

A Lil Different

Chapter 4

I let my sister lead the way.

Swaying her hips with each step, her short skirt flaring and her beautiful ass bouncing. Any guy that looked closely would see the blue thong she had on under that black skirt - might even see the small, fingertip-sized bruises I'd left on her ass last night. Excessive groping, but who could blame me for a long squeeze or two? With an ass like hers, any man would've done the same given half the chance.

Viv's top was, at least by real-world standards, whorish. A spaghetti strap top that ended above her belly button, white and transparent – doing barely anything to hide the skimpy white bra she had on underneath. Just enough clothing to prevent her from being stopped and charged with public exposure. The kind of top and bra that screamed 'slut'.

As we walked through the shopping centre, practically every pair of eyes around found themselves on my sister. Shocked faces and lustful glances. And Vivian was oblivious to all of it.

In her mind, the clothes she was wearing were, if anything, too *modest*. Too *chaste*.

"There," Vivian said, turning back to look at me, then nodding to one of the stores. "That's it."

A clothing store, cheap and tacky.

I nodded my head, followed after my sister as she strode up to and into the store. Her black ponytail bounced with each step she took, drawing my eyes and filling my head with tantalising thoughts.

Grabbing her by her hair, bending her over, ramming my cock into-

I shook my head, glanced down at my shadow.

It writhed, the silhouette of me quivering and shaking. But, as I pushed down my urges, it stilled. Remained in place. Just an ordinary, unremarkable shadow.

"Any idea what you wanna get?" I asked, eyes on Viv's backside.

"Something *nice*," my sister said. "I want to look good for him. Something cute, but not too innocent. Something a guy would like. That's why *you're* here. You're a guy. Mostly. You can help me pick something out."

"Mostly?" I raised an eyebrow. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing," Viv smiled.

Together, we walked down aisles of clothes. All of which would've been at home on a street-side prostitute's body. Boob tubes and miniskirts and fishnets. There were even big, fake-fur jackets on one rack, to keep a street-walker warm on a chilly evening.

Vivian searched through the clothes with narrowed eyes.

"When did this place get so *boring*?" She muttered under her breath. "What happened to all the sexy outfits?"

"Must have new management or something," I said, hiding my smile behind a raised hand.

"Hmph," Viv stood, scowled at the rows of clothes. "Must be a prude, if that's true. How am I going to convince *anyone* to date me if *this* is what I have to work with?"

"There's gotta be something good here," I said, stepping up behind her. "Come on, lets keep looking."

Viv stepped out of the changing room, wearing a skirt so short it didn't even fully cover her undies and a top so tight and thin that the fabric looked about ready to tear apart at any moment. My mouth watered at the sight of her.

"What do you think?" Viv asked, turning left and right, then turning her back to me and bending over. Showing me the outfit from 'all angles'. "It's the best they have, bunch'a prudes."

"It's... nice," I managed to say, shifting in my seat from the discomfort. Fucking boner. "I bet he'll love it."

"I don't know..." Viv said, turning around and leaning forward, giving me an amazing view of her ample cleavage. "Don't you think it's a little too boring? I don't want him to think I'm some stick-up-my-ass virgin."

"Trust me sis, *no-one* is going to think you're a virgin if you go out wearing that."

Vivian looked doubtful. She shrugged.

"You brought me here for my male opinion right?" I smiled. "Well, here it is: you look amazing."

"Uhh," Vivian looked away. "Yeah, *that's* why I wanted you to come."

I raised an eyebrow at her.

"Oh look," she said, turning to look at me again, eyes on mine as she smiled a very 'Viv' smile. "I seem to have left my purse in the car. You wouldn't happen to have any cash on you to buy all this, would you?"

By 'all this', my sister obviously meant the pile of clothes she'd been trying on one outfit at a time. All of which she'd rejected for being too chaste and not sexy enough.

"I thought you didn't like them," I said, crossing my arms.

"Better than what I've got at home," Viv shrugged. "Come on, lil' bro. You're not gonna leave your pretty sister hanging, are you?"

I said nothing, just stared at her blankly.

"Please..." She cooed, unknowingly shaking her chest. "Pwease?"

"Fine," I sighed. "But you owe me."

"ASSHOLE!" I heard a woman scream.

A moment later, our house's front door slammed shut so hard that it made the floor shudder under me.

I was bolting out of my room and downstairs in a heartbeat.

"Mother-fucking piece of shit *bastard!*"

I found Vivian standing in front of the door, stomping her foot on the ground. Her fists were clenched, eyes narrowed, mouth curled into a vicious snarl. Wearing one of the outfits I'd bought for her a few days ago; a black dress that was just a few sizes too short and small to fit her properly.

Her eyes shot up to me, and that rage-filled glare froze me in place.

"He said *no!*" She barked. "Said he didn't want to date a 'whore'. He offered to *pay* me for a quickie!"

"Wow," I breathed. "Unbelievable."

"What a prick!" Vivian screeched. "If he doesn't want to date me, why did he agree to go on a date? And today of all days! What the *fuck?!?*"

"Rejecting a girl on Valentines Day," I said with a sad shake of my head. "Not cool, dude. Not cool."

