

Meline's Manipulation

Chapter 2 of 4

Beeping. A moment of confusion as my sleep-addled mind worked out what the noise was. My alarm clock. Of course. Damn whoever invented alarm clocks. And damn whoever invented school. And especially damn whoever decided school should start so early.

I buried my face into my pillow - some mad part of me thinking that if I couldn't hear that annoying beeping, it would somehow cease to exist and I could go back to sleep.

It didn't.

Typical.

Groaning, face still buried in my pillow, I waved my arm out in the vague direction of the alarm clock. A bit of trial and error later - by which I mean I randomly slammed my hand down onto my side-table until it found its target - and I'd put an end to the annoying racket.

Now all I had to do was actually get up. Crap. That was the hard part. But, by some miracle, I managed it. Barely.

Thankfully it was Friday. I wouldn't need to go through this nonsense tomorrow or Sunday. Sleeping 'til midday here I come!

I quickly slipped on some pyjama pants and a t-shirt, picked up my folded uniform, and headed for the bathroom.

My pyjama pants and t-shirt didn't stay on for long - less than a minute, most likely - before they ended up in the washing bin. From there, it was into the shower. And after that, time to put on my school uniform.

Only there were panties and a bra on the pile. That was odd. What were they doing there? I shook my head, tossing both into the washing bin. I'd been very absent minded yesterday, it kinda made sense I'd made a mistake. But I still felt stupid.

On came the school uniform, my skirt feeling more airy than usual. Not that I was complaining, it felt nice. Refreshing.

Next was breakfast, bacon and egg sandwiches, and morning 'family' time. Basically, I messaged friends on my phone while Max and my mother talked about old family photo albums. Then Mom left for work.

Almost the moment she was out the door, Max turned to me and grinned. "Hey sis, maybe you should rest."

"Huh, wh-" was all I could manage before the haze took me.

Max's voice brought me out of it once more. Good thing he's always there when those strange hazes happen. But, that wasn't right. A small feeling in the back of my mind, an echo, telling me that something was wrong.

"Are you back, Mel?" Max said. His otherwise soft-spoken voice felt like a tidal wave, washing away the groggy blur in my mind.

"Uh-huh," I groaned.

"Quick, we're going to be late."

That snapped me out of the haze entirely. My head swivelled so fast I might just have worried about giving myself whiplash, if I wasn't already worried about being late. Sure enough, the clock showed just how behind we were. Usually we would have left by now.

Dad was going to kill me.

We made it to school just in time, jogging a good portion of the way and working up a little sweat in the process. My legs ached slightly from the exertion, my chest heaved as my lungs tried to restore oxygen to the rest of my body. But we made it!

I stopped for a moment to catch my breath, closing my eyes and enjoying the

sensation of a cool breeze on my skin; my face, my neck, my legs.

A few wisps of the gentle breeze even slid up my legs and under my skirt where no-one could see. That felt... nice.

When I opened my eyes, I caught a boy looking at me. Or, to be more specific, at my steadily rising chest. I wondered, for one crazy second, if he'd realized I wasn't wearing a bra underneath my shirt and sweater. I hoped he had.

The thought gave me chills. A lesser part of my mind telling me that was wrong and that I should be embarrassed; the rest of it enjoying the prospect of being seen, looked at, desired.

I locked eyes with him, saw his eyes widen in guilt and shock at being caught. He probably would have averted his gaze then, if I hadn't given him a half smile. I closed my eyes again, raised my arms above my head in a leisurely stretch - making sure to arc my back and push out my chest as I did.

My eyes being closed, I couldn't see the boy's reaction. Was he looking? Would he see how my shirt and sweater clung to my figure? I let out a little sigh, allowed my arms to fall back down, opened my eyes.

He was looking.

This time, when he saw he'd been caught, he turned his head down and away. Shy and blushing. It was kind of cute. He was probably about the same age as me - yet, right now, he looked more like a child caught red-handed stealing from a cookie jar.

I walked by him, in the direction of my first class. He turned his head up, red-faced, as I passed. And I couldn't help myself. I gave him a sly little smile and a wink before I left him behind me.

That was different. I'd never done anything like that before. Ever. I'd never even thought about showing off for a boy before. It felt good. It felt amazing. And... sexy.

And yet, all the while, there was that nagging feeling in the back of my mind, telling me that something was wrong. That this wasn't me. That I didn't do things like this.

The black-outs. My hazy, dreamy black-outs. It had something to do with them.

My head began to ache. Nothing more than a little numbness to begin with. Yet the more I tried to think about the black-outs and that odd, unsettling feeling, the more my head ached.

Something was wrong.

Deeply wrong. That much I knew. But what was it?

The school bell rung then, cutting off my muddled thoughts and uncertainties. Later. I'd work it out later.

School went by without an issue. Several times, I noticed guys looking at me (and at my body), their gazes making me feel warm and wanted. I liked that feeling, which was odd. I've never wanted boys to look at me like that before. Before today, it would have probably made me squirm. Yet here I was, actively giving them a pleasant view of my 'assets'.

It was that feeling again. That something was wrong.

