Life Together

Chapter One: Introducing Us

Author's note: hello again! This one has a lot of stepfamily stuff, so content warning for that. Please enjoy!

My name is Peri Silkist. I am eighteen years old. My boyfriend, Merrick Silkist, is also eighteen years old. I fell in love with him on Valentine's day, when the school counselor noticed that my poor little stepbrother didn't get a single pair of panties and pulled me aside to talk. I don't remember much, but she really painted a vivid picture of just how sad it was that a boy as sweet and lovable as Merry didn't get a single pair of panties, not even a kiss. As I listened my pity turned into a mix of guilt and maternal instinct. After the meeting I gave him mine.

These days, we've formed a routine. We sleep in different beds to avoid suspicion, then in the morning after dad has left the house I change into just my underwear- or a bikini if I feel extra playful- and walk to his room. I used to sneak, but my stepmom's in on the secret now so I don't have to hide. I slip into his bed, crawl under the covers, and give him a niiiice gentle snuggle and a wake up kiss. I'm proud of being the first thing my sweet little guy sees every morning when he wakes up. After many cuddles and pats, I lead him out of bed for his morning shave. We keep his body completely hairless from the cheekbones down to preserve his cuteness- it's a lot of work, so we're debating getting him put on E to make it easier, or getting surgery to be rid of it. He's very groggy and sleepy and cute in the morning, but as long as my bouncy breasts are guiding him, he's very cooperative.

We kiss a lot in the mornings. We have to hide our relationship from silly people, of course, so we have to limit our PDA far below what my precious boyfriend deserves. Kisses on the mouth, softly caressing the sides of his face with my thumbs, petting each other's heads, letting him grope me and stroke my thighs, near-naked cuddling, it's all a delight. stepmom cooks us breakfast and gives each of us a pat on the head, then kisses Merry briefly on the mouth and gives my breasts a proud parental little fondle. The way she kisses him is very different from me, all lips no tongue all care no passion. I don't mind, of course, because she is his \_stepmom\_ and that would be \_weird.\_

stepmom watches us eat her homemade food with a nice big smile, then we go back upstairs to get Merry dressed. If he was good yesterday (read: always), we make a detour to my room and I let him pick a pair of my panties for him to wear that day. A lightly used one, obviously. We kiss some more and then he goes to his room and we both get dressed. I wear bold colors and tight shirts, blouses, blazers, the like, to accentuate my chest- plus the shortest skirts and shorts I can get away with. My stepbrother's fashion is much blander- he wears whatever, really. It looks good on him, but I and the counselor are training him in wearing and stuffing bras so he can change that.

Next, stepmom comes upstairs and we do Merry's makeup together. This was how she found out we were together- we started doing this as a family and she noticed how much it made sweet lil Merry blush. She demanded we stop, but after a group meeting with Merry's guidance counselor she changed her tune. It's so comfy, sitting seductively on Merry's left and purring and stroking his arm while my other hand helps stepmom do his makeup. We call attention to his soft inviting lips and beautiful dainty eyes, of course.

I like to drape myself over him near the end, straddling him all seductively and batting my long pretty eyelashes how I know he likes. He gets so flustered and aroused for me, it's so cute! And as I wigglin' and pushinnnn my big plump boobies up on him and nuzzlin him n' kissin' him, my stepmom picks out his lipstick for the day. Always glossy, always thick, always dark rich red. I smear a nice even coating over my boyfriend's sweet little lips while my stepmom applies his eyelashes for him. When he's finished he gets lots of hugs, kisses and pats- he's such a good boy, after all!

I want to put a collar on him but stepmom is worried that might be a step too far. I always roll my eyes when she talks about it but his guidance counselor taught me never to fight with stepmom, so I always comply immediately. I'm a good girl, after all, and that means I listen to authority. I'm also eighteen, though, so I don't have to like it!

