

The Broadcast

"Pass the remote," my sister told me, holding out her hand expectantly. "It's my turn to pick a film."

The credits had barely started rolling, and she was *already* back to annoying me. Great.

"There are after-credits scenes," I said, glancing away from her.

"Like I care." As if to illustrate her point, she jabbed her hand out, tried to snatch the TV remote right out of my hands. "Give it to me!"

"Jesus, Emma," I grumbled, my grip on the remote tightening. "Stop acting like such a child. You're *eighteen*. I'll give you the remote when my film is over."

"It *is* over," she complained.

And, predictably, she turned to our mother for support.

"Moooom," Emma whined. "Ed isn't giving me the remote."

"Give your sister the remote, Ed," our mother's annoyed voice replied. "You've had your turn, now it's Emma's."

Again, Emma snatched a hand out and, this time, I let her take the TV remote away from me. She grinned victoriously, poked her tongue out at me like she was five years old, then strutted back over to her seat and began searching through movies to put on.

If I knew my sister, she'd pick something she knew I wouldn't like, just to annoy me. Fucking brat.

A couple of years ago, I'd have been able to brush aside my sister's bitchy attitude. Back then it'd still been annoying, but at least I'd had the hope that she'd grow out of it. Now, I had no such hope. My sister was a brat, and she'd always *be* a brat.

Such a shame, too. With how attractive my sister was - an angelic face and a killer body - it was such a waste that her personality was dog-shit.

Eventually, Emma settled on some boring-ass romance film for us to watch. A slow, bland, uninteresting love-story that included all the usual nonsense; a love triangle, a wealthy love-interest, a 'plain' girl that was anything but. It was the type of film you knew the ending to even before the story actually began.

Awesome. I love spending Saturday nights watching shit films with my bratty sister and our indifferent mother.

I really, *really* needed an excuse to get out of the house.

The film was so dull, so hollow, that I couldn't even focus on it. Instead, my eyes wandered to where my sister and mother sat together on the sofa. Mother leaning back, sipping wine, and no doubt wondering where her life went wrong. Sister curled up on the sofa with her head on the armrest. From my armchair seat, I had an amazing view of Emma's body.

A bubble-butt and watermelon-sized tits on an otherwise thin body. Cartoon proportions on a real, actual girl. And all natural too, no implants or anything.

And, of course, Emma *knew* she had a killer body.

Why else would she wear such skimpy clothes? Short-shorts and a fishnet t-shirt. Her babydoll-blue bra, and her ample cleavage, were on full display under that revealing t-shirt. And, even better, it looked like her bra was straining and struggling to keep her humongous tits in. It looked like, at any moment, those melons might explode out of their confines - and my eyes wanted to be there when it happened.

"What the fuck?" Emma said and, for a heartbeat, I thought I'd been caught staring. "What's wrong with the TV?!"

I blinked, followed my sister's gaze and saw the screen had frozen. Knowing Emma, she'd probably pressed the pause button by accident or something. I was opening my mouth to tell her just that when the TV went completely black.

"Mooom!" Came an instant whine from Emma. "Ed's broken the TV!"

What!?

"Ed!" Our mother barked. "What've you done? Fix the TV at once!"

Before I could defend myself, the TV turned itself back on.

"This is an emergency broadcast," a voice said. A man in a suit, sat behind a news anchor's desk. "I repeat, this is an *emergency* broadcast."

"The fuck," my sister growled, glaring at the TV. "What happened to the film?"

A wave of static crossed the TV screen, blurring the news anchor momentarily.

"Under orders from-" a loud, static buzz cut off what the news anchor was saying. The TV screen flashed a rainbow of colours before retuning right back to that man. "-indoors until otherwise stated. Repeat, civilians are to stay indoors until otherwise stated. This is not a drill."

The screen froze, the image of the man – mouth open – remaining in place as a new, deeper voice spoke.

What the other voice said, I couldn't quite make out. The voice was so deep, so cutting, that it seemed to exist at some point below human ears were capable of hearing.

"Mom?" Emma's voice rang out, uncharacteristically soft and timid and shaky. "What's going on?"

The second voice finished talking.

And then the screen went black again.

A wave of nausea washed over me. My brain felt like it'd been rolling around the inside my skull. My head ached, nowhere more so than the spot right between my eyes.

When the TV turned itself back on, Emma's film resumed playing.

And, in a daze, me and my family watched it through to the end without uttering a single word about what'd just happened. All of us, for some reason, pretending like that strange broadcast had never happened.

"I think I'm gonna call it a night," I said as soon as Emma's film ended. "Feeling kinda tired all of a sudden."

"Ugh," Emma groaned, rolling her eyes. "*Fine.*"

She rose from her seat as I did, followed me out of the room and upstairs. When I stepped into the bathroom, she followed behind me a second later. Something felt odd about that, but I couldn't quite figure out what exactly it was.

I walked to the toilet, stood in front of it.

And, dutifully, Emma walked to my side and slid down onto her knees, began unbuckling my belt. She held my cock in place as I pissed, my head leaned back while I thought about the strange feelings I was getting.

