

A Sister's Affection

By

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Standing in the coach's office, I stare out the large window overlooking the indoor pool like a doe in headlights.

As if a gorgeous living photograph, Chloe is perfectly framed by the window and backlit by the pool lights, which gives her a bluish mystique like she's glowing with magick. Her cute butt turned to me, she's naked but for her black bra and palm-tree silhouette orange panties. She wasted no time stripping in the dark while I searched for the breaker to the lights.

A fluttering kaleidoscope of blue butterflies whorls in my stomach as I gaze in a yearning enchantment of desire. I must confess my true feelings!

Her firm cheeks contract and release diametrically as she rocks back and forth on her heels, lost in the allure of the steam wafting off the surface of the water.

I stifle an urge to steal a snapshot, knowing the glass will reflect the flash and ruin the picture, then exit the office in time to witness Chloe leap from the edge of the deck and plunge into the still water with a minor splash.

I swallow the lump in my throat as I approach the pool. Time to do or dive, Max!

Chloe surfaces, spins, and swims toward me. "Ooh yeah, baby! Feels like a hot tub!" She arches an eyebrow in a snarky expression. "Too bad you made me feel like the Queen of Assholes because I wanted that cash stash."

I look away with a pang of guilt for denying her the means to erase her dangerous debt. I did the right thing, didn't I?

Chloe scoffs at my avoidance. "Tell me you're not going to stand there watching me like a zombie."

For an anxious moment, I think she's referring to me secretly watching her through the office window. But then she splashes my sneakers with an impish smile and I realize she's unaware of my previous gawking. How would she react if she caught me drooling?

I cry, "Don't you dare!"

She replies with a playful taunt. "Come stop me, hippie!"

"Okay, you asked for it!"

Chloe turns partially away as if to offer me a little privacy, but then gives me furtive glances as I undress, her solemn expression unclear. Is she thinking of Rachel? Is this the type of intimate moments they shared? Is she wishing I was Rachel? Can I even hold a candle to Rachel's angelic appeal?"

Goosebumps puckering my skin, I place my neatly folded gray hoodie, white t-shirt, and bluejeans atop my brown satchel beside Chloe's hastily discarded clothing. Then with a running start, stripped down to my white cotton panties and purple bra, I shout, "Cowabunga!" And leap into a cannonball for maximum splash.

When I break the surface, Chloe welcomes me with a silly rhyme. "Why look, an otter in my water." Then she performs an imitation of the intimidating music from *Jaws*.

"You're so obvious. And I still get freaked out by that movie, so stop." I splash her and she cries out with glee before splashing back. "I can't even watch any of those shark shows."

A giggling splashfest commences like we're kids again. It feels so good to let loose with all the recent craziness.

"I'll just rewind and harpoon you," I threaten. "Otter's revenge!"

Chloe spits back, "Cheater!"

"Yeah," I retort, "you would know about that!"

With sudden somber, Chloe withdraws, floating on her back, staring at the high ceiling. "I wish Rachel was here. She would totally love being in here at night. Wish you guys had met each other."

"We will," I promise. "With all this stuff going on, I'm starting to think everything is related." Chloe wades toward the pool edge and I follow. "And I want to find out for Kate's sake. She didn't deserve to die."

"Your power is changing everything, Max. Especially you. I can already tell." She affords me a wry smile, almost genuine. "You're not so chickenshit anymore."

I roll my eyes at her backhanded compliment. "Thanks, girlfriend."

"You know what I mean." We rest our elbows on the deck ledge. "You're becoming like this force of nature."

"More like luck of nature," I reply with self-doubt. "Come on, my power failed trying to rescue Kate. Maybe I'm just stumbling back and forth in time. For what reason?"

"You didn't stumble when you saved me, Max."

"Not *that* time," I counter. "But that's because you were there to kickstart my power."

"So it's time to start moving forward in time. And we're obviously connected since without me you would have never discovered your power, right?" She looks to me for confirmation.

"Absolutely," I affirm. "You make me feel like I know what I'm doing." She was always a source of confidence.

"And you make me feel like I have a reason for still being in Arcadia Bay." As friends or more?

"I hope so."

"Stop being so goddamn humble. You're like the smartest, most talented person I've ever known." There's that confidence building again.

