



Sister's Magical Whoopsie.

By Menoetes

“Oh no, this is bad. This is really, really, bad!” Nina whimpered, crouching beside the window and flipping desperately through her spellbook. “C’mon, there has to be a way to fix this!”

The old tome in her trembling hands was meant to be a joke—a gag gift from her twin brother Trevor to liven up their shared birthday. He’d said he bought it from a new second-hand bookstore across town.

A new store selling used goods had sounded odd but ultimately harmless in the greater scheme.

Except now, Trevor was next door, plowing their neighbor, Mrs. Hatcher, over her kitchen island. Nina could see them clearly from her position, straight through the floor-to-ceiling French windows the middle-aged woman had installed last summer.

She’d said they provided more natural light. Today, they gave Nina an unfettered view of her brother hammering the mature beauty’s well-padded rump from behind—her pastel sweatpants and boring panties ripped to tatters by Trevor's bigger, stronger hands—as she wailed out raptures of pleasure.

“Oh fuck! That’s it, hunk! Smash my married pussy with that amazing dick!”

Mrs. Hatcher’s dark hair was a tousled mess, fanned out in silky mahogany strands over the marble countertop, and her large, springy breasts were squashed flat against the surface in the solid black sports bra. Each rampant thrust from Trevor rocketed her entire body forward as if she would go flying were it not for her white-knuckled grip on the opposite edge.

“Yeah, take it, you MILF whore. Take my hard cock and tell me how much better I fuck than your dweeb husband!”

“Sooo~ much better... Oh god!” She cried, quaking with her fourth orgasm since he had barged into her suburban home twenty minutes earlier. “That shrimp-dicked wimp never had the balls to pound me like this!”

Trevor barely resembled the newly eighteen-year-old boy he had been that morning.

The thoughtful, contemplative youth with a lean runner's physique had... swollen—no other word for it—before Nina's eyes into a muscle-bound monster that had burst from his flannel pajamas like something from a cheesy horror flick.

Oh sure, the coppery hair they shared was still the same, and his sage green eyes were unmistakable, but otherwise, Nina's twin was a very changed man.

Trevor's back was an avalanche of rock-hard muscles, broad as a barrel and rippling with inhuman strength as he ravished their ecstatic neighbor with pummeling stabs of his enormous manhood. His glutes flexed most distractingly, and dimples formed above each hemispheric cheek.

Wide shoulders that could lift the heavens and heavily shredded limbs to match rounded out a chiseled appearance that would spark envy in world-class bodybuilders or the actors in those gladiator shows he watched.

Even his weak jawline had morphed into an anvil coated in ginger stubble that was fast becoming a proper beard.

And it was all because of that awful book and the stupid spell Nina had cast as a joke.

It was a dusty grimoire, so ancient the title was worn off the leather cover and spine. It contained some odd illustrations and decorative borders—Trevor had called them illuminations—and the language was foreign, with squiggly lines, dots, and circles above many letters.

“Ha, found you.” She gasped in relief, finding the page that had kicked off the madness. It was yellowed with age, and the ink faded in parts, but the heading was still legible.

Blezun Hildisvíni

A picture in the top corner showed a blonde goddess bedecked in a cloak of flacon feathers, resting a glowing palm on the snout of a car-sized boar. It had seemed innocent enough at the time, and Nina had giggled through the incantation, doubtlessly mangling the pronunciation and pressing a finger to Trevor's nose in a similar fashion.

She wasn't laughing anymore.

Trying to block out the sound of her twin railing Mrs. Hatcher to fresh heights of carnal depravity, Nina studied the spell. Looking for any clue to undo the chaos she had wrought. The recent memory of watching them rutting like beasts didn't help her concentration; the slapping of their firm flesh colliding was like a thumping bass line in her skull.

“Here it comes, you horny skank!” Trevor's deep, masculine roar rattled the window panes. “Gonna stuff that fertile womb with a gallon of my goddess-blessed seed!”

“YEEESSSS~!! Do it, you incredible hunk! Knock me up!”

The alien words swam on the page, and the image of the goddess turned to grace Nina with a beatific smile...

Clothing was strewn across Nina's bedroom like shrapnel after a bombing.

Skirts, dresses, tops, and underwear lay in crumpled heaps on her bed and floor. She had plundered her wardrobe, drawers, and hangers in a feverish fit, not knowing what she sought but searching regardless.

The final verdict had been her high school uniform for some unknown reason.

It shouldn't have fit. By all accounts, Nina was a late bloomer, rake-thin and boyish in figure, growing marginally in her chest and lower half after graduation.

The sized-for-teen white schoolgirl blouse and red tartan necktie buttoned tight across her meager handfuls, exposing a swath of her featureless tummy. A dismally short pleated skirt hung from a nearly non-existent waist, barely covering her trim upper thighs. White knee-high socks and tennis shoes adorned Nina's pale legs and dainty feet.

