

CW for objectification and incest

Madylene awoke from her stupor feeling bubbly and comfortable. Her sister smiled warmly at her, though she obviously wasn't focusing on that smile. After all, cool girls didn't look their family in the eyes, that would be super rude. Being rude wasn't cool. It was like, super duper uncool with a...not a cherry on top, with maybe like, hmmm, what kinda fruit was the opposite of a cherry? Like a melon, maybe? But that didn't seem right, melons were like boobs, and the cherry on top of something was always good, so the opposite had to be bad, and boobs were like...they'd be the best thing since sex if bikinis didn't exist, so-

Mmmm. Bikinis. Madylene licked her lips without realizing it. She really fucking loved bikinis. Fucking sexy bikinis. Girls who wore them were so goddamn cool. That bikini her sister wore would make any self-respecting girl's mouth water with want for it. Plush, bright red cups struggled to contain the flood of flesh that was Maddison's overflowing cleavage, greeting one's eyes with tension and drama. Those huge tiddies almost promised that if you watched closely, you'd get to see them explode free from their gaudy, sexy prison like the coolest break-out in history. *Keep your eyes on us*, she could imagine them whispering all cool and seductive, *ignore your sister's face. It's not Cool like we are. Pay attention to us, instead. Watch as we jiggle and fight and bounce trying to bust free*. She had no trouble doing just that.

Madylene did not know when she had shifted places to sit in her big sister's lap, or when she'd stripped to her underwear. She was vaguely aware *that* she didn't know those things, but no part of her raised the talking point that maybe she should. Instead her thoughts focused in on an almost razor-thin point, and that point was somewhat ironically her older sister's extremely not thin pair of tits. It held her attention captive, *commanded* it even. She sighed happily as her hands suddenly grabbed Maddison's flesh fruits through her thick, pretty bikini. She felt nubs form through the polyester of her sister's top. Her sister's nipples had gotten hard!

"Mmmm, that's more like it," purred Maddison, her voice hungry and carrying a seductive almost sort of growling tone. "Good-"

"I love your bikini, bitch!" Madylene sniped with an almost predator-like smile plastered all across her innocent little face. The words felt strange and foreign on their way out, like someone else had picked them for her. As they passed through her body a powerful shiver trailed across it not far behind. She shook a little as it reached the tips of her fingers and the contour of her mouth, trying to understand where the words had come from. She'd never said the word "bitch" out loud before- never *to* anyone! She felt afraid for half a second before familiar thoughts stroked the deep curves of her brain like an owner's hand soothing a cat.

*Bikinis are cool. Girls who wear bikinis are cool. Cool girls talk raunchy and sexy. Cool girls love to curse and flirt.*

Mmnn...another shiver, this one quite nice actually, wiggled down her spine and across her entire nervous system. Being cool didn't come naturally to her but she wanted to learn-

Being cool didn't come naturally to her but it would. She just had to learn.

Maddison's face contorted in shock for just half second. Madylene dove for the smell of blood, shoving her hands harder against her sister's ample breasts, her fingers clenching and sharply claw-gripping at the hot bikini between them and those big boobs. She went to lean in for Maddison's neck with her mouth but faltered. The shy part of her brain- the weak, uncool one that said, as the cooler part understood it, that she was a runt- raised an objection:

*We're not wearing a bikini. Of course it isn't coming naturally to us.*

A sort of low grade anxiety suddenly fell over Madylene like a fire blanket suffocating...well, a fire. She lost her moxie and confidence in an instant like a light somewhere in her brain had been switched off. Bikini girls were cool, yes, bikini girls loved to swear, yes, but *she* was not a bikini girl, and her sister was, so trying to take charge of her sister like that...! She sat frozen in place, half puckered up for a kiss, and struggled to figure out what to do. Obviously she really wanted to kiss Maddison! But like- that would be super weird, and she would make things so awkward if she did that, you know? And-

Madylene fell on her back, her sister pouncing on top of her like a cat leaping upon their prey. Hanging her body over Madylene and keeping the girl pinned down using her hands and knees, Maddison chuckled merrily and smiled. Madylene's face turned bright red and she squirmed, somewhat futilely, in an attempt not so much to get loose as to make a fun show of play-resistance. Judging from Maddison's face, and the way she responded to this display by giggling and licking her lips, it did not go unnoticed.

