My Brother Can't Be This Complexed!
by Big_Diesel

Summary

Tadashi is helping Hiro to become a manga artist. Much to the chagrin of Tadashi, it means to be put in the position of being with his brocon-obsessed brother. Hiro is unashamed and is not afraid to display his affection. No matter the cost it is to Tadashi. {Warning: crossdressing/yaoi/Hidashi}

Update on 2/22/19: My Brother Can't Be This Complicated! (Part II)
Update on 7/13/19: My Brother Can't Be This Seductive!
It is interesting how your college application has a passage in the essay column about describing your home life? Why does it matter? How does my home life going to reflect my admittance to university? Do these people sit at their desk, reading the passages many have sent and such give glaring responses to one another? Is it pity? Is it a self-absorb type of feeling? Do they laugh? Do they anger? Do they cry? What fuel will they add to use against you when they request an interview with you? I digress. I use that word too much, but it describes me. The declination of our society and why it is periling down to the pits of hell? It ceases to amaze me how such a question can entice me to produce such a response.

I tap on that question with my chewed pen. I use it as a stress reliever. The lines are becoming more and more like a background to a snow-filled television screen when it is off the air. I still have a television set with that capability. It was a gift from my parents when I was ten years old. One of the many things I still have before that accident. I still have that and among other things, regret, sorrow, doubt, and despair. But, excitement, hope, and forwardness. The latter of which because I desire the best in life. I want to complete school, get a job in robotics, and take care of my family.

Or what is left of them. I want to give an opportunity to expand my horizons. To show my worth. To show that I am more of a divider and a conqueror. To show the world my value, my time. I want to be featured on CNN, Forbes. To be a presenter at TED Talks. Let the world see who is Tadashi Hamada.

"Tadashi." A voice wails to me like a kitten. I have to sever my thoughts for now. My brother dearest is calling me. I turn from my application and face my brother. He isn't that far away. Matter of factly, I am in his bedroom.

"Tadashi," he cries again. "I need your help with the details of this manga page." I blink quickly, getting my focus back together at the matter at hand. He gives me a glowing smile. A smile that is inviting with the intent of comfort. Telling me that I am okay and within the embrace, I am protected. He pulls a piece of paper and hands it to me. These are the backdrop designs for the manga he is working on.

"Can you be a dear and take care of that for me," he questions me while flickering his eyes. He does that to get on my good side.

I sigh quietly. I try not to display my honesty to Hiro. Why you may ask? If I push the wrong buttons, you will quickly find out why.

I take the paper, observing what contents that need to be filled and I sit back at my seat. I pull the pen from my drawer and begin studying the areas at hand. A tip about working backdrops, you have to be careful. Background means everything when producing a good manga. We don't have the technology, better yet the software to do online drawings. My brother sticks to the old school method; teeth and nail and bone in every pain-staking sketch of his work. As far back as I can remember, Hiro was interested in two things: manga and robotics.

And this upcoming name he is producing is taking the cake of his profound love of the aforementioned interest.

I put my pen down. I still have my college application on my mind. I slide it under my folder. He must not know that I don't intend to stay under Aunt Cass's roof forever. I enjoy living above the restaurant. I enjoy every single thing about my family. However, I have dreams that it is going to
require to leave the bubble of San Fransokyo and head east.

Over the last few weeks, I have spoken to my girlfriend, GoGo Tomago, about heading out to Massachusetts. She was uncertain of taking that far stretch of a destination. As I wrapped myself tenderly around her soft shoulders, I tell her that MIT was a great opportunity to explore our future. I say our future because I want us to be successful. I want us to be together. I want us just for us. She still has doubts but promises me to look into it. I hope so, my dear GoGo. I hope so.

"Tadashi, darling, have you started yet," asks Hiro in a sing-song.

"I get right on it," I tell him with haste.

That alone is one of my reasons to get away from this place. Remember me mentioning that Hiro had two interest? Make that three: manga, robotics, and me.

I take a glance of my brother as he is edging out detail to put the thought bubbles. He blows the eraser dust so he can continue his work. Not until a year ago, Hiro began sporting a feminine look. He opts to wear more of women's clothing than men. He is now wearing make-up. Even perfume is more of an option than cologne. The Hiro I know is changing. I see him take a peek at his mirror, checking his eyebrows to see if he is looking good. He puffs his lips before resuming his work.

What I forgot to mention is that Hiro is an aspiring artist. Since he was twelve, he has begun drawing in his sketchpad in hopes of being a mangaka. Granted, becoming a mangaka in America is a hard task, but that is something he wants to accomplish. He has looked into studying aboard in Japan so that he can the opportunity to know the Japanese culture.

I know what you are thinking, we are Japanese. True, but isn't being a sansei makes us more American than Japanese. I am not even sure if I can mesh with my own people, especially when I have never stepped foot out there. I only speak conversational Japanese and English is my first language. Anyway, back to Hiro. I hope Hiro decides to leave for Japan before I do. So, at least I have a few weeks to myself before he departs. Or unless he ties me up and takes me with him via Federal Express.

God, he is such a brocon.

Hiro doesn't identify with his sexual orientation. He tells us that he likes what he likes. If he wants a girl, he will get a girl. If he wants a boy, he will get a boy. If he wants a stud, a butch, a bear, anyone of the spectrum, then that is his choice. Even with his femininity he still identifies as a boy. He has his moments of being masculine and his moments of being feminine.

Can you imagine how he acts around me? You be the judge!

"Tadashi, sweetheart," he tells me again. "You are really being distracted. You are not really working as hard as you usually are." He is smooth when he talks, like water flowing out a faucet into a glass. Not really a clever example of a simile, but he is letting me know that he has his eyes on me. He turns around and wraps his legs across each other.

Now in front of me, I see him in full view. His black hair is growing. He has been using products to have shiny hair and to have it bouncy. He is wearing a hair clip with it as well. His t-shirt is black and tight, having the character Kaolla Su from Love Hina. I see his black bra strap showing from his shirt. He is also wearing blue shorts that are tight around the thigh. He even smells of a woman, sporting the White Diamonds that he got from Aunt Cass for his birthday. He gives me a strong look. He squints his head, glaring at my direction.
He has something on his mind.

He lifts his head and sighs loudly. One thing about Hiro, despite his love for his big brother, he believes in productivity. His first name is due in a few weeks. And we are only one-third of the way finished. His face expresses it and my distraction isn't making it any better.

He swings a bit around his armchair. He is cracking his knuckles while whistling a tune. A tune I don't recognize, but I know he has something on his sleeve. And no, I am not talking about the tattoo sleeves on his arms.

"Well, Aniki," he purrs to me. When he says aniki or big brother, he is getting ready to express what he calls "love" to me. "Very well," he replies with a monotonous voice. "I am not really having good material for this part." He sighs again, licking his lips. "I really wish I can see some inspiration."

He looks at me, but not at my face. He licks his lips again. "I will sure love to have some inspiration to continue our work," he says with a monotonous tone again.

I interject. "Ok, ok," I tell him. "I will get back to work. I will work on this backdrop. If I have to, I will take this evening off before I…" I get interrupted when he stands and put his finger to my lips. He smiles, cupping my cheeks and slowly drifting his fingers through my chin. A chill runs through my spine.

This is now the time when Hiro expresses his love for me.

"Shh!" He tells me. "It is fine. We all need breaks every now and again." He kneels down. He is now at pants level with me. "We need to be quiet or else Aunt Cass finds out." He winks at me.

I am panting, but remain calm. I am going to have the upper hand. He is not going to do this to do. Not again. Not again.

He puts his hands on my thighs, rubbing it affectionately. "Are you going to make this easy or difficult this time," he asks me with a serious tone. "It will be much better if you take off your pants willingly or if I do it, you already know what is going to happen."

Two images come to mind, something I dearly cherish: GoGo and my application to MIT. Two things I hold to me like what is left of my respect. She must not find out and he must not find out about my impending departure.

I put his hands aside and I stand up. I swallow the lump in my throat as I began unzipping my pants. Hiro glares excitedly, licking his lips and swaying his finger around his nipples.

"That is my boy," he says with a hint of seduction in his voice. Yeah, I like that. Quiet and docile, very good. It is better to be honest and let you go out on your terms." He giggles.

Since I am taking too long, he assists me as I pull down my pants. He glares excitedly, licking his lips and swaying his finger around his nipples.

"That is my boy," he says with a hint of seduction in his voice. Yeah, I like that. Quiet and docile, very good. It is better to be honest and let you go out on your terms." He giggles.

Since I am taking too long, he assists me as I pull down my pants. I tell myself in my mind that it is pants and that is it. I am keeping my boxers on. I yelped quietly as his warm palm touches my penis. He is very delicate, too delicate. He rubs at the base while using his other hand to fondle my testicles. I let out a moan. It is too similar, too similar...too similar...to the techniques of GoGo.

That is how she starts when she is in the mood.

"I can tell you are getting turned on, aniki, he says to me while rubbing my dick. "I have watched that bitch of yours doing like this. You need to find better places to have sex." He hovers his breath over my penis. "Watchful eyes can make its appearance anywhere and anytime."
He continues rubbing my dick, gripping on my balls to apply pressure. "GoGo does this when she knows you are closing to coming." He giggles again. "That slut doesn't know how to take care of my Tadashi." He sticks out his tongue. "I know a place where you can come instantly. Watch to remember, okay?"

I get stunned as he tightens his grip on my balls while licking the phallus of my dick through my boxers. Hiro transitions to a feminine voice. That is the least he can do for me. He knows my type, but he also knows my weakness.

