

## Shared Inheritance

By Supernova

Pictures by Ambie (@4ft7irl)

“Why not complain to mom about it? Oh right, she’s dead!” Natalie smirked, her twisted lips coloring the tone of her words.

Francine’s skin almost turned the same shade of pink as her ring. Natalie experienced a bubbling glee froth from the darkest part of her soul as she saw her sister back away from her and hurry into her bedroom. Noticing that her skin had become so flush with embarrassment that it grew as pink as her ring, she experienced an almost guilty tinge of pleasure. That bitch needed to learn her place. What was in Natalie’s room was Natalie’s. If she simply “found” it in Francine’s room, oh well! Even the pink dildo she was bitching about.

An uncanny tension held in the air even as her younger sister left. Though they were the only two left in the house at this point, Natalie knew she was the “Alpha” of the two sisters. Eighteen months older than her younger sibling, Natalie consciously attempted to assert her dominance over her younger sister. Both in their late twenties, the high water mark of grief for their parents had retreated long ago.

“This house is gonna be mine, y’know!” Natalie shouted, loud enough to be heard across the hall. She knew there wasn’t going to be any response. There never was. “When’s she gonna fuckin’ leave?” She whispered under her breath.

Clicking away at her thirteen-inch Macbook Air, Natalie felt her heart rate increase as she found herself finally unbanned from Twitter. Knowing that sending another death threat to the president would get her account permanently suspended, she had to grit her teeth to prevent herself from sending a rude message to the staff of the social media site.

Rolling around on her twin-sized bed, she continued smirking, hearing her sister pace outside the room. Though she was a good two inches shorter than herself, she could still feel the vibrations carry under the floor and through the bed itself.

“Can you, like, stop?” Natalie stated loudly.

A creeping silence crept across Natalie’s room. Closing her laptop halfway, Natalie’s bright green eyes darted towards the door, still left partially ajar. Knowing that her sister didn’t retreat to her room, an eerie emotion crept through her. She knew Francine was just standing still in the middle of the hallway. Her eyebrows contorted into a concerned expression. Not wanting to talk to her sister at all, Natalie flipped her laptop back to the point where she could see the screen before shrugging her shoulders.

The silence stabbed at her brain stem.

Francine still hadn't moved. She was simply standing just out of sight. The nagging sensation of her sister standing still right outside of her room was as annoying as an insect flying through the room.

"Fran?" Natalie asked with a tinge of wariness coloring her voice. A rush of anger flooded through her chest. She shouldn't have to feel this way over that bitch sister of hers.

"T'ch", she scoffed as she rolled her eyes. Looking at the posts scrolling by her eyes, she inserted the Air Pods into her ears and turned on Spotify, hoping to stop thinking about Francine. Transfixed upon the fact that she was just standing outside of her room, she slammed the laptop shut.

"Okay, you did it this time, bitch." After swinging her legs over the side of the bed, she marched over to her bedroom door and used her fingertips to hold herself into the hallway by the frame. "What are you fucking doing?"

Leaning out into the hallway, Natalie grit her teeth and furrowed her brows as she watched her sister stand in a weirdly dominant pose. Her shoulders held back; her feet spread apart.

She locked eyes with Francine, resulting in a strange, intense energy between them.

Francine just turned around and thumped her feet back to her room, slamming the door behind her with a vicious thrust.

Natalie slowly stepped backwards, sitting on her bed, experiencing an uncanny nervousness, as though her sister was more serious than she usually was. Brushing her poofy red hair back behind her ears, she stared back at her laptop, fixated upon the strange exchange. The silence seemed to creep into her bones. Wanting to shout something nasty, she couldn't help but feel the words become stuck in her throat.

Biting her lip, she stared back down at the colorful screen, unable to figure out what to post.

"Nat?"

Her head shot upwards, feeling her hair become tousled with her startled jump. Within the doorframe was a feminine silhouette. Natalie couldn't bring herself to say anything as she watched her sister's hand raise in a slow, methodical motion. That one word was slow and chilling, tinged with a deathly seriousness that sent a literal chill down her spine.

