile. Something that could make a difference.

Finally we had everything in place, and all that was left was to summon this goddamn demon from hell.

At first, I couldn’t figure out why the creature had come for us. Was it just our bad luck? Were we destined to have our lives cruelly upended? The more I put two and two together, the more I understood how we had brought our fate upon ourselves. We had set off the fireworks before anyone else in the town, created a commotion and pandemonium that for most forest creatures would scatter them away, but for the Wendigo, a creature that stalks and hunts down its prey, it was the perfect invitation.

Leaving Luke inside the house, I marched outside, stomping through the scarlet-splotched snow and over to the row of fireworks we had nabbed from the porch. Centered in the lot were five of the biggest tube launchers, the dangerous heavy-duty ones Dad had purchased. As I stooped down, I pulled out the box of matches we found in one of the kitchen drawers and struck a match against the red strip along the box’s edge. The phosphorus

blazed at the tip, glowing like a small flare, and I set the burning match against the fuse. When the shell screamed into the air and detonated, the concussive boom rattled through the night, casting a hail of white hot sparks over the cabins.

I didn't wait to light the second one and watched as it soared into the sky, creating a second exploding star above me. The force was thunderous in my chest, and immediately I launched a third. The more commotion, the better. I didn't want to give the Wendigo time to get distracted between each burst, and time was of the essence. Even though the town had its own fireworks show earlier in the night, it was still New Year's Eve. If midnight came before we had drawn the Wendigo's attention, then someone else lighting their own fireworks nearby might bring about their own demise. We couldn't let that happen. Not again.

I was about to light the fourth firework when Luke called my name from the open door of our parents' cabin. He had the wooden totem in his hands, holding it out for me to see its glow. Good, that meant it was close. We had its attention. I gave Luke one last nod.

"Come and get us, you piece of shit," I muttered and lit the fourth firework.

I held the burning match in my hand, ready to ignite the finale fuse, when I heard its shriek. Just like before, its high-pitched shrill sent shivers down my arms, but I knew what to expect now. We had prepared everything we could.

"Hannah?" Luke called.

"Go," I told him. "Be ready."

Reaching into my pocket, I withdrew one of the roman candle sticks and lit the fuse before standing to my feet. As each flare shot from its tip, I aimed them at the inky black forest ahead. The bulbs saturated everything around them in red before extinguishing itself in the snow. One of those times, I caught sight of two beady, glinting eyes watching from within the cover of darkness. Perfect.

"Come on! I'm right here! Come get me!"

The haunting wail screeched through the air again, and then the Wendigo started to charge. Every impulse in my body screamed at me to flee and run the other way, but that would mean abandoning Luke, and there was no coming back from that. Instead, I sprinted back up the porch steps, confident I could outrun it to the front door. A quick turn of my head showed the Wendigo had already crossed half the lot.

“Now, Luke!” I shouted as I grabbed the door handle and slammed it shut behind me. I snapped the lock in place as I heard the Wendigo’s long claws scrape against the porch and tear against the door. It would be only seconds before it remembered about the window, but that was just what we were waiting for.

In the tiny space that merged the kitchen area to the living room, Luke and I had assembled a small mountain of fireworks. Every single one we hadn’t used before was strapped together in a pile, waiting to be set off in a single, brilliant firestorm. This whole cabin would burn to the ground, the Wendigo along with it. We’d spent time arranging anything flammable around the fireworks, wanting it to catch in a sudden blaze. Luke had a string of gasoline-soaked sheets leading from our parents’ bedroom and into the pile. He crouched down with Dad’s lighter in his hands and ignited the switch with his thumb as I ran past him. The sheets caught flame immediately, the fire whooshing as it rushed down its length. At the same time, the Wendigo bashed through the remains of the window, disoriented as it landed in the living room. I slammed the door shut, and immediately we ran for the bedroom window which led behind their cabin.

That’s when the world exploded.

The blast deafened me, and despite the walls between us and the fireworks, there was a fierce rush of heat suddenly at our backs as Luke scrambled out the window. I quickly followed him, hitting the snow and moving quickly as firework after firework popped and whistled in quick succession. Already flames were devouring the edge of the cabin, licking along the sides as the fire spread.