As for underwear...

Underwear was proving to be a dilemma.

Every sensible pair of briefs or boyshorts Nina had so much as touched made her skin itch like the devil. Only the teensiest crimson thong she didn't remember owning was tolerable as a minor footnote concealing her nethers.

Bras were equally troublesome, to the point she had gone without and let her small beesting breasts rub against the starchy cotton top. Her nipples were two pink diamonds poking through the taut fabric.

Nina couldn't rightly fathom why the outfit change was important, only that it had felt crucial at the time. The powerful compulsion to appear, if not exactly sexy—she had never been that—but more... available for a big, strong man's viewing pleasure was irresistible.

Now that it had passed, she could return to the tricky task of deciphering the spiraling words of the spell, smiling at the winking goddess, and occasionally stealing peeks of Trevor destroying their smoking hot neighbor's pussy.

Except he wasn't balls deep in Mrs. Hatcher's gushing cooch anymore. He had flipped her over with effortless ease, then climbed onto the countertop to straddle her fat mommy titties and jam his gigantic, cum-slathered cock between them.

The first plunge of his mighty hips obliterated the sturdy black sports bra like it was nothing.

Nina was struggling to focus on the spellbook resting in her lap.

"Oooh... Urk! Yaasss... Oomf! Aaah... Glurp!"

The older brunette shuddered in pleasure each time his bulbous tip emerged from her cushiony cleavage to slam into her gaping lips. Great wads of gooey precum jettisoned from Trevor's swollen balls with every boob-bouncing pump, drowning the matronly belle's gargling mouth and painting her pretty face.

They drooled in white sheets down her cheeks and chin, clingy clumps stuck in the glossy hair pillowing her bobbing skull and pooled on the marble around her ears. There was already an unreasonable amount of the sticky seed, yet Trevor didn't show a hint of tiring.

"Yeah, drink my load, slut! I've wanted to fuck you for so long. Watched you prance about in yoga gear for years, showing off your killer knockers and bootie." He growled, and Mrs. Hatcher spasmed through another climax at his commanding tone. Nina felt a slight shiver too. "You're mine now, understand? My anytime, anywhere cumdumpster neighbor! MINE!!"

"Mhmm... Gloomph~!"

Her eyes were glued shut, jism sparkled like pearls on her lashes, but the affirmative moans and choked gurgles sent a clear message. As did the puddle of flowing pussy juices forming under her round bubble butt.

Nina couldn't be certain—her attention kept drifting to Trevor's gob-smacking slab of girthy manmeat—but through the haze of their riotous rutting, she thought Mrs. Hatcher was changing.

Just minor details at first. Crow's feet and frown lines vanished beneath voluminous spurts of spunk as though it were a miracle skin treatment. Stretch marks faded, and sagging flesh firmed up like a timelapse in reverse.

Every swallowed throatful was seemingly redirected to her ballooning bosom, inflating and pumping them up into supersized funbags topped with raspberry nips. Cellulite and fat evaporated, her waistline shrank, and everything about her mature figure seemed to subtly tighten, fine-tuning the curvy housewife into a breathtaking bombshell.

Nina hadn't realized she was touching herself through the pleated skirt until the initial thigh-clenching warnings reached her befuddled brain. She was fucking soaked, and a wet patch had formed under the press of her fingertips.

"Wha-what? Oh... oh god!" She simpered, jerking her treacherous digits away. The dusty tome had fallen to the carpet face-up, still open to the page of twisting text with the image of the laughing goddess in her feather cloak. "I—I shouldn't... we couldn't..."

Nina's pussy burnt with unfulfilled desire, riding the razor edge. The slightest strum of her little pink clit would get Nina there, but Trevor was her brother.

Her uber-hung, totally jacked, sex-god twin brother, who handed out bone-melting orgasms like candy canes on Christmas day to lucky bimbo MILFs and blasted them full of his hunky babies.

Wait, was that right?

She scrubbed frustrated fingers through her copper curls, long and burnished brilliant as rose gold, while the tight schoolgirl uniform pinched her burgeoning breasts and spreading hips as though the clothes were shrinking. Buttons were on the verge of popping across the increasing swell of her perky chest, and girlish nectar slicked her thicker, more shapely thighs.

It was tough to form cohesive thoughts with such a massive breeding fuck-stud, a short fence hop away. Nina's core roiled with taboo passion. Her toned four-pack belly felt vacuously empty—a void desperate to be filled by something huge, stiff, and virile, no matter the source.

“Yeah, hell yeah! Keep sucking it like that, whore. I've got another creamy load for you!”

Trevor was cumming again. Blowing more of his bottomless supply of yummy bro-batter straight down Mrs Hatcher's throat and into... her tits? The same expanding sweater-wreckers that were secured around his mountainous manhood.

Was that right? It had to be. They were enlarging even as she gulped and mashed them around his surging enormity, jolting and straightening in an electrifying climax of her own.

