

A Lil Different

Chapter 3

Pain. Everything was *pain*.

I was laying in bed, drenched in sweat and unable to move. Every muscle in my body ached. Every inch of skin burned.

It felt like I was *dying*.

A fever. But one unlike any I'd ever had before.

I swear, a person probably could've lit a cigarette with the heat radiating off by body alone. *That's* how hot I was.

Every single breath I took was like a thousand tiny needles stabbing my lungs all at the same time.

What the fuck?

Seriously! What the *fuck*?!

When I'd woken up this morning, something had felt off. Uncomfortable. I couldn't put my finger on what it was, exactly. But I *knew* there was a problem. Tired as I was, I went back to sleep. The next time I woke up, my body wouldn't move. My skin was hot and my mind foggy.

Had I come down with something?

Probably, I'd caught some bug or virus or something.

Vivian was out shopping, would come home with medicine for me.

But the waiting? That *sucked*.

Alone with my random, contorted thoughts.

When my phone vibrated, I turned my eyes to look at it. Sitting there on my bedside table, waiting to be answered.

Slowly, agonisingly, I reached for it. Turned it on. Saw my big sister's text.

She was asking if I was okay.

I forced myself to reply, holding the phone in a slack grip.

Her next text was to tell me she just had to shop for a Halloween costume, then she'd be right home. Not much longer now.

I didn't have the energy to put my phone back on the bedside table. So, instead, I held it where it was. Just held it there, looking at the blank screen, waiting for the Grim Reaper to come claim my soul already. Anything to end this misery.

A few minutes – which felt like several lifetimes – passed before my phone vibrated again.

Somehow, I mustered up the energy to tap the screen to see what my sister was saying now.

Only it wasn't words she'd sent me.

On my screen was a picture. A selfie of Vivian in clothes that made my eyes bulge in their sockets.

A sexy, slutty nurse holding a big, fake syringe.

The caption read: 'Cumming To Treat You'.

If I'd been able to, I'd have probably taken a step – on in my case, shuffle – back in shock. My sister, Vivian, she never... The only time she did anything sexual like this with me was when my shadow-

That's when it struck me. The odd feeling.

My shadow was missing.

But that realisation was more of an afterthought. My eyes were glued to my phone screen, to the massive amounts of cleavage my sexy sister was showing me. A white outfit with a very short, very tight skirt and a top so small that Vivian's *assets* were practically spilling out of it. And a little white hat atop her head with a red cross on it, to finish off the look.

Suddenly, it was all the more difficult to breathe.

Tired and achy as my body was, my cock sprang to life under my blanket.

That I didn't have the energy in me to reach down and stroke it was one of the worst feelings imaginable. And, five minutes later, that feeling doubled.

Another picture.

This time, she was wearing a pointy hat and a black corset top that was doing wonderfully at squeezing Viv's big tits together. A slutty witch with a seductive smile.

'Casting A Spell On You.'

I groaned, eyes glued to my sister's jugs.

A few more minutes later, a third picture. This one in a nun's outfit that - in no way imaginable - could ever be considered 'modest'. The thing was basically just a nun's hat-thing and a black bikini!

Somehow, my free hand found its way downstairs.

Even in my ill, energy-deprived state, my body apparently had no trouble masturbating over these images of Vivian.

I sighed in relief as my bedroom door flew open and my sister stepped inside, a wide grin on her face.

"Still in bed, stinky?" She laughed. "Get up, it's midday already!"

Only midday?

I tried to say the words, but the only sound that escaped my lips was a groan. And a pathetic groan at that.

"And they say *I'm* the lazy one," Vivian grinned.

In the corner of my eye, I saw darkness crawling along the walls. My shadow splitting off from Vivian, returning to where it belonged.

It glided down the wall, across the floor, under my blanket.

A cool, comforting chill washed through my body as my shadow reconnected itself to me. And, with that chill, I felt my strength returning too.

My fever vanished, muscles stopped aching, brain regaining crystal-clear clarity.