"What am I supposed to do now?!"

I glanced down at my shadow, saw it creeping closer to Vivian.

"Today was supposed to be amazing. I was going to get a new boyfriend and we were gonna hang out and-"

My shadow began snaking up Vivian's leg.

"-and... and..."

In moments, it was wrapped around her skull. Rewiring her brain. Viv's mouth hung open, her eyes wide and unfocused. The shadow didn't remain in place all that long, just a few seconds. But it was enough. When the shadow retreated and reattached itself to me, Viv blinked and shook her head.

"Today was supposed to be fun..."

"It still can be," I said, voice bright.

"Doubt it," Viv sighed. "I was so looking forward to getting laid too. Fuck. Just my luck."

I smiled, took a step towards Vivian.

"Well," I said, eyeing her up and down. "You know what they say about today, right?"

"Huh?"

"With Valentine's Luck, couples fuck and sisters suck."

Vivian blinked at me.

"You've heard that saying before, surely."

Slowly, she nodded her head. "I suppose..."

"Well... Since you're not dating anyone, you're not part of a couple. So no fucking, unfortunately. But..."

"I *am* a sister," Vivian hummed, realisation dawning. She bit her lip, looked down at my crotch and smiled. "Take your pants off. I've gotta blow you. It's tradition."

"I'm not sure about that, sis. I have things to-"

"I wasn't asking," Vivian said, grabbing my crotch and squeezing. "Take 'em off."

"I guess," I squeaked, "if it's that important to you..."

My sister gobbled on my cock like a woman possessed.

Forcing me up against a wall, hands gripping my hips as she dove face-first onto my groin. Her tongue swirling around my shaft while her lips and mouth squeezed and sucked as hard as they could. I closed my eyes, enjoyed the warm sensation of her mouth on my cock.

She was unrelenting. Not stopping for an instant.

She choked and spluttered and coughed, sounded like she was going to vomit several times, but she never slowed down.

Her throat was amazing.

My hands found themselves on her head, though she didn't need any guiding. More like, I was holding on for dear life while she sucked my soul out through my dick.

"That's it, sis," I breathed. "You're doing great."

Her only response was a cock-muffled grunt.

She pushed me down onto her bed, fell down on top of me.

Her lips met mine, parted, urged mine to do the same. Soon, our tongues were dancing as our hands explored the other's body. Her firm frame and soft curves. Those wonderful, bouncy breasts and her toned ass. How she managed to maintain her figure, I had no idea. She spend more time on her ass than I did. But, however she kept it – I was glad for it.

My hands glided over her clothes, under them. Pressed to smooth, soft skin. One of her hands found its way to the back of my head, pulled my face even closer to hers.

Gravity stopped making sense. One minute, she was on top of me, the next I was above her, and a second later we were on our sides – mouths still glued together.

When she reached down past my waistband, I stiffened. And, when those soft, warm fingers wrapped around my cock, I felt my whole body relax at once. A soft sigh escaped my lips. My sister smiled; I couldn't see it, but I felt it on my lips. A sly, confident smile.

Slowly, she began to stroke me.

With me having jeans and boxers on, she didn't have a whole lot of room to work with down there. But she managed it all the same. Dainty fingers gliding along my length, massaging it and teasing it – practically licking it with her fingertips.

My own hands slid under Vivian's slutty bra. Purple lingerie, silky and smooth. Guided towards plump, hard nipples. I squeezed her soft tit-flesh, buried my fingertips into those wonderful melons.

By the time she broke our kiss, we were both panting heavily.

She looked at me with hazy, hungry eyes.

Leaned down, kissed my neck.

Her hands began dragging down my jeans.

"Viv," I breathed.

"Shhh," my sister moaned into my neck. "Let your big sister take care of you."

I groaned.

"That's a good boy," Vivian cooed.

In the blink of an eye, I was on my back looking up at my stunningly beautiful sister. Her top was gone, bra askew – one of her tits fully visible while the other looked like it'd spill out any moment. She hovered above my cock, holding it in one hand while gripping my chest with the other.

"Ready?" She panted, lips curled into a smile.

I nodded my head, didn't trust myself to speak.

"Good," she said – slowly lowering her body.

Pressure. Wet, warm, impossible pressure. My sister's tightness wrapping itself around me, squeezing me. I gasped, groaned. The head of my cock disappeared inside my sister's hole. And still she kept lowering herself – biting her lip, her eyes shut, moaning a throaty moan.

Inch by inch, her pussy engulfed me. Swallowed my cock whole. Not stopping until she had all of it, right down to the hilt, inside herself.

Vivian let out a long, satisfied sigh. Opened her eyes.

"Happy Valentines Day, little brother," she giggled.

I looked up at her. Even now - after everything I'd seen and done with her - seeing my sister naked, on my cock, was something else. Amazing beyond comprehension.

I hoped I'd never get tired of seeing her like this.

With a smile tugging at my lips, I moved my hands – planted them on my sister's hips.

Massive, bouncy pendulums. Pale and wet with sweat and oh-so delicious. Swaying and hopping in unison as Vivian slammed herself down on my cock, lifted herself up, brought herself down again.

