

## Wind Chimes

I woke with a start, heart thumping a rapid rhythm in my chest.

In the few seconds it took for me to get by bearings, the dream that'd woken me faded away to near-nothingness. The only thing that remained was a cool, chilling breeze and the sound of wooden wind chimes rattling.

I closed my eyes, tried to recall the dream. I was important, I could feel it. It was something I *needed* to remember.

But no. There was nothing.

Sighing, I opened my eyes again, climbed out of bed.

It was early – three or four in the morning. I didn't technically need to be up for a few hours yet. But I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep, not with the echo of that dream haunting me. And so what better to do than start getting ready for work?

First, a nice 'n' hot shower. Wash away the sweat and lingering discomfort; the prickled skin and queasiness.

Then, I'd whip out my laptop and go over today's schedule.

I worked in an office – a middle-man business that bought refined metals from local sources and sold them on to manufacturers around the world. Though, of course, I never actually saw any of the product my company sold. It never went anywhere near the inner-city office I worked at. More than anything, the job was just moving numbers around, modifying databases, and making phone-calls.

The phone-calls part, I couldn't do now. Nor was I able to sign into the company's databases from home.

What I *could* do was work on 'it'. My secret project.

Office work? It was a kill or be killed situation. Darwinism, pure and simple. Either you stood out above the crowd and moved on up that corporate ladder, or you were left behind. And I had *no* intention of being stuck behind that desk, clicking on spreadsheets and databases for the rest of my life.

Aim for the stars, as they say.

But, where most were willing to do 'just enough' to be noticed – clocking in extra hours and sucking up to superiors, I was going to *force* them to notice me.

That's where my plan came in. My secret project.

"Another nightmare?" My brother asked – the first words out of his mouth upon seeing me.

"Are my eyes baggy?" I said, stopping in place. Arriving to work with bags under my eyes was the *last* thing I needed if I wanted to impress the higher-ups. "I don't have time to-"

"Relax, sis," Harry smirked. "You look fine. Whenever you have a nightmare, you wear more make-up, that's all. You look perfectly professional, as always."

He fell into step beside me.

Everyone in the office knew we were brother and sister. I had been me who'd gotten him the intern position, after all.

"I don't know what it is," I sighed. "Why do I keep having these stupid dreams? And why can't I remember them?"

"Don't worry about it," Harry shrugged. "Everyone has bad dreams now and again. They'll pass."

"Theses aren't just bad dreams, though." I kept my eyes forward, my head high. Not showing my concern. "There's more to them. I can feel it."

Harry was silent as we walked down the corridor towards the main office. It was only in those last few steps before the door that he spoke up, turning to look at me. He opened his mouth, closed it. Seemed to consider what he wanted to say. Then he opened his mouth again.

"You're coming with me to visit Dad this weekend, right?"

"Yeah," I answered, eyebrow raised. "Why?"

"Just... Don't worry, Hanna. I'm sure you'll feel better after a bit of rest. Just focus on that project of yours."

"Uh-huh," I smiled. "Don't have have coffee orders to fetch or something?"

"Don't remind me," Harry groaned.

As he rushed off to go do his interning, I took a moment to check myself. Make sure my hair was fine, that my make-up didn't go overboard. Using my phone's front-facing camera as a mirror, I made sure everything was modest and professional.

Neat, straight hair. Combed and orderly, no wild strands or rebellious hairs. A heart-shaped face with a decent, but not excessive, amount of make-up. Red lips, dark eyeliner, nothing unusual. And the clothes I wore; a simple grey women's suit – long skirt with skin-hiding tights underneath, blazer done up tightly to contain my larger-than-average breasts, a neat tie.

Every part the modern working woman.

Good-looking, that much was obvious, but professional. A woman who made her own way in the world, not relying on her looks but not hiding them either.

I nodded my head firmly, straightened my back, entered the office.

One more work day closer to a promotion. One more rung on that ladder to success. All I had to do was keep moving forward!

"How'd you sleep last night?"

My brother's words pushed away the daze. My head turned, eyes drifting away from the scenery and towards him instead.

Black hair, like mine. Though his was shorter. Handsome, but not in a hunky, dreamy way. More like, he was an 'average' kind of handsome. Good-looking, but not jaw-dropping. Sat behind the steering wheel, eyes on the road ahead of us.

"I slept okay, I think," I said. "I don't remember any dreams, and I don't think I woke up too early or anything."

"That's good," Harry said.

I stared at him, waited for him to say more. It *looked* like he wanted to say more. But he didn't. Just kept on driving, jaw tight and gaze unwavering.

With a shrug, I turned back to the passenger side window, continued gazing out at the green fields and trees. The endless expanse of nature.

It was beautiful, really. Pleasant.

But, for the life of me, I couldn't understand why Dad had moved all the way out here.

One day, he'd been a respected psychologist – well-known in his field, with decades worth of experience. And the next, he'd decided to drop it all and move out into the middle of nowhere, starting a new life as a carpenter of all things.

