

## A Lil Different

### Chapter 2

The house's front door slamming shut let me know when my sister arrived home. I hopped out of bed immediately, my shadow following quickly behind me, and made my way downstairs.

It was late at night, a weekend.

Vivian had gone out with friends, likely spent the last few hours partying non-stop. From how good-looking my sister was, most people would've expected her to go home with some random, handsome guy = spend the night at their place, or otherwise brought them here for some hanky-panky. But not Vivian. She never did that kind of stuff, never stayed out all night or brought guys home with her.

I found her in the kitchen, pouring herself a glass of water.

My eyes roamed her body appreciatively, taking in her figure and loving every sleek curve I saw. Vivian was wearing short-shorts and a t-shirt, a denim jacket on top. Her hair was tied back, face painted with soft lipstick and eyeliner and mascara.

"Hey butt-munch," she said with a smile as I entered the kitchen. "It's late, what're you doing up?"

"Studying," I shrugged. "Where have you been?"

"Job interview," Vivian lied, a wide grin on her face. "Turns out NASA are looking for a beautiful, intelligent, charismatic woman to be the face of their space program."

"Why were they interviewing *you*, then?"

"Because, little brother, I'm beautiful, intelligent and charismatic. I know you're slow, but do try to keep up."

I couldn't help but smirk at her. "You sure they weren't hiring someone to clean the toilets or something? That seems like something you'd be far better at."

"Nope!" Vivian grinned. "They definitely wanted me to be their spokeswoman. Said I was a perfect fit and offered me the job right there on the spot. I told them I'd think about it."

"Lucky you," I said, rolling my eyes. "Did you at least have a good time?"

Vivian smiled, nodded her head. "For the most part. It was fun, except for all the guys trying to hit on me constantly. When will they learn that I'm a pure, innocent angel saving myself for marriage?"

Marriage? More like she was too lazy to deal with being in a relationship, couldn't be bothered to go out of her way to satisfy some random guy.

"Damned astronauts," I grunted, "always trying their luck with NASA spokeswomen. So unprofessional."

"Right?" Vivian laughed.

She raised her glass to her lips, sipped some water. I walked over to the fridge, grabbed a chocolate bar out of it. My midnight snack.

"So," Vivan said. "Why are you *actually* awake? If you haven't been sleeping because you're too busy playing video games-"

"You'll what, ground me?" I smirked. We both knew my sister didn't have the effort in her to try and enforce any real punishments, despite the fact our parents had left her in charge. "Lock me in my room and force me to do homework?"

"Fuck that," Vivian grimaced – disgusted by the mere notion of acting like a responsible adult. "I'll just call you a giant nerd and maybe make fun of you for not having a life or whatever. I don't know. I'll come up with something better when I'm not tired."

"Sounds like a plan."

"No more video games tonight," Vivian said, almost sounding like an adult for a moment, "go to bed and sleep. Mom and Dad will be pissed at me if you go and fuck up your body-clock again."

She set down her glass with a yawn, began walking to the kitchen door.

"For your information," I said quickly, before she could leave. "I wasn't playing video games. I was masturbating."

"Whatever floats your boat, baby brother," Vivian shrugged, stopping at the door to look back at me. "Well? Are you coming or not?"

Vivian held out her arms casually, standing at the foot of her bed without a care in the world.

As I slowly removed her denim jacket, she moved her body to accommodate me – helping me strip her. She said nothing, just stood there with a bored expression on her face.

Once the denim jacket was discarded, I reached for her t-shirt.

Under normal circumstances, a person would remove another's shirt by the hem – the lowest part of the garment. They'd lift it up their body, over their head. Simple and easy. Me? I went right for the chest.

My hands sank into Vivian's perky tits.

She didn't react, simply remained standing there; waiting for me to pull the t-shirt over her head. It was, in her mind, my job to help her undress. And undress her I did. Slowly, leisurely, I held the fabric of Vivian's t-shirt in a firm grip, hefting her wonderful tits, and raised my hands as if to pull it up over her head. Obviously, seeing as I was grabbing on to her breasts, that didn't work.

"Damn," I muttered, kneading my sister's breasts. "This is on tight. Really difficult to take it off..."

Vivian rolled her eyes. "Just hurry up, I'm tired."

"Sorry, sis. Maybe you should try wearing clothes that aren't so ten sizes too small for you."

"I don't," Vivian grumbled. "Just yank it off already."

I hid my smile, yanked on my sister's tits. She grunted, winced. Annoyance filled her eyes, her patience beginning to run dry.

Finally, I relented, took her t-shirt off properly.

And was greeted by the sight of her bright red bra.

It wasn't a modest, every-day kind of bra. Red lace, thin fabric, flame-like patterns. It was the type of bra meant to be seen and admired, the type of bra designed to flaunt the globes it contained. And flaunt them it did.

Seeing her pale chest, that bright red bra, the tantalising cleavage on display, I couldn't help but freeze – stare at the wonderful sight.

"Any time tonight would be nice," Vivian muttered impatiently.

