Butt Bro Wish

Swung

Swung

Written by Septia

Swung

Swung

“Morning Kandice,” Michael greeted his sister.

She sat by herself at the end of the kitchen table, unraveling a towel around her head that let her maple waves of hair droop over her shoulders.

“Always a ray of sunshine, even if you just crawled out of your troll grotto, how do you do it?” Kandice said whilst letting her tilted head rest on her knuckles.

“The real troll here's the one who showered before me and still haven't bothered getting dressed,” Michael pointed out whilst scooping up fruit into the blender for a smoothie.

“Drat, if you're a troll that makes me one too,” Kandice snickered and stretched. “Least I'm the troll who got all the looks in the family.”

Michael smiled and poured up his smoothie. “Mm hmm, won't argue, for a nineteen year old troll you look quite spiffy. But hey, that won’t be true for long. Anything a brother could get his soon to be twenty year old sis?”

“You.”

At this, Michael stopped chugging the smoothie mid slurp. The glass lowered until his eyes rested on his smirking sister.

“Pff, wipe that off your face bro, I don't mean I tin that way, big perv,” she rose and flicked up the towel draping over her body, exposing her plush cheeks clutched together by green fabric, “I wanna cram yo up my butt, silly, one whole slab of bro beef just, jammed.” Kandice emphasised her claim by pumping her fist into the air with a display of effort. “Squelched and clamped up all the way up my tush." This was accompanied by a spin and pat on her abdomen, which gave of a -Chrlrlslgsh- wring of gurgles in response. “So get your head out of the gutters,” she said jutting out her bottom, “because I want you straight up mine.”

There was a pause.

“So you want me as a human dildo for your birthday?”

“Oh pff, Michael you are being silly again. You are so much more than that,” she said and held up her hand, counting off on each finger, “hot suppository, tasty butt steak, stomach stuffer, a dump so hot and steamy it would be fit for a porno, and some sexy ass padding.”

“Mm…” Michael tentatively took another sip of his smoothie. “So I wouldn't be getting out?”

“Sure wouldn't. Well, in would come a Michael and out would come a coil of cheek charred chocolate."

Michael hummed, head in a constant contemplative nodding. “I don't know…”

“Aww, bro, come on, it would mean the world to me and my hungry,” she cupped her cheeks, “hungry ass.”

“Sis don't take it personally, I don't mind you liking that stuff, it's just not my thing.” He downed the rest of the smoothie.

Kandice sighed and slumped back into the chair. “Really gonna bum out of being my best butt bro buddy?

“I'll think about it, ok?”

“That means no,” Kandice noted, to which Michael couldn't correct her, “I have been meaning to ask for years, too.”

A few moments passed, and she shambled up ton her feet. “I better throw some clothes on, still gonna be a great party with you there, bro.”

“Course, sis.” Michael responded, and watched Kandice head out. His eyes drawn to the bobs of her bottom, dangling just above the peak of her thighs.

“… Butt bro buddy?” he mumbled to none.

Swung

Swung

~ 1 ~

Swung

Swung

Kandice’s party had mostly family coming over; cousins, relatives, and the likes. Despite surrounding by loved ones, the one on her mind, Michael, always seemed to keep some distance. Present, sure, though as a friendly specter more than a part of the celebration.

“So you are past the teen years, how's it feels being an adult.” Kandice's uncle asked.

“Oh shut up, I'll always be your niece.”

“A cheer for that,” her uncle declared, and everyone fell in.

Kandice refleted their cheer with a beaming smile. -Ghrrllgsh- Her stomach, on the other hand, sounded distracted.

SwungSwung

Swung away

“Hey, my troll girl.”

Kandice peeked up, seeing Michael standing above her, behind he couch.

“Happy birthday, enjoying yourself?”

“Course I am, mom didn't exactly hold back on hold back on snacks,” she said pointing to a table nearly picked clean; some still lingerig by to pick up scraps of cake as the others had headed home.