Perhaps it was just his odd way of retiring; giving up his job and turning his hobby into an income source. But, even so, it was odd.

"Almost there," I said to myself, recognising a few landmarks.

"Almost," Harry agreed.

"I think," I found myself saying, watching the scenery flow by, "this'll be the last time I come down here for a while. Every other week is a bit much."

"It's not so bad," Harry said quickly. "It's good to get out of the city. Fresh air and-"

"You can keep coming," I told him. "But I think I'm done."

Dead silence. Just the gentle hum of the engine.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that," Harry whispered.

"Huh?"

"We're here," my brother grinned, turning off the road and onto a dirt path. "Dad

should be- Yeah, there he is!"

I looked forward and, sure enough, my brother was right.

Sitting on a tree stump, in the exact same spot he always was when we came to visit, was our father. A tall man with greying hair, wearing worn overalls and a wide smile.

The house he'd bought himself was decently large. A white home with a nice porch and a separate garage.

Harry pulled up just beside the stump.

From there, everything went as it usually did. Dad greeting us with hugs and smiles – he was smiling a lot more these days, ever since moving out here. He took our bags, insisted on carrying them inside himself, and led the way to the home.

There was a gentle, calm breeze. The sound of rustling leaves and swaying branches. The scent of the outdoors, of nature.

It was only as we approached the house's porch that a faint sound entered my mind. Faint, but growing louder with each and every step. A wooden whistling. The sound of the carved wind chimes above my father's porch.

I stumbled, felt my mind ache for a moment before going blank.

"Catch her," Dad said, a happy smile on his face.

"Wha-" I tried to say. "I don't need-"

Then I dropped. Fell to one side. Right into my brother's waiting arms. Strong, warm arms.

"Come on," Dad said – voice distant and distorted now. "Let's get her inside. I'll dump the bags, you get rid of the clothes. We-"

"Dad," Harry said, voice barely audible. "There's something we need to talk about. She-"

"Later," Dad grunted.

I woke up in a pink room.

Pink walls, pink bedsheets, pink wardrobe and dresser.

At first, I was confused.

Why was I surrounded by teddy bears and stuffed animals? Where was I? What was I doing here?

But those questions hurt my head. So I stopped thinking them.

Instead, I sat up in bed.

This was... my bedroom!

How could I have forgotten *that*?

Smiling, I pushed the blanket off myself, looked down and saw the cute nightie I was wearing. White and frilly and adorable!

I hopped up out of bed, quickly went to go look for Daddy and Harry.

They were, as I was hoping, in the living room – an armchair each, watching the television with beers in hand. Talking about guy stuff, no doubt.

"Hi Daddy! Hi Harry!" I waved at them.

"Hanna," Daddy smiled. "Awake at last."

He patted his lap.

I was there in a heartbeat, on my knees between his legs.

"Be sure to tell her how thankful you are," Daddy was saying. "She put her neck out to get you that job. She didn't have to."

"I know, Dad," Harry sighed. "It's just *awkward*."

"Nothing awkward about it," Daddy grunted as I unbuttoned his pants. "She did you a favour. You owe her some gratitude. Simple as that."

"Yeah, yeah," Harry said. "Whatever you say, Dad."

I could sense Daddy's satisfaction as I fished out his cock, rubbed my face with it and pressed it to my lips.

"So, what else has been going on in your life, son? Any luck with that one chick – what was her name?"

"Kimberly," Harry said. "And no."

"You should introduce me some time," Daddy said – and, by the tone of his voice, I knew he was grinning. "I'm sure I could help her see the benefits of dating you."

"No, Dad. That's fine. *I'm* fine."

"Whatever you say, son. If you don't want Kimberly's lips wrapped around your cock, that's up to you. I, for one, appreciate an expert cocksucker. Isn't that right, Hanna?"

"Mm'hm!" I hummed happily, tongue gliding along Daddy's length.

After that, neither Daddy or Harry spoke much. I sensed my brother's eyes flicking to me every now and then, felt his gaze on my body. But, for the most part, I was focused on Daddy and his big cock.

I was an expert cocksucker! A *professional*. I'd gotten a *degree* in it, with Daddy's help. Sucking cocks was what I did best!

And sucking cock is exactly what I did for Daddy.

I wrapped my lips around his meat, slid them down all the way to the hilt, swirled my tongue over every inch of him. I sucked and I sucked, slurping and choking on it but never stopping. I gobbled is cock, blew on it, gagged on it.

And, when Daddy grabbed my hair and began thrusting into my mouth, I endured it. I took it without complaint, mouth open wide and throat ready for punishment.

Eventually, Daddy came.

He pulled my hair back, forced his cock out of my mouth and pointed it at my face.

I poked out my tongue, shut my eyes, waited for the warmth to splatter all over me. Heart racing, crotch wet, chest rising and falling as I panted for it.

