Rodrick Drools

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Summary

Rodrick is acting distant, and Greg hates that the older brother is leaving him behind. With the bruise comes a bet: "How long can Greg keep his mouth shut?" Warning: INCEST/SLASH/SMUT/NON-CON [COMPLETE!]

Notes

This is a re-upload of my story from FanFiction.net. Please take these warnings seriously: Non-con/Rape/Underage/Smut/Violence/Psychological
Sometimes, Rodrick could be a fucking douche. Grade Eight dances weren't meant to be ruined by older brothers. Or at least, that was Greg's opinion. There he was, on the opposite side of the dance, flanked by his cronies and grinning from ear to ear at his younger brother – who happened to be sprawled on his ass after tripping over his own two feet to ask Holly for a dance.

Greg's whole face began to burn as he slowly got to his feet and tried shaking off the dooming feeling of embarrassment. It was one thing to fall to the floor surrounded by his entire class, but it was another for Rodrick to have seen him too.

"You're so light on your feet, bro," Rodrick teased as Greg approached. "Ever consider a life as a dancer?" The two guys behind him snickered and Greg shot them all a glare.

"What. Are. You. Doing. Here?" Greg seethed between clenched teeth. "Don't you have a lame gig to play or something?" That's what Greg heard last, anyway. Yesterday night he'd watched Rodrick grab his coat and leave – eyeliner scraped across his eyes and hair as wild as ever. It was the last Greg had seen him, until now.

People were already looking over, and now that Greg had a chance to get a good look at him, he noticed Rodrick was fully dressed, looking ready to rock. As some hint of realization hit him, Rodrick smirked.

"Yea, we're playing a middle school dance. But whatever, we're getting paid." Rodrick motioned with a hand that the two guys behind him could start setting up on stage. "And while I'm here I'm supposed to drive you home. Mom and Dad decided to go on a date."

Both boys visibly shivered at the thought of their parents being romantic together. It was something rarely seen from the two A-Types.

"This sucks," Greg mumbled as Rodrick directed another two guys to the stage.

Rodrick's eyes hardened. "What. I thought you liked Loded Diper," he said, indicating his shirt with the band's logo on it.

Greg nodded. "Yea, I do. But that's only because you're in it. Now everyone's going to make fun of me; my lame brother played at the dance." A hand quickly found the backside of Greg's head. "Ow! What was that for?"

"Lame? I am not the lame brother. Who just fell on their ass out there?"

Greg's hands curled into fists as he relived the embarrassing trip – it was Rodrick's fault anyway. Greg hadn't expected him to show up, so he wasn't really watching where he was going until it was too late. But that information would never reach Rodrick. No, knowing that he was the source of Greg's pain would just make Rodrick happy.

Then before Greg could say anything, one of the band members called for Rodrick, and the older boy sauntered away as if completely uninterested in the conversation anymore.

He was always being ditched. That was probably the worst part for Greg, who lately wanted nothing more than to spend time with Rodrick – who could be sort of okay when he wasn't being a douche. Rodrick would drive him to school, and pick him up every morning. The beaten down van with the spray painted logo was sort of like an icon in the parking lot now, and it had earned Greg at least a
little bit of rep.

And besides the morning rides together, sometimes the two would just hang out. Greg would easily be conned into doing stupid things; like throwing rocks at cars on the overpass and ringing random door bells. It didn't take much for Rodrick to convince Greg. Hell, sometimes Rodrick didn't even have to ask.

Greg watched bitterly as his brother took the stage ten minutes later.

"I didn't know your brother was playing. I would've worn my shirt if I did," Rowley said, breaking Greg's deep thoughts as he came up to the other.

"It was a surprise to me too. You'd think he would tell me these things..."

Greg could only ponder helplessly as he tried to think of the reason his brother was being so secretive all of a sudden. Weren't they just starting to get along? Didn't they talk almost every day? If Greg could work up the courage to ask Rodrick for advice on girls, couldn't Rodrick at least take the time to let him know if he'd be crashing the Eighth Grade dance?

The lead singer coughed into the microphone and caught everyone's attentions. "We are Loded Diper. Rock your little hearts out! I want a mosh going on riiiiight here." A slender finger pointed to an area just in front of the stage where a few kids were still slow dancing to the previous song.

The guitarist stuck a few rough chords, and then all hell broke loose as Rodrick entered with crashing and inconsistent drums, and then as the lead singer began to yell horribly into the microphone. Bewildered at the unexpected music, all of the kids stopped and stared blankly up at the band. A few whispers started, and Greg dropped his head into his hands.

This was just embarrassing.

"Greg, isn't this your brother's band?"

The voice was clear and sent Greg into a panic. He turned to see Holly standing beside him. She looked so nice, and Greg immediately felt at ease - as he always did in her presence.

"Yea, I didn't know he was going to be playing," Greg said with a smile.

Holly giggled and stopped to stare at the band again. "They're okay, I guess. I don't really listen to this type of music."

"I wasn't into it at first either," Greg explained. Then he also couldn't help but turn to watch the chaotically loud band perform. "But, the more I listened, the better it got."

"If you're into it, we should start the mosh pit! Rowley too!" Holly said excitedly. She was already taking off her shoes and skipping over to where the stage ended.

Greg wasted no time grabbing Rowley by the arm and chasing after her – suddenly thankful for the backbeat lesson Rodrick had given him a few months ago.

"You just sort of throw your body all over the place, in crazy directions," Rodrick said. Up in his room, with the drum set and the endless posters of bands Greg had never even heard of, Rodrick had pumped up some music on a stereo and was shaking out all of his limbs in a sort of warm-up ritual.
“That sounds really stupid,” Greg had replied, giving his older brother a quizzical look.

“It's not, trust me. You will be thanking me at your first rock concert for this.”

Rodrick then began to jump, and then as the music reached the chorus, he exploded into a moving ball of flailing limbs. He went so far as to pretend to crash into imaginary people by his side, making it all seem so violent and crazy.

But it looked like a lot of fun, and the music was pumped all the way. So Greg had joined in, delighting when Rodrick had shouldered him to the ground then stuck out a hand to let him back up. "First rule of moshing; if someone falls, help them up."

"Second rule of moshing; revenge!" Greg had screamed, throwing all of his weight into a body slam. Rodrick fell to the ground like a sack of potatoes, and sensing a rare advantage, Greg had to throw in a fake elbow to the gut as a sort of finishing move.

"I am going to kill you!" Rodrick growled, struggling to get the younger brother off of him. As always, Rodrick was too quick. Before Greg knew it he had been pinned underneath the other.

"MOOOOOOOM!"

"Jesus, you're such a cry baby."
Chapter Two

They successfully started a mosh pit. It had started out pretty lame as the three had awkwardly started jumping onto the spot, but then Holly took Greg's lead and began to throw her entire body weight into the others as she passed them in kamikaze circles.

It might have looked just as fun as it was, because soon there were a few other kids - throwing themselves into each other and jumping, spinning, laughing. By the end of the song, a good half of the dance had taken to the base of the stage.

Greg was pretty proud of the fact that it was because of him that everyone seemed to be having a lot of fun. A few people were even clapping him on the back. "Isn't that your brother, Greg?"

Yea, and he was going to take credit for the whole thing, just for the rare moment that Rodrick would be proud of him. Maybe they'd even get to sneak out to a movie or something.

"That. Was. Awesome. Greg!" Rodrick's fist pumped into the air with each word as he dance-walked around his van and beat the hood to an imaginary rhythm in his mind. "Loded Diper just rocked the socks off all those eight graders!"

Greg laughed, climbing into the front seat as casually as he always did and lifting his feet onto the dash. Something in him glowed at the knowledge that he was the reason his brother was so happy at that moment.

"And you! That's a sick mosh bruise on your arm. Wear that proudly, little brother."

Rodrick lifted Greg's arm to get a good look, raising it under the dim light coming from the street post outside. There, reflecting back was a good purple welt Greg hadn't noticed yet.

"Woah! I don't even remember getting this," he said excitedly, only really interested in the way Rodrick thought it was cool. Greg was definitely going to tell Rowley about it right away – that was, unless Rowley also had one.

Rodrick tapped his hands rapidly against the steering wheel before squealing out of the parking lot and onto the empty dark street. It was almost midnight, and in the small town, everyone seemed to be locked inside their dark houses. Greg thought it was kind of nice that he was up this late – it was a rare occurrence. Rodrick, on the other hand, seemed to be thinking the exact opposite.

"Fucking lame, it's only midnight," he growled, lifting up a leg and kicking at the clock in the middle of the van.

"As if that's going to make the time go any faster, stupid," Greg said.

Rodrick's hand reached out and back slapped Greg's shoulder as the other spun the wheel to perform a sharp turn at an intersection. Wasn't there a stop sign?

"Just because you danced to my song, doesn't mean I won't hesitate to murder you in your sleep."

They were slowing now, coming up to their curb and Greg realized he'd be getting out soon.

Well didn't that just suck? The one time in weeks that Rodrick had actually spoken to him, and it was over that quickly? He hadn't even had the chance to say what he really wanted to – what with talking
bullshit taking over a majority of the conversation.

Greg grabbed the door handle and went to hop out but Rodrick coiled his fingers under Greg's arm and pulled him back in. Under any normal circumstances, Greg would've kicked Rodrick and run away. But Rodrick's fingers were digging into his bruise nastily and suddenly Greg knew that he was pretty much helpless in this situation.

There was no way anyone could expect him to actually fight back. Rodrick was much taller than him – not to mention, older. So as he usually did, Greg sucked up the pain and, visibly wincing, he managed to say, "Ow, let go of me Rodrick." His jaw was clenched and he tugged a bit to see if the grip had changed any.

"What are you going to say to Mom when she asks about your bruises?" the older brother asked wickedly, his free hand unbuckling his seatbelt while the other twisted further into Greg's bruise.

"Nn – ow! Seriously, Rodrick. Stop!"

"What are you going to say? What's your excuse?" Rodrick asked. Was it just Greg, or did Rodrick seem to be shuffling closer to him? Yea, Greg definitely didn't remember Rodrick being this close a few minutes ago.

"Ah! I don't know. I didn't think about that!"

Rodrick looked serious in the blackness of the van. Or maybe it was Greg's imagination running away from him. Perhaps, even the wickedness of his brother's eyes was directly the fault of the eyeliner surrounding them.

Whatever it was, Greg took one look at Rodrick and stiffened. For a moment, he felt the familiar fear his brother seemed to be able to cast upon him whenever he wanted. He remembered being caught in Rodrick's room half a year ago, snooping through his brother's cologne.

That was the last time Greg had been scared.

Then suddenly, Rodrick released Greg's arm. "Well now you can tell her it was me."

Greg watched the van turn the corner of the street and disappear as he contemplated what Rodrick had said. Was he serious? Did he really want Greg to tell her that? Well there was just no way that was happening. Besides, the bruises weren't from Rodrick, really. They were from the mosh pit. Right?

In the moment of doubt, Greg looked down at his bruise to see it had visibly contorted to the form of Rodrick's hand.

Suddenly angry, Greg stormed inside the house.

Stupid fucking Rodrick – stealing his first cool bruise!
Chapter Three

Despite the fact that he had originally wanted to show it off, Greg decided that it was better—for some reason—that he didn't show people the bruise his brother had caused. After all, it looked far from one you'd see from a mosh pit, and much more like one you'd see at the hands of abuse. And if he told his Mom he'd gotten it in the mosh pit, like he really had, he was sure she would know he was lying.

Then where would he be? He couldn't tattle on Rodrick; that was the first rule the older brother had made him agree to last summer. He'd have to make up something lame, like a bully at school, or some other lie. Which is why Rodrick had been right—Greg really did have to think about what he'd tell her if she noticed.

At the breakfast table, his Mom eyed him warily. "Greg, it's hot out today. Are you sure you don't want to take off that sweater?" She was irritably fixing Manny some cereal while he slammed his fists against the table to a chant. Despite this, Greg knew he had his mother's attention.

"Yea Greg. Are you sure you don't want to change?" his father asked, now considering his son over the brim of his newspaper.

"I'm sure!" Greg snapped, taking a bite of his toast before tossing the rest onto the plate and shoving himself away from the table. "I wouldn't wear it if I wasn't cold!" he called over his shoulder to his puzzled parents.

Greg had intended to march out the front door and bike to school, but—

"Over react, will you? 'Now they're going to know'!" Every bit of the tone Rodrick was using told Greg he was mocking him. The older brother was wickedly saying it in a high-pitched frightened voice meant to be an impression of his own.

"Shut up, Rodrick! It's your fault I have to hide it. Why did you do this anyway?" Greg hastily stuffed his shoes onto his feet and bent to tie them up. He had to do it twice because his fingers were trembling.

"I don't know," Rodrick shrugged. "You going to school without me now or what?"

It was so quick, the way Rodrick changed the conversation. Greg had no trouble being caught up in these words as well. Of course he wanted to get a ride with Rodrick— but he'd spent the whole night thinking that the older brother must've been mad at him. "Well, no I guess not." He waited while Rodrick grabbed his keys and his backpack before speaking again. "You really aren't mad at me then?"

Rodrick opened the door, waiting as Greg passed before shutting it behind them. "Mad at you?" Rodrick looked puzzled.

"Yea, because of - you know – last night." The younger brother hesitated before opening the passenger door to his brother's van. This was where it had happened, too! But when he heard Rodrick's door slam, Greg had no choice but to get in.

"What happened last night?" Rodrick prompted as Greg slid uneasily into the passenger seat and wrapped the seat belt around him.

Why was he playing dumb? Rodrick had just acknowledged the he "didn't know" he had hurt Greg.
Maybe it was his way of dropping the subject. Greg was more than happy to oblige—happy that his brother wasn't mad at him like he'd thought—so he didn't respond as Rodrick backed out of the driveway and began the short trip to his school.

"Greg. Are you listening to me?"

Holly's sharp voice cut across Greg's groggy thoughts. He'd been thinking about his bruise—the cause to his discomfort out in the sun during lunch break. His entire body was covered in sweat as the sun beat down cruelly.

"No. Why do we have to be out here in the first place?" Greg had been hesitant when Holly suggested they eat outside on the bleachers to watch Rowley in his band practice. After all, he was wearing a large sweater, and it was beginning to feel like an oven.

Holly giggled. "If you're hot, then take off your sweater! I don't care."

Normally, Greg would've been secretly relishing in the fact that Holly didn't seem to mind his near naked torso. But it was too hot, and instead Greg wallowed in the fact that it was because of Rodrick that he looked like a gigantic fool.

That was it. He was going to ask Rodrick about it again tonight. This time, he was going to press it. "I don't know" simply wasn't going to cut it.
'Talk to Rodrick as soon as possible.' That was on the top of Greg's to-do list.

But after school, in his brother's van, it was just too eerie to bring it up. Greg remembered too clearly that it was in this very van – last night - where his brother had messed with him in the first place. No, it seemed like a much better idea to bring this up alone at home in the safety of a brightly lit house.

Besides that, the CD player was blasting Rodrick's recent recorded drum solo, and the older brother was 'rock' driving the whole way home – completely lost in his own music. Greg knew that even if he did say anything, Rodrick wouldn't hear him.

His plans were ruined almost immediately. As soon as they walked through the front door, Rodrick's phone went off – and without a word, the teen sauntered into the living room to talk to whoever it was on the other line.

Furious, Greg marched upstairs. As he started on his homework, he pushed his pencil to his forehead and promised himself that as soon as dinner was over, he was going to try again.

"Are you serious?"

Greg didn't know where these words had come from, but he was too angry to care. Rodrick had just asked permission to skip dinner, successfully ruining Greg's plans once again.

"Woah, Greg. What's the matter?"

His mom was looking at him curiously through her glasses, the frames casting a more concerned look than necessary. Greg tried not to pay attention to Rodrick, who was leaning a shoulder against the wooden frame to the kitchen, looking bemused about his little outburst.

Flushing, Greg stuffed his fork into his mashed potatoes angrily. "Nothing," he said. The last thing he wanted to do was give Rodrick another reason to hate him. If he made a fuss about not spending as much time with Rodrick, Greg knew his mom would force the older brother to stay home for his sake. Staying quiet was better.

"Well, it's a little late notice, Rodrick..." she hesitated, glancing around at the fully set table in front of her and taking a good hard look at the plate she had set for the teen.

"Mom. Come on! How do you expect me to live a normal life if you don't let me go to the mall?" The voice was edgy and pleading exasperatedly at her.

Warily, Greg’s mother began cutting small chunks of chicken up for Manny as she contemplated letting Rodrick leave. "I suppose you do need some new underwear," she sighed finally. Greg felt his jaw drop.

"Yea! Underwear! So, that means you'll give me money?"

On top of it all, Greg watched his mother dig into her purse and hand the wild teen some cash. How was this happening? Why did it seem like Rodrick and Manny always got away with murder? Where was twenty bucks for Greg to go and buy his own underwear? Lord knows it was time he stopped wearing the tightie-whities his mom continued to buy.
"Bring home the change," she warned now, and Rodrick quickly pocketed the money.

"At least let me buy something to eat while I'm there," Rodrick said, and when their mom sighed and nodded, he pulled his fist towards himself while relishing some sort of victory. "Yes! Alright, see you later!"

When the front door slammed, Greg sulkily pushed his plate away. Right now, there was a problem, and its name was Rodrick. What was his deal lately? He was always going out - leaving Greg behind. It used to be that they spent a majority of the week together doing stupid things or talking about cool stuff. Like Holly, or his brother's band.

Just last month they'd been caught by Mrs. Four-Doors-Down eating candy on the curb past 11 o'clock. Greg remembered the look on his mother's face when she had found out. But he remembered Rodrick's too, when later up in the attic the older brother glowed with an adrenaline that was making him smile ear to ear.

Ouch.

A throbbing sort of pain emanated from a ghostly familiar part of his heart. Why did that feel exactly like two years ago, when Greg had lost Rowley as a friend? Why was the same loneliness he hated coming back again?

It was about 9 o'clock when Greg was struck with the temptation to go up into Rodrick's room. Maybe there was a clue up there as to what was going on – an answer to the reason his brother was ignoring him recently. Or the reason for the bruise.

But when he reached the doorknob to the closed stairs leading to the attic, Greg stopped. No, he remembered how Rodrick had definitely tried to kill him the last time he had gone snooping around the attic bedroom.

"The fuck you think you're doing?"

Before he had a chance to pull his hand away from the doorknob and turn back to his own bedroom, the booming voice from behind him caused Greg to jerk away from the door in a panic and trip backwards. He slammed into Rodrick's body and the two toppled over, crashing to the floor in a jumble of legs and arms.

"Wha – ah! Get off me nerd!" Rodrick heaved himself off of the floor first, and then shot a glare down towards where Greg was recovering from his heart attack. "You weren't about to go into my room, were you?" Rodrick growled dangerously.

It was happening again. Here in the dark hall, Rodrick looked scary. Greg managed to whip his head side to side in an effort to clearly demonstrate his innocence. "No, I – "

"Really? That's what it looked like to me," he hissed.

"No, Rodrick. Listen –"

"Do you remember what I told you would happen if you went into my room without my permission again?" Rodrick asked. His voice was so icy that Greg couldn't help but shudder as it washed over him. No. This was a mistake. He had to speak louder to be heard.

"I changed my mind! I wasn't going in there."
Rodrick crossed his arms and swept his gaze tiredly across the younger brother. Greg realized a little too late into the appraising stare that he was still on his ass, and as he pushed himself from the ground he willed his suddenly weak knees to hold himself up - at least in front of Rodrick. He'd been scared out of his skin by the unexpected arrival of the other.

Suddenly, Rodrick opened the door to his bedroom. "Get in," he snapped.

Greg blinked stupidly at Rodrick. This was the irritated tone Rodrick usually took with him, so it was nothing to be afraid of - but Greg was confused. Why on earth would he want to go into the attic now, after his brother just scared the shit out of him two nights in a row?

"Stop standing there and get in," Rodrick repeated.

"Uh, no thanks," Greg said slowly. He had to get out of there, now - before Rodrick could freak him out any more. Greg decided to bring up the bruise another time as he turned away and began to make his way towards the safety of his bedroom.

He had taken two steps before his arm was suddenly yanked roughly behind him, causing his body to jerk to a stop. Spinning around Greg barely had any time to register what had happened before Rodrick was dragging him through the darkness of the attic staircase. "You wanted to be in my room so fucking badly, so now's your chance. Get. In."
Chapter Five

"Stop Rodrick!"

Greg tried to protest, but Rodrick had a very firm grip on him and fighting would do nothing but get them in trouble. So he went unheard as he reluctantly climbed the stairs behind his brother, who Greg still hadn't decided was evil or not. It was so hard to tell. Why did Rodrick have to be so complicated? One minute he was laughing and being an idiot, and the next he was all serious and moody. And why did these extremes only seem to occur in Greg's presence?

At the top of the stairs, Rodrick released Greg's arm and dropped onto his bed with a heavy flop. "Damn I'm beat, and it's only 9 o'clock!"

From the top of the stairs Greg glared pointedly at his older brother. "Idiot! What are you doing? Scaring me?" He really wanted to know. First Rodrick had been avoiding him, and now he was teasing – or just being mean.

"Woah, calm down little bro," Rodrick said, sitting up a bit and giving a curiously amused look in Greg's direction. "When did I scare you?"

Greg's hands clenched into fists. This was unbelievable! Rodrick had denied knowing what he was talking about with the bruise, and now he was still playing dumb even after scaring him again? Something inside the younger boy snapped; his mouth cracked open and the next words came from somewhere deep inside the furious ball in the pit of his stomach. "You – you know what I'm talking about! With the bruise last night, and dragging me in here just now! What did I do? Why are you being such a jerk!"

It seemed to be Rodrick's turn to snap, because Greg had only just finished speaking when his brother stood up and crossed his arms. Looking into the familiar eyes, Greg could see that Rodrick was pissed. "Are you seriously still on about that bruise? Look, nerd, you never think things through. If Mom would've asked you where you got your bruise and if you'd said mosh pit, I would be grounded for being a bad influence. You don't understand how much you get away with! If you weren't such a squealer, I'd spend more time with you!"

The words hurt. Greg felt powerless as they washed over him. He wasn't a bad brother, was he? Sure, there were times that he'd screamed "Mooooom!", but it wasn't that often. Right? Rodrick seemed to think Greg was a nuisance to be around, but it still didn't justify the bruise.

"B-because of you, I have to hide it! I don't want to tell her you did it to me!"

"And I'm surprised you've lasted this long. That's why I'm hanging with you tonight; it's a reward for not telling on me."

Greg noticed Rodrick's eyes look pointedly off in the middle distance as he admitted what was going on. Was this true?

"So, this was like a test?" Greg asked, somehow still hesitant about the whole thing. Despite himself, the younger brother could feel his tense body relaxing – somehow appreciating the lack of danger in the atmosphere. "What about just now when you dragged me up the stairs?"

"I didn't know you were that scared, I just thought you were being stubborn. Don't pee your pants."

Somehow, it was good enough for Greg, and he wandered over to his brother's swirling chair and sat

"Stupid, I told you this morning that you didn't," Rodrick said, now looking irritated about the whole conversation.

There was a small silence as Greg spun in the chair and absorbed everything in the attic room gratefully. It seemed like it had been a long time since he'd seen these posters, and the bookshelves of CD's. Everything was so cool up here. The young Heffley brother had pushed the entire incident with Rodrick to the back of his mind. If it was a test, and he'd passed, then it was a cause for celebration!

"Why don't we do something? It's still early, Mom will let us."

But Rodrick looked as beat as he said he felt earlier, now that Greg got a good look at him in the lighted room. The wild brother shook his head casually, letting a few pieces of his hair fall into his eyes. "Not happening tonight. Maybe if you continue to keep your mouth shut, we will."

Greg could feel his heart fall in his chest. They'd just made up, and Greg was still being let down. It sucked. "Well, what if the bruise goes away and Mom never finds out. What do I get?" Now that he knew he was entitled to some reward, Greg wanted to know exactly what he could look forward to. He didn't want to have to watch Rodrick leave the house day after day and feel that crushing disappointment. The younger brother would definitely get a promise out of Rodrick tonight.

Rodrick flashed a grin, and Greg was convinced that before, in the hallway, it had definitely been the darkness that had made his brother seem so evil – because right now Rodrick looked happy. "Don't get too far ahead of yourself. I give you another day before you buckle."

Feeling his cheeks heat up, Greg stubbornly tried to fix his face into a sour stare. "Let's bet on it," he suggested while Rodrick kicked his shoes off and dive-bombed back onto his bed. There was another small silence as the older boy stared at his roof, clearly contemplating Greg's words.

"I'm down with that," Rodrick finally said, and Greg's heart skipped excitedly. "If – sorry, when – you squeal, you will be my slave for a week. You'll do all my chores, and you will do whatever I say, no questions asked."

Greg hesitated. It would suck if he became Rodrick's slave. Distantly, the younger boy remembered the last time he had lost a bet to Rodrick with slave rules – he had been forced to do all kinds of things he hated. He remembered Rodrick telling him to lick his socks and that being the final straw before he really had shouted for their Mother and ended the whole thing.

But Greg was going to work hard and continue hiding the bruise, even if that meant he was going to look like a fool in front of Holly again. There was a good chance Greg could pull through with the whole thing, and the possibility of winning the bet already seemed in his favour. An idea struck him, making everything way too tempting to back out now.

"Fine, if she never finds out, then you'll be my slave for a week."

The words came out as confidently as Greg felt at the moment, which was probably why Rodrick was now looking curiously at him, one brow raised.

"Shake on it then," Rodrick said, extending his hand towards Greg. Even though Rodrick looked a little intimidating, it was probably in Greg's imagination. There was nothing to lose; he was going to win this – and then he was going to force Rodrick to spend time with him for a whole week! His hand slid into Rodrick's easily, and he didn't even wince as the older brother tightened his grip and
gave a firm shake. "Deal."

"Deal," Greg said.
After the bet, Greg felt pretty confident he had everything in the bag. All he had to do was keep wearing the sweater – no matter how bad it got – and Rodrick would be his slave in no time. What would he make him do, if he won? Greg knew that the Rodrick wouldn't do anything like chores, no matter how much Greg tossed it in his face that he had to do whatever he said. So Greg would only be allowed to ask for what he truly wished for; more time with his older brother.

The next morning Greg wore a black hoodie and zipped it up to his chin while ignoring the comments of his parents - yet again - at the breakfast table. "Greg, it's boiling out there!"

"Yea little brother, I'd take off that sweater if I were you," Rodrick sneered as he grabbed two pop tarts out of the toaster. Greg shot a glare at Rodrick, and if looks could kill, Greg decided that his profession would be staring.

"No. Thanks." His jaw clenched, and it was only a moment later that the two Heffley brothers were leaving. "What's your deal? You know I can't take this off!" the younger brother hissed as he walked around the van to the passenger's seat.

"Sorry, does it look like I want to be your slave?" Rodrick asked, pointing to his rather amused expression. "I'm not going to make this easy for you."