"Let it out, baby," he tells me. "Milk me in your boxers. Filter out that cream so I can partake."

He sounds like GoGo. I come instantly. I let out as he uses both hands to cradle my dick. He licks and licks until there is nothing left. Just a wet patch of my semen and his saliva.

I am panting. I am tired. I am ashamed. Standing here half naked while my brother is giving me head. I am certainly the brother of the year.

"Thanks for the treat," he winks at me. "You can put your own clothes on. See to it that you don't get distracted again. Understand?"

"Yeah, for sure," I say to him.

I put my clothes back on and return to my station. I began getting my thoughts back on designing this backdrop for him. Meanwhile, I am gathering my thoughts on how soon is the early admission deadline. The quickly I am accepted to MIT, the faster I can leave.
My Brother Can't Be This Complexed (Part II)

Black coffee is the poison of choice at the moment in time. I got into the habit of drinking coffee after having my late night rendezvous with GoGo. Some things that are certain about my GoGo is her determination and her stamina. In return became my determination and my stamina. We have been working nights. I opted to study at her house instead of doing it at mine. I couldn't imagine living on the second floor of a restaurant as a romantic. Plus, I didn't wanted to bothered by the sounds of patrons, my aunt's pesterling, and of course, Hiro's nosiness. I am still trying to find the origin of his obsession with me. Anyway, back to the point. It is at her house where she and I spent many nights studying to get into college. Living alone in a big city was difficult for my purple-banged girl. It wasn't everyday that she gathered immunity from her parents and ventured to another part of the world alone. However, it was through determination and stamina that she was able to push through the cracks. And another factor being me.

Look at me, I still talking about my GoGo and still trying to not leave you, readers, astray. Anyway, we push through Calculus, Physics, and the like. We drank coffee like it was going nowhere. It had to be black. In her opinion, it was because we were destroying the blackness of adversity. It was a tradition. So anytime we got together, we drank black coffee. It was a moment I loved sharing with GoGo. Lest I not forget the awesome, incredible sex we had afterwards. That was where her stamina gathers her strength.

I put the emptied cup down on the table and put aside my application for MIT. I still have the coffee ringed paper GoGo left for me whenever I had a doubt of succeeding. It was a drawing herself giving me a thumbs up. It said *you can do it, Tadashi!* It was written in Japanese, so the drawing itself made it much cooler. It makes my heart melt. I crack my knuckles, following by kissing the stained paper and returning it to the confinements of my drawer to take a breather.

It is quiet this evening. The restaurant is closed for the evening. My aunt told me and my brother that she was going on a date and don't expect her home until after midnight. It had to be the same guy. She was wearing gear that people normally wear when going to the rodeo. Her crimson lips cracked a smile whenever she wore that outfit. Hiro picked it out for her. It made her look good; to the point where even I was hot to trot, and that is my aunt. Don't get it twisted, I don't think of my aunt that way, but seeing her in those clothes gave my thoughts, *just thoughts*. I am thinking of asking GoGo to wear that outfit and I am not talking about going to the rodeo with it.

Having lecherous thoughts is giving me a boner. Great, I am in the mood. It is too late in the evening to call GoGo. On nights we don't study, GoGo is busy catching up with sleep. You don't want to mess with a sleeping beauty when she is tired. You definitely don't want to mess with a sleeping beauty when she only had an hour or two of sleep. I have caught the wrath and so did Hiro.

Hiro doesn't like GoGo that much. I think it is because she is in the way. The day I showed GoGo to Aunt Cass was the day I saw how contorted his face was. He gripped his hands to the point that he was breaking skin. He quivered his lips and made a forced smile to accept GoGo into my life. I know, I know that he saw her as a threat. I think, better yet, I know he has developed this obsession over me.

I am still trying to pinpoint the origin of having these feelings for me.

I walk to the door to ensure that it is closed. I lock it to make sure I won't get any interruptions, especially from Hiro. Speaking of the devil, I haven't seen my little brother since our little incident in his room. Knowing for him, he is probably chatting online to either girls or guys. With the girls, playing the trap game. With the guys, fooling them with the trap game. Word from the grapevine
says that Hiro does videos. Fred once told me that he saw a video of a trap that looked like Hiro. According to Fred, it was his gapped tooth that gave it away. He send me the link for evidence.

Looking back now. Why was Fred looking at crossdressing pornography? Graduating from one thing to the next. The fallacy of being a degenerate porn addict.

Anyway, since I can't get in contact with GoGo and the other girl I often have a small fling with is with her boyfriend, I have to be user-friendly with my hand and with my laptop. Before I do that, I turn out the light. I want to be sure that Hiro think I have retired for the night. Even though it is near ten in the evening and on a Friday night, I still don't need him to get any ideas.

Thumbzilla or Porn Hub tend to my resources of studying the human anatomy. I click on my profile to find my favorites. Before you place any judgement, Asian pornography isn't my main choice. I enjoy it, but I look at other things to whet my appetite. I have spent the other day looking at ebony and ebony lesbian porn. I wasn't in the mood for Latina and hentai. Lesbian porn might be something to get my rocks off. After a few minutes of debating, I have decided to look at femdom instead. There is a mistress who has been serving her gracious presence of the site for many years. Even I have engaged in conversation with her; virtually that is. I am clicking on one of her videos. It is one of her jerk off instruction videos. I have my hand on my dick and preparing to engulf in a world of femdom.

Before clicking the play button. I saw a link to another video. Trap Boy Gets Off to LoFi. Normally, I wouldn't give it a second thought, but it is crazy on how feminine he looks. My dick is feeling confused, but it is not stopping from the thoughts of the link. From scanning over the video, he is doing very girly things. I am hesitant, but why not, I think to myself. It doesn't hurt to explore. I mean femininity is femininity. I click on the video.

The introduction of the video displays that this person is question is part of the community. It means that this is not his first time featuring videos. It means he must have a following. He goes by the name, THsweetheartSF. He has over forty videos. The video in question has been seen over thousands of times. Enough with the statistics, it is time to look at the video.

The scene looks like it is in a bedroom. Like the title says, the music is lo-fi. A few seconds into the video, I see the trap crawling to the bed. He is wearing a long, white wig with bunny ears. He is also wearing a sailor-like cosplay outfit. If I don't know any better, he looks like a character from the Kantai Collection. I can't quite put a name on it. Shimakaze? I think I am saying her name right. Anyway, I am watching the trap crawling over to the bed. He is making meow noises. He is dancing, exposing his stomach. It is weird because he looks like a girl. The next thing he does is turning around and saw his panties. They are black. But what makes me swallow the lump in my throat is how nice and firm is his ass. He shakes his ass for the camera while making cat noises.

He turns to the camera, showing intent on his actions. I hearing chat noises, he goes to a keyboard and begins typing. The moment he opens his mouth, I see the gapped tooth. He turns to the camera and smiles. I know that smile. I have seen it many times. I know that is none other than my brother, Hiro Hamada.

'Hey you perverts, THsweetheartSF, here to get yourself with wet,' he tells the camera. He looks again on his computer. 'What kind of action am I gonna perform today?' He licks his lips while putting his finger to his nose like a curious schoolgirl. 'I don't know. What do you want to see?'

He stares at his computer. After hearing several chat noises, he turns to the camera once more.

'You guys want to see me play with myself,' he tells the screen. 'I know it has been a few days since I done any fucking. Tired of seeing my sword play? Do you want to see a sword enter my sheath?
You're in for a treat.'

He leaves the screen for a moment. I am still in shock that I am looking at my brother. Why in the hell is my brother performing live streaming videos for strange perverts. Why in the hell am I looking at my brother performing live streaming videos. Is someone blackmailing him? Who is it? I need to find out. I need to confront him right now about this. He has a future. He is a comic book writer. Why? Why? Why?


He returns with a black dildo that looks at least the size of a cable remote controller. He displays at the camera. 'This is my black prince. He treats me good on worst days. The days when I can't what I want.' He looks at the screen. 'I know, dear. I know, babe. You wish you can treat me like a prince? You want me to make your dick wet. I wouldn't mind helping you empty out your seed and deposit it in my bank. However, you can suffice with this dildo being your dick.' He laughs devilishly.

He lies down on the pillow. The camera gives good focus of his body. He spreads his legs wide enough to see his anus. He licks his fingers, move his panties aside, and greedily feeds his ass with his fingers. I watch as I am looking at my brother digging into his cavern. He tucks in his lips and takes sharp breaths. He quietly moans into the air as the chat noises buzz like crickets in the summer evening. He continues as he pinches his nipples through his shirt. From the position, I see his dick go into an erection, but his panties was protruding it, but he is in heat.

'I know you perverts are liking this,' he says in between pants. 'This, too, is turning me on right now. I hope you haven't busted anything just yet. The finally has yet to come.'

He stops tending to his anal garden and brings out the instrument that will accompany him with his tilling. He places it in his mouth and engages in sucking it like it is the bestest treat in the world. His eyes roll back into the pleasure as he rubs and grips the black dildo. His hips bucks as I can imagine he wants to be stimulated. I, too, become aroused of seeing him at this point.

Wait a minute? This is my brother. Why in the hell am I thinking of him? No, no, this isn't my brother. I don't have sex with my brother. I don't engage in this kind of things. He does that with me. I am just a kid who is too terrified to tell his aunt that his brother is a brother-complexed pervert who lurks for me at any moment's notice.

