

Sibling Rivalry

(Futa on Male domination/Incest)

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Preface

Author note: This erotic series contains explicit Futa on male incest and domination scenes, and is intended for adult audiences only. All characters are over the age of 18.

(Please remember to love and support the LGBTQ+ community, privately and publicly if possible.)

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Sibling Rivalry

“No way, I’d totally crush you.”

“BULLSHIT.”

“Are you freakin’ SERIOUS?!”

“You wouldn’t even last ten seconds on that thing.”

“Okay, you’re going DOWN!”

One chafed pair of black doc martins, and another tattered pair of trainers sprinted to the dance machine as two cleaner pairs followed, the owners of the latter sighing.

“Who do you think is gonna win this time?” Sherry grumbled.

“Who cares,” Mohideen responded, watching the endless brother and sister saga continue as the figures in front jumped on and began stomping on the arrows beneath them, hoodies flailing as ugly euro-pop blared from the machine.

It had always been like this between Evan and Rosey; ever since they were kids, bitterly inseparable and always competing. Skateboarding, sports, volume, attention.... Whatever it was, they had to fight over it.

Evan wiped some of the long dark hairs from his face as he flung his hoodie aside, revealing a small but toned frame, skinny-ripped whenever he took his baggy ironic shirts off which was rarely. Tracksuit bottoms filled with a plump lady’s butt completed the ensemble, and if it wasn’t for slim features and pretty eyes he might have been completely ignored by girls due to his five-foot-two frame; unfortunately the attention he did get was girls offering to put makeup on him, a concept that he detested with a passion. Perhaps he would have to cut his long curtain of hair and go short back and sides...

A droplet of sweat stung his eyes as the girl next to him grinned and shouted.

“You getting tired already!?!?”

“NO, you’re just scared because I’m... so..... much BETTER than you...!”

The fear on his face said otherwise. He used to beat Rosey in their youth.... But then the growth spurt had happened, and the tables had turned.

Rosey slammed her feet down, all six-foot-one of her skinny white-girl frame doing its best to propel her to victory. She had slightly boyish proportions in the way her hips weren’t so thick, her chest covered by a punk t-shirt (although the growing

swells were becoming impossible to miss even under the sports bras she frequently wore to flatten them), and she accentuated her more gender-fluid look with short hair curved to one side with the other shaved, and a nose stud. Despite her best efforts she was stunningly pretty, an elven pointed chin and smoky eyes undoing her attempts at going unnoticed, beautiful enough to be cast in a twilight film although she did her damndest to avoid being seen as 'girly', the only form fitting thing she wore a pair of ripped skinny jeans. The beany on her head further enhanced the boyish look.

“YOU’RE GOING DOWN!” She screeched with glee.

Evan’s face began to flush from the exertion of keeping up, refusing to believe the inevitable.

“No... *Chance...*” he panted, but his legs were stiffening, the lactic acid burning as he staggered.

“YESS!” Rosey cawed, spurred on by the angry buzzer sounds emanating from his machine as he began to lose control. A few seconds later and it was over. Rosey’s screen lit up with rainbow colours as she jumped wildly.

“YYEAAHHHH!”

Within seconds she was fronting up to Evan and nudging him with her shoulders and knees, fighting language for anyone other than family.

“Who’s the best Huh?! Who’s the BEST!”

“F’ckoff!” he grumbled, shoving her away, but her body was stronger than his, and she even pushed him off balance, grinning the whole time.

“Awwww did LITTLE BRO get tiiiiirreeeeddd!?!?”

“It’s a RUBBISH GAME ANYWAY!!”

Mohideen and Sherry both traipsed over before the scene devolved into a brawl, bored of the constant bickering.

“Wanna get something to eat?”

“Pizza.”

“Burgers.”

“PIZZA.”

“BURGERS!”

“I FREAKIN WON, SO IT’S PIZZA!”

Mohideen and Sherry sighed as the volume of the pair increased until people from all over were staring incredulously.

“God leave them. Let’s just get noodles,” she sighed, walking away from the pair.

The cool spring air nipped at their faces as they stood on their front porch, the lights in the neighbour’s houses just flicking on, a bruised orange dusk sunset framing their Mother’s shrewd expression.

“Now you two, there won’t be ANY parties here, understand?”

“Yes.”

“Yeah Mom.”

“And PLEASE don’t spend all your time on that game of yours.....”

“Nope.”

“We would *never*....”

A horn honk from the car already halfway out of the driveway was accompanied by silent gesticulating from their father in the driving seat, already frustrated that their journey had been sidetracked by nearly thirty seconds. Their mom shushed him with a glare before continuing.

“You’re eighteen and twenty now. I expect you to behave like adults.”

“Sure.”

“No problem-o.”

The siblings smiled sweetly as their mother eyed them with an unimpressed sigh. She knew as well as they did that they would be doing anything and everything, but it felt like a routine at this point to at least make them aware she did not approve.

“Well... have fun, and your father and I will see you all in a week.”

“Have fun in Europe!”

“Yeah, bring back loads of stuff-“

Rosey kicked him in the shin.

“OW.. I-I mean have a good time!”

They kept the beaming smiles on their faces all the way down the driveway as they followed the car’s path down, before it finally reached the road and sailed serenely into the distance, the streetlights seemingly coordinating to a tee, illuminating their path at the perfect moment.

The moment the car turned out of sight, they turned to each other, fronting up like a boxing contest.

“Slam-Dunk 17?” Rosey asked.

“Slam-Dunk 17,” Evan agreed.

They raced each other back into the gorgeous three-story mansion with American flags fluttering outside, shoving each other all the way up the stairs to the cinema room with the games consoles inside. Rosey forced her way inside first, a quick “too slow!” earning her a middle finger from Evan as she slowed down to a crawl and picked out the Slam-Dunk 17 disk like it was made of gold.

They’d played it non-stop when they were younger, and had even had to plead with their parents to allow them to continue after huge rows and fights inevitably sprouting from someone celebrating a dunk too zestfully, often by literally dunking on them in real life (once with an actual basketball which broke some rather expensive items in the house and got the game confiscated for a whole month). The game never gained popularity due to lack of rights for real NBA teams, but for one glorious summer (and many summers after), the most brutal dunks and posterising moves were inflicted on one another.

The lights fell to a cinematic orange glow as Evan adjusted them from a remote, and Rosey placed the disk into the console which whirred to life.

“Ok, you can’t play as the LA Yellows...”

“Well then you can’t play as the Boston Greens!”

“The Boston Greens are two points lower than the yellows!”

They grabbed controllers and jostled each other on the sofa for prime position, Rosey once again winning the battle. Evan growled, his face burning red from being beaten so often this particular day. Rosey could already see a bad reaction coming, and grinned. She couldn’t wait to goad him into it once she kicked his ass again.

“Nervous little bro?”

“Nope.”

“Forfeits?”

His hands tightened on the controller.

“Forfeits. Alright then.. If I beat you, you have to drink half a tabasco bottle!”

Rosey crinkled her nose.

“Well if YOU lose, you have to message that girl you like in class and tell her you like her.”

His face flushed.

“F.. *fine.*”

“What was her name..... Cringy?”

“*Cindy,*” he muttered, temple pulsing as the team lineups came on screen.

“Same-same. Alright then. Leggo!”

Both siblings leaned to the edge of the sofa as their respective teams walked out. Skipping the warm-up cutscene, the game horn immediately sounded, and the commentators began to say the same canned lines that brought them back to their younger years.

“And it’s gonna be a great game between two strong teams!”

“I think the key is going to be the balance between attack and defence, and can they manage their spacing on the floor...”

Rosey licked her lips as she mashed the controller with her thumbs, her player immediately slaloming past two players before he was tackled, left in a heap on the court.

“Ohhh you’re *sooo* bad sis...” Evan crowed, his player flying down the other end and laying up an easy two points with an arcade-style *CHING*

“Oh yeah?”

She came again, this time passing more often, and Evan fell silent, lost in concentration. The three-point attempt hit the rim... and just stayed out.

“OOF, that’s what I remember! Bricks for dayyyysss,” Evan laughed. He went down the other end, and slammed a dunk down.

Rosey leant forwards, growling.

Back and forth, the teams went, trading points, the commentators still hollering and screaming cliched quotes. *“From Downtown!” “Up and over!” “Wow, did you see him fly?!”*

A big dunk from Rosey’s centre had her standing up and laughing down at Evan.

“Did you SEE THAT?!? You take that and eat it!”

“You’re THREE POINTS DOWN.”

“Well it’s about to be..... ONE...”

The ball pinballed around the court, faster than any real basketball player could throw it.

“Stop touching my leg.”

“I’m NOT touching your leg idiot.”

“You ARE!”

The points racked up, and finally, Evan hit the buzzer beater to seal the game.

“LARIUS FROM DOWN TOWNNNNNNN!” he crowed, jumping to his feet throwing his fists in the air, “Eat THAT!”

Rosey huffed.

“Whatever, let’s go again.”

“Ah-ah. I wanna see you enjoy some nice, refreshing half-time tabasco first.”

Rosey grouched.

“Shit...”

Evan’s grin was so wide that it seemed almost cartoonish as Rosey clutched her stomach, the two of them settling back down on the sofa.

“Ughn...”

Something felt very wrong.

“Does it still burn?”

“Shut up..... n’play....”

“You look a little red. Wanna take a little bit of tomato juice to cool off? Maybe some tacos...”