That seemed correct. A loyal, loving fuckslut should cum when her Man did. Nina knew that somehow. It was obvious to her now. Part of the natural order of how things went being ravished by a monster-cocked, beefcake megastud like her twin.

Jesus, she was wet for him.

The tiny red thong was practically sagging like drenched paper towel under the constant deluge of her honey. Just one flick of her thrumming bean would be enough. Just a brush of her thumb and the sight of her brother's snatch-splitting fuckstaff...

“Mom, is that you? I’m home!” Called a voice from next door, shocking Nina back to reality like a bucket of cold water. “Are you okay? I thought I heard yelling.”

“Oh no... Oh no, no, no!” Nina scrambled in panic, craning her head in the window to spot their neighbor’s daughter, Jessa, entering the home. “This is soooo~ not good!”

Jessa was a year older than her and a star cheerleader at the local college. Precisely the last person Trevor should meet in his magically altered state.

The blonde goddess blew Nina a kiss from the forgotten book at her feet.

“Gu-gudenes... um, torden I-I dine... shit, what is that circle thingy over the letter A mean?” Nina was butchering the words as she tried rereading the spell.

It wasn’t her fault!

The words twisted and blended together in winding patterns that drew the eye and dazzled the mind. The picture of the pretty blonde lady kept shifting, too. She was smiling at one moment, then laughing or frolicking with her giant pet pig in the next.

Oh, and don’t forget the ultra-distracting sounds of loud, unhinged sex blaring from next door.

How was a girl supposed to focus with all that noise?!

It had been so easy the first time, but she hadn’t been drooling everywhere like a horny bloodhound back then.

Jessa hadn't lasted five seconds in Trevor's utterly dominating presence. The athletically honed, gorgeously blonde, tight-bodied yet busty cheerleader walked in on him, hosing down her dramatically transformed fuckdoll mother with his plentiful spunk and instantly folded like a bad hand in poker.

How could she not?

Nina's studmuffin Big Bro (big in monolithic stature and cunt-pulverizing cock size, to be clear) commanded a lot of attention.

He was a true Man. Proud and unapologetic of his all-encompassing machismo. A walking, talking, totally hard-fucking paragon of masculinity who overshadowed all lesser males like a solar eclipse.

Jessa was in the living room, dressed in form-fitting orange leggings that showcased a spectacular thigh gap and nautical leagues of muscular legs. She tore off her loose tank top, revealing a surprisingly lacy yellow bra, before dropping to her knees in supplication as though Trevor were a rain god in the desert.

At that very moment, the glamorous young blonde was hyperventilating as her naked, megastacked mother melted against Trevor's side, stroking his mouthwatering immensity an inch from the cheerleader's enchanting face. Her tongue kept flicking out, tasting his intoxicating funk in the air.

"Is my daughter attractive enough for you, sir? Is she young and fuckable enough?" Mrs Hatcher cooed, grinding her sodden snatch on his corded thigh. "She usually plays the tease for boys her age, but look how quickly she kneels for a powerful Man. But if you don't want her, I will send her away and find a more beautiful, more worthy cocksleeve to service your superior magnificence."

A dense spurt of jism, merely a half cup, splattered across Jessa's high cheekbones, causing her to quiver and mewl like a hungry kitten.

“Please... please don’t.” She simpered, hands clasped beneath her ample breasts as though in prayer. “Mommy, who is this Adonis... where’s Dad?”

“Tell her.” Trevor rumbled, crossing tree-trunk arms over his slab-like pecs.

“That worthless worm? Don’t mention him again, brat.” Her mother spat, slapping his leaking knob across Jessa’s reddening cheek with an audible smack! It left a glistening splotch. “There’s a new Man of the house. We sorely lacked a strong and authoritative presence before today. He will teach you some respect.”

She smeared Trevor’s angry tip over her daughter’s blemishless complexion, drawing a gooey line from chin to temple until his veiny pole stood flat against her blushing face, obscuring it with his righteous girth and dribbling precum into her golden hair.

“Oh god... ye-yes, Mommy.” Jessa groaned, going cross-eyed and taking a tentative lick of the base. An instantaneous spasm racked her gym-fit body, and a darker patch of orange bloomed over her conspicuous camel toe. “Mmmm, I’ve never done more than kiss a boy, but promise to do my best for my delicious new Daddy.”

“I always knew you were a premium piece of pussy, Jessa.” Trevor grunted, seizing his clingy cock-addicted neighbor by the neck and shoving her to the floor. Mrs Hatcher practically whinnied in delight at the rough handling. “Instruct her. Show the little skank how to handle a real Man’s dick.”

“Oh, oh yes, sir! Leave it entirely to me.” She chirped excitedly, crouching beside her moaning daughter and gathering a handful of blonde hair in a ponytail grip. “I’ll make certain she doesn’t disappoint her hunky new Daddy.”