'Are you guys ready,' he tells the audience. The chat noises confirms as he slowly enters the dildo at his rosebud. 'Close your eyes and think of it as your dick.' He moans. 'If only I had a real dick. Can I tell you something?'

For a moment, I want to know what he is trying to tell me.

'I haven't had a dick before. A real one. I have been practicing for my one true dick. I wonder if any of you guys want a taste of this trap pussy?'

The wetness of my precum covers and cradles my fingers. I slowly grip my shaft as I am getting off to a trap. Nothing else, just a trap who favors a girl. A girl that looks like my brother. Nothing more, nothing less.

'Do I have somebody in mind to take away my virginity? I do, but I am unsure if he wants it.' He tells the camera as he continues pumping the dildo in his cavern. 'Alas, if he doesn't feel that way, then maybe somebody can offer it to me. For a price, of course.'

I see cloudy fluids escape the folds of his ass. In the meantime, he slides open his panties and
exposes his dick. It, too, has cloudy fluids leaking profusely. I am stroking mine harshly, gripping it tightly as I am imagining my hand to be his pussy.

The intensity is too much for him as he begins speaking in Japanese. I am fortunate to understand the language since it is secondary to my mother tongue.

'This feels amazing. My pussy craves this dick. It wants more. It wants something bigger. Why must I have to go through this and he knows damn better how much I want him. How much do I have to tease him to get the point that I want him. No bitch can treat him better than I can.'

He bucks his hips, humping the air as he fastens and secures the dildo within his pussy. He is close to climaxing.

'I am also there. I am also there. Who is going to cum first? My dick, my ass, or you guys. You be the judge. I am doing a countdown. Get ready?' He moans loudly as I know he is getting close. '10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1.'

We climax at the same time. My semen escapes to the confines of my boxer shorts. Hiro trembles in the pleasure before his dick ejaculates his semen as well. He moans loudly before ebbing into the silence. He continues to hump his hips before subsiding into rest.

The chat noises buzz continuously. Hiro is panting. He continues to pant in the afterglow before sitting up. He looks at the screen. 'That was awesome. I hope I got your dicks and pussies wet from this. But, it is time to go. I have work to do. Hugs and kisses. Bye!' He blows a kiss before the video ends.

I sit there in agony. Mainly because I just got off to my own brother in porn. Yet again, I didn't get off to him. I got off to a trap. A boy who looks like a girl. Yeah, that is it. I don't care to have sex with a man. I am being honest. Masculinity isn't my thing. I prefer the softness of a beautiful girl. At least, I keep telling myself as I got off from a trap.

I close my web browser and turn off the computer. I am finished for the night. I am thankful that the computer volume was low enough for Hiro not to notice. I reach for the tissues and clean my hands from my shame. I am grateful that I have a half-bathroom in my room. I am going to need to wash my hands.

"Enjoyed my show, onii-chan?"

My stomach just drop. I slowly turn around and I see my brother lying on my bed. His legs are crossed. He is still wearing the outfit from earlier today. He has a satisfied look on his face. He gives me a slow clap.

"Tadashi, Tadashi, Tadashi," he says with a smirk. "If you wanted me to get you off, then you should've just asked."

I am taken aback. "This is not what it looks like. Fred told me that there was a link that he saw a person that looked just like you. I just wanted to find out if it was true." I change the subject. "How did you get in here anyway."

He smiles. "No door in the world can stop me from my love, onii-chan." He holds a wired hanger. Curse the person who made the door with a hole in it.

"So, are you are going to tell me the truth," he says. He pulls out his cell phone. "Or, do you want this to be released onto the world."
I am bewildered. He has recorded the entire session of my jacking off.

"This would be interested to display," he says. "You got off to my own page."

"Wait a minute," I interjected. "You have no right to blackmail me. Especially if you have a page like that and you are still in school. Do you have any idea what kind of trouble you can be in?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Do you think you are entitled in the position you are in right now, onii-chan?" He shakes his leg. "First of all, I have connections. Second of all, I am not hurting anybody. Third, I have you in a position in which you are jerking off to your younger brother. Of course, I don't know which is more damaging: my embarrassment of being exposed in which over time will pass; or knowing you were jerking off to your brother and people will remember that more for the fact your incestuous nature, big brother?"

I am still taken aback. I see him staring at me with those hungry eyes. He has me in a bind and I don't know what to do. I sigh defeatedly. "Want do you want from me?"

He displays a smile. "You act like what I have done to you is a bad thing, big brother." He shows a fake pout. "You know exactly want I want."


He shakes his head. "I don't want any of your money. You know what I want."

"Hiro, you know I have a girlfriend. A girl I really care about."

He displays the video of my jerking off. "Are you sure you want me to displays to your girlfriend." He pulls out another picture of me and my other friend having sex. "Are you sure you want me to send that GoGo? Tell me which one? Or both!"

I look down to the ground. Hiro came forward and lift my chin up. "You know what I want. It is easy. All you have to do is say yes."

I look away, but he plays the video again to get my attention.

"From this point on, you are my muse," he says matter-of-factly. "When I need motivation for my art, you are going to serve it. If I need some assistance for my video, you are going to serve it. From this moment on, you belong to me, Tadashi."

"Belong to you," I retort to him.

"Exactly," he says with confirmation. "Unless you want these things to be released, then I suggest you fall in line." He gives me a peck on the cheek. "Since you belong to me, the first thing you are going to do is please me." He unbuttons his shorts and displays his purple satin panties. "Eat me out," he demands.

I am panting through my nose. He is telling me to engage in oral sex with him. I am seeing his budding erection. I look away again, but he cradles my head and forces me into his area.

"Once again, eat me out," he tells me. "I am going to make sure that you are going to be mine."

I can't believe what position I put myself into. I close my eyes and try to tell myself that MIT is around the corner. MIT is around the corner.
It is a bolt from the blue when I hear the sound of keys unlocking from downstairs. Hiro darts his eyes when hearing the sound. He curses under his breath, putting his fingernails to his mouth. He contemplates. I know he does that when he is being solution-oriented. In other words, he is seeking a Trump card.

It is to his dismay I won’t give him any spare time of other options. I turn on the lights and reach for the door. In between that brief time frame of leaving his sight and getting the door, he reaches for his pants and pulls them up. He displays a pout, knowing that our aunt interrupted his chance.

Thank you, Aunt Cass. From the bottom of my heart. It looks as though faith is on my side. I have a smile as I slide down the stairs to get to the living room. Aunt Cass enters from the side door. She doesn't look too happy. She takes off her cowboy hat and slides it on the counter. She takes off her boots and tosses them next to the door. She reaches the cabinet in search of an evening drink. She does that when a date doesn't exactly worked out. A bottle of Wild Turkey is on tab for the evening. She finds a coffee mug with a picture of Mega Man. She pours the drink to the brim before drink. She turns around, leaning against the counter.

It is there I catch her attention.

"Date didn't work out," I ask her gently. I take a seat at the table where she has her eyes on me. She doesn't want to talk about it, judging by her demeanor when she takes her third sip. Nevertheless, she seeks to me as a resourceful person, a shoulder to lean and to cry on. There have been nights where she comes to my room for advice. Her sleek nightgown slips from her shoulder blade as she comes to my room. She gives me questions on why she isn't good enough. I am there, giving her love and support. She leans to my chest, resting on it. In those moments, I feel the presence of another being who envies our aunt for he wants to be in my position. He has his hands wrapped on the door frame, yearning to be in the very room. Wanting my touch, my voice, something he can grab.

Only at a distance. Only at a distance.

"The police raided the place," she tells me. "The guy I went with was arrested on suspicion."

I close my hands together. "Suspicion of what?"

"They wouldn't say," she tells me sternly. She raises the cup and drains the rest of her grain alcohol before seeking for more. "You meet a guy that seems reasonable and just how life goes, they get taken away." She pours another into the glass. I know that she is going to get drunk before she comes to my room for our nightly talks.

"Hey, Aunt Cass." Aunt Cass turns as Hiro makes his entrance downstairs. He is sporting a white t-shirt. Do we have to guess from which department he got it from? Not everyday if you find a shirt titled "Boys Suck" in my department. He was wearing his frilly pajamas. It is partially sagged, displaying his panties. He purposefully sways his hips to our aunt. He gives me glares every few seconds as he approaches our aunt and kisses her on the cheek. "Your date didn't work out?"

"It's terrible, Hiro," she says as she takes another drink. "Times like this I wish I don't want to date. Just get Mochi, get fat, and drink the pain away."

Hiro touches our aunt's shoulder. "Dear auntie, don't be like that. A good man is hard to find these days." The latter half of the sentence displays a strong tone. There is no undercurrent as his eyes
were staring daggers on my flushed face. "Sometime, a man is difficult. Don't know where to go or what to do. Don't know what to do when something is good right in front of them."

Aunt Cass shrugged her shoulders. "I wish sweetheart I can think like you. You always find the silver lining of things." She rubbed her nose on Hiro's shoulder.

"It's my job, auntie," says Hiro. "You are a good woman. You deserve the best. You want to be a man that deserve your worth. Someday, you will." He releases a sigh. "Like I will find my soulmate someday." He reaches into his pocket. "Auntie, there is something I have been wanting to give to you. Look at it as a token of my appreciation for being such a sweetheart to me and my Tadashi." It is a small card. She takes the card, putting her cup of liquid courage down. She opens the card and pulls a note.

