

Content warning for incest and objectification

Maddison lovingly watched her empty, thoroughly braindead big sister stumble away, Madda's weight off center from lurching in a slump like she'd become a zombie. The little kissy mark Maddison had stamped into Madda's panties didn't seem as bright from farther away, but she could amend that in the future with brighter and sluttier lipstick. She giggled as she imagined neon lipstick to herself and pictured her sisters and mother all sporting bright pink kiss marks on their tops enclosed around their nipples like the jaws of the world's least dangerous predator. Mmm, some of her bikinis had crotchless bottoms and tops with holes for the wearer's perky beautiful nipples. She would have to think about getting one of those out when she turned her mother into a busty beautiful big bouncy breasted bikini babe like she was.

But first things came first, of course, as they always did. She turned away from Madda's awkwardly shuffling body and wordless, confused groans. She had a little sister to corrupt, after all.

Corrupt? Hmm. Maddison tilted her head slightly as she "thought" to herself. Corruption implied a sense of wrongness, force, an acid that turned the corrupted into a baser, lesser version of what they started as. She knew in her tits- not in her heart, in her TITS- that she had been improved greatly by her new wisdom about bikinis. The thought that merely twelve hours ago she'd feel comfortable leaving the house wearing drab white underwear- that wasn't even waterproof- filled her with embarrassment. She grabbed her big new bosom for comfort and the relief hit her instantly. As soon as hands met bikini cups she melted into a lazy, happy smile devoid of worry. Her body wavered side to side without her notice as she pawed and rubbed and pressed with her fingers. Her smile only got faker and more absent as she descended deeper into her comfortable headspace of admiration for her own sexy body. It felt so unimaginably right to be lost touching herself that she had no idea she'd started walking.

"Bikiniii....boobs..." she mewled almost silently to herself with a big smile. Her body wandered towards Madylene's room, hands glued to her colorful bikini top. As her fingers idly continued to probe, prod, knead, and grasp fiercely at her chest through her plush bikini top, Maddison's mind swam with bleary images of her sister. Truly, Madylene could not put her body in a flashy adorable bikini fast enough. "Bikini...boooobs. Bikini boobs," she muttered in a blissed out sort of trance as she wiggled closer to Madylene's bedroom. "Bikini boobs...wear bikinis. Put bikinis...on girls. Gotta. Gotta put...bikiniss, on girls. Bikinis go on girls. Girls should will must wear bikinis. Only bikinis." Here, she moaned loudly. "ONLY bikinis."

Maddison bumped into a wall and backed up, then pivoted her body slightly before continuing. She moved onwards at a slight angle-

Maddison bumped into a wall and backed up. This time she forced herself (with some effort) to tune into the feedback from her eyes. She stared at the wall from mere inches away, and couldn't see anything to the left or right but more wall. She forced herself to back away farther and groaned as her body grew impatient. It wanted girls in bikinis...she wanted girls in bikinis.

The sweet succor of half naked girls pulled her mind back to bikinis, back where it belonged, away from the drab boring yellow-tan of her home's walls. She shuffled slowly forward, an expression of barely awake sleepy bliss plastered all over her face.

Then Maddison bumped into a wall.

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Maddison giggled to herself, endlessly happy that nobody was recording her a few minutes ago when she was awkwardly knocking into the walls over and over with her face and chest like a drunk mousey in a cute little maze. Now that she held most of her faculties again...probably...she had far less trouble navigating her house. The trip from where she'd been- somewhere to downstairs- to where she now stood- outside Madylene's room- had been easy enough, but the embarrassment from asking how she'd gotten to the starting line from her own room made her blush a little bit. Still, she thought fondly to herself, she did make it to point B eventually! It just...didn't happen as quickly or as easily as it probably should have.

