

Fall To Temptation

Chapter 5

I clicked the link.

Melody's web browser opened and, a second later, there I was. Staring at a web page filled with images and videos and recordings of my sister.

My eyes bulged.

There was Melody, fully exposed. Multiple pictures and images of her on the screen all at once, and all revealing.

Perhaps I should have averted my gaze.

I didn't.

Two massive, round, hanging tits. Pale white, with faint blue lines visible under the skin. And were those stretch marks? I couldn't tell. My eyes were drawn to Melody's nipples. Large, pink areola. Hard little nubs that looked invitingly delicious.

She was striking different poses in each image. Standing in front of a mirror with her phone up, snapping a still-frame of her topless reflection. Laying in bed with a shy smile on her face, camera held high and pointing down at her. A simple selfie, one where Mel was topless – nipples hidden behind her arm.

Picture after picture. One of them was outdoors. Another had her chocolate brown hair up in pigtails. Another still of her in the shower, soap suds covering her naughtiest parts.

And the close ups...

A full-on view of her massive jugs. High resolution and insanely detailed. I opened that image in a new tab, zoomed in on it and saw the goose-pimples on her skin and the dented lines from where her bra must've been just moments before taking the picture.

And, after that, a full-screen view of my sister's pussy.

Her thighs were wet in it, moisture slick on her skin as she spread her lips open with two fingers – gave an obscene, slutty view of her hole. She was trimmed down there, a neat little triangle, the same shade of brown as her hair.

I clicked through the images one by one, barely noticing the painful ache between my legs. My cock growing and hardening in an uncomfortable position. Without thinking, I reached down, corrected it – made myself more comfortable. Only my hand never came away from my cock. I wasn't stroking it. More like... Massaging it.

It wasn't my fault!

My body's natural response to seeing what I was seeing - I didn't have control over that! It didn't mean anything!

There must've been over a hundred pictures. A lot of them had my sister in clothes – pyjamas or a track suit or more casual clothes. But there were more than a few naughties in the bunch.

I'd seen enough already. Any one of those pictures could make Melody's life a living hell if it got leaked.

All of them? I couldn't imagine what that'd do to her.

Just the *threat* of it had completely changed Melody. Her bubbly, happy attitude had vanished and been replaced with cold, lonely, quiet isolation. If all these images and videos got released, it'd destroy my sister. Completely obliterate her.

My mouse cursor hovered over the first of the video files. The thumbnail had my sister wearing a black tank top. And, for the longest moment, I held my finger over the mouse button – ready to click and watch.

But I hesitated.

Pictures? I could justify looking at them. I needed to know how deep in the shit my sister actually was, and the pictures showed me that. But clicking on videos? That wouldn't be for Melody. That'd be for *me*.

I moved the mouse, closed the web browser.

Ignored the pang of regret.

So... This was it.

This was the source of my sister's issues.

I could still see it, the echo of a picture on my screen. The after-image of my sister; her smiling brightly, a faint pink in her cheeks, one hand holding up her phone with the other hefted the undersides of her bare breasts – it felt like it was staring at me. Smiling at me invitingly.

I shut my eyes.

There was nothing I could do to stop all these pictures and videos from leaking. I wasn't a hacker or a computer genius, I couldn't remove them and delete them permanently. I didn't have the know-how to find the original files or the man who possessed them. If this asshole – 'Frank' – decided to post revenge-porn of my sister, there was nothing I could do about it.

But, despite that fact, I wasn't *powerless*.

I needed a plan. A solid, step-by step guide to follow.

Making Melody an exhibitionist – or something similar – would negate the damage. Even if her nudes got leaked, she wouldn't care. Might even *like* it. It'd give her freedom from the worry and dread and anxiety, at least.

But how was I suppose to take shy, reclusive Melody, and turn her into an eager, confident exhibitionist?

It wasn't like I could sit her down, hypnotise her, and just outright say it. 'You're an exhibitionist now'. That'd work about as well as putting my dick in a toaster to warm it up.

So. A plan of action.

A step-by-step program to alter my sister's mind.

How hard could it be?

Step one was obvious: Secure more sessions.

The more I was hypnotising Melody, and the more her brain became accustomed to hypnotic trances and suggestion and the like, the easier it'd be to introduce larger changes. More trances could only be good for my long-term goal.

Step two...

Get her to stop wearing her baggy sweatshirts and hoodies. Somehow convince her mind to reject baggy clothing. Maybe?

No.

What I needed to do before anything else, before I even contemplated attempting these large changes, was get Melody to *trust* me. The more trust there was, the deeper I could go with hypnosis and the greater the impact my words would have. If I wanted to do this – really turn my sister isn't an exhibitionist, make her fine with exposing herself and being exposed – I first needed to make her trust me completely.

Question was, how was I supposed to accomplish *that*?

"Nature is good," I said softly, eyes lingering on my mother's bust. "Nature is healthy."