“Did you get my gift yet?”

Kandice scratched her through her hair. “Umm, I can not recall?”

“Well, there wasn't enough preent paper to wrap up a whole slab of brother beef, so…”

Kandice blinked. Her gaze fixed on Michael above. Her mouth shaped into a circle as he inhaled.

“Ooooh,” she exclaimed with her eyes twinkling, “heck yes. My ass is tasting meat tonight.” Kandice wrapped her arms around Michaels head, half dragging him down and half hauling herself out of the couch with him as leverage. “You don't know how much this mean to me, fmms, if my butt could drool it would,” then she paused, “are you sure though? Once I get you in there is not a thing that will make my ass let you out until you've been brewed down from: ‘Michael, Kandice hot brother’, to ‘Michael, Kandice's hot sludge’.”

Michael's lip twitched a bit, then he smiled ad brushed her hair off of her face. “Sis, you know how much you matter to me. I had my time to think, I love you, and if this is gonna make you the happiest sister out there, then you better start calling me…,” he said, fumbling under his shirt till he lifted up a metal chain with a plate attached, engraved upon with the words: Butt Bro.

Upon seeing this, Kandice jumped into a hug, squeezing her arms tight around Michael's back.

“Thank you thank so much, this is the best gift a girl'as ass could ask for,” she whispered, “lets churn you up to booty fodder.” She clasped his hand and rushed towards the stairs.

“Kandice? You going somewhere?” their mother asked.

“Bro just made me the happiest birthday girl in the world,” she said groping her bottom, “he gifted himself to my ass, so I am heading upstairs a bit Michael enema,” Kandice cheered and dragged her brother up with her, before he could protest or show his embarrassment.

Swung

Swung

~ 2 ~

Swung

Swung

“I'm not going back on what I said, but that was maybe we could've just snuck away quite like-?” -Twhwhtp- Michael was interrupted by Candice's blouse tossed over his head.

“Oh you will hear much worse than that in a short bit, when you are up my tush, both from me and my gut grinding and boiling you down into a hot tummy batter. So I hope my fanny filling can endure a bit more pressure than that.” Kandice informed as she discarded her clothes one by one and crawled up into bed. -Bbghrhglgshs- Kandice held her stomach, feeling the vibrations ripple in the clutched dunes of chub between her fingers. “Fmfms, hear that? It is my stomach's way of expressing there is a Michael sized pit of hunger down by as, for weeks, and it is yearning to be filled.” She slumped back in bed, twisting back and forth to peel down her panties as fast as she could, her eagerness only causing it to get stuck several places down her legs. “You are my brother, but right now you are also just a hunk morsel of wrapped up meat, so could you play along and peel off your wrapping, please?”

Micheal gave her a nod. The sheer level of enthusiasm she was exhibiting was… dense. Though, it showed she really wanted this.

Swung

Swung

Micheal dropped his underwear, then reached up to the chain necklace.

“Leave that on,” Kandice instructed, “I am confident that will stick around even when, mm, my gut has gurgled your bones away to a sticky paste, and then am I going to feel that chain, embedded in muck, curl right out my ass when it is done with you.”

“As you wish, troll.”

“Says the guy about to crawl right up my filthy troll cave,” Kandice said toying with her rear, pinching her pucker and caressing the rogousebrim as she shuffled up on her knees.

“Coming?”

“I am, don't worry,” Micheal said and sat on the bed. “So, how do you want me to-.”

“Lie down, feet up,” Kandice instructed as she stood up, fidgeting her fingers into her pucker and spreading in rhythm with the pulses of her flesh to pry it wider. “I want yo feet first up my mfms, butt, so I we can both enjoy the whole way down, and I get to look you right in the face before my pucker gobbles and slurps you all up.”

“You really have been planning for this.”

“Hoping, I have been hoping for a long while.”

Michael shuffled up in the bed, laying on his back whilst Kandice loomed over him.