"To Aunt Cass, your light shines upon us like no other. You deserve more than anything life offers to you. From raising us to teaching us to be great, wonderful man, we are grateful for you. So as a token of our appreciation, we want to extend our love by giving you this gift of two days in a spa retreat in Napa Valley." Aunt Cass reads and her face flushes a beet red. She takes the note to her chest. She reaches for Hiro and gives him a hug. She turns to me. "Thank you boys so so much." She kisses Hiro. I stand as I begrudgingly come to my aunt. "Thank you, Tadashi." She kisses me. And she kisses Hiro again. "Thank you, Hiro. Thank you, boys. This is great. This is so so great."

"I know you birthday isn't for a couple of weeks, but I felt this will come in handy," says Hiro with a gentle smile. "Get away for a few days, relax. Nothing wrong with manicures, pedicures, and wine in the finest part of the state."

Aunt Cass shakes her head, agreeing to her nephew. I bite my lip as I know that Aunt Cass is unknowingly signing my death notice. I try to intervene before Hiro breaks the silence. "I have made arrangements. A limo is coming tomorrow morning to pick you up and take you to the airport. The flight is first class. So, you will be living it up."

Aunt Cass shows strong emotions. She wants to cry. "I love you boys so much." She lets out a small sniffle. "I don't know what to say?"

"Just have fun and live life, auntie," says Hiro. "You deserve the best!"

"Oh, my God," she stammers. "I need to go upstairs and pack. This is so exciting." She stumbles, almost tripping on the floor. "Sorry, boys. Auntie is sort of drunk. I will take my time." I keep my hand behind my back, releasing a self-deprecating laughter. "Yeah, auntie. I am very happy for our gift."

As she goes upstairs, I immediately focus my attention on Hiro. He takes the coffee cup and pours a glass of Wild Turkey. "Hiro, what in the hell are you getting at?"

He puts his finger to my lip, sliding it gently from top to the bottom. He finishes the cup, putting it on the counter. "Getting what I want, you."

"How in the hell did you get this money. Wait, wait. How did you able to get this set up over the past few minutes?"

"Big brother, onii-chan, Tadashi, sweetheart," he tells me as he leans back on the counter. "The many benefits of being a cam model is the connections I make. These horny bastards will give you their mother's pension just to get a visual of this delicate ass." He spanks it gently. "I am their wet dream. I just released a post of our poor, poor aunt. I was met with an abundance of love. There is an old stud at the winery who was willing to help our poor, poor aunt." He licks his lips. "Giving us a
couple of days of settling the score." He pokes my nose. "Me and you!"

He leans forward, making his way towards me. "Understand, onii-chan, it is you what I want." He chuckles. "I wouldn't go through all of this hell if it meant not to have my way. I get what I want, big brother. Rather you want it or not." He presses his body against mine. I turn away, but he tilts my chin. He chuckles, but uses a feminine voice.

"Does my body feel so soft?" He trails his finger to my chest. "This frilly shirt gives it a cutesy feeling. I did just for you." He blows to my face. "I can be your girl, Tadashi." He lets out a feminine moan. "I can be whatever GoGo wishes she can be," I flinch when he takes hold of my penis. "By tomorrow, I will be getting a taste of this dick. For it belongs to me." I close my eyes as he kisses me on the cheek. "So, you can rest easily for the night."

He lets go. He walks away from my sight. He goes toward the stairs. "So, remember my dearest big brother, this is for us." He sucks in, releasing another moan. "You will be begging for this pussy by the time I am finished with you." He slaps his ass. "Yeah, Tadashi," she quietly moans. "Give it to me, baby. Pound my ass, baby. Oh yeah, oh yeah, fill me to the brim of your sweet cum." He licks his lips, making his way to the stairs. "Good night, Tadashi. Pleasant dreams." He blows a kiss and he is out of my sight.

I stand in disbelief as I know my days are going to be different the moment Aunt Cass steps out of this house. I refuse to let Hiro win this game. I check my phone. It is still early enough to call my friend. It hits me that her boyfriend might be over. So, I write a text.

*Hey, Abby. Tadashi here. I was wondering if you were in the mood for company?*

As I am close to clicking send, I receive an email. It is to no surprise that it is from my dear brother. I open the link and nearly drop my phone.

There goes my scapegoat. I forgot about earlier. I erase the text and I call it a defeat.

As I make my way to go upstairs to bed, the only thing that is alleviating my stress is MIT. I close my eyes and tell myself that MIT is around the corner. MIT is around the corner.
The day of reckoning has come for this dear old boy. The day where I am going to be mercilessly judged. God, if you are out there in this vast universe, please use your divinity to intervene this moment. Blasphemous, I admit, but I don't want, better yet, don't need to deal with the events to come in the next few days. I didn't get much sleep. My mind was running a marathon. A marathon thinking of my dearest brother, Hiro. What things does he have planned for us? What does he want to do to fulfill his wishes. You saw it from last night. Wearing his clothes, swaying his hips, grinning with anticipation of making me his.

Even before I shut my eyes, he made a peek at the door. He wished me sweet dreams, blowing a kiss at me. He mouthed something that I won't ever forget. It was the way he did, excitement, anticipation. The eagerness in his body as he trembled and shivered in his flannel pajamas.

*I am going to make you mine for sure.*

Eight in the morning. My eyes snap. Just as a dog to his owner, my dearest brother is lying on top of me in bed. Happiness is the subject this morning. On the contrast, fear runs in my veins.

He thinks by wearing a thin t-shirt and panties is supposed to impress me? Wearing pink barrettes in his hair, tying it in a ponytail? The scent of the honeydew perfume I regrettably bought for him on his last birthday? Is that what he is trying to do? Think again, Hiro? I am just using my time.

GoGo is still my forethought. MIT is my center. And as soon as I sign these papers, you will, my brother, an afterthought.

"Good morning, big brother," he says alluringly. His nimble fingers resting on my shoulder blades, trailing it to my neck. "I must say, big brother, you have always had a beautiful neck." He sticks out his tongue. "The better to taste you with, my dear." He winks, inhaling my scent. "Oh, my God. You smell like a man. So dashing you are. Didn't you take a shower?" He presses his nose to my neck. He draws a whisper into my ear. "Or you were just waiting for me?"

He giggles. He presses his body harder to me. "Today is the day where I am going to make you mine, my muse." He kisses my neck, giving it a couple of pecks. I try to resist, but he grips my body, holding on to my special place. "This body, this Adonis is mine and mine alone." He furrows his eyebrows. "In these next couple of days, the name Abby and that bitch, GoGo, will no longer escape from these supple, tender lips." He gets off of me. "I can't wait."

He sways his hips, raising his shirt so I can see his panties. He makes sure to blow me a kiss before closing the door. I look to my God in heaven. "Why have you forsaken me?"

I put on whatever I left on the floor from the day before and head downstairs. Coffee is on the agenda as I can see Aunt Cass pouring her a cup. To go, may I add. Her limo is waiting for her and she is happy than a pig wallowing in his own shit, pardon my French.

"Thank you, boys, so much for giving me this trip," she says as she seals her Thermos. "This weekend is going to take the stress away."

"Hear, hear, Auntie," says Hiro as he sits at the kitchen table. He has a bowl of yogurt, taking gentle, small bites. He licks the spoon aggressively, making tiny pecks at the edge of the spoon. "I hope that this trip takes away the woes of men and just relax and have fun."

She wipes the crust from her eye. "Oh, sweetness. Someday, I hope to find a man that can love me
and take me off my feet."
"Take a number, toots," says Hiro as he plays with his spoon. "I know that feeling oh so well."

She kisses Hiro on the cheek. "Oh, honey. Someday, you will find that man, woman, whatever makes you happy."

He smiles tenderly. "Thank you, Aunt Cass. Yet again, what you could be looking for could be sitting right in front of you."

I nearly drop my cup. The nerve of him. Saying that in front of her?

"Oh, honey," says Aunt Cass. "You are an awesome wonder. I guarantee you will, but first, you need to finish school and take care of your priorities."

"Yes, ma'am."

The honking of the limo ceases any further conversation. "Well, there goes my ride." She picks up her suitcase and grabs her coffee. She goes and kisses me on the cheek. "Enjoy your weekend, sweetie," she tells me. "Auntie loves you and take care of Hiro for me." She looks at Hiro. "Bedtime as usual. No outside company that I am not familiar with. Be sure to lock all doors. And take care of Mochi for me."

Hiro gets up to hug our aunt. "Don't worry, Auntie. We will be just fine." His eye never leaves my sight. He keeps watching as he licks the residue of yogurt from his finger.

She blows a kiss goodbye and heads out to the sidewalk where the limo is waiting. A driver opens the door for her while another gets her bags. I take a sip of my now lukewarm coffee as I know the moment she drives away, the true essence of Hiro Hamada will be revealed.

It doesn't take long when Hiro comes behind. He intertwines my hand with his. "Oh, onii-chan," he says alluringly. "Welcome to paradise. A place where there aren't any walls for our love." He pecks me on the cheek. "I am going to make you mine for sure."

He slaps my ass and walks away from me. "Finish your coffee and then meet me in the studio." He leaves me alone. Alone with my thoughts. Alone with the fact that Hiro is really going to do things to me. I go into my pocket to get my phone. It isn't there.

"Don't need outside influences, honey." I reluctantly turn to see him in possession of my phone. "You have loose pockets, onii-chan," he giggles. "All the more to see what you can do to mine."

By this time, I go back to my coffee cup. It is empty. "I know exactly how you feel right now." I get another cup and take a seat at the table. I think about how he has me in his grips. I think on how he has dirt on me. Jerking off to his video and the fact that I cheated on GoGo. Let me stop. I know at any minute, he will be waiting for me and Hiro doesn't like to be waited on.

