

A Lil Different

Chapter 5

I woke up feeling both hot and cold. Insides burning up with my skin felt chilly and frozen. My mind foggy, thoughts slow and sluggish.

It was late. The early hours of the morning, maybe.

I was in my bedroom, I was fairly certain about that. And I was alone – Viv hadn't spent the night in my room.

Part of me wanted to close my eyes, go back to sleep. And yet, a greater part compelled me to keep my eyes open, to force myself to sit up in bed despite the aching in my bones and joints. As dulled as my brain might've been in that moment, I was not entirely far-gone.

Minutes had ticked agonisingly by before I'd finally managed to climb out of bed. I stumbled to the bedroom's light switch, ready to collapse at any moment, and flicked it on.

Immediately, I looked down at myself.

Yes. Just as I'd suspected.

My shadow was gone.

Every inch of my body begged me to get back into bed, lay down and rest and sleep. I'd confirmed what I'd suspected, no need to do anything more. Not while my body was simultaneously burning up and freezing.

And yet, I found the will to refuse my body's demands.

I pushed open my bedroom door, stumbled out of it. Panting heavily, body trembling, using the wall for support, I made my way slowly to Viv's room.

I had to see, had to make sure...

Her bedroom door creaked open, and in I hobbled.

Too dark to see. I had no choice. I turned on her bedroom light.

There she was, laying in bed with a serene look on her face. Strands of black hair over her face, blanket over her body. Lips parted slightly as she breathed slow, easy breaths.

No sign of my shadow.

But, if it wasn't here – warping and tweaking Viv's mind – then where the hell was it?

I didn't have time to think about the answer to that question.

With the light on, my sister stirred – waking from her sleep.

And I, finally succumbing to the fever of my shadow's absence, dropped to the ground and passed out.

The next time I woke up, it was in my sister's bed.

Gentle hands on my head; one on my cheek, the other holding a soggy towel to my forehead. I heard her voice, though I couldn't make out what she was saying through the hazy confusion.

Thump, thump. Thump, thump.

My heartbeat, loud in my ears.

I couldn't think. Couldn't focus. All I could feel was the heat and chill, the feel of my sister next to me – her hands on my molten skin and her voice in my ears.

"Shhh," Vivian cooed. "Rest. Close your eyes and go back to sleep."

I shut my eyes, felt sleep coming to claim me.

"There you go," my sister's voice echoed in my skull. "That's much better, isn't it? Don't worry, everything's going to be okay..."

And, in seconds, I was gone again.

It was sunny why my eyes opened again. Light streaming into Viv's bedroom, warm and

welcomed.

Save for being drenched in sweat, with a general feeling of clammy discomfort, I felt fine. Normal. No odd fever or fatigue, no pains or aches or confusion. I felt like myself again. Whole.

And, sure enough, when I turned my head to check, there it was.

My shadow, back where it belonged.

"And where," I groaned, voice raw, "the hell did *you* go?"

It gave no response. Didn't move or shift or do anything at all.

"Pretending to be a normal shadow, huh?" I grumbled.

I shook my head, turned my gaze up to the ceiling and allowed myself to relax. Basking in the comfort of Vivian's bed.

Whatever my shadow was – wherever it'd gone – it was back now. That was the only thing that mattered. It was back, and I was whole. I didn't *really* need to know what it was, where it'd gone, did I? No... No, I-

My head snapped to the side, eyes glaring at the shadow.

"Stop!" I barked at it. "My brain is off limits, asshole. Don't even *think* of trying to manipulate me like that again."

Again, the shadow remained unmoved.

Altering my thoughts? That was a new trick.

Or... was it?

Before I could ponder that question any deeper, the bedroom door opened and Vivian stepped in. Wearing a smile and an apron – and nothing else at all – she walked, hips swaying, towards me. In her hands, a tray. And, on that tray, a bowl and some bread.

Soup for her 'ill' brother.

How sweet.

"Hey buttmunch," Vivian smiled. "Feeling any better?"

I looked her up and down, eyes roaming her perfect body barely hidden under a single white apron.

"A little," I spoke softly, shakily. "Still not too-"

I fake-coughed, let out a tiny groan.

"Not too great," I lied.

"Don't worry," Viv said, stepping over to the bed and setting the tray of food down on her side table. "I'm here now. Just lay back and rest, and I'll take care of everything."

I gave my shadow a quick, sideways glance.

Your doing?

But, of course, the shadow didn't answer.

"Thank you, sis," I said, hiding a smile as I made myself comfortable. "You're a lifesaver."

"Just doing what big sisters are supposed to," Vivian giggled.

She picked the spoon of the food tray, dunked in in the soup. A second later, the spoon was moving towards my mouth. All I had to do was open my lips and accept it. Like a king in his palace, being fed by his servants. The only thing that'd make it better was if she'd been hand-feeding me grapes instead.

As she moved the spoon from my lips back to the bowl, she had to turn – which gave me a lovely view of her side-boob. No bra on under that apron, that was for sure.