“Thank you so mch for feeding yourself to my ass, Michael,” Kandice said as she grasped his feet, crouching down mms, “I can not believe I am really gonna gobble you up with my tush mm I am so excited to munch and gurgle you all up, are your feet about under my ass pucker now?”

“I am glad to make you this happy, sis. Oh ehm, move a bit back still, wait, too much, pull up, a little left.” Micheal felt a shudder down his spine, seeing the gaping pit of flesh undulate above his toes, as his sister fidgeted to get them aligned.

“Almost, just a little bit up-.” -Sphrllrltsh- A squelch of squeezing sponges soaked in honey rippled through the room as Kandice's pucker clomped around Michael's toes.

“You got it.”

“Mfmpfsh, aah oh I am gonna mfmfredff treat mmyself so much, ffsaaaw this is really happening." Kandice huffed with her voice muffled with coos, groaning as she wedged her brother's feet deeper into her pucker, cheeks rubbing up against his ankles as she hoisted his toes up the gape of contracting moisture. “Mmfs oh yeah,” Kandice huffed out as she crouched lower, the crater of a brim concaving around Michael's feet, heels sinking past the plush expanse of girl blubber and plying int the meat into the depths of her ass, slick choir of -Shffllrlsths- -Chhrlughs- crinkled as colon gel lubricated him.

“Mmf, it is not like you have much fmfms, of a choice as my beefy dildo, but hope you won't mind if I take my time with you melting in my gut, I am gmm, gonna drawn out everygmm, bit of this experience as far as I can make it.

“It wouldn’t, mm, be the same if you didn't make the most of it,” Michael admitted as he saw his ankes enguled, and his toes sculpting outlines up his sister's abdomen.

“Mmm, bro yo are the best mf, that is the spirit… mmd, get up my ass.”

Kandice huffed, gyrating her rear as she lowered herself down his legs, her brim taking a few moments to acclimate to each thrust downwards. Gradually the lip to his sister's rectal cavern bent out to clamp over his legs again, just to stretch back inwards and broaden as she forced more of his leg brawn up her fanny. -Qhrllstch- -Chhrlsgs- The squeaking nether lips rippled as they polished Michael's knees with butt drool, Michael witnessing every shift and bend in Kandice's stomach as it warped out with the intrusion of his legs.

“MMfs, ooh my ass ifmms is overjoyed, you are so much, thicker than I had imagined, but I am gonna make those delicious hamstrings of yours mine, my ass fms is just starving for you.” She draped her hands over her stomach, trailing her fingers along the pronounced contours of Michael's lfeet, her flesh bending into a padded layer oaver them as they packed through her colon.

“I can feel that, didn't know your butt was such a glutton,” Michael huffed.

“Oh? Hmf, how does it feel bro? Tell me right now, what is it like having your lil' sisters's as smmd, licking and chugging you down like a big calzone.”

Michael wiggled his feet, toes, seeing their outlines diminish and resurface with soggy -Chllgth- “Moist, a bit mmfs, it is taught, though bit like dipping down into a pool of warm jam.”

“Mmf, soon you are gonna be that jam, bro. Mm, Kandice brand heniey marmalade, mfms, wonder if it is, going to be as moist on the way out,” she huffed, gyrating her hips over his legs, down on shifting down to her knees as thighs shuffled into her rump.

“Mgmf, FMSH…” she huffed, her brim warping to the width of his waist, curved oblong lumps distended over her midriff, finagling to come to a rest on the sheets.

“Want me to push, sis?”

“Mfmfs, I got this, fmsm, maybe just a bit.” she wheezed, palms clutching and massaging her stomach, swelling to accompany Michael.

“Wait… wait I think… just…” -Ghhrbrlslglsths- Her gullet contracted, and a torrent of ripples siphoned their way dwon around Michael's legs. -PPPweeerprllbbrth- A billowing puff of noxious dairy grease and peppery fumes worbled past her brim. -Chr-chrlr…Chttwwtp- The added girth to her bowels enough to let Michael's hips pummel up her bottom, and Kandice's rump -pdpth- smacking into the bed.