About thirty minutes have passed since I consumed the coffee and head into his bedroom/art studio. I knock to see if he is there. He isn't. Assuming that he is in the bathroom, I take a seat in my area. Otokonoko Trap is the latest manga he is working on. The story about a young teenager who dresses as a girl in order to awe men and women into his bidding. Of course, the hero of the tale is named Hiro. Hiro lives with his brother named Aniki. His real name isn't revealed but it is obvious on who he is mentioning. He wants the readers to give an option on naming the brother to whoever they want him to be. The premise of the manga is a comedy. The hero gets himself involved in compromising positions and it is up to his brother to get him out of it. There is plenty of ecchi moments and strong overtones of his affections for Aniki. Of course, Aniki denies those feelings, but
the protagonist continues to show his love.

Basically what I am going through right now.

"Yoo-hoo!"

He gets my attention as I turn my seat. My mouth drops as I see what he is wearing. *Fate/Grand Order's* Astolfo or the Rider of Black is what he is portraying. Sporting a pink wig with the bows, a schoolgirl uniform that you can easily see his stomach and short skirt, and long white stockings to his upper legs. He giggles in delight as I am awestruck on what he is wearing.

"Do I look good or do I look good?" He twists and turns to showcase his outfit. "One of my patrons sent this to me as a gift. He liked it when I cosplayed as Kaolla Su from one of my latest videos."

I don't say a word. I return back to my desk. He walks towards his area and he has a seat.

"Turn around where I can see you, aniki," he tells me.

I am in a panic. I swallow the lump in my throat. This doesn't please Hiro.

"Do I need to tell your friends that my brother jerked off to me or do I need to tell GoGo…?"

"Ok, alright," I tell him. "I am turning around." I turn my chair where he can see me. He lets out a Cheshire Cat grin as he crosses his legs. "There you go, aniki. Following direction is best when I got dirt on you." He takes a cough. "So, as you may know, you are my muse for this weekend. Auntie or nobody else is going to stop me from taking what's mine. You!"

He brushes his hair with his fingers, cracking his knuckles in the process. "Anyway, the reason why I am in this getup is that I have a commission."

"A commission?"

"That's right. I got a client who wants images of me cosplaying in his collection." He snaps his fingers. "Also, I can use the publicity for my career as a mangaka. However, I need a bit of inspiration first before I can continue." He raises the hems of his skirt, exposing his panties. "Now, yesterday, remember when I told you, you have to eat me out?"

I am panting through my nose. He is telling me to engage in oral sex with him again. I am seeing his budding erection. I look away again, but he cradles my head and forces me into his area.

"I didn't forget, aniki," he says to me. "On your knees."

I follow his order. I get on my knees. "Come to me," he says teasingly. I don't respond. I just follow suit. I am turning beet red. It makes Hiro smile. "You not responding doesn't help you." I am hovering my breath over his groin. He lets out a slight moan. "What are you going to do, Aniki?"

I mutter. "I am...I am...I am going to eat you out."

Hiro grins. "Wise choice. Allow yourself to taste my clit, Aniki." I open my mouth to allow his dick to enter my mouth. It tastes funny at first but he grabs my head to continue to lick his throbbing member. He takes a sharp breath as he is feeling the pleasure from his dick. "More, Aniki. More, please."

I lick the tip of his phallus with his tongue, tasting the precum that is coming from his dick. I am obviously a novice when sucking on a penis when it compares to eating out pussy. It is thanks to the
many nights I have spent with GoGo and Abby that provided me with much practice. But, it is weird that how long his girth is when it is in my mouth.

I pull out when I can no longer handle it.

"I must say you are quite good at this," he tells me while patting my head. "You are making Astolfo very happy. Does aniki wants seconds?" He grabs my face and returns me back to his dick. "Aniki can have seconds," he giggles. I lick the shaft, gripping to his testicles massaging them. He moans the moment I do that.

"Aniki, Aniki. This feels good. Oh, my God. I am going to cum. I am going to cum," he moans. "Take my seed. Take it all!" He screams as he climaxes. My mouth reluctantly welcomes his semen into my mouth. He holds on to my face, continuing to release his milk into my mouth. I don't see, but he is delighted as he takes in the pleasure.

He lets go as I still have the semen in my mouth. He purses his lips. He cradles my chin, forcing me to swallow. I do, tasting its salty contents. He pats me on my head. "Good aniki. It is best to be familiar with my milk. For it won't be the last time." He pulls his panties on. "Now, we must get to work. Seriously, we do have photos to work on."

He goes retrieve his camera and hands it to me. At this point, he puts on a serious face. I know when he does that, he is in work mode. "Be sure to show my good side," he tells me as he gets on the bed.

I grab the camera as he prepares for his poses. He lies on his stomach. As I try to get the camera focused, I still think of MIT.

MIT is around the corner. MIT is around the corner.
I am sitting quietly in my room flipping through a magazine. The name of it and what is about? Doesn't matter! I am in here to pass the time before my brother calls me to do something I do not want to do! After the stunt he pulled on me earlier in that Astolfo getup, things have been minute. Quiet, if you will. Besides the playful bantering and risque comments on what he wanted me to do with him, everything was quite the norm.

We worked on his submissions of his photo-ops. He said that I take great pictures. He had them submitted and resumed working on his comic. That was it. When Hiro works, he works. He takes his series seriously as he does me. He was heavily into work while sporting that Astolfo costume. I have to admit, it was cute on him. And quite convincing if you ask me….

Let me stop! That is my brother, damn it. Even for a moment, he caught me in that spell with that get-up. Anyway, after finishing the comic, Hiro told me that he had to step out for a bit. He took my phone and my house key. He made sure to have Baymax observe every perimeter of our home and cafe.

Laptop, you might say? Sorry to break it to you guys, even he took that, too. In his words, "you are free to ponder around the house as you choose. You are more than welcome to find movies or read books. However, my aniki, I will be disconnecting you from the outside world."

And there, nothing for me to get in contact with GoGo. Can't get in contact with Abigail. Wasabi, Honey Lemon, Fredzilla. No one. Hiro is certainly absolute on claiming me before the week's end. His lovestruck eyes and kissing me on my cheek before his departure determined that he was absolutely certain that he was going to make me his for sure.

This magazine is useless. I toss it aside and step from the chair. Saturday night and I can be getting my dick wet. I am sorry, guys. You are probably thinking that sex is the only thing I can think of. That is unnecessarily true. I think about other things. I think about my parents (God rest their souls), Aunt Cass, GoGo, Abby, my friends, my career, MIT, and of course, my brother.

MIT application sits where he will never find it. I am thankful that he finds abstract art magazines grotesque and nerve-wracking. As of now, I leave it be. I am almost done with the application anyway. The only thing left I think I have to do is to work on my essay. That shouldn't take long. The application is due soon. I should be ready in time.

MIT is coming soon. My God, I can't wait. And hopefully, GoGo is convinced to do it so we can go together. I can see it now. We can share an apartment, take classes together, go on dates, sleep together, and fuck as much as we want. Ok, forgive me guys for that unnecessary blatant perversion. As of now, I am horny. It has been a few days since my last interaction with the opposite sex. And yes, I don't count my masturbation of my younger brother or receiving his handjobs.

And no, my sucking his clit doesn't count. In my mind, he is feminine, so it is a clit.

God, I feel such a spaz!

I don't have a problem with Hiro being the way he is. I love my brother. Unconditionally, to tell you the truth. I often blame our babysitter from a few years back. She was a bit of loose screw. If anything, she was twice the pervert. For the sake of the protection of her identity, I am going to call her Anna.
Anna was a couple of years older than me. She was 18, at the time, when Aunt Cass decided that we needed a babysitter. It was around the time when she wanted to go on dates. I find it ironic that going to recently divorce seminars a great place to find dates or going to Weight Watchers seminars. Anyway, I wonder why we needed one. I was only 15. I can see if Hiro needed one as he was younger. I could have babysat the little bro for a few bucks and a video game.

Yet again, I believe because Aunt Cass didn't trust me thus getting one. I wasn't that bad of a child. So, I illegally did bot fighting. I needed the money and I got tired of being the last to get anything.

Back to Anna.

Anna took a likeness in Hiro the most. Every time she visited, they were together. That was a big sister to him. They cooked, they sew, they danced, they painted each other's nails.

Looking back now, there were signs.

Anyway, it was one day when I came home from school. I was early as my robotics club was canceled. I returned to the house to see Anna's bike outside of the cafe. I didn't find it strange as she was often there around this time. I was making my way upstairs when I heard noises coming from my Aunt's bedroom.

It was there when I saw Anna giving Hiro a blowjob.

I covered my mouth as I didn't want Anna to see me. Anna looked enticed as she sucked Hiro's dick. Two things happened.

I caught a boner watching Anna and Hiro called my name.

Even now, I wasn't sure it was out of wanting me to save him or wanting me for just the sake of wanting me.

We haven't seen much of Anna since. What my aunt told us was that her parents moved to another part of the town and bike access was impossible. Be as it may, Anna left an impression on both of us.

Even though I think she was the one that started the fire for why Hiro wants me. Or she may have authorized the bombing but I am a hundred percent sure that she lit the fuse.

And so did the powers that be.

An hour passed as I sit in the living room watching television. Baymax is roaming throughout the home as he plays the role of security.

I hear the sound of the keys as I hear Hiro entering the home. I play Cool Hand Luke as I watch television, trying not to act surprised by Hiro's arrival.