Why did I feel like something was wrong?

I shook my head, shrugged. Probably nothing. Just tired.

When I was done peeing, my sister used some toilet paper to clean any excess urine from my cock's tip. Then, slowly, she leaned towards and and began to lick around my cock's head.

The sensation was pleasant, to say the least. A warm, tingling pleasure where the tip of my sister's tongue met my skin.

Tomorrow was Sunday, I thought to myself. What should I spend the day doing? Most Sundays, I stayed at home and rested, played video games or something. But, for whatever reason, I felt like doing something different this week. Maybe go to the park, take Emma with me. Have a nice day out.

Emma worked her tongue around my cock methodically, teasing me while slathering my cock with her saliva. Cleaning me, like a sister should.

"Hey," I said, glancing down at her. "Wanna hang out tomorrow?"

She glared up at me.

"Who'd want to hang out with *you*?" She growled, tongue beginning to move up and

down my length.

"I was thinking we should go to the park or something, get out of the house. Why do you have to be such a brat all the time?"

Again, she glared at me. This time, though, she couldn't reply with some snarky comment. She opened her mouth, spread her lips around my cock and began lowering her face onto it.

"Tell you what," I said, closing my eyes and enjoying the feel of Emma's mouth around my cock. "How about you try acting like you're not an annoying brat tomorrow, and I'll be nice and get you some new clothes. Deal?"

Emma paused in her blowjob long enough to look up at me through narrowed eyes. She nodded her head, my cock still in her mouth, then continued with her task.

"Good," I smiled. My sister *not* being a brat? *That'd* be new. "Good..."

I walked down an aisle of bras and panties and thongs and lingerie and night-wear, eyes roaming the shelves for something nice. I didn't quite know my sister's sizes, but it wouldn't matter if I got her something a bit too small for her. Wasn't like she'd be wearing it for long anyway.

She followed behind me, a too-sweet smile on her face.

No doubt, as soon as I got her what she wanted, she'd start acting bratty and bitchy again. Still, the niceness – even if it was faked – was pleasant. Much better than how Emma *usually* acted.

Today, she – like most of the women I'd seen – had decided to sport an 'undies only' look. Wearing a black bra, white panties, socks and shoes. A new style, but one it seemed like practically every woman had decided to go with at the same time. Lots of eye-candy to go around. Though, my luck being what it was, all the good-looking chicks had already been claimed by someone.

Not that I really *wanted* to claim another pussy. I already had Emma, and she was more than enough for me – for now, at least.

"How about this one?" I said, picking up a matching set of bra and panties. Cute and white, with orange frills. "The bra looks a bit small, but it'll make your tits look great."

"Eww," Emma said, eyeing me as if I'd said something weird. "I'm your sister, don't talk about my boobs like that."

I rolled my eyes at her. So much for her not being a brat today.

Without warning, I reached my right hand out, grabbed one of my sister's tits and squeezed. She winced, but didn't pull away or stop me. Just stood there, glaring at me.

"What?" I smiled at her. "I can grope and play with your big tits, but I can't *talk* about them? Do you have any idea how silly that sounds? Next thing you'll be saying is I can't talk about your tight cunt, even though I'm allowed to fuck it any time I want."

Emma's face went red.

"You- you're only allowed to do that 'cause you claimed me before anyone else could. It's not like I *want* to be my brother's slut. Who'd want to be owned by a *loser* like you?"

I frowned.

Something felt off again. Wrong.

What *was* it?

I shook my head, pushed the odd feeling away. Then, firmly, I took my sister's hand and led her to one of the store's changing rooms. She complained and bitched all the way there, but when I told her to put her hands on the changing room's wall and bend over, she did just that.

"You should consider yourself lucky," I told my sister, lowering my pants. "There are a lot of freaks in the world. A lot of bad guys. You're fortunate that it's *me* who claimed you and not one of *them*. At least this way, you belong to someone who actually gives a shit

about you – despite the fact that you're a giant brat.”

Emma huffed, pretended not to have heard me.

When she felt my cock press against her opening, she tensed. And, slowly, I began to spread her open.

Even with how much of a bratty bitch she was, Emma couldn't hide her arousal. Liquid dripped down from between her legs, a testament to how much she needed to be fucked. She panted softly, moved her hips in time with my thrusts. And, try as she might to pretend otherwise, she gasped and moaned in pure, sexual pleasure.

As I fucked her, she bucked back into me – took her brother's cock and wordlessly begged for more.

I reached under her, fondled her huge, hanging breasts.

“You really do have nice tits, sis,” I whispered into her ear as she moaned and panted. “The best tits I've ever seen, for sure.”

I knew she wanted to retort, to call me names or bitch about how she didn't care what I thought, that she'd rather I was someone else. But, in that moment, she couldn't. She was too lost in the moment, too consumed by pleasure to lie about how I wasn't good enough for her.

I laughed, tapped her ass as she fucked my cock like her life depended on it.

Her moaning, soft voice, I decided, was far more enjoyable to listen to than it was when she was being a brat. From now on, I'd have to make sure I heard more of *this* than *that*.