Greg's mouth hung open as his feet lifted to the dash. "That's cheating – " he accused. "It's not fair!"

"Life's not fair. What are you going to do about it?" Rodrick pressed, turning to frown at the younger brother. Greg grew hot in the face at the injustice of it all. "Going to tell Mom?" he continued, to which Greg shook his head slowly. "Thought so. Suck it up."

It wasn't until 1 o'clock that Greg remembered he had Phys Ed that afternoon outside in the field - which meant that he would have to take off his sweater and change into his gym clothes in the boy's locker room. Panicking, Greg grabbed Rowley and pulled him behind some lockers during their fifteen minute break and explained the situation.

"Why would you agree to slave rules?" Rowley asked, also now panicking since there was only five minutes left on break after the explanation. "Let me see the bruise, how bad is it?" Greg hurriedly pulled up the sleeve of his sweater and turned his bruise to face Rowley. In itself, the bruise was still a black blob with sickening purple finger marks jutting out. Against the bright white of the t-shirt Greg wore in his gym class it would be extremely noticeable. "It does look bad, but Greg I don't know what you're going to do! We're going to be late if we don't hurry."

Greg began a sprint with Rowley towards the other end of the school where the gymnasium was located. "Don't you – have any – extra clothes?" Rowley shook his head, eyes stricken with sympathy. The only thing Greg could do was try and reason with the gym teacher. "Coach!" Greg said, running up to the man standing stock-legged in the middle of the gymnasium.

"What is it, Heffley?" Coach Malone drawled, eyeing the kids running around and taking attendance on a clipboard as he spotted each student.

"Well, uh, can I keep this sweater on?"

Coach Malone eyed Greg behind his clipboard, appraising the younger boy's sweater. "Why?"
Under the stare of this adult, Greg had to reach deep for the courage he never usually had. "Because, I've got chills, and – " It was sounding lame already. Maybe he'd already messed it up for himself; now if Coach ever did see the bruise, he'd know that Greg had been trying to hide it. Realizing this risky game he'd played, Greg froze.

"And?" Coach Malone prompted, but then the buzzer rang and kids were already heading to circle around the gym teacher. "Whatever Heffley. I can't tell you what to wear. Next time, you don't have to ask."

Despite the fact that Greg felt he was in a sauna, the phys-ed class was actually okay. He'd survived another day, and it was easier than expected. Only later, in their last period, did Rowley bring up the bruise again.

"You know, Greg. I've been thinking, maybe Rodrick's just trying to psych you out," the wider boy began as the two began to work on the assignment they'd just been handed.

Greg wrote his name neatly at the top of the page before staring at his best friend quizzically. "What do you mean?"

"Well, think about it," Rowley suggested, taking out a text book and propping it open along the desk. "Rodrick is in a pretty bad situation. On one hand, he could win the bet by having your mother find out about the bruise – meaning he'd be grounded, but you'd be his slave. On the other hand, he could lose the bet, become your slave, but still not be punished. Maybe he wants you to win."

Greg tried following along as Rowley explained. When the other boy was finished, Greg sighed miserably into his arms. "Why didn't I think of that?" It was very well possible that Rodrick had been lying earlier that morning.

"Does it look like I want to be your slave?"

At the time, no. But with the tiny bit of confidence he'd now gained, Greg was willing to bet that he really did have it in the bag. He was over the bruise, whether Rodrick had a reason or not. Finally, after months of enduring the rocky relationship, Greg was on his way to spending quality time with his older brother.

He'd do whatever it took.

A week later, Greg was sure he was going to die from over exhaustion. The sweaters were taking their toll as the temperatures climbed higher and higher each day. The younger Heffley brother remained diligent night and day to keep the bruises covered – the only ones knowing being Rodrick and Rowley – but even he was ready to admit defeat if it meant he could stop sweating so profusely.

"Greg, if you're so hot just take that sweater off!" Holly said for the millionth time that lunch hour. Greg had forced his two friends to sit in a shaded crevice of the school that bordered on a sort of ravine.

Rowley - wanting Greg to win the bet as much as Greg himself - did not question this odd behaviour. But it was getting harder and harder to come up with lame excuses lately, and at that moment Greg felt ready to burst. The sweat, the bruise, even the way that Rodrick had avoided him nearly the whole week – it was weighing an awful lot right now.

"You should come over to my place this weekend," Holly suddenly suggested. "I've got air conditioning. You too, Rowley!"
Greg's drowsy eyes locked onto Holly's and he couldn't help but smile at the way she was beaming expectantly at him. A dull ache in his chest began as he took all of her warmth in – not that he needed much more, mind you.

"I'd love to."

After his shower, Greg stood in front of the bathroom mirror and began his daily inspection of the bruise. Luckily, the majority of the blackness had faded in the first few days. At present, the bruise was nothing more than a rather oddly shaped yellow splotch. Greg guessed it would probably be gone by the end of the weekend, and with this he rejoiced.

Opening the bathroom door, Greg had fully intended to march straight across the hall, to his room to get dressed for bed – but instead he smacked into something hard.

"Ah, little brother. How's that bruise doing?" Rodrick called loudly.

The rare chances that Greg did see his brother, he was always mentioning the bruise. Probably to do just as Rowley had guessed; psych him out. But knowing better, Greg remained perfectly calm. "It's doing much better thanks," Greg spat as his parents laughter floated up the stairs from the living room below. They were preoccupied with their late night television programming, so Greg knew they couldn't spare the time to eavesdrop just yet.

Rodrick grinned wickedly and leaned against the doorframe, effectively preventing Greg from leaving just yet. Not that the younger Heffley brother wanted to anyway. He spent the majority of his time trying to spend time with Rodrick. Any conversation was a good conversation because it meant that Rodrick wasn't ignoring him.

"Honestly, you've been doing a really good job. I'm surprised. I thought your whole "sweater plan" was pretty lame. There was no way you'd last. You must really like me, huh?"

Greg could feel his face burning quickly. Of course he liked Rodrick! The older brother was ridiculously cool – at least to Greg anyway. When they hung out, Greg didn't feel like the baby Rodrick usually treated him like. Obviously there were things he hated about Rodrick too, but in the recent months Greg had found that it hadn't bothered him so much. Remembering the good times they had seemed to outweigh all of the bad.

And there was a lot of bad.

"You're my brother, of course I like you."

Rodrick raised an eyebrow. "Even after I did this to you?" A long finger pointed towards Greg's arm where the bruise was still relatively noticeable.

Greg shrugged. "I don't care." Well, that wasn't entirely true. But lately the bruise seemed so insignificant compared to what it had caused; a chance for Greg and Rodrick to be brothers.

Smiling, Rodrick finally lifted away from the door frame and took a step forward to Greg, who darted around the older brother swiftly. "You shouldn't say that. I don't want to think of what else I can get away with."

Trading places, Greg now looked back at Rodrick somewhat confused. "What?"

"Don't worry about it."
"If I were you, I'd tell your mother right away. Rodrick's jerking you around for his own amusement, Greg!"

Maybe it hadn't been the best idea to tell Rowley what Rodrick had said earlier. But the eight-grader was having enough trouble on his own trying to figure out the meaning of the words from earlier. A little outside perspective would help – or so Greg had thought as he brought it up to his best friend who was settling in on an air mattress on his floor.

"No. I don't think he'd go to these lengths just to jerk me around," Greg replied seriously. "I think he's serious, you know, about this whole slave thing. I'm beginning to think he really will suck up being grounded just to have the satisfaction of making me do whatever he wanted."

There was a small silence as Greg's words hung heavily in the darkness of the room. "Isn't there a word for people like him?" Rowley asked finally.

"Yea, probably."

A small sigh escaped from Rowley. "I'm so glad I don't have brothers."

It was Saturday afternoon when Holly phoned Greg's house and the mayhem truly began. Greg's mother had answered the phone in a delightfully exasperated tone while she sprawled across the rug in the living room playing with Manny. Greg and Rodrick were strewn on the couch sweating in the heat – Greg much more than the other due to the heavy clothing he was wearing.

When her eyes brightened, Greg knew he was in a terrible situation. Sure enough, she asked who was calling, and the answer sent her into a terribly uncharacteristic girlish fit. She all but thrust the phone into Greg's hand hissing, "It's Holly!" and she waited with bated breath as Greg slowly held the handset to his ear.

"Hello?" Greg asked, trying not to sound as nervous as he felt as he realized not only was his mother watching him intently, but so was Rodrick. Did his whole family have nothing better to do than to watch him talk to a girl? Greg was pretty sure his mother had never acted this way whenever Rodrick had girls call the house.

"Hi Greg! It's Holly."

Even through the phone, the young girl's voice was bright and crisp and it seemed to cool Greg down a lot, even in the sweltering heat he was suffering through.

"Hey, what's up?" Greg asked, purposely making stubborn eye contact with the table lamp and successfully avoiding the penetrating stares of his family.

"Well I was just wondering if you and Rowley wanted to come over today, like I mentioned. We've got a pool, and I think it's as hot a day as ever..."

As Holly trailed off, Greg couldn't believe his lucky stars. Perhaps it was karma to the fact that he had suffered all week long; a sort of pay out for the endless hours he'd spent at school and home, sweating through the majority of the summer.

But just as soon as he'd rejoiced, the immediate fear fell onto Greg's shoulders heavily. On one hand, he had just been invited over to Holly's place – for a swim no less – yet on the other was Rodrick's bruise. At that very moment, Greg felt a little torn, and the hesitation was clear to the girl on the other end of the line.
"I mean, you don't have to... I talked to Rowley and he said he would come if you did."

Unable to control himself, Greg snuck a low glance at Rodrick, who was leaning interestedly forward – just like their mother – trying to catch snippets of the conversation. Greg's chest tightened. Was he really going to have to choose between them?

"Sorry. It sounds really fun, Holly, but –" here Greg thought as quickly as he ever had, knowing his audience was captivated, "– my swimming shorts don't fit anymore. How about we go see a movie?"

Greg's mother looked extremely puzzled. "But I thought I just bought you a new pair last summer..." she wondered.

Covering the mouthpiece with one hand, Greg shook his head. "No, they're too small."

Holly chuckled lightly through the handset. "Oh, that's too bad! Maybe another time, and can I call you back about the movie? I'll have to ask my parents."

"Sure," Greg said, at the same time his mother shook her head and clucked her tongue at him.

"You boys are growing up too fast. Stop it."

"Alright, I'll talk to you soon!"

Greg barely had a chance to say goodbye before the phone was snatched from his hands so quick he didn't really have time to register what had happened. "Greg's got a date!" Rodrick shouted happily, tossing the phone across the room and wrapping Greg in his arms and legs.

Greg's mother burst into tears, joining in on the unexpected group hug. "Your first date..." she sobbed quietly into her son's hair. "I – I have to tell your father!" Without another word, she ran out of the room and up the stairs, leaving the three Heffley brothers alone.

"Maybe all your gross sweat attracted her in the end. In which case you owe thanks to me," Rodrick teased, finally shoving Greg out of his grasp and standing up.

"Shut up, Rodrick," Greg growled, crossing his arms and sinking further into the couch from embarrassment. The whole thing had definitely not been what he had expected. In his day dreams, the moment he asked Holly out wouldn't be as a condolence to not being able to swim in her pool – nor was half his family present for everything.

"We have a lot of work to do, little bro. You can't go looking like that." Rodrick leaned forward, both hands outstretched, and for a moment Greg wondered exactly what he was trying to do.

Then as soon as the older brother's fingers curled around the hem of Greg's sweater, a bolt of understanding shot through his body. "Get away from me!" Greg shouted, struggling away from Rodrick's tight hold on the fabric of his sweater. His feet went up instinctively, and they tried helplessly to kick the other brother away from himself.

Rodrick grinned evilly, successful for a moment in pulling the sweater just above Greg's chest before the younger brother landed a hard kick into his own. "Ow! You nerd – you're going to pay for that!"

The mayhem began. Manny joined in, beating his tiny fists along Rodrick's back screaming, "Don't hurt Bubby! My Bubby!" Meanwhile, Greg was shouting some battle cry as Rodrick tossed the younger brother to the ground and began wrestling the sweater off. It was harder than it looked, Rodrick would be the first to admit. Not only was did he have to pin the struggling younger brother,
but he had to do it as quick as he could.

Greg was not making it easy. After all, he had suffered for an entire week through the heat. It wasn't going to be for nothing, because he knew that Rodrick was only doing this to put him in a compromising position. "Aaagh! Get off of me!"

"Bubby! BUBBY!"

Greg was flipped onto his stomach, and his arm instinctively outstretched to the nearest end table to which he grabbed on to for dear life. When Rodrick gave a strong jerk-like movement, Greg's body went sliding backwards along the carpet and the table he held onto fell over with a crashing thud. A lamp shattered onto the carpet, and for a brief second all three boys were still – shocked by the damage caused.

But Rodrick wasn't going to let the perfect opportunity pass. While Greg was staring open-mouthed at the broken lamp, Rodrick pulled the sweater clean off the younger brother seconds before their mother stomped down the stairs.

"What is going on here!" she screamed, turning into the living room. Her eyes fell on her three sons, one half naked and the other two looking completely bewildered, before it landed on the broken lamp. "Who did this?" she snapped, walking briskly over to the broken glass and sighing.

"Greg," Rodrick accused readily, standing himself up and dusting himself off.

"That's only because Rodrick was wrestling with me! I grabbed onto the table and it just fell –"

"Look just everyone calm down and don't move until I get this glass cleaned up – Greg! Where did you get that bruise?"

Frozen. Greg felt like an entire bucket of ice had just been thrown onto his naked back. Chancing a glance at Rodrick and seeing the evil smirk waiting for him left Greg angry. His hands curled into fists to fight the urge to continue their previous fight where they left off. For now he was going to have to use some of that quick thinking from earlier and get himself out of this mess.

And it was only a second later that his tense body relaxed and Greg simply shrugged. "I don't know, I might have got it from gym. It just showed up one day."

A moment of silence passed as Greg's mother eyed him critically before taking the bruised arm into her own hands and inspecting it. "Looks like it hurt," she mused, and Greg knew to keep entirely still and silent – if he wanted to survive this anyway. "Are you sure you don't know where it came from?"

Strong-willed eyes stared imploringly into Greg's, but at that moment Greg felt as strong and as confident as he had in awhile. Rodrick was going to see just how much Greg wanted them to be friends. "It doesn't hurt at all, I told you I can't remember when it happened."

Luckily the bruise was healed enough to let the excuse pass, because Greg's mother finally threw her hands up in the air and walked out of the living room to get the vacuum. "Why couldn't I have had girls?" she cried.

When Greg watched her turn the corner, he turned to look at Rodrick, who was looking at him curiously – almost with an appreciation behind the familiar eyes. "See, that wasn't so bad. Now you don't have to wear those stupid sweaters anymore."
"No. Now I'll be able to borrow your shirts. As my official slave you have to do whatever I say!"
Chapter Seven

Never, not in a million years did Greg ever feel there was even the slightest hope that one day he was going to have his older brother to himself; without being tormented, mocked, bullied, teased, and otherwise mistreated as he had been for much of his entire life. As was the older brother's God-given right, Rodrick had gone mostly unpunished in his actions and lived carefree doing whatever he pleased. Now that scales were tipped in Greg's favour he was understandably excited about it.

Rodrick hadn't said much when Greg had gloriously announced that he was the winner, and Greg was careful not to rub it in. After all, he was only going on Rodrick's word that he would be his Slave. The real thing was probably different.

After supper was the only opportunity that Greg had to speak to Rodrick since the incident that afternoon. And there wasn't a chance in hell he was going to let it pass.

"Where are you going?" Greg asked casually, following Rodrick up the stairs. It was more of an ice-breaker than anything. Greg knew that Rodrick, like all the other teenagers in the world, was going to his room.

"To the attic, duh."

The tiny ball of hope grew in Greg's stomach. "Can I come?"

What he'd been expecting, Greg didn't know. Maybe a shrug, or a harsh no. He definitely did not expect Rodrick to turn and look at him square in the eye all exasperated - like you'd typically find an older brother when dealing with a younger one - and say what he did next.

"Of course, Greg. I am your Slave. You don't have to ask. Just do."

Stunned, Greg watched Rodrick take another step. "Really? You're really going through with it?" He hurried to keep up, taking the last stairs two at a time despite that his legs weren't nearly as long as Rodrick's.

"I have no choice," Rodrick said solemnly, and Greg caught on to the hint of playfulness laying beneath his brother's words.

"Alright then," Greg challenged. "Do my chores."

As they made their way up to Rodrick's bedroom, the older brother just laughed. "Fat chance, little bro. Besides, do you really want me doing them for you?"

Reaching the landing, Greg seriously thought about it. "No," he said finally, remembering with vivid detail how Rodrick was banned from doing most household chores due to the fact that he always seemed to conveniently screw everything up. Taking out the garbage seemed to be the only chore Rodrick was allowed, willing, and capable to do.

"That's right. So what's your first wish Master?" Rodrick asked, slumping down into his spinning chair and picking up a CD from the floor. Not that it wasn't the only thing scattered across the floor of his messy room; Greg had to tiptoe between dirty underwear and drumsticks to take a seat on the bed.

What was he? A Genie or something? "I don't really know yet. This is good, just hanging out."
"At least make it a little unbearable for me. Jeeze," Rodrick muttered, his teasing attitude still thick even though he was clearly distracted in looking at the CD in his hands. As if coming to a decision he put it into his laptop and pumped the volume. After eight, Rodrick wasn't allowed to blast it out of the surround sound system he had set up, so this would have to do.

Then with music washing out everything else, Rodrick turned his full attention to his little brother for the first time in what seemed like ages. Admittedly, Greg was a little surprised at how good his older brother was being to him, but he decided not to pout about the past or ponder his incredible luck. Instead, Greg was going to take full advantage of his brother's good attitude. After all, he'd really worked hard for it.

"Earth to Greg! I said make it a little unbearable for me. If you're just going to sit there grinning like an idiot, then get out."

"Sorry," Greg spluttered, silently cursing himself for not following through on his "don't pout about the past" rule. "I'm just excited."

Rodrick eyed his little brother, then he swung his feet onto a stool and leaned back casually, grabbing a pencil from his desk. "Whatever."

Complete attention? Gone.

For some reason, Greg was becoming nervous. Usually Greg had no problem telling people what to do, but Rodrick was different. So instead Greg placed his head in his hands and told himself to think, much like Winnie the Pooh in those old cartoons.

Think! Think! Think!

There was no possible excuse for messing this up! He'd have to start up a conversation or something, but what was there to talk about? What did he usually talk about?

But then –

"So you have a date with Holly. Gotta say you were pretty smooth. Where'd that come from? The Greg I know is a clumsy idiot." Villainous eyes glinted, and Rodrick's wild hair seemed to add to the effect that he was kind of dangerous. How was it the older brother could turn this side of himself on and off whenever he pleased?

He was used to playing Greg like a puppet – but not this time. Not about Greg's special person.

"Shut up, Slave," Greg hissed through tightly clenched teeth. "Did I say you could speak about Holly?"

As he said her name, Greg's stomach doubled over as if he really was just remembering how he had asked the blonde out. And she hadn't even given him a final answer in the matter. Didn't she say she would call Greg back later? How much later? It was already 8:30...

"Woah, that's more like it," Rodrick's eyes snapped to amused attention and all traces of his wild bruise-giving side disappeared as he leaned forward to Greg, chin in his hands and elbows on his legs. "What do you want to do, Master Greg?"

A small shiver ran through Greg's spine at these words. Rodrick was seriously enjoying this for some reason. If it was a game, then maybe Greg would play along. But what he wanted to do, he had no idea. He was – as he had said – perfectly fine with just sitting there and talking bullshit with Rodrick, or watching stupid YouTube videos.
But obviously Rodrick couldn't stand sitting still, so Greg sighed. "Um, we could go for a walk or something."

Rodrick groaned, standing up and tapping his foot. He looked very impatient and he stared at Greg as if being tested beyond limits the younger brother could understand. "Look, Greg. I'm trying to get into this. But if you're going to be my Master you need to grow a fucking pair of balls and start acting like one, otherwise I'm not going to be a very good Slave. Got it?"

Greg was startled – again. What the hell was going on? There was no way he was supposed to have a responsibility as a Master. That wasn't fair! "Wait a second, that wasn't what we agreed on!"

Rodrick snarled. "You think we're playing a kid's game?" he asked sternly. "You're not a kid, are you?"

Greg swallowed hard at this trick question. Well, he wasn't technically a kid; and he wasn't really an adult either. What was he at the moment other than the fly caught in Rodrick's spiderweb? "No," he finally decided, drawing his shoulders out to correct his posture and display confidence.

"That's what I thought too," Rodrick said with a simple nod. "Now, I'm not doing a time-out again. You are going to feed me; give me water; sleep with me; keep me clean; entertain me; everything. Got it? Now are you taking me for a walk or not?"

The next thing Greg knew, he was walking down the sidewalk with Rodrick on his side. The older brother was strolling care-free, one hand stuffed into a tight pocket, the other holding on firmly to his younger brother's hand. Greg could've sworn there was a small skip in his step, but perhaps his eyes were playing tricks on him again in the darkness of this abandoned street.

Not only did Greg have any idea how he had let this happen, or even how they had ended up on the street in the first place, he didn't have time to really think about it either. Rodrick was being a handful in more ways than one. He was acting like a jerk.

Any time Greg asked a question, Rodrick would ignore him. He had asked Rodrick to wait – just a second – as he tried to understand what was going on. Was he really expected to keep Rodrick clean? And sleep with him? A large lump formed in Greg's throat. This had to be some sort of joke. When would Rodrick get bored of it?

Greg struggled – trying to release his hand from Rodrick's grasp but the older brother was strong and combined with the very long strides he was taking, it was looking impossible. So finally, Greg gave up.

They walked in silence, around the block and heading towards a 24/7 grocery store that they sometimes frequented. Greg distantly remembered the last time they had been there was four months ago and they had decided that egging cars was the most appropriate choice of time spent.

"What are we doing here?" Greg asked warily, expecting the same cold shoulder his brother had been giving him so far with each question. But Rodrick surprised Greg by turning and looking at him, acknowledging his presence. The eyes were dangerous, Greg noted with a skipped beat of his heart and a panic rising. Then again... "Don't give me that look," he said sternly. "I asked you a question, so you better damn well answer before I have to repeat myself." Woah. Where that came from, Greg wasn't even really sure. Somehow he felt like he could channel his own inner-Rodrick rather easily.

Rodrick grinned, releasing Greg's hand and pointing at the store. "Your Slave is hungry."
Greg's mouth dropped. "No way! We just had supper!" Besides, Greg only had ten dollars on him, and that was meant for the movie he was supposed to be going to with Holly. "Rodrick, you can't seriously expect me – "

The dangerous look was back. "I said I am hungry. Are you going to feed me, Master?"

Greg's eyebrows pulled together in a very deep frown; a frown that should have never graced his face until he was dealing with a teenage son of his own. How long was this game going to last? At the moment, in this dangerous street with his highly unpredictable, possibly manic older brother, it seemed very unlikely Greg was going to get his answers or his way in the matter.

"Fine."

They walked into the store together, Greg pocketing both of his hands before his brother could take one again. He all but marched behind his brother as Rodrick pulled a few bags of chips and candy off the shelves, looking very smug indeed.

At the checkout, Greg glared as Rodrick dumped the food onto the belt and then unwrapped an unpaid for lollipop and put it into his mouth.

"You ungrateful jerk," Greg hissed as the woman gave him the total - $9.96.

Rodrick bent forward, taking the lollipop out of his mouth as he practically glued it to Greg's ear in old fashioned secret telling. "Thanks, Master."

For some reason the warm breathe of his brother's words hitting his ear like that caused several shivers to roll down his body and back up again. He shoved his brother away from himself; paid the cashier; grabbed the bag of sweets and stomped out of the store.

This was definitely not what he'd been expecting when he agreed to the bet.

Once home, Rodrick sat in his spinning chair happily, opening a bag of liquorice and digging in. He hummed along to the music in his laptop – a different CD altogether now. Greg did not say a word. Instead he opted to sit in the farthest corner of Rodrick's bed and pout.

Literally his bottom lip was stuck out on its own, threatening to shake any second with the oncoming tears the younger boy could feel stinging behind his eyes. It was taking all of Greg's will power not to cry. After all, he'd won, hadn't he? Here he was sitting with Rodrick again.

But Greg knew the older brother loved to play games and tease him; he shouldn't have expected anything more. Perhaps he had been the fool after all to assume that it was going to be fun in the first place.

These thoughts just made it all so unfair, and Greg was trying to hold himself together as best he could with Rodrick ten feet away. "I quit this game," he mumbled, almost so low he couldn't even hear himself that well. But somehow Rodrick had heard him.

"If you quit, then roles reverse. I become Master," he said, eyes glinting maliciously.

Where was he getting this from?

"No!" Greg said, sternly. "If I quit then this whole thing is over with."

Rodrick crossed his arms, looking poignantly lazy about the way Greg was overreacting. "I don't
want a quitter as a Master. You shook on it, little bro. You're the one that has to deal with it."

It was very hard for Greg to reach deep into his chest and pull out some courage, but he did – amazingly. "I didn't shake on this!" he said, indicating what exactly "this" was with a dramatic wave of his arms between the two of them. "I don't want to be your babysitter!"

"You're the one being a baby," Rodrick said, voice sickly sweet and mocking.

Greg's hands shook. He was confused and angry, and his brother was calling him a baby, which was just making him even more embarrassed than before. As always, Rodrick knew exactly what to say to make Greg miserable. Greg did not want to be a baby; he wanted to be cool and grown-up. Just like Rodrick was.

"I'm not," the younger brother finally said quietly.

"I can't hear you," Rodrick said, voice crisp and pleasant as he cupped his hand dramatically around his ear and leaned forward to hear Greg repeat himself.

"I said, I'm not a baby... and I won't quit," Greg seethed, wiping away all baby tears with the rage that was coming on strong. "But I will be the meanest Master, ever! And you'll have no choice, as my Slave, to do whatever I say!"

Rodrick nodded obediently, eyes twinkling as he set down the bag of liquorice and got up to move to the bed with Greg. "How mean?" Rodrick asked, almost delighted.

Greg frowned thoughtfully. "Like an ogre," he decided.

"Are you going to punch me?" Rodrick asked as he sat down right next to Greg and moved his face so it was in the younger brother's personal space.

"No!" Greg shouted indignantly. He wasn't just going to punch his brother just because he could. Actually, physical violence was the last thing Greg wanted to get into, but Rodrick just grabbed Greg's hand and curled it into a fist for him, poising it on his angled cheekbone. Greg's heart began racing, pumping blood into his ears and it made the next words his brother spoke very hard to hear.

"Won't you punish me if I'm bad?"

"I-I won't need to punish because, you'll do as I say!" Greg said, trying and failing to be assertive. "Now, get away from me. Go sit over there!"

"But your Slave wants to sit next to you, Master. Especially such a kind Master. You won't even punish me if I'm being disobedient."