"Cuuutie," Maddison purred over her sister, an almost evil gleam of exaggerated lust passing across her face as she did. "You're hot, you know that? I never...quite..." she spoke slowly, and leaned down and closer as she did. Each languidly hissed word brought Maddison's face lower and raised her butt higher, "...noticed." As she finished the statement, her head came down into position hovering just above Madylene's neck. Her breath hovered hot and easy out of her mouth to dance across her sister's skin, which elicited a little yelp of delight.

"Hheyy!" Maddison managed to protest, her shy brain now possessing enough ammunition to take control back, but not quite enough to motivate an actual escape attempt. She wanted to be the one holding a cute girl down, obviously, and if she had to be on the bottom she ought to look good while she was there! That just didn't empower her shyness enough, though, to change the *things* happening in her brain from seeing Maddison arch her back like that or from feeling Maddison's big new tiddies squishing on her.

Oh god.

Maddison's *TIDDIES*.

All other thoughts in Madylene's head, ALL other thoughts, exploded instantly and left no remains behind. She could SEE those enormous pearly globes in her head, so fucking BIG and SOFT and JIGGLY and COOL. Her crotch began subconsciously humping the air as the shy part of her brain felt its control slipping. The more she imagined her sister's sexy new gazongas, the less that shit mattered. She felt her thighs (wet and cold now for some reason, not that she cared) grinding together expectantly without input from her. She loooved her fuckable sister's giant tiddies.

Should she call her sister's new super huge boingers something that vulgar?

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Madylene stumbled into her sister's room, eyes wide with childlike wonder and overpowering excitement. The promise of sexy smoking hot bikinis called to her like a beautiful siren with an angelic voice and a top of the line string bikini just barely straining itself together against the heaving flesh globes within them. She desperately wished to throw one on and never ever EVER wear anything else again for the rest of her life. Her face erupted into light when she saw the beautiful dragon's hoard of bikinis strewn all over the floor. She dropped to all fours and jammed her face against the nearest one to it, nuzzling and taking deep huffs and licking and kissing it. With a bikini on, she could be cool and confident and sexy like her sister.

"Awww, cuuuute," Maddison commented behind her with a knowing smile. "I picked one out for-"

"I'll pick my own, whore!" Madylene snapped playfully, then turned bright red in the face. Why...had she said that? She turned to apologize for her rudeness, only for a nicely textured bikini top, which had some sort of scale beads in rows decorating its lower half, to rub against her hand. Her body instantly froze, staying perfectly still. Except her hand, obviously. Her hand vigorously inspected the top, checking its texture with its fingers and relishing the nice feeling of running skin across those lines. They felt kinda like those pillows that change between two colors if rubbed a certain way. "Uuh, oohhh...I like this one..." she sighed as all knowledge of what she said to Maddison politely took a bow and exited her body. "It feels niiice."

"You do, Baby Sis?" Asked Maddison, a playful smile on her lips. She giggled merrily as she lowered herself to her knees for a closer look. "Wouldn't you like a bigger, sexier pair~?"

"Shut up you slut~" Madylene countered as she tried to lunge for her sister's mouth. To her horror though, mere inches from kiss contact, her fingers had to leave the top to keep going. Immediately her shy weaker ways took effect and she had to scramble back to it, where she moaned with relief. The more she touched it, the more confident she felt. The more...cool, and powerful. This had to be the one for her.

"Oh, I'm a slut?" Asked Maddison. She patiently waited for her sister to turn back towards her before fluttering her eyelashes seductively. When this only got a mild flustering out of her sister she continued, "I'm honored! Everyone loves sluts after all!"

Madylene frowned for a moment, so taken aback by Maddison's comment that her hand recoiled off the bikini it was rubbing. She didn't quite...think that was right? Being a slut...she felt like she remembered that being an insult. People called you a slut for being cheap, or easy prey, or for cheating, right? But her big sis said everybody loved them, and like...everybody *ought* to love sluts, she reasoned, so why wouldn't they? Sluts were cute, pretty, sexy, kissable, accessible, cool...