She smiled and checked if the door to her little sister's room was locked. When the doorknob didn't resist her at all, she grinned ear to ear and thrust the door open with a sweeping upwards thrust of her arm! Her little sister sat on her phone in the bed, where she bolted upright to stare at Maddison with wide-eyed fright like a deer in headlights. Some strange part of Maddison's brain gave her a jolt of delight when she saw this, but she opted to pay it no mind. Her adorable sister sat in front of her wearing...clothes! Clothes other than bikinis! This was no time to be *thinking!*

"Heyyyy, Maddy," Maddison trilled as she strode luxuriously into Madylene's room. She felt like she'd forgotten some part of normal family etiquette, but even after she quickly examined the rules she couldn't tell which. She'd thrown the door open as hard as she could, then announced herself, then sauntered inside without missing a beat. She knew how to enter her sisters' rooms, after all. In order to double check, though, she made sure to slide and crisscross her thick, smooth, creamy soft thighs as she walked, toss her hips up and down to call attention to waist, and of course, to jiggle and bounce in her bikini's cups. A girl's body needed to be admired and treasured sexually, especially by its owner. Even if she didn't respect her slick fuckable shell, she had to set a good example to make sure Madylene loved her own. As a big sister, she had obligations she had to fulfill (and Madda sure as hell wouldn't do it).

"H-hey, Maddison," Maddylene squeaked up at her, still more or less frozen. Her face kept its gaze locked onto Maddison's, which felt a bit rude honestly. She went through all the trouble of sliding her milky thighs across each other and bouncing her flesh pillows to help Madylene ogle her, and Madylene still chose to look at her face instead! Sure, she did have a rather pretty face, but like...still! Massively rude! She wanted to pout, cross her arms in a way that lifted up her recently-enlarged tits, turn her face away and chastise little Maddy for her flagrant show of disinterest!

But she knew to be kinder than that to her beloved little Maddy. She strode closer, her hips undulating even more seductively in an effort to break Madylene's concentration. It did not work, but this failed to dishearten Maddison. She arrived at the bed in seconds, standing over Madylene and staring down at her over her own massively milkable mammaries (which she groped at passively, of course). Still, somehow, Madylene kept her eyes on Maddison's face rather than looking at her endowments, or thighs, or powerfully fertile hips. Maddison resisted the urge to snark that her tits "are down here," but only barely.

"Heyyy," Maddison purred, noting the way Madylene seemed to be stressed but also flustered- and the fun kind of flustered specifically, not the scary one. She liked that. She could work with that. "Mind if Big Sis sits with you, Baby Sis?" She made sure to bring her tits as she spoke, and could only barely resist the urge to moan in ecstatic euphoria at the feeling of her big heavy knockers pulling at her chest with their weight. As for Madylene, the younger girl just blushed heavily and wriggled a bit. It took Madylene a moment, her mouth vaguely half open, to find words she could answer with.

"S-sure, I guess," Madylene quietly managed to stammer. She shimmied over to the side a few inches, slowly and with her red-cheeked face pointed at a downwards angle. Maddison wasted no time turning and dropping onto the bed, her arms still powerfully crossed in a way that propped up her ripe, full tits. She sat with her back held up- even arching back a little bit to help push out and emphasize her chest. Still, against all courtesy and common sense, her baby sister seemed to resist looking at them. Maddison took a small bit of refuge in knowing that Madylene at least wasn't looking at her face anymore, even if the floor wasn't much better.

"Lookin good this morning," Maddison purred in a very much playful-yet-predatory sort of feline way, her arm sensually snaking around Madylene's body and positioning itself around the girl's waist. She pulled Madylene closer with a soft lilting little giggle. "Dressed kinda poorly, though, aren't ya?" Madylene's cute little legs kicked at the air where they awkwardly dangled off the bed, but the rest of her did nothing to resist or show discomfort.

"P-poorly?" Madylene stammered again, clearly not quite picking up what her older sister had laid down in front of her. That didn't bother Maddison, of course, because prolonging this little game sounded fun. She didn't *have* to rush to squeeze Madylene's tight, adorable little body into...into a...

Bikinis. Girls go in bikinis. Girls *MUST* wear bikinis.