“Aafhmm pspfhpheww… ooh I needed that out so bad, gomgm, gotta make some more room for you it seems,” she huffed out and gently reclined onto a pile of pillows. The woman’s brim warped and malformed around a series of -PPFrrrth- -Ffrrwtth- -BRrprfht- gas bouts flushing free of to taint the air with the odour of her fermenting chamber.

Michael coughed and fanned over his face. “That is nasty Sis, you are aren't gonna make me like that, right?”

“Courfmms, of course not bro, yours is gonna be mfms, so nasty, once my stomach has dissolved and mulched all that brawn and chub you've got stored up. It is gonna be wretched. Mmf, I might have to air you out with my butt hanging down the widowsill,” Kandice mused as her gullet bubbled and unleashed a brewing -PPCbbrrrlth- from her rippling brim.

“And remember, that is before the solid chunks of you are coming, promise to make some big, fat, stinking dung heaps after churning down in my ass, ofmfms ok, bro?”

“I don't know, you doing something disgusting doesn't really fit my view of you.”

Kandice snickered, “Oh I'll give you the grand tour of the disgusting troll den, dear spelunker.” She snickered, biting her lip and cradling under gut, reaching up a good palm from Michael's legs folded up within.

Swung

Swung secret, editing order may have been reversed.

She stayed like that for a while, rubbing, massaging over her frame, seeing Michael's other half jutting out from her, framed between her legs. His stomach creasing inwards towards her gluttonous brim.

“It is still hard to process, actually,” she admitted, her brim undulating and dragging tugging in more of his waist. “You know?”

“Didn't trust me?”

“It is more I hadn't, mmm, expected it to really happen, if I knew it was gonna go this far, would have offered you to jam your sausage up my buns a few times before I made you my chunky hot dog.” she said, wiggling her cheeks and moaning at her insides warping and bending around him.

“Kandice,” he exclaimed, “I would never do that.”

“Oh come on, by tomorrow you'd be a load of swampy booty bread, you wouldn't have wanted to feel what that ass is like. You know, before what my body deems useful of you gets packed onto it?” Kandice snickered and sunk her fingers into her rear, clamping them together over his waist and kneading into his frame, his crotch already devoured and warping out he under her lap.

“Didn't take you for one to play with your food.”

This made her smile. “Mmff, gosh that is hot, you really are just food, my body won't make a difference between you and the birdcage. You are just much beefier, mm come on then, butt slut, start crawling.”

“Hmm?”

She spanked her crotch and pried her fingers at the rim of her pucker. “You heard me, feed yourself up the birthday butt, I shouldn't have to work for it myself, you know, show how good of a butt bro you are,” she said huffing and with her lower lip gnawed and slurped over.

“Mfms, “ Micheal huffed, grasping onto the covers, “mind making the digestion a bit quicker if I do?”

“There is not a change in the world, sewage goblin, mush, up there.” She beackoned with more drumming above her crotch.

Micheal sighed with a smile, starting to tug himself forwards, squeezing his abdomen into the gaping tunnel, folding his legs as more of him was fed up through her bowels, belly warping and bulbing upwards as all the more squeeze into her.

All whilst Kandice sighed moaned and twisted in joy, huffing with her tongue hanging down her maw as her stuffing packed himself into down the sweat drooping crack of her tush.

-Chhrlslth- -Chhtsh- Compressed clenches of cheek clamps closing on dollops of crinkling cement smeared as Michael funneled his chest into his sister's bottom.

As his head came all the closer to the precipice of musk and darkness, the shade from the engorging abdomen loomed all the higher. Her tummy looked like a sack sculpted of batter, injected with all too much gelatin. -Hclslth- Her insides felt similarly. Walls clamping and clenching in on him, all manner of fluids plastered into his form, and his legs sunken deep into the hold of her stomach. The more she moved around, the more it felt like he was huddled be his body was huddled between a couple of buff, grimy slugs. His back hair stood on end, and quivers trailed down his spine, disappearing up his sister's bottom. Even this deep he couldn't quite… fathom the appeal of it.

