

## **Meline's Manipulation**

### **Chapter 3 of 4**

I love Saturdays. Scratch that, I love sleeping. That feeling of waking up early, realising that you've got nothing to do, and then just going back to sleep. I did that several times throughout the morning, each time smiling and snuggling into my blanket.

Bliss. Utter bliss.

But all good things must come at an end. Just shy of noon, I got out of bed and threw on a tank top, some track pants and my running shoes. A quick snack from the kitchen and I was ready for a quick jog around the neighbourhood.

I wouldn't quite call where I live a suburbia - there were no white-picket fences to be seen - but nor was it a crime-ridden slum. It's just home. Plain and ordinary. I started my jog at a swift walk, ear-buds playing music in my ears.

My mind wandered as I went, thinking about the last few days. Nothing was out of the ordinary, yet it felt like I'd changed a lot. I had a vague awareness of who I was, and who I had been a week ago, and that those two people were not the same. Life is all about change, I supposed. Time changes everyone. Still, feeling like a totally different person after just one week?

Hormones.

Just as I'd gotten used to the ample changes puberty had so generously given me, my body threw this at me. Whatever 'this' was exactly.

You'd think these changes I was going through would be unsettling or worrying, but no. I was content, calm. And grateful for being so close to someone that I could talk to them about everything that was happening with me, and trust they'd support me though it all. I honestly don't know what I'd do without Max.

Picking up the pace drew my attention from my mind to my body. Specifically, my torso. Extra specifically, to my chest and the two freely bouncing breasts attached to it.

Anyone looking my way would instantly know I wasn't wearing a bra. The realisation sent shivers of excitement through me.

My eyes roamed the street ahead of me, searching for anyone that could be looking my way. The idea that someone might be staring at me, lusting after my body, was intoxicating.

There were more than a few glances shot my way - mostly married men from around the neighbourhood. With each pair of eyes that found me, my body grew more excited.

Warmth and desire flowed through me, a tingling sensation starting at my crotch and spreading over my entirety.

The more I ran, the more my breasts bounced and swayed, the more people stared. A part of me wanted nothing more than to strip off my clothes and let everyone see me utterly naked. I wanted them to watch me, see me. I wanted them to want me.

Just the thought of being naked and exposed was driving me insane. I was panting. And not from the jogging.

It was the hormones.

I circled around the neighbourhood once, then again. And a third time, and a fourth. I wanted to be seen more, I wanted them to keep looking at me. I was sweating now, my tank top damp and clinging to my skin. My nipples, hard and pointed, were clearly visible through the fabric.

Eventually, I ended my morning jog and headed home.

Usually after jogging I'd be warmed up and maybe a little sweaty. Today I was drenched. My face was flushed red from a mixture of exertion and excitement, my legs ached - so did my chest for that matter - and I was completely breathless.

At least the hormones had an upside. They helped motivate me to run more - if only

to catch wandering eyes.

I found Max waiting for me in my room, sitting on my bed with a phone in his hand.

"Hey Mel," Max smiled, "Been out exercising?"

I glanced down at my sweat-drenched tank top, looked back at Max and folded my arms. "No, I was just watching some TV," I answered with a smirk. "Yes. Just finished, actually."

Max smirked right back. "Why not keep going, then? You look like you could do with a good work-out. Keep in shape 'n' all."

I opened my mouth to snap at him - I certainly did not need a work-out, I looked great - but something stopped me. An echo in the back of my head. Max was right, I should exercise some more.

Here, right now? I wasn't so sure about that, but Max always knows best. I shouldn't doubt or question him.

I shrugged, started stretching. Then I remembered to practice being sexy. And my stretching became more of a strip show, only without me removing any clothes. All the while, Max watched intently. I'm sure it wasn't lost on him that my nipples were poking through my tank top.

"You should start with star jumps," Max said, pointing his phone's camera at me.

I obeyed, jumping on the spot. "What's," I began saying between jumps, "with," jump, "the," jump, "phone?"

"Figured I'd record you. So I can check later if you're doing it right, help you out and shit." It made sense, my brother was always looking out for me like that. "Keep jumping. Christ, your tits are amazing."

"Max!" I scolded as I jumped. "Don't. Be. Vulgar!"

As grateful as I was to Max for helping me out, and as close as we were, there was no need for vulgar language. By the look on my brother's face, he had no idea what I was talking about.

"Breasts. They're. Called. Breasts."

Max seemed stunned for a few moment. Then he burst out in raucous laughter. I stopped jumping and stared at him, offended.

"Breasts!" Max said between bursts of laughter. "That's what you had an issue with?"

