

The Wreck

I would easily consider my life the most amazing I could have ever imagined. My sister was my crush and my first and only love and I was completely obsessed with her. And she had now told me she loved me. How could I possibly have to wait to be with her intimately. It wasn't fair. Emily had been the Alpha in our household for years and for some reason, on this subject, when her and my true feelings for each other were clearly revealed, my sister decided to take my mom's instruction.

Over the next few weeks, Eric and I would say but a few words in passing. He hated me for sure and hated Em too. She had embarrassed the living hell out of him, and physically dominated him. He was a star athlete, and his damn cross-country kid roommates little sister had kicked his ass. He was embarrassed by her poster in the room and hardly spent any time there. I would let him know when Em was coming over to hang out and watch a movie or even spend the night and he would find someplace else to go.

I guess I did feel a little guilty about the whole situation, but he came at me first. I was fine with his poster up on the wall, and even Em was going to be cool about it until he started insulting us. He did technically start the altercation and my sister just decided to put him in his place. I justified our shitty relationship as roommates that way...instead of not justifying her actions and having a hard time with him about it.

That weekend, Eric was going to be away at a baseball tournament. I had decided that I would have the entire weekend to try to convince Em to disobey the promise she made to our mother and make me the happiest man alive. She was driving the car up to campus right after her workout and that's when it happened. As she pulled off the highway near the school, screeches and horns sounded. The blue Toyota 4 Runner blazed through a very RED light, zoomed across the intersection and blasted into my sister's small sedan. BOOM! And the sound of crunching metal and plastic rang out loudly!

By the time my cell phone rang, I could hear sirens in the background and really loud voices. A male voice came on and let me know that I was the emergency contact and asked if I knew an Emily.

"Yes. Of course I know Emily." I answered, "She's my sister! Is something wrong? Is she ok?" I screamed in fear.

“I believe so.” He answered back. “But she’d been in a terrible car accident. And she asked me to contact you and tell you where she was.”

I had so many more questions to ask, but he simply gave me those same instructions again and asked me if I was close to the location as he told me as she would need an ambulance and medical help.

In an instant, I flew out the door, hopped on my bike and rode to the corner of campus by the highway exit. I must have ridden faster than Lance Armstrong to get there and I arrived at the scene where many medical personnel were surrounding the smashed vehicle, my sister, my love still inside. The fire department hadn’t arrived on scene and as the medics tried to open the jammed shut door, I heard my sister screaming in pain and agony.

I barged through the medics and forced my way to the smashed door and open window. Small bits of broken glass were everywhere and I reached in to hug my ailing Emily. As soon as she saw me, a brief look of relief and comfort glazed through her beautiful eyes. But that was short lived and she immediately burst into a waterfall of tears and more screams of pain.

The other side of the car was leaning heavily against a light pole and we were unable to open the door. “Are you ok? Are you ok?” I yelled at my sister to try to assess her condition.

It was hard to make out through her pained voice and moans and groans, but it seemed like she said she couldn’t feel her arms and legs. My heart skipped a beat or two and my jaw dropped in fear thinking she might be paralyzed. This rock of a woman and Alpha female might be destined for a life of depending on others to simply wipe her chin or move around the house. Even worse, she could potentially die.

My support didn’t waver though, and I reached in and held her hand tightly while I told her over and over again that she’d be ok and that help was on the way. She tried to look strong, like the bad ass girl I’d come to love, but the fear was written heavily on her face and her chin trembled as the tears still streamed down her cheeks.

The fire department did arrive just a minute later and after a quick evaluation by a paramedic, they began using the Jaws-of-Life to cut the door off the mangled vehicle. They covered my sister with a large heavy blanket for safety and as the metal sparks flew, the door eventually fell

off. It took the whole team of fireman, but they carefully placed her on a hard board and placed her on a gurney and into the ambulance.

As the emergency contact and family member, they allowed me to get inside the ambulance as well. It was crammed full of medical workers all around Em, but I was able to reach in and hold her hand tightly as we sped to the hospital. She was breathing on her own which was a good sign, but it was hard to watch them work on her and immobilize her head and body to the hard board.

Emily had only been wearing a small pair of running shorts and workout bra. It was crazy to see such heaving, healthy, full, powerful muscles helpless to move. I was scared that they might never be able to move, as she was offering my hand no return squeeze. The moment was beyond intense and as we got to the emergency room, they wheeled Emily back thru the doors and I was required to stay out in the waiting room.