He enters the living room. He is wearing his usual getup - a black One Piece t-shirt with the bra straps seen. He is wearing shorts that wraps around his upper thighs. I cringe a little as he is wearing my Chuck Taylors. In his hand, he holds food.

"Aniki, sweetie," he says gracefully and flirtatiously as he enters my distance. He snaps his finger, alerting Baymax.

Immediately, the robotic marshmallow, that I have invented, comes to him.

"And how was my sweetie in my time of absence," he asks Baymax.
"Tadashi hasn't left the vicinity or made any attempts of escape," alerts Baymax. I shake my head for that traitor!

"Great!" Hiro smiles and kisses Baymax on his cheek. "That will be all!"

"Have I suited you for your care, Hiro?"

"Yes, you did, my marshmallow! You are dismissed!" I watch as Baymax departs and then I turn to Hiro walking to the couch. I then smell some good food.

"Mexican!" Hiro opens the bag and hands me the to-go box of my food. "Don't worry! It's on me!"

"Thanks," I say to him obligatorily. Taquitos, my favorite. He even made sure that the salsa and the cheese were separated. My brother to a tee. He definitely knows me well. Unfortunately.

Hiro makes sure to sit beside me as he has his dish. It is the same thing. However, he prefers beef over chicken. I am more of the chicken fan.

"The client likes the pictures," he tells me while chewing on his food. "He says that I am a natural." He crosses his legs, rubbing tenderly as he takes another bite of his taquito. "He thinks I should model for a living instead of becoming a mangaka!" He pokes me. "You hear that, aniki? He thinks my androgyny is sexy!"

I hum as an answer as I continue to eat my food. I wish he brought something to drink. He always does that. I stand up but he grabs my wrist.

"Going somewhere, sweetness," he asks me with his doe eyes.

"I am going to get something to drink."

"Never you worry," he interjects. "I have them right here."

Why didn't you mention it, genius, I quietly say in my head as I see the soft drink sitting beside him. As I reach for it, he grabs my collar and pulls me in for a kiss.

Here I am. My lips make contact with his. He grabs tightly around the collar of my neck, pulling his teeth to pry open my mouth. I resist. I see in his eyes that this isn't what he expects so I submit. I taste his taquitos and God knows what before he breaks the kiss. He hands me my drink. "Thanks for the meal," he says in Japanese.

At that point, my appetite was lost. For my sake, I sat on the couch and uncapped the drink so I can wash that kiss down.

I will say this, he and GoGo are good at kissing.

And that is quite, quite damning!

A few hours later…..

The rest of the evening was small talk and watching television before we retire to bed. And yes, he intends for us to sleep together. He wants to sleep with me so I am now in my room preparing for bed. I normally don't wear much when going to sleep. Just a plain white t-shirt and my boxers. Hiro keeps it simple. Most nights, they are pajamas. Some nights, panties. Knowing for Hiro, he might just wear nothing. Especially when there aren't certain interlopers in his way.

I say my prayers for mercy to the unmerciful God as I sit on my bed. I just don't know what to do as
I brace myself for the inevitable. You heard him!? He plans to make me his!

This isn't right! He is my brother! Incest is wrong! I don't condemn same-sex relationship but I am already dating. He needs to count his losses!

I digress as I hear him knock on the door.

"Evening, Tadashi!" Hiro stands in the foot of the door. He is wearing a loose-fitted white t-shirt and a pair of white panties. He even has the nerve to hold a plush toy.

He is making this pill harder to swallow.

"Ready for bed, aniki," he asks as he slowly approaches me.

I don't say nothing. I use the lamp to turn off the lights and climb into bed.

He giggles. "How sweet! Making this easier for me!" He places the plush toy on the nightstand and climbs into bed with me. He is in all smiles as we are now in darkness.

I lay on my back. The ceiling fans are swirling. Hiro scoots closer to me. His hand on my chest. "Do you know how long I have wanted this, aniki?"

I don't answer. He smirks. He knows that he has me where he wants me. I feel so damn defeated. He begins to draw patterns on my chest.

"Is it that bad, Tadashi? I mean, it was you that got off to me," he tells me as he turns his body onto me. I begin to feel his warmth. "All I want is you and only you. All I want for you is to accept that you are mine."

"I have a girlfriend," I reply.

He slaps my chest. "Like it matters with that bimbo bitch!" He kisses my chest. "As of now." He kisses my chest again.

"You...are...under...my...control...and...there...is...nothing...you...can...do...to...stop...it!" Each break was a kiss onto my body. "I have been saving myself for you. All of these years, aniki." He blows into my ear. Suddenly, I feel his hand touching my dick.

"When we finally make love, Tadashi." He is smiling, showing all teeth. "I don't want with a condom. I want you to fill me to the brim with your sweet milk until I feel as though you are going to impregnate me." He grins again. "Oh, the thought of carrying your baby, aniki. What would Aunt Cass think of that?"

He won't let me speak. He covers my mouth as he gets on top of me. He sits up as he takes off his shirt and throws it to the side. I can feel his dick rubbing through his panties. If I don't know any better, I swear his eyes are becoming heart-shaped.

He pulls his dick from his panties, pressing my dick with his. He grips around both of them, rubbing it tenderly as he wants me to become excited. He begins to speak in a feminine voice. "Oh, Tadashi! Oh, baby! This is it! Your fat cock around my dick!"

I strain as I feel him trying with all of his might to excite me. I fight. I become combative.

"Don't resist, Tadashi," he tells me. "Get hard! Get hard for me! Let me be your girl." He shouts louder. "I am more girl than that GoGo bitch can ever be!"
"Why do you hate her so much?"

"Because she has you!"

"She is my girlfriend!"

"I don't care!" I can see the seriousness in Hiro's eyes. He gyrates his hips as he finally manages to get me hard. "I don't care! You are mine! I don't care!"

"Hiro!"

"Let me give you a taste of what you been missing."

"Hiro, no!"

"Nope!" He winks as he braces himself for his ass begins its maiden voyage. Hiro winces as he feels my dick break through his tightened ass. He shudders as he feels his manhood weeping for joy.

His ass is tight. It is confirmed as I see blood sliding down my dick. He was a virgin. I actually take my brother's virginity. I ask God for forgiveness. Hiro shouts with glee in his voice.

"You have made me into a man. You have made me into a woman. My aniki is finally inside of me."

He feels like he is on Cloud Nine. I feel him adjusting his ass so he can get used to the feeling. He starts thrusting so he can feel the sensation.

"Hmm," he moans tenderly. "There is no turning back, baby. I am looking ahead with you and I. You are my man now."

He leans back as he gyrates his hips. Every stroke, I feel the folds of his ass entrapping my penis. It feels like a vacuum as I take sharp breaths, covering my moans. Hiro laughs loudly as he begins squeezing his nipples. He takes strong strokes, but careful to not promote an orgasm. He reminds of me GoGo when we fuck. He is trying to make sure that I don't come, prolonging the feeling.

Well played, Hiro. Well played!

Tell me how it feels," he asks me.

"It feels good. Like my dick is on fire," I respond. Without thinking, I grab his ass and press firmly on his cheeks. I feel wrong for doing this. I think of GoGo, but at my defense, I didn't ask for it.

"Catching on quickly, aren't you," he says. "Now, I am going to step it up further. Your body needs to adapt to how I like it."

He quickly rocks his shaft, moaning loudly and utters my name under his breath. He returns to the position where I am. He stands up, pressing his stomach to me. He closes his eyes and wraps his lips around me.

Suddenly, I absentmindedly grab his chests, touching his erected nipples. I go from touching his chests to gripping his supple ass.

"Hmm, my dear," he says. "That is right. Know my spots, know my taste because that is the only thing you are going to know for the rest of your days."

I don't answer. I can tell that it no longer matters to Hiro. His prize is in front of him. Even if I deny it, he was going to have me. Rather I want it or not.
Hiro begins humming with his mouth, which gave me shivers along with vibrations from my dick. I thrust upward, intensifying the moment as I am getting ready to come. Hiro is anticipating this moment as he rubs his stomach.

"There you go, my aniki! Enter the special spot of where I have you in control."

"Hiro, I am there. I am gonna cum!" I cry to him as I spurt my seed inside of him. My dick twitches, releasing every content into his ass. I can tell that he is accepting each spurt with love, filling the warm confines of his cavern. He keeps his eyes on me, making sure I am witnessing his expression as he is ebbing in the pleasure.

I am panting, but still looking at his smiling face. He gives a slight, devilish smirk. He doesn't leave right away. I know that he wants a few moments of filling my hot seed inside of him "You were great, aniki. I can never get away from this feeling. I won't ever let you get unfamiliar with my asspussy. You're mine now, Tadashi!"

He bashes in forcing me to have sex with him. I can't believe this is happening! Can I ever go back to regular sex? I just had incestuous sex with my brother! My brother!

Suddenly, I begin to feel warm droplets dripping down to my face. There are tears in his eyes. He wipes his face, covering his mouth. He is actually crying.

He drops onto me, burying his face onto my chest. I can feel the shivers. I can feel his body shaking. "Tadashi, Tadashi! My sweet Tadashi" I feel the hotness of tears on my chest. He has had sex with me. He should happy, shouting for joy.

"Big brother," he whispers again.

I tuck my lip. I swallow my pride as I grab onto his hair, stroking it gently. "I am here, Hiro. I am here. I am not going anywhere."

I continue consoling my little brother that earlier decided to rape me and now crying for his actions. Nevertheless, I am still his big brother.

I am still his aniki.

I comfort him until we both drift into slumber.