I glared at him wordlessly. One thing that always ticked me off was people laughing at me. If he didn't stop soon, I'd give him a good slap. Then we'd see who was laughing.

"Nothing wrong with me telling you how fantastic they are. No problem with me saying 'shit' or 'fuck', but 'tits' is going too far?" Max shook his head, his laughter finally dissipating. "Un-fucking-belivable."

They weren't the same! They weren't. I knew my face was bright red, I could feel how hot it was. There was a difference. I don't like words like 'fuck' or 'shit', they're rude and nasty, but they were just words. They didn't really mean anything. Those other words, for a woman's parts, were just plain crude and wrong. They were objectifying and dehumanizing and not okay.

I wanted to tell Max how different the words were. I wanted him to see that it wasn't okay. But I couldn't. Frustration and uncertainty stopped me. I didn't want him to laugh at me more.

Me and Max are close. I trust him with everything.

That's right. I could tell him anything. It was fine. Bolstering up my courage, I opened my mouth to tell Max how I felt.

But Max spoke first.

"You've got things all wrong, Meline. But don't worry, I'll fix that. You like tired after all that jumping, and your run too, I bet you must be pretty worn out. Maybe you should rest."

When I woke up, I was laying down on my bed. I was still covered in sweat and my legs still ached, so I couldn't have been out for very long. Max was still in the room with me, leaning against a wall, watching me.

Have you ever been really sleepy and wide awake at the same time? That's how I felt. It was like waking up from realistic dream and, for a moment or so, not knowing where the dream ended and reality began.

My brother was unashamedly staring at my breasts.

No, not 'breasts'. Not at all. I mentally cringed at even thought of the word. It was so... Boring. Lifeless. Empty.

Max was looking at my tits.

Almost without thinking, I pushed my chest out to give him a better view. It was second nature for me.

"You really do have a nice pair of tits there, Mel." Max's voice washed away the last of the odd, dreamy feeling. I felt a little, warm tingle at his words.

"Uh," I've never really known how to respond to random compliments from people. "Thanks."

"That top looks uncomfortable, Mel. Take it off."

My body moved to obey without thinking. By the time my mind caught up with the rest of me, the hem of my tank top was up to my chest, revealing a considerable amount of under-boob.

Why did I stop?

I couldn't think of an answer to that question. It's not like Max hadn't seen a pair of tits before - he'd seen mine last night, even. So why the hesitation? If you couldn't be naked around family, who could you be nude around? Here my brother was, helping me like always, and I was worried (for no discernible reason) enough to hesitate on him.

Since when did I become such an asshole?

The hormones? Maybe?

Without another thought, I pulled the tank top over my head and tossed it onto the floor. And there they were, my tits, on full display to my brother.

The only thing to cross my mind in that moment was a faint hope that Max would like them.

Most guys seemed to like them, from how many stares and wayward glances they got. But Max was different. His approval mattered in a way that other peoples' didn't.

"Your pants too. Take them off. I want to see all of you."

This time, I complied without hesitation. A few heartbeats later, I was laying on my bed, utterly naked.

Max pushed himself off the wall and walked over to loom above me, inspecting my body with hawkish eyes. He was smiling in a way that would have looked creepy or fiendish on someone else's face. On him, the smile was charming. Handsome. Alluring.

"You must be all tense from your work out, right?"

I shook my head. "No, not really. I feel fi-"

"I'll give you a massage," Max said firmly. And, without waiting for a response, hopped onto the bed and climbed atop me.

A momentary instinct that this was wrong - a brother and sister in this position felt not right somehow - followed. And then it was replaced by another thought.

"Shouldn't I be the other way around?" I asked. That's how massages were meant to happen, right? I was laying on my back right now. I'm no expert when it comes to massage protocols - I don't think I'd ever been massaged before in my life - but I was pretty sure this wasn't the right way to do it. Shouldn't I be laying on my chest?

Max shrugged. "No. This is perfect."

And then he began touching my body.

He started at my feet, kneading the flesh and freeing the joints. The feel of his thumbs and fingers on me was amazing. Firm and gentle at once, it felt so good. Mind-meltingly good. And he didn't stop, moving from my feet to my ankles, up my leg to my calves and shins, all the while working my muscles into slack relaxation.

When he reached my knees, Max wrapped his hands around them delicately; lifting them up like they weight nothing, spreading them apart and giving himself a clear view of my vagi- no, my pussy. He could see how aroused I was there and then.