“Mmfms, mfms, aawmf look mf, how big I've gotten, mms, wonder how long it is going to take, for my little gut to mfm, work you down,” she huffed as she squeezed her hands into her gut. She brushed in the spaces between his folded legs and torso, rummaging her knuckles in it as he mused, “to melt you down to just a thick, mfm, pot belly, mmfm despite how much you melt there is no escape how clogged my ass is gonna be with all this brother fudge. “

Once more he found himself smiling. Weird as she might be, this was more special than he could ugrasp. “Almost there mfm, now,”

“Awwfm. Aaw… already?” She sounded disappointed, huffing, patting her am around her gt to feel for him, he held her hand. “Mmmf, yeah, just a little bit left…” -Chsplptsh- she smushed his palm up to her pucker, wedging it with his chest, as her brim crawled along his shoulders.

“Mfmm I feel so full, I could play my belly like a drum,” she huffed, rubbing along the interchanging taut and sloshy abdomen.

“Is it mmf, what you hoped for?” Michael wondered as he shuffled his other arm down her brim, feeling the tunnel of warping furls undulate around him.

“It if smm, that and so much more, just a head left, then you will be brewing in my cauldron, bobbing in my belly skin sloughing ff like wax until ou are just a batch of paste in a hubby embrace, she painted the picture for herself, sighing warmly.

Michael smiled back, watching ripples traverse along the stomach with his motions, the looming monolith of Kandice's flesh, the processor waiting for him to take the last plunge.

“Michael?”

“Yeah?”

“This is so rad of you… Sorry about springing that on you, It had been bubbling up inside me for so long, like one of the big nasty farts you try to hold in. You know, like one you are gonna make.”

Michael's face warped a bit, glad she couldn't make him out clearly behind the belly bulge.

“It had just been brewing and growing and fermenting in there, for so long, and every time I saw you I it wanted out so bad, but each time I heald back mmf… though you can't hold back a fart forever,” she mused, trailing her roaming her hands over the peaks and valleys of plush, smoothed tummy bloats engorging her frame. The feeling of her bother clogging her up sent quivers down her spine. Her pucker molded around his neck, hidden under the bulk of tummy blubber her rack rested on.

“It just, startled me a bit, and smelled rank at first,” Michael admitted. “Though I warmed up to the smell after a while, because it is you, sis, and I truly want you to be happy.”

Kandice sniffled, shuddering. “Thanks bro, that mfms, means mmf, the world to me,” she huffed out, a palm resting on top of his head as she spoke, gradually coercing it to sink deeper into the clutches of her brim.

Pucker warped and clamped again and again over his cheeks, suckling down his chin and mouth, wrapped up in the sultry depths.

“When we were young, do you remember you used to tease me, calling em 'Canned ice'?”

Michael nodded, as best he could within the wrapping of rump and Kandice's buns bobbing onto his head.

“Mmf, I promise with you, my can is going to be… fmms, just…” she huffed and pushed at the top of his head, feeding his black hair down the sleek depths, “steamy and hot, for youfmms- fmmpwth- if you just… let it…” -Shhcllpwthts- She felt her the connoted shift of his head sinking in, and her fingers pinched by her brim. The wobble sent a wave of shudders up her frame, rustling eher abdomen as it inflated with all the more Michael pumped into tits system.

Kandice's face was plastered with a broad, doofy smile, tongue lolling out her mouth managing free as she panted, savoring the moment, the sensation of the warped outlines chugging up he intestines… all that her brother was… locked up into her mud furnace.