Greg's entire face burned with the embarrassment of it all. Why it was so embarrassing, he couldn't really explain. All he knew was that whenever Rodrick said "Master" or "Slave" there was something sickening to it and the sudden closeness and unexpected touches from his older brother was making his heart race nervously.

He wished it would just stop already!

Yet Rodrick was still leaning impossibly closer to Greg, their faces only inches away from each other. "A Master shouldn't just let his Slave get away with everything. Who knows what they will do."
"A Master shouldn't just let his Slave get away with everything. Who knows what they will do."

The words were like ice, the way they made Greg shiver. He tried to look away – out of the familiar eyes of his brother – but he was unable to bring himself to do so. Rodrick was looking at him so intensely Greg was surprised laser beams weren't shooting directly into his soul. "G-Get away from me," Greg stumbled finally.

"I thought you wanted to be up here with me, Master. Huh? Isn't this what you wanted?"

Something was bothering Greg. This feeling of being cornered by Rodrick was distantly familiar, like it had happened before. Greg shook the thoughts out of his head. There was no time to be wondering about the past. Right now Greg needed to leave. Sure, he had wanted to be up here with Rodrick - but he had wanted to hang out normally; and something was screaming inside him that nothing Rodrick was saying or doing was normal at all.

"I - I -" Greg spluttered because now Rodrick was so close he could feel the older brother's breathe along his neck.

Then finally, Greg was saved. Clear as day, their mother's voice floated up the stairs. "Greg! Holly's on the phone!" The two brothers froze, and Greg rejoiced because he needed the distraction to clear his head. It was Rodrick who muttered something under his breath and reached over for the handset on his bedside table. He looked at it for a split second, as if debating whether or not to hand it to Greg.

Holly.

Greg felt an indescribable swell of emotion for the girl of his dreams as Rodrick finally placed the handset in his hands. He wanted to hop off the bed and run down the stairs before he answered it, but Rodrick was back hovering menacingly over him and his body was still a little numb for some reason, so Greg decided just to get the phone call over with. Perhaps by that time his body would work the way he wanted it to.

"Hello?"

There was some giggling on the other end of the line that stopped abruptly as soon as Greg had spoken. "Hi, Greg? It's Holly."

As if that hadn't already been established. Greg smiled, trying to ignore the way Rodrick was glaring daggers at him. His hand tried swatting the distracting brother away, but Rodrick just grabbed Greg's wrist and held on, inching a little closer to perhaps overhear the conversation. Greg noticed that the music had stopped blaring from the laptop.

"Get away," Greg hissed, struggling to release his left hand from Rodrick's grip while simultaneously holding the phone away from himself with his other. Rodrick shook his head and again, inched closer. Greg opened his mouth to hiss something else but suddenly remembered Holly was waiting for him to say something. So he brought the handset back to his ear and turned his head around to say in a very low voice, "Yea, how are you?"

"Oh I'm good," she said brightly.

At the same time, Rodrick bent in low and whispered into Greg's free ear. "Tell her you're busy," he
instructed. Greg ignored his brother as Holly continued.

"Sorry I'm calling you back so late. I hope your parents don't mind."

Greg really wished she'd get to the point because he couldn't really fight Rodrick off and for some reason the older brother seemed to be fighting for his attention. This whole master/slave thing had to end, and quick. They'd only been playing that game for a few hours and already Greg was sick of it.

"No, they don't. What's up?" he asked finally, jumping right to the point as Rodrick made a grab for the phone, frowning resentfully.

"Um, I was just calling about that movie?" Suddenly Holly's voice seemed a little bit weaker, but that might've been because Rodrick had successfully grabbed onto Greg's other hand holding the handset and had begun wrestling it away.

Greg threw an elbow into Rodrick's stomach and he released both hands. "Yea, are you able to come?" he asked, excited despite the struggle going on.

"Yes! I was wondering what time tomorrow you'd want to go. It's a bit late tonight, I apologize —"

She was so proper it made Greg's heart melt. "No, tomorrow is fine too. How about in the afternoon? I could meet you there at 3:00?"

All thoughts of Rodrick flew out the window as Holly agreed. "That works for me! I'll see you then."

The two said quick goodbye's and by the time Greg pressed the 'End Call' button on the receiver butterflies were fluttering madly in his stomach. Holly had said yes! She'd agreed to see a movie with him. That was a date, right?

He'd turned to tell Rodrick all about it, but his smile was wiped away when he saw the look of absolute loathing on his older brother's face. His arms were crossed and he was sitting back, and Greg remembered he should probably take advantage of the comfortable distance and get the hell out of there as fast as his legs would carry him. But for some reason he said, "What's your problem?" instead.

Rodrick shook his head, maybe trying to indicate that he had no problem. But it was very obvious to Greg that something was up, and it might've had something to do with the master/slave game, so Greg dropped it immediately. "I have a date with Holly," he said happily, hoping and expecting Rodrick to clap him on the back or say something along the lines of reassuring Greg he was cool.

Yet Rodrick said nothing really, as he stared almost unblinking at his younger brother. Greg continued to smile. "Do you think – " he began, but then hesitated as he tried to decide whether or not he should say the next words, "- I should kiss her?"

This seemed to snap Rodrick out of whatever rotten thoughts were going through his head. The older brother frowned thoughtfully. "Well, have you ever kissed a girl before?" Greg shook his head and instantly wished he hadn't because the wicked smile that was dancing on Rodrick's lips now made him very uneasy. Scooting closer on the bed Rodrick seemed to forget all about being mad at Greg. "Then I wouldn't kiss Holly if I were you. You'd only make a fool out of yourself."

Greg definitely did not want to make a fool of himself, and as the words washed over him his smile faded. "I really want to, though," Greg muttered.

"Well why don't you practice then?" Rodrick suggested. "That's what I did and it worked out for
me."

Instantly intrigued, Greg looked up into the rather dark eyes of his brother. "Practice?" he repeated. "How?" Because if there was any way he could kiss Holly – show her how he felt – he was going to try it out.

"Are you really that retarded? You have to practice on a friend or something; someone that won't care whether or not you're bad at kissing."

Greg searched his brain for someone fitting that description. But the only friend he could think of was Holly, and that was kind of defeating the purpose. "I don't have anybody," Greg said, letting his shoulders slump at the disappointment.

It was very quiet in the room between the two brothers. So quiet in fact that the next words Rodrick muttered were heard almost as if they were being shouted at him. "You have a slave."

"What?" Greg asked, even though he'd heard the words clearly.

"I said you have a slave. Me. Why don't you practice on me?" Rodrick was staring imploringly into his younger brother and Greg let out a choked laugh.

"Don't joke about stuff like that," Greg said, suddenly unable to meet Rodrick's eyes. Instead he busied himself with a loose thread near the cuff of his sweater. He was uncomfortably aware that Rodrick was still looking at him.

"I'm not joking," Rodrick said, and even though Greg was still staring at the string now tied around his finger he noticed Rodrick was moving closer to him yet again. "I'm your slave; I have to do what you want."

"But I don't want to kiss you," Greg said finally, his face suddenly feeling a little too hot.

"Don't you want to be able to kiss Holly? It's not that hard, trust me."

It was really hard for Greg to trust Rodrick these days, yet the bond of their brotherhood led him to really believe that Rodrick had all the intention in the world of showing him how to kiss and have that be that. So with no ulterior motive detected, Greg looked back into Rodrick's eyes.

"Are you sure?" Greg asked warily, but Rodrick was rolling his eyes impatiently.

"Look, this all could've been done by now. Do you want to learn or not?" he asked with a hint of exasperation. Could it have really been over with by now? This thought was very persuading, yet Greg couldn't help but realize here he was, on his brother's bed debating whether to kiss the asshole. That was weird, no matter how Greg looked at it.

"Uh, I don't know about this," he said finally, and Rodrick simply shrugged.

"Alright, well good luck with Holly tomorrow," the older brother said as if it made no difference to him. These words trickled down Greg's spine as he was reminded of spending some alone time with the girl he really liked. Wouldn't he do anything for her? Did it really matter if it was Rodrick, so long as he knew how to kiss her properly in the end? Wouldn't it feel weird with anyone but Holly?

"Wait," Greg said, because Rodrick was making as if he was going to get up and leave.

Rodrick gave another rather wicked smile as he stopped moving. "What is it, Master?"
"Not that again. Greg sighed. "I guess – I guess I can practice on you." As the words left him, Greg felt a little vulnerable, but this feeling was instantly replaced with dread as Rodrick grabbed his chin and jerked him forward so they were face to face.

"Watch carefully then," Rodrick advised.

As Greg's stomach did an elaborate somersault, Rodrick pressed his lips against his younger brother's without another word or warning. And it was the strangest feeling Greg had ever experienced. His brother's lips were kind of warm, and rather soft as they moved against his rather numb ones. How many times had Greg watched people kissing; seen it in movies and on TV? So why was this so new and... exciting?

Electric was a rather fitting word to describe the strange new tingles shooting from his lips and down the entire length of his body. Of course, the way his heart was now hammering against his rib cage must mean he was excited. But why?

While Greg's own lips ghosted along, Rodrick's hand moved from Greg's chin and slid along the younger boy's neck to cup the back of his head, pulling him deeper into the kiss. Greg had to scoot up a little closer to allow this and he tried not concentrating on how Rodrick's fingers pulling lightly in his hair felt really nice.

But nothing so far could compare to the way Greg's whole body set on fire when he felt Rodrick's tongue slide across his lips – successful in parting them. Despite how warm he was feeling, Greg could feel shiver after shiver roll down his back, sending goose bumps all the way down his arms and thighs as the offending tongue rubbed teasingly against his.

All of a sudden, Greg couldn't think. He barely noticed how Rodrick's other hand circled around his waist and pulled their bodies disturbingly close. His chest, raising and falling rapidly against the deep breathes he was taking through his nose, was now pressed against Rodrick's who seemed to be breathing quite fine. Maybe that was due to the fact that the kiss – soft and sort of innocent before – had changed into something rather pornographic. Rodrick was breathing through his mouth; warm breathy sighs mixing with the hot tongues making Greg's heart skip a beat. Was Rodrick enjoying this?

Then again, Greg certainly was. Everything Rodrick was doing was feeling so good. And the new feelings swirling around and causing his heart to skip beats were also doing a very good job in making Greg forget why it was so wrong in the first place.

When Rodrick scraped his teeth along Greg's lips, the pain mixed well with the soft pleasure and it caused Greg to squeak in surprise. He was silenced almost immediately as their tongues met once more but this time Rodrick wasn't being nearly as soft or gentle. His tongue slammed against Greg's and his hands, long forgotten around his younger brother's waist and in his neck, dug nails into the flesh of Greg's skin causing a rather alarming jolt to go through Greg's body.

This knocked Greg back into reality rather quickly and next moment he was struggling against his brother's grip and trying to twist his head away. Rodrick finally broke the kiss. "What's the matter?" he asked, and when Greg looked back at Rodrick his heart gave another terrifying hiccup. The dark eyes – usually so mean and dangerous – were open and excited. He was giving Greg a look like he was crazy.

"I-I think I've learned enough," Greg said firmly, finding courage somewhere deep in the pit of his stomach, which was still aching from the gymnastics it had performed earlier.

Rodrick first looked like he had no idea what Greg was talking about, and then suddenly,
comprehension dawned on the older brother's face. And, rather reluctantly, his hands disentangled themselves from Greg who hopped up off the bed immediately.

Without another word, Greg took the stairs from the attic two at a time and didn't look back once until he was in his bedroom and his door was locked behind him.
Chapter Nine

Understandably, Greg had a hard time falling to sleep that night. His whole body still felt like it was on fire from the kiss he had shared with Rodrick, and the more he tried to figure out why, the more confused he felt. Questions buzzed around his head while the tingling in his swollen lips disappeared. Why would Rodrick get so into it like that? Was he really just trying to help Greg practice? And most importantly, why had he let it go on for so long?

For many hours Greg lay awake in his bed, trying to understand just how he'd let himself be talked into doing something like that. Then – when he promised not to think about it anymore – strange little thoughts would plant themselves in his head and next thing he knew he was thinking about the kiss again.

The first strange, and rather unwelcome thought, was that it hadn't been just a kiss at all. Perhaps it had started out as one, but Greg could not deny the hard evidence that he'd made out with Rodrick. Yea, there was a difference between kissing and having his brother's tongue in his mouth. Greg certainly never expected to slip Holly the tongue, so why did Rodrick feel it was okay to do it to him?

The questions never seemed to end, yet next thing Greg knew he was waking up to his alarm clock. He'd set it early, just so he could avoid Rodrick, knowing his brother never stepped foot out of the attic before 11:00 on a Sunday.

Everything took longer than normal. Greg was very distracted as he dressed himself – in some jeans and a t-shirt (finally) – and even as he brushed his teeth. All he could do, it seemed, was think about that kiss. Like how he'd literally felt Rodrick dig nails into his flesh; it was making him blush at his reflection because it had felt so fucking nice.

And, above else, the dread of seeing Rodrick again was building in his stomach. What was he going to say? What was he going to do? Would it ever be normal between them? Or perhaps Greg was just over-thinking things. There was still a possibility that Rodrick didn't care about the kiss at all... right?

"Honey, you look terrible!" Greg's mother commented as he sat down in front of the breakfast table.

It was true. Greg's eyes were sunken and tired, but he knew the look would go away as the day progressed, so he wasn't too worried about it. He chose to ignore his Mom and fix himself breakfast. A quick look at his watch told him it was just after 10:00 and he groaned out loud at how slow time seemed to be going.

3:00 seemed like it was lifetimes away.

Lonely, Greg began to wait in front of the fountain in the Eastern area of the mall, facing the movie theatre and counting down the minutes until Holly's arrival. He'd walked to the mall by himself, not willing to hear the same old, "Ask Rodrick to drive you," that he'd get whenever he would ask his parents to drive him anywhere. It was really unfair, and Greg was already dreaming of the day when he'd get his license.

Deep down, a part of Greg knew he couldn't avoid Rodrick forever, but he was sure as Hell going to try for the time being, and Holly was a perfect distraction. For the first time Greg forgot all about the kiss as he saw the gleaming blonde hair and the arm now frantically beckoning him over.
He almost stumbled over his own two feet to get to her and once he approached he saw she looked amazing.

"Hi Greg! Sorry, I'm a bit early," she greeted brightly. Greg felt his heart begin some rather slow, hard thumps and he ran a hand in his hair and shrugged his shoulders in what he hoped was a really cool gesture.

"No worries, I got here two hours ago," Greg said with a tiny smile. He began to lead the way to the Box Office, Holly in toe behind him. It was just so exciting, being at the mall alone, without any adult supervision. Greg felt like he was King Shit next to a girl so pretty; a girl he was going to kiss today.

His heart gave a few rapid, hard thumps again at this thought.

"Were you here with your brother?" Holly asked as they joined the line to pay for tickets.

Greg's stomach flipped over. "N-no," he replied, choking past the very suffocating feeling of remembering the kiss with Rodrick for the millionth time. "I just wanted to do some window shopping I guess," he continued lamely. Why did she have to bring up Rodrick? Greg had only just forgotten...

Holly nodded eagerly along. "Yea, well Christmas is only a few months away," she said.

Christmas. Rodrick. By then, they'd have to talk. Would they still clown for the camera in front of the Christmas tree? Nervous butterflies were now going crazy in the pit of his stomach. If he wasn't careful, he was definitely going to be sick.

Suddenly, even in Holly's presence, Rodrick consumed all of Greg's thoughts again. As Holly chattered away happily beside him all throughout the pre-show, Greg kept thinking about him. He'd 'hmm'ed and 'haw'ed at all the right parts in her stories, but he couldn't help but begin to panic when the lights dimmed around them.

Any moment now, he'd have to kiss her.

But how? Rodrick had said to watch closely, damnit, but Greg couldn't remember half of what had happened in that bedroom. Didn't Rodrick just sort of, press his lips against his?

Greg frowned. Well, that did seem pretty easy in comparison, didn't it? As if willing himself to decide, Greg turned his head towards Holly sometime in the middle of the movie. Her lips looked much softer than Rodrick's; perhaps he really should kiss them.

Holly turned to Greg, tilting her head just a bit as if to ask what was up. Greg locked eyes with her and took deep, steadying and calm breathes. After all, he'd made out with Rodrick already. Simply kissing Holly would be easy.

So Greg went for it. He held her chin, just like Rodrick had done to him, and pressed his lips against hers. Yet it was surprisingly different altogether. Greg's heart wasn't pounding uncontrollably, it was doing the same, hard but rhythmic pumps it always did in Holly's presence. It wasn't exciting, really. Even when Greg felt her lips moving back to his. No sparks, or thrills or electricity.

Just what the hell had Rodrick done to him?

Greg didn't remember much after he'd kissed Holly. He said nothing to her as he turned back to watch the movie, deep in thought about what had just happened. Next thing he knew, he was
standing outside, waving her away as she climbed into her Father's truck. It was at that moment Greg took out his own cell phone – for emergencies and family – and answered the incoming call.

"Hello?"

"Greg, honey, where are you? Supper's nearly ready and we haven't seen you all day. I tried calling but – "

The young boy sighed impatiently. "I was at a movie, Mom. With Holly remember? So I had to turn off my phone."

There was a noise of brief understanding before she gave an exasperated cry. "Are you at Middleton Mall then? Jesus, Greg, that's a half hour away!" Driving. Greg had spent the majority of the morning walking all the way there. "I'm sending Rodrick now okay?"

The name – said out loud like that – caused Greg to nearly jump out of his skin, which had strangely been covered in goose bumps at the thought of having to face him so soon. "No! Please, anyone but Rodr-"

"He'll be there soon, sweetie!"

The resounding click of the line being cut off sent Greg into a panic. What was he going to do? What kind of face was he going to give Rodrick after last night? His genius plan to avoid him forever was already falling apart!

He coughed, suddenly unable to breathe properly. A whole half hour alone with Rodrick. There was a time Greg would have given anything for that, and now all he could do was try and figure out ways to cope with it. And this made the half hour wait for Rodrick to show pass in the blink of an eye because he was being startled out of the many thoughts and worries he had by a familiar, harsh honking.

Greg's heart caught in his throat, making it very difficult to swallow or breathe as he glanced up at the spray-painted minivan. Rodrick was still honking furiously at him, looking pissed about something. That wasn't good.

Standing up, Greg placed one foot in front of him and then the next, successful in walking towards the vehicle. He had to force himself to open the door and climb into the passenger seat, and he consciously buckled his seat belt as quickly as possible and began to lean as far away from Rodrick as could be allowed. Greg was very aware of the harsh eyes on the back of his neck, but he'd made it a point not to look or talk to Rodrick at all.

"Ignoring me, now? Not a very good move as a Master you know."

The words were so angry and said in that bitter sort of way Rodrick had perfected over his teenage years. Greg didn't say anything, too stumped to acknowledge the whole Master/Slave thing at that moment.

Rodrick spun the wheel hard as he stepped on the gas and screeched out of the parking lot. The minivan barrelled down the road at a speed Greg had never seen Rodrick hit before.

"Hey, slow down," Greg said uneasily as Rodrick took a sharp turn without slowing down.

The older brother seemed to be waiting for this because he smirked evilly. "So how was it with Holly? Did you kiss her?"
Greg's face burned. Not even five minutes into the ride, Rodrick was already bringing up kissing. He chose to ignore the comment until another sharp turn was performed causing his heart to skip even more beats than necessary. "I said slow down! You're going to kill us," Greg demanded through gritted teeth.

"And I asked you a question. Did you kiss her?"

Another turn was coming but Greg stayed silent. He literally thought the minivan was going to topple over on itself just from the mind-blowing physics of Rodrick's driving. He knew that if he didn't answer Rodrick, he wouldn't have to think about either of the kisses any more- but he also knew that his brother wasn't going to slow down until he did. It was games like these, that Rodrick played all the time...


Then Greg felt himself snap. Everything he'd been through in the last week swelled to a max and burst forth. How he'd had to suffer the heat because of Rodrick just to hide the psycho bruise. How he'd had his kiss with Holly ruined because of Rodrick.

"Yes I did kiss her! And it was a hundred, thousand times better than it was with YOU! YOU'RE THE WORST BROTHER EVER, I DON'T WANT TO BE YOUR MASTER ANYMORE! I DON'T WANT TO PLAY ANY OF YOUR GAMES ANYMORE!"

As the words left him, so did the last ounce of the swelling rage. All that was left was a rather dangerous silence in the minivan as Rodrick continued to speed along the road, knuckles white and tight around the steering wheel.
Chapter Ten

When Rodrick got out of the van, he slammed the door shut and stormed towards the front door of the house, kicking it open and disappearing from view altogether. Greg had instantly regretted the words that came out of his mouth; but how was he supposed to take back something like, "I don't want to be your Master anymore!"? If his words meant that Rodrick was going to go back to not talking to him in the first place, Greg found that it was a very easy choice to pick the games and confusing feelings over being left alone and behind - again.

He sighed miserably, opening the van door and shutting it as he slipped out.

Rodrick, Rodrick, Rodrick. As Greg sat down at the dinner table, completely aware of the empty seat across from him, he hoped that he'd be able to stop thinking about the older brother. Soon.

"Greg, did something happen with Rodrick?"

Greg looked up, trying his best to give his Mom the "I'm-your-honest-fourteen-year-old-son" look. "No," However, the name made his skin crawl, and he got another taste of the anger he'd succumbed to earlier. Something did happen with Rodrick – on that bed last night. Another something Greg had to hide.

"Hmm, well I guess I'll go talk to him later," his mother mused.

Good luck, Greg thought.

"Date night?"

Both Heffley brothers repeated these words back to their parents. They were dressed up; looking ready for a late evening doing God only knew what. Rodrick and Greg had been called down for the announcement and it was the first time the brothers had been forced to be in each other's presence since they had both stubbornly locked themselves away.

Greg's heart pounded nervously as he stood beside Rodrick, somehow not able to deal with being so close to his brother. Beads of sweat formed on his brow. Was it really that hot in the living room?

"Yes, Manny's asleep and you boys can rent a movie or something." It was like they knew something had happened. Greg narrowed his eyes at his parents; nothing slipped past them. The next words his Mother said confirmed Greg's suspicions. "Maybe you two can get over whatever it is you're fighting about with some time alone? Isn't that a good idea honey?"

Their Father was fumbling with the cuffs of his suit, but he looked up as his wife addressed him. "What? Er- yeah of course. You boys get along. We'll be back late."

"Not too late," their Mother added to which their Father gave both of them a suggestive wink and shook his head playfully.

"Ew. Just ew," Rodrick said, summing up exactly what Greg wanted to say too.

"Oh and, Rodrick's in charge, Greg." These last words gave Greg an eerie sense of foreboding.

Then just like that, they were gone, leaving Rodrick and Greg standing uncomfortably in the living room together, watching the closed door.
It was just so unbelievable. How could his parents subject him to the torture of spending time – alone– with Rodrick? Greg was sort of frozen in his spot before the desperate screams of, "RUN, RUN, RUN" were finally heard in the depths of his mind. So Greg turned on his heel and headed for the stairs.

But just like a defenceless sheep, Greg was caught halfway to his destination and next thing he knew the floor was coming up to meet his face. His jaw slammed into the carpet and Greg felt some of the wind blowing straight out from his lungs; could feel the heavy weight of Rodrick on his back, and if it was possible for Greg to panic even more then he did.

"Ah – get off me – Rodrick!"

There was the sound of clinking metal, but with Greg's face in the carpet like that he wasn't able to bend around and see just what Rodrick was doing. Being sandwiched between Rodrick and the floor was making Greg even hotter and he struggled to breathe properly, taking long panted gasps.

A second seemed to pass before he felt his hands being forced behind his back.

"What are you doing? Get off me fatty!"

There was some sharp pressure on his wrists, and as both of his hands drew together behind his back, Greg felt the coming sweep of nausea. Rodrick was tying him! Greg struggled frantically, his legs beating on his older brother's back and his shoulders rocking side to side trying to heave the other off him. But it was no use. Rodrick was just too strong.

Then the weight was off of him and Greg panted relief into the carpet.

It was stupid to think it was over.

With a sudden swooping motion Greg found himself on his feet as Rodrick steered him towards the couch. "What's your problem, Rodrick? Let me go!" If Greg manoeuvred his hands correctly, he could make out the leather belt that held them together.

"This is your punishment," Rodrick hissed into his ear, and then with a shove Greg was falling face first into the couch and with no hands to stop himself he sank right in with a heavy thud.

"Punishment?" Greg repeated desperately as Rodrick pulled off a sock.

"Shut up and listen," Rodrick said, and he balled the sock into a lump and shoved it into Greg's mouth. Greg's gag reflex came in, and he could only stare in mute horror at his dangerous brother. "I'm Master now, got it? I told you the rules, so don't give me that look. And I'm not nice – I won't let you go until you apologize properly."

Greg tried to talk; to say that Rodrick was a psycho; to protest this whole Master and Slave game; to remind Rodrick that he'd kept his mouth shut about the bruise, just like he promised he would. But all that came through the sock was his muffled voice. So Greg decided that he would continue to fight. No way in hell was he going to apologize.

But he quickly found that fighting was useless. Rodrick had taken a very comfortable seat on Greg's legs, and was now turning on the TV and flipping through the channels with the volume on max. No matter how Greg squirmed, or thrashed, he was stuck. And he also learned that the more he struggled the more out of breathe he felt, and it was very hard to breathe with the sock stuffed into his mouth.

What happened to Rodrick, Greg wondered. What happened to the way he used to look at Greg like he was more than just an annoying, disgusting something? Those times where they'd just talk, and
hang out, and do stupid things just for the hell of it – at that moment, Greg couldn't really remember any of it.

He was caught up in his own thoughts when the sock was finally taken from his mouth. Greg choked a little, and he cracked his jaw as he looked over at Rodrick, who tossed the sock over his shoulder and yet whose eyes were still trained on the television.

Somehow, with the ability to speak, Greg found he didn't really want to. He turned his head stubbornly away, spitting out the taste of sock from his mouth. There was movement from Rodrick a few minutes later, and Greg watched as his brother got up and left the living room. His hopes were only high for about a minute before the brother returned with a pack of gum.

Suspicious eyes watched as Rodrick sat back on his legs and broke off two pieces. One went into Rodrick's mouth and the other –

"Get away from me." The hand that had been reaching over to feed him the gum stopped a few inches from Greg's mouth.

"Open up like a good slave," Rodrick said, and he flashed an evil smile. Greg shook his head, trying to twist away. "Or maybe you like the sock breathe? I can go get it if you want it back so badly."

Greg's heart stopped dead, and his body relaxed only slightly. As much as he hated to, Greg opened his mouth and took the gum Rodrick offered. These ups and downs would drive anyone nuts. If Rodrick was just going to give him some gum, why would he stuff a sock in his mouth in the first place?

His mouth furiously chewed the gum anyway, and his eyes were dead-locked on the ceiling, making out shapes and patterns in an attempt to escape the reality of being bound and helpless.