The image of Madylene- running down the sidewalk in public and bouncing her big, fuckable boobies all about in a flashy, impossible to ignore bikini- flashed across Maddison's mind and threatened to soak her thighs instantly. A newfound sense of allure, of hunger, of *need* clamped its fanged mouth down tight into the soft, spongy matter of Maddison's vacant porous brain. She bit her lower lip as subtly as she could and failed to notice as her own inner thighs clamped and ground together with giddy, primeval excitement. She needed to get Madylene's body into a bikini Right Now, Right FUCKING Now.

"Yes!" Maddison chirped with something of an evil grin on her face. "You should wear a bikini. Good girls wear bikinis." *AND ONLY BIKINIS*, Maddison added on in her head. Somehow though, she managed not to say it out loud.

Madylene's face scrunched up in confusion and shook a little bit. "Huh? But we're not going to the beach or the pool? It's...not even summer, Maddison." For some reason, being referred to by name by her youngest sister, instead of being called a cutesy nickname like "Big Sis," made Maddison's heart sink. She frowned, but only for a moment before the thought of her precious baby sister in a bikini sprinted across her frontal lobe and quickly turned that frown upside down. Then she squeezed Madylene closer.

"Girls should wear bikinis," she repeated as her smile grew ever wider, as if to swallow Madylene entirely, "ONLY bikinis. Always bikinis." She turned towards Madylene, slid her other hand gracefully under her sister's hair before seizing a fistful, and then shoved Madylene's face in her tits. The relief Madylene felt became obvious instantly: her body limpened, and a long shaky moan slithered out of Maddison's cleavage, only slightly muffled by her titflesh. Maddison giggled, happy to see her precious little sister's misguided resistance finally snuffed out like an adorable little candle in the snow. "Gooood girl," Maddison purred. "Just relax, okay cutie?"

"Mmmmmhfff," came the muffled sound of Maddison's voice, delirious with glee.

"Good girl," replied Maddison, her tongue flicking out to lick her lips as her pupils narrowed with aroused focus. "Just keep your face embedded in there, okay doll?" Maddison didn't hear an answer this time, but her sister did make a weak effort to nod her limp, heavy head yes. Feeling that movement suffocate in her veritable mountain of breasts made Maddison giggle. "Good, good. I'm going to put something on for us to listen to, okay?" Maddison reached over and picked up Madylene's phone. "Give me your hand." Limply, slowly, Madylene raised a hand to comply. Maddison bumped the appropriate spot on Madylene's finger, and the phone unlocked itself. A sense of mischievous, big sisterly joy bloomed in Maddison's brain, watered by the opportunities ahead. She could change Madylene's password, text her friends, fill the phone with porn...but first, she HAD to get Madylene to join in on the sexy bikini fad. She opened a video platform and typed in the name of a brand she didn't recognize. Out of the search results, one stood above:

*"Bikinis are cool."*

Mmmm.

Maddison grabbed a cord from nearby and plugged it into the phone. After she fished out the earbuds, she yanked Madylene's head from her tits. The girl stared at them, limp, dazed, like a kitten held by its mother, except for the horny light of adulation so clearly blazing behind her blank stare. Maddison put the earbuds in- and that took some doing, using one hand and all- then shoved Madylene's precious little face back in her tits. Madylene melted completely, letting

out a muffled pitiful groan into her big sister's bouncy bountiful bosom as the last sparkles of resistance left in her mind went out completely. maddison smiled and gently rocked her baby sister's limp, comfy body back and forth in her arms, making sure that Madylene's head stayed put nice and secure nestled deep in her breasts. She felt no wriggling from Madylene, but she did feel a little bit of wetness on her chest. This made her smile- her baby sister was getting drool on her tits!

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Madylene had never felt anywhere near this fucking cozy comfy in her entire life. She'd never dare ask to submerge her face in Maddison's sublime pair of overripe tiddies, but now that she'd been made to, she felt right at home. The squooshy, warm mounds of flesh enveloped her in the unmistakable scent of her big sister, so she tried to huff looooots of it in. She could barely breathe well enough to do that. Still, what little air her nostrils pulled in *injected* a spike of horny dopamine directly into the cozy, relaxed little sister's brain.

