

Making A Man

I watched out of the corner of my eye, did nothing to stop what was happening. My brother, Wayne, was a bully magnet. Something about him drew them in like moths to a flame. Maybe it was his demure meekness, or his frail appearance. Perhaps it was the simple fact that he never fought back, that he shied away.

A part of me wanted to step in, to do something. But I didn't.

My brother, one way or another, needed to learn what it meant to be a man.

For a moment, I allowed myself to imagine - to dream - of Wayne as he could be. Strong, confident, bold. A dominating presence. A figure radiating power and control.

It took actual effort to stop myself moaning out loud at the vision. My legs trembled, panties growing wet between my legs.

I pushed the thought from my head, turned away from Wayne and the bullies that surrounded him, walked away.

The sooner he learned how to be a man, the better.

For himself, and for me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Heather walking away. A pang of pain laced through my chest. Abandoned. Again.

"Money, shitstain."

The meat-brain pushed me, his friends laughing like hyenas from all around me. Two behind, three in front. No-where to run to, no escape.

"I don't have-"

My words were cut off by a fist to my stomach. I hunched, coughed out all the air in my lungs.

"Not good enough," the pack leader said. Again, the hyena laughs followed his words. "But I'm feeling generous today. Get me a date with your sister and I'll let you off the hook this one time."

At that point, I'd have rather taken another gut-punch than have this 'conversation' again. What on earth made these jackasses think I could convince my sister to hook up with them? The same girl who literally just walked away from me getting my ass kicked.

She was the hottest girl in school, and way of out league for these fucks. Kicking my ass wouldn't change that.

"I can't, she's-"

"You're not trying hard enough," the prick-in-chief growled.

From the look on his face, I was fully expecting another punch. Instead, my attacker let out a theatrical sigh.

"Useless," he muttered loudly, then took a step forward, lowered his voice. "I want a topless photo of your sister. Tomorrow. Or else, you get me?"

I nodded my head, feeling the group closing in on me, surrounding me completely.

Satisfied with my submission, their leader smiled.

"Good," he said happily. "Same time tomorrow, then."

As they walked away, laughing and smiling to each other, all I could do was watch. Dread snaked up through my body, from my aching stomach to the tips of my fingers and top of my head.

How in the fuck was I meant to get a topless picture of Heather?

As soon as I walked into my bedroom, I knew something was off. Call it a sixth sense. I knew there was something wrong, something off. I focused on the sensation, followed it right to the pile of teddy bears I kept on one of my dressers.

They'd been moved. Ever so slightly, but enough that I noticed it. And, once I knew that some of them had been moved, all I needed to do was push them aside to know why.

A small, black camera with an antenna was hidden amongst the push toys. A spy camera.

Wayne.

Who else could it be?

My brother had actually planted a camera in my room to get a glimpse of me naked. Why else would he have put it there?

Most sisters, I was sure, would have been grossed out to find a camera in their room. Me? I was aroused. Finally, my loser little brother was beginning to show something other than pathetic weakness. Finally, he was showing initiative.

Shame he hadn't just come to me and ordered me to take my top off for him, though. Then he might have actually gotten to see my perfect tits.

As it was, I couldn't just pretend I hadn't seen the camera. That I'd found it would be pretty obvious from the pictures or video it had already taken. No, I had to go confront my pervy brother. Still, maybe I could somehow use this as an opportunity to bring out a more dominant side of him.

"What the fuck is this?"

Heather's shrill voice cut through my room.

There she stood, expensive spy-cam in hand. She'd only just gotten home, too. And I'd thought I hid it well enough. Fuck.

"Looks like a camera," I said, feigning ignorance.

"A camera *you* put in my room!"

I shrugged, felt my face going red. This day was one nightmare after another. Just once, couldn't I get a break?

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Bullshit. Are you really so pathetic you'd try to spy on your own sister? Do you jerk it to me too, creep?"

I'd been called worse. Much worse. Today alone, I'd been called a dozen creative and insulting names. But, hearing it from my sister was different. Here, in my own room. This was my place, the only place I had where I didn't need to worry about assholes. I didn't have to take shit from anyone here, especially not my bitch of a sister.

"What's wrong?" I snarled before I could stop myself. "I thought you liked it when men look at your body. Why else would you dress like a cheap slut all the time?"

Heather's eyes widened in shock, her mouth falling open. A faint pink blush spread across her cheeks. She didn't say another word, didn't reply. Just stood there.

For a brief moment, I wanted to continue. To vent my anger and frustration on Heather - tell her that she was a slut, a bitch, more.

Then the moment passed.

"Get out of my room," I told her, fists clenched.

Amazingly, she listened, obeyed.

"Oh," she said. Oddly enough, she sounded disappointed. "Yes. Okay."

My eyebrows rose as she left the room.

I couldn't help it. As soon as I was back in my room, I opened up my side-table, pulled out the vibrator I kept hidden there.

For the next several minutes, I did nothing but pleasure myself to the thought of Wayne dominating me. His hands on my body, his voice sharp in my ear. Commanding, powerful.