“Mmfrg… mfmrgh…” -PPPPFPprrrwhhtotllrrpth- a roaring gale of billowing rectal fumes roared out of her pucker, warping it wide with the soggy smoke hauling free and tainting the air in fermented sweat and sewage licorice. Kandice's legs furled together as she let the flood of flatulence rip. And a muted cough set her stomach rippling and bounding with Michael's wiggling torso.”Mmfs, aawhw… yeaah…” She quivered, mesmerized by the tingle of bloated satisfaction occupying her frame, bending her stomach out a good eight deci above her torso, more than a meter of wriggling Michael chub dipping down by her sides. -pppfprrths- The bubble of gas subsided, an, Kandice legs add arms both wrapped up ad cradling her enormous gut.

“Mmfs… I have been… holding that in… for ten years…,” she mumbled in a haze of pleasure. The raw primal lust satisfied, and mingling with the release of cramped tension. One weight freed from her chest, replaced with another, but this one… she was gonna keep around, for as long as her body allowed.

Swung

Swung

~ 3 ~

SwungSwung

Swung

Michael oriented himself in the taut confinement. Within the clasp of the belly every shift was a move of how much he could move before the stomach would start to wobble by the to his squirms ad shove his limbs in unwanted directions. -Ghhslsl- His foot crammed down into a pasty clump of cake bile -Chrrshchslth- the sludge warping and squealinwith a curling bubble as hehe tried to position hims reach some comfort.

-Chmmtma- A smack roused his attention, the che saw Kandice's handprint depress in the skin of her tummy, the clap noise amplified as it bounced against within the meaty cell.

“What is up with being so stum in there? Knock that out, you hear,” Kandice emplored, the smacking continuing as his sisters wen went to town with patting ad mushing her palms around her gut.

Michael stirred about with the cascading ripples of the abdomen coupled with the growls of disturbed bowels -CHChbrrlwlpsh- -Chrllrssh-.

“You will have all the time in the world being boring and quiet when you are a batch of grade A, girl dispensed fertilizer.”

“Mmgms Sis, cut that out,” Micheal begged and stabilized himself with hands stretched across the space of the gut, palms soaking in drooping stomach phlegm. “It is a bit of an adjustment, have to get used to it.”

“Oooh I mmf, bet it is. How do you think it is for me? Sure every belly is used to mulch and grind,” she mused whilse working in her knuckles over the soft patches of stomach flab, “and drench its dinner in slop and mealty juices, but look how much I'm carrying on me~. I am sporting a tummy bigger than a bean bag and s-sssoooo much more comfy.”

-Bbwnngwgh-Michael felt the stomach compress as Kandice rested sat up, folding over with his elbows buried into the gut, resting as she gyrated and mushed them into the ceiling.

“Well, that won't stop it from melting you down like any other piece of meat, of course,” she mused and pinched her elbows togtehr, brushing her palms down ther billowing sides, “my big chunk of brother beef and future stinky butt bro.” There was a sing song tune to her coos, which sent awkward pulses down Michael's back.

“W-well, if it's getting tough, there is no shame in letting me back out.” Micheal said, arms sliding back down by his side as his sister stirred him to and through in the soggy belly bowl.

“Aww, don't say that, when I went through all tmfmss, hot work of returning you into butt chow. You wouldn't get out even if you could, would you bro? This is my birthday wish after all, and it won't be complete until I feel you mmfs, slopcrawling your way back out my ass in a bale of fat fudge.”

“Well,” Micheal huffed, getting accustomed to the moisture rich air he was stuck with, “if it is what makes you happy.”

“The happiest gal out there, mmm, promise you will be a thick dump, maybe try to curl up so yo you'll be denser when you pass through my bowels? Mmfmf, aaww that sounds epic; Michael the bowel blockage.”

“Mmm,” Michael sounded with clenched lips, feeling the pile of cake slop bubbling and brewing under his sole, jamming onto his skin as gellated droves of slime extruded from the walls at the speed of molten wax.

“Happy birthday, Kandice.”

“And a happy dump day to you,” she responded, voice drooping with glee.

Swung

Swung

A beginning.