I'd thought about it during the day. And every time I did, my head began to ache. That wasn't normal. My first thought was that I must be ill, some strange fever or condition causing me to lose consciousness temporarily. But that didn't feel right. So then I thought it might be sleep-deprivation or fatigue, but those didn't make much sense to me. I'd been sleeping as much as I ever had, there was no deprived sleep to catch up on. I even wondered if I might be pregnant, which was laughable considering I'd never actually had sex before, but the symptoms didn't match at all. I was no Virgin Mary, thankfully.

To put it plainly, I was stumped. As stumped as the leftovers of a cut-down tree. I had no idea what was happening, and that was pretty scary.

Luckily, every time it had happened, Max had been there to snap me out of it. But even that felt off. Why was Max always there when it happened? It was always him, and

always when we were alone. How many times had it been now? Three or four? And Max was the only constant.

What was it he said this morning, before the black-out? He asked something.

My head pulsed painfully, ending the line of thought. But at least now I had a clue.

Max. I'd question him about it the first chance I got.

Tap, tap, tap. My knuckles on wood. Max's bedroom door.

My brother's voice sounded from the other side, tinged with annoyance and muffled by the wood. A few seconds later, the door opened by a few inches, with half of Max's face appearing through the crack. Even from what little I could see of it, his room looked dark. Darker than it should be given it was practically the middle of the day.

"Oh," he said when he saw me. He must have thought it was Mom or Dad. "Meline. What do you want?"

"I was wondering if we could talk."

Doubt and what looked like a little fear crossed my brother's face. I noted it for later.

"Uh, sure. Come in." The door opened fully, Max gesturing me inside. I felt like it was a mistake to walk into his room, but he'd put on the spot and my body reacted before my thoughts could catch up. I stepped through into the relative darkness of my brother's bedroom.

His curtains - bulky black sheets that blocked out nearly all daylight - cast the room in near-total darkness. The only sources of light in the room were two computer monitors. Why Max needed two monitors for one computer, I had no idea. It seemed unnecessary to me. Before I could get a good look at what was on the screens, Max stepped in the way and blocked them from view.

"So," he stammered, "what do you want to talk about? Is something wrong?"

"Yes." Might as well just get it out there. "I've been having these odd black-outs lately and it only ever happens when I'm around you. Do you know anythi-"

"Maybe you should rest," Max spoke so fast it took my mind took a moment to register the words, then it was gone.

"Wake up Meline," Max's voice. "Open your eyes."

I did, and was greeted by my brother standing there, arms folded, looking self-satisfied. It dawned on me then that I was looking up at him. I was sitting on his bed.

When had I sat down?

"You were asking about your black-outs," Max prompted, "what did you want to know?"

My head, foggy as it was, needed a few seconds to organize my thoughts. "Yeah," I managed. "You... Do you know anything about why I've been having them?"

"No," he said simply. And in that one word, I realised how silly I'd been coming here. Of course Max wouldn't know anything. I breathed a long sigh, not even realising I'd been holding my breath.

"Ah, okay. Thank-"

"But," Max cut me off, "I could make a guess. If you ask me, it's probably one of those hormone things. You know, kinda like puberty, only for adults or some shit."

My mind shot back to how I'd been acting earlier. Wanting people to look at me. Wanting them to think about my body. Could it really just be hormones?

"I mean, it makes sense," Max added. "Doesn't it?"

Yeah, it kinda did make sense.

I got the sudden urge to tell Max about earlier; those naughty thoughts I'd had and how I'd shown off my body a little. It wasn't the type of thing brothers and sisters are meant to talk about. But me and Max had always been close, practically best friends. We could tell each other anything.

And so I told him.

He stayed silent as I recounted how I'd stretched to show off my chest, said nothing when I told him how warm it made me feel. How sexy it was for me. I finished, looking down at my lap in embarrassment.

The agonizing silence stretched for what seemed like forever.

Then my brother said something strange.

"This is too easy," he said, as if talking to himself.

"Uh."

"You're right, sis, that is sexy. You should do that at home, too. Put your hot body on display. For practice, I mean. That way I can tell you when you're doing it properly."

I didn't quite know how to respond to that. Max was... right. I should do that. We'd always been very close, after all, and I trusted Max with everything.

Awkwardly, I thanked him and went back to my own room. I felt odd, somehow. Not good or bad, just odd. I couldn't put my finger on it, so I shrugged it off. Probably just the hormones.

"So Max," Mom yawned, "why did you want those old pictures?"

"No reason, just got curious about something. Speaking of which, I saw a picture with me and Mel in the bath together when we were kids. Did you do that often?"

"Bathe you two together?" My mother shrugged, "I suppose so. Why do you ask?"

My brother, who was currently kneeling before the DVD player with a disk in hand, glanced over at me. "Just found it interesting. Don't you find that interesting, Mel?"

I raised an eyebrow. "Not really."

It made sense, really. Why waste all the effort of bathing two miniature humans separately when you could kill two birds with one stone? (Or wash two babies in one bath, as it were.) I, like my mother, was slightly confused why Max was bringing it up.

