

THE STORM: CHAPTER 4

AUTUMN WIND

BY HAN TAMASHII

Characters:

Leanne
Gender: F
Age: 13
Hair Color: Brown
Hair Style: Long (middle of back), straight
Eye Color: Brown

Brynn
Gender: F
Age: 8
Hair Color: Brown
Hair Style: Medium (chin length)
Eye Color: Brown

Author's Notes:

Autumn is a season of change. When things change, they will never be quite the same again. I'm not sure if that makes it easier or more difficult for young people to accept change. As an adult, I have many memories of happy moments. I remember them and I wish the world could be like that again. So happy. Or so simple.

Even when the wind changes direction, it's not going backwards. Wind does not return to where it's been. It's just moving forward in a new direction. The land it passes over is always something it hasn't seen before. Wind has no memory.

Being together with the two girls is one of those memories I linger on. We had a lot of good times. Life was not simple with them around, but it was full. I feel like I really lived those days.

As this chapter opens, the wind was already blowing. Autumn was upon us.

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Things had returned to how they were. For all of three days. On Saturday, the three of us were free to play the day away without school or homework. I expected it to be as it had been a month or so ago when we'd first met. The girls and I, together, happy and carefree. That's just not how things work.

"I have a BOYFRIEND!" Leanne was twirling and dancing as she shrieked this announcement. Brynn and I looked at each other and shrugged. What, exactly, was the significance of this? After all, I was a boy and Leanne's friend. I received an answer almost immediately, "Sorry, bud, we can't play our naked games anymore. I've got to be faithful to my boyfriend."

So that's it. I've been replaced. Traded in for a newer model.

"He's older than us," she continued. Older? Why would you want to play naked games with someone older than you? Old people aren't any fun. They just talk down to you and make you do boring things, "He knows things, you know? Been places. Seen things. And he's soooooo dreamy. He said he loves me."

I instantly deduced that aging goes hand in hand with insanity. I only had a few short years of rational thought left. I had to enjoy it while there was still time. Something was getting in the way of my enjoyment, however. A pang of jealousy. I was suddenly angry. Who was this guy to swoop in and steal my friend?

Leanne noticed as my mood changed. I wasn't skilled at hiding my feelings. My face took on a fierce expression. My movements became quick, choppy. My body was stiff and breathing heavy. It felt like the jealousy was growing in my chest making it harder and harder to breathe.

"Eh? Why aren't you happy for me? My first boyfriend!"

So I didn't even count. I was beneath her. She looked down on me. Like all those other old people. In an instant, Leanne became one of the enemy. As soon as I realized the thought I'd just had, I cut it off. I didn't want to lose a friend.

I enjoyed our naked games, and I was going to miss playing them. We could still have fun, though. We could still be friends. We would just play all the other games we enjoyed.

Still looking disappointed, I walked up and gave Leanne a hug. I wanted to show her that I was still her friend. Friends support each other. No hurt feelings. She was just growing up and getting crazy. It wasn't her fault. Someday the same would happen to me and I hope there would be someone who could be my friend anyway.

Her body tensed up as soon as I hugged her. I noticed because usually she's so relaxed and liked being touched. A small shudder ran through her. It seemed to start in her tummy and move out from there. And then, all at once, she softened again. She patted my back and kissed the top of my head.

With her cheek resting on the top of my head, she spoke softly, "I'll help you get Brynn to play with you."

I knew what she meant, because Brynn and I played all the time now. At school we'd become almost inseparable. At recess we'd run outside together and play alone. Just the two of us. Sometimes we went back to the private fortress inside the old

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tractor tire. It didn't matter what we were doing. We were together. That was all.

So when Leanne said 'play' she meant the naked games. The games that Brynn and I had never played together. I felt excited beyond reason at the thought. The memory of what happened on the wooded trail lingered with me, though. I didn't want anything like that to happen again. If she didn't want to do it, I wouldn't make her.

"Oh! I've got to go. I'm supposed to meet up with him," she said in a rush. There was an oddness to her voice that I took to be excitement, "You two stay here and play. We want to be alone together."

Leanne dashed off before she was even finished speaking. Brynn and I exchanged confused looks and shrugs. And then we got down to the business of playing. Just our normal romping around.