*COOL.*

*BIKINIS ARE SO COOL.*

Madylene's mouth curled rapidly up out of the frown and into a big vapid grin. Her hand rubbed over the bikini top ever more fervently as thoughts flooded her mind of wearing it all about and wildly shaking her hips and tits back and forth to invite lusty stares from anyone and everyone who laid eyes on her. Dopamine invited by that thought crashed into her mind like water roaring in deafening volumes past the remains of a newly busted dam. She wanted to wear that bikini. She *NEEDED* to wear that fucking bikini. She'd be so...so...so COOL and SEXY and SLUTTY and POWERFUL in that fucking bikini.

"I like this pair," Madylene almost growled as she pulled her brain by conscious effort back to the present. She stood up and paid no attention to what her body was doing- stripping off any remaining clothes, perhaps, or removing the bikini top from its hanger. Her eyes pointed at her sister's tits and her brain focused on just thought-scatteringly happy and excited she felt. "I don't need a bigger pair. I have smaller boobies anyway."

"Mmm, boobies," Maddison purred and lowered her gaze from Madylene's face to the girl's chest. This pleased Madylene, obviously- her tits were way more important than her face. She smiled, not that her sister could be expected to see it, as she slipped her new bikini top over her chest. Almost immediately an explosion of arousal hit her brain, and less than a nanosecond later she got assaulted by the sensation of her tits...pulsing. They felt strange as they swelled and grew and filled out, a bit at a time in stages, each burst of new growth extracting a hearty sexual moan from her lips. Her naked crotch trembled and her violently wobbling knees threatened to buckle and give out from under her.

"Uuhhohhhh," Madylene moaned without realizing she was doing it, "ss, soooo, so goouuoood," she groaned some more, utterly helpless. Her vision went dark and blurry, purplish black blobs consuming it entirely and beginning to fade away only to come back in full force in a cycle that repeated itself every ten seconds or so. Her body flailed of its own accord, though her inputs hardly encouraged it to stop. "Ff, feels so, feels so guuooood," she helplessly moaned at the top of her lungs. Maddison watched on with a confident smile, and if Madylene

could focus on a girl's face she might have been able to notice a warm light of pride behind her sister's eyes. "Biiigger, bigger boobs."

"Bigger is better," Maddison cooed, slipping behind Madylene and pulling her into a gentle hug.

"Bigger i, is, is...b-biig, biiii, biigger is bbb, bigger is betterrrr," Madylene barely managed to push out of her vocal cords during brief moments in between the bouts of noise that her bodily changes induced. Her sister squeezed her close, the girl's bigger boobs- her immense flesh pillows, her mammoth meat marshmallows, her mound pillows, her mommy milkers- pressing against Madylene's back. This only left Madylene even more turned on than she had already been. She became even less verbally coherent, her head flopping backwards uselessly and her eyes practically rolling all the way back into her head in the face of her overwhelming, all consuming bliss.

"Good girl," affirmed Maddison in a sultry, loving whisper placed directly into Madylene's ear. "You're such a good girl."

Madylene's vision went totally black. She heard herself moaning but had no influence over what specific words or noises escaped from her mouth. She felt comfortable with that- she felt comfortable with anything, really, nestled in her sister's arms with those huge sexy tiddies pushed against her back. She certainly had no objections when she felt headphones slipping over her ears, nor enough thoughts in her head to question why they felt like her own headphones again. She barely had enough room in her conscious brainspace at the time to know how good her expanding ta-tas felt.

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Madylene awoke from a nice nap- or something which had resembled a nap, and certainly a nice something at that- feeling exciteable and happy. She jumped out of her bed and felt a series of brief but strong pulls from a pair of big, strange, heavy weights on her chest. Had she fallen asleep with something on top of her, maybe? She looked down to check and-

Heeeeck. She saw a pair of big, solid, TIGHT boobs protruding from her body. The first thing she did was slowly lift her hands up to cup them, of course. She wore a bikini around them, which hugged them very nicely. The additional pressure from her hands made her gasp and bite a lip. They were sensitive, evidently. That was probably good to know.

She stumbled out of her room to the bathroom to inspect her chest in the mirror. Sure enough, she had the tight, perky, BIG boobs of a bikini model. They weren't the gigantic ones some porn stars had, but boobs of all sizes were-

"Bigger is better," Madylene whispered to nobody. Her hands groped her through her orange and pale red sunset-themed swimsuit. She loved her big boobs, and loved porn stars' bigger

boobs more. Obviously. There was nothing wrong with admitting the obvious objective betterness of bigger breasts. She had shapely ones- they swep up quite nicely and their perky heft ensured they had a nice bounce- but bigger breasts, no matter how floppy or droopy, obviously shined brighter than hers. She smiled mischievously.