Her eyes were closed, body relaxed.

"Nature is good. Wild and free and natural. Not like the synthetic, manufactured world we live in. Nature is a source of healing and happiness and youth."

My mother absorbed my words – no doubt believing it, or something similar, already.

"Mankind pours toxins and chemicals into everything we make. We pollute the natural world, corrupt it. We take away nature's healing by introducing unnatural waste into the environment. Both on a factory scale, and on a personal one."

Play to her weaknesses.

My mother was a health nut. A woman who put her stock in naturalism and herbal remedies. Use that information to my advantage.

"Man-made clothes contain chemicals. The agents used to clean clothes contain acids and toxins to kill bacteria and germs. But not all those chemicals get washed away. Every time you wear clothes, your skin comes into contact with unnatural, unhealthy fibres and chemicals."

The first in a two-pronged attack. Make her not want to wear standard clothing.

"They destroy the skin's natural, protective oils. Damage skin cells, weakening them and causing wrinkles and sag. And yet we've been trained to wear clothes at all times. Work clothes, casual clothes, work-out clothes, sleeping clothes. The only time we don't wear clothes is when we bathe – and that only helps wash away the skin's natural, good oils."

And the second attack; give her imagined benefits to *not* wearing clothes. An excuse to be nude – in this case, to protect her skin's 'natural oils'. The first of many excuses I'd give her. But, for today, it'd just be that one.

In time, I'd convince her that going naked was good for her. And that wearing clothes was 'unhealthy'.

First, I'd trick her into sleeping naked. No pyjamas or nighties or anything like that. Make her believe that all that time spent in the nude was making her skin feel *refreshed* and *younger*. Then I'd remind her of blanket fibres and lingering washing chemicals. Sleeping in the nude wasn't enough, not when she had those chemically-ridden bedsheets and covers against her skin all night.

No. If Mom wanted to keep her skin *healthy* and *young*, she'd need to start spending some time during the *day* naked.

Little by little. I'd make it happen.

And, if I could get Mom to become a nudist, there was no reason I couldn't do something similar with Melody.

I was alone, in bed, eyes closed.

My hand slid around my hard shaft, the pictures in my mind fuelling me on. Pretty girls with giant tits and wide, pink areola. Older women, MILFs, naked and beautiful and smiling.

It was only natural, given the images I'd seen of Melody so recently, that she popped into my head as I was shaking the snake.

I stopped, tried to push her from my thoughts.

But there she remained, the most beautiful fantasy girl in my head without doubt. Naked and busty and so very, very *wrong*.

I could almost hear her soft voice, whispering to me. Urging me closer. The sway of her heavy tits as she leaned towards me. The warmth of her breath on my chest. I could imagine the scent of strawberries and the heat of her body above mine.

My hand started moving again – stroking my rock-hard cock.

This was fine, I told myself. It was just a fantasy. Nothing more. I didn't *actually* want my sister like this. I was just horny and frustrated and her naked body was the last one I'd seen. She was just a prop. A good-looking, random girl for me to fap it to.

The imaginary Melody whispered my name.

I grunted.

Then she called me 'brother'.

And I close control.

The clean-up afterwards was more shameful than usual. I got rid of the mess, shook my head, silently scolded myself.

"What the fuck was *that*?" I grunted.

But there was no-one to answer. No-one but me.

I'd really done it, hadn't I? I'd just jacked off thinking about my sister. What the fuck. It was a one-off, I promised myself. A moment of weakness. Never again.

"Fuck!" Melody grumbled, eyes on my computer's monitor. "Why don't you jus- No! Not over there. Go *this* way!"

Designing a city, it turns out, not as easy as my dear sister thought. Her road system was clunky at best, dysfunctional at worst. Too many one-way roads, and none of them were actually planned out.

"This is impossible!"

I chuckled, glanced from the screen to my pretty sister.

My pretty sister that I'd *jacked off* to.

My cheeks turned hot at the memory.

"You've gotta create a ring system," I told her. "Big loops inside the city that junction off into-"

"No!" Melody shouted, face twisted in an angry pout. "Fuck this city. Where's the nuke button?"

The woes of being a civilian in one of my sister's cities: the moment she got too frustrated to deal with the city's nonsense any more, the bomb was dropped. One thing I never knew about my sister, that. She'd make for a good super-villain. Even her maniacal laughter was on point.

"Hah!" She cackled. "Ha! Ha! Who's laughing now, worms? Not so fun causing traffic jams now, *is it?*"

"Remind me never to get on your bad side," I mumbled, watching as Mel started a new city from scratch.

"I don't have a bad side."

She wasn't wrong there.

I shook my head quickly, tried to ignore *that* particular stray thought. Stupid brain with it's stupid, unwanted musings.