“SHUT... up, and load the next game,” Rosey replied queasily, grunting as her insides bubbled with the acidity, her throat and mouth still raw.

“Well... what’s the new forfeit?”

“If I win, you gotta run naked down to the Parson’s house and back.”

He guffawed.

“In the DARK right? I ain’t going in daytime.”

“Whenever, but you gotta do it.”

He sniffed, and she gave him a beady eye.

“You scaaaared?”

“N-no! You’re on! And if.. *if I win.....*”

He looked around the room, at the games closet, then away....

“Wait.. closet.... *wardrobe*...”

She didn't like where this was going.

“... You... have to wear your PROM dress for the rest of the day.. AND upload a picture in it!!!”

Her eyes went wide. It was her deepest shame that for just one day she'd caved in and dressed up like a girl for that hellish day... only for her date to not show up. It was a reminder of poisoned memories festering in the darkness of her wardrobe.

“I shoulda fuckin' got rid of that thing,” she muttered.

“Well? You in? Or you CHICKEN.”

“I'm in,” she said hoarsely, rubbing her throat.

“Awesome... and I want the full makeup on as well,” he sneered, “all pretty for the boys.”

Her jaw clenched so hard it looked like it might snap.

“Fine.”

The new game was barely seconds old when one of Evan's players fouled Riley's, in on the basket.

“CHEAT! I WAS ABOUT TO DRILL THAT!”

“It's the game... just make your free throws,” he said casually.

“Fuck *you*,” she hissed, kicking him in the shin. He hit back just as she hit the free throw, which bounced off the rim.

“YOU'RE CHEATING AGAIN!”

“No I'm NOT, you kicked ME!”

Rosey, fuming hunched down, Gollum like, and focused on her next shot. Another kick to her shin was enough to jolt her finger as she shot, again hitting the rim.

“That one was cheating,” Evan grinned, chuckling as he began to race away from Rosey, who was snarling like a jackal, the controller on the floor, forgotten. After a few minutes of scooby-doo pursuit around the house, the pair ended up where they had started, Rosey finally tackling Evan to the ground.

“YOU.. IDIOT!” she shouted.

“GEDDOF ME-“

She pulled his hair, and Evan scrabbled wildly.

“STOP IT-“

Her breasts squeezed against his chest as she tried to headlock him, and it was a few minutes more of tussling as her athletic body overpowered his. Then they were on the floor, and her chest fell onto his face... he could feel the sports bra rubbing against his nose.

“YOU GONNA DO THAT AGAIN?!”

“WELL if you’re... MMPH-gonna push your boobies against me.... YEAH..!”

She froze.

“You’re..... such a freak,” she muttered, getting off him. Evan didn’t notice the adjustment of her jeans awkwardly, the heavy blush on her cheeks put down in his mind as exertion.

“So... we’re finishing the game?” Evan said, breathing heavily (although he avoided eye contact more than he normally would after one-upping his sister).

“Yes,” she replied testily.

The two resumed the game, panting heavily, although this time Rosey perched at one end of the sofa, far away from Evan, her legs up. Minutes passed by, but her fingers didn’t seem to be responding properly. Her eyes flicked to her left, to her brother’s eager expression as he made his third dunk in a row.

“BOOM! Wow, you’re gonna look so pretttyyy....”

She rubbed her nose, scrunching tighter.

The game didn’t get much better, Rosey’s fingers not responding, her attention pulled sideways.

“You’re pretty quiet now huh,” Evan teased, as his player stole the ball. Rosey simply glowered at the screen, shifting her legs a little closer in the hunched position.

‘Don’t look at him... don’t think about it... he’s your idiot brother....!’

The game flashed past, and Rosey blinked, missing shots, unable to blank out the jabbering to her left, her heart hammering against her ribs.

“ANNND... THAT’S GAME!” Evan crowed.

Rosey barely realised she’d lost the game until she looked at Evan’s cherubic face filled with glee.

“Prom time Cinderella!”

She groaned and pulled herself off the sofa like a sloth.

“.... Fine.”

“With makeup.”

“*With makeup,*” she hissed back, before storming off to her room. It felt like an age until she reached it, the world moving slower. As she shoved her door closed, she had to take a moment to clutch her chest, which felt like her heart was trying to escape it. Even with the sports bra, when Evan’s face had pressed against it...

something....

“UUghhhh...”

She pushed the thoughts aside, setting her glower on maximum as she turned to her task - The wardrobe seemed to loom larger than usual as she dragged her feet towards it, wishing with all her heart not to have to confront the monster inside. The door creaked open. With a grunt she began digging through all of the grungy gear and flinging ill-fitting clothes of yester-year aside..... all the way to...

A flash of red.

She grabbed and pulled, revealing the elegant red dress complete with plastic cover, preserved just the way it had looked when she’d waited on the porch for a date that never came.

“Shit.”

Rosey held it as if it were poisonous, at arm’s length, wallowing in every soul-destroying inch of it. She’d have to ditch the sports bra this unless wanted to look even more foolish....

“Huh..”

Then again, the dress did look... *classy.....* She turned it back and forwards. Her body had filled out since then... it might fit a little more snugly now. The memory of her brother’s face smothered by her chest for a moment took over and she stared, zombie-like at the garment, her mind half-there, half elsewhere.

She turned it again.

‘Maybe there’s a way to get back in that sexy little asshole’s face....’

She blinked.

‘Maybe that tabasco really got me...’

Quickly she stripped down to nothing, leaving her boxers with a healthy bulge in them left. The bulge that her brother had never even known about....

“Freakin dumbass,” she muttered, pulling the boxers down and letting her large, limp dick flop out.

She glanced in the mirror and scowled.

It wasn't something she was particularly proud of. Then again, she didn't like anything about her body.... But if she was going to make a fool of herself, it might be interesting to see how much she could mess with her brother's head... *especially* after his comments about her breasts.

She crept over to the underwear drawer, cupping them. She reckoned they'd still fit into the prom lingerie set... just about.

A shiver went through her as she clipped on the old bra, checking them in the full-length mirror.

'My tits got bigger.... Gosh it feels like yesterday...'

The memory of waiting hit her in that moment, trying to adjust the uncomfortable wire from the bra digging into her side as she waited at her window... checking her phone again and again. A blackness stole over her heart... but then the more recent memory of Evan against her breasts sent something through her, a light shiver.

"Hmm..... fuck it."

Panties on... the dress she shimmied somehow around her ass before turning to the mirror, and her eyes widened.

'Not exactly playboy... but it'll do.'

Evan tapped his feet, idly playing a third game of single player. Maybe she'd given up.... maybe she was hoping he'd forget, or that she'd only have to wear it for a few minutes before they went to bed. Either way he wasn't having it. She would be humiliated for her crime of being beneath him in the Slam-dunk rankings, and that was final.

The creak of the door pricked his ears.

"Huh, took you long enough! I hope--"

The words choked in his mouth.

A woman in an elegant scarlet dress entered. Coming down to her knees, it fit her slim figure like a glove, and she'd even put on the heels that went with it, making her calves and glutes tight and shapely.

"..uhh....."

Further up, the tops of her tear-drop breasts were hinted at whilst remaining tantalisingly hidden from view, and she wore makeup that made her look model-

beautiful (if a little uneven in places, the mascara slightly thicker on her right eyelash). She was a stone-cold stunner, smoky eyes and slim cheeks curved into an awkward frown; an anxious lady in red.

“Good enough?”

“Y.. yeah....”

Evan could barely speak. His cheeks had gone warm, and it was he this time who awkwardly adjusted himself on the sofa as she came and sat down. None of the jibes that usually came so naturally occurred to him in that moment.

“So... a decider?”

“What decider. I won!”

“Double or nothing.”

“That’s not how it works.”

“Pussy.”

“Don’t... Rosey, I’m not going to-“

“Pussyyyyyy!”

He tried to laugh, but the tightness in each word was already evident.

“Ha look, I’m *not*-“

“PUSSAYYYYYY-“

Rosey began to sashay to the room, holding her chest and slinking against the wall like a dancer, except due to her heels she almost tripped several times.

“-... you’re scared of... OOF.... this!?!... huh?”

“I-I’m not scared of you,” he snorted, eyes glued to the show which, despite being a ‘Bambi on ice’ performance, still had plenty of ass and breasts filling out the right areas of the overworked dress to mesmerise him.

“Are you sure?” she said with a mirth-filled pout, at which point Evan realised her lips were glossy red with lipstick and more kissable than any he’d ever seen. Her lean forwards added a heady vision of her cleavage which clawed into the virginal depths of his brain.

“Y...yeah....”

“Pussayyyy,” she whispered, dancing around the sofa and faux-leaning over his lap, face-to face. This close he could see a little smudged lipstick on the left corner, as well as the swirling grey patterns in her eyes.

“I-I’m not-“

Her face came an inch away from his... and the pair stared into each other's eyes. He could feel her slightly minty breath on his face. Rosey's expression went from crazed to anxious again, just as Evan's became confused.

"Puss-"

Her lips lingered, no longer aware of the words they were supposed to say. Youthful stares locked onto each other... as Rosey noticed a lump in Evan's crotch.

"-... uh....."

She stared at the erection, and then up at her brother's beet-red face. For a moment, uncertain possibilities hung in the air, a tension so sudden and tightly wound that it felt like the pair might simply snap in half.

"Uhh."

