

Sisterly Powerplay: Chapter Three, Unexpected Hookup

An original story commission, written by Rude Zude!

A mixture of cheap booze and an abundance of pricey perfume stain Aarons's nostrils. Additionally, two absolutely colossal tits dwarf him from both sides, serving to renew the constant anxiety that he could be smothered between them at any moment. A heady sweat cloys at his skin and oozes from the visible pores beneath his feet, making it a fight to find any sort of purchase within the humid valley of alluring and intense scents. Abruptly, an ominous girly giggle rings out from seemingly everywhere at once, shaking his world and threatening to throw him into the sweaty flesh beneath his bare heels. His feet throb from walking on such a tilted and irregular surface, but he can't stop. He has to find some way to get through to her!

His sister's voice booms out, unaware of the series of conflicts brewing inside her brother's head.

"Nobody ever gets to... **hic** see me like this!" The entire bed frame creaks with the slightest strain as she adjusts her position; however, it sounds more like two pieces of screeching metal at Aarons's small size.

"You're so... **hic** 'ucky to be getting any action!" She traces a nipple with her free hand, reveling in the spark of sensitivity as it grows harder with each pass and stroke. Soon rising upward like a true monolith.

"Like, 'onestly! Even my pussy!" She groans out, stoking the hot coals of her lust, each and every word adding more steam to the metaphorical sauna of her body. She enjoys it immensely: the power, the bragging, but most of all, the self-indulgence. It's a perfect storm of emotions that melds oh so well with her drastically lowered inhibitions.

"Even 'ese incredible tits!" She grasps them harshly from outside, creating tremors throughout his landscape. The walls abruptly start closing in, causing Aaron to scream as they morph around him before crashing together like two rouge waves. The blonde maintains a rhythm to the loose symphony of flesh, battering them together in a sloppy mess of skin and muscle. However, a thought comes suddenly, and Elizabeth's eyes glaze over in consideration, ignorant to the fresh hell she's causing her brother by simply fondling her heavy tits.

"Boys like it, but I really 'on't get the... **hic** big deal." Lizzy looks down at the amalgamation of skin mashed against heated skin. It's such a comical thought to picture Aaron down there. Entertaining and much more alluring than she ever expected. Despite being the younger of the two, she always felt as if her brother had been hiding behind her. Thinking of the

difference in social status *alone* sends another set of chills running down her spine. His new height is poetic, in a way.

“*Liiiiike*, I know it’s *so so so so* bad, but thinking about how **hic** ‘athetic you are is so...” She pauses briefly in consideration, “-I dunno... hot? Maybe that’s why, like, it’s so naughty, ya know?” She babbles smugly, her voice a mixture of amusement and untamed lust.

Meanwhile, Aarons finds himself unable to appropriately respond as Lizzy continues to mercilessly assault him with the sheer force of her chest, unrelentingly sandwiching him between those soft globes. Only stopping occasionally to gingerly tease herself down below. Not one to take anything lying down, he thrashes with what little agency he has, finding himself wholly at the mercy of his now much bigger sister. The change is so staggering, he finds himself even disassociating the very memory of Liz with the one before him. Presently, she’s closer to a world than a flesh and blood relative. Her breasts are more like a natural disaster than assets to admire.

This is an absolute nightmare for Aaron, to put it mildly. An actual worst-case scenario as he fights tooth and nail just for a chance to take in some of Lizzy’s stale sweat-infused air. Yet, there’s an undeniable throbbing between his legs that grows with each passing second. One he’d be tempted to take care of had he not been so busy fighting for his own life.

The ocean of tit flesh finally slows, the beginning of the end marked with a singular heavy breath from Lizzy’s dry pink lips. With the two masses no longer clashing like quarreling lovers, Aaron finds himself slowly slipping down the side of his sister’s sweaty tits. The feelings of embarrassment are so intense that he can’t even begin to unpack them. The whole situation is a massive wound to his pride. *He’s* the man, and *he* should be on top! He’s an alpha! A guy who takes charge! Currently, she doesn’t even need to lift more than a finger to accomplish that. Not that he’d ever had sex, of course. But Aaron knew how it ought to go! Or, so he thought. Regardless, in all the turmoil, he’d shrunk once again. It’s undeniable.

Amid some rather deep contemplation rought with internal conflict, Liz’s voice assaults his eardrums from high above, “Ugh, I’m so f’ing sensitive right now.” Crass and loud, her digit delicately strokes her lower regions, like an artist applying paint to a canvas. Each stroke deliberate, if only a little sloppy.