"I'm not feeling too hungry right now," I told her, putting on a weak, frail voice. "In fact, I think I might throw up if I eat any more..."

Viv, a sympathetic smile on her face, dropped the spoon into the soup. She turned back to me, leaned forward and placed her hand on my forehead – checking my temperature, probably. All I was able to focus on was the cleavage she was unwittingly shoving into my face.

"Your fever seems to have gone down, at least," Viv noted. "With any luck, all you

need is a bit of rest and relaxation.”

“Relaxation?” I said, adding another fake cough. “That might be a little difficult, sis. What with,” I nodded to my crotch, “that.”

A momentary look of confusion as Viv looked at it.

Then a sudden jolt of realisation.

“Oh,” Vivian breathed. “Right. Yeah, that makes sense...”

She didn't move. Not right away.

It took her a few seconds before she nodded her head, moved away from me. She whispered something to herself, a few words that I barely managed to catch.

“It's a sister's job,” she said. “To look after her sick brother.”

She moved lower down the bed, apron frills fluttering with her movement. The look on her face was one of resolute determination, a woman with a task to do. She took hold of the blanket, moved it aside to reveal my crotch and the hard-on bulging up from under my boxers.

“You just lay back and relax,” Vivian told me, crawling onto the bed. “Let your big sister take care of you.”

Her right hand glided over her head, brushing her hair aside.

Then, slowly, she leaned down.

I closed my eyes, focused solely on the sensation.

The feel of my boxers being opened at the front, of the fabric giving way and my cock being freed. I felt Viv's warm breath along its length as her face hovered above it. The moisture of her breath as she leaned in, and the wet warmth of her lips as they brushed the skin in a tiny, loving kiss.

Slender fingers wrapped around the base of my cock, held it in place. Another set of fingers found their way to my balls, began gently massaging them.

I let out a satisfied groan when Viv's lips engulfed my cock's head. Felt my entire body slump into my sister's mattress.

“That's good sis,” I said, smile evident in my voice. “Keep going. There's a good girl...”

“Thanks sis,” I said, standing up and stretching. “I feel *much* better now. You should become a nurse or carer or something. You're really good at taking care of people.”

Viv's only response was to groan.

“Seriously,” I chuckled, searching for something to put on. “I feel amazing now. Thank you. I owe you one.”

There. That pick, fluffy bathrobe would do.

While it hardly fit my usual aesthetic, there'd be something victorious about wearing my sister's bathrobe as I left her room. It was a sure, obvious sign of what'd transpired in here. Evidence that I'd given Viv a good tumble.

Not that there was anyone to see me wearing it. But that was besides the point.

I walked over to the dresser that the robe was resting atop of, reached over and picked it up. I began putting it on, sliding my hands into the sleeves, when a sudden thought occurred to me. Looking down, I saw my glistening cock – very much wet and sloppy from my activities with Vivian.

I let out a sigh.

That wouldn't do. The moment I closed the robe and tied it shut, all those juices and fluids would soak into the cloth.

“Alright Viv,” I said, turning to face her. “I've got one more job for you to do, then you can rest.”

She was, to put it lightly, a mess.

Laying face-down on her bed, ass raised slightly, head to one side – obviously dazed and lost. Eyes focused on nothing, with drool running out of her open mouth. Her

ass – beautiful and round and firm – was red from the spanking I'd given her. And, if I looked closely, I could see a trail of white cum leaking out of her anus.

"Come on, ya lazy cunt. My cock isn't going to clean itself."

I walked over to her. And, when she didn't move to take care of her task, I reached down and grabbed her by her black hair. She didn't react or resist when I shoved my cock in her face, slid it down her throat. As if automatically, she began sucking and licking it clean.

"There you go," I said. "Much better."

When she was done, I released her hair – watched her face drop back down to the bed. She looked up at me with unfocussed eyes.

"Go ahead," I smiled at her. "Get some rest. You've earned it."

Weakly, she nodded her head.

"Oh, and Viv?"

She blinked at me.

"Thank you for helping me. You're the best sister a guy could ask for."

"What're you so happy about?"

My sister's raised eyebrow paired with her bored, unamused expression was quite the sight. Sometimes, I almost forgot how laid back and disinterested my sister used to be. Back before my shadow had started detaching itself from my body and messing with my sister's brain, she'd been unapologetically lazy.

"Oh, nothing," I grinned. "Just got a date is all."

"Uh oh," Vivian smiled. "Who's the unlucky girl?"

"No-one you know," I shrugged.

If she was jealous, my sister didn't show it. She simply smiled, happy to know her brother was doing well = or, at least, that was what I assumed.

I walked over to my seat in the living room, plopped myself down and leaned back – still grinning.

"Well good luck," Viv said, turning her attention back to the television. "Don't fuck it up or anything."

"Hmm..." I hummed loudly, in what I hoped sounded concerned.

Vivan glanced at me.

"Now than you mention it," I said, words memorised. "It has been a while since my last date. I'm probably rusty."