"Ready to say sorry yet?"

Greg chose to remain silent. He didn't have to speak, not when Rodrick was still being such a jerk. But as another half hour passed, with Rodrick's weight on his legs making them cramp and having had enough, Greg finally spoke.

"I'm sorry. So get off me now."

Rodrick looked over, somehow calmer than he'd been an hour ago. The dangerous eyes weren't as terrifying. "What kind of apology is that?" he asked.

Groaning, Greg rolled his eyes. Of course it wasn't good enough. Not for Rodrick. "Well what do you want me to say then?" Anything. Greg found he'd say anything to just be able to stretch his legs and his arms and be able to leave Rodrick for the comfort of his bedroom.

"You're going to have to say sorry with this," Rodrick said, and his fingers tapped Greg's mouth. At first, Greg didn't really understand what Rodrick was getting at. He stared, confused, for all of five seconds. And then like lightning, it hit him.

"What! N-no!"

Rodrick simply shrugged, leaning back and purposely digging his ass into Greg's legs as if he was just getting comfortable. Greg winced a little, but stubbornly looked away. He had to kiss Rodrick again? So soon? Why? Just – just why was this happening?

His heart began to beat, getting a taste of the memory from the previous night. The hand in his hair,
the electric tingles that made his toes curl... Would it really be so bad to kiss him again? If that's what Rodrick wanted, and if it meant that Greg could escape...

No. In what universe was it ever okay to kiss your brother?

Rodrick was clearly getting restless and Greg was under the impression that it was very hard for him to sit and do nothing when there were better things to do – like hanging out with his friends, or drumming. Besides, Rodrick couldn't just sit there all night. Their parents were bound to come home soon. This small, glimmer of hope, made it so that Greg continued the silent treatment.

Until Rodrick had enough. Seemingly out of nowhere, he was suddenly on top of Greg. They glared at each other for a few long, silent moments. "I'm trying to be patient here, Greg."

Greg didn't respond. Not only was he trying very hard to keep up the silent treatment, but his heart was now racing so badly in his chest that he felt it was going to burst. He could feel the way his face burned; embarrassed by the thought that Rodrick might be able to hear it.

Rodrick ducked his head, pressing lips against the spot that connected Greg's jaw, neck and ear. A sweep of blood rushed through Greg's body with tremendous force. "Just kiss me," Rodrick murmured. "Then I'll let you go."

"I will never, ever kiss you," Greg said finally. "I'm the Master, not you." Where did those words come from? Greg immediately regretted them.

"I thought you didn't want to be Master anymore? Huh? Isn't that what you said earlier?" Rodrick's lips were steadily trailing down Greg's neck. It was very distracting. On top of having to sort out just why his brother was making him kiss him like that, Greg also had to comprehend just what that same brother was saying to him.

"I-I didn't mean it."

"So you were lying?" Rodrick pressed. Greg felt something warm and wet circling his neck. His breathe caught in his throat, because it was all so shocking. He wanted to tell Rodrick to go away, to leave him alone, but his voice was completely gone. "Were you also lying about Holly's kiss?"

Greg winced. Somehow, he couldn't even bring up Holly in his mind right now. Not when he was tied and pinned under his brother. He hated himself; why wasn't he fighting this? Why wasn't Holly as important as he thought she was?

"Answer me, Greg. Was Holly's kiss really better than mine?" Was it? Greg was seeing through a tunneled vision, making it hard to concentrate. "Because I really doubt it what with the way you acted last night. You couldn't get enough, am I right?"

Somehow, Greg found his voice. "N-no. That's not true!"

"Then look me in the eye and tell me that her kiss was better than mine." The words were hard, like stone, because Greg knew as they were being spoken that he had to follow through on this demand, however unreasonable. He really didn't want to make eye contact, but he forced his eyes to lock with Rodrick's.

Then, "Holly's kiss was better than –"

Nothing else - just Rodrick's lips on his and the feeling that Greg was going to melt right there. The 'thumpbathumpthumpbathump' was kind of a nice background noise in his ears to accompany the way he kissed back, hard, with a need he didn't really know he had before Rodrick forced it.
All the thoughts that had stopped him before – the ones saying it was wrong and crazy – they all disappeared as Rodrick's teeth scraped his bottom lip and pried his mouth apart. It was a deep, rough kiss, the kind that Greg definitely wasn't ready for yet. But he tried keeping up with Rodrick's tongue, copying everything the older brother was doing as if it was just another game they'd played when they were younger.

Greg felt the head rush as he was pulled from his position on the couch, noticing a little too late the arm that circled his body. Rodrick manoeuvred Greg onto his lap, sitting back and grabbing the younger brother's hips, pulling him tight against his chest. But Greg didn't mind. Somehow, he was so focused on the kiss, he didn't really mind not lying down anymore. In fact, it kind of felt nice to be upright and with his legs freed they were tingling softly from the numb sleep – one planted on either side of Rodrick. His hands flexed behind his back, long forgotten and still bound even though they ached to hold onto his brother.

The kiss broke by Rodrick's will. The tongue that had rubbed so roughly against his was now trailing back down along Greg's neck. Finally able to breathe, Greg took some long, panted breathes, filling his lungs with oxygen and wincing against how good his neck felt. He definitely hadn't noticed ever before just how sensitive it was.

"Whose kiss is better, Greg?"

The words were so unexpected in Greg's reverie. He was so focused on the feelings – the excitement, the tingles along his neck, the sparks flying in the pit of his stomach – that at first he wasn't quite sure what Rodrick had said. The stubborn side of his took over. "H-Holly's," Greg gasped. He didn't want to admit – "OW!"

Because Rodrick had bitten down hard, right at the side of his neck. But Greg didn't try to protest because somehow the pain mixed well with the pleasure of the tongue now circling the area of the bite. He slumped his head on Rodrick's shoulder, unable to keep it up on his own any longer.

"Ungtie me," Greg muttered as Rodrick's tongue moved to his ear. His body shuddered, somehow unbearably hot with the wet warmth digging into his ear. A tiny sound escaped from him, much to Rodrick's enjoyment because the older brother chuckled in that evil little way he always did, but this time right into Greg's ear; right into Greg's whole body.

"No, I like my slave tied up," Rodrick whispered, teeth scraping the lobe. "And undressed."

With a sudden movement, Rodrick lifted the hem of Greg's shirt over his head and left it to dangle with the belt tying Greg's hands together.

"I'm – n...not your – ha – slave," Greg said. It was tough to get these words out, with the way his breathe was escaping so erratically. It wasn't helping anything that Rodrick's hands were now roaming his body freely.

"Bend back."

Greg obeyed, lifting his head from Rodrick's shoulder and arching his back a little. He felt dizzy, and without his hands to prop himself up, he suddenly felt like he was going to fall over. But there was Rodrick's arm, right across his back, holding him up and unbelievably close. He dared opening his eyes to look at the unruly hair now directly below his chin. The tongue zigzagged down his chest, stopping at his –

"OW!" Greg said again, because Rodrick was rolling the nipple between his teeth.
"C'mon, say it," Rodrick pressed.

Greg whimpered as a new sensation altogether presented itself. Bent back a little like he was, Greg could feel something hard in Rodrick's jeans, pressing against him. With another sweep of blood, Greg knew exactly what it was - and then with an even more terrifying jolt, he realized he was in the same boat. How? Since when? But oh god it ached, which was something Greg had never felt before. It almost hurt.

"Rodrick," Greg said, because somehow saying his name out loud felt really good too.

"Say it, Greg."

Another sharp bite, this time along his ribcage. Greg squirmed. Then before he could even think about it, his mouth flew open. "Your kiss – your kiss was better."

These words coming so abruptly like that; it made Greg's eyes open once more. The smirk waiting for him was almost devastating. Why? Why would he admit something like that so easily?

"Good slave," Rodrick said voice icy as it sent shivers down Greg's body to collect in his groin. Or maybe it was the fact that he was half-naked in his living room. "Don't lie to me again."
Chapter Eleven

Rodrick was just so fucking disgusted with himself.

The way Greg looked at him – so trusting and so naive – it really made Rodrick want to taint him, dirty him. Make him like himself. This was a kind of uncontrollable urge he'd always had around his younger brother.

The two Heffley brothers couldn't have been any more different. Greg was honest; caring; smart. Ugh, it just pissed Rodrick right off. That wimpy kid was the walking embodiment of everything that their parents wanted in a son. They'd learned from the mistakes raising Rodrick, and had devoted so much effort into moulding his brother. Nurturing his feelings. Loving him.

Slamming onto his bed, Rodrick ran a hand through his unnaturally dark hair. He'd almost lost it awhile ago, with Greg all wimpering and whiny like that. "Untie me, untie me. Mom's gonna come home. Please Rodrick."

A languid sweep of his hand across his belly button - threatening to dip below his jeans any second so he could just jerk off and get that sick desire out of his stomach. The desire he tried frequently to silence but moments ago had swelled to a max and almost boiled over.

He really, really wanted to own that boy.

"Shit." Because his hand was now rubbing that aching hard on from earlier. Rodrick closed his eyes, laying back and repeating the events like they were golden memories. Greg was so stupid and young; so small – much smaller than the other kids his age. So... everything.

He winced against the heat building around his pelvis, thrusting into his hand and imagining that it was Greg's mouth. How hot would it feel? How wet? God damn. Fuck.

Rodrick tried to imagine it; tried to picture the head of his cock in his Greg's mouth. The things he would say and do to that boy.

"Open wider." Because he knew that Greg would be a piece of garbage at actually sucking him off. Yet how fucking nice it would be to feel that tongue slide along – hesitant at first, but then confident after Rodrick spewed some shit like, "Yea, like that. Ah, so good Greg."

"Nnng, shit." He stifled this against his sheets, his hand now pumping furiously to just cum already. Once it was out of his system, he'd feel better. He wouldn't be thinking about this anymore. So. Just. Fucking. Hurry. Up.

Greg.

Rodrick definitely had a very cruel nature. His teachers at Sunday school had noticed it first. Things like God and punishment; Rodrick just never wanted to have anything to do with that. He never wanted someone to tell him what to do, and guilt didn't sit well with him. So he sat, questioning again and again the stories in that bible they worshipped so much until his young mind began to comprehend the loopholes. Found a way out.

And he really was the Bart Simpson of the neighbourhood, doing things other children would have been beaten to a pulp for. Things like jumping off the roof onto a trampoline or biking around the block until way past bedtime.
He lived care-freely, ignoring the norms of society. Who cared if he was supposed to do his homework? Who cared if he had chores? There were ways out of anything he didn't want to do. His father proof of that, the man had done his homework too many times to count somehow believing he was helping his son but in fact only encouraging this rebellious attitude.

Rodrick was fascinated with the dark side of life. Death metal, eyeliner and drumming were the words that summed up his life to that point. But even when he was younger he'd been strange. Insisting to stay up late to watch the ghost stories – loving the way his spine tingled with the fear and soon, developing his own ghost stories. Stories which lead to lies, and lies that lead to manipulation.

Then there was Greg. His test subject. Rodrick had been spellbound by his younger brother since the day he was born. Why? Rodrick was never quite sure. Perhaps even as a small boy his mind had formulated the thoughts. His brother was precious. His brother was his.

And Rodrick made it a point to kiss Greg every day. Sometimes more than once, only because he understood it was a way of expressing his affection. At first, they couldn't get enough of this. The worst being his mother who would lovingly pet his head. "What a good brother you are, Rodrick. Such a good boy."

So there was no problem except, as the years passed, Rodrick realized that it was no longer cute anymore. Adults began to wonder what the deal was with this habit. He opted to hide the kisses rather than stop them altogether. So any chance he got with a back turned, Rodrick would plant one on him, sometimes squeezing the small boy hard in the process.

"Waaadwick, wadwick!"

Rodrick delighted in this, finding a sort of comfort in sharing such a secret with his brother. To be able to show a part of him that was true.

Until the dooming day Greg learned to squeal. What a fucking disastrous day. When Greg finally opened his mouth and said, "Mom! Rodrick kissed me!"

Rodrick had never felt such shame. He had never felt so embarrassed, standing before his mother and her strict and intimidating frame. His brother, once so precious, had stabbed a blade into Rodrick's back that he'd never quite forgotten.

Yet here he was years later, still desperately fighting that urge to keep him as his own - this time, mixing the feelings with that of lust, and greed, and all the other things that he let corrupt him along the way in life.

There was nothing more that Rodrick wanted.

He'd only ever showed his true nature to Greg, not bothering to cover up the way he liked to torture and tease – something akin to revenge from always tattling. Girls just pissed Rodrick off, anyway. They didn't understand these things. He always had to pretend.

The whole Master and Slave game had started out as any other manipulation. Rodrick had really gotten his hopes up that Greg would be able to resist tattling – for once. But the opportunity to take advantage of the situation kept presenting itself.

Why was Greg saying things like, "I want to hang out with you"?

Fate was making it so easy, considering he wasn't meant to.
Rodrick noticed Greg missing from the breakfast table the next morning. He tried to remain neutral as he sat down and grabbed a couple pieces of buttered toast. Had Greg left already? Was he going back to ignoring him again?

Anything but that. Anything but having to watch his brother turn away from him and forget him.

"Rodrick! That's enough jam!"

Looking down, Rodrick noticed the thick layer he'd spread onto the toast. Just as he was scraping this layer away, telling himself to just get the fuck over Greg, his brother appeared in the seat across from him.

Rodrick did not hide his gaze, yet Greg didn't seem able to look him in the eye. A part of Rodrick churned happily at the thought of Greg's shame. He could already imagine how he was going to force those eyes to look at him.

Then suddenly, a stroke of brilliance.

It hit him so hard that the teen choked halfway through swallowing a bite of toast.

He wouldn't say, or do, anything to Greg. Not after what he'd already done. His brother was so just fucking predictable. He'd wonder why, why, why a thousand times. Forcing it wasn't nearly as fun as the slow torture of manipulation. It was a steady game that required patience.

Patience Rodrick didn't know he had.

But his mind was made up within seconds of the idea.

Greg had looked up curiously to see his choking brother, and their eyes locked for a split second before Rodrick turned them away, mustering up the most disgusted look he could despite the fact that he pretty much looked like the biggest fool.

After breakfast, in the front hall, Greg joined Rodrick in putting on a pair of shoes. It was very hard not to look at the younger brother, especially in close proximity. But it would pay off. Hopefully soon.

"Uh," Greg started as Rodrick made his way to the door. The wild teen didn't stop, didn't even acknowledge that Greg was behind him. "Am I getting a ride with you?"

SLAM

No, he sure as hell was not.
Chapter Twelve

There was something to be said about just how crushed Greg Heffley was as he walked with Rowley to school that morning. What had he done wrong? Why had Rodrick glared at him through all of breakfast? Why did he leave him behind, again? The questions, thick as molasses, stuck and repeated in Greg's head all morning. He was confused – about everything. It had felt really good kissing Rodrick, but it didn't take a genius to know that kissing your brother, especially pornographically, was wrong. So then why did it all hurt so fucking much?

Rowley tried to cheer Greg up; asking what was wrong and noticing the strange, half dazed look that any psychologist knowing would diagnose as trauma. It was an odd sort of suffocation. Greg felt slow, and distracted, but he lied anyway.

"Nothing's wrong."

Even still Greg was thankful that so far, nobody seemed to notice that he had both kissed a girl and a boy over the weekend because it felt like he was walking around with a big sign on his forehead claiming as much.

But that sense of ease disappeared during the startling development that his fifth period Health class had turned a focus into sexual education.

"What?" the whole class exclaimed at once upon Coach Malone's announcement. Greg stiffened in his chair, uncomfortably aware of the way that Holly Hills – sitting three down and two over – turned back to catch his eye.

"Calm down. Do you really think teaching an eighth grade Sex Ed course is on the top of my to-do list?" As he spoke, Malone drew the words 'sexual education' on the whiteboard and then turned to lean against it. "Just as it says. Ed-u-ca-tion."

Greg buried his face in his hands as the lights dimmed and a video began playing explaining to all of the students how sexual intercourse occurs. And all Greg could think about – under the cover of darkness – was the aggressive way Rodrick tongued him. If he touched his wrist, he could feel the echo of the pain from the belt burn.

His heart hammered secretly as unfocused eyes watched a microscopic sperm fight its way to the center of an egg. As the students giggled and whispered around him, Greg remained completely still – completely silent – half afraid that if he opened his mouth he would cry out in frustration.

"So, I hope that answers a lot, if not all, of your questions," Coach Malone said to the class as he turned on the lights suddenly. Greg snapped to attention, noticing the movie was over. How much time had passed? He clicked his jaw into place, also noticing too late that he had locked it tight the whole time. "And yes, Patty, I understand that you have seen this movie before but it is the only State approved sexual education video at the moment so bear with me."

Patty lowered her hand and slumped over her desk.

However, across the classroom Bryce Anderson raised his hand. Coach Malone sighed miserably.

"What is it, Anderson?" he snapped, opening the DVD case with a little too much force. All of the students in the classroom – Greg included, as he jumped at any distraction from the taunting visions of Rodrick behind his eyelids – turned to look at the boy.
"Yea, what's all this baseball stuff? I heard my brother say he got to second base two weeks ago and when I asked my parents they sent me to my room!"

Greg frowned thoughtfully. He certainly did recall some sort of baseball metaphor, now that Bryce mentioned it. Curious eyes snapped back to Coach Malone instantly as the older man rubbed his temples with his fingers.

"Just as there are no dumb questions there is also no laughing or giggling at answers, you all hear me?"

Rowley turned back in his seat and raised his eyebrows to Greg as if to indicate what they were in for was a treat. Greg's stomach flipped over.

"The American language has adopted some slang for certain levels of sexual activity, if you will, and by no means should this affect any of your decisions to start being sexually active early – "

"We get it!" Patty snapped. "Tell us!"

"Fine. There is first base, second base, third base and home plate or a 'home run', just like in baseball. First base is considered kissing, more specifically with tongue."

Nausea swept over Greg from his toes to his head. Tongue. Rodrick's tongue. First base. A shiver rippled down his spine, and he glanced nervously at the clock – anticipating when was best to go and throw up his lunch.

"Second base would be stimulation between the neck and waist ... "

"Boobs!" someone shouted from the back of the class as Greg doubled over. No, he didn't have boobs, but Rodrick definitely fondled him. He could recall – vividly – the sharp pain of his nipple between Rodrick's teeth; the tingles collecting in his groin.

"Third base – " here Coach Malone hesitated, perhaps trying to find the correct words, " – is physical stimulation of the genitalia."

Several students burst into giggles.

Greg hyperventilated.


Shit. Shit. Shit. This was seriously bad. Greg had already gone to second base with his very own flesh and blood brother in the span of two days! Was this trend going to continue with this impending third base?

His imagination – and heart beat – flew out of control.

"And so then of course a home run would be sexual intercourse."

It was with these words, and the bell signalling the end of fifth period, that Greg remembered Rodrick most likely hated him considering the stink eye from that morning. All anxiety about third base came to an abrupt stop and it left him feeling hollow and alone, same as before the class.

As he gathered his books, Greg desperately wished for the weekend to be erased from history.

Rodrick tried not to care about that mopey look on Greg's face when he walked through the door that
afternoon. Yet it was a hard thing to do since his brother looked as miserable as ever. And the part he truly did care about was the way his brother jumped at seeing him and scurried off up the stairs like a damaged little kitten afraid of being smothered.

That wasn't right.

Who was supposed to be doing the avoiding here? Wasn't his plan to ignore Greg, just so that his brother would come running to him, not away from him?

To make matters worse his mother noticed everything. "Rodrick," she began in that ominous mothering voice. "What have you done?"

"Nothing," Rodrick lied instantly, but it was a wasted effort since he knew his mother didn't believe his bullshit. He grinned broadly at her as she scooped Manny off the floor and glared daggers at him.

"Go upstairs and talk to him."

Rodrick froze. "No."

"Rodrick. I don't care what happened, or if it has anything to do with that bruise or not, but if you don't go up there and talk to him I will and I do have my own ways of figuring out the whole story."

Damn. Sometimes his mother was such an uppity bitch that it was amazing someone like their father could have ever fallen in love with her. And Rodrick did take her threat seriously because he knew how easily Greg cracked under her pressure and he definitely did not want her to know the events that would ultimately disturb her.

Perhaps his mother noticed the venom in Rodrick's eyes because she swatted at him.

"Go!"

"Fine. Geeze."

But what was he going to do? Rodrick's brain began to work a mile a minute. He had to stick to his plan – wouldn't it be sweeter if he took his brother willingly? All tears and apologies and with those sobbing words, "I'll do whatever you want just don't ignore me!" He didn't want to force anymore. He wanted the absolute control with no limits.

Even the reminder of how close he was at obtaining this set his heart beating wildly – carrying reckless adrenaline along his veins with his blood and hitting his head with too much force. He had long since given up trying to stop these sick thoughts from consuming him.

He knocked twice on Greg's door and leaned against the frame. "Greg, open up."

Silence.

Rodrick sighed, reaching for the knob and turning only to find a hard resistance that was the lock. "Really? You're going to lock me out now? Let's talk okay? Open up." He knocked on the door again. Once. Twice. Three times before his patience snapped and the beast inside of him – fucking pissed at being ignored – consumed him. He pressed his lips right against the crack of the door and spoke in a low, dangerous voice that was sure to be amplified through the room.

"Look you wimpy piece of shit, you better open this door right now, got it? Mom's on my case about you. I won't ask again. Open. Up."
Silence still. And each second that passed tore at Rodrick's sanity – stripped him of all logical thoughts except "Greg".

He kicked the door, which wobbled threateningly on the hinge due to his need to see Greg, to force the younger boy to look at him and acknowledge him and want him. He rattled the door knob continuously as he threw most of his weight into the hard oak again and again until –

"RODRICK! What are you doing!"

The shrill voice from the stairs behind him snapped Rodrick back to reality. He let go of the door knob so quickly you'd think it had burned him, then he turned and faced his disapproving mother.

"I think something must've happened at school, he was fine yesterday," Rodrick lied quickly. "He won't open up." Then he turned on his heel and walked along the hall to the staircase leading up to the attic. Behind him, in the softest of voices, Rodrick could hear his mother soothing and coaxing through the crack of the door.

It was easier, with the distance between them, for Rodrick to collect his thoughts. Sticking to the plan meant he couldn't throw tantrums. He had to be dedicated. He had to be gentle. Yet it was such a hard thing to do when his instincts all pointed to "taint" and "destroy", especially when wimpier little brothers asked for it.
Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Notes

So here's where it starts to get serious. This story gets much darker. You've been warned.

Greg was scared. He knew that avoiding his entire family wasn't going to help him at all, and in fact had only served in making his parents worry and his brother angry. But he just couldn't seem to make his legs work; couldn't seem to get up and face any of his family.

Butterflies twisted his stomach aggressively as he lay on his bed in his ever darkening room. They eliminated any hunger he might have otherwise felt, thus Greg skipped dinner and instead curled into a ball and closed his eyes.

The worst part wasn't the fact that Rodrick was mad at him, nor was it the things Rodrick had done to him. To Greg, the worst part was the throbbing, un-faceable shame.

His face burned in the darkness as he cycled through his regrets. Why hadn't he fought harder? Why had he given in so easily? Even as he exhausted the events over and over, Greg could not find an answer. Nor could he understand a growing need deep in the pit of his stomach – a need he was sure had to do with Rodrick some way or the other.

Rodrick's night was just as tormenting. He had some of the most vivid, cruel and dark little fantasies he'd ever had, and that morning woke up practically swimming in his own God damn juices. His hand met with his wild dark hair, standing up in every direction surely, and swept through it trying to calm himself down. Tight fists pressed against his eyes and burned the images of his brother away.

Maybe it wasn't Greg. Or at least, this morning that was what Rodrick hoped. Maybe it was just the fact that he had been so concentrated on his brother that he was simply forgetting about himself. That sounded right; he just had to hook up – fast – and then it would all be at least bearable.

He whipped the sheets away from himself and pulled off his underwear on the way to his shower, teeth clenched against the words threatening to rip out of him. Words of Greg and worry; of shame and lust.

No one had a right to say he was fucked up more than he did. Catching Greg was so much fun, but he had to keep calm and stay on track. The last thing he wanted was to lose control.

"Greg, honey, are you all right? Would you like to stay home from school today?" Greg's mother asked through the bathroom door. Greg swallowed back some vomit as he looked away from his reflection. It was okay. It was all okay.

"I'm okay," Greg answered, but he'd said it mostly out of re-assurance to himself. He was fine – just fine. No bruises, no unwanted sexual advances. What was there to complain about really? So he stepped up to the bathroom door, took one long breathe in, and swung it open.

Narrowed eyes met him instantly. They swept his body up and down, criticizing silently and taking
in the pale complexion, the bags under the eyes and the way that Greg literally held himself together – his arms wrapped around his ribcage looking ever still on the small side.

"We're going to see a Doctor," his mother decided, turning on her heel and heading towards the staircase for the phone in the living room.

Greg panicked, somehow under the impression that a Doctor would know he'd been touched. See it somehow like a priest could see holy water on a demon - and know that it was Rodrick that had been the abuser – and then everyone would –

"No!" Greg shouted, running on the only instinct he had which was to bury and hide the shame under mountains of denial and the willingness to forget. He clutched at his mother's arm, successful in stopping her for a few moments. "I-I'm fine. Really. I had a – er – bad day yesterday. I'm allowed one of those right?" Greg didn't care if he had to resort to uncontrollable begging. He'd do it if it meant that he was safe – that it was kept secret. Although he hated to lie, he had to pull it together.

But his mother surprised him by taking both sides of his face into her hands and kissing the top of his forehead. "Go with Rodrick today okay? He had a bad day yesterday too."

His body froze at the mention of Rodrick whose name didn't sound right without the "why" and the "what" in front of it the way Greg had been repeating all night. Greg opened his mouth to ask what exactly his mother meant but then as if on cue the door to the attic opened to the right of the hall and Rodrick strolled out, kicking his doorframe as he went.

The teen scowled having heard everything. "No. It stops," Rodrick snapped. "We had a deal, it's over now. He's old enough to walk himself to school for fuck's sake."

Their mother's mouth dropped right open as she stared at her unruly teenage son. "Rodrick! What's the problem?"

"He's my problem," Rodrick answered, in a voice just barely above a hiss as he pointed a finger right at Greg. "I'm done with him."

Done with? As Greg processed these words Rodrick slammed into his shoulder and hastily made his way down the stairs and out of the front door. The echoing "BANG" caused Greg to flinch. The sound tore at his insides – clawed at him in the nastiest, sharpest way as he stared helplessly after his brother.

Greg did not notice the way his mother seemed to regain herself and storm off angrily into her own bedroom off the hallway.

With or without her presence he would cry.

Rodrick was fuming. The blood under his skin literally boiled as he parked his van and walked briskly into the building. It wasn't anger. It was an embarrassment he simply wasn't used to. Waking up on the wrong side of the bed had been the first problem; thinking about Greg the entire time he jerked off in the shower was his second. And of course his third was hearing his mother's pity party and snapping like that.