It didn't take long for us to become bored, of course, and suddenly I wanted to see what Leanne's new boyfriend looked like. This person who knew so much and had been everywhere. So I took Brynn's hand and started walking in the direction Leanne had went.

Brynn hesitated when she realized where I was taking her. She planted her feet and pulled her hand from mine. I looked at her, pleading with my eyes. Her own inner battle was waging, of course. Finally her curiosity won and she started walking again.

Leaves were falling already. It was a cold autumn, so much colder than they seem now. The wind was stiff and unforgiving that day. We were bundled up warmly in jackets and sweaters. Our clothes rustled as we moved along.

Each step brought us closer to our prey, and we felt an increasing need for stealth. We hopped along, avoiding the noisy crinkle of leaves beneath our feet. It was fun game. At times we forgot ourselves and our joy bubbled out in happy giggles.

We'd almost forgotten that we were looking for Leanne, and then I looked up and saw her. I dashed behind cover, pulling Brynn with me. Brynn looked at me like I'd suddenly aged and lost my mind, but understood quickly when I pointed out her sister.

Finally finding Leanne hadn't answered any questions, in fact, we were more confused than before. About fifty feet away, she sat leaning against a tree. Each quarter of the complex had an island of grass and trees. This is where she was. Even from a distance, we could see she was crying. Every few moments, she'd look at the townhouse directly across from her.

Is that where her boyfriend lived? Had they met each other and had a fight? Or had he not shown up as he promised? These were the questions Brynn and I were now asking ourselves.

After ten minutes of crying, Leanne stood up. She squared her shoulders towards that townhouse. She pulled herself up straight. Taking a determined posture. She looked like she was about to kick the door in and storm the house.

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She didn't move. She didn't take even one step. Soon, we saw her shoulders shaking. The rest of her body followed. A moment later, we saw her crumple forward. It seemed like slow motion. Her knees buckled, her head fell forward, her hands flung themselves out to absorb the force of the fall, and then she hit the ground. Her knees and hands took the brunt of the fall, but she was leaned so far forward I thought she might drop down face first into the dirt.

I wanted to run over there and comfort her. I wanted to find out what was wrong. More than anything, I wanted to beat the crap out of her boyfriend. If I had done any of that, she would know we'd followed her and spying on her.

Indecision gripped me, held me tight. Before I could make a move, she was getting up again. She brushed away the tears and the dirt and turned her back to the townhouse. Panic gave me wings and I grabbed Brynn and we flew back to where Leanne had left us.

She found us there, a few minutes later, playing half-heartedly. She was hiding her feelings, but not too successfully. We could see her red eyes and the tear stains on her cheeks.

"Let's go play in my room. It's cold out today," she said before we could ask any questions.

I'd been in her room before. You could see that it had once been a typical little girl's room with stuffed animals, dolls, and lots of pink. Now it was transitioning into a teen girl's room. Posters with bands and movie stars. Anything with a Disney character on it was tucked away somewhere, not gone, but out of plain view.

She had a single sized bed with a pale blue comforter and lots of pillows. And a record player on her dresser. It was made of red and white plastic. Like a toy. But it played records just fine. She put on some classic seventies rock as background music.

It's interesting to note that both my parents and the girls' parents basically left us to ourselves. We were basically unsupervised in the privacy of our rooms, provided we didn't make too much racket. So it was easy to get up to no good. Which is what Leanne was in the mood for, apparently.

"Okay, we're going to play a game. It's like telephone," she began. Telephone? I think I'd played that before. It's when you whisper something in someone's ear and then they pass it on to the next person and so on. At the end you say it out loud and see how close it is to the original whisper. It was moderately fun with big groups, but with three people? Leanne continued explaining, "We'll turn off the light so we can't see each other, then I'll do something to one of you. Then you'll do it to the other one and then that person will do it to me. And we'll see if it's the same at the end."

I had to admit, my interest was piqued. Leanne had said she'd help me get Brynn to play with me. Was this her way? How far was she going to take this? I was suddenly very worried. In the dark, I wouldn't be able to tell if Brynn wanted to do it or not. What if I did something and she hated me for it?