Rosey broke it first, moving backwards and breathing heavily. Evan remained pancaked against the sofa, his erection in his baggy jeans clear as day.

"... so, third game?" Rosey stammered awkwardly, tottering to the opposite end of the sofa.

"Uh, y-yeah.... uhhm," he coughed, folding over his legs as if to concentrate on the third game, although both knew he was trying to hide the hardest erection of his life. They selected their teams in silence, the tension in the air so taut it felt like the windows might begin to crack from the pressure.

Just as they were about to start, Evan paused the game.

"What?" Rosey said, annoyed.

"Forfeits..."

"oh..."

The pause soundtrack hit a smooth rap beat as the pair mulled over this development. Evan eventually spoke first.

"Uh... if I win... you.... you.. have to... clean the kitchen," he finished lamely.

"Wow, that's all?... Pussy!"

"YOU'RE a pussy!"

Suddenly the old drive and bickering returned as if by magic, the bottle of tension uncorked and swept aside.

"Well think of something BETTER than pussy!"

"Oh you want it? Okay, if I winnnn!... I get to...."

She goaded him on with a lofty chin.

“Pussyyyyyyy-“

“... I GET TO PLAY WITH YOUR BOOBIES.”

Her face went blank.

“.. what?”

He gulped. Immediately he knew he'd gone too far.

“Uh.. well, you know-“

“*Fine.*”

“What?”

“I said Fine. Done. You get to touch my tits if you win.”

Her face flushed pink, as she stared at the screen, just about able to see Evan's shell-shocked expression in it.

“... we don't have-“

“No. You said it. That's the forfeit.”

“*Right..*”

His eyes strayed immediately to her breasts, and such a deluge of saliva hit his tongue that the following swallow was audible over the music. Rosey let him stare, 'accidentally' angling her breasts a little more to torture him as she mulled her response over.

“So... if that's my forfeit... yours can be...”

She rolled the possibilities around with her tongue, heart thumping loud enough that she could almost hear it, her body warm and filled with a swirling excitement.

Evan watched her in silence.

What could she possibly pick compared to that?

Her eyes went wide... then a dark look crossed across her features, like a cat spotting its prey in the shadows seconds before lunging for the kill.

“If I win.... I get to...”

It seemed like a little extra effort was needed for the last few words.

“.. I get to *peg you.*”

He frowned.

“To what?”

“To... to *peg you.*”

He screwed his face up.

“What's that? Like put pegs on my face or something?”

She licked her lips in a way he didn't like.

"Oh little brother... I guess it's time to introduce you to a little thing called femdom...."

Evan's jaw was through the floor as he watched the video of a gorgeous blond woman pushing a five-inch strap-on dildo between the man's spread buttocks. The young effeminate man (who worryingly resembled Evan's body type of slim with a bubble butt) moaned like a cowed bitch as the woman began to fully fuck him, his cheeks rippling as she slammed in with gusto.

"TAKE IT BITCH!"

"OHHH-HHHHohHH-"

Seeing a woman plunder a man's anal virginity with delicious glee burned itself into his brain. He slapped the laptop closed, heart racing.

"NO WAY!"

"PussyyyYYYYYY!" she sang gleefully, "I knew it!"

He froze, caught between sanity, wondering what it would be like, and his unflinching loathsome hatred of backing down to his sister.

"I... you wouldn't....."

"You said you'd get to touch my tits. This is fair."

"No it's NOT!"

"Pussyyy."

"There's no way you're gonna do this."

"I WILL, and you KNOW it.... You're just scaaaared!"

"Bullshit! I'm winning anyway..."

"Well if you're that confident then take the bet."

"I... it's a dumb forfeit!"

"Fine. So it's on?"

A tiny part of him railed at the insanity.. but the aggression was already rising as he clenched his fists.

"IT'S ON!"

They clapped hands and twiddled their thumbs against each other, the shake that meant an unbroken pact had been made.

“I’m gonna peg you like you wouldn’t believe,” she murmured, and for a moment he saw an evil excitement in his sister that he had never seen before, a shiver of fear worming its way into his stomach.

“Um.. *whatever*, you’re trash at this game anyways... now let’s play! I’m gonna enjoy those boobies.”

“You won’t get the chance... and I *hate* when you call them boobies.”

“BOOOBIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISSS!”

Quickly the game got underway, but this time the intensity had ramped up to an entirely different level. Barely any jibes were thrown, such were the stakes at play.

“Shit,” Rosey murmured, watching Evan make a lucky shot from a crazy angle.

“Boobiiiiieesss!” he threw back, Rosey swallowing the saliva at the thought of her brother touching her in that way and leaning forwards. She didn’t want him in control....She wanted much more than that... and the only way to do that was to show him who was boss.

Rosey’s player flew past two players and laid off a no-look pass for a sharp dunk.

SLAM

“C’mon!.... how wide do you think your ass will be after I’m done with it?”

“Shut up. You’re not close.... you’re really not.....”

However Evan began to sweat and play with more concentration as the deficit became smaller, the lead cut down to two points. As the scoreboard wound down in the first half, Evan’s toe flicked at his sister’s feet.

“CUT IT OUT!”

“You’re in the way... HEY QUIT IT!”

The pair shoved each other, angrily playing footsie to try and get any advantage.

“*And that’s a foul!*”

Rosey’s face was so creased in fury that it almost undid all her good work, the beautiful model-esque features twisted in childish rage.

“YOU FREAKIN... urggghhHH!!”

Evan took a breath. Two free-throws. He lined the first up with his tongue out.

“Watch this, ice in the veins..”

“I’m gonna bend you over and make you moan,” she said in a chocolatey voice.

The first throw barely made the rim.

“That’s... you’re dumb,” he managed, face the colour of a tomato, lining the next one up.

“And you’ve been a bad boy... Your big sis is gonna spank ya hard tonight,” she grinned.

Evan’s fingers were shaking, and the second made a bright *ping* as it bounced off the rim.

“Ohhh I think someone’s excited to feel me pulling their hair.. that’s why it’s so long right... you kept it just for me?....”

“*Sh-shuddup*,” he muttered.

The vivid imagery seemed to have a noticeable effect on Evan, who immediately lost two possessions in a row, and seemed relieved to get to half-time just three points down, fingering the dragon necklace hanging under his shirt. He had gotten it from Japan when they had visited a year earlier with their parents, and it was something he always carried with him... it was also a clear indicator of when his anxiety would kick in.

“I need to use the bathroom.”

“Don’t jerk off too long,” she tittered, even going so far as to cup her breasts and jiggle them up and down like she was selling her wares. Watching him scurry away with wide eyes was utterly delicious. It was obvious he couldn’t pull his eyes off them. She resolved to be even more distracting from now on whenever her brother was in the same room as her. Maybe she’d need to wear more dresses from now on....?

By the time he came back, Evan had plastered on a composed face, set in game mode.

“Let’s go.”

“Sure... but can you play with my nipples first?”

“HUH!?”

His eyes bulged, all composure blown away by her rotating her fingers on two spots of her dress.

“They’re right here just so you know... in case you were wondering.”

She decided to be extra mean and followed up with a tiny orgasmic, “*uhn*.”

The unblinking stare of pure shock and lust scrawled across his face made the next orgasmic noises from her lips far less planned.

“HhhHun.... UHHH, Second half?!?” she called shrilly, grabbing the controller so she wouldn’t have to think about how sensitive her nipples had become as Evan stared, open-mouthed.

The second half was played in silence for nearly five minutes.

“Uhn.”

The tiny moan from Rosey made Evan’s heart thump in his chest, and he stared harder at the screen.

“Uhn..”

He missed an easy dunk and almost threw his controller.

“SHUT UP.. Will you....!”

“What... I’m doing nothing,” she said with an innocent pout.

He tried to settle but from that point on, she had him. Mini- moans and choice comments frazzled Evan’s brain, and before he could collect himself he was ten points down, watching in shock as the seconds counted down to the Armageddon scenario... his sister fucking him in the ass.

“Oh baby I can’t wait to dunk on you tonight!”

“Shit...”

It was over by the time Rosey’s star player came down the lane in the last seconds... and slammed a dunk that made the backboard cartoonishly break and explode as Evan’s player fell to the floor.

“*And it’s game over!*”

“*Night night, sleep tight!!*”

“YYAAHHH!”

Rosey leapt to her feet... and then the forfeit filtered through to the front of her brain, and she looked over at Evan with a new quiet trepidation.

“... *You ready?*”

Evan just stared at the screen, hollow.

“I’m.. I’m not doing it. I’m not.”

Rosey’s eyes glinted.

“We *always* do our forfeits... I freaking took a picture of my asshole and set it as my profile picture that one time.”

“Yeah but... I-I just can’t...”

Rosey licked her teeth. She'd been expecting this.. but she wasn't going to give up her big prize so easily... it just required a bit of coaxing. In two or three very un-fluid motions, she forced the zipper of her red dress down and wiggled it from her body, stepping out awkwardly.

“How about now?”

Evan experienced a complete de-powering of his higher brain functions as he beheld his sister in bright red lingerie, simply designed but cupping her breasts wonderfully, as if holding them up in a shop window to entice him inside. The rose tattoo on her arm seemed to pop from porcelain skin. She looked like the slutty white-girl pornstars that he'd jerked it to every day for the last three years, but in the flesh he could see imperfections - the bruise she'd got on her knee from skateboarding. The tiny cut on her wrist from years back where they'd scrapped and fallen onto some glass. The uneven-ness of her lipstick. It only made her more real and sent a flood of adrenaline careering through his limbs like a nascar race.