*"Bikinis are cool. Wearing bikinis makes you cool,"* a voice she couldn't hear hissed directly into her brain like a very friendly, intimate snake with its friendly lil head burrowed deep into her ear. She was helpless to resist, of course. Unable to voice a proper agreement, she nodded her head a little and just groaned. *"Cool girls wear bikinis. Cool girls ONLY wear bikinis. Be cool. Wear bikinis."* She listened to the voice she couldn't hear with her full undivided attention. She wanted to be cool. Cool girls had friends. Cool girls wore bikinis. *"Cool girls flaunt their sexy bikini bodies and huge fuckin honkers."* She agreed. Cool girls DID flaunt their sexy bikini bodies and their huge fuckin honkers. She imagined herself strolling into her senior class at school, wearing a cool sexy bikini and cool mysterious sunglasses, and her big boobies making all of her classmates stare in awe of how undeniably cool she was. *"Cool girls talk raunchy and sexy,"* the voice continued helpfully in her ear, *"cool girls love to curse and flirt."* Madylene's mouth hung open a little, just enough for her cute pink little tongue to slip out and rest on her big sister's delicious fucking knockers. The voice told her the truth. Cool girls loved to curse and flirt. Madylene, herself a cool girl of course, loved to curse and flirt. Foul language had a wonderful, spiky texture on its way out of one's mouth that made it perfect for describing women's beautiful, tight, fuckable bodies. Madylene loved finding new raunchy words to use to tell Maddison how fucking goddamn SEXABLE she was.

"Cccllggll lvv crrs rrrch," a nonverbal Madylene murmured uselessly into the smothering flesh of her sister's gigantic lewd breasts. Maybe someday she could latch onto those breasts' rock hard, sharp-enough-to-slice-stone nipples and suck milk from them like a calf drawing milk from a cow's udders. She imagined her topheavy sister's flesh fruits jiggling and sloshing, barely contained by a struggling bikini top, as onlookers watched her with vapid entranced smiles.

*"Cool girls hit on their friends,"* the voice programmed a receptive, suggestible Madylene to believe. *"Cool girls lust for groupies. Cool girls collect groupies."* It was true, after all. Coolness was amplified by sexy girls, so cooler girls had more sexier pieces of ass fawning over them

everywhere they went. To be truly cool, Madylene needed admirers. She needed to win over a cadre of obsessed lovers to follow and obey her. She also wanted lots of sexy adoring friends she could affectionately fingerfuck beneath their bikini bottoms at a moment's notice, too, of course. She knew she wanted to get her slender vixen besties Shirley and Villa into tight sexy bikinis asap. She felt her body quake, oblivious to the small orgasm causing it.

Delirious bliss started to encroach on Madylene's mind. As happy and comfortable and safe as she felt, the eighteen year old saw no reason to even pretend to try fighting it. She faded into an unconscious state of ultra-suggestible trance as the snake made of words coming from her headphones wrapped its coils deep around ever deeper, more intimate parts of her brain and squeezed tight. Its grip pulled, shaped, sculpted, molded her into a sluttier, hornier, wetter version of herself. Her loving innocence remained but all around it the inherent coolness of bikinis erected lens after lens after lens through which she could now sexily express herself.

Time smeared away into a nondescript stream of events that Madylene's conscious mind eagerly slept through. Her body listened to the beloved word snake wrapped tight and tangled around its brain, listened attentively to its wet hot hisses of bikinis and groupies and wild public platonic sex. It learned the importance of never having boundaries, of blurring the lines between friends, family, and fucks, of the importance never ever EVER to respect those lines, the beauty of wearing cool bikinis even when the weather or occasion suggested otherwise. It listened because she could not. Madylene's body orgasmed on autopilot again, and again, and again, for how long? Nobody knew but Maddison.

Her topheavy, massive uddered fuck cow of a big sexy sister, Maddison.