"Let's all promise that no matter what it is, we won't back out. Okay?" Leanne looked at each of us seriously as she said this. She waited for both of us to nod

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our heads in agreement before continuing, "Okay, Brynn, work the lights the first round. Wait till we're on the bed and then turn them off. Don't turn them on again until I say. Then we'll switch."

She hauled me onto the bed almost violently. Seriously, she hurt me a little. Obviously I didn't tell her that. I'm a man, got to be strong. Being out muscled by a girl was hard on the ego.

When we were standing awkwardly on the bed, Leanne nodded at Brynn. We were plunged into darkness. There's something about darkness that makes everything more exciting. The mystery of it, not knowing what's going to happen. Not being able to see or expect anything. It still gives me delightful shivers.

A touch on my arm sent electricity through my body. Just a simple touch. She was just reaching out to measure the distance. So simple. Then the bed squeaked as her weight shifted. Her clothes rustled quietly, barely heard over the music playing softly in the background.

I felt her hair brush my cheek before her lips did. Her soft, moist lips pressed lightly into my cheek. It was sweet, more like something Brynn would do. Not that I minded, as I had to do this to Brynn next. I think a kiss on the cheek was okay.

"Just for today, we can play," Leanne breathed into my ear. It was only a whisper, little more than a sigh. I heard emotion in the words, though. A big jumble of them. They were tangled together in a knot and I could not unravel them.

And then it was over. Leanne backed away, and called for Brynn to turn the lights back on. We blinked at each other in the dazzlingly lights. I could see Brynn studying us for a clue to what would happen when she stood in the dark. I flashed her a reassuring smile, and she climbed onto the bed almost eagerly.

Leanne watched us and when she thought we were ready, cast us into shadow again. It was just as exciting as I prepared to kiss Brynn as it was to be kissed. She didn't know, or even suspect, what I was going to do. It gave me a naughty thrill.

Ever so slowly I reached out, copying Leanne, to find Brynn's arm. I misjudged, however, and instead my hand landed squarely over her left breast. Not that there was much to feel, but she had taken off her sweater and I could feel her nipple through her thin top.

She gasped slightly and her hand sprang up and grasped my wrist. I thought she would tear my hand away from her body, but she let it remain there. I was flustered and wanted to end my turn so I quickly leaned in for a kiss. My lips found her neck instead of her cheek, though. Just below the ear. Another little gasp escaped her lips.

I stood up straight and gently pulled my hand away. Brynn seemed almost reluctant to release my wrist. She squeezed it once and then let go. I held my hand in front of me, remembering the feeling of her warm body. I stood for such a long time, that Brynn finally signaled the end of our turn.

Light sprang into existence again. I blinked in the sudden brilliance. Brynn was standing very still, looking at her feet. Her face was flushed and her hands were clasped together turning and twisting around each other.

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Leanne surveyed the scene wondering what the big deal was. She quickly shooed me off the bed, in a hurry to end this round and begin the next. When they were ready, I flicked the light switch. And I waited.

It seemed like an eternity as I waited. I could see nothing in the dark room. The music drowned the sounds of movement on the bed. I thought, once, that I heard a squeak coming from one of the girls. I might have imagined it, however. Time dragged on and on. The blackened room felt open and empty. You could almost imagine yourself floating, as if you were in space. Drifting aimlessly.

"Lights," I heard Leanne's voice call out. I flicked the switch and we again struggled to adjust to the light. Leanne was looking at me looking very amused. My eyes widened as I realized that Brynn must have copied my example. She touched Leanne's...and kissed her neck? My mouth was opening and closing like a fish, but Leanne interrupted before I could say anything, "Yes, that was exactly right. Good job."

Brynn looked thoroughly embarrassed. She couldn't even face me. She was looking at the wall staring at nothing. I hoped she wasn't mad. The excitement of the game was mingled with the desire to just survive without offending anyone.

Round two began. This time, Leanne and Brynn would start. Again, I worked the lights and waiting. Painful agonizing waiting. I had a new appreciation for what Brynn must have felt when she was standing here, waiting for her turn. What would happen when I stepped onto the bed this time?