Anyway, once we're like, actually in school we kinda have to keep it low profile, y'know? As much as I desperately want to jump into my stepbrother's arms and make out with him in public, we have to pretend nothing is "wrong." Seeing him in such pretty makeup, his soft smooth face completely devoid of facial hair, those dark red lips ready and eager to stain my skin all over my face and neck like he's marking me as his….hhhfff, it's simply not fair! It's not enough that we only get to see each other for two classes, we can't even smooch during them!?

Okay well it's not all bad, cause one of them is Physics and I suck ass at it but I'm good enough to pull C's (school is harrrdddd), but more importantly we got seated right next to each other! The teacher is blind as a bat, too, so I'm free to stealthy guide Merry's hand baaaack and forth over my thigh during class~ we did get caught once, though, but it blew over. I forget why. Oh, and his guidance counselor even bailed us out afterwards by convincing some of our classmates to ignore and provide cover for us! I make sure to smooch all of the girls from that group on the mouth every once in a while, to remind them I appreciate it.

Anyway, I think I kinda got lost there~? This is gonna be a collection of documents I've scrounged up, in no particular order, detailing parts of our life! Please enjoy!

—--

Mrs. Silkist stared blankly at her reflection. The pocket watch dangling from the hand of her stepson’s counselor swung slowly, rhythmically, back and forth in front of her. With each pass it caught her eye for just a second, pulling her gaze with it before breaking synch. Then she'd see it coming back a stepmoment later and follow it again before it, once more, slipped away. Each cycle left her feeling more and more comfortable, more and more relaxed. She could follow it less and less each pass, but this concerned her less and less each time. Her stepson's counselor breathed gently but heavily, huskily, into her ear, her breath hot and just a bit wet- enough to make the increasingly empty Mrs. Silkist's earlobe tickle.

"That's right," the school counselor reassured her, the pocket watch keeping her eyes busy, "you need relationship counseling." Mrs. Silkist started to nod but a hand gripped her hair, forcing her to stop. "No, Mrs. Silkist. No moving. No distractions."

"Yes, Mrs. H-"

"I'm a Ms., not a Mrs.," her stepson's counselor snapped, "and call me Mistress."

"Y-yes, Mis..." a sense of hesitation and concern caught in Mrs. Silkist's throat. Something seemed...off, did it not? She knew this wasn't quite right, but-

"Follow the watch," the counselor purred. The hand grasping Mrs. Silkist's head forced her to turn side to side, just a little, with the watch. Mrs. Silkist sighed with relief as tension exited her body. The ability to so consistently watch the pendulous item as it swayed, for so much more of its arc, made everything so much easier. She offered no resistance to having her head tugged like that, and stared obediently as more and more of her thoughts dimmed.

"Yes...follow..." she murmured, so cozy she struggled to remember words. She fell deeper into that snuggly cloud-blanket of comfort with each pass of the pocket watch. It felt so nice to be guided, to be consoled. "Watch...follow, watch..."

"Good girl," preened the counselor. She kissed Mrs. Silkist's ear as a reward, nibbling on its outer edge just a little. Again Mrs. Silkist sighed as she relaxed involuntarily even more. "Good girls listen to authority," she suggested into Mrs. Silkist's ear, "don't they?" Mrs. Silkist tried to nod but the hand kept her head locked in place. She almost struggled but the watch gently extracted any fight from her body. She merely continued to stare, with glassy eyes and a vacuous smile.

"Yes, Miss- Mistress..." Mrs. Silkist admitted. Mistress giggled happily and puppeted Mrs. Silkist into nodding her head yes. Mrs. Silkist complied without resistance, naturally. "Good girls...listen...authority..."

"That's right," Mistress hissed as she whipped her head to Mrs. Silkist's other ear. She lowered the point where she dangled her pocket watch just a bit, and angled her prey's head down to adjust for it. "And I, as a counselor, have authority- correct?"

"Correct," Mrs. Silkist sighed dreamily as sparks flew beneath her conscious mind. Her brain logged Mistress as an authority figure.

"And of course," Mistress teased as she nuzzled her prey with love, "being a counselor, relationships are my domain. \_Not\_ yours."