Luke and I ran around the side of the cabin and made a beeline to Hank’s truck, taking cover as the fire continued to roar. The crackle of burning

wood from inside only grew louder as the gasoline jug ignited, a new burst of flame blowing out the remaining windows of the cabin.

We couldn't say anything as the cabin was consumed by the intense flames, only wait and watch for any sign of life.

As we stood from behind the truck, hopeful as the cabin burned before us, what we saw next made my blood run cold. We couldn't see it at first, buried in the white-hot heat of the flames as we ran for cover, but now crawling sluggishly forward was undoubtedly the scorched body of the Wendigo. Its skin and fur were ablaze, being cooked alive by the fire, but still it moved.

"No!" I screamed, feeling a boldness sweep over me.

"Hannah, wait!" Luke shouted from the truck, but I kept on.

The fire was impossibly hot against my skin as I approached the burning cabin. I'd never experienced something this hot before—like my skin was melting as I faced the outpouring flames. I withdrew the handgun from my coat and aimed it at the burning body of the Wendigo, a fury and rage blooming in my chest as I pulled the trigger, again and again until it clicked empty repeatedly.

Even as its body grew still, I couldn't unclench my fingers from the gun as hot tears streamed down my face. It was only when Luke pulled me away, collapsing together to the ground, that I finally came back to myself. As the cabin collapsed into flames, we sat there together in the snow, holding each other in our arms as we cried and cried until help arrived.

Misty Pines was a place we had been to only a few times over the years.

Starting over somewhere new sucked. It sucked even more how Mom and Dad weren't here to help us through this. All Luke and I had were each other, and despite my Dad's sister being willing to take us in, we felt like foreigners in their lives.

Aunt Lisa and Uncle Craig were nice enough, but every time either of us walked into the room, there was an uneasy tension present. They didn't

know how to comfort either of us, how to respond to our tragedy, how to handle two adolescents with normal problems on top of our unique ones, and I didn't really want them to. At least their son, Tommy, was more oblivious to it all. In the way only a nine-year-old can, he was able to quickly move past only seeing us as the two kids whose parents were dead.

That made things easier, especially for Luke, who in some ways picked up a younger brother to look after. Tommy was someone who could help keep Luke's mind from the mountain, especially on the dark days. I think the thing that kept us from shattering was not witnessing the moment our parents passed. That and being able to end the nightmare. There was closure in that. Luke still carried the necklace with him everywhere he went, and at times we found ourselves watching it, just to make sure it never glowed again.

When the funerals came, we held them together in a closed casket service. Their bodies couldn't be recovered, either lost or buried in those cold mountains, but it hurt less to imagine my parents tucked safely inside their coffins. Intact. Whole.

Aunt Lisa read out Dad's eulogy, telling anecdotes from when they were children growing up in Misty Pines. When it was time for Mom's eulogy, Grandma stood by Grandpa's side as he read it aloud, both broken by the loss of their only child. After that, I didn't remember much—I checked out mentally, wanting the day to be over and done with, to get away from the funeral home, and back to our lives. But none of that was possible now. The service ended, the caskets were brought to their plots and lowered in the ground, and soon we were back at Aunt Lisa's place, two living reminders of two dead ones.

A week out from the funerals, Luke and I were still adjusting to life with our new family. After an exhausting day of pretend smiles and helping around the house where I could, I tossed in bed, unable to sleep. My aunt and uncle were in the process of converting the guest bedroom into a place of my own. Right now the room felt cold and empty—the white, barren walls surrounding me like a frozen wasteland.

My mind was stuck reliving that terrible night. After the ambulances came, they treated us for minor burns. There was discussion about taking us to the local hospital, but other than the shock, we were unharmed. Once the fire had been put out, the same EMS team that helped us then routinely draped a white cloth over the corpse of the Wendigo. What would become of it, we had no clue.

We tried to explain what had happened to the officer who took our statement, but he silenced us with somber eyes and a sympathetic smile. Officially, it was easier to believe in a deranged killer than what many long-standing members of the town knew to be true. Hank would become their scapegoat, as others had in the past, only this time, he would be their last. Luke clutched on to his necklace while the officer explained what had to be done, showing us his own totem hanging from his neck as he explained.

I shook my head to clear the thoughts from that night. Dwelling on what I couldn't understand—couldn't explain—was never going to help me be at peace. Even restless nights spent researching the Wendigo hadn't brought me any comfort. I kept hoping for a mystery when there was none, kept searching for meaning in our suffering.