I sat myself up in bed, stretched my arms out and yawned.

"Thanks sis," I smiled, body back to normal. "But I think I'm fine. No need for medicine here!"

My beautiful sister raised her eyebrow at me.

"Good," she shrugged. "In that case, you can cook dinner today."

"*Today!*? I make dinner *every* day!"

"Yeah, yeah. Hurry up. I'm hungry."

She turned on her heels, left me room without another word.

"So," I said, sitting myself down on the armchair. "What costume did you pick?"

"Huh?" Vivian mumbled in response.

"Halloween costume," I rolled my eyes. "You went shopping for one earlier. Which one did you get?"

"Oh," Vivian looked over at me from her sofa seat. "Wanna see?"

It was a few hours before she was set to leave for some Halloween party or another. A little early to be dressing up, but I was hardly going to complain.

"Sure."

As Vivian stood, so did I.

My shadow snaked out across the floor, climbed up my sister's body and wrapped itself around her skull. She froze in place, eyes unfocussed.

When my shadow retreated, returned to me, Vivian stumbled slightly.

She nodded for me to follow.

"Come on then, turdblossom," Vivian said, leading the way. "Lets go get me

dressed.”

A minute later, we were in her room – my hands groping her amazing body as I tugged off her old, ragged hoodie. I tossed it aside, all too eager to stare at my sister's bra-clad chest.

“Tits out?” I asked, reaching behind her back to unhook the bra.

Vivian nodded her head.

Next came her sweat pants and panties. The musky scent of the latter drove me wild as I peeled them away from Vivan's crotch and down her smooth legs.

My sister said nothing, treated this like a totally normal, regular occurrence. Which, over the last few weeks, I suppose it *had* been. Me helping her undress and put new clothes on, sneaking a grope or fondle or pinch in here and there.

Vivian raised one foot after the other, watched as I tossed her panties aside.

As I stood, my hands glided up my sister's legs. Skin brushing smooth skin until my fingertips reached her damp thighs. Vivian shuddered at my touch, eyes closing and lips parting in a soft sigh. And, as I moved my fingers up between her legs, through her little bush of hair, I couldn't help but smirk.

“We'll have to do something about this,” I told her, gently tugging on her pubic hair. “Give you a nice little trim. Later.”

“Yes...” Vivan purred.

My shadow moved by itself, slowly wrapped itself around my sister's back, reaching for her head and brow.

Then the shadows retreated, and Vivian took a step back.

“Thank you,” she said to me, waving her hand at me dismissively. “I can take it from here.”

I narrowed my eyes at her, glanced from Viv to my shadow and back again.

“You can *what*?”

Viv rolled her eyes. “I don't need you to help me get dressed, buttmunch. In case you hadn't noticed, I'm a grown-ass adult. Get outta here while I put my costume on. Go wait downstairs or something.”

This was... new.

Well. New in a 'since my shadow started warping my sister's mind' sense. Her not wanting me to watch - or *help* - her put clothes on was by no means a 'new' occurrence. But still, what the fuck was going on? What had my shadow just done?

“Y... yeah,” I said, looking down at my shadow. “I'll do that.”

“So, you mind telling me what the shit that was about?”

My shadow didn't move, didn't respond in any way. Just acted like a regular, ordinary, lifeless shadow.

I was sitting in the living room. Waiting.

“What did you do?” I demanded, staring at the darkness. “And why did you do it? Come to think of it, what the fuck even are you?”

Again, no reply.

I shook my head, thoughts racing through my mind.

“What *are* you?” I found myself whispering.

Then Vivian entered the living room, and all thoughts about my strange, otherworldly shadow vanished.

“Holy shit,” I breathed.

“Freeze!” Vivian grinned, hefting her 'weapon'. “You're under arrest!”

My jaw just about hit the floor.

You have to understand, my sister is one grade-A, top-tier sexy bitch. Even when she'd dressed like a slob, in stained and baggy clothes that do nothing to show off her amazing figure, she's breathtakingly stunning. A hottie even on her worst days, in her

worst clothes.