Furrowing her brow, Natalie couldn't bring herself to say "Get the fuck out of my room," instead just making a series of guttural noises. Transfixed upon the pink ring on her sister's

finger, she watched Francine's red hair glow an unnatural shade as the gaudy piece of jewelry pulsed with an otherworldly glow.

"Fra-" Forcing herself to choke out a sound, she felt cut off by an abrupt flash of pink light that seemed to etch scars into her retinas. Blinded, Natalie coughed on her own saliva after a gasp so sharp it could only be described as brutal. Crawling forward, she felt an immense tarp slip off of her back as she blinked her eyes to regain some level of clarity.

Shivering, she could feel the texture of the air change around her, feeling thicker. Her heart pounding, she tried to scream, but could only eke out a few rasping coughs. Collapsing upon her chest, she jumped in shock as a booming voice thundered from above.

"Holy fuck, it actually worked." It was Francine. Somehow, the alien blast from above came from her own sister. The sound was so out-of-place and carried through the air in such an unusual way, Natalie's brain felt as though it was crashing against her skull in an attempt to parse it. How could something so large and all-encompassing sound so much like her sister?

Dragging her body across the vast fabric below, Natalie shook her head, finally seeing the light blur back into place. Craning her neck upwards, she caught sight of the same silhouette from the doorway now looming over her like a skyscraper.

Feeling her throat become sore, Natalie's thoughts finally clicked into place like the final piece of an all-white jigsaw puzzle. This was impossible. A wave of disgust burst through her, forcing Natalie to gag as she realized that Francine was now hundreds of times larger than she was. Staring down at her own pale body, she pinched the skin on her bare left breast, letting her know that she was experiencing some form of reality and not a horrific, realistic nightmare.

"Wh-wh-what's g-g-going on?" Natalie shrieked, feeling the words tear as her vocal cords vibrated to an agonizing extent. Immediately covering her nude body in an attempt to shield herself both from her immense sister and the situation she now faced, she felt tears leave her eyes, wetting her breasts and making her vision blurry yet again. Letting the salty fluid leak into the bed below, Natalie let her jaw quiver to the point that her teeth cracked against each other.

An explosion of terror coursed through her body as she watched the near-endless form of her sister's body reach downwards. Instinctively throwing her arms up to cover her face, she grit her teeth, ending the clattering, making her hear her own heartbeat thrum within her skull.

"Get the fuck away from me!" She shrieked as she watched the immense mop of red hair completely miss the bed. Francine's body seemed to move much too fast for something of her size, blowing the thick, almost goopy wind over her tiny form, making her sweaty body shiver under the contact of the weirdly slow breeze.

Staring upwards, she widened her eyes as she saw Francine hold the tower-like dildo in her left hand. Natalie's blood literally felt like ice water as she watched her sister's eyes dart from the plastic phallus back to her.

"I believe this is mine", Francine stated matter-of-factly. "And I think it needs a bit more texture."

Natalie's heart continued to blast so hard against the inside of her chest, she felt as though it could burst right through. In spite of her electric fear, it felt as though all of her joints were completely locked in place.

"W-w-w-wait!" Natalie shrieked yet again, unable to resist the swift dive of Francine's spider-like hand upon her. Now almost as red as her hair, she tried to push away the immense digits that now gripped her torso with an oddly gentle press. Blasted up into the air, Natalie felt her hair blow in almost random directions as she was held directly in front of her sister's face. Her eyes twitched as she caught sight of her sibling's visage, which now took up the entirety of her peripheral vision. Dizzy to the point of nausea, Natalie could feel the weird rhythmic motion of her sister's gait as she walked.