On Monday, we would start our first day at Misty Pines middle. Aunt Lisa tried to convince us how nice it would be to have a fresh start, where no one would know about our...situation. I knew what she meant, but it still made us feel like an inconvenience.

Dragging my fingers through my hair in frustration, I finally pulled out my phone and texted Luke, who was upstairs on a sleeper mattress in Tommy's room.

You awake? I asked.

Yeah, can't sleep.

Me neither. Tommy asleep?

Yes. He snores. I actually laughed a little, imagining the high-pitched sounds of our nine-year-old cousin snoring.

You nervous about school?

A little, he texted back. Going back to school's gonna feel weird.

I know. I'm nervous, too. Remember though, I'll be there too. We have each other.

I know :) And then after a few moments, Can I come down?

Sure, come on.

In a few minutes, a soft knock rapped against the door, and Luke stuck his head in. He was shirtless and wore only a pair of pajama pants as he walked barefoot across the floor and crawled into the twin bed with me. He shuffled back against me as I folded my arm protectively over him. We laid together in silence for some time as I listened to his soft breathing.

"I'm so proud of you, you know that?" I whispered.

"Tch, for what?"

"For being so brave even though we were both terrified. For how you help look after Tommy. For being my brother."

"Do you think anything will ever feel normal again?" he asked.

The thoughts plaguing my mind were agonizing. The trauma of what we'd been through, the lack of answers, the abrupt nature of moving to Aunt Lisa's, being put up in an unfamiliar home, and the suffocating feeling of claustrophobia. But like before, I chose to be strong for Luke. I would always be the one to protect and look out for him, now more than ever.

"Some things are different now," I said. "I think they always will be. But not us. We're still here."

He rolled on his back and faced me. Tonight was the first chance he and I had been able to spend time alone. The past week had been a whirlwind of events and emotions, and during the day, we were constantly surrounded by people. Here, now and together, it felt like I could actually breathe.

We leaned in to kiss each other, softly at first, as if remembering how our lips were supposed to fit together. Luke's hand reached for the back of my head and our lips mashed against each other, fighting passionately as we took small, gasping breaths through our mouths and noses. It wasn't long

before his hand moved beneath my night shirt, rubbing my bare breast against the warmth of his palm as he gently squeezed. I traced my fingernails along his chest, satisfied at his gasp as my nails danced over his tiny, hardened nipples.

Luke surprised me then by slipping his tongue past my lips, and soon we were exploring each other's mouths, our saliva mixing and swapping between us as our tongues battled. Luke's bumpy braces against my tongue was incredible. There was a strange pervasiveness and vulnerability to having someone else inside my mouth and being in theirs, and it reminded me of when I had given Luke a blowjob in the shower.

I groaned as we kissed and couldn't keep my hand from trailing down his chest, rolling across his small abs before wrapping around his clothed, hard penis. He broke away from the kiss all at once and tensed as his penis twitched in my grasp. His eyes fluttered closed as he suppressed a groan. Even though the wetness of his cum hadn't soaked through yet, his pajama bottoms suddenly slid around with no traction where my hand pressed against his jumping penis.

"Already?" I asked, surprised he came so soon.

"It's just...I haven't done it, since...you know."

"Oh," I said, a fierce blush tearing through me as my pussy had a mild spasm. "Sorry, I didn't realize."

"It's okay," he said, catching his breath. "Can we kiss some more?"

We did, but first I removed my shirt, tossing it to the side as I straddled Luke's hips in just my panties. As I leaned over and made out with him, I ground my hips against his groin, never giving him the chance to grow soft beneath me as our bare chests squished together. The thin tube of his erection was pressed squarely between my outer lips, and occasionally I rolled my hips, pressing the tip against my sensitive clit.

Luke's hand groped my breasts as we dry humped against each other, and I kissed lovingly at the inside of his neck, working my way down as he squirmed beneath me.

"Can I see all of you?" he asked.

I nodded and rolled off him long enough to pull down my panties while he kicked off the legs of his pajama pants. This time as we lay against each other, the juices from his clear emission smeared against my groin as I wriggled my cunt against his steely penis. Not for the first time I wondered what it would be like to have a boy inside me, to feel the thrusts of something other than my fingers. I knew I could get myself to orgasm pretty quickly if I wanted, but tonight I needed something deeper, more meaningful.