"You're gonna blow it."

"Probably," I sighed. "Which sucks. I really like this girl."

Vivan had nothing to say to that, just a look of mild sympathy.

"You know," I said, pretending as if the thought had just occurred to me and hadn't been planned out before hand. "What I could really use right now is some practice."

"Oh?" Vivan smirked. "And where're gonna get that?"

"Well," I smiled. "Since I don't have a line of girls wanting to date me right now, I guess I'll have to go for the next best thing."

"Yes?" Viv said. "And what would that be?"

"You."

The word hung in the air, only silence following it. Viv stared at me, eyebrow raised. And I watched her, reading her expression as best I could.

"Practice," I said. "That's all I need. Someone to have a practice date with. Someone who'll point out the mistakes I'm making and what I should be doing instead."

"And you think that's me?" Vivian asked in amusement.

"Why not? If anyone knows what it's like dating guys, it's you sis. You've been on more dates with different guys than most hookers, right?"

Not true. Not even slightly. But we were well beyond truth and honesty now. Far, far

beyond it.

"Right," Vivian said, suddenly thoughtful. "That *is* true."

"That makes you the perfect partner for a practice date," I told her. "Think of all the experience you have with guys. Who better to instruct me than you?"

I took a sip of water, watched my sister across the dining room table.

"So," I said, "what're your goals for the future?"

She started blankly at me, slowly began shaking her head.

"My plans?" She said. "Right now, my only plan is to get out of here and leave you hanging. What kind of a question is that?"

"Uhh. A normal one?"

"A *boring* one, more like." Vivian crossed her arms firmly. "No one gives a shit about 'goals for the future' or long term aspirations or anything like that. This is a first date, doofus. The only thing you've gotta worry about is keeping your girl entertained. Show her your *personality*, not some diagram of where you want your life to be in ten years."

"Okay..." I said. "How about... Hey, that's a nice dress."

Again, she stared at me blankly.

"What's 'nice' about it?" She asked coldly.

"It... Uhh... Sparkles?"

Vivian sighed. "A girl can tell when a guy is being disingenuous from a mile away. Don't compliment or comment on her clothes or looks unless you actually mean it. You don't care about this dress at all, do you?"

True. I didn't.

"I care that you're wearing one," I shrugged. "Kinda wish you weren't, though."

For the first time since our 'date' began, my sister smiled.

"Oh?" She said encouragingly. "And why's that?"

"Because you've got a beautiful body," I told her, "and I'd love to see it."

Vivian winced.

"What?" I asked.

"Really?" She sighed. "You're going to go with 'beautiful'? *That's* the best you can come up with?"

"Fine," I said. "Sexy. Is that better?"

"Not by much, but yes. It's better."

"How about 'slutty'?"

"You're on the right tracks," Vivian told me. "Remember, you've got to make your date feel special. Wanted. She's gone through a lot of trouble dolling herself up for you, making herself look as good as she can. The least you can do is appreciate all that effort."

"Hmm..." I took a moment, pretended to think. "Man, that dress shows off your tits really well. You've got one hell of a rack on you, slut. Are those real or fake?"

Vivian beamed. "That's more like it!"

"That's not an answer, dumbass. Real or fake?"

Vivian puffed out her chest proudly, displaying herself in that low-cut, glittering dress. "One hundred percent natural!"

"Good," I smiled. "Then they'll feel great around my cock."

Vivian gave me a thumbs up and a blushing smile.

"That's it," she said. "You're getting the hang of it. If a girl is on a date with you, it's because she wants you to be balls-deep inside her. Don't beat around the bush, just be honest about what you want – 'cause she wants the same. And remember to give her plenty of compliments!"

"Compliments?" I smiled. "Like... How much do you charge? After all, if you're dressed like that, you *must* be a whore."

"Yes!" My big sister beamed. "Exactly like that!"

I barely felt it. Just a faint tugging sensation.

My eyes were closed, feigning sleep.

Did it know? Was it aware that I was still conscious?

My eyes flicked open just in time to see the darkness disappear under the door.

Sliding across the ground like some shadowy liquid.

I shot up and out of bed, followed after it.

The effects of being without it – the fatigue and fever and strain on my body – all that only began to appear if we'd been separated for a while. Hours. For the next few minutes, I should be completely fine. Able to give chase without worry.

Actually following the thing proved to be the difficult part.

With it being night, the whole house was shadowed and dark. Trying to follow my shadow was like trying to find a straw-coloured needle in a haystack. It was just a darker blotch among the shadows, one that moved with surprising speed.

It had to know I was chasing it. How could it not?

The shadow sped through the house, down the stairs. And, I sprinted after it as fast as I could.

When it slid under the house's front door – out into the night – I raced after it, wincing and cussing as my bare feet slapped against the cold pathway outside.

For a moment, I thought I'd lost it. That it'd escaped me.

But no. There it was, on side-walk outside my house. Unmoving.

Waiting.

As I approached, it began moving again.

Leading the way into the night.