

Maddison smiled ear to ear at her sexy, scrumptious reflection. Her body, slender as it had always been, stood adorned by none of the stupid, ugly types of clothing that lay strewn haphazardly all about her bedroom floor. She had no idea why she even owned any of them, but she felt far too excited about her myriad new bikinis to waste any of her time or her thoughts on such petty questions. Instead, she pondered the bright red material wrapped tightly around her crotch and lovingly cupping up her tits. She felt herself wishing that she had a slightly bigger chest, but she knew that the right bikini made even a meager set look amazing, and hers far exceeded the description of "meager." The bright red cups and the little white flowers on them made her tatas look fantastic, and she liked the way her...her tits...

"My tits..." she found herself moaning practically against her will as she felt a strange sort of welling, warm *pressure* somewhere inside of her breasts. The image flashed through her mind of Reportits' mammaries exploding with joyous growth. She grew excited rapidly as she hoped the same beautiful blessing would manifest for herself. Before her thoughts could do any speculating, though, an explosion of warmth- closer by far to fireworks than a bomb- ruptured all the words in her mind and sent them falling in pieces like spilled alphabet soup into the liquid that remained of her brain. She groaned loudly as her tits jiggled and strained, physically fighting her bikini top in an effort to grow and expand. The top resisted, but seemed to grow itself so it remained steadfastly just too small to be comfortable. That pressure- the bite of a bra worn by someone it just wasn't big enough for- savaged her breasts but miraculously left her ribs and back completely unscathed. She loved the feeling, likening it internally to being supportively but just a little violently groped. Grabbing tiddy could never, ever be bad, after all. Nobody in their right mind could or would ever argue otherwise.

A voice called to Maddison from somewhere else in the house. She didn't hear enough to know whether it belonged to her sisters- let alone which of them- or her mother. She also didn't care in the slightest. She felt the sound get zoned out of her brain in real time as every sensory input coming into her mind except for touch weakened and slid out of reach. Her breasts burned, sloshed, pressed against their beautiful sexy prison. Maddison threw her head back, drool trickling down her face and neck that she could not feel. She loosed a bestial sequence of highly aroused moans which she herself had no ability to hear. Her body shuddered and wavered weakly from left to right, her weight flopping pathetically from one leg onto the other as the few systems in her body that still worked fought to keep her from falling. Her body shivered, only a little bit at first but it quickly came to do so with greater and greater force, as the sensation of her ever-expanding boobs became more and more overpowering. The bikini overcame her weakened nervous system at last and she collapsed- albeit safely, backwards onto her bed- groaning with delight and twitching violently.

-----  
Madylene's older sister, Maddison, was making a concerning amount of...highly suggestive noise. Madylene, the youngest of the household at just eighteen years old, liked to think that she wasn't a prude. Her mother and sisters probably watched porn. That information didn't

bother her and it never had, although she did feel a perfectly rational unease at the thought of having to actually listen to it.

Which is why it bothered her so much that listening to the sound of her older sister's feverish sex moans seemed to be putting a big cozy smile on her face. Once that occurred to her, she tried to hide from the noise. She called for Maddison to quiet down- but Maddison didn't hear her. She approached Maddy's room to lodge a complaint, only to find herself losing her nerve and...swaying...comfortably...outside of the door. She unbuckled her jeans with a vacant smile, her glassy eyes staring at nothing. What had she come to do, she asked herself as her butt wiggled on its own. She really liked the sound coming out of Maddison's room, so she should...probably open the door. Yeah, she should walk in and get a good look. Maddison loved seeing her precious little sister, after all...

Wait, no, she realized with her hand on the doorknob, what the fuck? No, that wasn't true at all! It wasn't even close! Besides, no self-respecting girl would ever voluntarily walk in on her big sister mas...mastur...her beautiful big sister...

Madylene smiled as she imagined her beautiful big sister's buxom bikini body, bare in bed banging itself...she smiled wider, her eyes went glassy again. She really wanted to walk into Maddison's room and watch her moan and thrash and bounce. A long, delighted sigh snaked out of her mouth on its own. She felt so cozy, so impossibly at ease. She just had to wiggle her cute little hips a bit, and-

Mmm. She felt her jeans slip down to her ankles and spent a moment sliding her palms appreciatively up and down her soft, smooth, positively milky thighs. Goddd, she felt more than she could really think to herself, why didn't she feel at her own body like that more often? She had a lovely body for it, after all, and-

Wait.

