

THE STORM: CHAPTER 2

RESCUE ME

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: 7

Hair Color: Brown

Hair Style: Medium (chin length)

Eye Color: Brown

Author's Notes:

Children are still learning how to cope with new situations and strong emotions, and as they struggle their way through them, regrettable things are said and done. Words that are meant to be kind come out sounding cruel. Innocent words are replaced by hidden agendas. And often, things are just confusing.

The day depicted in this chapter is an illustration of these things. While writing this, I was brought back to those youthful days when I was filled with doubt and confusion and was overwhelmed by the intensity of my emotions. I did my best to put those feelings into my words.

I hope you continue to enjoy this series as it delves deeper into the confusing and conflicting emotions of relationships.

HT

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It was only a few days before the sisters and I were playing together again. There was only a month of summer break left, and we wanted to enjoy it while it was here. We weren't doing anything in particular, just running from one corner of the complex to the other. There were three small parks inside the complex, and we'd played at each one already.

Playing with girls is different than boys. With boys, it seemed like you were always in competition. Ground hockey, soccer, basketball, baseball. It was always about seeing who was better at something. The girls seemed content just spending time together. It didn't matter if we were chasing each other in an impromptu game of tag or chasing butterflies. I felt like I could relax around them.

We were skipping when Leanne, being the only one who could double dutch, suddenly stopped. A sly smile slowly crept onto her face. Brynn and I watched her silently, wondering what she was thinking about. Our curiosity grew as she grabbed the skipping ropes and commanded us to follow her.

She was the oldest and the most assertive, so Brynn and I typically followed her lead. This time she was leading us out of the complex. I knew where we were going, but I'd never been there without an adult before. There was a park close by. You had to walk a few blocks through some alleys. The park was much larger than the ones we usually played at. The whole thing was surrounded by trees. One end was an open field with playground equipment and the other had a short, wooded trail.

Leanne herded us towards the wooded trail. It was really only a few hundred feet or so, but the twists and turns made it so you couldn't see very far ahead. When we'd gone in far enough to be out of view, Leanne stopped and grinned wickedly at us.

"Now we're going to play a new game. It's called 'Prisoner'," and then she leaped towards me, catching me by the wrists, "And you are going to be the prisoner first."

I was stood in front of a tree and had my hands tied around the trunk. The bark of the tree dug into my bare arms. I was momentarily concerned about spiders, but I pushed the fear away so I wouldn't look cowardly in front of the girls. The knots were not all that tight. I could have escaped, and in fact, I was prepared to do just that if the game turned out to be less enjoyable than I wanted. For now, I was biding my time. Curiosity had always been one of weaknesses.

A brief interrogation ensued. It was really just a pretext, however. The game was really about punishing the prisoner for not talking. The punishment began with Leanne unzipping my jeans and pushing them down to my knees. She fondled me through my underwear for a few delicious moments. When I looked at Brynn to see what she thought of this, I saw her staring curiously at my crotch. She met my eyes, briefly, before blushing and looking away.

My attention turned back to Leanne. Now she was pulling my underwear down. My eyes darted around making sure no one else was around. I'd never been naked outside before. It was different than inside. I felt exposed and vulnerable in a way I'd never felt before. And suddenly I realized that Brynn had never seen me naked before. I quickly looked at her.

Her eyes were wide and focused on my small dick. Her lips were parted, looking like she was about to say something, but the words never came. Again, her eyes met mine.

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This time when she blushed, she didn't look away. I smiled at her. I'm not sure why I did. Was I reassuring her that it was alright to look at me? Or was it just because she was so beautiful when her cheeks flushed red? In either case, she did not smile back.

Brynn and I were still looking into each other's eyes when I felt the most amazing feeling. It was unlike anything I'd felt before, and at that moment my only wish was to feel that way forever. It was one of those moments where time seems to slow down. I remember everything vividly. The rustle of the leaves. The smell of the trees. The stiffness in my arms from being tied to the tree. The warmth surrounding my dick. A flick of softness along the sensitive underside. Suction. The moment stretched on and on. My dick became my whole being. I was alive for the first time. Yesterday I was living, but now I'm alive.

Brynn must have seen something change in my eyes because she wrenched her gaze from mine and looked down to where Leanne was now sucking on me. She stood frozen like that, watching her sister give me a blow job. Unmoving and expressionless. I couldn't tell if she was fascinated or horrified. Would she hate me, after this? I was suddenly filled with panic. Brynn, my princess, don't hate me. I didn't ask her to do it. In my heart, I also knew, that I had not and would not ask her to stop.

Fear defeated the pleasure and I lost my erection. Leanne pulled back and looked at me with a puzzled expression. My apologetic look and quick glance towards Brynn clued her into my thoughts. Of course, this kind of communication is not all that accurate or reliable. She completely mistook my meaning.

"Eh? You want Brynn to do it? I don't know, she's kinda young. Brynn, wanna give it a try?"

I'm not sure who was more upset at that moment. Brynn looked like she didn't know which direction to run. And I felt a whirl of panic blow through me. I had to stop this. My princess, delicate flower, would surely hate me for making her do such a thing.

"I do not!!" my panicked voice exploded much more forcefully than I'd intended. It was then that Brynn bolted. As she turned, I saw a tear slide down her smooth cheek. My heart broke. I slumped against the tree sullenly. My insides felt like they were filled with broken glass. Brynn's footsteps pounded in my ears. Then they faded.

"What'd you say that for?" Leanne asked disgustedly. She stood up, turned away and started walking in the direction Brynn had gone.

"Hey!" I yelled after her. She stopped, but didn't look back. I sensed her anger, and my shame softened my voice, "Untie me. Please."

