

Mini-Story - Trailer Hotties (Twins TG)

By FoxFaceStories

As voted on by our Deluxe Patrons!

After being kicked out of college and their father closing their accounts, rich entitled twin brothers are forced to pool their remaining funds to rent a mobile home in a local trailer park, never knowing they will soon become like the sisters that used to live there.

Trailer Hotties

Todd and Stanley Hawker were furious. The twin brothers were only twenty years old, the sons of an incredibly successful industrialist father, and heirs to an incredibly fortune. Not only that, but they were also students at a prestigious university where their name alone commanded respect, and their father's patronage ensured that they would always have special treatment.

Well, so they had thought.

It turns out that even the Hawker family name wasn't enough to save them from being expelled when they went too far with their drunken, partying antics. One night at a party, the pair had snuck out, kidnapped the school football team mascot, which was a real life ocelot kept under careful security, and unleashed it on a sorority. They filmed the screaming women pouring out of the building, many of them in little nighties or barely clad at all, and even a couple who were naked at the time. Then, just for kicks, the pair had decided to post it all online anonymously.

Well, so they had thought.

Because it *a/so* turns out that cyber anonymity was a lot harder to achieve than the pair thought, especially since they had ignored their programming course in favour of picking up hot nerd chicks. And the ocelot had been under heavy camera security. And so, in almost no time at all and after a very loud public outcry, they were both quickly expelled. Their father was furious beyond reckoning.

"You've disgraced the family name," he spat at them. "For the next year, you're going to learn how to be humble. I'm cutting you off from now on. No funding, no aid, and if you want to see a penny of the family wealth ever again then you're going to work together to survive on the meagre funds you have left."

They had called his bluff, smirking. Todd, being the elder by five minutes, was the natural leader, and the one to always go a little further. Stanley was always more of the coward, hiding behind his brother to avoid trouble, but going along with his antics anyway. This was the position he took when his father showed them that this was no bluff at all: their money was cut off, and they were kicked out.

Which, of course, left Todd and Stanley furious. Furious that they had to survive on their own, with very little cash. Furious that the only place they could afford was a mobile home. Furious that a shitty dive of a trailer park was the only place they could stay. Both of them searched for low end jobs as they did their best to ignore the trashy trailer folk, as they saw them. The mobile home was rundown, but at least could hold the pair of them, and it wasn't an expensive living.

In the first month, they simply achieved the inevitable: Todd worked flipping burgers, and Stanley followed him like a loyal brother, serving on counter. Both felt the jobs were beneath them, and having to play nice with customers was absolutely grating. Both would head back to the trailer annoyed as all hell.

At least they slept pretty well. In fact, it was kind of pleasant, especially in their dreams. Todd dreamed of a gorgeous trashy blonde with slutty tattoos and a dumb hick smile, ready to put out for him eagerly. Stanley dreamed of the same, a twin to that girl, with tattoos on her other side, her parterd to the left instead of the right, her overalls a little lighter.

In the second month, the dreams got a little more powerful. Both men found themselves getting used to their jobs, even if they hated them still they were quite good at them. Oddly so. But the dreams sustained them. They almost began to look forward to going to sleep just so they could see those trashy trailer hotties. Their moods were lifted enough by those sexy dreams that they even found themselves occasionally interacting with the other inhabitants of the trailer park, many of whom had been there for years. Eventually, Todd even mentioned dreaming of a beautiful girl idly during conversation. After describing her, a scraggly old man missing half his teeth piped up.

"Oh yeah, I know that girl. And her twin. The Becker Twins. They were real people round these parts. Loved by our community. We're a family of sorts here, many of us have been here a long time."

"Where are these hotties now?" Todd said dismissively, guzzling back a bair. He didn't usually drink beer - he viewed it as beneath him. But for some reason he loved it now. It was like blending in, he supposed. Much like how his brother and him were starting to wear overalls.

"Sadly, they died in a freak fire. It was terrible. Some of the kids spread rumours that they haunt this place. I believe 'em. I seen 'em round. I see 'em now."

At that, he stared over at Stanley, who promptly freaked out. The man laughed.

After that, both men began to get a little more freaked out by their dreams. The girls seemed so real, their hot double-D chests so real, their sexy midriffs so close. They giggled and laughed, and occasionally mouthed something that looked like "Soon. Soon."

That was when the changed began, in the third month. It was subtle, at first. Neither Todd nor Stanley needed to shave, and that came as an odd relief that went without noticing. Their hair became fuller, and began to lighten from its usual dark brown. Their faces softened, as did the rest of their skin. They began to wear brighter clothing, cheaper too. They even wore casual boots instead of their older, finer shoes. The twins even got along more with members of the community, and gravitated to the crude, beer-guzzling men their own age, despite having little in common.

And still the dreams became stronger. The girls were saying *"Soon. Soon. We'll be back, ya'll. Me and ma sister are too cute ta jus' die. We wanna see our cute boys again! And you two are gonna help us do that. Ya'll about ta look so darn pretty now!"*

The twins freaked out in the fourth month when the changes became too great to ignore. Their faces were undeniably feminine, their hands tipped by perfect cheap manicured nails that they never applied. They had shrunk in height, and their hair now hung past their ears. Even their dark eyes were turning an eventual bright blue.