Fuck.

She forced herself away from the door with great effort. Every few steps her focus slipped, she turned back towards the door, but with time she managed to eke out a little more distance each time. It got a little bit easier with each step she put between herself and the inexplicably appealing siren song coming from her sister's room, too, which helped. She tried hiding in the farthest corners of the house, but the song felt somehow *more* powerful when she could barely hear it. She tried sitting in her room with earphones, only to find herself absently browsing ASMR videos on the internet, seated with her legs spread as wide as she could comfortably get them. She tried to feel upset but the more gentle, nurturing women's voices wafted through her ears into her brain the harder that became.

Until...she got an ad.

-----

Madylene relaxed completely. One hand lazily worked at her pussy underneath of her panties and the other gently, almost reverently, kneaded at her breast as she stared with full focus at her desktop. Not a single trace of stress or fear or worry remained anywhere in her loose, comfortable, completely relaxed body. She had never felt so unquestionably safe or secure in her life. Her body felt like it was sinking into the biggest, softest, sleepiest foam mattress ever constructed by human hands, one made especially for her as a labor of love. To sink deeper in, surrender more and more of herself, her body, her mind, to the incredible comfort of the beautiful bouncy bikini-bodied babes smiling at her on the screen was simply impossible to resist- and it would be rude of her to even try, anyway. She stared as one supermodel of a woman after another stretched, yawned, smiled, lazed around in beautiful fucking bikinis.

Mmm....beautiful fucking bikinis.

Did she...usually talk like that? Or rather...think like that?

It didn't matter.

Beautiful.

Fucking.

Bikinis.

"Beautiful...fucking bikinis..." Madylene sighed to herself, her lazy limp relaxed little head lolling off a little bit to one side. She rubbed her clitoris happily, her eyes wide but gently hooded and not fully open. She giggled a bit, then repeated herself. "Beautiful...fucking bikinis."

On the screen, two sisters strode confidently about, fists on their hips as they struck powerful poses like models on runways. It felt comfortable, right even, to watch these sexy babes flaunt their tight toned fuckable bikini model bodies like that. Madylene moaned beside herself, with a sexual bent of hunger to it. She wanted to stare at these sexy sisters all night long. Her tongue flopped uselessly out of her mouth, as if she subconsciously hoped that if she left her mouth wide enough one of the girls from the ad would march through her door and plug it with their tongue. Her body swayyyyyed to one side, slowly, bit by bit, then shot straight up all at once as correction, only to start slumping off towards the other side- a pattern that repeated two or three times every few minutes. This lasted for quite some time before Madylene's conscious mind started to drift up, loose and sweet and slippery, away from her and her body. That was fine by her though. She just...relaxed. And let all of her attention get soaked up into those beautiful...beautiful...beautiful fucking bikinis.

Her eyes glazed over as her body fingered itself idly, happily, absorbing information about beautiful women and bikinis. Her mind didn't need to be involved. Her body could learn to worship bikinis perfectly well by itself. Her body just stared with its glassy, foggy, mostly closed eyes at the gentle, curvaceous figures on the screen as the hands attached to it attended to its breasts and pussy. What had been shaky, uneven breaths smoothed out on their own as they became increasingly automatic.

*"Bikinis are cool,"* a voice she couldn't hear whispered to her body. It nodded along in agreement, not needing her to tell it what the words meant to intuitively know it believed them completely. The words wormed their way through its ears into her brain, where they burrowed deep into the organ's slurry, runny, weakened foundations. Were she conscious, she might describe the sensation as feeling like a family of friendly, cute, well informed mice chewing a little enclosure out of her brainstem. *"Bikinis are so cool. Wearing bikinis makes you super cool."* The words etched themselves into the very foundation of Madylene's weak, impressionable, mostly liquified brain. Bikinis were cool. Wearing bikinis made you super cool. These were facts. They didn't need to be proven because their truthfulness was self-evident. Of course bikinis were cool. Obviously.