Fuck bad morning. It was a fucking terrible morning.

But Greg's was probably worse. He spent the majority of the morning battling his unnaturally aching eyes and avoiding the strange looks people were giving him. Eyes seemed to follow him everywhere
and for a minute Greg thought they might have known how he had cried like a baby over his sadistic older brother. That was until -

"Did you kiss Holly?" Rowley asked in a somewhat rushed whisper as they lined up during their Phys Ed class.

Doomed.

Greg choked, finding no voice to save him and answer Rowley's question as the realization hit him. People had been staring at him, not because they knew he'd kissed Rodrick, but because they knew he'd kissed Holly.

The wider boy nudged him. "Greg? Did you hear me? It's just, everyone is saying that you kissed Holly and now you two are boyfriend and girlfriend. Is it true?"

"N-not her boyfriend!" Greg managed to reply as Bryce Anderson left the line to take his turn climbing the rope swinging in the middle of the gymnasium. "I kissed her, yea. It was nothing."

"Nothing?" Rowley repeated. "Greg, you kissed the most beautiful girl in our grade and you're saying its nothing?"

That did sound weird. "I don't mean it like that it's just – "

"Heffey you're up!" Coach Malone shouted.

As Greg climbed the rope he finished the sentence he started; It was just that Holly was nothing compared to Rodrick.

It took a little bit of explaining on the walk home before Greg got Rowley to settle down about the fact that he kissed the once-upon-a-time girl of his dreams. His friend insisted on all of the details, and even covered his mouth with his hands as Greg described that he had rubbed his tongue against hers.

"First base!" Rowley whispered in complete awe.

"Ssh!" Greg hissed, ducking his head in case anyone had heard this statement. He was all too aware of what base he was at, and that was anxiety of a different nature. "Don't tell anyone okay? I didn't do it to have it spread around the school like this!"

Rowley looked thoughtful as he Greg opened his front door. A sickening turn of his stomach overcame him as he remembered he might run into Rodrick; and he must've looked as green as he felt because Rowley turned his attention back. "You okay? And, well you know, if you never said anything about it that means Holly must've."

Greg nodded. He had come to the same conclusion already. Not that it really mattered to him that she told her friends they'd kissed. Hell, there would've been a day where Greg could barely contain such a mammoth secret and would've spilled the beans too. But they hadn't spoken or looked at each other since, so how did the whole boyfriend and girlfriend thing come about?

The two set up workstations in Greg's kitchen. With his homework spread out in front of him, Greg was able to push Rodrick out of his mind for at least the time being and hold a steady conversation. As soon as they were done, they were kicked out of the kitchen by Greg's mother so that she could make supper. As they were packing up she set four plates on the table and went to get the cutlery.
It was a sign that Rodrick was not going to be there.

Supper was not important to Rodrick at all. Not when he had this hot, teary virgin underneath him. Okay, so he was being a little rough with her. Usually virgins were his specialty. Something about taking the time to mould them to love sex intrigued Rodrick. But today his instinct was as animal as they came. Fuck. Fuck hard. Fuck fast. And then get the fuck out of there.

She whimpered as he thrust in, relishing an almost unbearable tightness.

Rodrick did not know her name. He didn't really give two shits about her except that she was small and easy, and if he closed his eyes and ignored the breast he was working under his fingers he could imagine the body as Greg's. Weak and frail and definitely not strong enough to fight him off.

"Rodrick..."

"What? "She was ruining the fantasy.

He could feel her scratching his back, pulling him in to ease the pace. The sex was just too rough for her. Rodrick continued to build that climax. He needed to release, properly, and if this girl had to take the place for Greg so be it.

Next thing Greg knew, he was waiting up for Rodrick. He tried pretending to himself that he would just watch a little bit of TV in the living room, but as the hours passed with no sign of his brother, Greg couldn't take it anymore. He couldn't take the feeling of being abandoned. He couldn't take the disappointment - oh so very depressing because why should he feel disappointed Rodrick was not coming home? He should've been embracing it!

Just as he switched off the TV and stood up, the front door opened and Greg's heart hammered in his throat. A million instincts passed through him. The instinct to run; the instinct to run right now damn it! Yet instead of those things he turned to make eye contact with his wild teen brother who was eyeing him lazily taking off his shoes. "What are you doing up so late?"

"Um," Greg panicked. "I was just watching a show..."

"Really?" Rodrick asked, slipping the shoe off his foot finally. "That's weird. Never stayed up for a show before." Silence. "Were you waiting for me?" Wind up punch to the guts. Greg immediately shook his head back and forth.

"No. I – really – leaving."

The words were barely choked out of Greg's mouth as he turned on the spot and immediately made his way up the staircase, nervously aware of the soft footsteps behind him. He tried not to look like he was panicking, but how could he admit he wasn't when as he turned to his bedroom, the footsteps continued to follow him.

"What are you doing?" Greg whispered, because their parent's room was close by and they were trying to sleep.

Rodrick continued to step towards him; Greg jumped, and took another step backwards. "Hey, leave me alone Rodri-"

The hand was clamped over his mouth so fast Greg didn't have time to act. It was always this way. He was just too weak – never strong enough – as wimpy as Rodrick always said. He physically
could not struggle out of his older brother's grasp as he was shuffled into his room and his jaw shoved against the door. "Be quiet, you don't want Mom and Dad to hear. Do you?"

Greg cried out in pain as his hair was roughly jerked. His "no!" was muffled against Rodrick's hands and he whimpered pathetically as a hand grabbed his hip and pulled backwards, bending him.

"Why'd you stay up little brother? Was it because you want to be my slave again? Don't get my hopes up like that."

Greg nodded, unbearably warm and delirious to his surroundings. The hand raked his bare stomach, scratched over his navel, clawed his torso as Rodrick slid it up – higher and higher until it was pooled around Greg's neck. He breathed, panicked, through his nose; mouth still clamped shut by strong fingers. What was going on? What was happening? It was true that he wanted to suck it up and be Rodrick's slave but –

The hand removed from Greg's mouth, who burst out choking in his need for oxygen.

"I – I don't want you to hate me," he admitted. "I only wanted you to like me!"

His belt made a slight "chink" as the metal buckle swung open.

"God you're so annoying. You really make it hard for me, Greg." The voice was all warning and Greg hated that sickening doom; that fear that washed over him from Rodrick. From someone he shouldn't have been so afraid of. "Say you want to be my slave."

"No!"

His jeans fell to the floor as Rodrick tugged them down, collecting at his ankles. Greg swallowed the butterflies back down his throat and hoped they never wanted to come back up again.

"Say you were a pretty fucking miserable Master, and you want to make it up to me."

Greg bit his lip. He gnashed and ripped into his own flesh to silence the urge to call his parents for help. They would definitely help him because, that's right, they always saved him.

"Last chance to say it."

"Fine! Yes, I am your slave. F-for a week only! But none of this!" Greg hissed these words, still terrified his parents could hear them though their entire conversation was low and whispered.

"No. A lot of this."

Something hard. Against -

"Because you are my fucking slutty slave and you are going to endure five minutes of this every day."

Rodrick's breathe was way too hot against his ear. It sent shivers of warmth down his back despite the fact that his shirt was pulled all the way up his body. "But you gotta beg me and say "no please brother" because that is the only way I will be able to hold back and not make you bleed all over my dick, do you understand? Greg."

Greg's head was spinning, unable to think clearly about the situation he was in. Rodrick was definitely rubbing something against his white shorts, and Greg found his mouth was dry from the open breathes he was taking to calm himself down. Just calm down. Just move. He anxiously
squirmed away from the solid length against his ass, but knuckles clenched in his hair. His brother was sliding along so slowly it was agonizing holding still.

"What a fucking face." The same ragged breathe in his ear as Rodrick's face was pressed against his cheek. "Do you want me to stop it?"

"Y-yes!" Greg shouted, having enough already. He was going to pass out any second if this kept going. Or at least, that was what his knees told him as they wobbled against the command to "Move!" and the fear of doing so again and getting worse than his hair pulled.

"What do you say?"

"Please brother!"

"Then stay like this and close your eyes."

Greg dug his face into the door, wondering when everything would just stop. Or at least slow down because Greg didn't know what was happening. Was his brother really getting off on him? And why did that excite him so much?


But then something hot pooled on his back and Greg's legs shook violently. His heart hammered in his ears as he dropped to the floor finally, knees bashing against the hardwood floor. "Get over it. It could've been much worse."
Rodrick was pissed when he got back to his room. Pissed at Greg, and the way the brat had acted just now, but honestly, mostly pissed at himself for losing it so completely it seemed like he destroyed any chance of ever obtaining his brother properly.

"Aaagh! Fuck. FUCKING WIMP," he muttered angrily, hands pulling his hair in the frustrated moment.

What had he just done? Why had those irrational thoughts taken over? How long had he spent shoving them in a dark place? All of his hard work thrown out the window so he could shoot a load on his scared little brother. Goddamnit! How many fucking times had he warned Greg to not let him get excited about what else he could do; how many more limits he could push. Having the brat wait around like that even after he'd purposely tried to sabotage their relationship just that morning...

The image of Greg turning away from him - being disinterested in him - was just too much. It made him angry just thinking about it and his foot collided with the nearest wall, causing a noticeable break in the drywall.

Then again, there was no point wasting energy regretting his actions. What was done was done and Rodrick was stupid if he didn't take advantage of this new situation.

Greg was his for six more days.

"So to conclude, no means, what?"

"No." The class answered monotonously, having spent the last half hour of class learning that discerning yourself would save you from being raped. Everyone was either asleep, or distracted in the Sexual Education lesson. Everyone except Greg.

His fingers were coiled around the sides of his desk, keeping him upright as he struggled to remain silent. He wanted to scream out, and ask bitterly what would happen if someone did not listen? If his "No" fell on deaf ears?

Like Rodrick's.

His brother had definitely crossed a line the night before. What was Greg supposed to say, or do, when the brother was older and stronger? Without tattling, Greg did not have very many options. He knew because he had spent the better half of the night wondering if even going through with Rodrick's insane demands of slavery would ever give him back the relationship he'd always wanted. It didn't seem likely.

Greg sighed as Malone finally turned the subject from sexual harassment to safe sex, a lighter subject for his ease of mind. However, his heart pounded steadily – as it had been doing like clockwork all day – through the class until the bell signified its end.

"Your homework tonight; sit down with your parents and talk to them about what you learned today!" Coach Malone shouted after his class. Greg stopped. That was an absolutely ridiculous idea! To discuss this with his parents, especially after what had just happened...

"Greg!" Rowley was suddenly standing in front of his best friend, who was spacing out more and
more often lately. "Geeze, didn't you hear me?"

Confused at the sudden appearance, Greg blinked stupidly. "What?"

The two began to walk out of the class and make the way to their lockers. "Holly passed me a note to give to you. Are you two still not talking?"

The note was settled in Rowley's open palm, ready for the taking, but Greg flinched from it immediately. He could not fight the childish desire to ignore everything to do with Holly. That included avoiding her every glance – and there were a lot of those lately. "I-I don't really –"

Rowley sighed, forcing the note into his friend's hand. "Hurry and make up already. I don't want to be in the middle," he said before turning and walking away, leaving Greg irrationally angry.

Where the anger came from, Greg didn't know. But it probably had something to do with the fact that he'd recently been molested, threatened and victimized by his older brother and could do nothing about it. Now, having to face Holly just seemed like a disastrous idea Greg wasn't really ready for. Right. He wasn't ready to talk to her – he was afraid something might slip.

His body became very hot from either his anger or his embarrassment, and he shoved the note hastily into his pocket before heading to his next class.

The note – that Greg read as he walked home alone, trying to distract himself from the dread building with each step – was short and sweet.

*Let's talk soon, okay? – Holly*

Greg read it over and over, memorizing the way her a's looped over themselves instead of facing the fact that yes, one day he was going to have to talk to her. Besides, even if the note was in front of his face for the majority of the lonely walk, he was still concentrating on the absolutely horrific idea that Rodrick would be waiting for him.

He fought the urge to vomit as the sudden nausea took over him once again, and it was because it seemed the only thing Greg remembered from the night before was the hot, sticky fluid he had tried desperately to wash off himself. If *that* was going to happen again – well that's where Greg usually got dizzy; lightheaded; faint.

The young Heffley brother paused in his walk, wiping his forehead and trying to regain himself. He later thought that maybe it was a good thing Rowley wasn't walking with him.

At home, Greg tried to work up the courage to talk to his Mom. It was definitely not because he wanted to, but because he had to. And Greg was finding it incredibly hard to even open his mouth these days.

Yet somehow, Greg found himself planted directly in front of his mother as she folded laundry in the basement. "What is it honey?" she asked, distracted as she folded a blanket of Manny's.

"Um, so I'm supposed to talk to you about what I learned in Sex Ed today," he began, still amazed at the own words coming out of his mouth. Being honest wasn't this easy, was it? How quickly had he forgotten?

His mother looked at him over the rim of her glasses as she bundled a pair of socks together. "Of course, we can talk about anything you want."
Greg paused, taking a deep breath to prepare his words. "We learned about sexual harassment and safe sex." Perhaps he was waiting for his mother to say something in response, but when she only "hmm'ed" amusedly, Greg decided to push through. "So yea I just wanted you to know."

"Well, safe sex is really important you know." Greg wished to die from the embarrassment. "I know that you're getting older, but when the time comes please be safe about it. Maybe talk to Rodrick? That boy thinks I don't know he spends his allowance on condoms – but I don't call him out on it because at least he's not being stupid." She sighed, returning to a pair of jeans she was folding.

As strangely shocking as the news was, the last thing Greg wanted was for the conversation to take a turn towards him.

"I don't care about Rodrick," Greg said venomously, perhaps even more than he realized because his mother frowned at him in concern.

"What's been going on with you two lately hmm?"

Greg froze. How could he even begin to answer that? Saying nothing was wrong was a definite lie and his mother would know. So, without a word, or answer, he turned on his heel and ran up the stairs for the safety of his room.

"I'm asking because I know you did something Rodrick!"

Know? She couldn't possible know anything. Greg would never, ever tell. Rodrick would make sure of that. But that just meant that his Mom being nosy about everything was because Greg was still acting like a scared little baby; fucking frightened all day because he knew he was going to get five minutes alone with him.

"I didn't do anything! I'm hanging out with him tonight."

His mother paused, sweeping a very hardened set of narrowed eyes across his entire body in suspicion. "So why did he run away after I told him to go talk to you?"

"He probably doesn't want to tell you every little thing anymore, and I don't blame him. You're so annoying!" Rodrick would definitely hate her too if she was as up in his business as she was with Greg's all the time.

"I'm your mother; I'm supposed to know what's going on!"

"And I'm telling you not to worry about it. We're getting along great." Rodrick insisted through gritted teeth. His mother walked closer, daring to smack the shit out of him even though she was noticeably smaller than her son.

"So help me Rodrick, if I find out you're bullying him, or – or anything else - !"

Rodrick rolled his eyes, shoving past his mother and taking the stairs. Just great that he hadn't even made it two feet in the door before his mother flew at him like a banshee. All he'd wanted, and all he'd been waiting for all day, was his five minutes.

And not another thing was going to get in his way.

Greg didn't expect the door to open as suddenly and quietly as it did. He jumped and his heart rammed itself into his throat as Rodrick's form appeared through the swinging oak. The
overwhelming desire to run and hide bounced off the other desire to stay and sit quietly or else get hurt. This caused a temporary disconnect from Greg's brain to his body; he remained frozen as Rodrick locked the door with a flick of the doorknob and walked towards him.

"What a mess you are. You know I got the fourth degree just now because of you? Get it together."

Rodrick looked angry, which in turn caused Greg's heart to hammer embarrassingly fast. He didn't know what to do. He wanted to apologize for his behaviour, but that didn't seem right for some reason. "I – uh – "

"Shut up. I'll go easy on you from now on, so stop being a baby. All we have to do is kiss okay?"

These words stopped Greg from choking out any more of his own. He blinked slowly, piecing together this information.

"Yea, that's okay right? It's easy. We've done it before."

Greg was stunned. It had not occurred during his endless worrying that the five minutes didn't have to be sexual at all. But he remained guarded; remembering the way Rodrick had hissed horrible things into his ear; remembering that sickening hard length rubbing against him.

How could he trust Rodrick now?

The older brother advanced, taking a seat on Greg's bed before he could tell him to get lost.

"I also told Mom we're hanging out tonight, because she thinks we're fighting. Wanna see a movie?"

It was all too much for Greg who seemed to lately be in a permanent state of deep thought. He had a lot to consider as he battled the beautiful feeling of hope these words gave him. There was absolutely nothing more he had wanted these last few months than to hang out with Rodrick normally. Be brothers.

But Rodrick was not acting like a brother lately; he was acting like a maniac. And it didn't matter how many months Greg had spent chasing after Rodrick because hadn't he spent a lot of time recently trying to avoid him?

The hesitation in Greg's decision seemed to make Rodrick even crazier. The teen tapped his foot impatiently before manipulating the conversation once again. "If you don't, Mom's gonna ask you about it."

With this, it felt all of the power to make the decision was sucked away from Greg. He could feel it leave his body as he crumpled his defences against his brother. There was nothing he could do except go along with what Rodrick wanted. Having to face their mother was to be avoided at all costs – at least, that was the mindset Greg had put himself into ever since the bruise.

Besides, it was only kissing. Wasn't it a good thing it wasn't third base?

"Fine," Greg mumbled, defeated.

"Come here," Rodrick instructed, pointing beside himself.

"Right now?" Greg asked, even though he knew the answer.

"Yea we don't have a lot of time and I want my five minutes," Rodrick said, distracted with his watch. As Rodrick set an alarm, Greg shuffled slowly – hesitantly – towards his brother. As soon as
he was within arm's reach, Rodrick shoved him, causing Greg to fall on his back with a tiny flop against his mattress.

The biggest surprise was the sudden excitement that started in him as soon as Rodrick pinned his hands down. It was sickening to Greg, and he ought to be ashamed.

"Kissing only," Greg reminded as Rodrick leaned forward.

"Then do a good job," Rodrick advised wickedly, causing Greg's blood pressure to increase right before lips were pressed to his.

The kiss was extremely aggressive. Greg had only ever experienced a sample of this type of kiss from Rodrick before. It was painful; the teeth that bit his lip, the hands squeezing his wrists to quiet his sudden fight.

He opened his mouth to tell Rodrick it hurt and to stop, and voice a million other concerns, but the tongue swirling against his and the pleased groan of satisfaction that came from Rodrick quickly shut him up. Greg had to remain silent – at least for five minutes – no matter how much it hurt, or how smothered he felt under all of Rodrick's weight because the older brother was pressed on top of him and closing the distance between their bodies in such a way that it troubled Greg.

Rodrick tongued him greedily and Greg simply could not help the way his voice whined as his brother released one of his wrists. Rodrick's hand ran slowly up along his side and the voice in Greg's head began to scream that it didn't seem to be "just kissing" anymore.


A rush of blood hit Greg's head so hard it was suddenly hard to think right. His free hand pushed against Rodrick's chest, trying to listen to his commands to fight; he was really trying and Rodrick wasn't moving at all! "St-stop! Stop!"

As he struggled Rodrick smirked, hand pressing against Greg's mouth. "No no, remember you have to beg me softly. And don't forget to call me brother."

Rodrick was grinding – soft, rhythmical thrusts against him that had Greg's stomach twisting as his heart beating at least a hundred miles a minute. Was Rodrick joking? His jaw was locked tight with just one of Rodrick's hands; he couldn't beg even if he wanted to!

Suddenly, Rodrick let go, and it was all very frightening. The shock was just what Greg needed. He whipped his head away - gasping for breath and praying he wouldn't puke all over himself.

"Please, brother, please stop."

As he begged, Rodrick's watch went off. Quiet yet, shrill and annoying. Would it be over now?

"Look at me when you beg me," Rodrick demanded, hand jerking Greg's chin back so that all he could do was look into his brother's dark eyes and witness the insanity behind them. "It's the least you could do for getting me going, brat."

"I-I didn't!"

Rodrick ground hard causing Greg's stomach to turn. "Don't lie. What sort of idiot are you? Don't you remember what I did to you yesterday?" Greg was silenced, heart pounding against the words as Rodrick leaned back on his knees and reached deep into his pockets. "Then you agree to kiss your own brother? I mean seriously, what a sicko."
"You're the one kissing me!" Greg said, heated from the sudden offense as Rodrick smirked and pulled out a sharpie. "Remember that I'm your brother too. Wait – what are you doing?"

As he bit the lid, ripped it off and spat it to the side Rodrick replied, "I'm not done yet."

"Wait! Stop! I begged didn't I?"

Just as Greg's instinct to fight started to appear, Rodrick leaned forward menacingly.

"Fight me and I'll give you ten bruises. Then guess what? It'd be your fault if I got kicked out of the house. Besides, you're being too noisy." The tip of the permanent marker was pressed against Greg's stomach – suddenly exposed without Greg ever remembering it being so before.

He whined against the tickle of the sharp tip squeaking along his stomach. In the same block lettering as 'Loded Diper', Rodrick drew the word "SLAVE".

Greg was at a loss for words as Rodrick got up to leave. The younger Heffley realized for the first time that he was a fish in a frying pan, and Rodrick was going to make sure he burned.
Chapter Fifteen

Greg wasn't nearly as terrified as he felt he should have been. As soon as Rodrick closed the door, he took a deep, calming breathe and waited for the nausea to pass before realizing that it was as simple as that. It was over; he was okay.

He sat up, examining the embarrassing word written across his stomach in detail. Just seconds ago Rodrick had been rubbing his disgusting hard on against this skin, and now these black capital letters were all he represented. That's right, he wasn't a brother anymore. He was a slave. He would forever bend to Rodrick's rules and whims. That was the way it had always been.

Sighing, Greg laid back on his bed and shut his eyes, fingers tracing the words along his stomach obsessively. If only he had known this would happen. Then he would've never wished and dreamed so openly that all he wanted was to spend more time with Rodrick.

Even though it was coming true...

Rodrick came out of his room at exactly six thirty and pointed a finger at Greg as he descended the stairs. "Let's go," he said, moving steadily into the living room where Greg had managed to escape reality for at least a little while. His eyes landed on the older brother and his heart thumped loudly, the apprehension building in his chest.

Greg knew he couldn't protest – no matter how much he was really dreading being alone in Rodrick's company. He'd already been signed up for this night and he understood it was important they put on a show for their mother. So Greg stood up and followed Rodrick to the front door, making sure to avoid looking at him.

"Where are you two going?"

Their mother's voice startled Greg who had been balancing on one foot as he attempted to put a shoe on the other. He teetered threateningly before Rodrick grabbed him by the elbow and steadied him.

"Are you serious? The movie, remember?" Rodrick replied, removing his hand and looking just a little more pissed off than he had a moment ago. Dark brows were pulled together and Greg had to remember to look away.

"Oh – right. Well, at this time?" She looked at her watch, concern written all over her face. Supper-time.

"Jesus woman, what is it? Can we go to a movie or not?"

She sighed, looking at her two sons with shrewd eyes. When they stopped on Greg, he could feel his resolve weakening. He had to act like he wanted to hang out with Rodrick, or else.

"Please can we go?" Greg asked, tentatively sliding his foot into his other shoe as he tried to face his mother's questioning looks.

There was a moment of silence. "What movie?" she snapped finally. "And when is it done?"

"Mountain Man, we'll be back at 9, latest," Rodrick said easily. Greg couldn't help but get excited at these words. He'd feigned interest in seeing a movie with his brother but this one in particular he had wanted to see. He must've looked as hopeful as he felt because their mother finally sighed
and unfolded her arms.

"I suppose you can go then," she began. Then she turned and reached for her purse on the hook and pulled out her wallet. She handed Greg a twenty dollar bill. "Make sure you eat something since you'll be missing supper," she advised.

Greg could not believe his luck. He stared at the crisp green note with incredulous eyes. His night was getting better and better by the second!

"What do you want?"

Greg was startled when Rodrick spoke, used to the silence and having spent the majority of the drive focused on not looking at Rodrick so much. He glanced at the menu indicating his choices of popcorn, pop and candy. Twenty dollars didn't seem like it was going to get him very far with these prices and on top of that, none of them seemed like adequate meal replacements.

"Let's get some popcorn and share," Rodrick suggested, holding his hand out palm up. "And a drink too."

Greg looked at the open palm and crossed his arms in line. "No way, this is my money."

The dark eyes of his older brother narrowed, and Rodrick leaned over a little. "That's our money, dweeb, so cough it up!" he said through gritted teeth, emphasizing his intimidation. Greg was frozen to the spot - unsure of whether to give it up or remain stubborn - until a hand reached out trying to dip into his back pocket.

It was electric. All at once, Greg's entire body was on fire. "Don't touch me!" Instinctively he recoiled from Rodrick just as fast as if he really had been burnt, breathing sharply to recover from the sudden heat crawling along his body.

"Woah, calm down," Rodrick said, stepping back. "You're embarrassing me."

Greg didn't think it was possible for his face to get any hotter, but it did as he looked curiously around them in line and realized several people were looking their way. He definitely didn't mean to react like that but – just what was this cursed excitement crawling through him at Rodrick's touch? It was scary, if Greg were to admit it.

But he didn't. He ducked his head low and waited until they were at the front of the concession line. In the end, he handed the money over to Rodrick when it was time to pay, not feeling as ashamed about giving up as he was about making such a scene and flinching from his brother.

The silence started once more and Greg tried concentrating on anything and everything except Rodrick beside him. Had his shoes always been that dirty? And just how long had this unsightly black dirt been stuck under his finger nails?

Then suddenly, they were both seated in the theatre and the lights were dimming.

Panic hit Greg hard, and a strange apprehension squeezed his stomach - like déjà vu multiplied a thousand times. He had just been to a movie with Holly and they had kissed. Rodrick wasn't thinking about doing the same thing, right?

Greg's heart began thumping hard and fast. He was very aware of his brother sitting beside him in the darkness and couldn't even concentrate despite the flashing pictures and high quality surround sound of the movie now playing to distract him. It was awful. Awful that Greg was even thinking about
Rodrick kissing him. He definitely had to stop thinking about Rodrick so much. But the goosebumps on his arm as Rodrick reached over for some popcorn out of his lap told him that wasn't happening any time soon.

This was *killing* him.

"You sure didn't talk much," Rodrick commented on the drive home, breaking the silence that had enveloped them since Greg's little scene in the concession line.

"Well, we were watching a movie..." Greg said, not able to help feeling incredibly lame. That wasn't true at all. He barely watched the movie. In fact, he spent most of the time trying not to flinch every single time his elbow accidentally knocked Rodrick's.

"I see." Rodrick turned a corner heading along the road that brought them home. How familiar. It had been just a few weeks ago Greg had been in the very same seat – "So you hate me now?"

