

## Fall To Temptation

### Chapter 4

"I want you to think back to a year ago," I said, eyes on my sister's serene face. "Back when everything was good and bright and happy. Back before..."

Before what? 'The bad thing happened'?

No, saying something like that would only cause Melody's mind to think about said bad thing – make it harder for her to 'forget' it.

"Back to the trip to Uncle Brian's place."

We'd gone there on holiday a year or so ago. Visited family up North for two weeks. Spent a whole lot of time sitting in front of the warm fireplace, wishing we were back home. That felt so long ago now. The last few weeks had felt like an age all by themselves.

"I want you to remember who you were then," I continued, closing my eyes and focusing on my memories from that time. "Remember the fireplace and the snow. How we got bored of making snowmen and having snowball fights on day three. Remember the stories Uncle Brian used to tell us. Remember how you felt back then, the person you were. Can you do that for me, Melody?"

"Yes," my sister answered softly, body shuddering slightly.

"Think back to who you were," I told her. "Remember how happy you were. Remember... Remember us watching movies on your laptop to pass the time."

No reaction to my mentioning her laptop.

That was good. Very good.

"I want you to imagine that we're there again now, Mel," I continued. "Imagine that we've gone back in time to that trip. One year ago. Take everything that's happened since then, all those memories, and set them aside for me. Forget about them. None of that had happened yet. We're back in time, staying at Uncle Brian's place. Sitting in front of the fireplace, enjoying the warmth..."

I kept going like that for a while, urging Melody to forget the last year of her life. Taking her back in time to that one little holiday. Repeating, rephrasing, reinforcing. Drilling the thought into Mel's head until my mouth was dry from the effort.

Then I took a deep breath, stared at my sister's unmoving face.

"Melody," I said clearly. "Where are you right now?"

"Uncle Brian's spare bedroom," Melody answered softly.

"Excellent," I continued, pushing down the urge to grin. "And *when* are we? What is today's date?"

When my sister spoke again, it was to give me a date from last year – a date from the trip.

"Very good," I said, unable to hold back the grin now. "One more question. How old are you, Melody?"

"Twenty," Melody answered simply.

I almost laughed out loud right then.

Melody was twenty one. *I* was twenty. But, back during that trip a year ago, Melody *had* been twenty.

I'd done it!

I'd rewound my sister's mind!

Not in any kind of permanent way, of course. I'd restore her memories to her before bringing her out of the trance. And, even if I didn't do that, she'd get them back herself over the course of the day. If I wanted to make her permanently forget the last year of her life – which I didn't – I'd have to take far more drastic steps than this.

But, for my plans, this should be good enough.

I spent the next few minutes asking Melody benign questions. What did we do today? Was it hot or cold? Was it snowing? Did Uncle Brian tell another one of his stories?

What did we have to eat?

Simple questions that would help Melody's mind adjust to being 'back in time'. Let her ground herself and believe in it.

The answers didn't matter. All that mattered was that Melody *believed* they were true. That she *believed* we were back there, the last year of her life erased.

Then it came time for the important one.

"I need to log on to your laptop," I said, heart thumping. "To find a movie to watch. You're busy with something, and can't log on yourself. You're... on the toilet." Not the best excuse, but my mind was suddenly drawing a blank. "And I'm outside the bathroom, asking what your laptop's password is. Do you feel comfortable telling me your laptop password?"

"Yes," Melody murmured after pondering the question for a moment.

"Melody," I gulped, hands shaking, "what is your laptop's password?"

"What about this one?" Melody asked excitedly, pointing at my computer screen.

"That's a city builder," I shrugged. "Kinda boring to play, honestly. I only got it 'cause it was on sale and-"

"I wanna play it!" My sister interrupted. "Can I?"

"Uh..." I glanced at my bedroom door, turned my attention back to Melody. "Sure. You'll have to start your own city from scratch though. Build all the housing sections and business sections and do all the plumbing and-"

Melody started up the game, ignored me.

I rolled my eyes, rose from my seat on the edge of my bed.

"I'm gonna go take a dump," I stated loudly. "I'll be right back."

"Eww," Melody laughed. "Gross!"

I watched my sister as I left the room, shut the door behind myself. Her gaze was fixed on my computer screen, attention focussed on the game she'd just started playing. With any luck, she'd be too busy learning how to build a functioning city to leave my room for the next few minutes.

It wasn't the bathroom that my feet took me to.

Instead, I headed straight for Melody's room. Opened the door and slid inside.

With curtains shut and no light sources, her room was a lot darker than mine. It took a few moments for my eyes to adjust. And, even then, finding Melody's laptop was no easy feat.