The sound of her door being hammered at yanked Madylene out of her entranced stupor. A panic came over her. She flung her half-numb arms all about as she hurriedly ripped out her earphones, minimized the window with the ad, opened and closed the wrong one, opened the *right* one, almost started watching the ad again, misclicked on a different video, minimized the window *again*, and finally closed the entire browser in a panic. It was her elder sister at the door (which she locked, apparently?).

"Maddie! What the hell are you doing leaving your fucking jeans in the hallway!? Come get them you weirdo!"

Thoroughly flummoxed, especially because she...did not really remember doing that, a blushing Madylene threw another pair on.

"I'm coming!" She squeaked, trying not to be embarrassed or think about what exactly her sister thought was going on with her. She opened the door to see Madda, the oldest, rolling her eyes in annoyance. Madda thrust a pair of jeans into Madylene's hands and then slammed the door shut in her face. Madylene frowned, words she'd been preparing stuck in her mouth and rapidly drying up in the sudden cold air of her sister's unwarranted hostility. Her mouth hung open practically in shock for a few seconds as she mulled over what had just happened. "That..." she mumbled to herself... "that was rude."

-----

Maddison jiggled her big new tits with a nice big smile. She suspected they were I-cups now, or perhaps even J-cups. She'd never thought about boobs like that before, but now even the thought of classifying them by cup size made her feel wet and sexable, like the act of describing her tits by how big a bra it took to contain them cemented their power and beauty. She flicked her long wavy hair and remarked at how gorgeous it looked in the mirror. It would look better wet, of course. Every part of her body looked better wet, because as a girl who wore bikinis *she* looked better wet, the same way that girls in bikinis looked better outside and in public and in professional environments. She sauntered to her dresser and grabbed some bright red lipstick, which she elegantly applied to her lips in thick smooth layers. A girl ought to look pretty and cute to be properly appealing, after all, not just fuckable. Girls were candy, not meat. She looked over some of her other bikinis for the right pair to wear as she converted her sisters. Madylene was a precious, huggable thing that'd look great in bright colors, and Madda was...well, she'd have *mountains* stapled to her torso when these wonderful bikinis finished curing her of all that unsexy bitterness. Something shameless and whorish would probably suit her older sister best. She recalled that one of the pairs she'd ordered claimed to make a wearer's tits bouncier than physics should even be able to allow. She giggled at that humorous claim before digging that pair out of one of the containers she now had in her closet. Going back to Madylene though...aha!

Maddison eagerly rummaged through one of the boxes, mouth hanging wide open as she imagined her newly big-breasted little sister in the perfect bikini to accentuate her charms. She threw one pair after another over her shoulder (taking care to sniff each of the bottoms first, of course) as she dug through the box on a mission. She'd left half of its contents haphazardly strewn about her bedroom floor by the time she found the one she'd decided on: a cute pink bikini, its color gentle and easy on the eyes. She stood and happily examined the swimsuit. It had soft fun frills all around the top of the bottom piece, and matching ones that lined the rim of the top's cups. She envisioned Madylene wearing the garment she currently held in her hands and found herself drooling slightly with giddy excitement.

Madda knocked.

"Hey! Are you done masturbating yet!?" Madda was...honestly, a bit of a bitch. She'd always been. Maddison decided not to put a bikini on her yet, because leaving out poor little Madylene would be like, super rude. Instead, she opened the door, her tight body and hourglass curves assuming a perfectly straight posture of confidence contrary to the new changes. Her eyes met Madda's and instantly cowed the bikini-less girl into submission.

"I wasn't masturbating, silly," Maddison giggled with a seductive batting of her eyelashes and a gentle, flirty tilt of her head. She then undulated her torso a bit, to bounce her breasts as an act of dominance. Naturally, Madda's eyes fell submissively onto them in an instant. Madda's face strained to keep its harsh, angry shape of indignation but the struggle proved difficult. The older sibling even seemed to move her head in a way that suggested an effort to look at Maddison's eyes instead of her tits...or her bikini. "You look tired," said Maddison, walking forward on

sumptuous, criss-crossing steps as she bounced closer to her sister. Madda stepped away, but did so slowly and with reluctance.

"U-umm," Madda muttered, her face weak and submissive. She blushed intensely as the sight of her sister's massive milky majesty marshed her mind. "I'm...not tired..."