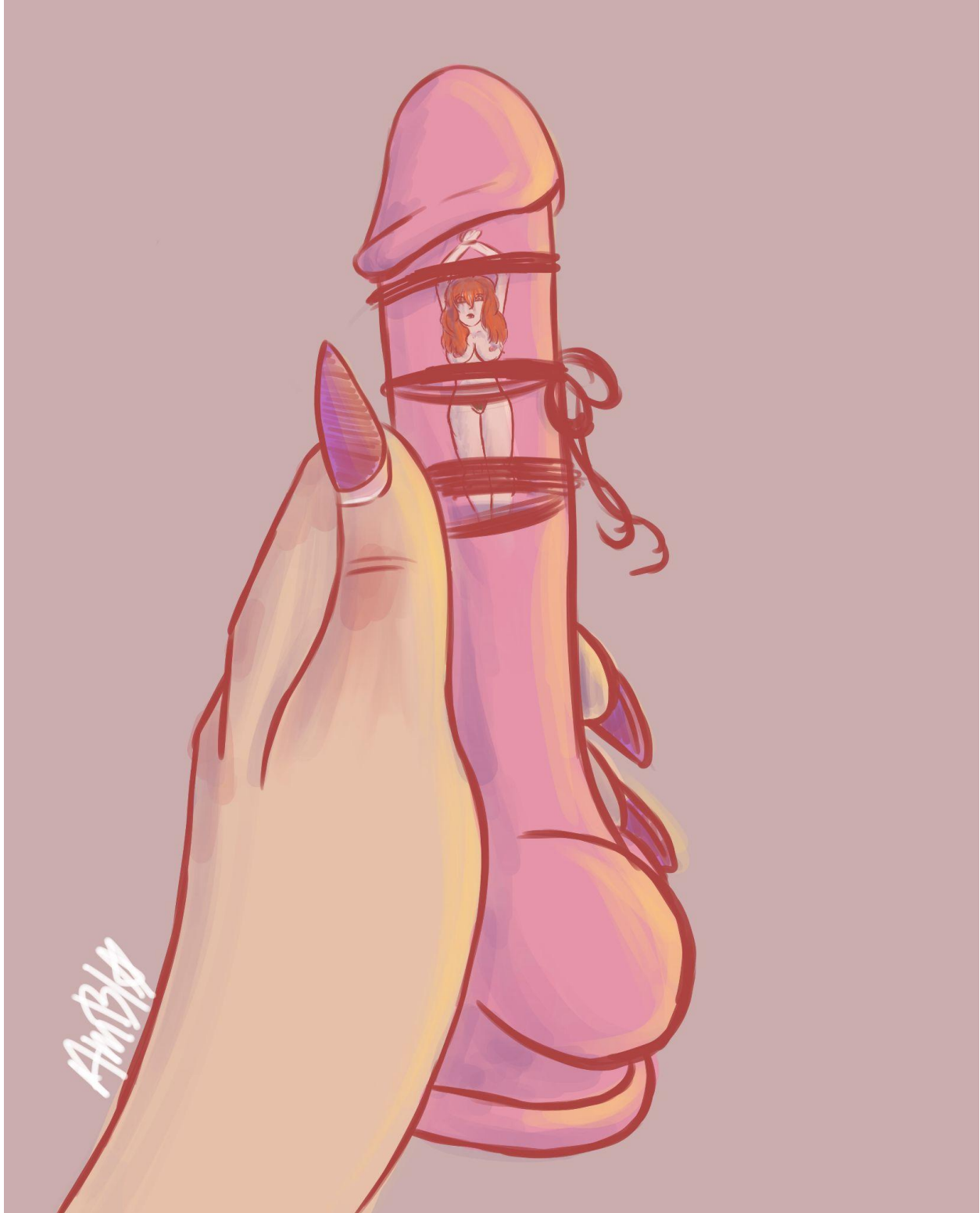
None of her sensations, emotional or physical, felt like her own. Held so close to her sister's face that she could see every minuscule pore upon her nose, Natalie could only shiver. Her sister's hot, rank breath wafted over her body as she felt the lights change. So tiny that she felt as though the sun abruptly changed positions in the sky, she recognized the click of the bathroom light switch.

"Hold still, bitch." Francine's voice carried a certain venom. Her once-meek younger sister now carried such power that every word felt as though it carved itself into her soul.

