

## Changing The Family

Something felt off.

I couldn't put my finger on exactly what it was, but something felt very wrong about this morning. I glanced around the table, searching for the source of my funny feeling.

Mom was standing by the kitchen stove, preparing breakfast for me and my sister. Her frame was plain, black hair falling down her back as she cooked up some sausages. She was wearing an old, worn apron – a neat ribbon tied over the small of her back holding it on. Below that ribbon, Mom was wearing a pair of tight jeans.

I pulled my eyes away from her ass, scolded myself for looking at her like that. She was my mother!

Instead, I looked towards my sister.

Miranda was, it must be said, a 'Plain Jane'. Like our mother, Miranda had dark hair – hers shorter than Mom's – and dull brown eyes. She was kinda cute, I guess. But no stunner. The kind of girl that blended in with a crowd, rather than standing out for being amazingly beautiful or dreadfully ugly. Small-chested, like Mom. Probably no bigger than a B-Cup.

I blinked, stared down at the table in front of me.

Why was I looking at Miranda's tits? Why had I stared at Mom's ass like that?

Again, the feeling that something was wrong returned.

I'd never lusted after either of them before. What was up with me today?

Finally, Mom finished cooking breakfast, brought two plates to the small kitchen table and set them down in front of me and Miranda. Sausage and beans and bacon and egg and tomato. A feast of a breakfast to fuel our brains for school.

As Mom walked back to the kitchen counter to fetch her own plate, I dug into my breakfast, devouring the bacon within heartbeats.

Mom came back with two plates, set them both down at the table and sat down in front of hers.

I froze, my breakfast forgotten.

Four. Why had Mom made breakfast for four?

Slowly, as if my brain were only just comprehending the girl's existence, I looked up from the fourth plate – saw the pretty redhead sat in front of it.

She smiled at me, a gleam in her eyes.

I opened my mouth to say something; to ask who she was, why she was here. But no words came out.

"Thank you, Mary," the redhead said, smiling at my mother, who blinked at the girl as if seeing her for the first time. "I'm sure it's delicious. Well, everything but the sausages. Those don't look appetizing at all, do they Miranda?"

My sister blinked, looked up from her food. Her gaze fell on the redhead for the first time, eyes widening slightly.

"Uh," Miranda said, confusion clear in her voice. "I'm not sure..."

"The only sausage here that's worth eating," the redhead continued, eyes drifting over to me, down at my body, "is Steve's. Don't you agree Miranda, Mary?"

Both my sister and mother looked at me, their eyes unfocussed.

"Yes," both said in unison.

"Well what are you waiting for?" The girl asked, never taking her eyes off me. "It's breakfast. Eat Steve's sausage. I'm sure he won't mind."

Chairs creaked as Mom and Miranda got out of their chairs, climbed under the table and out of sight. A second later, I felt tugging on my jeans. Slowly, they were pulled down, my boxers following a moment after. Fingers wrapped around the base of my cock, warm air tickling its length – breath from either Miranda or Mom's mouth. My cock reacted instantly.

"Who-" I began, intending to ask the girl who she was and what she was doing, why she was doing it.

The question was cut off when a warm, wet sensation engulfed over my cock. Lips, a tongue. Pressure tickled it as someone began sucking. Was that Mom, or Miranda? I couldn't look down, couldn't turn my attention away from the redhead.

"Eat up," the girl said, smiling sweetly. "A growing boy needs to eat all his breakfast if he wants to become a big, strong man."

My hand moved, fork spearing the sausage on my plate. I raised it to my lips, resumed eating my breakfast.

Under the table, the mouth removed itself from my cock. A sudden shiver of cool morning air brushed my saliva-coated dick before another pair of lips wrapped around it.

"My name is Gisele," the girl said, eating from the plate in front of her. "And I am, as of now, your owner. You, your sister and your mother belong to me. You'll do anything and everything I want you to, and you'll love every second of it."

The soft sound of gagged choking reverberated through the small kitchen. I groaned, felt the pressure building.

Whichever one of them was sucking me had stopped, spat out my cock. Now both my mother and sister were kissing up and down the length in unison.

"Don't go cumming now," Gisele smiled. "Not yet, at least."

I dropped my fork, closed my eyes. The sensations – the soft pecking, the gentle lips caressing my cock – were almost too much to handle. I had to concentrate, hold back.

"Girls," Gisele said, tapping the wooden surface of the table. "I think you've prepared your breakfast enough. Come on out from under there, please."

Prepared? What did she mean by *that*?

Both Mom and Miranda emerged from under the table, red-faced and panting, saliva on their lips and chins.

"Take your clothes off," Gisele commanded.

Both my mother and sister began stripping and, to my surprise, my own hands began moving – pulling off my shirt. Within a few moments, Miranda and Mom were down to just their bras and panties.

Across the table from me, Gisele tutted.

"We're going to have to get new underwear for both of you," the redhead said softly – more to herself than anyone else. "Boring bras and panties. That won't do at all."

A few seconds later, bra and panties were discarded and forgotten.

I stared at Miranda and Mom, my mouth hanging open.

Four pink nipples stood out, drawing in my gaze. Mom and Miranda's pale, goose-prickled skin looked smooth and soft. Gentle. I wanted to stand up, fondle both of them. Instead, my eyes drifted downwards.