Right now? She was *far* from her worst.

Chocolate brown hair cascaded down Vivian's shoulders in shiny, luscious waves. Bright blue eyes shone with a thousand naughty ideas and the intent to make those ideas a reality. Red lips and shadowed eyes and flushed cheeks, make-up used to amplify her already stunning good-looks.

She had, apparently, decided to with 'police officer' as her Halloween costume this year. And *boy* could she pull it off.

A blue officer's hat atop her head that looked good enough to be the genuine thing. A shirt and jacket that matched the hat in quality, though unbuttoned down to her chest to show off Vivian's delicious cleavage. No slutty skirt, but instead a skin-tight pair of police officer pants that, when Vivian gave me a twirl, showed off my sister's juicy, round ass like you wouldn't believe.

At a glance, you might think Vivian was an actual, real-life cop. Less a slutty officer costume and more a sexy uniform made all the sexier by the girl wearing it. But, on further inspection, I noticed some things about her costume that were a little... Off.

Like, for example, her officer's belt. And the items it contained.

A bottle of lube instead of a radio. And a box of condoms instead of a taser. Most obvious, though, was the object in Vivian's hand. Her 'weapon' of choice.

A massive blue dildo.

And when I say 'massive', I *mean* massive. Like, it was as long as thick as my sister's *arm*. A gigantic, floppy dildo pointed right at me.

"Uhh..." Was all I could manage as I sat there, staring at my far too sexy sister. "Hi?"

"It has come to my attention, sir," Vivian said, walking closer with her oversized, dangling dildo, "that you have broken the law."

"I... have?"

"Indeed," Vivian nodded her head, eyed me up and down. "Is it not true that you have a whore for a sister?"

My eyes flicked to my shadow before focusing on Vivian.

"That's true, yes..."

"And, not only have you failed to punish said worthless whore, but you've also neglected to teach her a whore's place in society."

"I suppose..." I said, cock growing harder every second that Vivian loomed over me.

"You do *know* what a whore's place in society is, don't you sir?"

"I do," I answered. What interesting game was this? "But why don't you tell me anyway."

"A whore's place in society," my sister stated clearly, "is to be used, abused, and constantly reminded of her own worthlessness. You sister is a worthless, cock-gobbling, ungrateful waste of space, is she not?"

"Yeah," I smiled. "That does sound a lot like Vivian."

"A slut like that," police officer Vivian said sternly, "needs to be constantly put in her place and reminded what she is."

"That's an interesting weapon," I said, nodding to the massive dildo. "Very big. Seems a little... impractical."

Vivian huffed, straightened her back. "I am a trained officer of the law," she stated clearly. "And have been highly trained in the use of weapons like this. Impractical for a civilian, perhaps. But I am a *professional*, sir."

"Is that so?" I grinned. "Well then, how about a little demonstration for me?"

You know, it never ceases to amaze me what humans are capable of.

Millions and millions of years of evolution, survival of the fittest and all that. You expect a human body to be resilient, right? Especially one like Vivian's, all lean and strong

and limber. Young and strong. But it's one thing to *think* something, and another to see it an action.

They wouldn't make dildos that big if there weren't sluts out there in the world who could handle it.

And my sister was *definitely* a slut.

"Oh God," she panted, squatting over the monster dildo. "Oh God, oh God, oh *God!*"

Juices trickled down the length of the big blue dildo like wax dripping down a candle. Vivian held onto the end of the horse-sized cock, pressed its tip to her drenched cunt. She lowered herself further, met more resistance as the dildo refused to enter her. I probably should've had her take off the pants. The fact that they were still on her, albeit with a nice long slice cut out to expose her pussy and anus, probably wasn't helping things.

"It's so big," she breathed, eyes wild. "I can't- It won't-"

"Less complaining," I told her. "More riding."

"But I-"

"What are you?" I demanded. "Answer!"

"A slut!" Vivian gasped. "I'm a slut!"

