

A Lil Different Part 1

I opened the door, immediately let out a sigh.

Of course. Why was I not surprised?

"Vivian?" The pizza delivery guy asked, voice sounding equal parts bored and indifferent.

"Do I look like a 'Vivian' to you?" I asked.

The guy shrugged, held out the pizza box and sides for me to take – which I did. As soon as his job was done, the delivery guy turned on his heel, not another word spoken, and walked back to his car.

I let out another sigh, kicked the front door shut.

Vivian, of course, was in the living room; laying down on the sofa with her head on one armrest and her feet propped up on the other, not a care in the world.

I walked over to her, pizza box and sides in my hands.

"Did you seriously order this?" I asked, staring down at my sister. "You do know we have pizzas in the freezer, right?"

"I know," Viv said with a lazy smile.

I shook my head, not quite believing it. If I knew Vivian – and being her brother 'n' all, I very much did – she'd ordered a pizza instead of popping a frozen one in the oven for one simple reason: she couldn't be bothered to move from the sofa. No need to get up and search through the freezer, no need to pre-heat the oven, no need to get up again when it came time to get her cooked pizza out of the oven. All she had to do was order a pizza online and have me answer the door when it arrived.

Lazy bitch.

I put the late-night dinner down on Viv's lap, skulked back over to my armchair seat.

"Hey bro," Viv said the moment I got comfortable again, "mind doing me a solid?"

"No," I answered firmly. "Do it yourself."

"My glass is empty," Viv continued, as if she hadn't heard me. "Could you fill it up for me? There's some fresh lemonade in the fridge and–"

"Do. It," I repeated. "Your. Self."

"Please?" Viv said, pitching her voice higher and softer in that annoying way girls did whenever they wanted something. "I'll give you a slice of my pizza."

"I'm not hungry," I lied.

"Please?" Viv cooed. "It won't take long. Just a minute. I'll even pause the film. *Please* little brother?"

I ignored her.

"Please," Viv repeated, voice going even softer and girlier, as if that would in any way work. "Pwease?"

"Jesus Christ," I muttered after a minute or two of her repeating the word. "Fine!"

"Thank you bro," Viv grinned as I rose to my feet, her voice suddenly back to normal. "And while you're at it, could you get me whipped cream and chocolate from the fridge? Thanks!"

Whipped cream and chocolate? The hell did she want *those* for. She already had a large pizza and several sides to eat, and I very much doubted she'd be able to finish off even half of that as it was.

Nevertheless, I got everything that my sister wanted – topping up my own glass while I was at it.

"You're the best," Viv said as I set down her newly-filled glass. "Here, help yourself."

She pointed at the open pizza box on her lap but, just for a moment, it almost looked like she was gesturing to her chest. Her large, round breasts. I gulped, pushed the thought away as I reached for a slice of pizza.

When I sat down in my armchair again, Viv unpaused the film.

My eyes moved to the screen, though in truth I wasn't really paying attention to what was happening on it. I was more focussed on what I could see out of the corner of my vision.

Vivian.

How in the fuck was she so damn attractive?

With how lazy she was, how downright slothful, she should've been double or even triple the weight she actually was. A slender girl with big, if not massive, breasts. A pretty face with beautiful blue eyes and black-as-night raven hair. She was, when dolled up, the type of dream-girl that most guys wished they could be with. Even now, dressed in stained yoga pants and an old and ragged hoodie, not a speck of make-up on her face, she looked amazingly beautiful.

How could a slob like her possibly look so unbelievably attractive?

I watched, horrified, out of the corner of my eye as Viv grabbed a slice of pizza, sprinkled chunks of chocolate on top of it, sprayed whip cream on top of that, then guided the abomination she'd just created to her open mouth.

"That," I said, turning to look at her directly, "is fucking nasty."

"Don't knock it 'til you've tried it," Viv shrugged.

"I'm good," I shook my head. "Poor pizza."