"No!" Greg said immediately. He wasn't sure why he responded like that without thinking first, but of course he didn't hate Rodrick. Not even – not even after everything...

As the van rolled to a stop on the street outside their house, Greg watched Rodrick smirk in the darkness. He had given up trying to control the wild beating of his heart two hours ago, but it was making his head spin and with Rodrick turning and looking at him so maliciously – well it was very overwhelming.

"Come here," Rodrick said after spending a moment considering his brother in the passenger seat – eyes appraising his condition.

"Uh – um, well we should get back. Its past nine so – "

Greg began to unbuckle his seat belt with trembling hands, unable to concentrate on any given task knowing Rodrick was even *looking* at him. It was absolutely pathetic. Finally the buckle unsnapped and the same trembling fingers reached for the door handle.

A hand shot out, coiling around exactly the same arm that had been bruised weeks ago. Greg squeaked in surprise, but no pressure was exerted this time. Rodrick simply pulled his brother closer and then leaned in. Greg was frozen, concentrated on the lips steadily growing closer to his. The beating of his heart was so loud now; the pounding in his ear drums becoming unbearable.

"Don't fight me," Rodrick warned.

Fight? Greg had absolutely no instinct to fight. Even if he tried he would definitely lose – besides, more concerning than his lack of fight was an eagerness building in him. His stomach somersaulted as the lips were pressed to his, and a sickening need he'd only had a taste of before was back and stronger than ever.

"Open up," Rodrick muttered against his lips, running his tongue along Greg's stubborn seal. So Greg obeyed, separating them without much say in the matter. "Good boy." The tongue slipped through his lips, licking and swirling - the temperature was like liquid fire and it ran hot and slick down his throat to collect further south. It was *too* hot as the tongue filled his small mouth, forcing Greg's to rub back; teasing and uncertain. The hand on his arm moved, reaching around Greg's back and pulling their bodies closer; sharing the heat.

Greg couldn't believe he was letting this happen. Rodrick already had his five minutes! This was against the rules, and Rodrick was a stinking *cheater!* He struggled, as he should have been doing all
along, but the weak fight only seemed to stir Rodrick up even more. The brother removed his
tongue, leaving Greg gasping and panting. Then it swirled down his neck - licking like a dog before
chewing like one too.

The rows of teeth rolling his flesh together left Greg a trembling mess. How did it feel so good? Why
was it making him ache for more?

"Ngh, fuck, the lights turned on..."

When the biting stopped, Greg opened bleary eyes he hadn't known he'd closed. Rodrick's face was
really hard to make out in the darkness, but there was no mistaking that he looked pissed. About
what? Greg's eyes followed the line of vision of his brother and landed on the now brightly lit living
room window.

Their mother was waiting for them.

Rodrick sighed, taking one last look at Greg. Then his eyes glinted and he turned away, pulling the
keys from the ignition before opening his door. Greg watched the retreating back of his brother, then
as if in a trance, tucked his tented hard on into the waistband of his jeans and hopped out of the van
too. He waddle-walked inside the house, up the stairs – ignoring his mother as she asked how the
movie was – and turned left at the landing towards his bedroom before locking his door.


Greg flopped himself miserably onto his bed, wincing at the tightness of his waistband as he landed.
He hurriedly unbuckled his pants, helpless under this dizzying spell even without Rodrick there.

He stared down at his underwear – a spot already thoroughly soaked with precum. It was hot to the
touch as he reached out a hand and collected some onto his fingers. Greg inspected the fluid before
deciding he really didn't give a shit what he was doing, he needed this. It hurt too much if he didn't.

The underwear and jeans were kicked to collect at his ankles and then Greg lifted his shirt up over
his nipples, wanting and needing a good look at himself and not really interested in getting one of his
favorite shirts dirty. But as it lifted, those black letters re-appeared. Greg stared at the word having
forgotten it was there in the first place.

SLAVE.

"Because you are my fucking slutty slave."

The voice – so low and angry that for a split moment Greg thought it really was Rodrick - echoed
out of somewhere deep in Greg's conscience. A horrifying throb of pleasure overcame him, and he
watched as his member twitched – dripping precum onto the sharpie'd letter A.

Crap. That wasn't good. Greg should not be thinking about his brother. Not at a time like this.

Even if it was Rodrick who made him like this... even if he could still feel the teeth working at his
neck. Grazing, biting. "Mmmgh." This time Greg couldn't fight it. His hand wrapped around his stiff
length and it didn't matter that he didn't know what he was doing; instinct was taking over. He
pumped and stroked like his life depended on it, his other hand palming his neck and tracing where
he had been bitten just moments ago.

This wasn't healthy. Greg knew it. But he couldn't do anything. The shame, and the pleasure, it was
all too much. And it was all Rodrick's fault, he thought, just as he felt an all too pleasurable pressure
building. All. His. Fault.
Greg rolled over just in time to muffle his cries against his pillow. He felt the climax take over him, and could only grit his teeth as string after string of milky cum soiled his sheets.

This was going to be a long week.
Chapter Sixteen

After that, Greg fell into an uncomfortable and uneasy sleep. He tossed and turned as visions of that villainous smile danced under his eyelids - and when he woke there was still no relief. His brain was practically filled to the brim with Rodrick. On top of this, like ominous background music, unanswerable questions continued to be voiced on repeat.

Firstly, *why* was Rodrick doing this to him? Last time Greg checked, they were *brothers*. He wasn't sure, but it seemed like it was very, very wrong. And even more pressing than the why's of Rodrick's actions were his own. Why was he letting this happen? Why wasn't he telling anyone? It was obvious that he didn't want to tattle, but surely this kind of situation needed to be addressed before it spun any more out of control.

Why, why, fucking *why*. These thoughts haunted Greg all through breakfast. Even worse because Rodrick had taken a seat across from him and just knowing those dark eyes were looking his way…

Greg squirmed uncomfortably in his seat. This *wasn't* happening. He was *not* imagining those hands on him; raking up and down his stomach…

"Greg!" The voice finally snapped Greg out of his reverie. Looking up, his father was staring at him curiously over the brim of his newspaper. "Are you feeling okay?"

Okay? Greg was far from okay – and it would be so easy to open his mouth and confess just that, right there in front of the whole family. Rodrick included. But as if sensing this, the older brother cleared his throat loudly, catching Greg's attention and forcing Greg to look at him for the first time since the previous night.

He jolted uncontrollably in his seat. That dangerous look was making him excited and there wasn't a thing he could do to stop these sensations taking over.

"I'm fine."

"Fine?" their father repeated, eyebrows rising as he finally set his newspaper down. "You have toothpaste on your chin and your hair is worse than Rodrick's."

"Hey!" Rodrick protested, but then self-consciously patted his dark locks as if suddenly unsure.

"Maybe he's just a little tired," their mother suggested brightly, settling herself in across from Manny and cutting up his toast into small, bite size portions. "Trust me honey, you've had those days too."

"Yes but I – I've never looked like that," he protested, waving a hand in Greg's direction and gesturing at his son's appearance. Greg probably did look like a mess. He'd only just realized he had been giving his family dumb, open mouthed looks this whole time. He quickly snapped his jaw shut.

"He's your son, where do you think he gets it from?"

Their father looked adamantly aghast at these words, but he knew better than to argue with his wife. "Well this is definitely the *last* time I will ever express concern for our children again," he grumbled good-naturedly, pulling his newspaper towards himself and thumbing the pages slowly.

Greg hated being talked about like he wasn't there, but was kind of glad that he didn't really need to respond any more. Instead, he rubbed his chin clean of toothpaste with the sleeve of his shirt and prayed it would all be over.
Forget tattling. Greg was alone in this.

To top off his horrible morning, Holly approached Greg immediately after first period and asked to talk to him. The usual sense of ease and comfort at her appearance was lost on Greg this time. Staring at her now – smiling and golden blonde just as she'd always been – he really couldn't stand the sight of her. The guilt gnawed his insides because deep down he knew she had done nothing to deserve this treatment and yet he still wanted to avoid her.

However, he couldn't blatantly refuse the one thing he owed to her; an explanation. So they marched off to the art room and closed the door.

"I'm sorry," she said first. "I didn't mean to tell everyone we were dating. It's just, I got over-anxious and, well I really would like to date you Greg. That is, unless you hate me now?"

Greg hadn't been expecting this. He could barely move, frozen in shock at Holly's boldness. Sadly, this would have probably been the happiest day of Greg's life if Rodrick hadn't completely ruined everything.

"Don't be sorry," he said finally, taking a step forwards and putting a hand on her shoulder. He suddenly wanted that terrified and desperate look of hers to go away - maybe because it reminded Greg of himself. "Of course I don't hate you. I'm the one who should be sorry. I avoided you, remember?" Holly smiled, but looked confused at the gentle tone of Greg's voice. "I guess I was scared, because for a long time I liked you but – I'm sorry Holly I can't date you. I just don't feel that way about you."

Her mouth fell open a little bit. "B-but why?"

Greg didn't have to think about it. The reason was Rodrick of course. The reason was that fucking psycho, wild-haired, brother of his who had been molesting him as of late.

His Master.

Ugh, what was that? Greg suddenly ached for Rodrick in ways he couldn't describe and it was terrifying.

"I think I'm gay." The words came from someplace scared and lonely.

Holly had been shocked at first, her eyes widening. Then she shook her head as if she refused to believe Greg. But after looking deeply into his eyes, wondering if he was serious, she came to accept that he definitely wasn't lying.

"Wow. Well, I mean – okay."

"It's sick I know," Greg said, hanging his head in the first verbal admission his shame. "I don't know what's wrong with me, but it won't go away!" This taste of Rodrick, it burned hot in his stomach.

He felt like crying – snapping – breaking right down into pieces and being just as small as Rodrick made him feel. But he somehow held himself together, facing the girl with panic he didn't know he had until it was flowing out of him. What was he going to do? His brother was touching him, kissing him, forcing him down and he was beginning to like it!

"Greg," Holly began sympathetically. "Don't – don't blame yourself. This isn't something you can control. It's just who you are. I'll be here for you okay? I'm your friend."
A friend. Greg felt one of those wasn't going to be useful right now.

Yet, to celebrate the recent re-kindling of their friendship, at lunch time Rowley suggested that they hang out at Greg's house for the afternoon. At first, Greg had politely declined, but his protests fell on deaf ears as his friends eagerly planned out an evening of watching Avatar and eating his mother's famous mini pizza bagels – which were good, but definitely no comfort for this throbbing, aching need building behind the black, sharpie'd "SLAVE".

Rodrick wasn't really concentrating on the music. Usually he would let his artistic rhythm flow free – yet right now all he had the mental strength for were basic drum rhythms; left tap, right tap, kick, kick, snare. The rest of his thoughts were on Greg. Five minutes of sick freedom was just around the corner and Rodrick was excited. His skin itched and crawled as he thought of what he would do, how he would take advantage of his brother this time.

He really felt like touching him – stroking him, biting him and making that boy all wet. Rodrick wouldn't mind if his brother fucking leaked all over him. A panting, hot -

"Rodrick!"

The teen hadn't realized the music had stopped. "Fuck - let's take it from the top."

Concentrate this time. Left, left, right, left, left, kick. Nng, it was just too hard to concentrate with his fantasies coming true all around him. It wasn't long before his eyes trailed out of the window of the garage and towards the front of the house where his dorky brother was expected any minute.

Until three dorky kids appeared down the street, walking up to the house giggling and chatting.

Greg, Baby Hippo and – her.

"Dude, anyone in there? What the hell is the matter with you?" Eddie, the lead singer asked. Rodrick looked around to see all familiar faces of his friends looking at him half concerned and half pissed.

"Are you okay?" Mickey asked. "You don't look so good."

Rodrick wasn't good, even on a damn well good day. But in fact, at that moment a jealous, irrational rage was swelling inside him. His brother was with that girl and they were hanging out right now. On his territory. In his house. Miserable bitch, just what the hell was she pulling? Did they still hang out? Well of course they did. They were friends. If a kiss didn't ruin their friendship then that had to mean something.

A something that Rodrick didn't want to fathom at that moment. Greg was his – and was marked as such too. Anyone could notice the bruise-like hickies littering his younger brother's neck. If they paid attention, that is. And if they were to lift up his shirt only an inch it would reveal those letters Rodrick had sketched into him. His, and his alone.

"I'm fine," Rodrick said. "Let's wrap this up."

By the time Rodrick had booted all his friends out of the garage, it was past seven and he was feeling like he was going to explode. He didn't hesitate, strolling into the living room at the first opportunity and placed his weight on the back of the sofa. "Whatch'a kids doing?" he sneered, breathing down Greg's neck.

"Rodrick," Baby Hippo said in warning, a little too late in any case but all three were turning around
and looking at him fearfully.

"Uh, we're watching Avatar," Greg answered.

That was it. Rodrick's self control literally boiled over and melted the remaining sanity. "Excuse me, but I need to speak to him alone." Rodrick shot out his hand and it circled Greg's weak, tiny wrist. It was so easy to drag him away – requiring almost no effort at all. "For five minutes," he finished, adding the emphasis as the two friends began to protest.

"Don't worry I'll be right back," the younger Heffley assured.

Rodrick led him up the stairs, turned at the bathroom and threw his brother in all within what felt like seconds. Then he closed the door, locking it to ensure the household was kept out.

Stepping forward, Greg released a terrified cry - but it was short lived as Rodrick covered his brother's mouth with a forceful hand and looked into those wide, familiar eyes. "Ssh," Rodrick said. "Or do you want someone to interrupt us?" His free hand manoeuvred his brother against the sink, and then Rodrick proceeded to bend him over it.

"Mmff mmmfrrr!" Whatever words Greg tried to say came out muffled and panicked. Their eyes met in the mirror and Rodrick's stomach tightened against the wave of pleasure those pleading eyes stirred within him. He didn't want anyone touching his brother.

"What are you doing with Holly, Greg? I thought you were a loyal slave, huh?"

The boy's head shook back and forth despite the pain it probably took to do this. Rodrick was squeezing Greg's jaw completely shut, not willing the words "no" and "stop" to be said aloud. It was his five minutes and he'd spend them how he wanted, and in fact, he didn't really care if he exceeded that allotted time and broke Greg's trust a million times over while doing it. He had to punish Greg; teach him a lesson; ensure that Holly would never appear in his life again.

And what really bothered him was the lack of fight. Sure, Greg looked frightened, but didn't he always? Rodrick was using absolutely no force at all to keep Greg bent over – he hadn't even clasped the boy's hands behind his back or restrained him at all. This wishy washy consent set flame to Rodrick's sick wishes – his want-but-can't-have's.

As Rodrick slid his hand under Greg's shirt and stroked his lower stomach – fingers tracing the SLAVE it seemed - the young boy surely thought he would rather die. That's right, he'd rather cease existing than let his brother find out he was completely turned on. It wasn't his fault his body was reacting this way but Greg felt helpless, and weak, and frightened about this conditioned response. Rodrick had said only kissing just yesterday! Yet, after that he had also called Greg stupid for expecting such and later on kissed him again.

The hand unbuttoned Greg's pants and finally he squirmed, but only slightly. Rodrick's hand squeezed his jaw harder and he stopped, wincing in pain and shutting both eyes tight, trying to think of anything and everything but the events in this bathroom.

His escape from reality didn't last long. Greg could feel the slight breeze as his pants were whisked down a moment later and it was nauseating. It was making him physically ill. He couldn't – he couldn't breathe!

"Be very still and quiet, and maybe you can enjoy this."

The hand released just as Greg was sure a black haze had started to overtake his vision. He coughed,
choked, gasped for breathe as the very same hand trailed his body; scraping his chest, sides, back then grazing his tailbone! The hand was perversely touching everywhere and Greg hoped that Rodrick wouldn't -

Too late. The hand trailed to his front - teasing and stroking Greg's stiff hard-on through his underwear. Greg couldn't help whimpering at this contact. He shuddered, but Rodrick kept him still with a firm hand, digging his waist into the edge of the sink. "You're really wet. Do you like what your brother is doing to you?"

"Stop it – " Greg choked, but it was probably the last thing he wanted Rodrick to do. The hand teased him, causing his legs to tremble and forcing sounds out of Greg's mouth that he wasn't used to.

"Is this making you hot, Greg?"

Yes – oh god it was so embarrassing but yes! It was feeling really good – a thousand times better than what Greg had practiced last night. "Nnn."

"Shit, you're a bad slave Greg. You know that?" Soft lips pressed against Greg's ear. "If you bring Holly here again I will fucking strip you down in front of her and that fat friend of yours and rub you just – like – this."

Each word was emphasized with a squeeze of Greg's member that pulsed wetness, making Greg delirious. "I-I don't like it," he spluttered finally, as the words from his brother sunk in. Doing this – in front of Holly – and Rowley!

The hand removed itself, and Greg wasn't expecting the overwhelming sense of disappointment to take hold as hard as it did. Just go back; go back and keep touching. Instead, it curled into Greg's hair and with a quick yank jerked him upright.

The young boy was now forced to look at his reflection in the mirror, right up against his wicked brother and admittedly, he was a mess. His face was seriously red, and his underwear was straining against the wet bulge that caused Greg's stomach to flip in mortification as he viewed it. He tried to hide himself, but Rodrick pulled on his hair again.

The urge to cry was overwhelming.

"You don't like it?" Rodrick repeated dangerously, deep into his ear. Greg winced at the hot breathe – it hit him and sent goose bumps all down his back. "Because you look like you do. Are you lying Greg?"

How could he react like this? How could he look like this? In that mirror – his reflection – he had never felt so ugly.

"Are – you – lying?"

"No!"

Rodrick made a quick tsk-ing noise before thrusting Greg away from him. He used both hands to grasp hold of the sink – but the trembling limbs barely supported his weight.

"Let's see – "

Without any warning, Greg's underwear was pulled completely off. He wanted to protest, but last time he did, Rodrick had stopped and – well Greg didn't want it to stop as much as his dignity did, it
How many times had Rodrick instructed Greg to beg? Really beg. Beg and plead and cry like he always did when he wanted his way or he was scared. Where was it? If he really didn't like it, the younger brother wouldn't be moaning and trembling like he couldn't fucking get enough.

Or maybe it was possible that Rodrick had gone crazy. Maybe this incessant heart pounding against his rib cage was pumping this sickness through his body – making him unable to think – unable to do anything except bend to the desire of blowing another load on his brother. Ugh, he just wanted to coat Greg in his cum. What he would give to fucking paint him and own him like that.

So he really couldn't help making use of this writhing slave.

"Close your legs, press them together," Rodrick instructed, hands unable to stop roaming the soft skin – groping those thighs and pushing them together in demonstration. "Keep them tight. Tighter than that Greg, come on."

The boy looked like he was trying. Really. Why else was Greg's face all scrunched up like that? But even so the wimp was doing an awful job. Rodrick had to press those thighs together himself and when admired, he really wanted to fuck them – to force Greg into the rhythm of sex.

Rodrick unbuttoned his jeans, one hand clawing up Greg's back. He was hard – so hard it hurt because it had been that way that whole fucking day - and night. His cock throbbed in his hand, angry red then disappeared as it slipped through the tight seal of Greg's thighs. "Fuck - nng, shit...

He didn't expect Greg to cry out softly or raise his ass in the air a little just as he was doing. The angle forced Rodrick's member to rub against his brother's – squeezing through the thighs and along the small length so softly it was like it was barely happening. "Ah – mmmm." Greg was seriously enjoying it.

But this was a punishment. "You have to tell me if I make you feel good, Greg. Tell me what a good master I am, and thank me for taking care of you."

Greg slumped over, his arms finally giving up, and Rodrick watched his brother's hand creep down – under his stomach and – no way was Greg going to get off on this? That was just too hot. Rodrick suddenly couldn't stand the thought but yet there it was, in the mirror – his brother stroking and trembling.

"Say, 'Please brother, it feels good'."

"Ah – g-good– ah – nn –"

Close enough. He squeezed Greg's legs together, forcing the friction tight against his member– the pleasure vibrating along his whole body as he fucked furiously – taking Greg hard. And his slave had to push himself off the mirror just so he didn't go crashing into it after each thrust – all while rubbing and moaning insensibly.

"Sexy, nngh fuck." Rodrick watched everything in that mirror – watched as the head of his cock slipped in and out of these wonderfully tight thighs; watched his brother shoot string after string of sticky cum onto himself. He felt hot, and at that moment, very powerful as he grabbed Greg and directed him onto his knees.

It only took one of those pleading, confused looks before Rodrick climaxed. He rode this wave of sick pleasure, painting his brother's face just like he wanted to, but like that wasn't enough he had to
stick his dick right against it and rub every last drop of himself onto those flushed cheeks.

Greg would have some cleaning up to do.
Chapter Seventeen

Greg was not surprised that by the time he'd made his way back down, Rowley and Holly had already left. He sighed softly in relief as he hit the bottom stair - because even though he had sat and scrubbed his face raw, Greg could still smell Rodrick's cum every time he breathed in. It was so strong that he had actually believed his friends would be able to smell it too. It reminded Greg of thick, liquid bleach, which was rather ironic, in fact, because it definitely didn't make him feel clean.

That's right, he felt dirty, and this overpowering stench of his brother wasn't helping anything.

Suddenly, his legs threatened to give way. Greg took a few wobbly steps to the couch and sat back closing his eyes.

His reflection appeared; tight fist clenched against the mirrored glass; mouth hanging open deliriously… The image brought heat to Greg's cheeks and he shook his head back and forth, willing it away. That wasn't him. Well, yes it was but - he hadn't meant to act that way. Simply all coherent thoughts had escaped him as Rodrick took control.

"Oh yes please fuck me brother."

Greg's eyes snapped open at once. If this was what happened every time, Greg decided he would never close them again.

"What happened to you last night?" Rowley asked suddenly during their lunch break. The large boy had been hesitant at first; a little alarmed at the large dark circles under Greg's eyes. But after whispered encouragement from Holly, he gave in to his curiosity.

Greg took ages before he finally turned his eyes to his friends.

To be honest, looking into them, Rowley was kind of scared. A sort of resonating, abnormal evil seemed to linger as Greg blinked heavily, and Rowley was startled at the resemblance to Rodrick - never before in their friendship had he noticed it.

There was a pause as Greg ran his hand through unruly hair, opened his mouth, and then promptly closed it right away as if all words seemed to have escaped him.

"You went upstairs with Rodrick," Rowley continued, thinking that if he started out with the details, it would be easy for Greg to finish. But as soon as he said the older Heffley's name, Greg flinched. Holly noticed it too. She turned to Rowley and they shared a concerned look. Their friend was definitely acting weird.

"Greg," Holly began now, voice thick and sweet as she reached across the lunch table and grabbed his hand comfortingly. Rowley thought it was awfully bold of her to do that, but if it helped Greg to talk… "Please tell us. We're worried, you know. You've been acting really strange lately."

As she said these words, it hit Rowley like a ton of bricks. Not lately. No, that wasn't specific enough. Greg had started acting strangely ever since Rodrick had given him that bruise. Ever since Rodrick had hurt Greg. The bet – with slave rules. What exactly was going on? Throwing all caution to the wind, Rowley interjected.

"Is Rodrick hurting you?"
Holly looked confused, and while she was distracted giving Rowley a what-are-you-talking-about look, Greg whipped his hand out from under hers and balled it at his side.

"No. He's not," he said, jaw tight. But Rowley couldn't help but still feel uneasy.

"Look, if he's hurting you, Greg, you need to tell someone," Rowley continued.

"HE'S NOT HURTING ME!"

There was a hushed silence all around the cafeteria. Several students looked over from their tables and surveyed the three eighth graders intently, wondering the cause of Greg's irritable outburst. Then after a few moments, the regular hustle and bustle resumed and Greg dropped his head into his hands.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to upset you," Rowley said, still recovering from the shock of Greg's over-reaction. "I believe you." Even though it didn't feel right; didn't add up; didn't make sense. Rowley had no choice but to drop it after that.

Miserable. Greg felt tired, confused, scared, anxious and miserable stepping into his own house that afternoon.

He kicked off his shoes - noticing that Rodrick's weren't yet there- then turned into the kitchen and slumped over the table, shutting his eyes for the first time since the night before. It hadn't been too difficult to stay up all night. Greg had busied himself with overdue homework and then had proceeded to fill his entire sketchbook with doodles and drawings.

But now his exhaustion was consuming him even though he swear he could still smell his brother – if only faintly – when he breathed deeply.

"Greg!"

The young boy snapped to attention, not having any recollection of drifting off. He wiped some drool from his mouth as he surveyed his mother in front of him. She was carrying Manny on her hips and behind her sharp glasses eyes were looking him over cautiously. "Are you not feeling well?" she asked, setting Manny down and taking a step forward. Without any consent from Greg, she pressed her palm against his forehead and tsk'ed. "You're warm," she advised, removing her hand and looking deep into Greg's eyes. "And you don't look well at all. Your father might be right… is something wrong?"

Greg used to think it was hard lying to his mother. Now that he had done it a couple of times, as long as he had a purpose, it was easy. "You're right, I don't feel good. I'll go upstairs and have a nap." Anything to get away from her. She was the last person Greg wanted suspicious of his behavior – she always saw right through him.

He gathered his backpack he'd half-hazardly dropped onto the ground, and then stood up, feeling a little too anxious as he crossed the front door and made his way up the stairs. Once sure he was out of his mother's sight, Greg lifted his shirt slightly to inspect the name written on his lower stomach; it was almost completely faded now.

Soon he would no longer be a slave. Just like the letters he tried hard to hide, he would fade away from his brother's life. But why should he be worried about this? Rodrick was tearing him in half on purpose, Greg was sure of it.
In Greg's dreams, Rodrick was hunting him down – chasing him through an empty school. As Greg ran, he could feel the pounding of footsteps behind him, and he could hear the older brother calling his name. Bang bang bang. "Greg!" Getting closer and closer…

He turned a corner, reaching a dead end; knowing he should have felt panicked as he stared at the impenetrable wall before him. Yet as the banging grew louder and louder – as all hope flew out of him -he found comfort in knowing he was going to die at the hands of his brother.

"GREG!"

Finally, Greg woke in a sweat. He was breathing erratically, and his heart was pounding almost just as loud as the thundering fist against his door.

Rodrick.

He hopped out of bed, delirious and groggy from his deep REM sleep, and unlocked the door. It burst open to reveal Rodrick and a sobbing Manny.

"Bubbbyyyyy!" Manny screeched, wriggling out of Rodrick's hold – tiny fists clenching and unclenching towards his favorite brother. Greg didn't know what was going on, but next thing he knew Rodrick was thrusting the small child in his arms.

"About time," Rodrick seethed.

"Wh – what's going on?" Greg asked, blinking hard and rubbing his eyes as Manny curled against him, rubbing his dripping, snotty nose against his arm. None of this made sense. Why was Rodrick carrying Manny around? "What time is it?"

"It's eight, idiot. Mom and Dad went out, we're stuck babysitting."

"Out?" Greg repeated slowly.

"Some friends are in town or something. I don't know. Anyway it's past his bed time."