"Your...domain..." Mrs. Silkist whimpered, almost like the words felt wrong on her tongue. Mistress nuzzled her again, licked her face.

"I am a guidance counselor," Mistress elaborated in a gentle, friendly whisper directly into Mrs. Silkist's vulnerable undiscerning ear. "I guide. Let me guide you."

"Guide...me..." Mrs. Silkist muttered, far less uncomfortably. Mistress forced her to nod; she complied.

"Again," Mistress barked. "With feeling."

"Guide meeeee," Mrs. Silkist moaned, still waving her head up and down in agreement. The watch flicked side to side, directly between her eyes and the part of the mirror showing her exposed breasts and beautiful red and black bra. "

She sighed happily, letting her boobs catch her eye from time to time. The watch always scooped it back up anyway. Mistress whispered soft encouraging praise right in her ear, melting her.

"Look at those breasts," Mistress ordered. Mrs. Silkist obeyed happily. Staring at them all she could, trying to resist the watch's pull, felt great. She got swept up sometimes, but her amazing homely chest would always her gaze like an airbag a second later anyway. "Such beautiful eye-catching breasts." She nodded up and down eagerly. She did have amazing, eye-catching breasts. She appreciated the compliment.

"Amazing...eye catching...breastssss," Mrs. Silkist repeated, grinning even wider. Suddenly the watch couldn't get her eyes off her chest, even when it snagged them for a half second.

"Your genes must be blessed," soothed Mistress as she let go of Mrs. Silkist's head and seized one of her prey's tits in that hand. "Isn't that right?"

"Yes..." sighed an empty, yet almost proud hypnotized stepmom. "My genes...blessed."

"So," continued Mistress, gripping and tugging and SQUEEZING the breast to check if her prey would respond and grinning ear to ear when they didn't, "your stepdaughter's genes are blessed too."

"My stepdaughter's genes...blesssssed," Mrs. Silkist heaved, the truth exploding in her brain like an electrical light show. "Big...beautiful breasts...?"

"Thaaaaat's right," giggled Mistress, "she has big beautiful breasts. She should show them off...right?"

"I...she..." Mrs. Silkist tried to stir. Mistress's free hand shot up, though, one finger extended. Her prey instantly went crosseyed trying to focus on it.

"I, am a counselor," Mistress reminded her. "A \_relationship\_ counselor."

"Relationship....counselor," the prey stepmom repeated weakly. Pathways in her mind rewrote themselves. "Authority...on relationships. Listen...authority."

"Good, good," Mistress encouraged, her hand wiggling about like it was a fishing lure. "Good girls \_trust\_ authority."

"Trust authority..." whimpered Mrs. Silkist. One last light struggled in her mind, insisting something was up. She deleted it with ease. She trusted Mistress. Doubting her wasn't good girl behavior. "Trust authority...completely."

"Good girl," Mistress trilled as her one hand returned to fondling her prey's breast. She dangled the watch again, which relaxed the deeply entranced stepmom. "Trust me. Love me. Believe me."

"Trust...love...believe..." Mrs. Silkist whined, eagerly accepting her new duties. She loved authority. Mistress was authority. She loved Mistress. "Love...Mistress."

"That's right, little lady," Mistress reenforced, "You love me. You \_trust\_ me."

"I...\_trust\_ you." Mistress's prey felt completely safe.

"Believe every, single, thing, I say."

"Believe...everything..." the helpless loving stepmom answered. She had never felt so safe or infatuated in her life. She would believe in Mistress's every word, submit to her like an obedient student or a disciplined teen, and love every second of it. As a good girl, she owed her Mistress this relationship.

Mistress would know.

Mistress was an expert.

—-------

"Have I mentioned how great your breasts look?" stepmom asks, Merry in her lap being cradled like a baby. I smile wide and gladly scooped my mammaries up for my stepmom to admire. She made me, of course, so she has every right to ogle them at any time and take some joy in her work! A light ignites in my stepmom's eyes as she stares intently at my chest with the expression of a master artisan admiring a fine piece of craftsmanship. It almost puts a tinge of red in my cheeks…almost.

stepmom rocks Merry back and forth in her arms and he mewls almost like a kitten. His legs, long and slender and baby-smooth from being shaved so far so recently, wiggle with delight. She coos to him and both of them smile so very wide. They exchange a cute little rubbing of their noses and then giggle at each other. Everything is lovely.