Nina whimpered when a voyeuristic thrill stirred her core. Lengthening spools of bright, brassy curls coiled onto the carpet as she peered over her windowsill.

Saliva hung in sparkling ribbons, bridging her delicate jawline and blouse-busting chest. They added a healthy sheen to the steep slopes of her ivory cleavage, where it exploded from the inadequate confines of her scant schoolgirl uniform.

Agile fingers parted her puffy pink folds, sinking between soaked thighs and achieving lightning-quick, tongue-biting gratification.

She buried an ecstatic wail in the spellbook, shaking through the tempest of toe-curling euphoria, hiding her face and shame between its dry pages.

“Aah! Big Bro... I-I need you—hmmmp~!”

The aged parchment accepted the offering, absorbing Nina’s profuse spittle and sweat, thrumming with mystical energy as cracks in the ancient leather cover knitted shut.

Once the sinful paroxysms ebbed to dull, distant thunder, she sagged like a sail on a windless day. The golden goddess grinned up at Nina, having discarded the feathery cloak to reveal her naked form in all its divine radiance. A busy hand delved into the celestial slit below her flat navel.

Next door, Trevor was vigorously fucking Jessa’s pretty mouth and visibly distending her slender throat with piledriving thrusts. All while his devoted MILF fuckpuppet shoved the cheerleader’s slobbering skull deeper down his shaft until a bulge formed between her sharp clavicles.

Pride swelled in Nina’s blouse-busting bosom, popping several overtaxed buttons. Her handsome, donkey-cocked Bro was really giving that snobby bitch Jessa the business and the stuck-up cunt was gushing like a cheap tramp.

Gosh, but Nina’s cunt was cumming again already too. Riding the back of the first incestuous orgasm straight onto the next. Slick fingers blurred on her

clitty, firing hedonistic mortar rounds to blitz her silly girl brain with pyrotechnic pleasure.

Was it because Trevor was blowing another truckload of scrummy bro-sperm down the snooty slut's gagging esophagus?

That had to be it!

Mrs Hatcher was writhing and humping her daughter's firm backside, lost in a nirvana of convulsive climax while the younger blonde's tits billowed outward, overflowing the now-useless bra.

All three of them were in sync with Nina's Bro-Master's unquenchable desires. Linked by the unbreakable bond of reverent worship of his dreamboat baby-maker.

She spied in awe as Jessa's already gorgeous, prize-winning form gained an almost ethereal sexual appeal.

Muscles tightened and elongated in her arms, legs, and back. Her waist and torso were trimmed to runway model measurements, while her pert breasts, hips, and rounded posterior plumped like ripening fruit. Blindingly golden locks extended in length and volume, sweeping the back of her perfect knees (Nina didn't know how knees could be perfect, but somehow Jessa's were just that), and her skin took on a flawless, poreless shine.

All with Trevor's superduper uber-cock lodge deep and choking off her oxygen supply.

Jessa didn't seem to mind. She was smokily eyefucking him from under ludicrously long lashes, moaning around his awesome throat-clogging length, and Nina had to stop diddling herself before she short-circuited completely.

“Big Bro... Hyaa! Bro-Master... Mmmnph~! Bro-Daddy!” She babbled, dropping the spellbook into a spreading wet stain on the bedroom carpet to tug a fat nipple. “Oh god. Bro-God! I need to feel you inside me so badly!”

“Never gonna get tired of that.” Trevor chuckled, withdrawing his stupifying length with a shlorp! “Now get on the floor and lift those ankles, whore. I’m gonna plant a few rugrats in your belly.”

Nina was thrilled at the command, delivered in his smooth basso voice, flopping onto her back before she realized he was ordering Jessa.

“Yes, Daddy! Right away, sir.” She purred smugly, as though she deserved Trevor’s babies. Nina seethed with jealousy. “Please, fuck my virgin pussy raw, take my first time, and make me a Mommy with your huge Daddy dick!”

“We’ll be pregnant together. It will be a mother-daughter bonding experience.” Mrs Hatcher glanced away coyly, straddling Jessa’s head and pressing knees onto her daughter’s recumbent shoulders to pin the shameless hussy down. “We can attend birthing classes together. Chat about the hottest maternity fashion. Feed our Daddy-Master once our tits are full and heavy with milk...”

Her excited MILF pussy juiced all over Jessa’s beguiling face while Trevor wrangled his cunt-crushing magnitude into place at her tiny, pink entrance.

“Yeah. That’s, like, whatever.” He growled, notching the humongous tip in her pristine, barely legal lips. “Brace yourself, slut. This’ll be the ride of your life.”

Nina fumed. Steam should have whistled from her ears!

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

Of course, her ultra-hung, hyper-virile, totally-in-charge Bro-God was bossing around that lucky bitch.

Jessa was right there in his majestic presence. She was beyond beautiful now, thanks to him. Most importantly, she wasn't his boring, unsexy sister hiding like a thief, peeping through the curtains, and frigging herself catatonic with prune fingers.

