

Meline's Manipulation

Chapter 4 of 4

The rest of Saturday was uneventful. I took a little nap, woke up for dinner, spent the afternoon with the family watching TV. Max was out most of the day, arriving home in the evening. At some point during the night I blacked out again, only to wake up to find both Mom and Dad sleeping in the living room. No-doubt Max had put another boring movie on.

After that, Max sent me to bed.

So yeah, not the most productive day I've ever had. Lots of sleeping, though. So I consider it a win.

I woke up to the sound of my alarm clock. That awful beeping.

At first, I was confused. It was Sunday, right? Why was my alarm going off? Then annoyance bordering on anger. Two days a week I get to lay in, and this was meant to be one of them.

What the hell?

And yet, after the initial shock and outrage, I realised I was supposed to get up now. An echo of a voice in the back of my mind, Max's voice, reminding me that today I was meant to clean.

Sunday is for cleaning the house.

Except it wasn't. Or hadn't been before. But it was now. And that... made sense? But I hated cleaning. It was boring and time-consuming and I wasn't even any good at it anyway! My head throbbed, pulsed, my mind shifting around, fitting everything into place.

From now on, Sunday is for cleaning.

That's just how it was. No point in questioning it. It was what it was. Sunday was for cleaning the house.

Getting up was surprisingly easy. Like my body had a will all of its own and wanted to get started. If only it were this easy getting up on a school day.

On my desk sat a small bundle of black and white clothing. I'd never seen them before, and I certainly didn't buy them. And yet I was aware that they were mine. My Sunday work outfit.

How I knew this was beyond me. I just kind of did.

The outfit was small. Very small. Little more than a light corset and frilly mini-skirt, with matching stockings, gloves and headband. And, laying right next to these clothes, was a feather duster. It wasn't exactly difficult to work out that my new (magically appearing out of nowhere) cleaning uniform was a French Maid costume. And not a modest one in the slightest.

But it was still a maid costume, right? Surely it would make cleaning easier. Somehow. Maybe. Probably not.

At least it meant I wouldn't be getting my regular clothes dirty. That was something.

I didn't really question why I should wear the maid outfit. It's not like I particularly wanted to wear it. I just knew I was supposed to. It was right. And not wearing the little costume would be wrong. I couldn't not wear it.

The corset was tight, crushing my tummy while pushing up my brea- my tits. Thankfully, it was easy enough to put on and didn't take too long. The mini-skirt took only moments to slip into. The cloth fanned outwards more than down, doing almost nothing to hide my bare vag- pussy and ass. I wouldn't even need to bend over to expose myself - all I'd have to do was lean slightly forward.

A few moments later I was fully (I use that term loosely) dressed. Headband on my head, feather duster in my hand, ready to start doing my new Sunday job.

I started with my bedroom; dusting every corner, tidying up all my clothes, tossing away some random bras and panties that were in the room for some reason, clearing anything that didn't belong on the desk or shelves, cleaning every surface I possibly could.

The more I cleaned, the more certain I became. This is what I was meant to be doing today. This was my job, my task. I was going to clean everything in the house that needed cleaning, whatever it may be. No matter what it may be. I'd clean it to the best of my ability.

Since I wasn't keeping track of the time, I had no idea how long it took to clean my room entirely. At least an hour. Probably closer to two. But eventually I was done. I took all the clothes that needed washing to the laundry closet and set about cleaning the living room.

Max was waiting there, slouching on the sofa, watching some boring-looking nature documentary. Why he was up this early, I had no idea. Then again, it wasn't quite as early as it had been any more. It's not my place to question what Max does and doesn't do.

Cleaning the living room was a lot more challenging. Not because it was dirtier, on the contrary, it was much cleaner than my room had been thanks to Mom's weekly efforts. What made cleaning here difficult was Max. I could feel him looking at me, and I knew I had to act sexy for him. Show off my body, give him nice views, pose, let his eyes roam my body unhindered.

Picking up a discarded pencil from the floor is a lot more exerting when you're doing your best to make it erotic. And, trust me when I say this, fishing random scraps of paper out from under a sofa is not an easy thing to turn sexy and alluring.

And all the while, Max stared at me, his phone taking pictures and recording videos for future reference.

I was just about done cleaning the living room when Max spoke up.

"Mel," he said, smiling at me indulgently, "I need to you clean something for me."

"Sure thing, what is it?"

Max grinned at me, patted his groin with his spare hand as the other held up his phone. "My cock's a little dirty. Clean it for me."

I spasmed. Like, my entire body jerked at once. I heard what Max had said, but my mind was having trouble processing it. Did he really just ask me to clean his...