“Uhh.”

“Does this help?”

“*Uhh.....*”

His gormless stare was all the response she needed.

After a moment, Rosey skipped over and whispered in his ear, garnering a flinch, “wash your asshole first... I'll be in my room.”

His eyes only flickered to her as she was walking away, slightly unsteady on her heels but nonetheless proffering her asscheeks clinching the red panties between them. He watched them totter out the whole way, before dropping the controller and letting his head fall into his shaking hands.

“*Oh shit...*”

Evan waddled towards his sister's room, fresh from as deep a wash as he could comfortably stomach up his backside. He knew it wasn't right... he shouldn't be doing this, yet... the image of his sister with her long body flaunted in skimpy underwear was spellbinding.

“This is fucked,” he muttered to himself, trying to push down the erection already threatening to jut out of his jeans.

'Just get this over with...'

There was a part of him that knew he didn't have to. That he could still say no... but the image of her body wouldn't leave his mind... and they always did their forfeits; the last refuge his ego could find in defeat.

'I'm not a pussy... I'm gonna make her do the worst forfeit ever next time... she's gonna freakin shit the bed when she finds out....'

He came to the door and paused. That same rational but declining voice whispered in his ear.

'You can still say no.'

"I can hear you out there. Stop being a pussy and come in."

Evan steeled himself, clenching his fist and taking a deep breath, before grabbing the door handle of Rosey's room. He rarely went in here. Not since he'd pranked her by putting a wind-up toy under her bed. She'd hit the roof, and locks had been installed shortly after.

Turn. Open.

His nose scrunched at the smell of something funky, fighting with lemon-scented air freshener.

The hinge groaned menacingly, to reveal a room swathed in black, punk and emo bands on the walls. Where he remembered seeing a sea of dirty clothes when he'd last been here, he now saw a threadbare carpet (with a suspiciously heaving closet that wouldn't quite shut, plus what looked like the shadow of a clothes-mountain attempting to escape). He smirked at the same crinkled duvet he remembered with Rosey's favourite punk singer 'Beth Jecka' on it, her now-faded and stained face ripping a scream into a microphone. Sitting front-to-back on a swivel-office chair which looked on its last legs (and had some suspicious-looking stains on it) was the girl who stuck out like a sore thumb.

Dressed like a modern-day princess, Rosey lounged in the chair half-naked, legs wide and leant forwards with the back rest tucked under her chin; a stripper waiting for him to read her a bedtime story. It was completed by a cheesy grin.

"Aww, you put a hairband on? I wanted to pull it!"

"Shut up."

"Ready?"

"Fuck off."

She swivelled gleefully in the chair, which groaned under her weight. It was probably designed for slim teenage girls, and not the taller, heavier frame of his sister despite her proportions being similar to her younger years. If anything, it looked merely like the chair had shrunk in the intervening years rather than the opposite.

“Great! Lie down on Beth and we’ll get started.”

“You never changed her huh?”

“Why would I change the PERFECT quilt cover?”

“... Because it’s so faded she might disappear soon... also, what’s that mark?”

“Oh.... food,” she said quickly, a little too quickly as he regarded the grey stain on her face.

“*Food*, huh?”

He sensed a potential needle to prod her with, but was quickly brought back to reality by a click of her fingers.

“Hurry up. I can go easy or I can go rough.”

“Wha?!”

His mouth fell open.

“What... just playin’” she grinned, gesturing to the bed. “Not every day I get to rail you.”

Evan groused, slinking to the bed before bending over and placing his hands on top of it as if he were about to be searched by a cop.

Rosey still wasn’t moving from the chair. But of course, Evan had no idea she had a cock.

“On your knees.”

A bolt of pure fear went through his torso.

“What?”

“On your knees... it’ll be more comfortable,” she said in a soothing voice, although the look of absolute glee on her face when he glanced over his shoulder made his blood boil.

“I’m not doing it.”

Rosey rolled her eyes, reached back... and after awkwardly fiddling for longer than she had hoped, pinged her bra strap off. It fell to the floor, and her C cup breasts were unveiled. Evan just stared. He was only human, after all. They were a pair of

ripe pears, round and juicy, but not out of proportion to her body like the fake ones that pornstars got. The ceiling light seemed to halo around the pale orbs, or perhaps that was just his imagination.

The air felt heavy as his lungs tried to inhale.

“Uh...”

She crept up off the chair, leaning forwards... and stopped just short. Unnoticed by him, she kept her legs carefully closed.

“Kneel down.”

Evan moved as if in slow motion, taking his hands from the bed, and falling to his knees. Her tear-drop breasts now loomed above him, button nipples that needed to be suckled accosting him with their puffy pink glare, the small areolas showing goosebumps from the coolness of the room.

Before he could think he was reaching out... and she slapped his hand away.

“W-wu-“

“What are you doing?”

“I.. I just-“

“Did you win the game?”

Evan couldn't believe it. Even now she was still gloating. Speechless, he felt his jaw lock.

“...”

“Exactly. You DIDN'T win, so you DON'T get my tits... now bend over Beth right now!”

She cackled as Evan's fists balled.

“*Fuck you.*”

“Chop-chop... we don't wanna waste time.”

He was almost hyperventilating from seeing these amazing boobies, combined with the anger she so easily brought out of him. He leant over her bed, stiff as a board.

“Pants down pretty-boy.”

Something pulsed unpleasantly in his temple. He reached down and unbuckled his belt.

“Wait.... where is it.”

“What?”

“The.... thing.”

Her eyes widened.

“OH it’s a uh... surprise.”

He peeled his eyes, rising up from the bed.

“Hey, I’m not letting you shove something I haven’t seen up my ass!”

She turned around quickly, and Evan was confused when instead of covering her breasts, she covered her crotch.

“Well, lemme get it out then!”

“Fine. You’re SUCH a cry baby.”

“Am NOT!”

“Are too.... At least, you’ll be crying my name once I get all up in your poop-chute.”

“You’re... *disgusting!*”

“Hey, you wanted to touch my boobies, you pay the price!.... *Fuck* now I’M calling them that too...”

“Well, that’s what they are... and you can’t blame me, I’m just a guy.”

“And I’m just a girl... so don’t blame me if I want to pork too.”

Rose sashayed brusquely to the bathroom whilst Evan put his head in his hands.

“What am I doing,” he muttered.

Rosey walked briskly to the bathroom and gulped. She’d been hoping to make it a surprise, but hefting the already agitated bulge in her panties, she would have to use plan B: Picking up the pink dildo from the side that her ex had left a few years back (and she had of course used herself more recently), a modest five inches, she brandished it around the door.

“This enough?”

“ENOUGH?! It’s.... it’s a lot.....” Evan responded hoarsely.

Rosey smirked.

‘In your dreams is that a lot....’

“Right, well, I’m going to saddle up....”

She grabbed the straps that she wore with certain outfits (Vinyl hipster crowds and the like really got off on that shit), pulling her panties off and un-taping the giant schlong from between her legs. A groan escaped her as it sprung up into an eleven-inch hammer, already forming a drop of dew at the piss slit.

“W-what are you doing?”

“Shut up!” she grunted, “I’ll be out in a moment, I know you can’t *wait*....”

“*YOU shut up!*...”

The panic in his voice set her heart racing as she attached the straps to her thighs and waist. Next she grabbed a condom (Magnum of course). She grinned as she imagined putting one onto her brother’s dick just to see his face fall (having seen his erection, she reckoned he couldn’t be more than six at most).

Next, she took a deep breath.

‘Relax. Don’t think about fucking your brother. Just relax.’

Gently, the swollen monster in her panties began to deflate.

‘Don’t think about his face as you bend him over...’

“*Shit...*”

Evan’s voice came from the bedroom, scared.

“*What!?*”

“Just... adjusting the straps!”

“R-right....”

“You sure are excited huh? *Begging* for me to come in there and get that ass filled up...”

“NO, that’s not what I-... *just shut up.*”

His voice was frailer than she’d ever heard. It was the song of defeat, and she had to take several more breaths to stop the gigantic cock between her legs from producing a spurt of pre-cum. She’d hit that bathroom mirror too many times to count, and had the marks to prove it.

‘Just breath, relax.... ah fuck it.’

It was only getting harder, the veins and tendons popping on the side. Realising that there was no way it was going down with her brother in the next room, she decided that she’d need to put on a show. Easily done. Over the years, she’d come to realise that competitive though he was, Evan was an idiot.

Adjusting the straps around her thighs and waist that were little more than (admittedly sexy) camouflage, she pulled a magnum on, sliding over the girthy head and bulging veins and feeling her growing heat in the taut ligaments as she wrapped up. A tub of lube stood ready by the shower (some nights were longer than others),

and she squirted huge dollops onto her outstretched hardness, shivering at the coolness as she spread it evenly.

“What’s taking so long??”

“Just WAIT, idiot!”

Next - the diversion tactics. Reaching around the door, she slapped the lights to the bedroom and bathroom off in one go, plunging the rooms into darkness bar the moonlit window.

“H-HEY!”

“Relax... let’s just get a little more... comfortable darling,” Rosey drawled in a deep voice, enjoying the strangled, “FUCK, OFF,” that came back at her from the darkness as she tiptoed in on instinct, knowing the spacing of her room perfectly... Until she clattered into a moving body.