I called my mom and let her know what had happened. She was immediately distraught on the phone and of course was going to rush over to meet me. While she sped over, I waited intently to hear anything from the medical staff. Minutes seemed like hours and I was pacing frantically around the room until my mom arrived. We embraced intently and I filled her in on all the details I had received so far...

Emily was breathing normally, which was an excellent sign, but, she currently had no feeling in her extremities. My mom was balling and tears were streaming down her face as she was starting to realize that her strong willed, beautiful, Alpha daughter might be paralyzed.

We paced around and around forever, but a doc finally came out and gave us some news. "Emily has sustained several broken vertebra in her back. There's significant swelling around her spinal cord and it's most likely the reason for her hopefully temporary paralysis."

"Will she recover fully?" my mom asked intently.

"We just can't say at this time." The doctor went on. "We're going to keep her on some pain medication to keep her mildly sedated for a few days until the swelling goes down. When it does, we'll be able to stabilize the affected vertebra and also correct her slight scoliosis issue."

"She doesn't have scoliosis doctor." My mom insisted, "She's always at the top of her class in height, well above the average."

“Most people do have slight scoliosis issues mam, it’s just that a major medical surgery to correct it isn’t desired, so it mostly goes untreated. In your daughter’s case, we’ll already be in the affected areas so we will go ahead and fix the curved portions of the spine. It will potentially give her an additional inch or more of height when completed.”

“Oh my God!” I thought, Emily could possibly be 6 feet tall after the surgery. She was already pretty tall for a girl. Now she’ll be a god damn Amazon!

My mom and I paced and chatted nervously as we were held in the waiting room for a couple more hours. Finally, they allowed us to go to the ICU bed that Em was in for a brief visit. As we arrived, Emily’s eyes were closed and she looked to be sleeping. I noticed that they had the huge support bands holding down her legs, arms and torso. “What the hell are these for?” I asked the nurse angrily.

“Oh, those are restraints dear.” She answered. “If Emily somehow gains feeling in any of her extremities and tries to move, she might cause severe damage to the spinal cord. These are only for her safety and we’ll remove them as soon as the swelling is reduced.”

I still wasn’t happy seeing my little sister all bound up, but I felt a little better knowing they were required and for her safety. I walked up and gave a sweet peck on the lips to my bruised, but beautiful sister. As I did, she slowly opened her eyes and made a small grown. The drugs they were giving her worked and I could tell she was totally out of it. Still, it was nice to feel her warm breath hitting my face and I knew, after potentially losing her that I appreciated and loved her now, more than ever.

I then reached down and grabbed her heavily muscled left bicep in my hand. It was still hard, solid and powerful. I loved the feel of her thick muscles in my palms and I began to squeeze it firmly. I was hoping to get some sort of reaction from her. An expression on her face, or a flex of her arm. Unfortunately there was no response. She couldn’t feel the pressure from my hands and I was very scared that she might be permanently paralyzed.

They allowed 24/7 visiting hours in the ICU so I told my mom I would stay the night with Em and she could go home and get some rest. I then kissed her goodnight, grabbed the comfortable lounge chair they had in the room for obvious reasons and slid it over to Em’s bed. I then laid

my small, pencil thin arm on the bed, next to my sister's herculean, muscle filled arm and contently sat, praying my sister would eventually recover. Occasionally I would nod off, but for the most part, I stayed up, vigilantly listening to her gorgeous breaths and now and again, standing up, leaning over and giving her a loving kiss.

I stayed all night and only went home briefly in the morning during the nurse shift-change. They kick you out of the ICU for an hour and a half, so it gave me time to run back to my dorm room, take a quick shower, change clothes and grab a quick bite to eat. I then rode back to the hospital and spent the rest of the next two days there, doing the same thing each morning.

During the middle of the third night, at one point, I again stood up and leaned over my beautiful sister for a nice kiss. As I did and began to lift my head away, she moaned loudly. I was shocked, since it was the loudest noise she had made since being in the hospital. I peered into her eyes and although only half open, I could tell she wanted me to kiss her again. I happily leaned in and gave her a real kiss. She opened her mouth as well and we began making out lovingly. Her effort was very slow and strained due to the heavy medication, but I knew she wanted and was enjoying it. Her warm lips upon mine was the most beautiful experience ever and I began to cry slightly, enjoying the moment but knowing her pained situation. As I slowly opened my eyes after a few minutes of loving kisses, I saw that she also had waterworks going on and a tear streaming down her athletic looking face and cheek.

I then saw a slight smirk or smile on her face and knew she was there. She started to move her lips, but I couldn't hear what she was saying. I leaned my ear all the way up and almost against her mouth to try to make it out. Softly and slowly, she said again, "...thaaaaaanks for being here....I love you...so much...you're....my... soul...mmmmate...." With that, her eyes slowly closed and I could tell within seconds she was again out like a light and sleeping deeply.