"Hey!" Viv laughed. "I bought and paid for it, I can do whatever I like with it. In fact, you know what? I think I might experiment some more with pizza toppings. Forget pineapple, lets try adding grapes and tangerines to this bad boy."

"Please don't," I groaned. Knowing Viv, she'd do exactly that, just to see how the end result tasted. "I'll literally vomit."

"How come I'm the one with the vagina, yet you're the pussy?"

I rolled my eyes.

"Pizza," I said with faux-sadness, "is a beautiful, majestic thing. It should be respected, not defiled."

Vivian's laughed filled the living room. A musical sound that made me almost forget just how much of a lazy slob my sister was.

I crept into Vivian's room, eyes taking in the sights.

Messy bed, clothes strewn about the floor, an overflowing bin filled with junk food packets and empty cans and bottles. She had a queen-sized bed, a full-body mirror, a bedside table, and a large wardrobe. No desk, no television or stereo.

"I shouldn't be doing this," I told myself. "This is wrong. I shouldn't be here. I shouldn't..."

Vivian was at work, serving drinks in a local bar. Our parents were away on their two-month long anniversary holiday. No-one would catch me here, no-one would ever know I'd been in Viv's room. And still, the idea of being caught terrified me.

I walked over to my sister's wardrobe, avoiding stepping on the dirty clothes scattered over the bedroom floor as much as I could.

Was I really going to do this? Jack off with Viv's underwear?

I felt so wrong, so disturbed. So naughty.

Vivian was hott. Like, *really* hott. Sure, she was my sister. Sure, we were at times best friends and at others bitter enemies. Sure, I'd grown up with her. But I couldn't avoid that simple, undeniable reality. My sister was a babe.

When she'd left for work today, she'd been wearing a jacket over a tank top. A knee-length skirt. A modest amount of make-up. Not her usual, messy getup. She'd looked *amazing*.

I could never have her. She'd never fuck me, her brother.

But I could have *this*, at least.

Yet, as I reached for the wardrobe door, fully ready to go in search of panties or bras to spunk on, something stopped me. A shiver down my spine. The feeling that I wasn't alone in Viv's bedroom.

I turned, glanced around, saw nothing.

But I felt it there all the same.

Something watching me.

A tingle down my spine.

My eyes focused on a shadow. A regular, if somewhat dark, shadow on the wall. The shape was indistinct, and try as I might, I couldn't work out what exactly in my sister's room was casting it.

Heart thumping in my ears, I stepped over to the shadow.

It trembled as I approached, shifted and swayed.

And, when I reached out to touch it, the shadow warped and bent and flowed to me. The moment my skin brushed the darkness, I felt it. An unimaginable, all-consuming power. Something so impossibly vast that my mind couldn't comprehend it all.

I felt its power, and its amusement, and its offer.

Eyes wide, heart pulsing in my chest, I nodded my head.

And the darkness entered me.

When Vivian got back from her job, it was late. The early hours of the morning. She entered the house, went to grab a bite to eat from the kitchen, headed to the bathroom, then went straight to bed. Tired after having to spurn the advances of countless drunk guys, worn out after having been on her feet for so long. She didn't notice the shadow following her.

She climbed into bed, not bothering to change out of her clothes, and was asleep in moments.

The shadow climbed onto Vivian's bed with her, crept over her blankets to her serenely sleeping face. It wrapped itself gently around her skull. And, as its new master had instructed it to, it began to work.

Taking what the girl knew and tweaking it, changing details so tiny that Vivian would never notice the alterations.

It sank into her mind.

And did as its master desired.

I was laying in bed, staring at my ceiling, when my shadow returned to me, its mission complete.

It snaked its way onto my bed, reattached itself to my body.

And I *knew* it'd done everything I'd commanded it to.

Vivian's mind had been altered. Not a lot, certainly not in any way that anyone would notice. But it *had* been done.

I closed my eyes.