But if it was dirty, I had to clean it. It was my job to clean everything. No matter what.

"Meline?"

My mind whirled. Max wanted me to clean his cock? We've always been really close, and it's not like we haven't been around each other naked before. And he did give me that nice massage and didn't complain or make a fuss about it.

But it's...

It's fine. I would clean everything that needed cleaning. No matter what. This was no different than taking a shower with him, and that was no different than how we used to bathe together as children. This was completely and utterly normal.

"I just," my mind raced, "I need to get some water and soap and I'll be right with you."

Max shook his head. "No. No, it has to be saliva, Mel. That's the only thing that will clean my cock properly. You have to clean it with your mouth."

But that didn't make any sense at all! How was saliva-

Max is right. Everything Max tells me makes sense. Max wants what's best for me.

"But..."

I trust Max. I shouldn't question Max. Max wants what's best for me. Everything Max tells me makes sense.

"I..." I will do anything Max wants me to. "I guess," I managed. "Okay."

The uncertainty vanished. Every doubt disintegrated, my whirring mind stilled instantly. Why was I being so silly? Of course saliva as best for cleaning Max's cock with. Soaps had all sorts of chemicals and unnatural oils in them, saliva was natural and healthy. It made total sense.

Without another thought or worry, I sauntered over to where Max was still slouched, my heart thumping lightly in my chest. I'd never done anything like this before, but I was determined to do it right. I was going to give Max's cock the best cleaning I possibly could.

I knelt in front of my brother, in front of his crotch, and reached out tentatively. He was wearing jeans, his groin pointing directly at my face. Lowering his jeans felt like it took an age, fumbling with buttons and trying to remove them while he was laying down, but eventually they were out of the way.

Bulge. Max was wearing plain dark blue boxers, with a very large bulge. It was big. Scary big. I could see the tip of it poking out from under the boxers - a layer of foreskin covering the head.

I paused, inhaled a deep breath, and lowered Max's boxers.

To say that it sprung out at me would be highly accurate; in a very literal sense Max's cock bounced out and pointed directly at me. Rock hard, long and girthy. I had no idea how to react.

How was I even meant to begin cleaning this thing?

With saliva. What else?

So I took the shaft in my hand, leaned in as close as I could, and poked my tongue out. I started at the base, touching my tongue to the soft place where shaft met sack, and licked slowly up his cock, inch by inch, to the tip. And from there, back down.

It was hard. Almost rock solid. And warm. So very warm. I didn't know what I expected it to taste like, but was still surprised when it tasted like nothing - just skin.

I licked up and down, over and over, circling Max's cock and coating it with a thin sheen of saliva. I licked around his foreskin and, for the first time, tasted the remnants of something bitter. It tasted nice.

Opening my mouth, I slipped the head of his cock partly between my lips. It wasn't easy - my mouth is small and his cock... isn't. Still, I managed it. And slipped my tongue under his foreskin, licking my way around the head directly.

And now the flavour came strong.

The bitter taste of precum, and an almost salty taste that I figured must have been sweat. The further down I cleaned under his foreskin, the more of of him I had to slide into my mouth. The more I cleaned, the more Max's foreskin peeled back.

When I finally pulled away, I was breathless.

I looked at my brother's cock and was amazed at how much saliva now coated the fully revealed purple head. All I could think to myself was how well I'd done cleaning it.

In fact, if having it inside my mouth helped clean the head so well, wouldn't it be better if I fit the whole thing into my mouth? Looking at the size of the thing, I wondered if that was even possible. But it was worth trying, at least.

A quick inhale of breath and I slid my lips over the head once more - this time determined to fit the entire length into my mouth (and, from the size of the thing, half-way down my throat).

Bobbing my head up and down wasn't easy. The sheer girth of Max's cock made it difficult, locking my jaw open and refusing to fit fully into my throat. But I needn't have worried. Max, kind and considerate brother that he is, helped me out.

He placed both his hands on the back of my head and thrust his hips violently forward, forcing his cock into and down my throat. I let out an audible gagging sound reflexively, my eyes bulging and beginning to water as I choked down my brother's wide cock.

Even then, it wasn't fully inside my mouth. Max helped some more, thrusting repeatedly while pushing my face deeper down.

I could feel it, pounding away at the back of my throat. Could hear the wet gagging and gargling sounds I was making with each thrust. It wasn't long before Max's cock was so far down my throat that I couldn't even breathe. And not for one moment did Max's

onslaught slow. If anything, it was getting rougher, faster.

And, just when I couldn't take any more, just as I was about to give up, it happened.

