

Gullible

Walking home with my sister was always fun. We weren't in the same cliques at school, and when we were home we both did our own things. The only time we actually talked was while walking to school in the morning and walking home from school.

"Hey Sarah, do you know how gravity works?" I asked.

I was fairly sure I knew the answer. No. My sister wasn't the brightest bulb in the box. She wasn't stupid, her grades were all above average, but she could be a little slow on the uptake. It made teasing and messing with her too easy.

Sarah frowned. "No."

"Well, the Earth's core is made out of a lot of metal. And because of how it spins and stuff, it turns all that metal into a giant magnet. And people have iron in our blood, right? So we're pulled down by the magnet," I lied. "It's why we make cars out of metal, so they stick to the ground, and we make planes and rockets out of stuff that magnets don't have an effect on."

"Really?" Sarah said, not sure if she should believe me. I could see the doubt in her eyes, but also that she thought it might be true.

"Yeah! I mean look at balloons. No metal and they float."

She bought it!

Not entirely, she continued to think about it. But the fact that she didn't call me out on it right away meant that she, on some level, believed it.

After about a minute, Sarah spoke up.

"What about plastic baskets? Or cardboard boxes?" She asked, frown deepening. "They don't have metal in them."

"They, uh, put little bits of metal inside," I tried to say it seriously, but I couldn't keep the amusement off my face.

Sarah's eyes widened. "You're lying to me again!"

I couldn't help but laugh. My sister's outrage was adorable.

"You're so gullible," I chuckled.

She huffed, sped up her pace and put a few feet between us.

I didn't mind, Sarah had a lovely ass.

And that short skirt. God bless our school uniform, and how bland it was. Girls, seeing how bland they looked, tried to spice up the uniform as much as the rules would allow. Shorter skirt, a few buttons undone for their shirt, intentionally tight-fitting tops. Sarah was no different from the rest.

My sister was pretty good looking. Not sexy, in the way that other girls tried to be. She was cute, pretty. Chocolate brown eyes and shoulder-length mousy brown hair, pale skin and an amazing body. Lean legs, shapely bottom, perky breasts.

If she weren't my sister, I'd totally be down for tapping it.

I sped up my pace to match Sarah's, looking over at her. She spun her head away from me, ignoring my existence.

"I'm sorry," I said, trying to sound as earnest as possible.

Slowly, Sarah turned her head back to look at me, she looked like she was expecting more of an apology than that.

"I am," I continued. "I shouldn't have called you gullible, it wasn't fair. And it's not even a real word any more, they removed it from the dictionary because it's actually a French word."

For a moment, Sarah forgot that she was upset at me.

"Really?" She asked, eyes widening. "It does sound kinda French, I guess."

I said nothing, just smiled at her.

She took a few seconds to catch on, eyes going from mild surprise to confusion to outrage. She stopped walking, forcing me to stop and turn to her.

"I'm not gul-"

A rock hit the side of her head. Hard.

Time froze as Sarah crumpled to the ground.

I looked around for whoever threw the rock. Saw two kids running off. Part of me wanted to chase after the little shits and kick the crap outta them. But I couldn't leave Sarah on the ground like this.

Instead, I knelt down beside her, carefully cushioned her head under my hand.

She was conscious, dazed, eyes unfocused.

"You okay sis?"

"Huh?" Sarah mumbled, confused.

"Try not to move, you got hit in the head."

Sarah blinked at me, her eyes beginning to regain focus.

"What happened?" Sarah said, her words slurred.

"Some asshole brats were throwing rocks. I think they were aiming for me but hit you, they ran off when you collapsed. How are you feeling?"

I walked Sarah home, keeping a close eye on her. She still seemed a little out of it, but otherwise looked fine. When we finally got through the front door, my sister headed straight for her bedroom. There was nothing really unusual about that, but I still couldn't help but worry.

After quickly dumping my school bag in my bedroom, I went straight to Sarah's. Knocked on the door.

A few second later, Sarah opened the door. She looked tired and sleepy, blinking and exhausted. "Yes?"

"You're not going to sleep are you?" I asked, concerned. "You shouldn't. You're not meant to sleep after you take a blow to the head. It's bad for you. Concussions and stuff."

I wasn't exactly sure how true that stuff was, if it was a medical thing or an urban myth, but I knew that people said not to sleep after hitting your head hard.

"Oh," Sarah said dumbly. "Right. Yeah, that makes sense."

She looked so bewildered and confused.

"You know what does help with concussions? Washing the dishes and cleaning the kitchen," I said, smiling.

We both knew it was my turn to take care of that.