"And what do sluts exist for?"

"To take cock!"

"That's all you exist for, isn't it Vivian?"

"Yes," my sister groaned.

"So stop whining like a little bitch and do you fucking job. Take that cock. Now!"

Vivian pushed herself down, eyes shut tight against the strain. And then it happened. Her eyelids shot open, eyebrows rising in a mixture of pain and pleasure and shock and joy. The head of the dildo disappeared inside her hole.

"Oooh," Vivian gasped, voice surprisingly softly. "Oh!"

"There," I said, leaning back in my armchair. "That wasn't so hard now, was it? Now, get on with it. That dildo ain't gonna fuck itself."

She moved slowly at first, pushing herself down onto the massive object – taking more and more of it into her before rising again. But, as she adjusted to the huge dildo, Vivian began to move faster. Ass and tits bounced as she rode the thing, body hunched forward as more and more of the blue monster vanished inside her only to reappear a moment later coated in lady-cum.

She was so intent on the task at hand that she didn't notice me standing up.

Her moans filled the room, loud and ragged, drowning out the sound of my footsteps circling behind her.

By trousers came down. I stepped out of them, kicked them aside.

My eyes were on my sister's ass. Her back door.

With how thoroughly Vivian was stretching out and pounding her cunt, I doubted I'd be able to make much use of it tonight. But that was fine. She always had her *other* hole.

She jumped when I planted my hands on her waist.

"Keep going," I commanded when she looked over her shoulder at me. "You're not done yet. Not even close."

She obeyed, body tensing a little as I positioned myself behind her, guided my cock to her puckered butt-hole.

"Relax," I smiled. "You're gonna love it, whorficer."

"Can you get that?" Vivian groaned.

I glanced at her, curled up on the sofa with her hand on her belly. What remained of her Halloween costume as either torn, drenched in sweat, covered in cum, or various combinations of all three. Her belt had been discarded, lube used up and condoms untouched. Her 'weapon' lay in a puddle on the ground.

"Me?" I chuckled. "I'm not the one who ordered it. You go answer it."

"Please," Vivian pleaded. "I don't think I can get up..."

Seeing her in such a sorry state *did* bring a smile to my lips. And forcing her to go answer the door as she was now, so blatantly sexed-out, might've been entertaining. But, truth be told, I was fucking hungry.

"Fine," I sighed dramatically. "I'll go get it."

"Thanks lil' bro."

I pushed myself off my seat, walked through the house.

When I opened the front door, a spotty-faced teenager with a bored, lifeless expression stood there waiting for me. In his arms, a large pizza box and a few smaller boxes filled with sides and dessert.

"Vivian?" The teenager asked, voice sounding as devoid of joy and energy as his face would suggest.

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

The pizza guy levelled the most indifferent, 'I really don't give a shit' stare at me that I'd ever seen.

"Is this the place or not?" He asked deadpan.

"Yeah," I smiled. "This is the place."

He held out the boxes for me to take and, as soon as I had a grip on them, the spotty-faced fuck turned and walked back to his car. Not a care in the world.

Perhaps I *should* have made Vivian answer the door. At the very least, it would've brought some life into that teenager's dead eyes.

Oh well, maybe next time.

I kicked the door shut, walked back to the living room where my exhausted sister lay waiting.

"Pizza's here," I told her. "But are you really gonna have time to eat it? Doesn't that party you wanted to go to start soon?"

Vivian slumped in a way that *might* have been an attempt at a shrug.

"Not going," she mumbled, reaching weakly for the pizza box in my arms. "Too tired. Gimmie."

"No party?" I grinned. "That's a shame. Looks like you're gonna be stuck with me for the rest of the night, then."

But don't worry sis, I thought at her. You'll have a lot more fun here anyway.

My shadow slid across the living room floor, climbed up the sofa and onto Vivian. My sister, as always, seemed totally unaware of the fact as darkness wrapped itself around her forehead – filled her brain with twisted, wonderful thoughts.