*Cool girls are rebels. Cool girls go against the system.*

She knew for a fact that no matter how different the voice in her head was that repeated those phrases, and no matter how canned or recorded they seemed, these were her own thoughts emerging organically in real time. She rubbed the nice textured beads (scales?) that curved in lines with the contour of her wonderful tits like pairs of lips. She winked seductively at her sexy, beautiful reflection.

*Cool girls rebel. Bikini girls are so cool. Bikini girls ONLY wear bikinis. All girls should be bikini girls.*

A thought occurred to her though. If all girls were bikini girls, and bikini girls were cool girls, and cool girls rebel...then obviously bikini girls rebel, and if all girls are bikini girls, and bikini girls ONLY wore bikinis, then didn't that mean being cool meant rebelling against bikini girls?

Mmmm. So cool.

She smiled wickedly. She had no plans to rebel against *being* a bikini girl. That would obviously be stupid. But rebelling against bikini girls by accessorizing?

"I'm so fucking cool," Madylene said, fluttering her eyelids cutely and blowing a cutesy kiss to herself. Big sexy boots, a floofy coat worn open to emphasize her hourglass figure, a spiky collar to let you know she was a COOL girl who was totally tough and powerful but also a precious submissive slut to be used and loved by anyone, anywhere, any time? Thigh highs with cute kitties on them? A big witch hat, to make her look like a sexy girl in a big witch hat?

The possibilities proved as promising as they were exciting.

"Madyleeene! You're gonna be late to class!" Cried her mother from downstairs.

"This bikini is so fucking cool. I'm so fucking cool. I'm such a badass adorable little whore," she purred to herself. She rubbed at lifted and squeezed her big boobies through her pretty bikini. "I'm such a good girl. Such a good, sexy, cutie girl. Such a sexy rebelly girl. Such a busty booby girl." Mmm, busty booby girl. She moaned. She liked that. "Such a busty booby bikini babygirl." MMMM. She REALLY liked that. Busty booby bikini babygirl. It didn't roll off the tongue quite so well as just busty booby girl, but still...mmf.

"Madylene!" Came her mom's voice again, closer this time.

"I'm such a sexy slutty sweetie girl. I'm such a bouncy bubbly bimbo girl. I'm such a cool cutie cow girl. I'm such a preppy pretty porno girl." Gosh, sexualizing herself like this felt amazing. She didn't see her mother enter the room. She was too focused on her own tits. "I'm such a-

"MADYLENE!" Her mother cried. Shock, horror, disgust, anger? Disappointment? Worry? Confusion? Madylene didn't know.

"Hi mom," said Madylene. Her eyes didn't leave the adorable bikini boobs in the mirror. She did smile a coy little smile though. "Do you like my bikini, mom?"

"Young lady, you have-" her mother started, only for the wind to fly right out of her sails as she noticed that...yeah, she kinda did. She froze in place, body deflating as she exhaled and posture degrading as she relaxed. "You have...a very...very cute bikini. It looks...good on you." Madylene's mother usually hated two-piece swimsuits for being "showy" and "immodest." The woman's eyes tried to leave her daughter's breasts but just couldn't seem to do it. Madylene giggled, still not looking at her.

"Do my makeup, mom." Madylene tittered. Her mother shook slightly.

"Dear, it's...it's time for school."

"Yeah," responded Madylene. "I need my makeup done."

"You...do it," her mother answered, visibly straining to say something else. Madylene giggled.

"Nope! I gotta keep my hands on this bikini, mom. See how much sexier my boobs are when I play with em?"

"Dear, your boobs are...are not...you're..." her mother whispered, swaying slightly. Her eyes seemed to finally relax and feel comfy where they were. Madylene made a big show of scooping up her breasts and letting them drop. Her mother sighed as yet more of her reservations got forced out of her body. "Your...yes. Your boobs...very sexy."

"Good," said Madylene, eyes twinkling with rebellious intent. "Now go get my makeup, you cloudy airhead." Turning the tables on authority was super cool. Even cooler if they were parents, even MORE if they were *your* parents. Obviously.

"Okay..." whimpered Madylene's mother.