"Noo, Bubby, no bed time."

Finally, Greg understood the situation. He surveyed Manny quickly, taking in everything from the splotchy redness of his face to the streaming snot and tears. "What did you do to him?" Greg asked slowly. It was all evidence towards a gigantic tantrum.

"I didn't do anything!" Rodrick snapped, a little too defensively. "I tried putting him to bed but then he freaked out and bit me." At this, the wild teen presented his arm where indeed, there was a very noticeable bite mark. "It's your fault too, he kept screaming for you but you were asleep." Greg had to control his urge to laugh, so instead he brushed past Rodrick and made his way downstairs.

"Where are you going? Put him to bed!"

"I am," Greg replied, carefully taking the stairs one at a time. He was very aware of Rodrick following behind him, unable to shake the images from his dream away just yet. He sat down on the couch, readjusted Manny beside him and then turned on the television to the all hour children's channel.

"You're letting him watch TV?"

"Yea, it will calm him down. Then we'll put him to B-E-D."
Greg had seen his mother do this plenty of times before. Since Manny was not allowed to watch television normally, it was a treat for the small child. It worked like a charm too; because within moments Manny's wide eyes were glued to the screen and a trance seemed to come over him.

As if in disbelief, Rodrick stood with his arms crossed at his two brothers. Then finally, he took a seat next to Greg and settled in. "This better work," he mumbled.

Even though Greg's dry eyes pleaded for more sleep, it was absolutely impossible to concentrate on anything with the older brother now beside him. Almost as if on cue the sickening smell of cum came back, and Greg couldn't help but stare at his older brother in the darkness. The black hair, those cruel eyes. Was this really his favorite person? Rodrick had forced him to have – well it wasn't sex, but it was practically the closest thing to it. There probably wasn't a "base" for having his brother's hard dick slipping wet between his legs either. It made Greg's skin crawl with heat as he pictured it in that mirror once again -

"What are you looking at?"

Greg had been so lost in his gaze that the teen had noticed. Now Rodrick was turned towards his brother, giving him a questioning stare.

"Nothing," Greg said immediately, snapping his head in the direction of the television. Bright cartoon characters rolled and played on screen, but nothing could distract him from sensing that lingering gaze on the back of his neck. Eyes forward, back straight, don't look.

Then Rodrick leaned forwards a little. "Could it be that you want your five minutes?"

Greg flinched as the hot breathe of these words tickled the side of his face. "No!" he hissed in protest. Anymore of this and surely he was going to burst. His heart was already hammering hard against his chest making his head swirl with these torn feelings. Excitement, anxiety, disgust.

Rodrick was still looking at him. "Well, you don't really have a say in the matter, slave. Look at me."

No. Eyes forward. Back straight. Don't –

Rodrick's hand flew out, grabbing Greg's chin and forcing the eye contact. "Do you want me to be mean, Greg?" That was an easy question, but Greg didn't want to answer it aloud. On top of that, he was finding it really hard to look into those eyes. If he didn't listen, Rodrick was definitely going to hurt him. He whimpered, testing Rodrick's grip. "Answer me, or I'll take it as a yes."

Heat rose to his cheeks as Greg forced the words out. "No…"

"Then fucking listen to your master next time." Rodrick instructed, fingers removing Greg's chin. They ran down his neck and wrapped around it, cupping and pulling his face forwards. Before Greg could even protest Manny's presence, Rodrick had pressed warm lips firmly onto his. He trembled, feeling like he would melt right there, opening his mouth eagerly to let the tongue rub against his. Greg knew he shouldn't – but once again the poor boy had all control taken from him. He could only weakly allow Rodrick to continue, trying not to helplessly squeak into his brother's mouth as he thumbed the back of his neck.

Oh god it was happening again. This aching lust building right below his stomach was making Greg go crazy. He suddenly wanted that tongue on his body – licking and biting, swirling hot against his flesh.

Rodrick sat back to unbutton his jeans, breaking the kiss and leaving Greg shifting uncomfortably. He looked back nervously to make sure Manny was still distracted just as Rodrick grabbed Greg's hand and pressed it against his crotch. Greg was horrified. His immediate reaction was to pull his
hand away—but Rodrick simply grabbed it again, firmer this time, and pressed it back against a hardening bulge.

"Wh-what are you doing?" Greg hissed, as Rodrick lifted his hips, grinding good and hard against the hand.

"You are going to jerk me off, slave," he answered. He stopped grinding momentarily to unzip his jeans, hand disappearing beneath the folds of denim. After a moment the hand pulled out of his cotton boxers, and in the dark Rodrick withdrew his stiff hard-on.

This couldn't be happening.

"Stop, it's not funny Rodrick. Manny's right there," he whispered. Yet he couldn't look away or continue to protest as Rodrick forced his palm against the length and squeezed—wrapping his hand tightly around it. Greg could feel every bit of that hot flesh, and it was literally twitching in his hand. As he stared, mortified, at what his actions, pre-cum glistened against the head in the light cartoons playing from the television screen.

"Ah, feels good, Greg. Jerk me, you slutty little bitch."

Even though the words were ice cold, Greg couldn't help suddenly feeling way too hot. His hand burned in a way he couldn't quite understand. He was touching Rodrick—forced to squeeze the dick firmly as his brother's fingers dug against his own.

"Don't call me that," Greg said, stomach turning as his small hand moved with Rodrick's—up and down as muscles throbbed and pre-cum coated his fingers. It was too hot—too sticky.

"Mmm, but you're a dirty slave, aren't you?" No. He shook his head but was afraid to open his mouth and say otherwise. Instead, Greg was sucked into the trance of watching his hand move along his brother's shaft. "Aghh, shit."

Greg was just getting carried away when he felt the movement at his feet. Manny. He whipped around in time to see the youngest Heffley staring at them through the darkness. Rodrick didn't seem as if he had been expecting Greg to stop—which ironically made it easy for Greg to do so. His heart leapt into his throat as he shielded Manny's view. "I-I'm going to take him to bed now," he said over his shoulder.

With that Greg scooped Manny up and walked purposefully up the stairs—heart still beating wildly. He was in a complete daze the entire way to his younger brother's room, trying to forget the feeling of the burning flesh he had shamefully made contact with.

"Night night Bubby," Manny said as Greg lowered him onto his toddler bed.

The teen leaned casually against the doorframe, dick stuffed away but jeans still undone as he waited for Greg to hurry it up and put the baby brat to sleep. He wasn't going to leave this unfinished. Hell no, he was hard as fuck and wound up to boot. Greg was his slave, and if the wimp thought he was going to get off that easily, he had another thing coming. Things were just getting good anyway.

"Goodnight Manny," Greg said, bending down and ruffling the child's hair.

Rodrick felt like he was going to be sick.

"What a good big brother you are," he sneered as Greg shut the door—shivering visibly at Rodrick's closeness. Rodrick couldn't help but take a step forwards. Greg inched backwards into the open, dark
hallway that overlooked the living room. "But I think you're an even better slave."

"Y-you had your f-five minutes," Greg said, physically trembling from head to toe – in what probably was fear but what Rodrick was definitely mistaking as pleasure. The boy was just squirming in his place, legs crossing to hide his obvious arousal. Still, the protest pissed Rodrick off. The way Greg needed him - the way he needed Greg - it made him sick inside with desire, and somewhere inside of him anger boiled. Thinking about all he wanted to do and how his little brother was a hot slut about it all...

Without any kind of warning he shoved Greg so hard he slammed into wall – head smashing against the drywall with an aching thump.

"You don't get it. I made up the five minute rule." He grabbed a very firm hold of Greg's hair – pulling the roots just enough to emphasize to the boy that he was not going anywhere. "Truth is, you made it too easy for me. I didn't expect you to be such a whore."

"B-but – " Greg stopped, eyes widening as Rodrick pulled out his member once again that night. His dick was fucking aching as he pressed it against Greg's lips, delighting every time he had to pull that hair to keep Greg's face still. "Mmff." Ugh, fucking that throat that was usually used for tattling was going to feel fantastic.

He couldn't help but push his hips forward a little, forcing Greg's mouth open - lips encircling the wet tip. Eyes looked up at him, confused and permanently winced against the hand in his hair. "Show me what a good slave you are and use your tongue."

Nothing.

"Use it, Greg." Rodrick loosened his grip in his brother's hair, sensing the lack of fight. "Make me cum."

"Mfffnn... nuhhhhhh..." he whined.

"You're going to obey me or I'll make sure your life is miserable from here on out. You think this is bad sweetheart? This is nothing compared to what I will do to you." Rodrick shook Greg's head, prompting a response, cold eyes gazing into his brother's. It was all Greg's fault for loving him so completely. "So... now are you going to suck me off and swallow all my hot creamy cum down without complaint? Or am I going to have to really hurt you?"

Finally, the virgin muscle rubbed his head tentatively. Rodrick was sure he had never felt anything more pleasurable in his life. Greg's mouth was just too hot and that small, experimenting tongue circling round and round was making Rodrick weak in the knees. "Ughh, yea... fucking take my cock, good boy..."

Rodrick knew his pre-cum was spreading hot on Greg's tongue – member leaking as it filled that tiny, sweet, and succulent mouth. Shit, just knowing his sticky juices were mixing with Greg's saliva – the young boy forced into tasting every bead of pre-fuck that slipped within his little cocksucker mouth.

Damn.

With as much will power as he could muster, he pulled out, lifting his cock and revealing the muscled underside. "Lick."
"Rodrick – "

The older boy scowled, heart thumping adrenaline. Was Greg finally going to beg him to stop?

"Aw, what's the matter? Lick it like a dog, Greg."

His thumb pulled roughly on his brother's chin — opening that mouth and cock throbbing at the sight of the tongue already sticking out obediently. Greg leaned forward, so hesitant and innocent and everything that Rodrick wanted to taint. His young brother gave a few, weak little licks — looking absolutely disgusted as he did so.

Ugh, didn't he know his fight was just turning Rodrick on even more?

He couldn't help but curl both hands into Greg's hair this time — pressing that tongue hard against him by forcing the boy's head forward. It ran hot and wet up along his shaft.

"Thtop – Wadwick … pleathe…"

Fuck, he was not a good person. Rodrick definitely needed help as he ignored Greg's pleas, losing all control as he forced his cock into his sweet little brother's mouth once again. This time he didn't take it slow. He wasn't cautious. His hips thrust hard into Greg's mouth and the wimp choked immediately — throat opening and swallowing every inch of the thick member. He tasted everything Rodrick had to offer - all the leaking hotness spilling into his mouth. There was so much precum a little even slipped out of the corner of Greg's stretched, full mouth. The little brother gagged as he swallowed a little too much down into his small belly.

"But mmm, it suits you Greg. You were meant to suck cock - ahh, c'mon Greg – use your fucking tongue."

Tears were brimming in Greg's eyes, from choking or his actions, Rodrick couldn't tell. He knew he was hurting Greg — knew it was uncomfortable. But oh fuck he needed his brother. Needed him to get rid of this lust - cure it with his fucking throat just this once and he'd be gentler next time. He thrust in again, and again as Greg choked. The young boy's tongue finally began to move; but it was doing so forcefully, almost as if trying to fight the oral invasion.

The sobbing started. Greg was heaving so hard snot and a little blood dripped from his nose. His mouth would surely be bruised at the corners from the forceful invasion. He whimpered and sobbed, big fat tears rolling down his face... over his lips. That perfect mouth so stuffed - so full of Rodrick.

It was fucking delicious.

"Shut up – stop crying – agh fuck. You're actually feeling really good, aren't you? You like it when I fuck your mouth." Rodrick's hands forced Greg's head to nod along to his words — relishing sick pleasure at the tightening throat. Oh god, he was going to cum. He felt the pleasure uncoiling as he thrust deeply again, drool running down Greg's chin.

That was it. Rodrick was lost as his warm, thick cum spilled into that tiny, hot mouth, hitting the back of Greg's throat and forcing the young boy to take it all. "Nng, yea swallow it. Come on you little bitch." He forced more and more of his cum down Greg's throat. Squirt, squirt, squirt — until it settled, sick and hot into his small stomach. Greg would feel so dirty.

Rodrick withdrew, and Greg collapsed to the ground — bending over and gasping for air.

The older brother did not have time to relish his actions; or ask Greg how much he hurt; or try to make it better at all. The front door creaked open, and Rodrick cursed the re-appearance of his
parents. Just when it was getting fun – just when he wanted to make Greg scream out loud…

"Boys?" their mother called out into the darkness. Greg managed to shuffle backwards. The terrified boy gave one last look at Rodrick before scrambling into the open door of his room and shutting it softly.

He'd definitely taken it too far.
Once alone, Greg was consumed.

He clasped his hand over his recently violated mouth and fell to his knees – inches away from his bed. Hitting the floor didn't concern him. His whole mind was pre-occupied being concerned with one, shameful question. How could he have let that happen? Rodrick's insults burned hot on repeat as wave after wave of confusing pleasure hit the young boy. *Slut. Slave. Bitch.* "Aahh, nnno."

Trembling words and a coarse voice - it hurt to speak but Greg couldn't help the sound escaping him. It was too much. His body felt weak and hot and he couldn't stop his hand from reaching down; slipping under his waistband to finally give himself some release.

Shit, it felt too good.

"You were meant to suck cock."

Oh god, Greg could still feel it. He could still fucking feel his brother in his mouth, pushing in good and deep as he scraped the back of his throat, pulsing cum. "Nnn." Even as he began to touch himself, Greg was thinking that he definitely shouldn't be aroused. At one point he thought he was going to die. It'd been painful; degrading; selfish of Rodrick when Greg hadn't been able to breathe.

He'd just been too shocked to do anything else but open his mouth wide and let it happen.

Now he was alone, stroking himself like he really was one of those words Rodrick claimed and completely unable to comprehend what had just happened – only trying to satiate the aching lust deep inside of him.

"You like it when I fuck your mouth."

Greg choked out a sob in the darkness, curling in on himself and pulling his pants right off. He jerked himself harder this time, hips twisting against the hardwood as he imagined Rodrick's hands on his body.

It was excruciating.

oOoOoOoOo

The fact of the matter was that Rodrick didn't feel as terrible as he should have. Seeing Greg so happy as he lovingly cared for their youngest brother just set something off within him and he'd snapped - brimming with need to impress upon Greg that he wasn't *fucking around.* Rodrick wanted to own him; would even *hurt* the boy to get his way. Losing it again wouldn't be good. No. You see, Rodrick was very calculating indeed, and that was the last thing he needed.

Yet how could he not get excited? Stupid Greg. He was falling into his hands more and more each day. He was seriously not telling anyone, anything, for the sake of their brotherhood.

Fucking idiot.

Not putting up a fight was driving Rodrick crazy.

"Greg! Breakfast!"
The crisp voice of Susan Heffley floated through the attic door, and Rodrick paused at the bottom of his stairs and lent an ear against the oak – eavesdropping on the conversation in the hall.

There came two sharp knocks, then an audible gasp. "Honey, you look awful!"

Did he? Rodrick's heartbeat quickened and suddenly it was tough to hear anything through the hardwood.

"I'm fine," Greg croaked just as Rodrick eased the door open quietly, stepping into the shadows of the hall. Greg sounded absolutely awful – yet just the memory of that small mouth had Rodrick aching for more already.

"Do you have a throat infection? It could be strep. Open your mouth I'll take a look."

Greg shook his head, an irrational defense taking over him. He shoved his mother away, clasping a hand over his mouth tightly.

"Greg, what's wrong?" Susan asked. "I'm worried."

"Well don't be," Greg spat. "I'm sick and tired of being babied. I'm old enough to know when I'm okay!" These scratchy, throaty words said so angrily made Rodrick chuckle.

"Listen, Greg's hit puberty!" he called aloud to the house.

"Rodrick, downstairs. Now."

oOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoOoO

Greg hated that evil smile Rodrick gave him all through breakfast. It was sure to do with the comment he'd made about hitting puberty. The way those dark eyes swept over his body, Greg knew he was being watched within an inch of his life. "Why are you in such a good mood?" Frank asked his oldest son as he tucked in for a mountain of pancakes. "I thought you're grounded now."

"Yea, bummer," Rodrick sighed, smile wiped from his face at once.

"Grounded?" Greg repeated. His hoarse voice drew attention from the entire table and Frank Heffley cleared his throat uncomfortably.

"Anyway, apologize to your brother."

Rodrick swiftly gazed at Greg who had only just realized his family thought it really was a puberty-related voice change and Rodrick had gotten in trouble for claiming such. "Sorry Greg," the dark teen muttered. Greg tried to hide his face. He felt like he was burning up. It was Rodrick who had done these things to him. He was definitely not sorry – and Greg was definitely not talking to him for the rest of the day.

It was going well, until just past two in the afternoon when the doorbell rang. Greg was called up from the basement – where he'd spent an hour watching Frank Heffley put the final touches on a collection of figurines – to meet Rowley on the front step, grinning ear to ear.

"Hi Greg!" the wide boy said.

"Rowley, what are you doing here?" Greg asked, although he stepped out of the way beckoning his
friend inside. His best friend had been about to say something, but then eyes sharpened as he looked over Greg's shoulder.

"Hi Rodrick."

Greg tensed immediately. He could feel the looming presence of his brother behind him and it made the hair on the back of his neck stand up. He really hated the tingling of his goosebumps – and how they were really noticeable at the moment because he had foolishly decided to wear a tank.

"Hey Pudgey," the older brother greeted with chipper malevolence, hand squeezing Rowley's cheeks together as he leaned forward over Greg. "Long time no see. You babies hanging out today?" As he spoke, Rodrick's other hand slid down Greg's back, curving over his small frame.

What was he doing?

Fingers began to dig into the crease along his pants and Greg wanted to die of shame. First of all, Rowley was already onto something, yet Rodrick was touching him like this in broad daylight! It also didn't help things that Greg had a suspiciously raspy voice. If they weren't careful Rowley would definitely find out, especially if Greg didn't stop squirming so much under those fingers.

"Well we didn't have any plans really... I just thought we could do something..." Rowley was looking at Greg imploringly, gesturing to the outdoors. "Holly has that pool, remember? Now that you don't have to hide the bruise we can –"

"What?"

The probing, teasing fingers stopped at once. Greg knew he was doomed. Fear struck Rowley as soon as he realized what he had done. "Uh – I mean..."

"The fuck did you say?" Rodrick growled, quiet and low – demanding that Rowley repeat himself. His hand curled together roughly, grabbing a sizeable chunk of Greg's ass and gripping so hard Greg didn't know if he could stand the pain much longer.

Silence. Rowley definitely couldn't repeat it and Greg really hoped he wouldn't either.

Then Rodrick removed his hand, placing it instead on the large front door, menace practically oozing from his pores. "Get. Lost."

SLAM.

Rodrick turned cold, cruel eyes on his younger brother then grabbed a fistful of his hair; tugging so roughly Greg's whole body followed it backwards. He was going to snap Greg's neck right off! Then Rodrick's arm slid under his, pulling it back and into an arm lock - leaving Greg only one small, weak hand to fight his brother off. "Be a good boy and come quietly, Greg. Don't – make – a – sound."

Greg's stomach felt like it was curling in on itself.

The excitement hit him first; then the nausea as he was pushed forward, tripping over his two feet before regaining balance. Greg was scared and his heart was pounding as it usually did in Rodrick's presence. He did not protest as he was shoved – a silent demand that he better start walking. Greg definitely did not want to disobey, so he made his way up the stairs quietly, stopping only when he was in front of the door to the attic. He tentatively reached out for the doorknob and then gulped back a bit of the anxious butterflies that made him want to double over.
He was going to die.

When Greg finally turned the knob and opened the door, Rodrick nudged him forward again. The young brother turned his head slightly as he took a hesitant step forward; Rodrick was looking over his shoulder to ensure that nobody would see them. As Greg began to climb the stairs of the attic room, the door locked behind him and then Rodrick snapped.

"What the fuck, Greg. Why does that fat little hippo know about your bruise?"

Greg's knees went week as he climbed the rest of the stairs - he couldn't speak; couldn't respond to the question. He was absolutely frozen in terror as Rodrick advanced forward, grabbing him by the neck and using brute force to slam Greg's small body onto the floor.

Beg.

"Please... Rodrick – I –" Greg's arm was yanked roughly, pulling his dead weight from the floor and back up standing just so Rodrick could drag him over to the bed. He panicked; throat tight as he pleaded in a raspy voice, struggling weakly against his brother's grasp. "N-no, please Rodrick... no..." Greg turned full puppy dog eyes onto his older brother as he landed on the mattress with a soft thud. Instinctively he reached out, both hands clasping onto his brother's arm so that it could stop any further abuse. He didn't want to be hit, or dragged, or have his hair pulled and his eyes teared at the thought of Rodrick hating him that much.

"Please, I-I'm sorry," he continued, sensing the way Rodrick seemed to hesitate. For a split second, Greg thought the begging was really working, but all hope vanished as Rodrick brushed off his grip like it was nothing but an annoyance and fingers curled into his hair, bringing Greg forward onto his knees.

Beg harder.

"I'm sorry Master!" he choked desperately. The word made Greg's stomach turn uneasily, but the way Rodrick's eyes sparked and the slightly loosened grip of his scalp forced the small boy to continue. "Please Master, I-I'm sorry..."

Rodrick smirked – evil and cruel as it had been all day – and it made Greg's heart twist. How could he enjoy this so thoroughly?

"Are you suggesting that I let you go unpunished, Slave?" Rodrick purred, bending forwards a bit and cupping Greg's teary face in one strong hand. "That's going to take a lot of convincing." Rodrick emphasized the last word by breathing it in Greg's ear. A warm shudder sparked along Greg's spine and goosebumps spread over his body once again.

It wasn't hard to figure out what Rodrick was getting at, but still Greg choked on his words. "Con-convincing?"

Dark, mirthful eyes held Greg's as Rodrick took a seat on the bed; his back against the headboard. "Yea. You have one minute to change my mind. Clock's ticking."

Greg's heart seized in his chest. What was he expected to do? And he only had a minute? As seconds passed, Greg contemplated his choices. Lose his last remaining ounce of dignity, or try to make it downstairs before Rodrick could. The last option didn't seem like it would go over very well; if he was caught then Greg would be in an even worse position so…

Goodbye dignity.
Greg crawled forwards, sliding into his brother's lap like he had been doing it all of his life. His small legs were straddled on either side of Rodrick and he had to balance on his knees to remain atop. Then warm hands were placed on his hips forcing them down and against a hardening bulge in Rodrick's jeans.

"Uh-huh this is good... what else Greg?"

Body burning, Greg hesitantly leaned forward to press lips against Rodrick's. He didn't know what or why he was doing it, but perhaps the self preservation came naturally. It was kiss or be killed.

With this, Rodrick's tight grip twisted Greg's smaller body against his chest - sending those damn confusing hot thrills to a lot of places. How could anything feel this good if it was so bad?

Rodrick slowly began to grind.

"Kiss me with your tongue, Greg. Make me hot."

"B-but I – don't know how."

Greg was melting. That was the only way to describe the intense heat that made him weak as Rodrick breathed so warmly in his ear and pressed his hard body against Greg's stiffening member.

"Time's almost up. Better do it quickly."

Heart hammering, Greg didn't respond – clenching his jaw tightly together as Rodrick's hands ran smooth along his torso, pulling his shirt higher. Then Rodrick clenched firmly – pulling Greg's skin tight and causing Greg to curl in a whine.

"Rodrick – "

Rodrick stuck out his tongue and licked Greg's lips. They opened, allowing the tongue to twist and fill Greg's mouth. Head swirling, he clutched Rodrick's shirt to steady himself as he was overcome with desire. Teeth scraped as Rodrick bit and sucked the flesh; pornographically kissing his brother. "St-op," Greg whined as his body betrayed him. Any more of this he was going to burst.

Rodrick stopped immediately, but Greg didn't have time to be disappointed either, because the buttons on his jeans were being worked on. "W-wait, what are you – "

In a quick motion, the jeans were pulled down just enough to reveal Greg's underwear.

"Woah, Greg you're soaking wet."

"No, don't look – "

Too late. Rough hands had practically ripped the pants right off Greg's small frame. And yes, admittedly Greg's underwear was pretty wet. The poor boy leaked every time the warm shivers shook him excitedly.

"Mmm, you like this so much, Greg. But I can't let you go unpunished."

The butterflies in Greg's stomach just heightened his senses. He froze in terror yet again as Rodrick grabbed his face - rubbing his thumb over Greg's kiss-swollen lips.

"My brother the cocksucker. What do you think, Greg. Wanna suck me a little?"

The words sparked a memory of the night before and Greg's eyes widened in horror. He tried
shaking his head but Rodrick had a firm hold of his jaw and all he managed to do was fight the tears and plead silently. Then a slow smirk spread on Rodrick's face as he pressed two fingers against Greg's lips and forced the mouth open.

"If you want it to feel good, get them wet Greg."

The warm fingers rolled along Greg's tongue – tasting salty as they scissored his mouth. Terrified, Greg couldn't understand these words. What would feel good? Surely not this. His sensitive throat was causing him to gag already, and Rodrick's fingers were probing so deeply his head began to swirl.

"Wha-sh you gonna do?" Greg asked as the fingers slid across his tongue. He was nervous, and did not like the look in Rodrick's eyes at all. Hadn't he begged? And pleaded?

"I'm gonna finger you hard, Greg, you squealing little slut. So make sure they're fucking wet." Trying not to gag, Greg fought the intrusion. He still didn't quite understand what Rodrick was trying to do, but it didn't sound nice and now he was panicking as he remembered exactly what happened the night before and realized it could happen again.

"N - sstop – Rod - !"

Finally, the older brother released Greg's face. He smiled oh so cruelly. "If you're good, it won't hurt. If you're bad – "

Greg's exposed body was turned over; his head pressed into the mattress; and his lower body raised high up in the air by those strong hands. It was all frightening. Greg was still so dizzy from the kiss – and a part of him was really excited at this attention, which Rodrick didn't allow to go unnoticed.

"You really make it so hard to resist, Greg," Rodrick murmured as his hands ran rough against his brother's smooth, bare skin. Exposing every bit of him as expert fingers pulled at the waistband of Greg's underwear. "I swear to God, if you tell anyone– "

Admittedly, it was hard to hear anything over the hammering of Greg's heart. He tried to control his breathing as best as he could – but every breath burned his throat and he ended up gasping like a fish out of water.

"If you do, they'll know exactly what a whore you are. I'll make sure of that. Understand?"

Of course he understood. Greg hadn't squealed for precisely this reason. He didn't want anyone to look down on him – didn't want anyone to know how weak he was.

"I won't tell!" he choked in response as he felt the probing of a wet finger around his entrance. His stomach flopped in a way that made Greg both anxious and scared. "I won't – so please don't hurt me."

"You think I trust you Greg? I thought the agreement was that you wouldn't tell anyone about the fucking bruise?" Rodrick's voice was raising and Greg whimpered as the teasing finger prodded his hole. The intrusion caused Greg to choke in shock. "Or maybe you just can't help but show off your body to your fat little faggot friend, huh?"

