

## A Win-Win Situation

"You ruin *everything*. I wish you didn't exist!"

Words that'd cut deep, when my sister had shouted them at me.

It wasn't *my* fault her birthday cake got ruined! How was I supposed to know Mom would be carrying it into the room right at that moment? No warning, no heads up. Just *bam*. I'd bumped into her in the doorway, she'd stumbled forward while trying – and failing – to keep her balance. And *wham!* My bitchy sister's face got slammed with the birthday cake.

Totally not my fault!

I wouldn't even have been running if Suzy could take a joke! In a way, it was *her* fault. All I'd done was walk over to her, pretended to wish her a happy birthday, then turned around and farted in her face. A prank, that's all!

If she hadn't screamed at me, tried to hit me, I wouldn't have needed to run away.

So, when you consider all the facts, really it *was* her fault she got plastered in birthday cake. She could've avoided it so easily if she'd just had a sense of humour. Wasn't *my* fault she couldn't take being pranked.

And me laughing at the sight of her covered in cake...

I mean, who *wouldn't* laugh?

None of her 'besties' had, obviously. None of them had a sense of humour either. Probably why they were all friends in the first place. And Mom hadn't laughed, sure. But that's just because she was mortified about ruining the cake.

It was a hell of a sight, too!

See, my lil' sister Suzy is something of a... *show-off*. A good-looking girl with a pair of huge-ass tits. And she knows it. Always wearing low-cut tops that're impossibly tight on her body, squeezing those watermelons together so hard that it was a miracle they weren't constantly popping out to say 'hi'. Take a look at her on any ordinary day, and you'd see spaghetti string tops and bra straps struggling to not *snap* under the pressure Suzy's massive knockers were putting on them.

So, seeing those barely contained beachball boobies covered in thick frosting... Like I said, it was a *sight*.

And Suzy's pretty face plastered in that same frosting, chunks of cake glued to her head and hair. It was an image so beautiful, I couldn't help myself but to snap a few pictures.

Which – funnily enough – was the icing on the cake of Suzy's rage.

Seriously. The way she screamed and shouted like that... She *had* to be on her period or something.

And, of course, Mom showed her usual favouritism. Sent me to my room. Even got pissy when I tried reaching for a chunk of unspoiled cake. Like, *what*, I'm not allowed food now?

Heading up to my room, I heard Suzy's angry complaining behind me. Demanding Mom kick me out, that I was a waste of space, and a whole bunch of other hurtful stuff! I ignored it all, yawned as I climbed the stairs.

As soon as I was in my room, I raised a frosting-covered finger to my lips and had a nice taste.

It was good. Sweet.

Probably, I was willing to bet, the frosting filling the chasm between Suzy's mega tits tasted even better.

A shame I'd never get the chance to find out.

I jumped onto my bed. As soon as my head hit the pillow, I closed my eyes and drifted off to blissful slumber. Dreaming of motorboats and frosting.

When I woke, it was in an unfamiliar place.

It was my bedroom, for sure. The window and door were in the same place, the walls were all the same dimensions. But everything *in* the room? That was different.

Rather than faded wallpaper from my childhood, the walls were painted plain white. In place of my TV and game consoles, there was a desk and office chair. Where my drawers had been, now there were filing cabinets. And my bed was gone, replaced with a comfy sofa.

I looked around in confusion, blinking away my sleepiness.

Someone had turned my room into an office? But... why?

And *how*?

No fuckin' way I'd have slept through something like that. Someone coming in and replacing all the furniture; lifting me off my bed and dumping me on a sofa instead. Not a chance in Hell I wouldn't have woken up.

The fuck was going on?

Instinctively, I reached into my pocket for my phone. Which wasn't there. I looked down at myself.

Still wearing yesterday's clothes.

But, after a quick pat-down, I discovered my phone was missing. As was everything else I'd had in my pockets.

"The bitches drugged me!"

It was the only thing that made sense. Somehow, Suzy or Mom had roofied the birthday cake's frosting. Used it to knock me out and do all *this*. Never mind that none of that made sense either. It was the only thing I could come up with to explain not waking up.

I shot to my feet, barged out of my room.

It didn't take long to find Mom. Downstairs, cleaning up after the birthday party last night. Picking up deflated balloons and scraps of torn gift-wrapping paper. I was about to yell at her when I saw something *very* odd.

Suzy's birthday cake. Half-cut away, but very much in one piece. Definitely not the same cake that'd been ruined last night.

"Huh," I said, looking at Mom. "You made a spare?"

She didn't react to my words. Didn't acknowledge my presence at all. She continued to clean as if she hadn't heard me.