I sighed, reached down and began undoing the button and zipper of Vivian's short shorts. And, as I pulled down that particular item of clothing, I was met with another lovely sight. A bright red thong, part of a matching set with the bra. Fabric so thin and transparent that I could see that my sister was bald downstairs.

She raised one foot, then the other. Letting me take off her short-shorts completely. I tossed them aside, stood up straight and admired the beauty before me.

Then, smiling, I reached around my sister's back, unhooked her bra.

She let it drop to the floor without worry.

And there they were. Her perky, pretty breasts. Not huge, not small. But wonderfully round and bouncy. Firm, smooth melons with tiny pink nipples. Mouth-watering.

I only allowed myself a brief moment to admire them before dropping to my knees, coming eye-level with Vivian's crotch.

Time to remove her thong.

I slid my hands around her again, taking a second to squeeze her firm ass. Then, slowly, I hooked my fingertips under the tiny waistband. I inhaled a deep breath, heart

pounding in my chest, and began lowering my sister's underwear down her legs.

Vivian raised her legs, one after the other, as she stepped out of her thong. The movements flashed her pussy to me, just inches away from my face. All I'd need to was lean forward and my mouth would touch her most intimate spot.

But, before I could decide to do it or not, Vivian stepped away from me, climbed into her bed.

Now that she was naked, she didn't 'need' me to undress her.

"Could you turn the light off on your way out?" My sister asked me, voice sleepy. "Thank you."

I sighed, turned and walked out of her room – being sure to flick the light-switch on the way. As I closed her bedroom door behind me, my shadow trembled. At a nod of my head, the shadow detached itself from me – slid under the door into my sister's room.

It'd be back later tonight, I knew. When its job was done.

I turned, shadowless, and walked back to my bedroom.

I woke up to darkness.

Not night. It was the morning, sunshine filling my room. But I only saw flecks of that light. My shadow was wrapped around me like a cocoon, a dark shell surrounding me and holding me.

A moment of panic, a dread filling my chest.

Then the shadows receded, returned to where they belonged.

I sat up in bed, blinked myself awake.

Early. Not long after sunrise. Usually, I slept in much later than this. Why had my shadow woken me up so early in the day?

I pushed myself out of bed, walked out of my bedroom. Intent on going to the bathroom, splashing some water on my face, I found myself halted by a shut, locked door. The bathroom, it seemed, was already occupied. And there was only one person who could be inside.

Sure enough, when I shut my eyes and listened, I could just about hear running water.

Vivian was taking a morning shower.

Which meant...

A smile crept its way onto my lips.

Time to find out if my shadow had done its job last night.

It'd be risky; if the shadow *hadn't* succeeded in altering my sister's mind, I'd be putting myself in one hell of a precarious situation. But, if it *had* worked... Well, one way or another, this morning would be very interesting.

I walked away from the bathroom, headed instead for the house's dining room.

There, I stripped naked, sat down on the table where my sister usually ate at, spread my legs, and waited.

With all the thoughts and possibilities rushing through my head, it took only a few moments for my cock to spring to life – harden like a rock.

Then came the waiting.

My sister could take anywhere from five minutes to an hour in the shower. Sometimes, she went for a quick wash, other times she preferred to stand under the endless stream of water and relax, enjoy herself. How I knew that was... unimportant. What mattered was that I had no idea how long it'd be before she'd be done, would finally make her way downstairs and see me.

Thankfully, she didn't make me wait long.

I heard the creaking of floorboard, the sound of Vivian descending the stairs.

A moment later, she stepped into the dining room.

"You're up early," Vivian said, eyebrow raised.

"Figured I'd make you breakfast," I told her, face red. "I mean, let's face it. If I left you to make your own food, you'd probably burn the house down."

"Whatever you say," Vivian shrugged, walking towards me. "I won't say no. But if I get food poisoning..."

"You won't," I grinned. "This sausage is cooked to perfection. Trust me."

Vivian rolled her eyes, sat down directly in front of me.

Wordlessly, she reached forward, took hold of my cock, tilted her head forward.

From the moment her lips wrapped around the tip, I was in pure bliss. Vivian took it slowly, steadily. She was in no rush. Sliding her lips down the head of my cock, she looked up at me with raised eyebrows – no doubt confused by the facial expressions I was making. But she didn't stop, didn't ask about it. Just continued to have her 'breakfast'.

Inch after inch disappeared inside her mouth, down her throat.

Vivian choked, managed to get my entire length into her mouth. It was a sight I hoped I'd never forget, her there with her lower lip pressed to my nuts while her upper lip pushed up against my pubes. A beautiful girl, mouth and jaw stretched open, looking almost confused about why the sausage in her mouth didn't taste like any sausage she'd eaten before.

After holding that pose for a moment longer, she began to pull away, dragging her lips back down my shaft. When only my head was left trapped in her mouth, she changed direction – began swallowing it down again.

It took my sister a good twenty minutes to finish her sausage off. And the aftermath... Let's just say I've always know my sister was a 'messy' eater.

"So," Vivian smiled, "what do you think?"

She gave a little twirl, the short skirt she was wearing flaring up around her hips to reveal a tight, black thong underneath. When she came to a stop, looking at my face expectantly, I had no choice but to answer.