When I came, my body shook with the force of the orgasm.

For a moment, just a brief moment, my awkward brother had shown the part of him I was so desperate to see. He'd commanded me to leave his room. If only he'd given me a different, more erotic order.

He had it in him, I knew it. Deep down, there was a true man, a worthy master. All I had to do was bring it out of him.

But how?

What could I do to unlock my brother's hidden dominant?

As expected, I got my ass kicked again. Did those tools really expect me to be able to get them nudes of Heather? Did they truly think that was plausible?

When I arrived home, my day went from bad to worse.

Loud, rhythmic thumping sounded throughout the house, a fast bass beat coming from Heather's bedroom. Music. Modern, annoying, tasteless music. It's all the same. A fast beat to speed up your heart-rate, meaningless lyrics, soulless music. My sister loved the shit. I hated it.

What's more, she knew I hated it. She knew it gave me headaches, annoyed me, pissed me off. Yet she still chose to play it on max volume rather than, say, wear earphones.

Bitch.

I was half tempted to walk up to her room, bash on the door, and tell her to turn the shit down.

Only I couldn't. Not after yesterday. Not after she'd found the spy cam. She hadn't told our parents yet, which could only mean she was going to use it as leverage against me. I couldn't exactly afford to make demands of her right now.

After a few hours, however, my well of patience had run dry.

The music was non-stop, never-ending. Constant, repetitive thumps for hour after hour. Annoyed tolerance warped into silent anger and, before long, that became unhinged fury. I had a headache, a numb, aching pain behind my eyes caused by that fucking music.

The fuck made Heather think she had the right to blast her shitty-ass music like that? Inconsiderate bitch.

I put up with enough shit at school. I shouldn't have to put up with *this* at home.

Without another thought, I got up, walked out of my room and stomped the short distance to Heather's bedroom. I raised a fist, bashed on the wooden surface, waited.

Nothing happened. Heather didn't open the door, didn't shout from the other side asking what I wanted.

I bashed again, harder this time.

Again, no answer.

She couldn't hear me knocking, I was sure. Her music was so loud, the bass-beat so heavy, that she couldn't even hear me knocking on her god-damned bedroom door.

I grabbed the door handle, pushed open Heather's bedroom door and stormed inside.

Instantly, my eyes were drawn to my sister, laying on her bed as she was. First, my eyes were pulled to her chest - her bikini clad tits. Large and inviting and amazing. Why was she wearing a bikini top indoors?

Then I noticed the cable. A thin white line stretching from Heather's phone to her collar, where it split in two and ran up to her ears.

She had earphones in. Earphones blocking out her own music.

"What the fuck?" Heather said, voice almost completely drowned out by the obnoxiously loud music.

I ignored her, walked over to her large stereo and turned it off. It took considerable effort not to pick the fucking thing up and smash it on the floor.

"Hey!" Heather shouted, jumping out of her bed and reaching to turn the stereo back on. "I was listening to that!"

The anger in Wayne's eyes was perfect. Bright, intense fury.

Right now, he'd be too pissed off to be meek. Too annoyed to care about what dirt I might have on him. So far, everything was going perfectly.

As I reached out to turn on the stereo, he grabbed my arm, pushed me back. I stumbled, fell back onto my bed.

"Sit down and shut up," Wayne growled.

His tone was hard, commanding. The power, the harshness, sent a shiver of pleasure through me.

Without question, without hesitation, I obeyed. I folded my legs under me, sat like a child about to be scolded, and looked up into my brother's eyes.

He seemed taken aback by my willingness to obey, looked uncertain about what to do next. Me being obedient was unexpected, that much was obvious.

But he was still annoyed, his heart still racing away in his chest thanks to the fast-paced music I'd selected. Music chosen for the sole purpose of bringing this side out of him. Wayne looked down at my chest, staring openly at my tits - as expected. I'd worn my most revealing bikini top just for him.

Hopefully, that would be enough to tip him over the edge.

As it turned out, it was.

"Take it off," Wayne said quietly. He looked up, stared hard into my eyes, spoke louder. "Take your top off."

Shivers of pleasure ran through me at the words.

Without hesitation, I took hold of the tight fabric, pulled it up and over my head, tossed it aside.

My breasts bounced free, nipples hard as rock.

For the longest moment, Wayne did nothing but stare.

Then he advanced, eyes hungry.

Three weeks after that first time, I realised what was happening. Over three weeks of fucking my sister at every opportunity, revelling in her obedience and desire to please.

She was playing me. Using me to get off.

Heather was a masochist with an incest fetish. And I was her outlet.

Everything she'd done, everything she was doing, was to get me to punish her - to make her mine.

She wanted me to dominate her.

A small, insane part of me wanted to call her out. To stop fucking her, toying with her, out of spite.

But a much, much bigger part had other ideas.

So what that she'd tricked me into it? If Heather wanted to be dominated, used, fucked senseless and taught her place, I was more than willing to be the one fulfilling those desires.

If this was the man she wanted me to be, who was I to question it?