“*Mmm...* I’m going to be so ‘ice right, **hic** now! And ‘ut you on my nip, ‘kay?” His sister smiles almost menacingly. Although, the transition is more for her enjoyment than his.

A nail scoops him up without care, alcohol coursing through her and pulling the plug on any sort of conscience she had left. Though miraculously, Aaron makes it up top relatively unharmed, all things considered. However, Elizabeth is far too lost in the sensations to be

cautious with his weak body. And without so much as a second thought, the hand that only just finished down below races towards him. Ignoring Aaron's protests, he's subsequently adhered to the space just underneath her fingernail and scraped off. Slathered pathetically against her tit in several long strands of goo, making him retch from the sheer intensity of the pheromones floating around him.

Having been dumped unceremoniously on the very base of his sister's nipple, the mite screams, startled as a hard pink tower almost half his size stares back at him. He shakes his head back and forth, attempting rather desperately to regain some of his wits.

"Okay, Aaron. You're alright, you got this..." But he doesn't believe it himself. The bumpy pink land under his feet is soft, almost like silk, and it prompts him to shuffle around, trying to get a feel for the new terrain he'd been set down on, much to Liz's surprise.

"Mmmmmmm...."

She looks down on him, her other hand picking up the slack, even slipping two fingers inside her hole as her magnificent eyes meet Aaron's minuscule gaze. Her sounds of pleasure ring out, making Aaron's head spin from the sheer volume alone, "Whoa!" She bulks, "You're like, **hic** ...so fucking *tiny!*" Liz lets loose a flirty drunken giggle, causing her breasts to wobble, much to her brother's immediate dismay.

His tiny body is violently launched into the air. Ironically, the stickiness that clings so heavily to his body is the only thing that stops him from sliding cleanly off the side as he lands back down into its goopy mass.

After being berated, thrown, and abused so thoroughly, something inside him snaps. The scale and power disparity at play are too much for his brain to ignore. He's finally reached his limit; he can't hold onto the tiny shred of self-confidence he'd been trying so very hard to maintain. The dam breaks, and he lets all the negative thoughts fly. He's a speck, a bug, a fucking amoeba! Weighed down in a gross blend of his sister's fluid. Even he couldn't possibly deny how pathetic it all was.

Pain.

Aaron screams out as heat shoots through his side, sudden vertigo clueing him in on exactly what was happening. He writhes, the ribbons of ooze getting ever more prominent, scarily so. They go from a gross inconvenience to a swimming pool in the span of only a few seconds. He gurgles, girlish cum quickly being sucked inside his open mouth as he panics. His

mind's on fire, and his senses are thrown into a fresh hell as he's swept into the unexpected body of liquid.

Aaron fights relentlessly, unable to swim through the thick muck. Coughing and sputtering, his chest pounds rapidly, adrenaline coursing through his veins. Concern building, he's unexpectedly mopped aside by a minor movement, a simple yawn from Lizzy, jostling her chest. He lets out another shriek, and by sheer luck, he manages to breach the thick surface of Elizabeth's fluids.

A quickly hardening nipple rises high above him, seemingly growing feet with every conceivable real-world inch. It's dominating, imposing, but most of all, it's frightening. He quakes in its shadow, knowing without a doubt that he's unequivocally fucked.

"*Fffffuck*, 'id I... **hic** do that?" Ecstasy stretches across the petite features of her face, inspiring a burst of increased focus near her lower lips.

"Ha! You're so embarrassing! Totally didn't even see you for a 'inute!" She sneers, opening her lips in a distinct O-shape, the pleasure too much to ignore any longer.

SchlickSchlickSchlickSchlickSchlick

Her masturbation is rapid-fire, her fingers smacking in and out with unmatched amounts of force. Like many girls, Liz liked to take it slow. However, all this teasing had left her so needy. So, she focuses on the feeling more than anything, letting her impulsive and overtly selfish feelings guide her, even briefly forgetting about the little passenger stuck so thoroughly at the base of her unyielding nipple.

It's quite a lot for Aaron to take in all at once. Everything blends into an overwhelming mess as his brain hits a new level of sensory overload. Heavy breathing mixes effortlessly with the loud smacking of his sister's sopping cunt, and the ever terrifying view of her looming face, her stare boring into him, getting off on his predicament. Soon, even Elizabeth's piercing gaze starts to fade away.