“UFF, I said WAIT ON THE BED!”

“Well I can’t SEE anything!”

“Yeah well stop WALKING AROUND!”

“Why would you turn the lights off-“

“UGH-“

“GRRHH-!”

The two bodies grappled for a moment before eventually untangling, and Rosey pushed Evan onto the bed.

“LIE down like before!”

“Why did you turn the lights off?!”

A ball grew in her throat. Maybe he wasn’t so dumb.

“Well.... I-if you want me to watch every expression on your face as you get fucked, be my guest. It was a friendly courtesy, *actually*.... *But if you’re complaining SO MUCH* then I guess we can do it face to face with the lights on like a real couple and I can watch you go cross-eyed.”

“W-WHAT?!? NO WAY! No..... just...*fine*, in the dark. Just do it already.”

“Put your hands on the bed, *Pussy*.”

“*Don’t* call me that!”

“Just do it.”

She heard the chest-tightening sound of a pair of jeans being unzipped... and then the tinkle and rustle as it made its way down his legs. She still couldn’t *quite* see,

but she could imagine it... that bubble butt that had haunted her dreams more than she would like to admit. As her vision adapted, she saw it... two white snowy hills just waiting to be glazed with icing. Saliva sloshed into her mouth as her prey proffered itself up for consumption.

“Mm....”

A hand slid across his buttocks and Evan barked.

“HEY.”

“What, pussy?”

“Don’t... TOUCH me like that... and don’t call me pussy!”

“Hey, is that you with your pants down and your asshole facing me? You better get used to it, because I’m gonna be touching you a whole lot more than that.”

There was no response, other than a sniff in the darkness.

“That’s what I thought... *pusssssayyyyyyyy!*”

“*Shut up,*” he growled, but as her eyes adjusted, she could see that his lithe form was shivering, gripping the bedsheets. Her heart began to thump a new rhythm in her chest as she beheld the weakness in her brother’s frame... the rump now served up to her, filling out his ragged boxers so beautifully. She placed a hand on his back, and felt him flinch.

“Relax...”

Adjusting her voice to a smoother tone, she tried to keep the adrenaline from wavering her words, having to gulp down some saliva.

“It’s gonna be fine.... No-one’s gonna know... just us.”

She could hear his quick breaths, feel the tension in his muscles even through his baggy shirt as she put both her hands on his shoulders.. and kneaded a little of the tension. His head turned slightly, and then sunk down.

“Hn...”

“Theeerre we go.... You’re gonna be fine....”

Rosey glanced down at the forearm-sized cock stalking the pert globes in front of it, already with a white pocket forming at the head of its translucent sheath.

‘.. *Maybe...*’

She thought about some of girls that she’d sent home bow-legged, barely able to walk and had to suppress a surge of hormones as Evan’s body began to relax, a murmur escaping his lips in response to her thumbs rolling into some of the knots in

his back. Slowly, she slid them down under his shirt, this time skin on skin. His groans became more sensual, and she carefully cajoled his muscles until his head was even angling itself down to give her better access to his body. It was easy to pull his shirt up whilst massaging him, and he even helped it off.

She smirked.

If there was one reliable fact about young dicks (and girl dicks) that Rosey knew... it was that horniness always won.

'His body is so cute.... Fuck and he's so easy!... practically begging for it...'

She thanked the Gods for the forums she'd scrolled online about turning bitches. She'd never thought in a million years she'd be using these techniques on her brother of course... It was beyond a fantasy come true. Just above his juicy peach, her cock continued to pulse, a clear bob up and down in time with her quickening heart. She made sure to keep it well clear.... It would freak him out for sure. After a far too sensual time between siblings, she gave him one final squeeze, bringing a genuine moan of pleasure.

"MMohh..."

Rosey knew in that moment; the boy was her property tonight.

"Okay... I'm gonna put it in... just relax as best you can, okay?"

"... right..."

She grinned cruelly, staring down at a sight she thought she'd never see... her girthy cock lining up with her brother's waiting, virginal asshole. Her fingers trembled as she guided herself towards the waiting flower.

Evan felt every second like a slap in the face, squirming, his fingers trembling....

Contact.

He flinched.

Cool wetness touching his asshole was the most invasive thing that he had ever felt. What made it worse than any wedgie inflicted was that he was allowing this to happen... that he was on his knees... and that it was his greatest rival touching his naked asshole.

"Just remember, it's gonna feel bigger than it is, okay?"

"How do... how do you know?"

"Do you really want the answer to that Sherlock?"

"uh n... oh."

“Ya know, you’re literally the biggest dummy I ever met....”

“Uh.. Oww... I don’t think it’s going to fit!”

“.... and the biggest pussy. Quit whining!”

She pushed, and his asshole tensed further in, a tiny ring of muscle steadfastly refusing entry to the nosy neighbour. Air hissed from his nose, but he said nothing.

Rosey’s heart was pounding, feeling his rectum try to keep out her bludgeon, already leaking cum into the tip of the condom.

‘..Open up you teasing whore..... I’m about to give you the biggest ass pussy anyone’s ever seen...’

“Come onnn.....”

Squeezing his plump cheeks, she bit her lip, and pushed again. Evan mewled.

“O-Oww... no, it’s not gonna go... *a-are you sure it’s the same size?!?’*”

“Well duh. I just spent five minutes strapping it on.”

“But-“

“Did I say it would feel bigger or not! Here, just relax-“

Evan snorted in frustration until a hand feathered his balls.

“HN! H-Hey-“

The hand squeezed, and he whimpered as she began to massage the far more sensitive swollen grapes there.

“HHnuh.. huhh-“

The control of his junk (and the pleasure brought forth from it) stilled him. Slowly, he began to rock back and forth in time with her ministrations, Rosey smiling as he twitched in time with each squeeze. His asshole untensed slightly. She could almost feel his desperate boyish desires warring with his sensibilities... this was his sister for goodness’ sake!... yet no girl had ever touched his balls like this before... but she had a stick up his ass, the ultimate humiliation... It was delicious watching all the facets of his predicament play out in every twitch and whimper, so helpless and yet so needy at the same time.

‘Yeah, just like a good bitch. No stopping now.’

“Let’s do this properly...”

This time she grabbed his feminine hips and pulled him inexorably onto her sausage, and a squeal was wrenched from Evan’s lips as he felt the world enter his asshole, the briefly un-puckered ring forced wide, unable to stop the tree-trunk

pressing through. She stopped after the head popped in, and Evan had time to try and catch his breath, heart racing. It felt like a snow globe had entered his asshole, and Evan could only keen in horror and defeat as he felt the beginnings of his unmaking.

“OHHHH shh-sh-shit, *shituhhgn*.... Rosey that hurts, it’s not funny... *get it out - hn-....!*”

“Oh stop being a baby!”

“B-but it’s HUGE.. that’s -Hn- not... *it can’t be five... hhinchhes.....!*”

Her chest swelled with evil pride as he unknowingly complimented her weapon, trying to reach back to push her off, instead finding a hand which interlinked with his, holding firm.

“Too big huh?....”

“Hhnuh.....Rosey, I’m not playing, just... you did it already... now get it OUT of me!”

“Bro... this ain’t pegging. This ain’t even LIGHT pegging. Just relax again, and we’ll make it fit.”

“What?! No WAY! I’m calling it, we’re done-”

The hand holding his behind his back shifted slightly... and pulled upwards, immobilising it in a policeman’s hold. She squeezed tighter, locking their palms together.

“-w... wait what are you...”

Rosey pushed. Two inches of what felt like a steel salami pressed into Evan’s body, and the boy keened to the sky.

“HHHHOOLlly!!!!... *o-ohhgg that’s enough, that’s... ROSEY wh-what are you doing you idiot?! UUGHNNN.*”

He panted, attempting to squirm free, but his left arm hurt if he tried to shift it at all. She responded by forcing him further over the bed, allowing even easier access, and he let out a shrill squeak as she sank another two inches into his undefended ring. A lubed-up weapon slid across his anal walls, sending jolts of weird, intrusive sensations up his body... not to mention the pain of being significantly widened by the nosiest of neighbours.

“Aiiuh!!!...R-ROSEY.. *R-rosey!!!..... Rosey stop being an assholeee-uhnnn!... p-please.....*”

“Are you begging me?” she breathed, saliva beginning to leak at the corner of her mouth.

“I-I’m not.... just cut it out!” he pleaded in a panicked voice, squirming less in case he looked even more like a cowed bitch.

“So you’re begging me.”

“I... I am NOT begging!”

She drank in the competitive fire... and quelled it with a deeper push inside him. Evan moaned, half pushing his face against the bedcover so he wouldn’t give Rosey the satisfaction of knowing she was rearranging his internal organs. Inside his head (and ass) however, Evan regretted everything. This dildo felt so different to how he had expected... and so much more *stimulating* in the worst way.

‘So big... and.. weird... softish?..’

“Wh-ohhh-“

What felt like another two inches pushed through his organs.

“UUGHn...”

“There ya go pussy,” she purred.

“S-stop... *calling!*.....”

She could see over his shoulder the discomfort scrawled on his face, eyes scrunched tight, huffing as he tried to reposition himself into a less demure position and failing as she muscled him against the bed. The subtle smells of sweat were beginning to fill the room as she shoved a little harder, sliding almost to the hilt. Evan blurted out a squeal.

