

Veiled Storm

Chapter 1 - Raging Storm

“It’s been a long time since we slept in the same room,” Josh reminisced. He had spent the day visiting Aunt Lily at college. A heavy storm struck the campus as he was about to leave. Torrential rain, ferocious lightning, and earsplitting thunder raged outside. She invited him to spend the night in her absent roommate’s bed, instead of trying to drive home in the tempest.

“You know, we slept in the same bed, sometimes,” she recalled. She was two years older than Josh, and they lived together for several years when they were children.

“Oh, yeah, I remember that,” Josh replied, from the other bed. He cringed when lightning flashed through the window. “Storms like this really scared me when I was little.”

“That’s right,” she replied, sympathetically. More lightning lit up the dorm room, followed by a deafening thunderclap.

“They *still* scare me,” he added, ruefully.

“You’re a big boy now, Josh” she teased.

“No, really.”

“Want me to come over there?” she asked, sympathetically. Josh wanted to say ‘yes’ because the storm frightened him, but they were no longer little children. Aunt Lily was a beautiful young woman. He was afraid of the storm, but also feared what might happen if they slept side-by-side. *Would it be wrong for us to sleep in the same bed?* he wondered, and then chastised himself for his misgiving. They were family, so it should be okay.

“Yeah. That would be great,” he replied, nervously. She left her bed, laid on her side next to Josh, and pulled up the sheet. He felt sheltered and protected by her, just like when they were children. Lightning seemed distant, and thunder unthreatening.

“Thanks, Lily, I feel safe now,” Josh whispered. *Yeah, I’m safe from the storm,* he thought, *but am I really safe?* They fell asleep, back-to-back, as the storm raged outside.

Something woke Lily a few hours later. Josh slept peacefully beside her. She listened for thunder, but it was quiet, and she assumed the storm had passed. She wondered what had awakened her.

Lily wanted to move back to her bed. She stretched, and bumped into Josh, who had turned and was now facing her. He had an erection. Maybe that was what woke her. She assumed he was dreaming about sex. Then she wondered if he was dreaming about sex with *her*. Finally, it occurred to her that he was not really asleep. Perhaps he wanted to have sex with her.

She was about to whisper his name, but stopped herself. She did not care if he was awake, or asleep. A moment like this might never come again. If he was awake, she would give herself to him, and hoped it would transform their lives. If he was asleep, she could have her way with him. He would not remember it, but she would.

She pressed her backside against him, but he did not respond. She touched his erection through his shorts, just to encourage him. Nothing. *He must really be asleep,* Lily thought. *I guess I’ll have to do everything.* She reached inside his shorts, freed his penis, pulled her panties aside, and then guided him between her legs. She hoped he would enter her, but he did not move.

She deftly took him inside, and almost swooned from the intense sensations, as well the powerful immorality of what she had done. He remained still, so she began to fuck him. It was

easy. She tenderly slid him in and out, and relished the passionate feelings. She paused only when ecstasy overwhelmed her.

Lily pulled his penis in deeper when she felt it swelling toward orgasm. She wanted to enjoy fully the powerful sensations when it gushed inside her. She always made her other sex partners wear condoms. She had never cared about their orgasms, but Josh was special. He was the only boy she ever loved.

She wanted to keep Josh inside her when it was over, but did not want him to awaken and accidentally discover what she had done. She carefully replaced their underwear, changed her position, and fell back to sleep, convinced her life had permanently changed.

Josh awoke after dawn and discovered their bodies intertwined. He wanted to get out of bed, but did not want his movement to awaken her, and have her realize how close they were. He did not know if she would feel embarrassed, but he would.

He heard a commotion in the hall. Somebody was calling for Lily. The door burst open. Josh rapidly pulled up the sheet and covered them. Dee, one of Lily's campus friends, rushed in. She realized she should not be there as soon as she saw Josh and Lily in bed. Josh smiled.

"She's still asleep," he whispered.

"Oh, sorry I barged in. I'm Dee."

"It's okay. I was awake. What's going on?"

"The storm knocked down some of the biggest trees on campus. They're lying everywhere. The whole landscape has changed. I wanted to tell Lily. I know she likes trees."

"Okay. I'll tell her," Josh assured her. This was her cue to exit, and she did. Josh breathed a sigh of relief; so did Dee, out in the hallway.

Josh turned to look at Lily as she slept. Warm sunlight streamed through the window and lit up her face. He saw her as she was at that moment, and recalled the way she looked when they were children. He had not realized how captivating she was. She awoke and caught him gazing at her.

"Checking me out, Josh?" she asked, sleepily. He blushed, embarrassed by her accusation. "It's okay," she said. "Don't be self-conscious. I guess you've noticed how much I've changed from when I was a little girl," she added, reflectively. He nodded, still uncomfortable.