It wasn't on her desk, wasn't on her bed. It wasn't in any obvious place – not plugged into any wall sockets.

By the time I found it – buried under a pile of dirty clothes – I was certain my sister must've been wondering where I was. I quickly stuffed the laptop under my shirt, up against my back. And, after double-checking to make sure everything looked exactly as it had when I'd entered her room, I headed back to my bedroom with the stolen laptop.

I'd been expecting Mel to question me as soon as I stepped into the room. But she said nothing.

I wasn't even sure she'd heard me come in.

She was fixated on the screen in front of her, building a little town while gentle, upbeat music played in the background.

As she played the game, oblivious to my presence, I stealthily slid the laptop out from behind my back, slid it under my bed and out of sight. My heart thumped loudly as I climbed back onto my bed, pretended like nothing had happened.

The wait was agony.

Every moment she was in my room, I was terrified that Melody would discover the stolen laptop. That was bad. But worse was the dread I felt after she *left* my room. I spent

hours waiting, knowing she might barge in any second and demand to know where her laptop was.

But she never came.

Night fell, the world went to sleep, every light in the house went dark save for mine.

And Melody never came.

I wanted until I was certain Melody must be asleep. Until I knew I'd have no interruptions. Then, and only then, did I retrieve the laptop from under my bed – boot it up.

In seconds, I was confronted with a log-in screen.

“Tinkerbell,” I said aloud, repeating what my sister had told me. “With a capital 'T' and an exclamation mark instead of the 'i'. And ones instead of 'L's.’”

T!nkerbe11

My sister's password.

I typed it in, hit enter.

And, just like that, my sister's world opened up to me.

I landed on Melody's desktop, was immediately bombarded with dings and bleeps and other noises. All the messages people had sent her over the last two months sounding off in one go.

With a shaking hand, I opened up Melody's messaging app.

A dozen different people had messaged her. Most of them only a few times – five or six unread messages. But one, I noticed, had sent a total of seventy-nine messages to Melody. All unread. Some guy named 'Frank'.

I'd been on Melody's laptop for less than a minute, and already I was faced with my first tough decision.

The only way I could read her private messages was by clicking on them, but that'd mark them as 'read'. And, at some point, Melody would see that. Know *someone* had logged into her profile and read her messages.

She'd know it was me.

But... This might be the only way for me to figure out what was wrong. The only way for me to help her.

Snooping in on her private life. Sure, it *sounded* bad. But really, at the end of the day, it was all for Melody's own good. I was doing it to *help* her. To *save* her from her sadness.

I took a calming breath, clicked on 'Frank', began reading.

My eyes widened.

My gut twisted.

My fists clenched.

In moments, I knew *exactly* why Melody had become a recluse.

And, the more I read, the more I wanted to find this 'Frank' and rip his heart out.

They'd been 'edating'. A long-distance relationship that'd been going on for months. I didn't have time to read *all* of their conversations. Just the most recent. The ones where 'Frank' had shown his true colours.

As far as I could tell, they'd gotten into an argument. A fight. Words were exchanged, things got heated, and Melody had broken up with him. Told him to never speak to her again.

That's when he'd threatened her.

The two of them had done things. Sexual things. Traded photos, sexed each other up on webcam, sent clips to each other. *That* kind of stuff. And this bastard, Frank, had saved it all. Everything Melody had sent him over their entire relationship.

And, when she'd broken up with him, he'd threatened to upload it all online.

Fucking scumbag.

All those seventy-nine offline messages? They were him repeating the threat, or calling my sister ugly things, or gloating about his 'conquest' of her.

One of those messages even contained a link.

A link that Frank claimed was to a webpage where he'd uploaded and posted everything Mel had ever sent him, and everything he'd recorded her doing.

I didn't need to look at any other messages. Nor did I need to search through Melody's files and folders.

I knew *exactly* what was wrong now.

*This* was what'd robbed my happy sister of all her life and joy, *this* had been the reason why she'd locked herself in her room and hidden herself away from the world.

My gut instinct was to find the bastard and beat him to death. Solve my sister's problems by putting them in a literal grave.

But no, that wasn't a solution. Not a real one, anyway.

Now that I knew what was wrong, I needed to figure out how to fix it. To make it right.

I saved the message logs to my computer, returned Melody's laptop to her room the first chance I got.

And, over the next few days, I came up with a plan.

I didn't know what those files contained exactly, but I could guess. My sister nude, masturbating, maybe fucking herself with a dildo, showing her most intimate side. Her in compromising situations. If all that ended up online, and it sounded like the bastard might've already done it, it'd crush my sister. Traumatise her.

Being exposed like that to the world? It left permanent scars.