“UH!!! HHOOoolly fuck... *holly fuck that’s not.....* UUGHHHHhhnn..... *wh-what is that!?!?”*

“Chill, you’re gonna like it,” she purred, her voice jumping slightly as his sphincter clamped down on her hardness, trying to bar entry to a python that had already slithered inside, “you’re just overreacting.”

Evan didn’t agree. In fact, he was fairly sure he was underreacting as she somehow worked what was clearly not the original dildo towards his sternum. He tried to crane his neck over his shoulder to see what was being pushed inside him, but she levered his arm forwards, and Evan whimpered as he was forced into the duvet, knelt over her bed whilst breathing Beth and the grey marks on her face. It was as demure and defenceless a position as one could reach. He snivelled, and Rosey

thought she caught the glint of a tear in the moonlight streaming in through the window.

“R-Rosey....p...please...”

“Are you begging sweetie?” she murmured, drinking in his realisation that he was beneath her like the finest wine, *“mmm...”*

“N.. no.....just....”

“Okay tell you what... if you’re feeling uncomfortable, let’s do it like this-“

She released his hand, allowing Evan to grab the bedsheet, no longer searching for escape but instead for some shred of comfort as she began to massage his back with deep, luscious strokes on a warm canvas. After a few moments the tautness released again, and the sniffles slowed. Rosey enjoyed cajoling his body into a mode of relaxation almost as much as the sodomy... she didn’t want to annihilate him *quite* yet. Quiet moans broke the silence again as inquisitive thumbs dug into his anxiety and untangled them, yipping whenever she ‘accidentally’ moved the pole lodged in his new widest orifice.

“NHH...”

It felt like his lower body was being piloted by an alien vessel, and a few circular rotations had him uttering faint gasps. Rosey could almost smell the virginal pheromones emanating from his body, every drip of sweat and what she was sure would be a hard cock hidden beneath him.

“That good?”

“...uh....hn.....k-kinda.... it’s... hard....”

His momentary distraction was just what was needed to sink the final inch of herself into his rectum, the ‘dildo’ more akin to a space shuttle being shoved up his ass. It pushed a squeal from his lips as bony hips pressed against his backside.

“H-HOOLY Shhhiitittt... G-God fucking d-.. Hooly fuck.. f-fuuuuuck-fuck-fuck...!”

“Ohh wow.....”

Rosey had to take a moment to steady herself, gurning in the darkness as she felt her brother’s entire anal tract gripping her shlong like a lover, crushed in a deviant embrace. It didn’t matter that the window was slightly open and his squeals might alert the neighbours; she was balls deep in her brother and revelling in it.

“S-something wrong?” she managed, barely able to get the words out though the haze of pleasure, unknown to Evan who moaned into the bedsheets, tortured by

what he was sure would be a shit-eating grin on her face, and the feeling of his rear end and insides being so *full*.

“Y-yeah.. e-everything’s fine and dandy except you shoved a freakin rocket up my ass *you absolute bitch.....!*”

“Ex...cuse me?”

Her tone flipped from low and sultry to harsh in a moment. Evan realised his mistake too late.

“W.. wait, I didn’t mean-“

The plan of going slow went out of the window as she retracted two inches and slammed them back in with a loud *PLAP* of skin-on-skin.

“-UUUUHGHNNN!”

Evan screamed as she hit his guts with a pillar, the bed thumping the wall. And again.

PLAP-*THUMP*

“UUGHNN!....*JJ-esus...*”

To call it undignified, snivelling on his sister’s sheets as she held him down and fucked him, would be the understatement of the year. Evan had never felt anything like this; no longer in control of his faculties as low moans issued from his mouth with each thrust, the pain of his poor asshole mixing with some strange, urgent feeling that he had never experienced before... a deep, sensitive place unveiled.

Plap*-*thump

Rosey’s voice was now laced with cobra venom.

“*You gonna talk shit again, huh PUSSY?*”

The ‘P’ in ‘pussy’ popped with an extra zing.

“N-NOOO... no...I didn’t mean-“

A gentle pump of her hips.

“-Yyyyyuhhhhhnnn-!”

She felt him tighten up in an entirely different way, and knew she’d hit the right spot as he let out the sluttiest little whimper that filled her soul with deep satisfaction. She could have squealed in delight, but instead managed to keep her excitement bubbling within, only given away by her panting as she spoke down to her quivering sibling.

“You... okay down there PUH-ussy?”

“I-I don’t-..... *a-are you sure it’s... the right sizzzeeuhhh...!? Sss’oo biiggg....*”

”I think it’s just right,” she breathed, staring at his obscenely distended pink starfish hugging her hilt like a lover.

‘His asshole might not be the right size afterwards though....’

Rosey pulled back a little more tenderly, and bottomed out again.

Schliiick

The custard-warmth inside was pleasurable in the extreme for Rosey who had to control her deepening breaths, as well as stimulating the boy beneath her despite his attempts to flush the thoughts from his mind. Evan could barely breathe. His brain felt like it was melting under the intense pressure beneath his bellybutton, all kinds of signals shooting to his brain as his sister massaged his shoulder with a firm hand.

‘It doesn’t feel good... you’re just.. imagining.. It’s your idiot sister... don’t give in.... !’

Sschhhliiick

“OooohhhuhhhhhhH!!”

A pornstar moan burst through any thoughts he tried to hold in his head, and Evan squirmed as his asshole oscillated around a battering ram sitting in his torso. *The thing* felt huge inside him... and warm? Maybe it was his imagination, but it felt like it was... *pulsing!?*

“W.. wuh....?”

Her breath fluttered against his ear.

“How does it feel pussy?”

“W.. wiierrddduh!” he juddered, his voice jumping to a yodel as she began to rotate her hips, “-uhn...uUHn...uHhh-!”

Rosey basked in the bitch-yips and voice cracks of her brother as she explored his insides, pulling forth strange alien sounds from his throat as she explored his depths.

“UHH-... is-..HHohhh... llililiitt!?!... moooviingg?!”

His words were slurring, and Rosey could feel the muscles twitching between her fingers, reaching underneath.... to grab a nice, thick erection.

“Mm.... six inches huh? Not bad....”

Evan couldn't think. Too many sensations... her hand gripping his cock... why was he so hard?!?!..... she even gave a few wonderful jerks that seemed to be adding to the growing urgency in his body.... why did the dildo feel so *hot*...

'It's pulsing... it's definitely pulsing...'

"Illiss... this like a batteryyyyy or som-HHUNn....*th-thing..!?*"

"Battery?..... Ohhhh uh... sure, keep telling yourself that" she smirked, pausing whilst clamping her hips to his ass as she unclipped the straps on her thighs and crotch.

"Tell.... wh-wh....."

His voice wavered, on the verge of crying as the realisation set in that she had duped him in some way, the straps falling to the floor.

"... What is it.. y-you put in a bigger one, right?!...."

"Baby...."

She pulled the log slowly, inch by inch out of his ass, the lube squelching as he let out the longest groan of his life... and finally, the 'dildo' popped free of his asshole, which immediately tried to pucker tight and found itself thoroughly loosened by its hard-earned experiences.

"let's call it a 'sister's surprise'..."

He tried to look back over his shoulder, but a vice-like hand clamped down on his neck, pinning him back to the bed amid the elastic wrapping of the magnum being pulled free... and a squelching noise as, unknown to him, Rosey poured the pocket of white liquid contents onto her cock like a mayonnaise sachet and flinging it aside. He flinched as flecks of some liquid, which he mistakenly assumed to be lube, hit his back.

"We're... we're done right?...so I can go?!...."

"Nope."

She said it so sharply that it felt like a jab to the chin.

"W-what is it... Rosey how big is it.. th-this is *not cool*....."

"Oh pussy, but you're wrong... it's *actually the coolest thing ever*..."

She gripped his neck a little harder, bringing a whimper as she bared her teeth, gazing down with fanatic zeal at the ever-present, sexy thorn in her side.

".... being besties with your *special sister*...."

She placed her now unsheathed, cum covered red helmet directly at his entrance.

“.....or more than friends.”

This second penetration was easy, a squeeze into a hole that had been broken in minutes earlier, and was now at the mercy of whomever wished to enter it. Evan tried to tense... and found his anal rim simply gripped her weapon in a sweet embrace, providing little to no resistance.

‘She... widened me?’

“hHHHooh.. oh F-fuck....”

The cock eased through the stretched ring, still painful but less traumatic than the first time, before sailing through his insides, stimulating all the way up Evan’s spine as he spasmed... and truly felt the monster unsheathed against his insides. It was warm, and pulsed with its own heartbeat... throbbing and hard, expanding just a touch to make liquid leak from his eyes. It was most certainly meaty... like a gigantic salami filling him up from the wrong end.

“Oh shit... OH SHIT ROS... ROSEY WHAT THE FUCK... W-what the fuck is that, *what the fuck is..* OHHHhh.....?!”

“I already told you... it’s my fat erection in your hole, pussyyyy. Do I have to spell it out?” she chuckled, leaning forwards.

Evan felt her weight settling on his back.

“Whuuh...?”

“Hey, aren’t you happy? You get to feel my boobies now!” she chuckled against his ear, and Evan realised the two spots of heat now resting on his back, as her arm came underneath, a seatbelt clamp anchoring him to her. She felt so *heavy* compressing the air from his lungs, and it only increased the panic in him as he tried to turn his head, scrabbling to un-impale himself.