Well, two could play that game!

Nina wasn't completely clear on what that game was exactly, but it had something to do with getting nailed to the nearest flat surface by her mind-boggling Bro-God's prodigious, impregnating wonder-cock.

Wobbling to her feet, she nearly tripped over the old tome where it lay on the spotlessly dry carpet. The dancing ink letters were dark and bold, the fancy border thingies shone with intricate gold leaf, and the pretty goddess lady shot her two supportive thumbs up.

The strange book looked brand new. The leather covers and bindings glowed like a freshly skinned hide tanning in the afternoon sunlight. 'Hreiðmarr' was etched on the spine, the title glittering like gemstone dust.

That was nice.

Flipping her lush rose-gold mane in dismissal, Nina tottered out the bedroom door. Carnal yearning and a yawning emptiness within guided her steps. A half-baked plan fomenting in her lust-addled mind.

Nina crept around the side of the Hatcher residence, unexpectedly stealthy, considering the five-inch peep-toe pumps she had stolen from her mother's closet. Sneakers or any shoe without at least a three-inch heel made her shapely calves ache.

Peeking through an arched window, she got a front-row seat to the bacchanal in the living room.

Trevor, her Big Bro-God had Jessa folded in half on the couch. Perfect knees squashed against her ginormous breasts, ankles dangling around her ears, and her tall, painfully slim frame skewered on his pistoning turgidity.

“Oh Daddy! Oh Master! Ooooh~ Daddy-Master! Your huge, glorious cock is stretching out my tight good-girl pussy.” She howled, her glittering azure eyes rolling in cum-drunk bliss. “I won’t be able to live without feeling it plowing my deepest parts every night and day. Hnnnh~! I love-love you, new Daddy!”

Nina could see her hotter-than-the-sun Bro-Daddy’s monster-cock ramming the ecstatic fucktoy’s womb by the obscene outline pressing out of her brilliantly smooth, toned tummy. She had the mad urge to lick the shifting lump and feel it decimating the transcendently sexified skank’s insides with her tongue.

Dammit, Nina was fingering her soaked snatch again, nose pressed to the window and picturing herself in Jessa’s place, getting drilled mercilessly into the furniture.

It was a miracle that Trevor’s mesmerizing bitch-breaker even fit inside the inhumanly slim, size-zero nymphet’s body. It was like magic, as ridiculous as that notion was.

Then Mrs. Hatcher strode into the room. Her extreme curves and long, silky lines squeezed into translucent black lingerie. A provocative one-piece number rode high on her thick hips, with floral lace patterns around the overstuffed bustline and secured like a choker about her willowy neck.

She wore disastrously tall stray heels and had styled her forest of mahogany tresses up in a loose knot that cascaded down her slender back. Fingerless mesh gloves stretched to her elbows, and she held the end of a chain leash usually reserved for walking a dog.

“Look what I discovered sneaking in the back door.” She announced, giving the leash a sharp tug. There was a pitiful cry, then an older man with a beer

gut and a bald spot splayed across the floor behind her. “A filthy pig, snuffling around where it’s not welcome anymore.”

“Diane. Honey, what’s happened to you? It’s me, your husband...” He blubbered. The chain was looped through a steel ring at his throat and tightened cruelly when she yanked it again. “Ugh! Jesus Christ, you’re hurting me!”

Nina squinted blearily at the sobbing creature—the glass was foggy from her steamy breath.

She felt she should recognize the wretch but couldn’t recall why. It wasn’t a Man. That was Trevor’s job. Her superstud giga-dicked Big Bro-God, who was still engaged in slam-fucking Jessa into the couch cushions. Claiming the ravishing blonde cocksleeve with earth-shaking force.

Precisely as Nina yearned to be claimed.

Fingers curled desperately inside her needy twat, and she almost put her head through the glass when another monumental climax stampeded through her buzzing nervous system. Everything went white for a euphoric eternity before the world spun back into reality.

Where was she again?

“—don’t give a shit. Get rid of him.” Trevor growled, and Nina immediately fixated on him again. A Man was speaking, which meant listening was of paramount importance.

He lifted and spun Jessa with a flex of his tremendous pussy-impaler so she could face the crawling slug dressed in rumpled businesswear. “Hey babe, got anything to say to your old man before he’s gone for good? Better make it quick. I’m ready to dump an epic load in your virgin baby-box.”

“That miserable thing, Master? Why would I want to speak to it?” She sneered, resting her massive bouncing hooters on the armrest and gyrating back into him. “Mommy was correct. That’s just trash to be thrown away—a poor imitation posing as my father before you arrived to fuck the truth into me. Forget him, Daddy. You’re the only Man that exists for me anymore. All others are insects compared to you. Give me your babies, then beat his ass for all I care.”

“Jessa, sweetie. You don’t mean that—hurk!”