Then jealousy rears its ugly head. "More than Rachel Amber?"

"Dude, I'm not her groupie, okay? And I'm sure you have Blackwell bros all over you. Like Warren..."

"Warren is, um, *nice*." Like a brother, not a lover.

"Nice? *Ouch*. That means Friendzone."

"No, he's really cool," I defend. "It was so sweet when he stood up to Nathan. *But* I haven't told him about my rewind power." The science nerd that he is, it would only make him crush on me harder.

"No worries. Once you get over yourself," Chloe declares with a fierce grin, "you're going to make the world *bow*."

I whisper softly, "As long as you're there with me."

"Don't look so sad." She gazes deep into my eyes. "I'm never leaving you." And I believe her.

Which gives me the bravery I need to finally confess my true feelings. Not with actual spoken words, mind you, but with the wordless equivalent.

I lean toward her slowly, our gazes locked, and press my lips to the corner of her mouth, which immediately spreads into a devious smile.

Chloe pecks my cheek in return, the sparkle in her blue eyes daring me to go further. So I kiss her square on the mouth and swipe the tip of my tongue between her lips.

She purrs with a grin, "It's about time, Max. I've only been waiting since when we used to play pirates."

I blink at her in bewilderment. "Why didn't you say anything or make a move?"

"Because I fucking love you like a sister, and I didn't want to risk ruining our relationship if you weren't into me in that way." She asks, "Why didn't you?"

"Because I was too chickenshit," I blurt. "It's only because of my rewind power that I could muster the courage."

"You better not rewind this moment. No take backs now."

"Of course not, Chloe. I would never." I admit, "I love you like a sister too. Even more..."

She goads, "Prove it."

That's all the spurring I need. Cocking my head, I seal my lips over hers and dip my tongue tip into her warm, welcoming mouth. Her tongue tip teases mine, inciting me to plunge deeper.

A pleasant coo utters from her throat as our tongues swirl in an erotic dance, caressing one another gently. She tastes so good. Better than any boy I've ever smooched. And though she acts punk-rock hard, the tenderness of her kiss reveals her true softness. She's a mushy melting marshmallow!

Without breaking our sensual fusing, Chloe grasps my shoulder and turns me so my back is against the pool wall. Wrapping my legs loosely around her waist, I lock my ankles. One hand gripping the ledge, with the other she nimbly unclasps my bra and tosses it onto the deck.

Moaning ever so softly into her kissing mouth, I follow suit. Fumbling with one hand, finally, I resort to using both to unfasten her bra and pull it off her to sling over my shoulder.

She pinches and pulls my nipples with her free hand, one and then the other, causing them to tingle with pleasure and grow rigid, and I fondle her breasts with both of my hands. Her ample bosoms are twice the size of my small peaks. I'm excited and envious simultaneously.

Soon her groping hand abandons my nipples to roam down my belly. I giggle into her mouth as she fingers my bellybutton. Her hand swoops south, sliding over my mound and massages my inner thighs, gliding back and forth over my crotch, driving me wild. She's sucking my rolled tongue when her fingers eventually find their way into my panties.

I gasp with carnal joy as the pad of a finger begins to gingerly rub circles over my sensitive button. Relinquishing her breasts, I reach behind her and curl my fingers under the hem of her panties and tug them up into her crack, giving her a wedgie so I can knead her bare cheeks as she continues to work my swollen nub with care.

I can't believe this is happening! I've fantasized about this moment countless times over the years! I love Chloe so much! This feels so amazing! Better than I ever imagined!

My heart is drumming in my ears. I'm breathing hard and kissing Chloe even harder, roughly squeezing and wrenching at her cheeks as her skillful finger-play winds me tighter and tighter and tighter, a mounting pressure surging towards the red line. I fear I'll twist apart and tear the fabric of time asunder with me.

I'm about to pull away from her delicious lips and plead for her to stop, when my legs

begin to tremble and I inhale sharply. I sense the imprisoning walls of my physical vessel cracking with sinuous fissures as the spiritual energy of my being reaches an overwhelming measure of felicity. There's no stopping it now! My body quakes with rhapsody and my mind is awash with white-hot bliss as my soul bursts free in an outpouring of rapturous jubilation that channels my consciousness into the heavenly abyss of nirvana.