"Wait! Wait! Stop!" Natalie was not in control of the words coming out of her mouth. Almost as though she was taken over by the primal sensation of panic itself, she couldn't help but let out a pained scream as she felt her back come into contact with a large, round cylinder. Less than a second later, she heard a strange unzipping sound. Darting her head to the left, feeling a few stray hairs stick to her sweaty forehead, she saw a mile-long string unspooling from a dizzyingly large box of dental floss. Still held against the plastic toy by her sister's clammy fingers, she wiggled her body as she felt the floss dig into her skin as Francine wrapped it around her body.

Now held tightly to the dildo by her torso, Natalie attempted to break free from the bindings, using her thumbs to push away against the blade-sharp edges of the floss.

"Ah ah, no escaping." Francine boomed from above as she deftly used her pointer finger to press Natalie's hands above her head before quickly binding them to the dildo by the elbows.



Thrusting her hips forward was a complete impossibility; she had never felt as helpless as she did in that moment. Feeling her knees and ankles bound to the large cylinder in much

the same fashion, she felt herself grow limp. The panic in her mind cracked, giving way to hopelessness.

Tears continued to leak from her eyes as her head sank low.

“Perfect.” Francine said with a sweet tone to her voice. Natalie couldn’t bear to look at her sister’s grinning face, instead allowing her tears to drip down the front of her torso.

Feeling her head bounce slightly with each step her sister took, she recognized the unique smell of Francine’s room. A rubbery smack caused a sound to vibrate through the dildo she was now bound to. Balling her hands into tight fists, she allowed her nails to sink into her palms, giving her at least one sensation she was in complete control over. Staring down, she knew that the suction cup at the bottom of the dildo had now adhered itself to the flat, wooden surface of Francine’s computer chair. An ache shattered through the back of her neck as she craned it upwards to see the wooden backrest seem to extend into infinity.

“Now stay there. I need to get ready.” The sounds of Francine’s footsteps thundered away, fading into the next room.

Now hanging completely alone from the surface of her sister’s dildo, Natalie wept. So panicked that she couldn’t keep her mind fixated upon one thought, she felt the tight wrappings continue to dig into her skin. Each breath felt constricted, as though she could only fill half of her lungs.

She had never known that shrinking like this was even possible and now her own sister was crucifying her on a dildo. How long would she have to stay like this? When would Francine untie the floss bindings? Was there anything she could say to calm her down? Natalie’s lips continued to shiver as she sobbed, listening to the ominous footsteps thunder by in the hallway.

Though she was still facing the backrest of the chair, she could sense the presence of her tremendous sister behind her. Feeling the electric tension fill the air, her head perked up and another wave of nausea coursed through her as she heard fabric slip against skin.

“Wait! You’re not gonna-” Natalie couldn’t even finish her sentence. The idea that her own sister would actually use the dildo as she was bound to it hadn’t even entered her mind. Dry heaving as she felt snot and tears gush from her nose, she choked on her own fluids.

Listening to Francine’s breaths grow deep, she heard the familiar voice whisper “I’m so fucking wet right now.”

Natalie’s eye twitched. The very concept of being sexual with her younger sister was so novel within her mind that she experienced newfound levels of disgust. Though she couldn’t see Francine, she knew she was now completely naked.

A shadow loomed overhead, which seemed to pierce her skin and cover her soul in complete darkness. Sniffing through her gushing nose, she gagged as she smelled the distinct, fishy odor of her sister's wet pussy. "This can't be happening. This can't be happening. This can't be happening." Natalie's mind shifted into a sickened delirium as she darted her head from left-to-right, seeing the insides of Francine's pale thighs. Knowing her own sister's crotch was just above her, she couldn't bring herself to look that way.

"Ungh. Yeah." She heard Francine moan deeply. Scratching deep rifts into her palms from balling her fists so hard, she gagged as another trust of transcendent horror bubbled from within. Though she was closing her eyes so tightly she could see flashes before her eyes, she could feel the dildo shift gently behind her, signifying that the tip had made contact with the wet flesh above.