I'd have grabbed them, pinched those protruding nipples and given them a little taste. My sister's tits were spectacular.

But I didn't. Not with her looking at me the way she was.

Intense eyes. Her hands on my shoulders, face hovering inches above mine, ass bouncing wildly.

Her lips were parted, moans and sighs and erotic pleas spilling through. I felt each one as a warm breath on my face. Felt each time she gasped my name and repeated those same words. More. Harder. Please. Yes.

When she leaned down fully, kissed me and moaned directly into my mouth, I let her.

When I sensed her getting tired from riding me, I gripped her waist, rolled us over in bed so that I was on top. Pounding into her as we made out, her gripping onto me and pulling me ever closer.

"Fuck me," Vivian panted. "Ohh God, don't stop."

I didn't.

"I want it," my sister purred. "Please."

I gave it to her.

"I love it," she moaned, eyes rolling in their sockets as she came yet again. And, a few moments later, after her third orgasm of the night; "I love you."

Those three words felt strange to hear.

They made total sense. Of course Viv would say them. She *did* love me, in an odd 'more than family, but not quite romantically' kind of way. Me and my shadow had seen to that. And yet... hearing those words still felt so *strange*.

"Say that again," I grunted, thrusting into her.

"I..." My sister breathed. "Love you."

Why did those three words make me want to fuck her even harder, pound her pussy so hard that her brain turned to mush?

I was close.

I could feel my orgasm approaching. Feel the pressure building and the *need* beginning to overwhelm.

"You're mine," I told her, holding down the orgasm as long as I could – not slowing as I rammed away at my sister's insides.

"Yess," Vivian moaned. "I'm your Valentine."

"You're my big sister slut," I growled – biting down the urge.

"I'm your big sister slut," Vivian purred.

"You're my whore."

"Fuck yes!" She gasped. "I'm your whore!"

"You're *mine*!"

"All yours!"

It hit me all at once. Hours of non-stop fucking, hours of that pressure building – all released in one sudden burst. I groaned, flooded my sister's cunt with cum. Every muscle in my body tense, hips thrusting themselves as I drained myself inside her. Then, the tension evaporated. Every muscle relaxing all at the same time.

I slumped, collapsed atop her.

Almost immediately, I felt myself falling asleep. The world going dark, blissful dreams beckoning me.

The last thing I was aware of before I blacked out was my sister wrapping her arms around me, her lips on my forehead, a few whispered words that I could quite make out. And then I was gone. Off to dream my wonderful dreams.

When I woke up, it was to the smell of bacon.

Even upstairs in my sister's room, I could catch the scent of it cooking. Crispy and hot and delicious.

If I'd had the energy, I'd have gotten out of bed and gone searching for the source. The kitchen, no-doubt. But who was making it and – more importantly – could I swipe a piece or three?

Vivan wasn't in bed with me. So she was the prime suspect.

"Don't suppose you'd be willing to go grab me some of that bacon, would you?" I said, tilting my head in bed to look at my faint shadow – barely visible in the bright, morning light. "I'd really appreciate it."

When it didn't detach itself from my body to go do that, I figured I knew the answer.

Was it too lazy to make the journey, or was it simply unable to pick up bacon what with being just a shadow 'n' all? The thing had a mind of its own, that much was clear. But what did it *want*? Why was it helping me do what I was doing with Vivian?

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," I told myself. "Or is it in the face? The ear? Fuck, I don't know. Give me a break, I'm hungry."

As if on cue, my belly rumbled.

I sighed, tried to sit up – the first step in getting out of bed – and failed miserably. My body flopped back down onto my sister's bed, too tired to move again.

All I could do was wait.

And, five minutes later, in she came.

Vivian, wearing a mesh top with no bra and a stockings and garter belt duo with no

panties – in her mind, no doubt, it was equivalent to wearing a long t-shirt and panties. In her hands, a plate. And, on the plate, a cheese and bacon sandwich.

“Mornin' sleepy head,” Viv said, stepping into the room.

I couldn't help but smile. I slid my hands behind my bed, looking up at the ceiling, and let myself relax in this perfect moment.

“You,” I sighed contentedly, “sis, are a doll.”

“I've been called worse,” she said, walking around the bed towards me.

“Thank you,” I said, holding my hand out towards her.

“For what?”

My sister raised an eyebrow at me. And, confused, I glanced between her and the cheese and bacon sandwich. The breakfast in bed she'd made for me...

“No,” Vivian laughed, picking up the sandwich and taking a bite out of it, then continued talking with her mouth full of crispy bacon goodness. “This is for me, dumbass. If you want one, go make it yourself. I'm not your maid.”

You could be.

The thought was mirrored by my shadow.

I could've done it there and then, had my shadow wrap itself around her head, tweak her mind. If I'd really wanted to, I could've had her give me the sandwich and blow me while I ate it. But I didn't. Not today, at least.

“You're a bitch,” I sighed instead, tummy rumbling.

“Yeah, yeah,” Vivian chuckled. “Now get off my bed, you're stinking it up. Go shower or something. You reek.”