An ancient hourglass, of colossal size and filled with golden sand, descends onto its side, halting the flow of sand and the passing of time.

I open my eyes with a paradoxical shudder of ecstasy and terror. I look beyond Chloe's smiling face to view a campus security guard frozen in place like a statue.

I croak, "I've broken time!"

Chloe cranes her neck to look behind her and then turns back to me with wide eyes.

"Holy shit, Max! You're a fucking Time Lord!"

"*Me?! You're the one that had her magick finger on the button. I'm just the time machine under your control.*"

Chloe erupts into riotous laughter. "I'm good, but not *that* good. This is all *you*."

"If it was all me, you should be a Popsicle. You said it yourself, we're connected. We're both to blame."

"Fuck the blame game. It doesn't matter. Let's take advantage of this opportunity. We can go anywhere and do anything and no one can stop us. We can find Rachel!"

I huff, "We can't leave time broken! There could be disastrous consequences!"

"I'm no sci-fi geek, but I'm pretty sure you can't *break* time. We just stepped outside of the timestream somehow. We can do whatever we have to, maybe have a little bit of fun," she winks, "and then slip on some floaties and hop back in the river of time."

"*Seriously,*" I exclaim, "you have to make me climax again so I can undo it!"

"No way," she shakes her head, "not until I get mine, and not until after we find Rachel."

I groan, "This is *dangerous*."

Chloe grins, "So let's live dangerously, sister. Me and you, time pirates."

"We're not going to steal anything." I relent, "Besides information."

"Not even from the Prescotts? Come *on*," she cajoles, "those assholes have more than enough to make a generous donation to the Max and Chloe foundation for a hell a future."

"No, stealing is stealing no matter who you're stealing from."

"Damn, girl. How can you still be so uptight after that time-shattering orgasm?" She smirks, "You're welcome, by the way. I know you're new to the whole LGBT thing," she waggles an eyebrow, "but it's customary to return the favor."

I can't help from giggling. "How can you think about sex when the world has *literally* stopped turning?"

"What can I say? Watching my childhood friend soil her panties does it for me."

I chuckle, "Do you have to make it sound so dirty? I'm sure I didn't *soil* my panties."

"Trust me." She cocks her head and arches a brow. "If not for the stew of chemicals were floating in, they would have been *ruined*."

I look down, my cheeks burning with embarrassment.

Chloe raises my chin with two fingers. "Don't play coy with me." She kisses my upper lip, then my bottom lip before stroking her tongue between them and skimming mine.

I swallow hard, suddenly feeling nervous. "I'm not sure what to do."

"Don't you worry about that, cutie." She pecks my forehead. "Your big sister will guide you." Then she kisses me full on the mouth with a lusty moan of hunger.

My anxiety about the world stopping, melts away as her salacious passion inundates me with a potent need.

I've completely lost myself in her fervent affection when she abruptly breaks away, untangles my legs from her waist and pulls herself onto the deck ledge. "Stay there," she commands, and then rolls onto her back to pull off her panties. Sitting up, she scoots to the edge and spreads her legs, unveiling the glistening pink petals of her flower. "I hope you're hungry, babe."

I lick my lips. "Starving."

She snorts, "I'm glad you're into this. After you kissed me, I wasn't sure how far you'd go."

I curl my arms around her thighs and grip hold. "How about I show you?" I slither my tongue up and down her inner thighs, skipping her girlhood, remembering how her teasing drove me mad. I kiss, suck, and nibble everywhere but her warm center.

Eventually, she growls, "Stop tormenting me, bitch, and muff dive!"

I look up at her with a smug smile. "Say, pretty please."

Exasperated, she snarls, "With rainbow sprinkles and a fucking cherry on top!"

I laugh and blow her a kiss, before sinking my face between her thighs and closing my lips around her little bundle of nerves, which throbs against my tongue as I pet it, up and down, left and right, around and around, and she combs her fingers into my wet hair and kneads my scalp as she moans in elation. "Ooh, Max! Yes! Yes! That feels so good! So right!"

Within a few minutes, she's crying aloud, "Ooh, fuck, Max! Ooh, fuck!" And then she shivers and spasms with satisfaction.

What should we do now?