Mom was hairy.

Miranda was shaved smooth.

Both of them were visibly wet.

"Which one would you like to lose your virginity to, Steve?"

Gisele's words shot through my like electricity.

She wanted me to fuck them? She wanted me to *choose*?

"I," my mind ground to a halt, thoughts filled with the sight before me. Mom and Miranda, naked, wet. Waiting for me to pick one. "I don't-"

Gisele giggled.

"Don't worry," she purred. "I'll choose for you."

I glanced at her, eyes wide.

The redhead pursed her lips, put a slender finger on her own chin and faked a look of thoughtfulness. I could see it in her eyes, she knew exactly what she wanted to happen – what she was going to make happen. She'd planned this all. Every word, every action.

Why? Who was this girl?

"Miranda," Gisele grinned. "It's only fitting that brother and sister lose their virginities together, isn't it? Go ahead, Miranda, give your brother his first ride."

My sister nodded, rounded the table to where I sat. She climbed onto my lap, straddled my waist.

With clumsy fingers, she reached between my legs, took hold of my cock. She lifted herself up, refusing to look me in the eye, a pink blush on her freckled cheeks.

Then she lowered herself.

Warmth. That single sensation filled my mind. Warm. It felt so comfortably warm, pleasant and snug and perfect. A bead of lady-juice dribbled down my cock, tickling over my balls.

The world seemed to freeze and fade away. Nothing else mattered in that momentary sensation of warmth.

Then my sister moaned my name.

"Steve," she gasped, her pussy sinking lower down my shaft.

My sister's pussy. Miranda. My sister.

I knew I should have been disgusted, horrified. Some part deep inside me knew I should push her off, attack Gisele. But I didn't.

My hands wrapped around my sister's body, my hips thrusting hard and fast.

Animal instincts took over.

Miranda gasped, bounced on my lap. I sank my teeth into her shoulder, gripped her body as my cock rammed her insides over and over again.

"Easy there champ," Gisele said over her fork and a mouthful of breakfast. "Leave some for Mom. It would be very rude of your son to wear himself out before you get a chance to ride him, wouldn't it Mary?"

"Yes," my mother answered.

"Fuck me," Miranda moaned into my ear. "More. Harder!"

Soon, much sooner than I'd like to admit, I came. Spurt after spurt of cum shot deep inside Miranda, pumping her full. She held on to me, refused to climb off as I filled her up.

Across the table, Gisele giggled.

When I was done cumming, Miranda climbed off me, stood aside as Mom took her place.

Somehow, I was still hard.

My mother took hold of my cock, guided it inside herself with a gentle sigh of satisfaction. Unlike my sister, there was nothing clumsy or awkward about the way Mom rode me.

"Enjoying yourself there, Steve?" Gisele asked, though it didn't sound like she expecting me to answer. "I hope so, because this is your life from now on."

Mom leaned forward and kissed me, nibbled on my lower lip.

"Your mother is going to sell this house and everything else you own," Gisele continued. "And you three are going to leave town and come with me. And you'll stay with me, forever. Isn't that right Mary?"

"Yes," my mother panted. "Oh yes!"

"Life is about to change for you in ways you've never imagined, Steve. And you're going to *love* it."

### **~One Year Later~**

The car engine rumbled softly, faint vibrations trembling underneath me. Mom was in the driver's seat, eyes on the road ahead. Her belly had grown considerably the last few months. Just a few more weeks and she'd be ready to give birth.

Gisele sat in the passenger seat, humming softly. She had a map in her hands, deciding where to go next. We never stayed in the same place too long. But that was okay. Who needed a house, anyway? As long as you had family with you, your home was wherever you were.

As we rolled over a bump in the road, Miranda gasped.

My cock twitched inside her. My left hand was on one of her huge new tits, my right hand on her pregnant belly. She bounced up and down, bleach-blond hair falling down her shoulders.

Both Mom and Miranda had new looks – gifted to them by Gisele.

Gone were the B-Cups and plain bodies. Now both had full, natural G-Cups. Ridiculously huge titties for me to play with and suckle on. Pregnancy had brought with it the gift of sweet titty-milk. They were slender – save for the pregnancy – and fit. Hott bodies for hott girls.

Black hair had been replaced with blonde. Their faces changed ever so slightly – fuller lips, rosier cheeks. They wore more make-up than they used to, though they needed it far less.

And, as Gisele had put it, their sexualities had been 'awakened'. Or, to put it another way, she'd turned both my mother and sister into giant, cock-hungry sluts.

Not that I was complaining.

No, my life was pretty fucking great. I wouldn't change it for the world.

I still didn't know who Gisele was, or why she'd done what she had – why she stayed and guided us. I didn't know what her motives were, what she wanted. I didn't know anything at all about her, really, even after all this time.

But that didn't matter.

The redhead had given me something I hadn't even known I'd wanted – two pussies to breed. My sister and mother. My sluts. Soon to be the mothers of my children. I couldn't have asked for more from life.

Miranda swayed her hips, teased my cock with her body.

I laughed, leaned in and kissed her.

Over in the front passenger seat, I could feel Gisele's wide, knowing smile.