"Then what was all that *bitching* about?! If you had a spare all along..."

Still no reaction from her.

I scowled, took a step closer.

"Stop ignoring me," I told her.

No reaction.

"Bitch," I growled, taking another step closer. "I said *stop ignoring me*."

Still, she acted like she couldn't hear me.

"Fine," I snapped. "You want to play it that way? *Fine*."

I slapped her. Or, more accurately, I *spanked* her.

Slapped that phat ass of hers like I was swatting a fly.

Mom yelped, body flinching at the impact.

But she didn't stop cleaning. And she certainly didn't speak.

"This isn't funny," I said, an odd twisting in my chest. "Stop ignoring me, Mom. If you don't, I'll... I'll..."

She stood up straight then. Put her hands on her hips.

When she turned around, I thought it was to look at me. Scold me for spanking her and threaten to kick me out of the house. But her eyes passed over me like I didn't exist. She scanned the room with her eyes and nodded her head.

"That'll do for now," she said to herself. "Better get started on breakfast before Suzy

gets up.”

Suzy.

*I wish you didn't exist.*

No... No, that couldn't be it...

They were just playing a trick on me. Pranking me. They had to be. It was the only thing that made sense.

I waited in the kitchen as Mom made food, too baffled by what was going on to do much else. My mind wandered, trying to figure it out. And, for a short time, I zoned out.

Mom's shout snapped me right the fuck out of that.

She'd been standing right next to me, had all but screamed straight in my ear.

“Suzy! Breakfast's ready!”

I jerked away from her, covered my now-ringing ear.

“Bitch,” I spat at her.

She didn't seem to hear me, picking up two plates and carrying them into the dining room.

I followed her like some unseen ghost.

A minute later, she and Suzy were sat on opposite sides of the table, eating vegan pancakes as they chatted.

“So, what're the birthday girl's plans for today?” Mom asked with a smile. “Hanging out with friends again?”

“Mm'hm,” Suzy mumbled around her fork. “Shopping trip.”

“Don't go spending all your birthday money in one go,” Mom lectured softly. “Make sure you put a bit of it away too. It's always good to have a little cash saved away someplace safe.”

“I'm not gonna spend it all,” Suzy said with a roll of her eyes.

“No worries if she does,” I said, circling around the dinner table and stopping behind Mom. “If she runs out of money, she can always whore herself out. With a figure that slutty, she'll be making top-dollar in no time.”

When neither of them reacted to my words, I made my decision.

Either they were ignoring me, and I'd have to push things to the point that they'd *have* to stop. Or I really didn't exist for them, and I could do whatever the fuck I wanted.

I reached around the chair, started fondling Mom's big tits.

“Uh-huh,” Mom said with a smile. “Well, just as long as you're not getting into trouble or buying anything too silly...”

“When have I ever bought something silly?”

I released Mom's breasts, slid my hands under her armpits and lifted her up, pushed her forward. As I bent her over the dinner table, I made sure to kick her chair aside, get up right behind her.

“I can think of a few things,” Mom chuckled, oblivious.

“Like what?!”

I began tugging Mom's jeans down.

“Hmm...” Mom smiled. “The fluffy pink sleeping bag.”

“You said we were going camping!”

Down came her drenched panties. Curious. She couldn't have gotten this wet from just me fondling her tits, could she?

“I said we were going to be staying in the woods-”

“Same thing!”

“-in a cabin.”

“Nuh-uh! You left that part out.”

“No, I'm pretty sure I didn- *Aah!*”

My cock slid inside her like it belonged. Inch after inch gliding into her warm, wet opening. A wonderful feeling that had me thanking whatever god or devil was responsible

for this moment.

"Besides," Suzy huffed. "It came in handy, didn't it? Kept me warm and snug all that week!"

"Ooh- Only beca- *aah*," Mom moaned. "Because you... you... refused to sleep in your be- ahhh!"

"Doesn't count," Suzy said smugly. "It wasn't a silly purchase. I still have it in my room, too. Ready for the next time you decide to take us 'camping'."

It took Mom a few moments before speaking again. Between her moans, her body getting used to the sudden intrusion, and the rhythmic motions of me fucking her. After a minute or so, though, she started adapting.

"What about," Mom panted, her chest thumping on the table, shaking it, with every thrust. "That 'waterproof' camera you got?"

"Deceptive advertising!" Suzy grumbled. "There shouldn't be water and bubbles on the box if it isn't waterproof!"

She didn't seem at all aware that her plate was rattling, her fork practically bouncing atop it with my and Mom's motions. Nor was she aware that, just a few feet in front of her, her mother – the person she was talking to – was being fucked.