The noise, the sights, they're still present; only muted. The boy's mind drifts into a haze of lust, hormones, and pheromones, influencing his most base desires. Pathetically, he reaches down through the slop encasing him, stroking slowly at his still stiff member. His urges felt animalistic, almost necessary in some strange sense.

It's a strain to even see him anymore, but Liz continues to look on in amusement at the flurry of motion in the tiny splattering of her very own wetness. She guesses correctly as to what

he's doing. It's no surprise, yet she gets a kick out of it all the same.

“*Kneeeew* it! I ‘ew you had a thing for me~! *Eww!*” She practically yells, alcohol rendering her entirely unable to control her volume. Aaron can see the blush across her burning face in such high detail now; even with the strain of such a great distance, the rosy tint shines through the blurry stretch of space.

She leans ever so slightly closer, bringing her array of freckles right up to the particle of dust glued to her somewhat tanned tit, showering him with the rank scent of alcohol as she speaks, “You ‘re ‘isgusting, **hic** ya know that? And... *ugh!* It’s getting me soaked...” She bites a lip instinctually as fingers trace her labia messily with all the impulsivity you’d expect from a drunk college girl.

“Look at you! Jobless, ‘eeching off mom and me. Can’t even ‘rive me to school anymore, so like, what are you... **hic** good for? So ‘ucky we even bother. Should just flush you or something.” Aaron feels the insults like a stab in the stomach. He’d grappled with those thoughts so often these last few months, but to hear it out loud was so... embarrassing. Here he is, barely able to stay afloat among a sea of his sister’s thick juices, yet, it’s her words that finally cut into him.

“Am I really that cute? So... ‘tractive that you can’t even **hic** help yourself?” The line of questioning strokes her ego, prompting her to continue, “Tsk, tsk... **hic** to your own sister too! So messed up!” Gale force winds cut through the liquid as a hand reaches over to the fat mountain opposite, stroking and pinching at it impulsively.

It’s enough, sending Aaron far over the edge. He’s pushed over; the display of unrelenting violence as she grinds a finger against her nipple, coupled with the stark apathetic words from Liz. He tumbles, his already weak mental state shattering beyond any easy fix. Already practically the size of a grain of sand, he enters a spiral he can’t shake, rapidly shrinking in stature.

In an instant, he’s gone. Out of sight but not completely lost. However, Elizabeth isn’t any the wiser. Vision blurry from intoxication, she’d already been struggling to keep an eye on him as was.

In a rare moment of self-awareness, Lizzy rambles through her toxin-induced stupor, “Betcha think I’m *suuuuch* a hypocrite! But, **hic** it’s different!”

She continues, whipped into a frenzy of desire, “Not like I can help it! B-bullying, you... is... j-just...” She clenches down suddenly, muscles locking in place as she’s entirely

blindsided.

It sneaks up on the college girl, the orgasm coming out of seemingly nowhere. Her breasts jiggle with the rocking of her hips as the sudden waves overwhelm her. She groans in delight as it hits her again and again, prompting Liz to rub her clit to near ribbons trying to milk every last bit of pleasure from it.

“Mmmmmmm...” The blonde sits back, shaking the fluid off her dripping fingers and letting out a long-held sigh of content, her head now resting tenderly on her brother’s pillow. Had his bed always been this soft? Looking around briefly, she scans the room for something to clean herself up with, quickly spotting some tissues on the nightstand.

She snorts, “Course you’d keep tissues next to the lotion...” With a few careful dabs, she cleans up the wetness around her crotch, wiping the moisture from the skin and hairs dutifully, before trying in vain to clean up the glaring stain that had culminated under her, soaking into the fabric.

“Oops! Made a **hic** mess. My bad!” She looks knowingly at Aaron, only just now realizing the stark truth. He isn’t there.

“Aaron?”

Did he fall, she wonders? Looking around and between her substantial chest yields nothing, only serving to perplex her further. A conveniently timed yawn hits her just as she’s about to search the bed, disarming any motivation she had to get up. She resists the urge to pass out for only a moment before giving in. The groggy feeling and spinning of the room had won Liz over in the end. Closing her eyes, she mutters one last drunken ramble before drifting off to dreamland.

“I’ll grab you in the morning, ’kay?”

Sloppy coherence melts away to dreams as Liz falls into a deep slumber, dreaming not of the events that had most recently transpired but of that cute boy she saw at the bar earlier.