

Home Life Maxim

Amazing how quickly life can change.

One day, I was just your average guy. Regular school life, video games in my free time, the occasional family event – weddings and birthdays and funerals and the like. The most exciting things ever got at home was the one Saturday every month when Mom would order in some spicy food. Chicken wings and a variety of mouth-burning sauces.

Then, *it* happened. The solar eclipse. Or *a* solar eclipse, at least. There are like several a year or something, right? I have no idea. All I know is *this* one changed my life forever.

In my defence, I didn't know there was even meant to be an eclipse.

I'd been at home, staring out my window – not even looking at the sky really. I'd been lost in my own thoughts, fantasies about girls I knew. You know, regular guy stuff. By my eyes were facing skyward when it happened – the moon crossing into the sun's light.

You know that thing people say? Don't look at the sun directly, and don't ever stare at an eclipse without eye protection shit?

Yeah. Guess what me, a dipshit, went and did.

Again, in my defence, I hadn't been expecting it. I'd been too surprised by it happening to really think or realise I wasn't *supposed* to look directly at the eclipse.

I was, in a way, mesmerised.

Transfixed by the beauty of it all. Not thinking about anything else in that moment, not feeling anything else.

And then my eyes began to burn.

Not like literally catching fire or anything. But it *felt* like they were on fire.

I screamed as the eclipse ended, blinded by the shifting light – my irises scorched by the sudden brightness. I remember collapsing onto the floor, clutching my eye sockets as I screamed and writhed in agony.

And, of course, no-one was home to hear my distress and come to my aid.

I had no idea how long it lasted. It felt like a lifetime. Probably, though, it was only a few seconds. Eventually, the pain faded and I stopped screaming. Before the eclipse, I'd been wide awake – if lost in my fantasies. After it, I was so exhausted I fell asleep right there on the floor.

The thing that woke me up wasn't a loving, caring embrace. Wasn't my mother or sister worrying over me, shaking me with panic in their eyes. I wasn't so lucky as to have a functional, loving home.

No, what woke me up was a loud bashing on my bedroom door.

"Hey shit-for-brains," my sister's voice said from the other side of the door, "Mom says food's here. Stop jacking off and come downstairs before she starts bitching again."

Yup. That's about as loving and caring as my family ever got.

I blinked my eyes open, genuinely surprised that I wasn't actually blind. As I glanced about my room, . Clutched my aching head, my eyes came into focus.

And, somehow, they were *sharper* than ever.

I was seeing details that I'd never have been able to notice before. Scratches and scuffs on the walls, tiny particles of dust drifting in the air. Eyes wide, I swear I could almost see my sister on the other side of the door. *Through* the wood.

I blinked and the after-image of Maxine disappeared.

With the ache in my head, my eyes acting so strangely, I figured I'd just imagined it.

"Coming," I groaned.

"Oh my god," my sister cackled on the other side of the door. "You're *actually* jacking off, aren't you?"

Ignoring her, I rose shakily to my feet. By the time I'd opened my bedroom door,

Maxine was gone. Sighing, trying to ignore the throbbing inside my skull, I made my way to the house's dining room.

Had they always been so beautiful?

My mother and sister. I'd always known they were attractive, that's not something a guy my age can really ignore. But I'd never really *appreciated* just how amazingly hott they were until that moment.

Mom was a business woman. Dressed up in a professional woman's suit – grey pencil skirt and neat, white blouse and high-heels – with modest make-up and a chaste, tied-back hairstyle. I'd always seen her as an attractive woman, known that she was exactly the type of woman my friends would call a 'milf'. I'd always been aware that she was good-looking. I'd just never truly *seen* it myself. Not until that moment.

Dark brown hair, neat and perfect just like the rest of her. Pale skin and red lips, chocolate eyes with only the slightest hint of tired shadows around them. No wrinkles or laugh-lines, no blemishes on her skin. And her body... It was not the figure anyone would expect from a two-time mother. Or even the body of an office-working woman. No, my mother's body resembled more what you'd seen in a porn actress than on a normal woman.

An hourglass. Stacked in the chest, round in the ass. Her tits were so huge that they strained her blouse, her bubble-butt so round and amazing that I could barely pull my eyes away from them as I stepped into the dining room.

She was leaning over the dining table, organising boxes of Chinese take-away as Maxine gossiped about school.

Maxine. My sister. The bratty bitch that always had something petty to say. How had I never realised how oh-so-fuckable my big sister was?

And when I say 'big' sister, I mean 'big in all the right places' sister. Her tits were even bigger than Mom's. Two gigantic melons that Maxine barely bothered to hide. She was in a pink tank top, white bra visible underneath it. If Mom had melons, Maxine's were full-grown watermelons that she seemed totally fine with showing off in a skimpy top.

Brown hair, like our mother, though a lighter shade. Hazel eyes. And full, cock-sucking lips. The type of lips you can't help but imagine a cock around when you looked at them.

For the first time in my life, I found myself getting hard at the sight of the two of them. My mother and sister.

"Well?" Mom asked, turning from the table to look at me as I entered. "What are you-"

She froze mid sentence, eyes widening as she looked into mine.

And, in that moment, we were connected.