Where in the world had this power come from? What in the fuck was happening to me? One minute, I was staring at some dark shape on a wall, the next I had these strange, impossible abilities. My shadow could move freely, could do so many things now. It was like the darkness had a mind of its own. Yet, for whatever reason, it chose to obey *me* of all people.

Vivian. Had it *truly* worked?

My new instincts told me yes, that my shadow had done as I'd wanted it to – twisted Vivian's mind. But, even so, I couldn't bring myself to believe it fully.

Tomorrow, I'd find out.

And if it worked, if my shadow truly was a powerful entity separate from me, then it'd mean I wasn't crazy – hadn't lost my mind. It'd mean I really *did* have the power to make

my wildest dreams a reality.

Tomorrow, I'd know for sure.

When I woke up the next day, I managed to convince myself that everything I'd seen the night before had just been a dream. I mean, come on. My shadow detaching itself from my body like that? It being able to affect the minds of other people in whatever way I wanted it to? There was no way that could be real.

I managed to, for a good three minutes, convince myself that everything was normal.

Then my shadow waved at me, gave me a thumbs-up.

I blinked at it, completely sure now that I'd lost my mind.

But, at the same time, a mad flare of hope blossomed inside me. A possibility that couldn't be overlooked.

I rushed out of my bedroom in search of Vivian.

The changes I'd instructed my shadow to make last night. If this was real, if I wasn't going insane and my shadow actually *did* have the power to alter minds, I'd know the moment my eyes fell upon Vivian.

Sure enough, when I entered the living room and found her lounging on the sofa, I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt.

It'd worked.

She was wearing a t-shirt, dirty and stained like all her at-home clothes were, and a knee-length skirt. No bra, that much was obvious from the visible bumps under the t-shirt's fabric.

No hoodie; no figure-hiding, baggy tops. No sweat-pants or trousers to hide Vivian's luscious legs.

She never dressed like this at home. Never.

Yet, here she was. On display in a tight, bra-less t-shirt.

"Morning sis," I said, trying to sound as casual as I could. "Sleep well?"

"Hey butt-licker," my sister replied, "before you sit down, d'ya mind getting me a drink?"

Same old Vivian as ever.

I grinned to myself, quickly marched off to get Viv a glass of lemonade. My mind reeled, flooded with possibilities. All the things I could do with this weird new power I was in possession of. My shadow mimicked me as I poured the drink, watched me curiously as I gazed at it.

Though I couldn't see it, I could feel my shadow's smile.

"Hey bro," Vivian said, not bothering to look at me – eyes glued to the television screen. "I'm thirsty. Mind grabbing me a bottle of water?"

I rolled my eyes. Same old sister as always, even if she was dressed a little more revealing than usual.

A white t-shirt and some short-shorts. No bra, of course.

"Get it yourself," I told her. "I'm not your slave."

"Please?" Vivian began cooing. "Pretty please with a cherry on top? C'mon, I always do stuff for you. It's only fair that you help me out. Please?"

"What?" I choked, incredulous. "When have you ever done anything for me?"

"I let you have a slice of pizza the other night, didn't I?"

"You're unbelievable."

"Not the first time I've been called *that*," Vivian laughed. "Come on. It won't take long. Please?"

I rolled my eyes, rose from my seat.

"Thank you," Viv grinned, voice sweet as sugar.

As I walked past her on the way to the kitchen, I nodded to my shadow. It stayed behind as I left the room and went to go get my sister her drink.

When I returned to the living room, my shadow reattached itself to me, its job done.

"Got you your water, lazy-ass," I said, holding the bottle out for her to take.

Viv raised an eyebrow at me as if I was crazy.

"Well?" She said, turning her attention back to the television. "What're you waiting for? I'm parched here."

I hid my smile as I opened the bottle, lowered it to her lips and tilted it back for her to drink – like feeding a baby with a bottle, only Viv was a grown-ass adult. She gulped down the water as if it was the most normal thing in the world, though not all – or even most – of the water ended up in Vivian's mouth.