When I raised my hips away from Luke, a look of disappointment crossed his face until I reached down to lift his erection. A smeary string of cum pulled away with it, and he gasped as I positioned the tip against my parting entrance.

“I need you inside me,” I said in arousal.

“But...but I’ve never...”

“Me neither,” I reminded him. “But with everything we’ve been through, you have to be my first, Luke. You’re everything to me.”

He nodded hesitantly, unable to tear his eyes from where the tip of his penis met the opening of my vagina. Once we did this, we were bonded forever. I took one last breath before relaxing and lowering myself around his penis. The feeling of being stretched took my breath away. Luke’s penis was thicker than any of my fingers, and much deeper than I’d ever been able to reach before. I bottomed out against his pubic region, his few stringy hairs mixing with mine.

“Aaahh,” Luke started to moan loudly as he shuddered, but I quickly clamped a hand over his mouth. My aunt and uncle slept upstairs along with Tommy, but I wasn’t sure how the sound might carry through their home. I raised a finger to my lips as I smiled, and his penis lurched inside me.

“It’s intense,” I told him, feeling my vagina ripple around his dick as I grew wetter and wetter.

“It’s...oh man, it’s incredible,” he whispered. “I can’t believe we’re really having sex.”

“I’m gonna start moving,” I told him. As I lifted my hips, the inside of my pussy dragged along his dick, and Luke thrust against me, sending hot sparks of pleasure through my body. My clit was itching with need as I rubbed alongside it and lowered myself back down, hearing my juices squelch around his cock. As I teased my clit, Luke’s hands returned to my breasts, kneading them as I rode up and down his four-inch length.

“Gonna cum again,” he panted, giving me warning. I subconsciously wrestled with the fact of letting him cum in me or not. He was making semen, but it was tough to tell if there was any sperm inside. I wasn’t sure when boys started making it, and honestly, I didn’t really care if I wound up getting pregnant. I could always lie to my aunt and uncle and explain that it happened before our trip.

“It’s okay,” I whispered. “You can cum inside me.” I was sweating as I flicked my clit with my thumb and rode atop of Luke. As he continued massaging my breasts in his hands, Luke’s body tensed up as he came. He pinched back a tiny, high-pitched whine and froze as his penis started twitching inside me, shooting whatever meager cum still remained to mix with my juices. I may have imagined it, but it felt like something warm and runny was being left within me.

My orgasm came not too long after, my vagina squeezing Luke’s erection as it flexed repeatedly, no doubt squirting juices all over the end of his penis. When I came down from the orgasmic high, it took a moment to reorient myself, even though I knew exactly where I was. I carefully slid from his length, surprised when a little of our mixed cum came dripping out on his groin. He played with it using his fingers while I rested beside him, catching my breath.

“Wow, I can’t believe we’re not virgins anymore,” he whispered in awe. “I’m glad it was with you, Hannah.”

He took my hand in his, interlocking our fingers, and even though I thought it was a little gross to feel our cum on his hand, I loved my brother and happily gripped his hand tight.

“We’re gonna be okay,” I told him. “We’re survivors, you and I.”

“I love you,” he said, resting his other hand gently on my chest, not so much against my breast, but against where my heart was beating, reminding us we were alive. Ready to face whatever adventure came next. Together.

“I love you, too,” I told him, kissing him gently on the lips before the two of us fell asleep together in each other’s arms.

- The End -

Copyright 2022 – Levi Holland
All rights reserved

Author’s note:

Well, that is that. To be honest, when this story began, it was with the mental image of two young siblings sharing a cabin together in the mountains, and it unintentionally and delightfully evolved into my second novella. Coming in at nearly 29,000 words in total, it’s nearly as long as my first published story, A Dream of Darkness. I’m pretty proud of myself overall with how things turned out, and I’m glad I was able to see the story through to the end. I hope the romantic payoff felt satisfactory and earned, and whatever future you imagine these two in, I hope it’s one of a loving, positive relationship.

To the readers out there who have sent such encouraging messages of support along the way, and to the new friends I’ve made, these stories really are for you. A story for myself is one thing, but a story that brings a bit of joy to others is another thing entirely. Until next time,

Levi

--

LeviHolland@protonmail.com