But worst of all, their proud manhoods were shrinking, and their nipples *flaring* and *growing*.

"We need ta get the fuck out of her, ya'll," Todd said, trying not to have that trailer twang in his voice. "We're becoming them. They're, like, possessing us, sis! I mean, bro!"

"I know, but every time we try ta get away, we end up back here! It's like they make us come back, Todd! Back so we can become a pair of trailer slut hotties!"

It was true. Whether running away on foot, driving in the caravan, or simply hitching a ride, the pair somehow always ended up returning to the trailer park, their bodies and instincts betraying them. The dreams were encroaching on reality, and that scraggly old man smirked at them each time he saw them. The boys were even beginning to whisper and look at them differently.

"We got ta think of something!" continued Stanley.

But as they entered their fifth month in the park and blew past even that, there was no thought to be had. Despite their brilliant education, the boys had wasted it on drunken antics. Yet they were also getting the distinct feeling that the girls - whose names were Trish and Sally, were not bright sparks themselves, and this was affecting their brains too.

"Sorry about making yer as hopeless as a squirrel with no nut, but it makes you two easier vessels for my sis and I to hop right in. Don't worry now, we ain't gonna erase you or nothin.'

Ya'll still be with us. Jus' in the backseat while we tear up the town. Don't tell us you ain't eyeing the Bridger brothers anyway!"

That was the message they received from Trish, the older one, and it seemed to Todd like his voice was starting to sound just like hers, especially now that he was growing his hair down his shoulders, a gorgeous honey-blonde, and his breasts had become solid B-cups. Stanley was in the same boat, his hair a little lighter, his clothing too, his eyes a bit more bright blue. Sally giggled at him in his dreams, chatting about all the cute boys they could fuck together. It terrified them both.

But it also made them really fucking turned on.

Again and again they tried to contact their father, but something prevented them. They couldn't remember his number, or get ahold of his people, or even find out how to escape the trailer park long enough to flee back to their home and ask for forgiveness. The Becker Twins stifled them yet again, giggling in their dreams, and increasingly at the edges of their vision even when they were awake.

The changes continued throughout the six month, both boys losing hope. Their bodies were more male than female now, with incredibly small genitals and very ample chests that were full D's, just shy of the impressive double-D's of the Beckers. They were wearing more and more feminine articles of clothing, including hot Daisy Duke shorts that showed off their peachy asses, and tied flanalette shirts that revealed their cleavage and midriiffs. It was utterly humiliating, especially since the whole trailer community seemed to know what was going on.

"Looking forward to having you back, Sally!" someone called to the nervous Stanley.

"It's been too long, Trish!" a man in his thirties shouted. "That summer was the best of my life. I hope you still put out as good as you did before!"

"Of course, ya'!!!" they replied, only to clasp their hands over their mouths and run in womanly fashion back to the trailer.

There was no stopping it, of course. After six dreadful months of being slowly changed and possessed, both men had one final dream. In it, the girls were stripping off their clothing, laughing mischievously as they begged the two male twins forward.

"Let's totally go fuck some cock, ya'll. It's time ta put these bodies to use, girls."

The two brothers woke in the middle of the night, and instantly realised the worst had come to pass: both were now entirely female, their cocks gone for good, replaced with feminine slits. Both were now buxom blonde trailer park twins, and slutty tattoos had even manifested as tramp stamps above their asses and down the sleeve of their arms.

And both were incredibly fucking horny.

Stanley, predictably, broke first. "I'm sorry bro! I - I can't help but want ta suck some big ole cock!"

He ran off to the community bonfire, knowing that men were there who would eagerly allow him to do just that. Todd followed him, shouting for him to come back.

"Sis! Ya gotta come back now! If we do this they'll take control forever, and we'll be nothin' but a pair of trailer hotties!"

But she stopped the moment she came into view of the fire, and the hot, rugged, masculine trailer boys around it. One heaving breath, and all of them were looking at her tits, and those of her sisters.

"Sally? Trish? Is that really you? Are the Becker twins from the legends come back to life?"

And both nodded eagerly.

"Oh yeah, honey," Trish said, Todd forced into the 'backseat', *"and I got lots of lovin' to catch up on."*

"Like, me too sis," Sally said, Stanley similarly put on hold, *"which one of you cuties wants to get the best damn blowjob of your lives?"*

Their hands couldn't go up fast enough. The twin brothers could only watch, and feel, and experience what it was like to be caressed and felt up against a bonfire by a trailer park boy, and then carried back to trailers themselves to be fucked. Feeling big, fat cocks entering their pussies was an unbearably amazing pleasure, made all the more powerful when the girls in charge made sure to use every hot, dirty trick in the book to get their lovers to cum again and again, and themselves in turn. It was a long night for the new women, but it would not be the last by far. They were stuck as possessed trailer hotties for life, and would be forced to experience that life for good now.

They never heard from their father again, nor expected to access his inheritance. For the new Becker twins, there was only a life of swallowing cum, fucking hot boys, and being the sweet, kind, fun-loving trailer girls that the whole community loved.

And Todd and Stanley were just along for the ride.

The End