Two little rivers ran down the corners of Vivian's lips to her chin and jawline, dripped down onto her white t-shirt.

The longer I held the bottle for her, and the more I tilted it up for her, the less she seemed to drink and the more water ended up on her plain white t-shirt.

And with white cloth like that, when it gets wet, two things happen. It sticks to skin, and it goes transparent.

By the end of her 'drink', I was practically pouring water onto my sister's chest.

When the bottle was empty, I stopped; put it down and returned to my seat to admire my handiwork. My beautiful sister slouched on the sofa in a drenched t-shirt, the outlines and shape of her nipples visible under the half-transparent cloth.

Beautiful. Truly spectacular.

"Hey butt-licker," Vivian whined when the movie ended. "Come over here and help me up."

I rolled my eyes at her.

"What, now you're too lazy to even get up on your own?"

"Don't be mean," Vivian complained. "After everything I've done for you, the least you can do is help me. Please, little brother. Help me out. Please."

"When," I grumbled, "have you ever done anything for me?"

"The other night," Vivian whined, "I gave you a whole slice of pizza for nothing and-"

"Yeah, yeah," I said, rising to my feet. "You're *such* a good sister, whatever would I do without you."

"Thanks bro," Vivian smiled as I walked over to her. "I owe you one. Come on, help me up."

"One?" I muttered. "More like one thousand."

I knelt down next to the sofa, let Vivian wrap her arms around my neck. When I stood, she latched onto my hips with her thighs, wrapped her legs around my butt. She held on tight – her chest pressing heavily into mine. My cock stirred at the marshmallow softness of her near-naked breasts.

Wordlessly, I carried my sister up the stairs to her bedroom, opened her bedroom door and took her inside.

As I put her down on her bed, she looked around her piles of clothes with narrowed eyes. The baggy tops and hoodies and full-leg pants, the clothes she used to wear every day.

"Eww," Vivian muttered. "Didn't realise I had so much ugly clothing still. Gonna have to throw a lot of that stuff out."

"If you need any help deciding what you'd like to keep – you know, the stuff that'll look good on you and such – just let me know, I'd be happy to help."

"Uh-huh," Vivian grinned, gave my arm a soft punch. "I'm sure you would be. Lil' perv."

"Vivian," I scoffed, "that's gross. I'm your brother."

"And a very good brother at that," Vivian said, the tone of her voice softening

slightly. For a moment, I thought it was a genuine, heart-felt statement. That Vivian truly did appreciate all the menial shit I did for her lazy ass on a daily basis. Then, unsurprisingly, she continued. "In fact, you're *such* a good brother, I'm sure you'd be happy to help me out with something else."

Of course. Not heart-felt gratitude so much as attempting to butter me up so she could get me to do even *more* for her.

"What is it now?" I sighed, watching as my shadow snaked around behind Vivian, wrapped around her forehead and scalp without her noticing.

"I..." Vivian paused. "I feel... A lil' different from..."

My shadow pulled away from her, stealthily returned to where it belonged at my side.

Vivian shook her head, smiled sweetly at me.

It was the same smile she gave me whenever she was about to ask for something big from me, something she knew I wouldn't like.

The last time she'd given me such a smile, she'd asked me to loan her a grand of my own money – despite the fact that she had a job and I didn't. That'd been over a month ago now, and I *still* hadn't been paid back.

"Will you be a super-duper cool lil' brother and help with a tiny, little thing?" She asked, voice sickly sweet.

"Depends on what the 'little thing' is," I said, staring into my sister's oblivious eyes.

"It's nothing difficult," Vivian said quickly. "And I'll pay you back for helping me, I promise. I just... Could you help me to get changed for work?"

I stared into Viv's unknowing, beautiful irises.

"Please?" She cooed softly, trying to convince me – as if I needed *any* kind of convincing to help my sexy sister strip. "*Please?*"

I forced out a fake sigh of resignation.

"Fine," I told her. "But you owe me one."

Vivian grinned victoriously.

"Thank you lil' bro!"