"Do you *like* the way I look?" she asked. He was silent. "Do you think I'm pretty?" she prodded him. He felt confused and did not answer. "It's okay if you do," she added, embarrassing him. Lily wanted to clear up his confusion by having sex again. She reached for his penis. He recoiled when she tried to touch him.

"What's wrong, Josh?" she asked, apprehensively.

"What's wrong with *you*?"

"I wanted to make love again."

"*Again*?" he asked, astonished. "When have we..., *ever*?"

"Last night? After the storm?" she explained. He remained puzzled. She wanted him to acknowledge what had happened. "You really don't remember?" she asked. He shook his head, no. She was confused. It was spectacularly intense for her, how could Josh have slept through it?

"You made love to me, Josh," she lied. She had done the lovemaking. He was horrified. Was she joking with him? They slept together only because of the storm. Nothing else happened. He stared at her in disbelief.

“It was beautiful,” she said, and then kissed him, abruptly. He was caught off guard. She sensed his discomfort. “I mean it, Josh. I’ve never felt like that before.” He did not believe her, and assumed she was cruelly teasing him. This was a side of Lily he had never seen before.

“Josh, I’m in love with you,” she confessed, boldly.

“What? No way! That’s crazy,” he said, revolted.

“I’ve felt this way for several years,” she said, trying vainly to convince him.

“You shouldn’t be talking like that. You’re like a sister to me!” She was confused by his obtuseness, and did not know what else to say. They had suddenly become strangers.

Lily wondered if he was trying to protect her feelings. Perhaps he had not enjoyed it, even though it had been her best sexual experience. She immediately rejected the idea. *He must want more!* she thought. *He must want me!*

However, Josh did not want Lily. He stared at her coldly, thought about what he ought to do, and then decided to leave, immediately. He jumped out of bed, hurriedly dressed, found his overnight bag, took out his car keys, and left without saying good-bye. Lily sat there, in shock, unable to cry. Her life was ruined.

He had a two-hour drive home, and plenty of time to think about what happened. Any sixteen-year-old boy would be ecstatic if an eighteen-year-old girl seduced him, especially if that girl was as beautiful as Lily. However, her seduction, and confession of love, did not thrill Josh; it sickened him. He did not want her to be in love with him. He grew angry as it became clear that she had recklessly betrayed their family bond.

Or, had she? As Josh drove farther from the campus, he wondered if Lily had dreamed it all, merely because they were sleeping side-by-side. He was certain he would not have remained asleep if they really had sex. Josh persuaded himself nothing actually happened. It made sense, and he felt relieved.

Then he noticed another problem. They both were asleep when she dreamed about having sex with him, but awake when she told him she had always loved him. Something was still horribly wrong. He wondered if Lily was delusional. Did she genuinely feel that way about him? Did she believe he felt (or could feel) the same way about her? Did she have something seriously wrong with her? Should he worry about Lily? Was she a threat to him? He decided he would avoid her from now on, so he could avert further danger, and confusion. That was how he felt right now, confused.

Damn you. Lily! he thought, angrily. *Damn you!*

Lily and Josh had a wonderful childhood together. They were like brother and sister, and he wanted their relationship to stay that way. He was proud of the ways he helped her, and kept her going. He had been her anchor, her pillar of strength, her mountain. Josh could not understand how, and why, she fell in love with him. *There are lots of other guys around,* he thought. *Why me?*

He tried to think of someone he could talk to. Not his parents, obviously. He would have to tell them what happened. Nor his friends. He could tell them, and they would celebrate. They would whoop it up, slap him on the back, and congratulate him for (possibly) screwing a gorgeous girl. There was one he could turn to for help; he felt alone.

Lily agonized in her room. She reclined on her bed, cried into the blanket, rehashed what happened, and tried to figure out how to recover from the disaster she had caused. Josh was the only boy she ever loved. Her love for him was real, perhaps too real, and too intense. How could

she have assumed he felt the same way? He had never given her any hints. She should have taken it slower, talked to him, and tried to assess his feelings.

She had ruined everything, and would probably never see Josh again. Not being able to have him made her wonder whether she should go on living with daily loneliness, pain, and despair. She did not know what to do.

Later, she called her sister Helen, Josh's mother, presumably to discuss some college financial details. She hoped Josh would answer the phone and talk to her, but he was not around. Lily casually asked how he was doing. Helen asked what Josh's impression of college was. Lily told her he liked the campus.

When Lily finally came out of her room, her dorm mates unexpectedly teased her about Josh. Dee was first.

"There's the cradle robber!" she said, laughing, and then added, "God, he's cute. Can I have him when you're done with him?" All the girls agreed Josh was 'hot.' Lily did not think of Josh as 'hot.' She thought of Josh as the wonderful nephew who helped her through terrible times in her childhood. She did not know where she would be without him, or whether she would even be alive.

Lily ignored her friends, and their teasing soon quieted down. However, the storm that raged inside her did not quiet down. Just as the thunderstorm had demolished the campus trees, her impulsive action devastated her deepest feelings, and her life might never be the same.