"Sweetie, you have bags under your eyes," Maddison cooed with a wide, soft smile. Madda backed against a wall with a startled little "eep," but halfway through stepping away she bumped into Maddison's tits and they pushed her back to the wall. "Ooohhuumph," groaned Maddison, shuddering with her whole body under the tactile feedback from her huge, sexy new pair of breasts. "Gosh, that feels nice. Right, Addy?"

"Addy?" Madda half moaned, half resisted. She squirmed like she'd been caught stealing cake. Her face turned a brighter shade of red. "That's not even...how my name is pronounced..."

"But Madylene is Maddy, don't you want a cute, sexy nickname like she has?" Asked Maddison with a lilting little smile. Her hands sensually inspected Madda's outer thighs, her butt, her ribs. She had a...decent figure. Hopefully her personality wouldn't seem so repellent if she wore bikinis more.

Girls are girls.

Tits are tits.

Mmm. Tits.

Maddison rubbed her big enhanced breasts up and down on Madda's smaller ones. Maddison had been blessed with the biggest boobies in the family even before this. That used to piss Madda off when Maddison was in the early years of college, but that seemed to be behind them now. She smiled at the fond memories as she felt her nipples hardening against the wonderful, waterproof material of her bikini. Madda's tits lacked oomph, they lacked shape, they even lacked perk and pop and boing. She had thoroughly unremarkable breasts.

"Go take a nap, Addy," Maddison giggled. She leaned forward and...pressed her lips against Madda's. Madda squeaked submissively and her body wriggled but her head did not. Her mouth slipped open, allowing Maddison to probe into it with her tongue. As she gently and carefully sucked on Madda's mouth, she stepped away. Madda moaned pitifully and one of her feet slid a third of a step away on instinct, but after that she made no effort to even entertain escape. Good.

"Mmmhh..." Madda groaned uselessly around the welcome form of her sister's tongue. She slouched and let her arms hang uselessly at her sides. Maddison fondled her chest, and she did not react. After some more kissing, Maddison pulled away to admire the lipstick mark planted plain as day over Madda's mouth like a cute, sexy, painless brand.

"You're very sleepy," stated Maddison as a fact. Madda could do nothing except limply nod her empty little head in agreement.

"I'm...sleepy..." Madda whispered, utterly convinced by her sister's gentle caring words. "I should...take a nap."

"That's right," said Maddison, boinging her bouncy boobs for Madda to enjoy. Madda groaned, staring at them eagerly and without reservation. "You should go take a nap."

"I should...go take a nap," said Madda, nodding along submissively. "Thanks Maddison."

"Call me Big Sis," Maddison said with a mischievous- almost sadistic- giggle. Of course, Madda's tired little brain felt far too sleepy to try and guess what that was about.

"Okay, Big Sis." Madda turned around slowly, awkwardly, almost robotically. Her slouched posture and hanging limbs were very unlike her.

"Wait, Addy."

"Okay, Big Sis."

Maddison reached around her sister's waist and unzipped her pants. When Madda didn't react, she pulled her sister into a tight hug and unzipped them. Madda just stared emptily straight forward, completely unaware that Maddison was stripping her.

"May I remove your pants," Maddison asked before her lips curled into a coy smile, "Little Sis?"

"I don't understand, Big Sis," Madda answered. Her voice held no emotion at all. Maddison giggled and decided to experiment again.

"I'm taking off your pants, Little Sis."

"Yes, Big Sis."

Maddison giggled and pulled down her "little" sister's pants, licking her lips as she admired Madda's legs. Toned, fit, perhaps a bit more visibly muscular than average. Experimentally, Maddison planted a wet, meaty kiss on Madda's but, stamping her kiss signature on the older girl's panties. Aside from her weight swaying awkwardly, Madda did not respond. Maddison stood back up, her mind drowning in an ocean of naughty ideas.

"I'm rubbing your boobs now, Little Sis," she purred right into Madda's ear as her hands each cupped one of Madda's breasts. Madda stumbled a half-step back against Maddison.

"Yes you- oowwwaaah, aare, Big Sis," she confirmed emptyly.

You've had your fun, Maddison chastised herself as she groped Madda, put bikinis on girls.

"Hwehe~ go nap now, Little Sis."

"Okay, Big Sis."

Maddison let go and Madda stepped over her pants, walking away towards her room. Unable to resist, Maddison slapped her ass. Madda did not respond.