"Maybe city building isn't for you," I said, leaning back in bed. "Why not try out one of the other games? Who knows, maybe you'll make a better ninja than a mayor. Or you could try your hand at being a pirate. Or a robot-"

"How about," my sister said loudly, pushing herself away from my desk. The gaming chair she was sitting on slid towards the bed. "We do something *other* than play video games?"

I raised my eyebrow at her.

"Come on!" Melody grinned. "There's gotta be something else we can do. Video games are fun 'n' all, but sitting around all day playing them is kinda..."

I could see her struggling to find the right word.

"Same-y."

"Repetitive," I smiled. "But sure. What would you like to do instead?"

The baggy top made not ogling my sister easier. While the chest bulge was significant, the rest of her was undefined and shapeless. It was much less obvious how amazing her body was, thanks to what she was wearing. But, even so, it took actual effort for me to keep my eyes on hers.

Why the fuck did she have to be so *hott*?

"We could..." Melody paused in thought, lips pursed. "We could... I don't know..."

Her face dropped. Happiness fading away, sadness returning.

Whatever thoughts she was having, they were reminding her of her situation. Her fears and pain and anxiety.

"Floppy pancakes," I stated loud and clear.

And, once again, my sister's face shifted. First a moment of confusion, then

blankness, followed a second later by Melody's pretty smile.

"Hide and seek!" She said happily. "We haven't played that in years!"

She didn't want to leave the house. Hell, it was only thanks to my efforts with hypnosis that she was even willing to leave her *bedroom*. Melody was terrified of going outdoors.

It must have something to do with Frank and his threats, but I hadn't figured out exactly what yet.

Whatever the reason, my sister was adamant about remaining indoors. And so, our 'hanging out and having fun' ideas were very limited. Hide and seek? Sure. We played that for a good half an hour before agreeing we were too big to make it work – not many places to hide when you're an adult. We tried a few different things but, ultimately, we ended up heading back to my room and booted up my computer again to play more video games.

Before she left my room for the night, I convinced her to let me hypnotise her. Said it'd help her sleep easier. And, truthfully, it probably would.

"Is there anyone you trust completely?" I'd asked her.

And, in that soft, hypnotised voice, she'd answered.

"No."

From everything I'd seen, Melody had cut off all her friends. Ghosted every single person she knew. Removed them from her life in every way that mattered. She had no-one. Not a single person she could rely on and confide in and trust.

No-one but me.

After what'd happened to her, it wasn't exactly shocking that my sister wasn't eager to trust anyone again. The kind of betrayal she'd gone through could very well have soured the idea of placing her trust in another human for the rest of her life.

But trust was what I needed.

Helping Melody meant her being open to me. Her mind and her thoughts, her past. I needed it all. But, without me influencing things, giving her a *nudge* in the right direction, she might never be willing to fully trust me.

So, I needed to make her.

For her own sake, for the sake of her happiness and future, I needed to find a way to make Melody give all her trust to me.

But that was easier said than done.

How do you trick a person who's been so cruelly betrayed into trusting again?

There was no other way.

Okay, maybe that wasn't *strictly* true. But there was no other way that I could think of. It was this, or nothing.

Trust is earned.

If I wanted Melody to trust me, to put her faith in me completely, I needed to earn it – to demonstrate to her that I could be relied on.

Which was why we, me and Melody, were currently in the living room with tennis rackets.

The rackets were my sister's. From back when she liked to spend time outdoors. As was the tennis ball we were tapping gently back and forth.

Tennis in the living room; where our massive television was. Where Mom's fragile 'healing crystals' lined shelves along with 'spiritual' urns and vases. It was only a matter of time before something went wrong, before one of us hit the ball too hard and sent it flying into something valuable.

That was the plan, at least.

Break something, knowing Mom would be fucking pissed about it when she got home.

Mom would shout, demand answers. And I'd take the blame. All of it. I'd tell her I

was bored because Melody was locked away in her room again and accept full responsibility for the 'accident'.

I'd get punished, and Melody would know I have her back.

It was a small thing. A tiny gesture, really.

But that was all I needed.

With hypnosis, I could amplify the situation in Mel's mind. Make it something huge; that wasn't some cheap-as-shit urn Mom had got online, it was the urn carrying *grand-dad's* ashes. And that wasn't a cheap rock passed off as a crystal with healing properties; no, that was Mom's *soul stone*, a special crystal that Mom loves dearly.

And Mom's reaction? I'd boost that for Mel afterwards too.

A real situation with a lot of added twisting and tweaking, all to inspire gratitude and trust. The first of many situations like this I'd engineer.

"Careful," Melody said with a smile, swatting her tennis racket through the air and hitting the ball back towards me. "Gentle, remember?"

I hit the ball right back at her, intentionally *not* gentle.

For a girl who'd been locked away in her room for so long, Mel moved surprisingly fast. She tapped the ball back to me, eyes widening as I hopped out of the way.

Crash!