Hearing a distinctly sexual exhalation from above, Natalie felt as though she were being constricted by a snake. Francine's body heat wafted from above as the near-endless hips began to descend upon her. Retreating back into the oasis of the deepest parts of her mind, Natalie hoped that she could somehow pass out before the inevitable envelopment.

Unclean agony flayed her sense of self the very instant her sister's immense, leaking vagina came into contact with her hands. The thick fluid instantly lubricated her sweaty, clammy skin as the all-encompassing pussy continued to slip downwards. As the wet hole slithered over her forearms and elbows, Natalie instinctively shot her head back and shrieked in panicked horror.

"No! Francine! No! No! Fra-"

Natalie felt every one of her cells scream for release as her own sister's pussy surrounded her face. In an instant, the thick gamy leakage filled her nostrils and mouth and spilled into her eyes. The wretched, pulsing wall of flesh continued to engulf her body as it spread over her breasts before lowering upon her hips. The darkness was absolute.

Hot warmth continued to encompass her tiny, wriggling form before Francine abruptly used the rest of her weight to slam the dildo all the way up into her body. Now surrounded on all sides by her own sister's most intimate area, Natalie couldn't do anything but scream. Feeling a foamy cluster of bubbles splutter around her head, she experienced her sister's hips rise a few inches, the flesh slithering against her skin.

The heat that blasted from all around her was so intense that it almost felt as though she was on fire. A thunderous, quick heartbeat thrummed against her bare skin as the wet hole squelched upwards, the wet slapping sounds echoing over her tiny ears. Francine's cunt had taken over every one of Natalie's senses. She could only smell the fishy scent of pussy fluid, she could only hear the vile noise of someone kissing her ear, and she could only feel the writhing walls continue to leak fluid over her.





The tremendous vagina slipped upwards before slamming down again, forcing Natalie to experience her sister from the inside. Hearing her tremendous lungs breathe heavily, she could feel the floss bindings loosen with every thrust. Now that Francine had developed a rhythm as she bounced up and down on the thick toy, Natalie experienced more "Freedom" in how she could squirm within her. Only able to breathe a thick, humid breath once every few seconds, where Francine was nice enough to rise up to the tip, she could only cough out mouthfuls of slime before the cunt enveloped her yet again.

Feeling so dirty that she wished she could rip her skin off, Natalie continued to retreat into the inner haven of horrified delirium. Her mind forced her to feel every detail of her sister's vaginal texture, seeming to almost slow down time to let her truly absorb how powerless it made her. With each second that passed by, the walls grew wetter and the harder it was for her to breathe.

The floss bindings, under intense strain from the bouncing above, slipped off one by one, causing Natalie to hang downwards from the thin loops. By this point, Francine was letting out gasping, pleased shrieks as she practically jumped up and down off of her newly-textured sex toy.

As her sister continued to thump upon her over and over, Natalie noticed how the gushing came to almost a fever pitch. The friction alone causing immense heat to build up over her skin, she inhaled another wet, scum-inundated breath before Francine slammed down with all of her weight. Screaming.

The walls quivered as the leakage gushed from almost every direction before an abrupt limpness. Bruised and exhausted, Natalie could do nothing but hang limply as Francine's cunt shlucked over her beaten body for the last time. Nearly blinded by the light from all around her, she knew that she could easily break free from the floss, but she felt far too spiritually defeated to even try. Her hair now soaked with Francine's intimate fluid, she felt her eyelids cling to each other from the wet stickiness.

Caked in slime and emotionally exhausted, she couldn't even bother to resist as she felt the suction cup abruptly plucked from the chair below. Dripping with liquid, she felt herself hang forward almost like a marionette before being shaken violently. Her eyes far too blurry to see what was going on, she gasped again as soon as she experienced a hint of clarity. Tastebuds?