MIT was on my mind but for this night, it is in the backburner!
I am the first to wake up this morning. The group, Pilot, is the soundtrack to my morning on my radio alarm clock. To think I am one of the few people left with something of a retroactive device. It was a gift from GoGo when she and I were dumpster diving near the coast. Originally, it came from nothing. Nothing more than split wires and the scent of hot garbage. However, after spending nearly a week on sprucing and working on the kinks, it had finally worked. Now, I want to crush the heap of junk for the distaste it brings me this morning. Or better yet the artist who wrote this awfully damn song.

Or maybe I am just upset because I had just had sex with my blood brother.

I don't know what to feel. Well, I actually feel sticky. Not sure if it is my spunk or his that I am covered on. But the dry crust on my chest lets me know that I want to have a bath.

I turn off the damn contraption as the room returns to its former silence. I see my brother lying sheepishly beside me. He has a pleasant written over his tomato face. It reads mission accomplished. Well, my little brother, you have done your job. You finally consummated this damn plight of my sleeping with you. I watched you force yourself onto me, giving yourself your all on really wanting to sleep with me. Did I really keep your engine running? Am I that much exciting that you obsessed over me?

Of course, I've let you suck my dick, perform handjobs, and allow you to sit on my lap in the past. By all means, it was nothing more than a merciful way of satisfaction. I say that I didn't get anything out of it (in which I didn't), but it amazes me on why such a guy like me.

I don't find myself attractive. I am no different than a guy down the street. I wear boring clothes I find when I go to the thrift store. I have worn the same three brands of cologne over the past five years. My taste in women isn't the best. I tend to find girls that were easy or that could dominate me because I didn't know any better about myself.

I am a cheater. I cheat on my damn girlfriend with Abby because I feel as though I can. I feel as though I am not worth a damn thus using Abby because she doesn't know any damn better. Yes, she fucks better than GoGo and will do whatever I tell her but there is nothing more I will get out of her but those few minutes (I am lying, few hours) of happiness.

Hiro smacks his lips as he grabs more of the covers. I give him space as I know he might need a few more minutes of uninterrupted peaceful rest. I am just feeling contested with myself as I honestly blame myself for this.

I could have put my foot down. I could have told my brother to stop this! I could have threatened him to Aunt Cass. I could have really put the fear of God in him. However, why didn't I? Why did I ever put my foot down? Was there even a foot to stand on?

I love you, aniki!

He is talking in his sleep. The sleep of innocence. Lying beneath my quilt is a pervert. A pervert that is hungry for me. A boy who dresses feminine and sports his feminity to sway me. I never see anyone that puts so much effort. And for me?! Why me, Hiro?! You are a good looking guy. I've seen the girls and guys you sway into your corner. You can have a harem that can make people melt and bow down to kiss the cracks of your soles. But why me?
I am not worthy. I am not loyal. As much as I love GoGo, I am surprised that she is still with me. Surprised that she doesn't check my phone or at least pop by. I am a pathetic boyfriend and much as a pathetic being for I allow this to happen because I don't think much about myself.

A pervert. Yeah, a pervert. I turn as I give my brother another pillow. I let out a tiny smile as I rub my brother's hair. A pervert. He is a pervert. Just like his older brother.

We are one and the same, aren't we, little bro?

"Tadashi?"

I turn and see the stirring Hiro rubbing the sleepiness in his eyes. He keeps himself snuggled under the covers. The lingering fragrance of honeydew remains.

"Morning, bro," I tell him in a calm manner. I don't display any hostility in my voice. I don't want to let him know about the feelings I am currently having. I set my back against the bedpost as I ponder on my next move.

Which is nothing at this time?

He gives me a fragile stare like a puppy. Like a puppy who is waiting on his owner. A bit surprising. No "let's play kissing game, aniki?" No "if you don't play by my rules, I will expose you to the world?" No "I am going to make you mine for sure?"

"If you give me a few minutes to rest some more, I can make us breakfast." He stretches his arms, yawning like a skittish kitten. In a few seconds of his exposing his covers, I see him wearing my t-shirt. I realize that I am not wearing a shirt at all.

"You don't have to, Hiro," I tell him firmly as I am opting for a cigarette to smoke. "I am thinking of having an early start on finishing this name."

"I don't want to work on that," he tells me quickly. "That's not important right now."

"Don't we need to get this done soon before the deadline," I question him.

"There is time for that later," he says to me with his sharp tongue. "I just want to spend the day with you. And only you?" He buries his face in the covers. "Or else, you have other plans?"

What other plans?! You have blackmailed me, if not blackballed me from anyone else. Did you forget that quick about exposing my masturbating to you if I didn't become your pet, your muse, yours?!

"No. Obviously not!" I try my best to downplay the latter part of the sentence without stirring anything. Knowing that I have to play my time, I climb back into bed with him. I still keep my distance.

"Good!" He gives me a kiss on my cheek. He then sits up and looks at the clock. He looks at the window as he is giving observation on what he wants to do next. A habit he has. I believe he bases the start of the day on timing.

"Aniki, baby, I am going to take a shower and then make some breakfast." He removes the covers from his bed. I grit my teeth when seeing a glimpse of his panties. So feminine, so sexy. Am I actually in bed with a man? Maybe this is a short-haired woman I have picked up at the club and not my androgynous brother.
"Feel free to do what you like for the time being. Stay in bed and rest. Think about the things we can do together on our day off," he tells me in a cutesy tone. He stops when looking at the bed. "I think you should take care of our love juices." He winks. "Don't need Aunt Cass to question the christening of our lovemaking." He sways his hips as he makes his way to the door. He turns around before giving me the kissy face. "Love you lots, aniki!" He closes the door.

Here I am. I stand alone. What more can I say? Well, there are plenty of things I can say but am I willing to release the words from my chapped lips. Speaking of which, I lick them to apply moisture. However, to my chagrin, I can taste Hiro's lipgloss on the corner of my lips.

I see the sun making its crest upon the window, alerting me that it is time to get up. It is a good thing that is Sunday. The Hamada household tends to take it easy on a Sunday. Although we believe in God, going to church was optional.

Yet again, shall I show my face in church? Shall I place myself in the confession booth to alert the priest of my past and ongoing sins? Like, "Forgive me, Padre, for I have sinned. Not only am I fornicating with my girlfriend outside of marriage, but I am also involved with a mistress and P.S. my very own brother! How is that going to sound from the padre who is probably getting off to the forbidden fruit from across the booth?

Sorry for sound risque, brisk, and prude. I am just saying.

Maybe I shall take the vow into the priesthood.

I make a burst of self-defecating laughter as I remove the covers. Thank God that it is laundry day for I can wash my shame. I can smell last night's shame lingering in the air. Along with the scent of fresh coffee from downstairs.

It is safe to say that Hiro is the early bird that catches the worm.

Now I am unsure that is based off metaphors, euphemisms, or statement of facts?

I close the door behind me. This time I have secured it shut. I place my chair under the knob to assure I won't be disturb. I thank Christ that Hiro takes his sweet time in the shower. Knowing for him, he probably has Phantom of the Opera soundtrack or Persona 5 soundtrack playing in the shower.

I just know I have time to check on my MIT application.

It is comforting to see that application. The ticket to my freedom from San Fransokyo. Away from the Lucky Cat Cafe.

Away from Hiro.

This time, I have hidden it in the cracks of my vinyl record. My brother hates The Breakfast Club soundtrack. Me and Gogo bought it at a bodega shop some years back. It was a gag as we were both fans of '80s classics and Futurama. Lord willing, I would like to use this at my wedding day when I accept my vows to Gogo.

I examine the door to check if I won't be bothered. I examine every perimeter, every nook and cranny of this room. I hear silence. No way that Hiro is going to deter me from my ticket to freedom. My ticket from bondage.
I even wrap the teddy bear with the covers of our juices. No way rather or not a camera is present.

I check the application, scanning through the ususals of name, information, major, and the other miscellaneous, things about oneself.

I decide to even to the essay portion of the application. I got this! I am a pro! I have written essays. I have written documents on Gogo’s behalf. I have written applications for Aunt Cass.

...I even helped Hiro with paperwork to get his upcoming name approved.

Using my lucky mechanical pencil, I read one of the essay questions.

_In 500 words or less, how do you measure yourself through the attributes of your character?_

I tap my pen. Simple. C ’mon! I can measure my attributes like the back of my head.

_I came from humble beginnings. I was raised by my aunt after losing my parents in an automobile accident. Their deaths were reflective upon my brother and me. I have to become my brother’s fucker._

What? No, that isn’t what I mean to say.

Let’s try again.

..._I have to become my brother’s keeper. There we go!_

_Being responsible for him became an important attribute as it helped me develop character. I came into him._

No! No! _I release myself onto him._

Fuck me! _When it comes to adversity, I know my way around a hole._

I stop. Each time I write, my thoughts return to my brother. Hearing his pants, his moans, his cries. How tight his pussy was and how he could pleasure.

What the fuck? Dude, what in the hell? You are sound like a brother fucker.

Well, am I a brother fucker?

Yes, Tadashi. Self-quipping is the way to go! Especially that I have FUCKED MY OWN BROTHER! I gnash my teeth in distress. I can’t believe that I have not slept with my brother, I have busted my non-fertile nuts inside of him.

Not once, but twice.

What I didn’t let you readers know that I felt so sorry for my kid brother that I did a round two with him.