Again, Leanne called for the lights. She stepped off the bed, and grinned mischievously. It made me nervous. My legs felt wobbly, but I somehow managed to climb onto the bed. Looking into Brynn's wide, terrified eyes, I almost told Leanne to stop the game.

The darkness came again. More waiting. Nervous, anxious waiting. Then the first touch. With both hands, Brynn was searching for me. She found my arms, but slipped her hands under them and around my back. She pulled to her, rather than step into me. She squeezed me. We stood there for a minute, pressed against each other, cheek against cheek.

I thought maybe it was just a hug, but she started moving again. She turned her head fluidly and her lips found mine. We kissed. This was our second kiss on the lips. This kiss was deeper than the first. Her lips parted and her tongue slid out. I reacted, having been taught by Leanne how to french kiss.

This was nice. We kissed for a long time, tongues dancing. But there was one more thing that Brynn was working her courage up to do. The hands that had been pressing against my back, slid lower. Lower and lower. They hesitated when they reached the small of my back. All at once, as she gathered all her courage, they slid down inside the waistband of my pants. Inside my underwear even. Until she was cupping my bare bum.

My heart couldn't decide if it wanted to stop or race uncontrollably. The kiss ended, but we didn't move. We stood just like that, for a minute at least. I wish it were longer. Then we slowly, reluctantly pulled apart.

"Are you guys done yet?" Leanne asked, sounding impatient. Brynn managed to squeak

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out an affirmative. The girls switched places and then the scene replayed.

I followed the script Brynn had given me. I pulled Leanne to me, pressing our bodies together. She was taller than me, but she knew what was coming, so she leaned down for the kiss. This kiss was hungry, passionate. It was full of need and urgency. My hands smoothly slipped into her pants and cupped her bum. I squeezed and she moaned into my mouth. Her responses were making me excited. If we weren't playing this game, I would have started rubbing her front.

After a minute I pulled away. We ended the round and the lights came on. Leanne, looking flushed and sweaty, called quickly for the third round to begin. She wasted no time getting the action started.

She nearly pounced on me. One of her hands found its way into my pants and started stroking my growing manhood. Her other hand was thrusting mine down into her pants. It was obvious what she was looking for.

She was slick and wet already, obviously close to exploding. I'd gotten pretty good at this, so I tried my best to impress her with my skill. It didn't take long before she was letting out appreciative moans. She pulled her hand out of my pants to cover her mouth as she let out an ecstatic scream.

I knew enough to stop rubbing when this happened, and pulled my hand away. I cleaned my fingers the best way I knew how and waiting for her to recover. She was still leaning on me heavily when her strained voice called for the lights.

Brynn took in the sight and her eyes were wide. I don't blame her for being shocked. Her sister was sweaty and looked like she'd ran a marathon. I'm sure she had guessed what was going to happen, or had a pretty good idea. She still climbed up on the bed, though. With only a slight hesitation.

She was biting her lip nervously when the lights went out. What did that nervous look mean? Was she scared, but couldn't admit it? Did she feel like we were forcing her to do this? With these thoughts in my mind, I was unable to move. I didn't know what to do.

Maybe I should just do something else. I'd mess up the round, but it'd be easier for Brynn, right? What would I do? I thought about just kissing her again, but she'd never believe that Leanne would do the same thing twice. What else could I do?

I was suddenly saved as the girls' mother called them down for supper. Leanne instantly turned the lights on in case her mom checked in on us. When she saw we hadn't even moved, she looked annoyed. She flung a disappointed glare my way.

"Come on, Brynn. And you better go home now," her words were hot with hostility. I was a little hurt, but I was sure once I explained why I'd backed out, she'd understand. For now, I did as she said. I left and went home for supper.

As I walked, I thought about how she looked at me. Fire in her eyes. She'd never treated me that way before. She had been acting strangely all day. She was changing. The autumn wind had blown through her.

Things would never be the same again.

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Leanne says,

*"Touch her! Defile her! Stain her with your lust!
Rip her wings off! Tear the halo from her head!
Cast her down to earth. With me.
So I don't need to hate her anymore."*

*"I heard the noises. I know what happened.
Why, instead of smiling, did she frown?
Sister, what is it that keeps hurting you?
I just wish you would smile,"*

says Brynn

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