A huge warmth encompassed me, and in this moment of darkness, a small light shone brightly and I knew I never wanted to leave her side.

Unfortunately, the next morning's shift change came and I did have to vacate the room for an hour and a half. Still feeling incredibly contented in love with my Alpha sister who was struggling so fiercely, I rode home for a quick bite and clean-up. As I got home, Eric was in the room, back from his baseball trip and I had to let him know I'd be at the hospital because Emily had got in a wreck. I gave him the basic details and let him know how scared I was for her and

her surgery. He didn't seem overly concerned and I knew he didn't like her anyway, but I felt compelled to tell him since he knew her and he was my roommate.

I grabbed a towel and went in to take a shower and clean up. After standing under the warm water for twenty minutes and feeling nicely refreshed, I threw on my boxers and walked back into the dorm room to finish getting dressed and head back to the hospital.

As I went to grab some shorts from my dresser, I looked and saw that the huge poster of Emily that I had on our wall had been torn in half. The poster was gone from the waist down. I immediately peered at Eric and shouted, "**What did you do???????**"

He had a huge grin on his face and said, "Oh, since I figure she's paralyzed now, I guess this is a more accurate picture of her."

Rage immediately overcame me and I shouted "You Mother Fucker!!!" As I stepped up to him to confront him.

Eric was way stronger than me and waiting...by the time I got to him, he swung hard and cracked me right in the face. I'd never been hit so hard in my life and I fell like a rock to the floor. Before I could get up, Eric had jumped on top of me and was now straddled across my torso. Helpless to move, I put my hands in the air to block as he took pop shots at my head. One hit after another after another made solid contact and with seconds my eyes were both numb from the blows and blood was streaming from my nose. My initial offensive threat had turned into defensive begging and I screamed at him to stop!

My roommate had turned me into a groveling piece of raw meat in seconds. He definitely was taking his pent up rage and embarrassment from his beating at the hands of Emily out on me. He finally got off my torso and stood up, towering in a stance of major intimidation above me. "Well, now that you won't have your sister around to protect you, gather your shit and get the fuck out of here you little bitch!" he demanded.

Scared, beaten and shaking, I threw some clothes in my duffle bag and basically ran out of the room. My nose was still streaming blood and I used my still damp towel to clean it up. I then

grabbed some bags of ice from the downstairs dorm hall freezer and ran outside before anyone could see my beaten condition.

My life had quickly turned to shit. My sister was lying in a hospital room, potentially fighting for her life. And my roommate had just kicked my ass so bad he probably could have ended mine. WTF! I was tearing up from the pain of the punches now that the adrenaline and numbness started to wear off. I laid down on a bench with the bags of ice over my eyes contemplating what to do next. I desperately wanted to be by my sister's side, but wasn't sure I should go into the hospital in this condition.

I trusted that the ice would help and stayed there for the next hour, till I knew I could go back in and visit my Emily. She was still on medication so I figured she probably wouldn't notice anyway, and with this overwhelming feeling of defeat and embarrassment upon me, I really wanted to feel her touch and warm breath against my face.

With her room now open, I rode back over to the hospital. I put on a surgical mask and wore sunglasses to cover my injuries. The nurses already knew me after three days and I went mostly unnoticed back up and into Em's room. Once there, I removed the uncomfortable mask and shades to take my seat next to my sister. I placed my hand on her muscular forearm and immediately felt a small sense of comfort rush through me.

I need a warm kiss though. I stood up, leaned over and placed my lips upon my sister's. They still felt warm and full and she was half awake as she returned the passion filled kiss and we enjoyed the loving moment for a minute or so. I then got briefly caught up in her amazing pecs as her gown had kind of come down a little. They were still perfectly formed, full of gorgeous, powerful muscle and had deep valleys carved between them. As I peered down at their glory, I heard a concerned moan from Em.

As I looked up into her eyes, they were no longer small, barely open slits and were almost completely wide open. "What happened?" she asked softly as the medication was still too present for her to speak loudly. I could tell I blew it and she had noticed my bruised face. I was hoping not to tell anyone, but looked back in her beautiful eyes and just said....."Eric."

Emily just stared back at me, almost angrily and I could see tears of rage fill her eyes. They might also have been tears of frustration as she laid there, helpless to move and protect me, like she had for so many years. I just leaned down, placed my head lightly on her heaving, muscle-laden pecs and we shared tears together as I prayed for her eventual, hopefully full, recovery....