“Wwhhhu....” he wretched, “Whhhat is ittt..HNNN....”

Rosey simply enjoyed the struggling slut beneath her, groaning as she butted her hips to his ass with a wet *shlick*, and his buttohole clutched her shaft gloriously, puckering in panic with nowhere to hide, sending shivers of pleasure up his spine.

“It’s my dick... my big, fat, dick Evan...”

“F-fuck.. *you’re.. you’re lyinnngg....*”

.... do you like it?... it’s nearly twice as big as yours...”

A firm clamp reached under to grab his hardness and begin frantically wanking his cock against the bed. She even felt a spot of pre cum where he'd leaked onto the sheets.

“uHNN-!”

“Don't pretend you don't like it,” she growled, grinning ear to ear as her brother moaned, trying to push her hips away and realising quickly that there was absolutely no way he could move this physical specimen. She wasn't supernaturally strong... but it was at this exact moment that Evan realised how weak he truly was.

“NNnooouhhh...”

“Why don't you like me on top of you? The jig's up so why not enjoy the show... we always knew you were the taker between the two of us anyway.”

Roxy stopped jerking and unpeeled her now sticky front from his back, their sweat mixed as Evan was allowed to peer back over his shoulder... to see the small garden of black wiry pubic hair, framing the most gigantic shaft of a cock he'd ever seen somehow jutting from his sister's crotch.... splitting his butt-cheeks wider than he'd ever thought possible. It was like a horror movie, the monster discovered too late.

It hit him then, seeing his two white moons bisected by a pillar of marble. His sister had a gigantic dick... and it was balls deep in his ass, and judging by the hard nipples on her breasts and sweat dappling her body, she was enjoying it too.

“Pretty huh?” she said with a wink, squeezing his cheeks against her cock. It was the sluttiest thing he'd ever seen in the flesh... except he was the slut.

“OHhh God... ohhhhhh Fuck no, *ohhhh shiiit-UHN....*”

His heart was pounding. He could feel his lungs begin to hyperventilate. Maybe he was going to die... And even if he didn't, he could never live after this. His purpose as a man, as a competitor against his rival came undone in that split second, the illusion shattering as he felt his sister's grunt of pleasure vibrate his insides like she had a tuning fork beneath his sternum. Inferiority like he'd never felt crippled him, his knees shrinking in as pleasure emanated from that spot she was touching deep in his anus, his head lowering to the bed, saliva dripping from a limp jaw as Rosey shunted her cock and moved his insides with it, his body bucking.

“Uhn-“

‘Don't moan... oh God don't moan-‘

Plap

“UHNNGG!”

“Hhhhhohhh you’re so fuckin’ tight... I’d always wondered,” she muttered, half to herself, as she began to find a slow, but steady rhythm.

plap-plap-plap

The quiet rhythm of skin on skin was like a pounding drum for Evan, whose base was shunted by the dick kicking his prostate, spewing constant gurns and moans from his lips that he had no control over.

“Stu-UHn.. UHHn.... Ros-UHN-eyuhhh...”

Plap-plap-plap

It was all so much worse because it felt so good. He began to grip the bed sheets as she grabbed his hips, and he stared down at the blotchy face of Beth Jecka as his sister doggystyle fucked him in the ass, his body moving in time with her harsh grip. Then he realised what the stains on Beth’s face were.

“Oh.. UGHn... Noo-UGHH...UHgn!... Uhh.... hhooley....”

“oh God baby sing for me,” she moaned into the air, crushing Evan’s masculinity like a tin-can as he rocked with each heady blow.

Her cock throbbed, expanding in his brutalised anus, and Evan couldn’t ignore the fact that his sister was rabid with pleasure, squirting small pockets of wet heat into his insides that he could never unlive. Never outdo... she was marking him. Soiling him with her victorious seed. His own hardness pulsed, perversely loving every second of his degradation.

“Oh that’s it bitch.... Give Beth a kiss while I FUCK you... YEAH right there...”

“I-I’m not your bitch-Uhnnn-!”

Rosey could barely choke out the words, so pleasurable were the sensations wrapped around her shaft.

“I... *can feel the inside of your asshole... you’re.. NNhn..... definitely lookin’ like a BITCH to me....* And a damn good one!”

“Ohhffucckkkk,” he moaned, burying his head in the duvet and squealing as she continued to rhythmically shunt her dick into him.

Plap-plap-plap!

“Uh-uhhhhh, d-don’t you hide from me,” she cooed, using her power to grab his legs and rotate him like a pig on a spit.

“mMUHHGHHH-“

The rotating dick slid across all of the naughty places in his ass. The forbidden places that made boys different. It was one of a number of permanent changes to his body... a new awareness of places that could stimulate in new and wonderful ways.

“HHOHHh shit.”

“There we are... face to face,” she smiled, her gorgeous face now stained with makeup and sweat, pretty eyes glimmering with unbridled power. He tried to look to the side, to stare out the window.

She grabbed his chin, forcing it back to centre.

“No. No you’re gonna look at me.”

He stared into the pretty grey eyes of his flesh and blood, her grin of victory cutting right to the depths of his soul. Then she rose up... and cupped her naked breasts. Perfect tear-drop breasts with puffy nipples accusing him of staring, demanding he touch them instead.

“... just look... you like them don’t you?”

She butted her hips as she did, and he felt that gigantic pole shunt his insides, as well as the naughtiest spot of all that forced a yip he didn’t want from his mouth.

“HUN.”

“I thought soooo... come here.”

Already emasculated, he could only bleat as she hefted him up from the bed with a grunt, and his legs wrapped around her to provide some support that wasn’t the dick ram-rodging his butthole. Forced to hug her from the front, they beheld each other, two unthinkable lovers conjoined at the waist. Moonlight from the open window streamed in on their faces, one side etched in passionate glee, as pretty as the north star, and one side trying to stave off the glorious pleasure just waiting to be bulldozed into him, eyelids quivering and mouth agape as she held him in mid-air.

“Well go ahead. Have a play....”

“F-fuck you...”

“You don’t wanna?”

He stared at the aura of her breasts, as if the moon had somehow decided to spotlight them out of everything else in the tatty bedroom. He only had to lean forwards to touch them, already holding onto her shoulders to stop himself being dropped backwards. Her nipples were the most wonderful things he’d ever seen... but it was his bitch of a sister. She couldn’t win... she just couldn’t.

“N-no...”

“You suuuuuurre?”

“Y... yuh...”

Plap!

“UHHNN...”

“Aw, okay then...”

Grumpily, she body slammed him onto the bed took the wind from his sails. Instincts screamed to fight back, but she ground her hips as he did so and caused a tsunami of pure dick-riding energy to burst in his lower body, quelling him with a tight whimper. He barely felt the cushion being slid under his head as he gripped onto the bedsheets, his sister now in the deepest possible missionary position inside him.

“You had your chance... I guess you just wanted my dick more,” she winked.

Rosey flexed her back.. and ground her hips against his.

“Ohh yessuh...”

“SHH-IT-“

Evan felt the dick now at the worst possible angle to fill him up like a torpedo in a loading tube. He expected her to continue slowly, but Rosey simply ploughed on, and he couldn't believe it as she spanked his buttocks with her hips, engaging in full-on no-holds-barred anal sex.

Clap-clap-clap-clap!

He clenched his jaw and tried not to make noise.

“Mff-“

clap-clap-

“Hooo baby that's so good,” groaned Rosey, lost to the world as she stared down at him. Somehow he couldn't look away.... Not only that, but it had hurt at first, and now... with the rhythm of the large lubed-up hog sliding across his insides... other sensations were taking over.

“Hhuh-“

“Hm? Did you like that?”

“N-No! - uhn-”

The squelch of lube in his asshole made Evan cringe.... But every time he felt the pipe flex in his asshole, he couldn't seem to keep his mouth closed.

“HHhhuh-“

“You okay?” Rosey grinned, watching her brother as his breathing became shallow and quick.

“Y-yes! *Mmm* fine-”

Squelch

“-*Ooohhuhhmy*-...”

Evan tried to think of anything else, but every time he glimpsed his sister’s face looking more and more aroused, it was provoking feelings he desperately wanted to ignore.

Did she always look this cute biting her lip? Were her arms always this defined by muscle? Was she always *this* much stronger than him?

He knew she had an advantage being much taller... but now... inside him.... It felt like a completely different kind of relationship. One of true raw natural dominance.. and he was the pure white-flag waving bitch receiver.

His eyes began to cross, and he caught them, his hands shaking as panic set in.

“C-can we stop?!?” he whined, his voice getting uncontrollably high-pitched and dog-like.

“Huh? No, it’s the... *Ohhh yeahh*.... liit’s all part of the fun,” she managed, swallowing a river of saliva... and then the mirth left her face as she connected the dot of his raging erection leaking on his belly, and the terror on his face warring with the slack-jawed gurn of someone about to reach somewhere entirely new and special.

Clap-clap-clap-!

“C-can we...nhhhuhh.... Sstoop....”

He could barely string the sentence together. Rosey knew there wasn’t a chance in hell they were stopping now.

“Aw sorry pussy,” she whispered, pumping steadily now, finding that spot inside that would make his asshole clench to her weapon, “but I think you need to relax and enjoy... yourself... a little MORE-!”

“S-stopuuhhh...”