The first burst hit me square in the forehead, plastering it. The second shot directly into my eye-socket. The third landed on my cheek even as droplets of the first fell into my open mouth. A few weaker spurts later, and he was done.

One last time, he slid his cock into my mouth. This time for me to clean it.

Then it was over.

I opened the one eye I could, smiled up at Daddy.

"Good girl," he smiled back, slumped in his armchair in perfect relaxation. "Very good..."

"You really don't remember anything, do you?" Harry asked.

I looked up from my place between his legs.

"You have no idea at all," he chuckled, shook his head. "I don't know how the old bastard does it, but it's something."

"Huh?" I managed to say around the cock in my mouth.

"Nothing, Hanna," Harry smiled. "Keep sucking."

I nodded my head, resumed my job.

"It's like you're two different people. Yet, at the same time, you're the exact same. Obsessed with doing a good job, ambitious and eager. The only problem is the dreams."

I tried to speak – to ask what my brother was talking about – but the only sounds that came out of my mouth were a garbled mess.

"Makes me wonder," Harry said to himself. "Has he done his hypnosis bullshit on me too? I don't have any dreams or nightmares or anything, but I'm not the one on their knees either. Did that fucker make me want to face-fuck my sister, or is it all me?"

"I uuh-ohh," I managed to mumbled around Harry's cock. The closest to 'I dunno' I'd be able to get under the circumstances.

"Who knows," Harry shrugged, leaning back in his seat and relaxing. "Who knows..."

I took that as a sign to slow down.

Giving head was an artform. It wasn't all about feeling a big cock-head in your throat

and getting that delicious cum out thick and fast. Sometimes, you had to go slow. Leisurely. Sometimes, it wasn't about making a guy cum hard. Sometimes, it was about making them cum *good*.

Harry wanted to relax. To sit back, close his eyes, and enjoy the next few minutes at ease.

It was my job, as his professional cocksucker, to facilitate that. Make it happen just the way he wanted it to – even if he wasn't fully aware of it himself.

I slowed my pace. Began taking things much more sensually.

Tongue massaging the soft underside of his cock, lips caressing his head, fingers twirling through his pubic hair.

I was an expert, and this was my area.

The floor was my chair, his lap my desk.

A professional at work.

"You want me to wear this outside?" I asked, confused.

I looked down at myself, at the plain and modest clothes I was wearing. Not befitting a true cocksucker at all.

"Sure," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "It'll make the roleplay feel more real, right? Come on, it's getting late."

I had no idea what Harry was so rushed about – or why he was carrying those bags - but I followed him all the same. Regardless of the request, it was a cocksucker's job to make sure her client-

Wooden tinkling.

As soon as we stepped outside, I heard them. The wooden wind chimes.

I blinked, stumbled in place, barely managed to catch myself.

"Huh? Wha..."

"You okay sis?" Harry asked, turning back to look at me.

"I... Yeah, I think..."

I had to shake my head, give myself a moment. But then it all came back to me. The confusion fading away and realisation following in its wake.

The weekend at Dad's place was over. Time to head home.

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said.

Harry nodded his head, continued walking to his car.

I followed behind him, sparing a single glance back at those wind chimes. An odd, indescribable feeling washed over me. But, even as I tried to place it, the feeling faded to nothing.

Wordlessly, I climbed into the car.

A few minutes later, we were on the road home. Later in the evening than we'd usually leave, but that was fine.

"Hey sis," Harry said as he drove, glancing over at me once.

"Yes?"

"I uh," he winced, shook his head, blushed. "I just wanted to say thank you."

"For what?" I asked, raising an eyebrow.

"The intern job," Harry said softly. "You got it for me. You didn't have to, and I know it probably didn't look good for you what with me having preferential treatment as your brother. I just... Thank you. I'm grateful."

"Any time," I giggled. Since when was Harry so sentimental? "Don't worry about it."

"Well," the man across the desk said, looking up from my file. "Everything here seems to be in order. And this idea of yours, expanding the company into limited fabrication, it's bold. Interesting."

I smiled, tried to hide my excitement.

"There's only one thing..."

The smile vanished in an instant. I'd been expecting this.

"It says here that you never work weekends. Is there any particular reason for that?"

I gaped, nodded my head.

"It's a family thing," I said, trying to sound confident. Confidence was key when looking for a promotion. "Me and my brother visit our father, spend time there with him. A way of recharging our batteries, you know?"

"But every weekend?" My superior asked, watching me closely.

"Yes sir," I said, holding firm. "I come from a traditional, close-knit family. Visiting my father every weekend – well, it's a part of who I am. He's helped me to become the woman I am today, it's only right of me to be there for him now. Family is everything to me."

The man nodded his head, closed the folder.

"Thank you for coming in," he said. "That'll be all for now. We'll notify you as soon as we've decided on a candidate for promotion."

I stood, crossed my fingers and prayed a silent prayer.

As I left the room, I kept my head held high and my back straight. Regardless of whether or not I got the promotion, I was a professional. And a professional I would be.