A dumb joke. I'd expected to make her frown, or smile, or something. I wanted to get a reaction, some emotion, out from that dazed exterior. Instead, Sarah nodded her head slowly.

"I should do that then," she said, taking me by surprise.

Chores, especially cleaning, was a constant battleground between us. Neither of us ever wanted to, and we were always trying to get the other to do our dirty work.

"You don't mind if I do the kitchen stuff today, do you?" My sister asked.

She was serious.

I was gaming in the living room when Sarah finished in the kitchen. She came in, slumped down onto the sofa besides me, and let out a satisfied sigh.

"Feeling better?" I asked, pausing the game to look at her.

Sarah appeared to look less out of it now. Tired still, but more herself. She smiled my way.

"Yeah," she said, "Washing dishes really helped. Thanks."

Everyone wins. I didn't have to do my chores for the day and Sarah wasn't mentally obliterated any more. So what if I accidentally took advantage of my dazed sister's state? It wasn't intentional, and it worked out for everyone.

That's what I'd summed Sarah's willingness to clean to. Her taking a rock to the

head. She must have been so dazed that she'd actually believed me when I said cleaning would help.

My sister was gullible, but she wasn't stupid.

"What are you playing?" Sarah asked, eyeing the TV screen.

I shrugged. "Nothing good. Wanna watch a movie?"

"Nah," Sarah shook her head. "I've got a ton of homework to do today. Might as well get it over with."

"You can do mine too, if you like," I said absently, returning to gaming. "That's bound to help with a concussion."

I expected her to ignore me. Or a little snort to tell me that she was amused. What I was not expecting was for her to say what she did next.

"Thanks, but no. I'm feeling much better now."

What? She was thanking me for offering. Was she messing with me, or was I missing something?

"Doing my homework will make you smarter," I said, thinking as fast as I could. "Doing twice as much will make you twice as smart."

Sarah tilted her head and considered.

"Sure!" She said at last, beaming.

She wasn't messing with me. She actually did it.

My sister did all of my homework. She genuinely believed that it would make her more intelligent.

What the fuck was going on?

She looked like she'd recovered from that blow to the head, but this wasn't the normal Sarah. Sarah was slow, but she always caught on to my pranks and teasing soon enough. Seconds or minutes. This wasn't that. This was something else.

When she came into my room that evening, to return my now completed homework, I decided to test my now forming theory.

"Sarah, the moon is made out of cheese," I said.

She looked at me, tilted her head thoughtfully.

When she opened her mouth, I was fully expecting her to call me an idiot or say something about how she wasn't *that* gullible.

"Really? I wonder what it tastes like."

I looked at her dumbfounded.

"What?" Sarah said defensively. "I like cheese. And I bet moon cheese tastes interesting. Stop looking at me like I'm stupid."

Things were no different the next morning.

"It's a sister's job to make breakfast for her brother," was all I needed to say to get Sarah to make me some cereal.

She just accepted it, like it was an unquestionable truth. The instant I told her it was her job, she believed it. Crazy. This whole thing was crazy. I wondered if it was all some elaborate plot for payback. Was she tricking me? It didn't feel like it.

When she'd been hit by that rock, I'd just fooled her. She was in the middle of complaining that she wasn't gullible.

Could that have something to do with it?

How long would it last? Did Sarah have brain damage? A barrage of questions, and no answers.

Would other people be able to get her to do things, like I'd done with breakfast and homework and housework? The thought sent a chill down my spine. Sarah was pretty. The type of pretty that I'm sure a load of guys liked. How many people had crushes on my sister? How many of them would be willing to use this to get Sarah to have sex with them?

The idea of faceless men taking advantage of my sister made my stomach churn.

Would it even work? I'd made Sarah do simple things for me, some by accident. Could she go as far as to believing things as extreme as sex?

If someone told her that the world would end if she didn't give them head, would she believe it?

I had no idea.

"Don't go to school today," I told my sister.

She raised an eyebrow at me.

"Why not?"

"I have a bad feeling about it," I said. It was true.

Sarah rolled her eyes. "You want me to stay home because you have a bad feeling?"

"If you leave the house today, the school will explode."

It was the first thing I could think of.

Sarah's eyes shot open, horrified.

"Oh my god," she said, voice trembling. "What's happening? How do you know that?"

She accepted that what I was saying was true, but that didn't mean she wouldn't question other things. Good to know. She hadn't become totally dumb.

"I can't say. Look, as long as you don't leave the house today, nothing bad will happen at all. There's nothing to worry about. Just don't go outside."