Next he massaged my upper legs, his fingers moving ever closer to my pussy. They trailed along my thighs, tauntingly teasing. And, just as his hands were closing in on that private, soaked place, he moved them away. Started drawing invisible little circles on my hips with his fingertips.

I was disappointed. I wanted more. I wanted Max to touch me there. I wanted to feel his fingers on me. In me.

On some level, I knew it was the hormones. I knew that it wasn't normal or right. But I couldn't bring myself to care. All I wanted in the moment was more. More touching. More pleasure. More Max.

His hands slid slowly up my sides towards my tits. Without asking, with not a care in the world, my brother cupped both of them in his hands and began fondling them. The feel of his skin on me sent rivulets of pleasure through my body. He squeezed and I gasped, he tugged on my hardened nipples and I groaned.

I was in pure ecstasy.

My brother certainly knew how to give a good massage.

After Max was done with my tits, he looked hard into my eyes. I could feel his fingertips sliding down my torso, but I couldn't look away from Max. Even when his fingers reached my crotch, trailing large circles around my mound while avoiding touching it directly. He was toying with me. And his eyes. I couldn't look away.

I tried to squirm, to move my body so that his fingers would brush against my pussy. But Max wouldn't let me. He put his body weight on me, pinned me to my bed, continued to tease.

It was agony.

Glee and amusement, that's what I saw as I looked into my brother's eyes. What he saw in my eyes, I could only guess. Arousal? Probably. Need? I certainly felt it. Desperation? Most likely. Lust? Without doubt.

Just when I was sure I couldn't take any more teasing. Max ended it. He touched my pussy. Barely. His skin hardly touched mine, yet it felt like I'd been hit by lightning. Pleasure shot through my body, electrical and mind-shattering in just how great it felt. My body trembled, and I had to bite my lip to stop myself from crying out.

And then all conscious thought was lost. Max trailed his index and ring fingers up and down my pussy, one on either side. Up and down, each time pulling the lips open just a little bit further, exposing the soft pink interior and my pussy's opening. His middle finger hovered above, ready at any moment to penetrate me.

His other hand, more so the thumbs and forefinger of his other hand, was toying with my clitoris. Alternating between rubbing it, pulling, squeezing, twisting, pinching, pressing. I was only half aware of what he was doing to my clit and its hood, most of my awareness being forcibly drawn to my opening, and the finger now pressing against it.

He was putting pressure on it, teasing the tight, wet hole with his middle finger, but refused to slide it inside.

It was unberable.

I wanted it. Needed it. More than I'd needed anything else before in my life.

"Please," I breathed softly, quietly between pants and moans.

Max heard me. I knew he had from his smirk. "I can't hear you," he lied through his wicked grin. "Can you repeat that?"

"Please," I moaned, pleading.

"Say it louder."

I did. "Please," I begged, desperate and longing.

And an instant later, the whole world exploded in orgasmic oblivion as Max slid his middle finger - all of it at once - inside me. My body spasmed, shook. My feet curled and my back arched, my eyes shot wide and mouth opened to let out a choked moan. My vision filled with bright sparks, blinding me even as my brother started slowly thrusting his finger in and out.

I felt myself clenching, tightening around Max's finger. My hands had somehow ended up on his shoulders, clutching him.

I couldn't think. Could barely breathe through the moans now freely flowing from my lips. My mind whirled and spun, basking in the electricity flowing through my veins. My body thrust itself closer to Max, trying to push his finger deeper inside me.

Just as I was beginning to recover from the first orgasm, Max curled his finger up and pressed it directly into my sweet spot.

Another explosion. This one almost causing me to black out entirely. I called out my brother's name loudly. Too loudly, but in that moment I didn't care in the slightest. I don't know how long it took for my senses to return to me, but when they did, I found myself laying in a puddle of my own juices.

Max pulled his finger out from inside me, causing ripples of pleasure as he did.

I was panting, breathless. My brain working sluggishly slow. I felt so tired, completely worn out. It was a struggle to even keep my eyes open. I was vaguely aware of Max pulling out his phone and taking a picture of me, not that I had the will or energy to object.

"Open your mouth," Max ordered.

I did, fighting back the haze and failing. Max lifted his hand towards my face, poking out his middle finger - the one that had moments ago been inside me - and slipped it into my mouth.

"Clean it."

I did my best, given how utterly far-gone I was. Licking his finger clean of my juices. It tasted bitter and sour, not at all pleasant, but I didn't complain.

After I was done, Max left my room. Left me coated in a new sheen of sweat, laying naked in a puddle of my own cum. I was on the verge of passing out, seconds away from it. And I had only one thought in my head as the world went black.

Who knew my brother was such a skilled masseur?