The sniveling... whatever rolled in a pudgy ball when Mrs. Hatcher stabbed a stiletto heel into its side and wrenched the leash. Chain links bit into the flab of its neck, strangling any future attempts at speech.

“You will remain silent, piggy.” The ferocious brunette hissed, jabbing it again. “Shut that flapping pie-hole. Watch as a real Man breeds and owns us like you never could.”

“Yes, Daddy! Oh-my-fucking-god, yes! I love being your daughter-slut.” Jessa wailed as Trevor brutally savaged her with his cunt-spearing immensity like a dog with a chew toy. “Holy shit, I’m cumming again! Don’t stop, Master. Ruin me forever on your giant Daddy dick!”

Nina staggered from the window, swaying towards the front of the home to collapse in a quivering heap of brassy hair, tangled limbs, and aching tit-flesh when a soul-wracking orgasm swept her off her feet.

“Here it cums, you cock-hungry whore!”

“Yes, Daddy! Fuck me... YEEESS!!”

Everything narrowed down to a pinprick view as fireworks detonated in her dizzy brain.

Someone crashed through the screen door and tumbled down the patio steps in a panicked rush. There was a loud thud and a yelp of pain before the indistinct figure limped to a vehicle parked in the driveway. An engine revved, and the car shot backward, clipping the mailbox and veering wildly into the street.

Seconds later, it was gone, leaving the acrid smoke of burnt rubber in its wake.

Nina clambered through the open front door, propping herself against the entryway for support.

His pungent scent was everywhere. A cloying miasma of testosterone and sex that clung to walls, floors, and fittings, marking the territory of an apex predator. Her legs turned to jelly, butterflies swarming her stomach, and she stutter-stepped towards the loud noises of rigorous rutting from further within the house, gasping when she caught her reflection in a decorative mirror.

Nina was a downright drop-dead, call-the-paparazzi super-hottie!

Long, lustrous hair flowed like a shimmering blanket of liquid copper to brush the back of her supple, honey-drenched thighs. The small tartan skirt looked more like a belt slung around wide, child-bearing hips that tapered into a waspish eighteen-inch waist a Man (and Nina only knew one of those) could grab like a handle and really go to poundtown.

Her lips were collagen-stuffed pillows, heaven-sent to suck Big Bro mega-meat and the tiny school blouse—stretch sheer and transparent from the constant stream of horny drool—barely hung on by a single remaining button under the hefty strain of her triple extra-large whoppers.

Gone were the freckles and acne scars of her youth, leaving a vibrantly healthy complexion that could star in cosmetics commercials. She was taller by several inches and bared a smooth midriff. Soft muscle definition, like Nina had never seen in her life, gave her fabulous new body a sleek, traffic-stopping sex appeal, perfectly toned and tight and down-to-fuck at the drop of a hat.

Best of all, Nina was sexy and desirable now.

No, scratch that.

Nina was absolutely, one-hundred-and-fifty percent, a totally fuckable piece of sister-pussy for Trevor to fill to bursting with his scumdiddlyumptious Bro-God seed!

Shit, she was knuckles-deep in her slippery cunt again and almost cumming from the mental image.

A slender arm circled Nina's body as delicate fingers slid over the hand buried between her slick thighs, grazing her sensitive pearl and applying more pressure. Firm softness pressed into her back, hugging Nina against the mirror while ruby lips husked in her ear.

“There you are, Sweetie, and looking good enough to eat. Master’s just finishing with Jessa, but he will be sooo~ happy to see you.”

Nina nodded and whimpered as mind-numbing pleasure shocked through her.

“Well, aren't you a sight for sore eyes, sis?” Trevor remarked, sitting comfortably on the couch.

The same couch where he had annihilated the snooty cheerleader skank.

The same snooty cheerleader skank who knelt naked between his spread knees, sucking beautifully on his ginormous, showstopping Bro-Cock.

Standing meekly before them, Nina watched, transfixed, as the bombshell blonde’s head bobbed and slurped, expertly sliding up and down the unmanageable length, her spine elegantly bowed, creamy cleavage wrapped

around the girthy base to deliver a loving, full-body blowjob without so much as a hiccup.

“Cat got your tongue, huh?” Trevor rested his burly arms over the back of the couch and frowned. “Not even a ‘Happy Birthday’ for your favorite twin brother. That's a bit rude, don't you think?”

“S-sorry, Big Bro. Ha-happy Birthday.”

God, it was tough to speak with her mouth and pussy completely dripping from his close proximity. He wore his nudity with pride, all those hard-packed, rippling muscles out on tour—a truly titanic physique.

“Aaaw, that's nice, sweetie.” Mrs Hatcher crooned, leaning in behind Trevor and cushioning his skull with her stupendous, lingerie-clad breasts. “See, Master? She can be a good girl for you. The darling thing simply needs a little prompting. She's certainly pretty enough if none too bright.”