Clap-clap-

“I said *Stu-UHHpHHHhnnn!!...*”

Rosey hit dead centre in his asshole and watched a little of her brother's soul unravel as his hands tightened to vices on her arms, words slurred, saliva suddenly leaking from his mouth as his attention left his vision and went inwards, stimulated by her cock probing a raw, now uncovered place within.

"Shh. *Just give in...*" she breathed, retracting her hips, lining up for another toe-curling thrust.

"I-IISA-"

Shhhlicckkk

"-UUUUHHHHHGnnnnnnn ohhffuuucckkk...."

Then his cock, without being touched, simply began to unleash a rapid-fire spray of passion.

One line.

Two lines.

Four lines.

She watched with soul-sating joy as her brother covered himself in cum, his mouth open in a slack-jawed gurn as ropes of his cum formed parallel white lines on his chest and hair, some falling into his mouth.

The human male that was Evan disappeared for a moment, the strange drooling creature spasming, a de-evolution of humanity clinging to its master. Rosey felt his ass clench as he came like a mindless dick-drunk slave. She had never been harder in her life. Steel cables had replaced the ligaments in her dick, which now felt like it could fuck through walls as he fired the last of his cream over himself and the bed behind him.

When he came round, dazedly blinking, his eyes widened to saucers.

"W... what did you...."

"Anal orgasm," she shrugged with a huge grin, "I guess you like my dick a LOT huh?"

"I don't.... *I-I don't...*"

His snivelling only filled Rosey with a sick desire to film it so she could carry the memory forever.

"Oh yeah?"

"NnnuHH... NO R-ROSEY-"

His squeal turned orgasmic as she slammed her raging erection into the depths of his soul.

“-UUUUAIHHHHHHUHH!!”

“Get dunked on-HNn-BITCH-!”

She'd had enough fun playing with him... and now she knew he liked it, she wasn't holding back this time.

Rosey rolled him up so he was crunched over himself in a speed-bump position, and proceeded to rail the soul from his body, bringing every last stringy muscle to bear whilst almost bouncing the pair of them off the bedsheets. Bedsprings and a young male screamed as they were pounded, Evan fucked so hard that stars crossed his vision, his spent dick becoming rock-hard in seconds and more than willing to explode all over its owners wide-open mouth.

Hip slaps became hip spans, whipping against his bright-red buttocks.

THWAP-THWAP-THWAP-THWAP-

The whole room jerked every time she piledrove into him. Whenever he looked up, a demonic woman glared back, possessed by lust and no longer smiling. He could only moan with pleasure as she annihilated her cock-drunk pussy of a sibling, putting years of rivalry to bed as she took the utmost pleasure from savaging his taut buttole.

“Yeah? You like my boobies now huh!??” she heaved with a crazed leer, drinking in her brother's whimpers of humiliation, the last traces of masculinity in his eyes dying in the burning light of her triumph.

The noise of a young man being broken echoed out the window, lost in the spring air. A neighbour stirred briefly and blinked curiously at the sound of a young male's cries, but quickly fell back to sleep. A night driver heard a curious sound through his open window and smirked at the woman who sounded like she was having the time of her life, but didn't bother to stop and enjoy the symphony of bitch-whines that flittered out over the suburbs. Inside a young woman's bedroom, minutes passed, every one a sweaty rush of endorphins and adrenaline as Evan felt that same ecstasy building in the sweet place that Rosey was pummelling again, so focused on it that perhaps she didn't even realise she was flying towards her own orgasm, biting her lip with an urgent look on her face.

Her thrusts began to become erratic... as pocket of pre-cum warmed his insides.

“HNNhoHH-GOHHDDuhh-“

“No God... *HnnnuhHH- GOD-CAN'T-HELP-YOU-NOW- MY LITTLE PUSSY!*” she leered, her eyes wide and crazed, punctuating each word with a snap of her hips.

“UHN-HUN-HN-UHN-“

Through the shame and emasculation, Evan couldn't help... feeling the same growing warmth inside him for his sister's deeper panting breaths, the sweat dappling her forehead, the lip bite that she didn't know she was doing-

“I'm... G-GONNA-“

Her face became an urgent scrawl of features arranged haphazardly as a human face.. and Evan had a split-second of knowing what was going to happen with absolutely nothing he could do about it.

It came in a flood of heat, her dick pulsing in his core as her eyes bulged.

-“CUUHHHGGHHMM-!“

Something in Evan's chest unlocked as he felt her pure molten passion glaze every inch of his insides, his own dick betraying him again and firing with wanton abandon into his own face as his eyes rolled up in his head. The siblings writhed and squelched, locked together in a symphony of sex. The girl fucked downwards as she tried to inject enough cum into the boy's body to projectile fire it out of his nose, and the boy merely held on and accepted her offering of pure dick-bliss.

For ten seconds of their lives, they shared a moment of mind-melting perfection.

Evan squealed.

Rosey roared.

The room filled with the stench of semen from young bucks as the pair expunged days of backed-up baby batter from their overflowing bollocks, significantly more ending up in Evan's womb (or the closest thing to it) as Rosey marked her territory, Evan merely marking himself further.

After another final few seconds of hair-raising orgasms, the pair collapsed in a heap.

Evan's chest rose and fell, trying to recover some oxygen in his brain. Both the inside and outside of the boy was coated in white glue, the hairband long gone, matted hair stuck to his face, and Rosey suspected he wasn't going to uncover it any time soon.

“Hhholy shit.... Now *that*... was a forfeit...” she panted, heaving in breath.

It took Evan a minute to move, and another before he realised he was almost submerged in sperm and couldn't push his sister off of him. His voice came out hoarse and trembling.

"H-hey-... *c-can you...*"

"Oh uh... yeah..."

She slowly, torturously, pulled her meat out, sliding inch by inch. It still sent quivers into the boy's body whenever she squeezed past something sensitive, almost like they might make him cry. Roxey drank in every moment of it, then paused with her helmet on the entrance.

"Hmm... whilst we're here..."

As lucidity returned to his face... a desperate plea escaped his lips upon seeing her knowing look.

"N-no.... *please.....*"

She held him there for a moment, basking in the broken form of her brother in her bed, legs in the air, begging her not to fuck him in the ass a second time.

Victory.

His eyes widened in fear as she didn't pull out, liquid threatening to come from them as he saw his own cock betray him, pulsing upwards into a full mast.

"N..... *no..... don't...*"

"Beg me."

"Hnnuh?..."

"Beg me," she growled.

He moaned, tears in his eyes.

"P-Please... don't fuck me again..."

Finally, with a victorious smile, she cocked her head.

"Sure. No worries *pussy.*"

Her fingers tickled his belly as she pressed on it... and then slid the last bit of her cock out, making sure he felt every last millimetre of it, his body bucking and convulsing as he was suddenly free.... And a chute of thick, almost viscous white batter splurged from his butthole, submerging the covers.

"Hhhuhhh... hhohh...!!"

It took seconds for his asshole to fire a few healthy pints of jizz over Beth, a fountain of filth. As his legs finished shaking, his cheeks continued to boil watching his asshole drip the last of her cum-dressing from his insides.

“Huh... looks like I’ll have to change my sheets,” Rosey grinned, making sure to imprint the sight of her brother’s distended creamy flower in her memory forever, “but it’s alright.... You paid already.”

She gave him a flirty wink, clicker her fingers into a Fonz-style finger gun, and then rose up off the bed, her naked dripping cock swinging like a crane as she began to walk towards the bathroom. It took Evan long agonising seconds to try and make his legs work, rolling with a groan off the bed. More liquid dripped down his thighs. How much was still inside him?!

Horribly, he could still feel her warm liquid coating his insides.

“Lemme know when you wanna play again!” she called gleefully as Evan crawled out of the room, leaking a trail of his sister’s seed on the floor behind him, tears in his eyes. Rosey noticed the erection he hid, still trying to unveil itself.

His door eventually slammed down the hall, and silence.

Rosey took a moment to catch her breath in the mirror, and looked herself in the face. She realised... she didn’t hate what she saw. In fact... she loved it.

She twirled, her dick swinging from her body.

‘That. Was. Freakin. HOT!’

Her breasts had some of her brother’s useless seed flecked on it. She gathered it up on one finger, and sucked on it, whilst looking into the mirror.

“Mmm.....”

Nice and tangy.

He’d cum twice without even touching his dick.

Even as she stared at her naked, sweaty body, she already felt the yearn for his body-heat again. She bit her lip, rubbing her hand over the slippery, deflating cock between her legs which halted halfway down.

‘Let it go... it was one time...’

But the itch wouldn’t go, and even though she would shower and sleep better than she ever had, the itch didn’t go away.. the feeling of her brother’s thighs in her hands, his asshole clutching her manhood....

‘..... One in-fucking-credible time..... Oh my pretty little bro...’

She stared into nothing, reliving every glorious moment, clutching her chest like a lover.

'My dumbass Romeo.....'

As she turned on the shower, she gripped the temperature knob and raised it to steaming hot. She loved hot showers. As the water hit her skin, she let the water cleanse her filthy, sweat and cum-covered body... but the itch remained.

'...I need more.'

###

About the Author

Thereshegoes123 has been creating erotic literature for a number of years, and loves to write about girls with bulges in their pants, as well as various other genres.

If you enjoyed these stories please leave a 5-star rating or review as it helps tremendously, and if you want to enjoy early access, read exclusive or free stories before they are made public, influence the outcomes of your favourite characters, or support the artist on patreon (thank you!), please go to my website:

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