"Looks good," I gulped. "Not sure about the top though."

Vivian pursed her lips.

"Really? But I like it."

Her 'top' was a white blouse so thin that its fabric was practically see-through. Underneath, visible to the naked eye, I could see the black bra my sister was wearing.

"The blouse is fine," I said quickly. "It suits you. I just think it'd work better without the bra on underneath."

"Is that so?" Vivian smirked. "Sure you're not just saying that so you can see your big sister's titties, ya little perv?"

"Gross!" I fake-gasped. "No way! I just figure, since you're staying in tonight, and it'll just be us two, that you'd want to be comfortable is all. That bra looks a little tight and-"

"Yeah, yeah," Vivian laughed, reaching behind her back and unhooking the bra through her blouse. "You're probably right. The black *does* clash with the white. Too much of a contrast. How's this?"

Somehow, through female trickery, Vivian managed to remove her bra and pull it up and out the sleeve of her blouse without having to remove the top itself. She tossed her bra aside, struck a back-straight, chest-forward pose.

"Better," I said, forcing my eyes to stay above my sister's neckline despite the overwhelming urge to look down at her chest. "It's... Good. We should, ah, go figure out what movie to watch."

Vivian's giggle followed me as I left her room, headed downstairs.

"Give me the remote," Vivian said, hands on her hips, standing in front of me.

I stashed it behind my back, sat firmly in my armchair seat.

"Mom and Dad left me in charge," Vivian added, voice taking on as authoritative a

tone as she could manage. "So give me the TV remote. *I'm* the one who gets to decide what we watch, not you."

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I muttered, not looking at her.

I could feel the indignation radiating from her.

She was so focused on me, staring so intently at her brother, that she didn't see the shadow sneaking up behind her.

"I'm not going to tell you again," Vivian said, my shadow crawling up her back and around her scalp. "Give. Me. The. Remote."

"What remote?" I asked innocently.

She glared at me.

"Hand it over. Now."

I looked up at her, saw my shadow pulling away from her head – it's task complete.

"Make me," I said with a smirk.

Vivian lunged, tried reaching behind my back for the remote. I grabbed her arms, rolled with her onto the floor. Within moments, the two of us were play-wrestling, my shadow reattaching itself to me in the commotion.

With the weight advantage, I quickly managed to pink my sister to the ground.

"Give up?" I asked, eyes flicking down to her rapidly rising and falling chest. Her tits, totally visible in that revealing blouse. "You know you can't-"

She pinched my arm, pushed me over with surprising strength and mounted me.

"I'm not the one who'd gonna give up," Vivian grinned, tugging down my trousers. "Surrender, or I'll have to do it."

"Never!"

She pulled out my cock, positioned herself above it.

"I'll do it," she told me. "Don't think I won't."

"You won't," I grinned at her. "You're too chicken. No balls."

Her eyes narrowed.

She reached between her own legs, under her skirt, and pushed her panties aside. Without hesitation, she lined herself up; her opening, my cock.

"Last chance, little brother," she threatened. "Give up and hand me the remote or I'll have to get rough with you."

"No balls," I repeated, daring her. "Chicken."

A cocky smile spread her lips.

She lowered herself.

Pressure. It crushed the tip of my cock, swallowed the head. It clamped down on me, hot and wet. Vivian lowered herself onto me, took inch after inch of me inside herself. Her cocky smile morphed into a wince, then an open-mouthed moan.

She took it all in, right down to the base. Paused to breathe.

"Who's," she panted softly, "the chicken now?"

I groaned, looked up at my beautiful sister as she began to move up and down on my cock. She gasped aloud, shut her eyes and enjoyed the pleasure.

"You asked for it," Vivian moaned. "Should've given up."

"You," I managed to groan. "Haven't won... Yet."

"Don't be stubborn," Vivian gasped. "You know you can't beat me, lil' bro. Give up while you still can. Or I'll..."

She sped up, perky tits bouncing in their blouse.

"Or you'll what?" I managed to gasp out.

"Or I'll," Vivian moaned, "*make* you."

"So make me," I told her.

A challenge.

Vivian smirked to herself. It was, she believed, a challenge she was totally capable of winning. And one she was more than willing to accept.

My sister snatched the remote from where I'd left it on my seat, skipping over my panting, tired body as she moved to sit down on her sofa. Her face was flushed, body and blouse sweaty. Panting softly, she searched through TV shows and movies to put on.

Between her legs, a milky white fluid began leak out and form a tiny puddle where she sat.

My shadow snaked itself away from my exhausted, satisfied body, flowed over the floor and up onto the sofa. Unseen by my sister, it climbed her body, wrapped itself around her forehead.

By the time I'd managed to muster enough energy to stand again, it'd returned to my side.

"Told you I'd win," Vivian said in a smug, self-satisfied tone. "While you're on your feet, could you do me a solid and go get me a drink?"

"Not a chance," I muttered.

"Come on," Vivian laughed. "Don't be like that. Just 'cause I won fair and square. Please? *Pwease?*"

"Ugh," I fake-grunted, pulling up my trousers. "Fine."

"Thank you!" Vivian said happily.

"But you owe me."