It was like an invisible string stretched out from my eyes to hers, binding us together. Or no, not a string. A leash. A chain. In that one moment of her staring into my eyes, without me ever intending it, my mother's will and freedom broke. Snapped like a twig. And somehow I knew. Knew that she was mine. Completely and utterly. A slave to my every whim.

"Mom-" I couldn't keep the stutter from my voice. "I- I'm sorry."

But it was already too late. It was done and couldn't be undone. I could no more give my mother her free will back than I could turn the sun off.

"Sorry for what, dear?" Mom smiled.

"N- nothing."

For the first few days. Everything was normal. I avoided looking anyone else in the eye, did my best to avoid Mom and Maxine. Before a week had gone by, though. I caved to temptation. I had Mom call in to my school, tell them I was sick. I didn't want to go, simple

as that. And, as soon as I gave Mom the command, she obeyed.

She was still her. She still went to work, still focused more on her career than her family. Mom was no different than she had been before.

It was only when I gave her an order that her behaviour changed.

Clean my room for me? She'd smile and obeyed without question. Buy me a video game? The same smile and unquestioning obedience. Let me stay up as long as I wanted at night? Smile and nod and accept.

And, of course, it was only a matter of time before I caved to *other* temptations.

Frankly, I think it's impressive and praise-worthy that I managed to go a full three weeks before I had Mom give me my first ever blow-job. And, even more amazing was the fact I managed to hold out an entire *four days* after that until I lost my virginity to her.

I watched the clock with annoyance.

Another hour before Mom arrived home. Which meant another hour before I could have sex with her again. Why did she have to work such long hours? Why couldn't she be home more?

I knew I could change that. A simple command from me and she'd quit her job in a heartbeat. But that didn't seem fair.

Tick, tock. Tick, tock.

Did time always move this slowly? No, it couldn't.

An hour. What was I supposed to do for the next *hour*?

A wicked thought blossomed in my mind – I'd been getting those more and more these days.

Maxine was home.

I could always fuck her instead.

Until now, I'd held back on that desire. For as much of a bitch as my sister was, I didn't want to abuse her like that. I was pretty sure she was still a virgin. She'd never publicly had a boyfriend, at least. To have that taken away by her brother? Would I really be willing to do that to her?

No. As much as I'd already done with Mom, there were still lines I refused to cross. I wouldn't take my sister's virginity.

Still, that wicked part of my mind whispered, I didn't *need* to pop Maxine's cherry. I could always use her mouth.

Tempting. Almost too tempting. But I still had enough willpower to stop myself. At least for a good twenty minutes.

I went in search of Maxine.

Not in her bedroom, which wasn't too surprising. Not in the living room watching TV, a bit more surprising. Not in the kitchen fetching a snack. I was about the throw in the towel with the assumption that she'd gone out when I heard her high-pitched voice cutting through the air.

"He's such a fucking nerd," she said loudly. "Spends all day in his room playing games and jerking off. And he's been acting really weird around our Mom too. Bet he has a picture of her that he jerks it too. Fucking gross."

Her voice was coming from outside. Our back yard.

"God, I hope not," she said as I slipped through the back door. "But I wouldn't put it past him. I swear, if he steals any of my underwear, I'll call the police. I don't want my perv little brother jacking off with my-"

She froze when she saw me.

Sunbathing, wearing a skimpy little bikini. She had a phone in one hand held up to her ear.

"Speak of the loser," Maxine grinned as she spoke. "Yeah, he just came outside. Probably come to perv on me again. One sec, I'll call you back later."

Perv on her *again*? I'd *never* perved on her in my *life*.

Hell, I'd been doing everything possible *not* to be a pervert around her. Especially with the power I had. It'd be so easy to-

"Fuck off, perv," my sister growled at me. "Unless you want me to tell Mom that-"

Whatever threat Maxine was about to make died in her throat.

Our eyes had met.

"I didn't want to fuck you," I told her, knowing that nothing I said would ever put her off. I could say anything, and she'd still obey me happily. Just like Mom. "Well, I *did* want to fuck you. I *do* want to fuck you. I was just holding back. I didn't want your first time to be with the brother you hate so much. You are a virgin, aren't you Maxine?"

My sister nodded her head quickly, eager to obey – to answer my question. A pleasant, oblivious smile spread her lips.

"I still don't want that," I told her. "No, I do *want* it. But I won't take it. Not your cherry, at least."

I walked forward towards her, my wicked mind feeding me wicked ideas. My eyes bore into hers. I could do anything I wanted. *Anything*. I wouldn't pop Maxine's cherry, not yet at least. Not while I still possessed some small degree of restraint.

But that didn't mean I couldn't still fuck her, did it?

"Lube up my cock with your sunscreen," I commanded my sister with a smirk. "You're gonna want it nice and slick for what comes next."

I might not be willing to deflower my sister, to take her sweet little cunt for a ride. I might still have that much willpower left in me. But there was more than one hole down there I could fuck.

I hadn't used Mom's ass-hole yet. So, in a way, it'd be a first time for both me *and* Maxine.

My first time having anal sex. Her first time having sex of *any* kind.

And who knew. Maybe, once I was done stretching her little butt-hole wide open and filling it with my cum, Maxine might be a little more open-minded when it came to my new-found perversions.