"This is fucking awesome," I laughed, eyes moving from the back of Mom's head to Suzy and her valley of cleavage.

Minutes later, after I'd spent myself inside Mom, I rounded the table and stopped beside my sexy sister.

"No," Suzy was saying, "she's still visiting her dad. Won't be back for a few more weeks, I think."

"That's a shame," Mom hummed. "Still, at least the two of you will have plenty to talk about when she gets back."

I took Suzy's head, turned it towards my deflated cock.

"I suppo-" She choked off as my cock entered her mouth "uth. Buth ah cath wah-"

"Don't talk with your mouth full, honey," Mom scolded.

Suzy rolled her eyes, gargled something incomprehensible around my cock.

Only as I was leaving the dining room a little while later did they 'comment' on the strange happenings.

"Mom," Suzy said, "you've got syrup and mashed pancake on your shirt."

"Oh? Oh my. How did that happen?"

Suzy shrugged.

"Did you have some more of your birthday cake?" Mom asked her.

"No," Suzy answered. "Not yet."

"How odd. You have a bit of white frosting on your chin."

The gaggle of girls chatted animatedly, sitting on a grassy slope in a public park. All around, people were walking dogs and having picnics and reading books, playing with kites and frisbees and footballs. Enjoying a lovely summer day.

None of them, not a single person, seemed to notice or care that I'd shoved Suzy to the ground and mounted her.

"It's so lovely today," Suzy said happily, stretching her arms out and basking in the sunlight.

Even as I pushed up her tank top and bra, exposed her massive tits to the world.

My cock was out a moment later, balls slapping Suzy's tummy as I got in position to titty-fuck her. I glanced around, checked to see if anyone cared. Me and Suzy were surrounded by a circle of her friends, all chatting about some vague plans for a big sleepover. I wasn't exactly paying attention.

Which was fine. They weren't paying attention to me or Suzy either.

"We can do it at my place," Suzy said as I slid my cock between her mountainous

mammaries. "My mom won't mind."

Sandwiching my cock between her tits, I started thrusting.

It was a dream come true.

I had to spit on Suzy's tits a few times, lubricate things up a lil' bit. But that just make the experience all the more enjoyable.

"Hey Suzy," I grunted. "How does it feel being your brother's fuckdoll?"

Of course, she didn't answer.

"This was what you wanted, right?" I grinned down at her oblivious expression. "I don't exist in your world. Exactly what you wished for. Guess birthday girl got her wish granted."

As I felt my orgasm building, I slowed down.

As much as I'd love cumming on Suzy's pretty face, seeing what benign reasoning she and her friends came up with to explain the sudden mess, I wanted something else a whole lot more.

"I didn't give you your birthday present yet," I said, shoving her tits aside.

As I climbed off her, Suzy began to sit up.

"No, no," I said, shoving her back down. "I'm not done with you yet, sis. Here, let me just..."

I spread her legs open, got in between them.

"Oh!" Suzy said happily, tilting her head to look at one of her friends. "That reminds me! You know that 'thing' that happened with Tessa and Mr Blake?"

I zoned out the conversation. Gossip and drama.

My only interest was the prize between Suzy's legs.

She yelped when I penetrated her.

But she didn't stop talking.

As I fucked her slow and steady, she breathed heavily – talked in a conspiratorial whisper with her friends. The occasional moan sounded from her lips, sharp gasps and erotic whimpers. All of which were ignored by her gossiping friends.

When I started increasing the pace, fucking her harder and faster, Suzy's speech became laboured. Much less clear.

Sloppy *slap, slap, slaps* filled the air around the group.

Suzy's sharp gasps cut through the conversation, but not once did they hinder it. Unaware, one and all, the bitches around us continued to chat and gossip and laugh.

When the time came for me to finish, I whipped my cock out of her and stood, chose one of her friends at random.

Strings of white shot out, splattered over a pretty girl's face and hair. And the girl continued to talk without hesitation. She didn't even stutter.

Grinning, I walked away. Counting my steps.

Six. Seven. Eight.

"Oh my god!" One of the girls half-screached. "Becky! I think a bird just shat on you!"

"What? No way!"

"Eww!" Suzy screeched.

Chaos descended on the group of girls as they squealed and bickered and tried to help Becky clean up the 'bird poo'.

"It's supposed to be good luck, right?" One of the girls said, trying to sound upbeat. "I heard that somewhere, I think..."

I couldn't help it. I barked out a laugh.

"Thanks sis," I chuckled as Suzy helped clean up her friend. "Who knew not existing could be so fun?"