"Aiiiiiyyee!" She shrieked, tasting the dirty flavor of her sister's cunt coat the inside of her mouth. A sharp sensation of descent preceded a quick, sharp fall onto an immense, wet tongue. Connected by cords of pussy fluid, she looked back upon Francine's mouth as a look of stunned horror came across her face. Her brain couldn't accept that she was looking upon her sister's top lip.



Digging her nails into the flesh below, she tried crawling forward upon the wet tongue.  
“Wait! Please! Don’t! Francine!”

The tongue entered her sister's oral cavity before it quickly pressed her against the wrinkly hard palate above. Instantly coated in bubbly saliva, Natalie felt agony explode within every muscle of her body as she tried, in vain, to resist the tongue's caress. The undulating surface was far too slick to maintain any sort of a grip, the aroma surrounding her quickly turned from fishy cunt to rank, wet breath.

Wet shlucking sounds blasted from every direction as the tongue turned into a u-shape, forcing her into the center crevice. "No. No. No no no, please." The angle below turned the floor into a cliff, leading her to slip downwards in a wet chute of complete darkness.

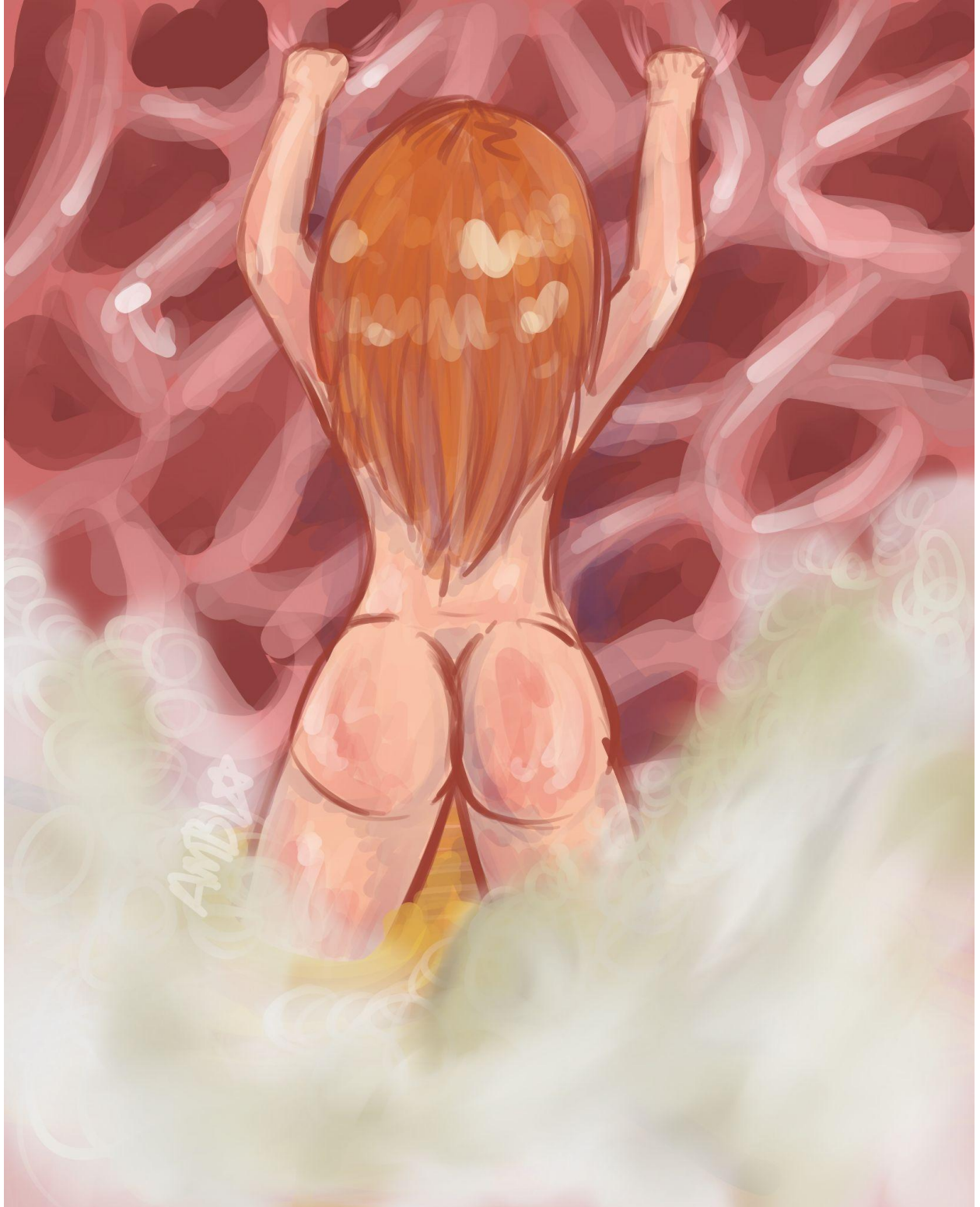
Trying to prevent herself from slipping further, she scratched the surfaces below, feeling the taste buds grow larger and more disc-shaped. Any attempt to slow her fall resulted in failure.