Max, one hand on the top my head - the other arm wrapped around the back of it - locking it in place as he gave one last, powerful thrust. His cock forced its way into my mouth completely, his balls pressed firmly against my chin, his shaft pulsating in my throat as stream after stream of hot cum shot down my gullet.

It was unending. Each time his cock pulsed and jerked, my throat moved with it. I couldn't breathe, could feel the cum moving downwards inside me. For a moment I thought I was going to die, suffocated by my brother's stupidly thick cock or drowned by his unending bursts of cum. My eyes were watering so much that tears were running down my face, mixing with the twin-rivers of saliva leaking out of my mouth around Max's cock. And, just as I felt like I was about to pass out from the lack of oxygen, Max pulled away.

I could feel his cock squeeze back out of my throat, feel the rush of saliva and cum spill freely from my mouth. His cock left my mouth with a loud, wet 'pop'.

Gasping for air and collapsing forward, my face landing on Max's lap. I turned my head to look at Max's saliva-coated cock and smiled a tired smile to myself.

It looked like I might just be good at cleaning after all.

The rest of the day went well enough. After a short break to clean myself up, I continued cleaning the house. At one point while I was cleaning in the kitchen, Dad walked in on me bent over - a full view of my bare pussy. He didn't seem to mind, which was slightly odd given how usually strict he was. But I wasn't complaining. Although he did comment on what a good job I was doing.

It was only in the evening, after I was finally done cleaning, that I got the bad news. Max had been in my room, checking to see if it was all properly cleaned (how thoughtful of him), and had found parasites in there!

Apparently, the parasites were sort of like bedbugs. They attached themselves to a person's bed and infected anyone who slept there. And being infected was really bad.

Thankfully, it was only my bed that had the parasites. And doubly luckily, I hadn't been infected by them yet - the infestation was recent. But it did mean I wouldn't be able to sleep in my bed any more. Once the parasites were there, they were there forever.

Max, being the amazing brother that he is, offered to let me sleep in his bed with him. What would I ever do without him?

And that's how I ended up in my brother's bed naked. I always slept naked, and me and Max were so close that I didn't need to worry about being naked around him at all.

He was in the bathroom right now, brushing his teeth I assumed.

For some reason, he'd set up a camera in the room. A video camera, and an expensive looking one at that. It was pointed directly at the bed. I wondered why. Security, probably. He wanted to make sure I was safe or something. That sounded like a very Max thing to do.

Admittedly, I was a little nervous. No idea why, but I could feel the anticipation. Anticipation for what? Again, I had no idea.

Silly hormones.

Eventually, Max was done in the bathroom. He entered his room wearing a plain t-shirt and jeans. He smiled at me, crossed his arms together. A thoughtful look crossed his face as he examined me, as if he were wondering what to do next.

I thought it was obvious what he should do now. Climb into bed with me and sleep. Not much to wonder about, really.

Evidently, Max had other ideas.

"Meline, maybe you should rest."

I woke up to the sight of an utterly naked Max. His cock stood to attention, hard and in full

view.

"Sorry Mel, you fell asleep so I had to wake you up."

"Huh?" Wasn't the whole point of bed-time to sleep?

"You didn't forget, did you?" Max said, tilting his head. "The rule about when a sister sleeps in her brother's room with him."

What rule? What was he talking-

Oh.

That rule.

Yes, I had forgotten. When a sister sleeps in her brother's room with him, it meant he couldn't masturbate before going to sleep. It would be too embarrassing for him, obviously. And that was hardly fair. That's why there was the rule. If a sister is staying in her brother's room, it was her job to make up for the inconvenience. Since Max couldn't masturbate with me there, I'd have to make up for it by becoming his personal fleshlight.

"No," I whispered. "I remember."

Max beamed, grabbed the blanked and tossed it onto the floor, climbed onto the bed with me.

I was laying on my back, head resting on a pillow. Max sat at my feet. Gently, he slipped a hand under each of my knees and lifted them both, spread them open, moved himself into the gap between them.

Warmth radiated off him, and I could sense his cock close to my quickly moistening pussy. My entire body was heating up, almost burning up, as my heart raced.

Max lifted my legs higher, draping one foot over each over his shoulders.

I felt exposed. And vulnerable. And sexy.

Max pressed his cock flat against my pussy and clit, held it there as he started slowly thrusting - rubbing his shaft against me. It was electrical. Jolts of pleasure ran in short bursts across my body, one moment from my clit, the next from my lips, and back again, over and over and over. His cock felt hot, so hot it felt like it might burn. It was slick with my juices. Well lubricated and more than ready, just as I was.