My sister nodded intently, the sudden terror in her face evaporating as I told her there was nothing to worry about.

But what about Mom and Dad? They'd ask her why she wasn't in school today. And she'd tell them. Which would cause a world of troubles for everyone.

"You can't tell anyone why you're really staying home, they won't understand. Tell them that you're feeling ill. If you tell them the real reason why, bad things will happen."

Sarah nodded her head again, a serious expression on her face.

When I got home from school, I went straight to Sarah's bedroom.

She was laying in bed sleeping.

Nothing seemed to be wrong. She looked normal. But would she be normal when she woke up, or would she be back to believing anything I told her?

This morning, I'd used fear to keep her from going out.

That was bad. I didn't want my sister to be controlled with fear. I didn't want her to be controlled at all. All those daydreams and fantasies and ideas that had come to me during the day were wrong and they weren't me.

It was the stress, that was all. I was stressed.

And that's why I'd imagined doing those things to Sarah.

Over the next few days, it became apparent that the only one who Sarah believed unconditionally was me. I'd managed to get our mother to preach religion to Sarah, an atheist, to no avail. I'd gotten a mutual friend to try and convince Sarah that the world was flat. She didn't buy it.

It was only when I was the one who told her something that she accepted it as unquestionable fact.

And, the more I realized I had this unique power, the more a darker part of me wanted to use it. The fantasies came on strong now, the desires.

It wouldn't hurt to have a little fun, would it?

Nothing too bad, nothing that would cross the line. Just some harmless fun.

I shook my head.

No. I wouldn't use my sister like that.

Even as I thought it, I knew that my resolve was not as strong as it had been before. Turned out I wasn't as mentally strong as I liked to think. I knew it was only a matter of time before I caved and let my dick do my thinking for me.

Sarah, please get better soon. I don't know how much longer I can hold back.

A month. One whole month. That's how long I managed to hold back before throwing in the towel.

I couldn't resist. Seeing Sarah sitting there, the top buttons of her school shirt undone, her skirt riding up her legs, black panties on display.

"Sarah, can you help me with something?" I asked, feeling my heart racing. I hadn't tested her gullibility in a while. It might be that she was better now. Part of me hoped she was, and would stop me from doing what I wanted to do right now.

"What with?" My sister replied, smiling innocently at me.

"See, I've got an interview to become a boob inspector coming up soon, and I was wondering if you'd be okay with me practising on you a little."

"What? I didn't know that was a real job," Sarah said, the surprise evident on her face. "You want to inspect my boobs? I don't know about that, it's kinda weird. You should probably ask someone else."

"Incest is fine," I blurted before I could stop myself. "It's actually really common. Everyone knows it happens, but we all pretend like we don't. It's completely normal. There's nothing weird about me inspecting your boobs, see?"

Sarah blinked.

"Really? Okay then, I suppose," she moved her hands to the buttons on her shirt. "Should I take this off, then? I've never had a breast inspection before."

I nodded my head, unable to speak.

"It's a sister's job to suck her brother's cock everyday before school. It's another one of those things that everyone knows but they're not allowed to talk about. The fact that you haven't sucked me off before means you're doing a bad job as a sister."

Sarah's eyes widened "I'm a bad sister?" She sounded genuinely sad when she said it. "I'm sorry. Just let me..."

She dropped down to her knees, fumbled with pulling my trousers down. But, after she finally managed to pull out my rock-hard cock, she had no trouble doing her sisterly duty.

Looking down and seeing my sister's head bobbing up and down on my dick was probably the greatest sight in my life up until that point. And the feel of her lips on my shaft, the way she trailed her tongue around it. The sound of her gagging, attempting to take the entire length of it at once, that was what finally did it. I came. A lot.

And Sarah drank every drop.

"Are you ready?" I asked, the last remnants of my doubt and hesitation long gone.

"Yes," came Sarah's breathy reply.

She was laying on her chest, ass in the air. In her hands was a phone. She was sexting her boyfriend. Of course.

Sarah had practically dragged me out of my room as soon as things started to get heated up between her and her boyfriend. She wanted to masturbate and, after all, it was a brother's job to be his sister's special dildo.

Or so Sarah believed.

I thrust forward, she thrust her hips backwards, let out a muffled moan. The sound of flesh slapping, quiet moaning, and bed springs squeaking filled the room.

I looked down at my sister, intently tapping away at her phone as best she could.

A smile formed on my lips.

My sister, my beautiful, gullible sister.

So many fantasies, so many ideas. And I'd make them all a reality. All I needed was to 'convince' Sarah.

Something told me *that* wouldn't be too difficult.