"N-noo!"

It was beginning to hurt. Rodrick's finger was not being gentle as it forced the second knuckle deeper. Greg could already feel it stretching him – could already feel spasms along his spine - numbing him completely.
"Do you know what mom said to me today, as she was grounding me?"

The question was asked just as a second wet digit was pressed against Greg – who felt full and uncomfortable, weak and hot as he kneeled at his brother's mercy. He couldn't respond to the question – afraid that if he opened his mouth he would scream.

"She said I had to give you the talk, now that you've hit puberty. Set the example as the big brother."

"Mmmnn!"

Gritted teeth bit back a shriek as the second finger wedged its way roughly into Greg's ass. He opened his eyes, which were brimming with tears from pain alone, and looked back at Rodrick; staring in disbelief at the idea that this was happening.

"If you want I can get her in here – show her I'm doing a good job – show her your stretched ass after I set the fucking example."

The words were followed by the immediate movement of both fingers. They slid out – achingly slowly and Greg whimpered the entire time. When they were out he took a deep breath, hand shaking as they curled into his brother's sheets. "I'm sorry. Please – no more… it hurts…"

Rodrick's teeth ripped into his lips, looking as if he really wanted to devour poor Greg. "Oh but don't you want to cum, Greg? Isn't it feeling really good?"

Was it? Greg wasn't sure. Now that the pain was leaving, he realized he was still aroused and now left with a difficult sensitivity that overpowering. Every touch from Rodrick was so hot it burned, and as the fingers were pressed against his hole again, Rodrick pulled Greg's leg high in the air, spreading him wide open.

Chills ran down Greg's body. He tensed immediately as both fingers pressed against him in forbidden earnest. "Stop – please – I'm sorry!"

"Be quiet," Rodrick hissed. He pulled Greg's leg backward, bringing the boy - who was trying weakly to crawl away - right up against him and locked him that way by twisting the leg in his hand. "Open up, Greg."

Greg couldn't help but feel everything this time – he could feel the long fingers every inch of the way and he felt like Rodrick was going to rip him in half. All of his strength left him as the pain took over – he could only senselessly moan into the sheets as the fingers quickened in their pace. Faster and faster.

After a few minutes, Greg began to feel strange. Weak as ever, but not as tense. He was delirious and unable to respond to any of Rodrick's teasing.

"See? It's working. What a loose, slutty little ring you have now."

It wasn't really hurting anymore, per se. But to Greg, he still felt very uncomfortable. Those fingers were working up a faster rhythm, filling him up and then ripping out – causing a very slick noise to fill the room. "Sounds nice, Greg. Aaah, do you feel good?"

"N-no – hurts…"

"Still? Poor little brother. I'm giving you so much attention and it's still not enough."

To Greg, it was a strange way of putting the situation. He wouldn't have called this 'getting attention'
but, what else was it? He'd truly gotten his wish of being with Rodrick, he had just never dreamed it would have been like this; doing such dirty, wrong things.

Just as he was about to choke out one last, pleading sob for it all to end, Rodrick's free, smooth hand released his leg and slid up along Greg's side – grazing his hip before curling around to rub his stomach. "D'you want to jack off while I finger you?" the older brother murmured into Greg's ear – words breathy and lustful. "Turn over." Even though it was taking all of Greg's strength, he obeyed, willing himself onto his back even though he was terrified. It was best to do what Rodrick said, or else he'd get punished.

Rodrick removed his fingers for the first time in what seemed like an eternity to Greg, who breathed out and tried not to hiccup on his own panic. The older teen straddled either side of Greg's hips with his legs, taking off his belt and releasing his own – more endowed – cock that Greg was already much too familiar with.

He glanced away and Rodrick laughed mirthlessly, grabbing Greg's face as he forced the boy to look at his exposed member. "Don't worry Greg, you'll soon learn to love it. You'll crawl on your knees begging for me to give you this, just wait."

Greg shook his head back and forth just as Rodrick grabbed both of Greg's wrists and brought them down – guiding Greg to touch him. Fluids oozed clear and sticky onto his hands. "Aahh, mm. That's good Greg."

Entranced, Greg worked his fingers over his brother with minimal guidance. He had already grown familiar to this stiff length – having it shoved into his throat already. This was much easier in comparison.

"Yea, keep going." Rodrick groaned as he bent over the side of his bed, long limbs stretching and picking up something off the ground. Greg could feel the heat in his fingers travel all the way up his arms and to his face – flushing and panting as if he was running a marathon but really he was just trying to comprehend exactly what was happening. He watched as Rodrick pulled himself back up straight, producing a drumstick in one of his hands. "This'll be fun."

Greg stared oh so innocently up at Rodrick, unable to fathom the cause for that wicked smile yet again. What did the drumstick have to do with anything? And more importantly, why were his hands still sliding along his brother's length?

He stopped at once, just as Rodrick twisted around and lifted one of Greg's legs. "Did I say you could stop?"

It was at that precise moment that Greg finally understood why the drumstick interested him so much. His mouth opened in horror and he struggled under his brother's weight – trying to wriggle his leg free. "Stop! You're not gonna – not gonna put that in me! Are you? Rodrick please – "

"Shutup and jerk me off. I didn't say you could stop and if you do it again I'll change my mind and fuck you so hard you'll really be begging."

Greg's hands still didn't move. He was unable to force them into continuing such a shameful act until Rodrick slipped the long stick into him like it was no effort at all.

It felt so strange – different than the warmth of his brother's fingers. It was uncomfortable and cold, and Greg couldn't help but whine as a new pleasure hit him with the lengths the object reached. "You can do better than that, squeeze me tight Greg. Make me feel good too."
If Greg hadn't been on the verge of passing out – from shock mostly – he definitely would have listened. Rodrick tossed Greg's head side to side and appraised his brother's condition. The harder he slipped that drumstick between his, the more the boy seemed to melt in his hands.

It was so hot and strange, Greg was straining to release this built up pleasure. He had no sense of time passing; then he opened his eyes in shock at the friction of Rodrick's dick sliding along his. "Aaaah – hah."

"Good. I want to make you cry out more Greg. Do you understand? Are you finally getting it? I want to be a good brother… but… nngh – it's your fault."

How it was his fault, Greg didn't know. Was it because Rodrick knew that – at some level – he enjoyed this? After all, he was right on the verge of cumming against his brother's hard stomach. The pleasure was becoming overwhelming as the tip of the drumstick rubbed hard against a spot so deep within him it felt to Greg like he was simply going to die.

"You hear me Greg? It's your fault. Say it."

"Aaah – m-my fault – nngh."

"Say you're sorry for being such a whore." There was silence after this demand, and Rodrick bent forwards, biting Greg's tender flesh stretched over his skinny ribs.

"Nnn-no – Rod-rick… hic –" Greg hiccupped, gasping for air that he clearly was not getting enough of. His panting breaths did nothing to supply him of oxygen. His eyes grew hazy as he stared up at the blurry form of his brother – weight continuing to hold him in place.

"Say sorry. Just like I did this afternoon. I'll forgive you."

Greg whined as something deep within him unfolded – carrying an intense orgasm to the surface of his sensitized, weak body. "S– sorry – nnh… I'm so - sorry -"

Truth was, as his poor body bent with the waves of knee-shaking pleasure that rocked it, Greg was sorry. Sorry it had been his fault for driving Rodrick to do these things. And as Rodrick groaned against his brother's chewed flesh – losing it like an animal in the heat of his passion - Greg hoped Rodrick wasn't lying when he said he'd forgive him.
Chapter Nineteen

It was two days into Rodrick's grounding, and Greg still hadn't seen him at all. It was driving him crazy; after all the twisted lengths Rodrick had gone to, the neglect was very unfair. Greg couldn't make sense of it all, knowing he definitely should have been doing something about the situation. But he felt as weak as Rodrick claimed and found himself yearning for the older brother's attention.

"Why is Rodrick allowed to stay home?" he'd asked his mother sulkily as he prepared for school, choosing to overcome the sick, knotted feeling he got in his gut every time he said Rodrick's name.

"That's because he's not feeling well," Susan said in a huff as she wrestled Manny into place on the toilet. Greg had wanted to complain- it wasn't fair - Rodrick was faking it! - but he couldn't get a word into his doting mother as she tried to potty train the four year old. "Okay, Manny. You can't be the only child going to preschool in diapers. So help me –"

Knowing neither battle could ever be won, Greg turned out the door and headed to school. As he walked, he thought it was probably best if he didn't worry about Rodrick too much for a while – and his neck became hot with the memory of their last encounter.

There was that nausea – his heart was beating so fast his stomach felt the vibrations. It somersaulted without his permission.

This had been a regular occurrence ever since Rowley had spilled the beans – something Greg chose to blame on his friend caught up in the misgivings and poor temper of puberty. The two had not yet spoken. But – that was okay. They had gone longer.

Still, school wasn't quite the same. Greg found it difficult to concentrate in class, and was the first to leave and the last to arrive for every single one. He spent lunch alone, and refused to speak when called upon in class. It was for this Greg was finally sent to the Principal's office in fourth period.

As Greg walked, he felt very detached from himself. His legs were moving down the corridor lined with lockers, but it was as if he was making no conscious effort to move them. His mind was elsewhere, at home with Rodrick who was probably mad at him. That was the only explanation for it. Telling Rowley about the bruise had really messed things up. Then again, hadn't he apologized? Greg clearly remembered the "sorry!" he'd cried out, so then what was Rodrick's problem? Why couldn't they just go back to kissing...

He entered the administrative offices and spoke with a receptionist who nodded at his name and brought him into Vice Principal Roy's office. Greg sighed at the bearded man before settling himself into a chair.

"Hello Greg," the man greeted softly, appearing to shuffle some papers. "I've just had a visit from Rowley Jefferson." These words caused Greg's heart to sink. Vice Principal Roy continued. "He says you two haven't been talking recently." Greg made no indication on the matter. "He says you two haven't been talking recently." Greg made no indication on the matter. "He tells me he's concerned about you and your brother fighting."

At this Greg finally sneered. There was no way in hell he was going to sit here and let this man speak anything bad about Rodrick. "Excuse me, I don't know what you are trying to get at, but my brother and I are getting along perfectly."

"Right, of course," Vice Principal Roy said – and Greg could tell this man had at least a ghost of a suspicion. He had believed Rowley's concerns were valid with good reason – Rodrick
was *molesting* him. At this, Greg willed himself up to full height in his chair.

"Rowley is upset because Holly Hills likes me and because my brother called him out on it." The words surprised Greg. He had never been a good liar, but here he was expertly manipulating the situation. At least he’d learned a thing or two from his older brother – or was it that Rodrick was slowly tainting him from the inside out, starting with that damn kiss!

The Vice Principal frowned and relaxed a bit further into his seat in a resigned sort of way. "I should have known this was all about a girl. What is it with you boys at this age?"

After that, Greg was sent home for the afternoon for no other reason than Vice Principal Roy thought he looked ill and could use the rest.

An exciting thrill ran up along Greg's spine as the thought occurred to him that he would be alone in the house with Rodrick for at least a few hours before their parents returned. But with the thrill came a sort of guilt as he realized he was looking forward to his five minutes. He was looking forward to those rough hands on his body and that chaotic evil that possessed his brother during that time.

This was not how it should have been, but it was how it would have to be if he wanted Rodrick in his life.

And that wasn't even a question.

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Greg was in a rush to get home. Along the way he employed his active imagination to try to construct his plan of attack, but he knew he would have to rely on quick thinking and impulse to get his brother's attention. Rodrick would take care of things after that.

As Greg stepped through the front door he had no desire to keep quiet. He slammed it loudly so it echoed along the front entrance and up the staircase – surely loud enough for Rodrick to hear. A visitor in the middle of the day must prompt a response from the teenager.

But nothing happened – even when Greg kicked off his shoes and they ricocheted off the closet doors that rattled. Not even the hint of a stirring upstairs.

He put down his backpack and opened the fridge in the kitchen, finding he was hungrier and hungrier these days. Chewing thoughtfully on some toast as he leaned over the kitchen island, Greg wondered just what else he would have to do in order for Rodrick to forgive him. How long would it be before Greg walked up those stairs and knocked loudly? He couldn't even fathom the consequences of doing *that*.

Then the sound of a door opening cleared all thoughts out of Greg's head. His heart hammered in his throat as he heard the distinct creaking of the stairs. Rodrick descended and entered the kitchen, glancing at Greg under dark hooded eyes.

Greg fixed his gaze on his plate, very aware of the electricity he felt as Rodrick moved around him and opened the fridge too. Knowing Rodrick, he had probably not eaten at all yet even though it was well past noon.

Blood rushed to his head and the silence throbbed along with Greg's temples. He was hearing a sort of weird static until his own voice surprised him. "They sent me home because I wasn't looking well. Maybe I caught what you have?"

Rodrick turned with the jug of milk to his lips and eyed his brother's position once more – bent over the kitchen island with one hip dropping to the side. After an enormous gulp, he laughed – a brash,
short noise that eased a little of Greg's concerns. His older brother wiped away a milk moustache as he replied, "Then you're faking it too."

"I knew it," Greg said, a weird sort of adrenaline pounding through him as Rodrick stepped over and grabbed his toast. He didn't protest as his older brother inhaled his snack, merely watched the way he took a bite and wished for those teeth on his skin.

They held eyes for a moment and Greg had to look away. The amused look Rodrick gave him made Greg feel he could literally see through him.

Rodrick reached out and encircled his wrist, pressing it against the countertop. "The fuck are you doing, Greg?" he said lowly, pulling the younger boy around so that he was forced to look into dark eyes.

Greg stuck out his chin stubbornly, attempting to remove Rodrick's grip. "What does it look like?" he challenged, knowing very well that is not how a slave treated his master. Still, if it had to be a punishment, so be it. He'd just beg for forgiveness, anyway.

Rodrick's lips curled into a sick, knowing smile. "It looks like my slutty little brother came home early to put on a show for me."

Lowering his eyes, Greg refused to respond. He pulled out of Rodrick's grip but the older brother simply put both hands on either side of the kitchen island counter, trapping Greg like a fly in a web. Then, with a sharp, impatient noise he crushed his lips against Greg's, gripping the counter like he expected a fight.

For Greg, it was way too hot kissing his brother – it was like Rodrick had this power to make him melt right in his skin. It was all he could do to keep up before his body completely betrayed him and he pulled Rodrick in with a sickening need that had been building relentlessly the last few days.

This was exactly what he wanted. Rodrick broke the kiss with a satisfied smirk – dark hooded eyes sparkling with malevolence. "Am I right or wrong?"

Greg couldn't reply - couldn't even choke out a response as he pressed the small of his back into the counter in an attempt to put a little distance between himself and Rodrick. He had to at least attempt to control his trembling. "I just didn't want you to be mad at me anymore. Ignoring me after everything isn't fair. I said sorry so, please forgive me." Looking up at the last words, Greg saw something flash in Rodrick's eyes; something that told Greg his brother had never been mad at all - his intention all along to break him down. The look told Greg that Rodrick liked his slave begging, so he continued. "Please don't hate me anymore. Okay?"

He understood he had to play Rodrick's game.

Rodrick tsk'ed impatiently as he circled an arm around Greg's hips, raising the younger boy upwards against him. "Answer the question," the older brother demanded with an edgy growl – pressing teeth together in control of himself. Greg knew Rodrick wouldn't rest until he admitted it.

But then, he had some power didn't he?

"Alright, fine, I came home for you. I want to be a good slave." The words caught Rodrick's interest. Greg saw the way his brother's eyes brightened before settling. Was he close to snapping? Greg liked this upper hand. "Please, brother."

That did the trick. Greg felt his entire body flip – ass bent out from the island counter as Rodrick positioned him this way. Heart racing in a way that Greg didn't really understand, he let his body
move with Rodrick's hands and squirmed excitedly on the spot as his brother leaned over him and grazed his ear with dominating teeth. "Just as I thought – my slutty slave can't get enough," Rodrick growled, pulling at the waistline of Greg's jeans until they were almost to his knees. "I should fuck you right here…" A squeeze of his hips as if Rodrick was seriously considering this.

Greg choked out a cry of protest. Although he was really enjoying this attention, somehow the idea of being fucked where he stood didn't seem to be very pleasant. Another sharp gasp as he realized he was rock hard – throbbing with a sick desire that Rodrick had planted in him; right underneath the words SLAVE. "Wh – why are you doing this to me? Making me this way?"

Rodrick grabbed a fistful of his younger brother's hair, making the teary eyed begging boy look at him while he answered to get the message through. "You gave me no other choice. I wanted to wait – tried to wait – but then you had to kiss that fucking slut, Greg! You made me crazy, so you are mine. I own you forever. And the saddest thing is – you'll let me."

He was right – of course – but Greg bit his lip, refusing to say it out loud as Rodrick rubbed his obscene bulge against his backside. "You won't tattle, right Greg?" Rodrick asked in a mock-innocent voice as Greg contemplated the idea that he really did drive Rodrick to these measures. He wondered if things would have still been normal if the whole kiss with Holly hadn't screwed things up between them. He obsessed on the idea that it *was* his fault – so didn't he deserve this punishment?

"Never," Greg agreed. "You can do whatever you want, I won't tattle."

Rodrick probably would have made good on his word of fucking him right there if the front door hadn't opened at that moment. Both Heffley boys froze on the spot – but it was Greg who acted first. He pulled up his pants and buttoned them without another moment of hesitation, prompting Rodrick to do the same. Then, standing a reasonable distance away from each other, the two turned to face their parents as they walked through the door – a few hours earlier than expected.

"Greg?" Susan Heffley said, just as surprised to see her son.

As usual – knowing Greg was a terrible liar - Rodrick spoke for the two of them. "Greg's not feeling well either. He got sent home from school. I just made him some toast and, I think he should take some medicine."

Wait a second.

"Oh dear, I knew he looked ill," Susan proclaimed to her husband as she set Manny down along with a bag of groceries. Greg threw Rodrick a resentful glare as their mother rummaged in the cupboard for the drowsy medicine. If he took that on his empty stomach – thanks to Rodrick eating his snack – he'd be down.

"Mom, I'm fine – " Greg began, but was kicked into silence as Rodrick shook his head.

"What are you talking about Greg, aren't you warm?" Rodrick recovered, taking Greg's forehead into his palm. The contact certainly was burning hot, but that was because Greg's body was still reeling from the closeness of his brother. "He's burning up, Mom!"

Greg was forced to take the sticky liquid after that. Then with a bottle of water, Rodrick lifted his younger brother's arm over his shoulder. "I'll make sure he gets some rest," Rodrick assured, trying to look like the good guy. "After all, I did this to him."

Eyes narrowed as Greg felt the first wave of the medicine hit him.
"Well, at least you two are getting along," Susan Heffley managed after a moment of consideration.

"Back in five, Daddy-o," Rodrick said as their concerned father stepped aside to let them pass. Greg couldn't help but feel excited at these words; another five minutes, was it? He didn't complain the entire time the older brother helped him to his room.

Once the door closed, Rodrick continued straight to the bed, dropping Greg unceremoniously onto the mattress. Landing with a thump Greg glared up as Rodrick unbuttoned his jeans with a wicked smile. "C'mere," he instructed, pulling the flaps of his jeans down. "Finish what you started."

Knowing it was useless to put up a fight, Greg decided to put all his effort into making Rodrick hot for him. It was easy now that Greg knew what he liked; so he crawled forward on his knees then regretted his obedience once Rodrick pressed his face against the warmth of his crotch.

"Nn – sstop being a pervert! Rodrick!" Greg struggled, as his cheek rubbed against the hard bulge in his brother's cotton boxers. Even still, Greg liked the way Rodrick held his head so tightly against him. He made sure to breathe open-mouthed against his brother while he stared up on all fours.

Cackling, Rodrick released his grip – climbing on top of Greg's bed with him and kicking his boxers off the rest of the way. "You were being so good earlier, but I know how much you love to be punished."

Greg's poor heart raced wildly at the look his older brother was giving him; the medicine pounding in his temples. "Please – Master! I'll be good!" Greg squeaked.

It was too late. Rodrick was already twisting the younger boy down into the mattress. "Good, you say? Then take off your pants like a helpful slave."

The idea was ludicrous but Greg had already resigned himself to this fate. He hesitated only a fraction of a second before he understood they didn't have much time. Shaking hands pulled his waistband down once again – this time Greg was sure to pull them completely off. Now exposed, he was very aware of his position under Rodrick, and he attempted to twist away before he was pressed back down.

The wild look in Rodrick's eyes was electric as he positioned his knees either side of the smaller boy, and – with the right angle – positioned the head of his cock right on Greg's lips.

"Now are you going to suck it, or do you want a dry fuck?"

Greg shivered at the memory of the last time he had his brother this close to his mouth. But – that was because he'd been disobedient. In any case, a dry fuck sounded awful.

Without any choice, the younger Heffley parted his lips.

A part of Rodrick could not believe his own eyes at the sight of Greg – hot and flustered – taking the swollen length into his mouth willingly. The older brother thought for sure he'd have to force his way through Greg's small lips, but this was even better. He relished in his complete dominance of little Greg. The boy wanted him so bad; Rodrick could feel it in his tongue as he tasted his Master so obediently.

"Damnit… Greg… so good – good boy," Rodrick encouraged, spreading the lips wider as he pushed his cock deeper – unable to control himself as the warm, wet mouth enveloped him. "Get it nice and wet."
Poor Greg's eyes watered with effort not to gag as Rodrick slid further into his throat – stopping finally as Greg moved his tongue back and forth under his cruel dick. The sensation was so amazing Rodrick almost came right there – actually debating for a moment how much he'd love to see Greg choke and swallow all of him.

But, without another moment's notice, Rodrick pulled out – desperate to make good on his word and fuck Greg. It was time to make Greg understand once and for all what it meant to be his brother.

As he climbed off Greg's arms and lifted his legs, Rodrick was thankful for the medicine. Greg was unable to fight even if he wanted to as the wild teenager held both legs up and bent them to Greg's stomach. Ass exposed, Greg twisted with embarrassment. "W-what are you doing?"

But Rodrick wasn't going to let Greg play dumb. He gave an intentional prod to Greg's most sensitive area – the contact so deliciously forbidden Rodrick had to overcome the powerful desire to just rape this sexy bitch mercilessly. He resisted successfully; knowing it would already hurt for the younger brother the first time. Still, Rodrick really couldn't wait for the day Greg begged for his cock and could take a hard pounding.

Greg whined weakly as Rodrick aimed two fingers against his entrance. The sight of it was too unreal, everything pink and cute like a proper virgin but admittedly, very tight. Greg was so tense it was impossible to push in very far even with his fingers. Doing so elicited a scream.

"Shutup," Rodrick hissed, and Greg whimpered as he clamped his hands over his mouth in an effort to quiet himself – face twisted in pain as Rodrick pulled his fingers back slightly. "Get used to it; this hole is mine now, Greg. Got it?"

The wimp nodded as Rodrick picked up a rhythm – fingering the virgin without remorse; sliding his wet fingers in and out until finally Greg began to relax. Whether it was the medicine or not, the older teen didn't care. For the most part, Rodrick was unconcerned about taking his younger brother's virginity. He'd dreamed about it for too long that he'd become disconnected from any sort of empathy. The desire had consumed him so completely that he had lost reason.

This was it – within two weeks he'd been through all the bases with his brother, leading up to the big home run. This wasn't how he'd imagined it originally, but caught in Rodrick's unbreakable wicked gaze Greg didn't want it any other way.

"God you're such a fucking slut – you love this don't you?"

Rodrick's fingers twisted deeply inside of him. It was painful in a way that was slowly fading. He didn't think he loved it so much until Rodrick said so, then Greg noticed the way his body was adopting this rhythm Rodrick created; not surprising since his brother was a drummer after all.

"Look, you're so wet I think you're going to cum for me, just with my fingers," Rodrick continued, breaking his gaze for a moment to take in the satisfying sight of his job well done and Greg's leaking, teased cock. It was so embarrassing; having Rodrick look at him and talk like that just made him even hotter. This wasn't the effect he should be having on him but it felt too good to resist.

Overwhelmed, Greg thought he'd hit the point of no return before Rodrick's fingers slid out. He shot Greg a dark look before lining his tip against the younger boy's ass obscenely; both hands taking position holding Greg's thighs in place against his stomach.

Pushing forward slowly, the head of Rodrick's cock made Greg whine in pain – audible even with his hands still clasped over his mouth. He couldn't help it; it felt like he was being ripped in two; legs
numb compared to the agony of his stretched hole, but so worth it when Rodrick bent forward and silenced his scream with a kiss.

It wasn't gentle; a raw kind of reminder that Rodrick was losing control. Still, it infused Greg with desire - the electric little thrills running down his body with Rodrick's teasing tongue in his mouth; his hard-on uncomfortably sensitive for having his ass violated like this. How could it feel so good when it hurt so much?

Rodrick moaned against Greg's mouth, hips moving his stiff cock deeper slowly before he finally broke away to look once more.

"Mmm - you're pretty fucking tight for being such a slut. Open wider, Greg."

His hips gave a powerful thrust, disappearing at least another inch into his younger brother. Rodrick knew Greg would give another scream but loved the sound too much to silence it again.

"Aaahhn!"

Rodrick fought the urge to cum – it didn't help that Greg was so fucking tight and he was trembling on his cock with every movement. The feeling of filling Greg up was better than he'd ever imagined. It was one of the hardest things he had to do when he pulled out; although he wasn't deprived too long. Re-entering was easier this time, but Greg was too tight to handle even with only a few inches inside him.

As he quickened his pace, Rodrick obsessed at the thought he had the rest of his life to break Greg in properly.

The pain was becoming too much for Greg – he felt dizzy and sick with Rodrick so deep inside him. It was making his vision black around the edges. He struggled to look into Rodrick's eyes – blinking back tears from the pain as he found the dark eyes looking at him with a cruel sort of amusement.

These damn hot waves of pleasure kept intercepting the pain of Rodrick's twisting hips; they collected at his groin, tense and making Greg feel like he needed to touch himself or he was going to explode. He felt ashamed as he wrapped his hand around his leaking, teased cock – his warm hand igniting his pleasure to another level.

Rodrick enjoyed the show. "Yea, good boy - cum for me..." he groaned voice hot with need. "I'm going to cum too Greg, do you want it?"

"Uh-huhhh," Greg managed – delirious from the pleasure or the medicine – likely both. His back arched as he received another deep thrust from his brother; pain making the orgasm uncurl from the base of his cock. Rodrick had to cover Greg's mouth as he made hot, uncontrollable noises that filled the room, but it turned Rodrick on so much that he came too – holding Greg in place as his dick pulsed along the tight walls of Greg's hole.

The older brother groaned – overwhelmed by the sensation of fucking his little brother. Greg had never felt such pleasure; never knew it existed before it consumed him and made him lose his vision completely. In fact, as he lost himself to the force of his release – as he felt Rodrick cumming inside him – he lost consciousness at the final thought he'd be Rodrick's forever.

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