Now in direct contact with Francine's uvula, she gagged as it painted her with bubbly mucus. Her heart exploded in complete terror as every slime covered surface warped and rippled before a sanity-shattering "gulp" gripped her both physically and emotionally.

Though the outside of her body was extraordinarily warm, she couldn't help but feel a piercing cold emanate from her core. Held on all sides by a rippling, muscular tunnel, Natalie couldn't help but feel as though her ear was held directly upon her sister's chest - only from the other side. Hearing her rapidly slowing heartbeat echo from every side, Natalie felt her will to live quickly diminish as the hopelessness began to truly stain her soul.

Feeling the saliva bubbles caress her naked body, Natalie couldn't help but simply allow the environment that encircled her to do what it willed. Her descent slowed to a stop as an oozing, muscular ring slithered against her lower body, she felt her eyes roll back into her head. As the immense body forced her through the stomach entrance, Natalie coughed before falling for a split second.

Landing in an ocean of hot foam, Natalie couldn't comprehend her situation. Panic had sent her thoughts into a feedback loop. The soft bubbles cracked and burst against her nude skin, soaking her hair and immediately burning her eyes. Now on all fours, she felt the soft, fleshy floor below undulate upon contact. Each breath she took shifted her mind into a level of disgusted confusion that she couldn't parse. Both trying to grasp that this was her reality and how she was going to die, she felt her tears mix with the acid that now surrounded her. The agonizing concoction scorched the inside of her skull as she continued to roll her eyes into the back of her head.



Crawling forward, she found the wrinkly wall of her own sister's stomach. Running her fingers along the mucus-covered surface, she whimpered as the putrid haze began to sting at

her nostrils. “Fr-Francine?” She whispered to herself, experiencing a sensation of disbelief that this monster that now surrounded her could possibly be her own sister. As the ooze continued to leak from the wall, she fell to her knees, feeling the acidic burning begin to creep up from between her toes.

Dragging her nails along the walls, she could hear an orchestra of bodily groaning echo from both below and above. Weeping, she felt the strength leave her legs, causing her to fall forward, letting her face smear against the hot, slimy wall before her. Letting her sister’s foamy puke pour over her, she felt an inner conflict: an instinct to wipe it away fought with the knowledge that it was hopeless.

Tasting the sour slime as it washed up her nose, Natalie felt herself dragged away by the current of the surprisingly deep pool below. As the agony faded into an incomprehensible pain, Natalie felt as though she was literally being flayed, but she was far too exhausted to react. Feeling her soaked scalp begin to peel away, she felt her muscles begin to twitch involuntarily before she surrendered to a trauma-induced seizure. Inhaling thick globs of mucus-infused vomit, Natalie felt the final peace of a clear mind for a few brief seconds before her consciousness fled into nothingness.

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Francine yawned as she dived upon Natalie’s bed. Closing the stupid Macbook, she exhaled, staring at the ceiling, feeling a newfound peace of her own. Running her fingers along the walls of the very house she no longer was forced to share, she smiled as she rubbed her stomach.