I was already in a daze by this point, panting and moaning without a care in the world. And then Max stopped. For the briefest of moments, I wanted to complain. Wanted him to continue humping against me. Then I felt the head of his cock press against my opening and gasped.

He leaned forward, ever so slowly. And slowly, my pussy opened up to him and squeezed tightly around his ample girth.

My eyes rolled back at the sheer pressure of it. The heat, the weight of Max atop me, the mind-numbing sensation of his much too big cock slowly splitting me apart. I was holding my breath, half-way between a gasp and a moan without even realising.

It was only when the entire thing, the entire length of it, was inside me that I released my breath. It came out as a loud, choked moan. Loud enough that everyone in the house would have heard it. I didn't care.

I felt 'full'. Filled up completely. I could feel the head of Max's cock pressing against something hard and sensitive - what must have been my cervix.

And my sweet spot. That orgasmic little button inside me - Max was so big that his cock wasn't just constantly touching that spot, it was actively squeezing and pushing it.

I'd never felt anything like it.

And then Max leaned forward futher, loomed over me. My knees folded over his shoulders, his hands holding my wrists, his eyes locked to mine. He started started to thrust.

My senses exploded. Pleasure radiated through my body, from Max's cock to my fingertips and toes, to my open mouth. Each thrust sending new shockwaves through me. He wasn't just thrusting, though. He was using his grip on my wrists to pull me deeper onto his cock. Pressure kept building up inside me, demanding release. And I set it free.

An orgasm bust from me, a half-scream of pleasure. Then immediately after, another orgasm.

Max was having sex with me.

I was being fucked by my brother.

And it felt amazing.

Another orgasm, my mind now a fog of pleasure and bestial urges. I was calling my brother's name, moaning 'more' and 'yes' and 'fuck' without a care in the world. Another orgasm, and another. I could feel his cock pounding away inside me. It was like a jack-hammer, fast and hard and unstoppable.

He was getting close. I could sense it.

"Please," I gasped, not entirely knowing for what I was pleading. For him to keep going? For him to cum? I wasn't thinking, I was simply following my body's instincts.

Max was picking up the pace - showing my poor, tight pussy no mercy. My feet were dangling in the air, jerking with each thrust. My breasts were bounding wildly, nipples hard as rock and extremely sensitive. My hair was a mess, strands of it falling over my face and splayed out in all directions. The bed springs were squeaking, the frame thumping loud against the wall.

He tensed for one moment, a tiny instant, and then gave one last, powerful thrust of his hips - and I thrust back, impaling myself fully on his cock - and came. And came hard. I felt it inside me. Burst after burst after burst, my brother's white cum pouring into my deepest place. I could feel his cock twitching, pulsating as it pumped me full.

I let out one final orgasm, feeling my pussy tighten around Max's cock. Milking it of every last drop. And then it was done.

Max collapsed on top of me, pinning me to his bed. We were both panting, breathless. He didn't pull out of me, and I could feel it as his cock slowly shrunk inside me, trapped in my tightness.

Within a few minutes, Max was snoring - still with half his body on top of me. Though I didn't mind. We've always been so close after all. This was nothing. Basically cuddling.

Weariness and happy tiredness began to take me. I was falling asleep and I knew it.

My pussy felt wrecked, destroyed, aching from the pounding it had received. My entire body, from my legs to my breasts to my throat, felt sore and used. I was glad. I'd done my job well. I'd been an excellent fleshlight for my brother.

With a smile on my face, I let myself drift off to sleep.

Epilogue:

Monday morning was completely normal. Took a shower, got dressed, went to the kitchen - although I didn't sit down. I wasn't feeling too hungry so I stood there with both my hands bracing against the table surface. Mom was talking about something - some drama at work or something. I wasn't exactly listening. And if I was, I'm pretty sure all I'd be able to hear was the rattling table.

Behind me, Max had pulled up my school skirt and had begun pounding his cock into my pussy. It felt amazingly good. In moments like this, I'm always thankful that I have such a great relationship with my brother. I can't imagine how life would be without him.

After Mom was done complaining about work, she set the remnants of her breakfast aside and left - she mentioned something about being happy me and Max were spending more time together recently. Again, I wasn't listening.

Max continued to fuck me for a few minutes more, until he finally finished inside me.

We were running a little late, but that was fine. As long as we told Dad the reason why we were late - Max wanted to screw me before school - he'd be fine with it.

Just a regular old day, I mused as we walked to school together. Though, I suppose it was a little extra warm out today. It was a nice warmth I decided, feeling the heat on my skin as a single droplet of Max's cum leaked out from my pussy and down my inner thigh. A pleasant, warm, regular day.