Nina agreed wholeheartedly, squirming with an overpowering urge to kneel and join Jessa in worshiping her Big Bro-God's world-class manmeat.

“Maybe. She's not usually this brainless, though she's definitely hotter.” He conceded. Nina's heart leaped with joy at the compliment. “But I remember giving her a birthday present, and she didn't get me anything in return.”

How mortifying! Nina tried to recall if she'd purchased a gift or planned something special for her uber-hunky Man, but thinking was impossible with him right there.

His geolithic ginormity was right fucking there!

Nina was a good girl, wasn't she? A super goodie-good girl who adored her awesome Big Bro-God and only wanted to make him ultra happy on his happy birthday...

“I think... I think...” her voice was high and girlish as she pensively tapped her chin. They all stared at her with expectant expressions except Jessa, who remained otherwise preoccupied. “I think, um... if it's okay, maybe... ah, maybe I can be your birthday present?”

“There you go! She got there in the end.” Mrs Hatcher beamed at Nina and caressed Trevor’s beefy shoulders. “What do you say, Master? Fancy a birthday blowie from your sexy sibling?”

“Sure, she can sample the goods.” He shrugged, eyeing her bare, glistening slit where it flashed from under the insignificant pleated skirt. “But I’ve got a taste for banging tight virgin puss now, and I know for a fact that’s what she is.”

Nina giggled in excitement and relief. She vibrated in place as her strong, generous Big Bro-God pulled the cheerleader bitch by the hair and cast her aside.

“No fair! I wasn’t done.” Jessa blurted, sprawling across the floor. “Daddy, I—”

“Enough.” Trevor commanded, causing all three women to shudder in desire. “Nina, come here. I’ve got another gift for you.”

He patted his swollen nutsack with a lopsided smirk—so handsome and kind. She skipped over and dropped to all fours like a playful puppy, tongue lolling and peachy ass wagging.

Licking her dribbling lips, Nina extended her neck and opened wide to...

“Uh uh. Not yet, sis.” Trevor held up a banana-sized finger. “First, tell me where the book is.”

Book? He wanted to talk about some stupid book when she was on the cusp of fulfilling her greatest fantasy. Nina let out a small throaty whine of dismay.

“Just kidding, I’ll find it later. Gonna have a lot of fun with those spells.” Trevor laughed, palming her skull like a baseball in his giant paw. “Good girls shouldn’t do nerdy shit like reading anyway. Happy birthday, slut.”

Then he was in Nina’s mouth, prying her jaw apart with his magnificent width and obliterating her tastebuds. Galaxies of taboo delights were birthed in her bubbling brain, Trevor’s free-flowing precum coating her tonsils and sluicing down her gullet.

Her core churned, thrumming at a critical level of arousal as he handled her like fucktoy. Ramming the rear of her throat, then forcing more of himself in. This was what she’d craved, to be taken by a real Man, ravaged like a natural disaster. To be used, abused, and broken on the anvil of his indomitable masculinity.

Nina’s cunt went thermonuclear when the first heavy ropes of bro-seed reached her tummy. A devastating detonation of white-hot ecstasy seared her soul and wiped her mind clean away.

That was for the best. Good girls didn’t need to think. Simply focus on helping their Big Bro-Master pour buckets of yum-yum cum-cum in whichever hole he desired.

Her literacy vanished along with her gag reflex while her jolly fat titties exploded from the school blouse. They swung pendulously beneath her shrinking torso, two expanding globes of milky tit-flesh with puckered rosebud nips that swept the carpet, striking erotic sparks in her rubbed-raw nerves.

“Goodness, look at her go.” Mrs Hatcher chortled. “She’ll be the perfect airhead fuckslut by the time you’re done, Master.”

“Don’t forget to regularly feed and breed me too, Daddy.” Jessa sounded worried. Served her right, the brother-thieving whore. “My boobs will swell even larger once I’m properly knocked up with your babies.”

Nina could feel her skin grow rubbery smooth, shedding all the hair below her eyebrows. Her flesh gained an elastic quality, durable and flexible, with a factory-fresh shine like pale latex. She reveled in the changes. Years of anxiety and doubt fell away to be replaced with centuries of love, devotion, and carnal craving centered around her Man.

Her peerless Big Bro-God and his magical monster cock.

“Fucking hell. Your throat is snug, sis. Ready to blow out the candles in that bratty head of yours?” Trevor growled, hammering her drooling lips like he was driving in nails. “Make a wish, whore!”

Nina didn’t need a wish. Her’s were already coming true when he unleashed a flood of choking spunk directly into her starving belly.

She jittered and jerked as though plugged into a power socket. Juices squirted, her cunt convulsing—she thrashed in his iron grip while a supernova climax unraveled Nina like a cheap wool knit sweater.

She floated, disembodied on divine astral winds. entirely empty and content in a sea of comforting nothingness. Pure. Innocent. Distant from the complexities of modern life.