Hearing this, she turned back to look at me. Her eyes were without mercy or sympathy. They were cold. Cold like a winter storm. Chilling me through. Ripping any remaining warmth from my body. Leaving me empty.

She never did respond. She didn't untie me, either. My eyes, filling with tears, did not see her walk away. But I remember the sound of those foot falls. Hers and Brynn's. They echoed in my mind like the cruel laughter of an evil god. Like the pitter patter of icy rain. Cold tears shed, by an angel, because of me.

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I pulled my hands free and redressed, but I didn't move from that spot for a long time. I sat, leaning against that tree, feeling nothing. My heart was numb. Like it had turned against me and refused to feel. My mind followed my heart and refused to think. My body, of it's own accord, stood up and began walking home.

I was half way home when I realized I was holding the skipping rope we had brought with us. I should return it. So I turned toward their townhouse and plodded along lethargically. Each step was an effort. It seemed as though I was walking towards the gallows. Still, I felt nothing. That is, until I heard my hand rapping on their door.

The fear surged. The shame swooped in. And the door opened.

"What?" an obviously annoyed Leanne asked tersely. Head bowed, I held the skipping rope out to her. I think she took pity on me, because she hesitated a moment before she ruffled my hair, "Let's go for a walk."

While we walked, we talked. We didn't talk about what happened, or about Brynn. We just talked about nothing. Words floated back and forth, having no impact on anything. Even though we said nothing of any meaning, Leanne was telling me that she was still my friend. Knowing that, I remembered warmth once again.

Without realizing it, we had wandered back to the wooded trail in the park. Maybe Leanne had intended to come here, because she suddenly grinned at me and asked, "Did you like what I did before?"

I, of course, hadn't liked it. Like is not a strong enough word. Love might not even be enough. It was life-altering. Earth-shattering. Reality-bending. So naturally I shyly examined my shoes and nodded. My guilty grin and flushed cheeks were all the confirmation Leanne needed. She stepped close to me and slowly slid her shorts over her slight hips.

"Want to do it for me?" her voice seemed to call to me over a great distance. With a tremendous effort I tore my eyes away from her pussy and looked at her uncertainly. She smiled reassuringly and pressed down on my shoulders gently, guiding me down to my knees, "Just lick me."

I remembered her taste before my tongue even reached her. Her smell reached me first, and I breathed deep to take it in. I wanted to fill myself with it. Then, tentatively, I touched her slit with my tongue. Moaning encouragingly, Leanne stroked her hands through my hair. It was a soothing gesture and I relaxed enough to take a big lick from the bottom of her slit to the top.

Another moan enticed me to continue. Her pussy lips were swelling now, opening herself to me. I licked again along the length of her. The tip inadvertently flicked her clit, making her gasp. Her hips rolled, trying to keep contact. My tongue dug in for another long lick. This time, she was prepared and angled herself so my tongue glided over her clit.

We repeated this motion a few more times. Her juices were flowing now and I could taste her fully. I wanted to drink up every drop. I pressed my tongue into that warm wet hole near the bottom. I curled my tongue to pull more of her nectar out. Her hips bucked, so I did this again. With her hands on the back of my head she

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pressed my face into her. I extended my tongue as far into her as I could.

"More," she gasped. She pulled away only enough to slide her right hand in between us and rub her clit. Back and forth. Her fingers flew over her clit as my tongue wriggled and curled inside her. Her mouth fell open and suddenly emitted a deep groan. Her fingers stopped, but her hips were bucking every which way. I was having trouble keeping my tongue inside her. But I was rewarded with more of her tasty juices.

Each time I licked her, searching for more of her deliciousness, her hips bucked and her legs trembled. All too soon she stepped back, "It gets sensitive after."

I must have looked a bit disappointed because she giggled at me and promised we could do this again. She ruffled my hair affectionately. Then she got a curious expression. I was going to ask her what was wrong, but she was already leaning in to kiss me. It was my first kiss, but her lips and tongue guided me. I parted my lips when her tongue pressed against them and she slipped her tongue past them. Our tongues touched, then danced together. After a minute, she pulled back.

"I taste pretty good," I blushed as I realized that her flavor still filled my mouth. Then I nodded vigorously and smiled.

We headed back after that. She wanted to hold my hand, and I let her. I kind of felt like I was walking with my mom, which was weird, considering what we'd just done. If it made her happy, though, I didn't mind. I was in a light hearted mood again. Our arms swung widely, energetically. Life was good again.

We rounded a corner as we walked back to her house, and I stopped dead. It was like I'd been struck. An icy feeling washed over me. Sitting upon the step in front of her door was my princess, Brynn. She looked sullen and listless. Her hands cradled her chin. Her eyes stared blankly in front of her until Leanne's continued movement caught her eye.

She looked at us, looked at me, and I saw the most painful thing in the world. She was angry at me. I couldn't look at her. My eyes dropped to my feet and my shoulders slumped forward. I wanted to disappear. If her eyes kept looking at me with that anger in them, I would melt. The fire would consume me and my body would melt like snow.

Leanne took this all in and quietly spoke, "We'll talk later. Seeya," and she walked towards her sister. Immediately I turned and walked home.

My mood was obvious and my parents lovingly pried, hoping to find the cause of this sadness and correct it. I looked at them, hopelessly, and told them. They looked at each other. After a long sigh, my dad patted my shoulder and, just as hopelessly, repeated the word.

"Girls."

Leanne says,

*"You thought she was too good to do it, didn't you?
Angels don't do things like that, do they?
I wanted her to do it so she wouldn't be an angel to you anymore.
Or to him."*

*"I would have done it. You looked so happy when she did it.
I wanted to make you feel happy, too.
Why did you yell like that?
That yell broke my heart,"*

says Brynn

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