Dad, on the other hand, was getting impatient for the movie Max had promised. "Any time tonight," he grumbled.

"Yeah, yeah," Max grumbled right back. "There."

Images flashed on the TV, accompanied by soothing music. Max stood, said he was going to make some popcorn and asked if anyone wanted anything, and left the room.

This time, I paid extra attention when the narration began. Last time Max had tried showing me this movie, I'd fallen asleep. He swore it was a great movie, a psychological that would mess with ours minds. This time I wouldn't fall asleep, I promised myself.

The next thing I was aware of was waking up.

Crap.

In my defence, the movie must not be that good if I kept knocking out during it!

The room was empty save for me and Max, who was retrieving his DVD from the player. Our parents were no-where to be seen.

"I sent Mom and Dad to bed," Max said, answering the question before I could ask it. "Gimme a sec to sort this out and we'll get right down to business."

Business? What?

My brother slipped the DVD into its case and set it aside, then turned to me. The way he looked at me was anything but brotherly; eyes roaming up my legs slowly, stopping to leer at my chest.

I remembered our talk from earlier, about him helping me practice being sexy. Unsure exactly what Max wanted from me, I pushed out my chest some and squeezed my arms into the sides of my breasts, pushing them together.

Max grinned, and I took that to be approval.

It was a good thing I had such a supportive brother.

He stood and walked over to me, now looking at my face. "Hey sis, you're looking a

little dirty. I'm about to go take a shower, wanna join me?"

I smiled awkwardly at the joke. Then saw from his expression that it wasn't a joke at all. He couldn't be serious. I opened my mouth to respond, but I had no idea what to say.

"What's the matter Mel? We used to take baths all the time when we were kids. There's nothing weird about that, is there? It's completely normal for siblings to bathe together."

My mind whirled. Not quite like it did before one of the black-outs, but similar. Like my brain was shifting and changing.

Max was making sense. It wasn't that odd at all. And it would save on the water bills. He was right.

I mean, it was totally innocent. Not like taking a shower with some random guy from school. This was Max. He just wanted what was best for me. He's good like that.

"Don't worry so much, Meline. You trust me right?"

"Of course," I answered quickly. I trusted my brother more than anything.

"Then trust me. Come on," he gestured for me to follow him.

My brother, it seemed, was not anywhere near as shy as me. The moment we were both in the bathroom, he started stripping off his clothes without a care in the world. As more and more of his clothes ended up in the washing bin, I couldn't help but feel ever more shy and awkward about this whole thing.

Eventually Max stood there utterly naked. Unconsciously, my eyes drifted downwards. I noticed two things then; Max was big - very big - and, well, he was erect.

I looked away, embarrassed.

And felt doubly embarrassed when I realised Max was looking at me, waiting for me to take my clothes off.

It was fine, everything was fine and perfectly normal. Or so I told myself, as I slowly started removing my clothes.

Since I was wearing pyjamas, with no underwear, there was not a lot of clothing to remove. And I still managed to take longer than my brother had. I unbuttoned my pyjama top first, starting at my chest and moving down. First all Max could see was my neck and collar, then the cleave between my breasts, and finally my belly. And, when I slipped the cloth off my shoulders and let it fall to the floor, Max could see everything.

I tried to ignore his gaze and I removed my pyjama pants. I also ignored the way my breasts swayed and jiggled with every movement I made.

All the while, Max said nothing. He only watched.

When I was done, he stepped into the shower, turned it on, and signalled for me to join him. So I did.

The water was hot. Hotter than I usually set the shower to. I could feel it pattering against my skin, even as I stood so close to my brother.

Our bodies were touching, my shoulder against his chest. I could feel his warmth on my skin.

"Turn around," Max said, spreading soap over his hands. "I'll wash your back."

I obeyed without question. My brother always knew best.

When his hands touched me, I felt a shiver run through me. My awareness for the next minutes was solely focused on my brother's hands. He was gentle, trailing them from my shoulders to my waist and up my sides. Several times, his fingers brushed the sides of my breasts. Each time it happened, it felt like tiny currents of electricity shot from his fingertips through my body. His touch felt amazing and exciting and right all at once.

When he started cleaning my belly from behind, wrapping his arms around my frame, I said nothing. And when he brought his hands up to wash my breasts, all I could do was close my eyes and enjoy the mind-blowing sensations. Every time his skin came into contact with my nipples, I let out a muffled gasp - tried my best to hide my growing arousal.

The last thing I wanted was for my brother to know how much his touch was affecting me. He'd probably think I was weird. Here we were doing this totally innocent thing, just a normal shower between brother and sister, and my body was going crazy.

It was those hormones. I knew it.

My brother's hand was sliding downwards, towards my crotch, when he stopped. Thank all things holy. I don't know if I'd have been able to control myself if he started cleaning there.

"I think that's enough for today," Max said, though I barely heard him through the daze I was in. "Grab a towel and go to bed."

Dazed as I was, unable to think clearly (or at all), I complied without question.

Just before leaving the bathroom, I glanced back at my brother. He was still standing there in the shower, leaning on one arm and using the other to thoroughly clean his penis.