A flurry of glittering flacon feathers swirled past, carrying the distant tinkle of a woman’s laughter.

Then strong hands were grabbing Nina, lifting and manipulating her into position. Something stiff and mouthwateringly thick prodded at her virgin snatch.

“Hold her upright on my lap. I want to suck on those massive funbags and power-fuck the ditzy cocksheath until her belly is ready to pop.”

That was Trevor. Her Man. Her Big Bro-God.

She loved him sooo~ much.

Pain lanced Nina's frothing nethers. A pinching, tearing agony that quickly morphed into heavenly raptures of euphoria, buffeting her dreamy psyche like ocean waves in a storm.

He was filling her completely. Crushing Nina's insides and wearing her unprotected cunt like a disposable cocksleeve. She bounced and jostled loosely in his mighty grasp—a bimbo marionette with its strings cut.

Feminine voices cooed and chirped around her. They didn't matter. All that was important boiled down to the baby-making mega-dick splitting Nina in half.

"Oh god... Hyaa~! Bro-God, yes! Bl-bless me with your... Aaaah! offspring and make me your... Mmmph~! fuckdoll breeding slut!"

"Geez, she's really into this, huh? I'm kinda jealous." Jessa complained, clutching Nina's arm as Trevor pounded recklessly up into her. "Daddy didn't rail me nearly that hard."

"Count yourself lucky to get in so early, dear." Her mother chided, holding the other arm. "Our Master will require a whole bevy of beauties to slake his lustful appetite. Otherwise, we'd be on our backs all day, feet stuck in the air."

"That doesn't sound so bad, Mommy."

"Say that again when your pussy is bruised black and blue from his unquenchable passions."

Nina didn't hear them. Her existence was condensed to a diamond-tipped focal point. Trevor's Big Bro-Cock pulverizing her pristine quim. She could feel him pulsating inside her, already primed to deposit a hyper-virile load.

Delectable pleasure soared through her on orgasmic wings. Catastrophic climaxes daisy-chained together in a heart-racing cycle that extinguished every memory of the paltry, laughable cums she'd experienced before this triumphant moment.

"Holy shit, that's one tight hole!" Trevor snarled, jacking her up and down his mammoth meatpole like a living, squealing fleshlight. "Never imagined sister snatch would feel this fucking great. Gonna blow soon, then do it again and again and again!"

He punctuated each word with savage thrusts, beating Nina's virgin womb as though its empty status were a mortal insult. That wouldn't be the case for long. Already, she could feel the ceaseless spray of his potent precum soaking into her uterine tissue, triggering the truckload release of reproductive hormones to make her more fertile, more ready to accept his manly seed.

"Hnnmmff~! Do it Bro-Daddy... I-I don't want a life without a baby inside me—your baby!" She begged through chattering teeth. Stuttering between blinding flashes of cunt-foaming bliss. "I... Haaah! I'll do anything you want. Be your... Oooh~ your personal cumslut. Ju-just keep breeding and f-fucking my needy sister-pussy. Oh, Bro-God!!"

"Breed her, Master." Mrs Hatcher crooned, sparing a hand to finger herself through the sheer black lingerie. Sparkling nectar ran down her thick, MILF thighs. "She pleads so prettily, like a good girl should."

"Please breed her, Daddy." Jessa agreed, climbing onto the couch the grind her pornstar cheerleader figure into Trevor's side. "Drop a baby in her tummy, then forget that airheaded floozy and breed me again! I miss the feel of your huge Daddy cock ruining my little coochie already."

"Hold onto your tits, sis!" Trevor roared, slamming her down to his base like a meteoric impact. "Because here I cum!"

Nina's internal muscles tensed and flexed, squeezing and milking until he blasted an epic amount of incestuous seed into her lush, limber, young body. There was another blitz of mind-melting whiteness which lasted forever but ended too soon.

When she came to, Nina was puzzled to discover she was in a strange house with her hunky, super-studly twin brother stuffing her full of scrummy cummy and two vaguely familiar fat-boobied bimbos twitching in drooling puddles on the floor.

“Thank you, Big Bro.” She giggled dazedly as he continued erupting inside her, pooching her flat belly and marking her as his property forever. “I lovey-dovey love you, Sir. Can we please go again? I don't know if I'm pregnant yet and should probably make sure.”

Trevor's sage-green eyes hardened with horny resolve as he resumed thrusting up into Nina, not softening or slowing for an instant. She moaned and quaked in unsuppressed delight.

The future looked bright, especially when he began nursing on her enormously swollen, ultra-sensitive udders.

A future jam-packed with Big Bro-God's babies, brain-fizzling orgasms, and super happy fun times.

What more could a good girl sister-slut want?

THE END

Hi! If you've enjoyed my silly smut, why not support my smut writing aspirations by [joining my Patreon?](#) All donations go towards high-octane coffee to keep me writing and treats for my two adorable furballs.