"I'm sorry I overreacted the other day," stepmom says with a warm little grin. "The relationship you two have was a lot to take in. I'm sorry I couldn't see how happy it made you until Mistress helped me see things clearly."

"That's okay!" I reply, taking a seat next to her. Merry reaches for me so stepmom transfers him into my lap. I'm delighted to let him sit there of course. His hands glue themselves instantly to my tits and I moan indecently for him. His smile tells me that my hard work is appreciated. He begins to paw and knead at my breasts, getting more happy moans out of my body. I put my arms loosely around my beloved Merry to hold him, gentle but sure I can stop him from falling. "I'm just glad to have help doing his makeup again."

"Gosssh," stepmom moans, as her eyes flutter and roll involuntarily. Certain things make her do that, but at the counselor's request I make sure not to care about it. "Doing his makeup together…so cute. So sweet."

"So cute, so sweet," Merry trills. He kisses me on the mouth. I kiss back. His tongue is shy and delicate as always. I keep it in my mouth, where it is warm and safe, as long as I can. One of my hands drifts up to begin patting his head, soft but firm. He absolutely loves getting headpats from me. As both his stepsister and his girlfriend, I've always been proud of that.

"So cute, so sweet," I chime in as we pause to breathe. He seems ready to move on but I put my lips to his anyway. Like a well-trained lover, he submits instantly to my kiss, letting me pull and suck his cute little tongue back into my mouth. He gently fondles my boobs as we suck and play and kiss, and my stepmom is perfectly content to watch with a smile. She stares at us, her face devoid of lust and positively glowing with maternal, loving pride. She's proud of us, of our healthy stepbrother stepsister relationship. I'm so happy she's our stepmom. I finish sheltering my stepbrother's tongue in my mouth and shower his face in sweet little nuzzles that make him blushy. "I love you so much, Merry!" I squeal, overcome with affection. He turns bright crimstepson and tries to retreat to his stepmom.

"Awww," stepmom coos, pushing him coyly back into my arms. "Don't be shy, Merry! She just looooves you!"

"Yeah!" I add on with the smug aura of a sibling who just won an argument, "I just love you!"

An extremely flustered Merry buries his face in my tits, where I happily entomb it in soft squishy flesh. I smile at stepmom, who giggles at my brilliance.

"Just don't suffocate him dear," she warns, reaching over to play a little with my hair. "Safety first."

"Okayyyyy, stepmom," I submit, rolling my eyes in annoyance. Why shouldn't I just choke my boyfriend in my overflowing cleavage until his face turns blue!?

Still, stepmom is…stepmom. And good girls don't disobey authority. So I comply. I loosen up the pressure keeping Merry submerged and he comes sputtering out looking overjoyed.

"Good boy…" I whisper, stroking his hair gently. He pushes his face into mine for yet more kissing. I happily give him exactly what he wants. He quickly loses his breath again- obviously- and has to stop for air. "God you're so cuuuute!"

"Nuuuu!" He protests as he wiggles about. "Not cute! Nu!"

"No, honey, you're adorable," stepmom cuts in. "Soooo cute. How else would you make your stepbrother and I sooooo dedicated and protective?" At this, he pouts in protest.

"Sis is cuter!"

As always, hearing him call me "sis" knocks something in my brain, but I wrest it back away with calculated technique honed by practice. It was strange when he didn't call me "sis," things are correct as they stand currently. Still, I giggle a tittering little laugh.

"Oh honey that's cause I have boobs and girl clothes," I remind him.

"Oh shit, dad's home," Merry mutters and jolts up the stairs to get his makeup off. I walk past stepmom to the kitchen and she admires my butt as I pass.