I know. A mercy fuck? Really, Tadashi, you readers are probably saying? Well, if I have learned from Fredzilla, GoGo, or Wasabi. "Woman Up!" "A job isn't done until it is done!" "And any size pizza is a personal size pizza if you believe in yourself."

Yeah, scratch that latter thought. Fredzilla can come up with random quotes. That is probably the lack of coffee in my tank.
**Sometime later…**

I slowly tiptoe around my room as I pulled the sheets from the bed. I don't want to give him the slightest idea that I am awake. The thought of seeing his cute face gloating in the kitchen. He is probably having a grin on his face as he read the morning paper croslegged in his panties and a loose-fitted t-shirt. Probably from the Misfits or the Grateful Dead or the Neptunes. This kid can change clothes as much as a woman.

Anyway, no way am I ready to see his self-satisfaction of a "job well-done."

I remove my bedsheets and pillowcases, tossing them to side first. I gnash my teeth as I felt the dry crust of my semen onto the sheets. I make a reminder to sterilize my hand with scolding hot water many times.

Yet again, I think about what GoGo will tell me if I were in a position like this. *In an unknown environment, learn to take perspective. A person doesn't submit or fold, they must adapt. Adapt!* Rich, my lovely GoGo! I have definitely adapted to my dick coming inside of his asspussy. Though I will admit that it is quite tight, sort of reminders of a…

Stop, I tell myself. I am trying to bring a perspective of fucking my own brother. Excuse my language, but God, I feel like I am going to hell.

Well, it wasn't by choice. I was blackmailed into this. I did jerk off to one of my brother's videos. Then, I am thinking to myself that it wasn't my brother but a trap. Yeah, that's right. A sexy trap that reminded me of my kid brother. A sexy trap that…

Oh, God, I…

I take the mind off my lecherous thoughts, concluding that it is still early in the morning and I must refuel with coffee. Hopefully, Hiro will be consumed with some of his projects that I might have an easy Sunday.

I slowly open the door to the hallway. It is silent which suits me. I grab my dirty delicates and tiptoe my way to the laundry room at the end of the hall. I make slow steps, slow and painful steps as I did not want to leave a crack or screech in the hallway.

When making it to the laundry room, I slowly lift the top to the washer. As I place my clothes in the washer, I use my teeth to pour the powdered detergent inside. I finally set the load to low. I hope the water pressure is good to go.

The relief I tell myself. Upon closing the washer, I turn and **WHOA!**

"Good morning, aniki!"

The smell of fresh coffee lingers in front of my nose alongside a very happy-go-lucky Hiro. As I predicted, he is sporting a pair of panties, a different color than last night. Judging by the scent of sweet honeydew, the little bro has already taken a shower.

"Fresh coffee is ready downstairs…” He pulls a newspaper from behind him. "...And your daily paper." He continues to smile, showcasing his pearly white. Even the gap shows more enthusiasm. "Breakfast isn't fully ready. I am making apple turnovers! Your favorite!"

"Gee, thanks," I say as I keep my back to the washer. He is still fixated on me. After a few seconds, he clicks his tongue.
"You need to set the washer on the right load, silly." He pushes forward, chest-to-chest. "Do I even have to teach how to wash, young man," he tells me flirtatiously. I lean with him while he turns the knob. He sticks out his tongue. "And there we go. Well done!"

I nod as a sign of thanks. However, I know he isn't through. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

"Colored bleach," I say to him while lying through my teeth.

He furrows his eyebrows. "Shall we play the guessing game or allow which woman to guess it for you?"

I cough, trying to keep my composure. He keeps his eyes shut. There is make-up on there. Collagen, I guess. His lips are puckered, reminding me of an octopus.

I close my eyes, thinking that I am taking one for the team when I give my brother a quick peck on the lips.

A few seconds, done, finished! I back away, turning to head for the kitchen. I feel him tugging my sleeve.

"Is that how you kiss her?" Such strong detriments toward Gogo. I mean, what the hell.

I sigh frustratingly. I strain my voice. "Fine, damn it." I take Hiro by his cheeks. I press his body against the washer. "You better not regret this." I took his chin and press my lips against his. His eyes are closed, instinctively grabbing my arms to wrap around my neck.

We swap kisses. Slobbering noises are made. I keep telling myself on that is how I kiss my girlfriends. Which is the truth?

I pull away, showing saliva between us.

"Is that better," I ask him curtly.

Hiro appears dazed. I am happy he feels accomplished. Hiro slowly drapes his hand toward my groin. I yelp upon the touch.

"More. I want more!"

His mouth smells of a mother's milk. It takes me back to...never mind, a not too distant past.

"Hiro, what about..." He doesn't listen. He presses his body against the washer. He continues to grab my cock, rubbing it affectionately. "Don't you want to fuck this pussy?" He asks me in a feminine voice. "Let me be your good girl. I can be your girl, Ta-da-shi!"

I become fed up. Upon doing so, my instincts were kicking in.

Hiro wants to be a girl. Then, damn it, I will show him what a girl does.

No, no. For him, a bitch!

I take his hips and presses his front toward the washer. I turn on the dryer as a way to lessen the noise and won't stir any nosy neighbors outside.

"You want to be my girl," I ask him sternly.

He shakes his head. "Yes, aniki. Fuck this supple ass. Make my pussy feel like I want your baby."
Those words, hypnotizing and alluring. Even Gogo and Abby weren't this seductive.

I pull aside his panties. His asspussy and I meet once again. As I spread my fingers to his soft ass, I notice something leaking from there.

"Don't worry. It's lube!"

"You were planning this?"

"You are my muse. Until you're mine, I will make you want me."

I grip his asspussy, spreading it. I don't have time to do foreplay. My dick was hurting, wanting a release. I haven't had sex in a couple of days (with a girl). If Hiro wants this, who am I to complain.

Hiro's folds envelopes my cock as we become one.

He hisses. I stop, becoming concerned. Crazy how I can flip my switch.

"Are you okay," I ask him.

He nods. He shows his happy face. "Stab my wound until I am coated in your sperm, aniki!"

With Hiro's hands gliding on his legs, he rubs himself as I grind myself onto him as we were going to work.

"Yes, baby! Pierce this pussy! Work that thick cock of yours, aniki!"

Hiro's moans turn into a language of love.

 Fuck this trap. Fuck this trap's pussy.

 Treat me and pound this ass like I am some common street whore.

 You belong to me, Tadashi Hamada. No one fucking else!

 I need this! I want this! I want this dick forever!

 I have prayed for this day and now you are mine!

 I am now in a trance. I continue thrust deeper until I enter the deepest void a man could go, his g-spot.

 "Welcome home, Tadashi!"

 I feel the sensation; it tells me to let Hiro take control. I am hypnotized and I let my body go.

 "Seems like you are seeing it my way!"

 I close my eyes as Hiro takes me away. Hiro grabs my hands to put it on his breasts. They are soft like marshmallows. They are plushy.

 "You are a fucking mist that floods my mind," says Hiro in the midst of the excitement. His folds are getting tighter and his nest entraps me from leaving.

 I close my eyes as I prepare to deposit my sperm into my brother's snatch.

 "I am about to come, Hiro," I warn him. "I am about to cream your snatch!"
"It's okay, Tadashi. Bust your fat seed into me. Be a good muse and come for me. Come for me, baby. Let it out in my snatch. Get me pregnant! Let me have your babies!"

"I am coming," I say as I spurt my semen inside of his asspussy.

"I can feel you entering me," says Hiro as he shakes his ass. "I feel you impregnating me! Yes, coat it! I feel each spurt entering my love nest. I am getting stuffed."

I feel my dick retracting. I pull my dick away from his ass. Hiro stands panting. I see my offering releasing from his ass. He turns with a smile on his face.

"Thanks for the meal!" He rubs his stomach. "I don't think I need the apple turnovers for I am stuffed." His eyes widen. "The turnovers!" He immediately leaves and rushes to the kitchen.

Once again, I am alone with my thoughts. Again! I had sex with my brother again!

Why do I feel so pathetic?

Why...why...why did it feel so good?

I shake away those thoughts. I keep telling myself that I am being used for his leisure.

Blackmail! That is right! I am being blackmailed!

That is what I am telling myself.

**A few minutes later...**

I walk away from the laundry room knowing that I believe that the wash might need a second rinse. I make my way downstairs when I can hearing Hiro humming a song.

I step into the kitchen and he has the apple turnovers out of the oven. He places it on the stove.

"It's a little burnt, aniki, but it wouldn't hurt to scrape," he tells me.

I nod as I take a seat. He places the turnover onto the plate. He had also made turkey bacon and had strawberry jam on the side.

"Since you'd fed me, let me feed you," he says when puts my plate on the table. I don't hesitate when he positioned himself onto my lap. He makes sure that his ass is sitting firmly onto my lap.

"Do you want the bacon or the turnover," he asks.

"Turnover," I answer.

He uses his knife and fork to cut the pieces. As I am thinking he will feed me, he places it into his mouth. He doesn't chew it. He just opens his mouth with it.

"What are you doing," I ask him.

"Feeding my aniki," he replies in a cutey tone. "Now, partake...or else!"

I open my mouth as he uses his mouth to pass my food into mine.

It ends with a tongue-swapping kiss.

"Ready for your coffee?" It is rhetorical, pouring it into his mouth, awaiting my mouth to open.
I ingest the second-hand coffee which ends with another tongue-swapping kiss.

"The best is yet to come, Tadashi onii-chan! I am going to make you mine!"

Once again, I can't believe what position I put myself into. I close my eyes and try to tell myself that MIT is around the corner. MIT is around the corner.

*To be continued….*

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