My sister deserved better. She deserved the opportunity to live a happy life, unburdened by the stress and anxiety that having her images leaked online would bring.

But I couldn't stop Frank from posting all that stuff.

And I couldn't stop people online from seeing and watching it all.

The only tool I had at my disposal was hypnosis. And so that's where I focused all my attention. Hypnosis.

My sister's nudes and videos were going to get leaked. Unless 'Frank' was making hollow threats – which I had no reason to believe was the case – Melody was going to be exposed publicly. She was going to face ridicule, judgement. People were going to see those videos and pictures.

I couldn't stop that. But I *could* prepare Mel for it.

More than that, I could make her *accepting* of it.

If she didn't care about people seeing her naked body, if she didn't care that people were watching her masturbate, she'd have no reason to hide herself away. Right?

So that's what I'd do.

I'd make her okay with exposing herself.

With hypnosis, I'd turn my sister into an exhibitionist.

For her own good.

"Feel all the tension leave you," I said. "All the stress and negativity evaporating away. You want balance, don't you?"

"Yes," my mother whispered in reply.

"You want to find and keep your centre?"

"Yes."

"Feel it," I told her. "Feel your chakras balancing. Feel the weight of negativity leaving you. Peace and calm. Relaxation. You are whole. Healthy. Young."

Mom's lips curled into a tiny, satisfied smile.

"Listen to my voice," I spoke softly, eyes drifting up and down her body. "Allow me to guide you to nirvana. It's there, waiting for you. Peace. Happiness. Just listen to my voice, and I'll lead you there. Deeper, closer to enlightenment..."

She was in sweat pants and a tight yoga top that showed *way* too much skin. Seriously, that top was barely more than a sports bra. And, thanks to the warm air and the candles surrounding her, the top - and the rest of my mother's body - were covered in sweat.

An attractive woman. Beautiful, really.

A teenager when she'd become a mother. Who'd been obsessed with maintaining her looks as she aged. It was, I imagined, most of the reason she was so obsessed with health and herbal remedies and the like.

Certainly, she was far less worried about showing skin than Melody was.

Which made her the perfect test subject.

"Nature is pure," I told my mother. "The natural world is the source of true health and happiness. The closer you are to nature, the healthier and happier you'll be. Yes?"

"Yes," she breathed.

That was the first step. Making her want to be 'closer to nature'.

From there, I figured it'd be simple enough to trick her mind into believing 'nudity' was the best way to get closer to her 'natural' side. With how she didn't seem to care about how much skin she was showing, I shouldn't have *too* much trouble convincing her mind to show a bit more. Hopefully.

The same strategy wouldn't work for Melody. My sister wasn't a health-nut, nature-loving loon like our mother was. But, if I could get Mom to become a nudist, I was certain I could do the same with Mel. It was a proof of concept type of thing.

Besides, Mom walking around naked might make it easier for Mel's mind to accept the idea of her exposing herself too.

I paced in my room, walked back and forth in front of my computer.

Did I really need to do it? Did I really need to *see*?

It was impossible to say.

I knew roughly what would be on the linked webpage. Knew I'd see my sister in all kinds of revealing, sexual situations. There would be pictures of her nude – her massive tits exposed. I knew that. And I knew there'd be videos. Lots and lots of videos.

Did I *really* need to see it?

Yes, I told myself. Yes, I did.

There might be something important in those files, I reasoned with myself. Something that'd make all the difference when it came to helping Melody. Sure, there might not be. Probably wouldn't be. But I wouldn't know unless I checked.

I even managed to convince myself *that* was the reason I wanted to click on the link.

Deep down, I knew I wanted to look for other reasons.

My sister was attractive.

No, not just attractive. She was *beautiful*.

She might be my sister, but that didn't mean I was blind to just how hott she was. It wasn't *my* fault. Any man with at least one working eyeball would be able to look at Melody and see how stunning she was.

A pretty face. A slender body. And two gigantic, bouncy boobs.

Yes, I wanted to see her naked.

Or a part of me did, at least. A part of me that I was ignoring.

I wasn't going to click on that link to ogle my sister. I was going to click on it to *help* her. I was going to click on it in the hope that I'd uncover something useful, something that'd help me make my sister's life better.

And, just like that, I'd made my decision.

Yes, I was going to click the link.

I was going to look at the pictures. I was going to watch the videos.

I stopped pacing.

My heart hammered away in my chest as I sat down in front of my computer, moved the mouse.

Deep down, I knew there'd be no going back.

I knew I'd never be able to look at my sister in the same way again.

The mouse cursor hovered above Frank's link.

I closed my eyes, clicked the mouse.

And, after a silent moment, I opened my eyelids – eyes locked on my computer's screen.