

Subjugating My Elven Sister

By

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I awake to the stimulating sensation of my baby sister, Faelyn, gently grinding her crotch against my thigh while uttering soft moans in her sleep. The front of her purple panties are soaked through and I can smell the sweet scent of her feminine nectar. My cock engorges at once.

The walls and ceiling of our comfy one-room apartment are adorned with flowering vines drinking in the morning sunshine pouring through the floor-to-ceiling balcony windows. During the evenings our apartment is filled with the neon glow of the surrounding metropolis, granting our home a dramatic contrast between day and night.

I sweep Faelyn's emerald hair behind one pointed ear and inhale a sharp breath at the sight of her cheek. An intricate pattern has risen on her silky olive skin. She has become a woman! I've been waiting for this day for many years now and it has finally come!

With the tip of my thumb, I trace the unique design on her cheek as she continues to hump my leg and groan with need. She's sleeping on her side as usual, since our twin-size bed doesn't leave many options. Although she is short and petite, I'm tall and muscular.

Taking her upper hand, I slip it into my boxer-briefs and wrap her small palm around my long girthy prick. I slowly pump her fist.

A few blissful minutes later, Faelyn's jade eyes flutter open. I continue using her fist as a sex toy as I peck her pouty lips.

It takes her groggy mind a moment to realize what's pulsating in her pumping palm. Faelyn tugs her hand free and gives me a scowl. "*Dakath*, you're such a pervert!" Twisting onto her opposite side, she yanks the covers over her head with a huff. "Go splooge in the shower!"

I curl my lower arm around her, holding her snug against me, and with my other hand, I liberate my throbbing erection and jab it between her bare velvety thighs. I hold her slim legs together and rock my hips.

Faelyn pulls the covers from her head and cranes her neck to glower at me. "Why are you so horny?!"

As I hump her clamped thighs, I groan, "You'll understand once you have a look at yourself in the mirror."

Her sharp emerald brows narrow with confusion for a moment, then she touches a palm to her cheek and gasps.

I kiss her temple tenderly. "My baby sister's a woman."

She squirms in my grasp. "My big brother's a deviant! You wouldn't do this if Mom and Dad were alive!"

I suck her fleshy earlobe. "And if they were alive I wouldn't have woken up to you humping my leg. This erection is your fault. Keep still until I finish."

Faelyn rasps, "That's *trollshit*, *Dakath*! I wake up to your dick jabbing me every morning!"

I groan a chuckling response. "You've got me there, Sis." I inhale the floral fragrance of her hair with a serene sigh as I thrust.

Faelyn whines, "If you pollinate anywhere near my flower you're paying for an abort potion!"

"We don't have the credits for a potion so I'm gonna have to switch positions."

She struggles and squeals as I roll her onto her belly, lock her arms behind her back with one hand and yank her panties down to just below her cheeks with the other, unveiling the bubbled buns of her tushy. She has a perfect posterior! So plump, round, and firm!

I mount her rump, driving my dick into the deep crack of her cheeks, and vigorously roll my hips, grinding my cock in her buttcrack.

Glaring up at me, Faelyn juts out her tongue petulantly. “Why don’t you get a girlfriend instead of humping your sister’s bum like an ogre?!”

Her childish demeanor and repulsed expressions only further arouse me. “I can’t help it if you’re the hottest piece of elf ass in the city.”

Faelyn’s upper lip curls into a juvenile sneer because she doesn’t know how to reply with spite to a compliment. “Will you just hurry up?!”

I smirk at her roguishly. “Beg me to cum, Sis.”

Her eyes widen and her mouth stretches agape with repugnance. “No, fuck you, you perv!”

I hump her asscrack harder, adrenalized by her absolute abhorrence. “Come on, Faelyn, beg me.”

She snarls with lurid loathing, “I’m not begging you, *Dakath!*”

My eyelids flutter with felicity. “Ooh *yeah*, say my name!”

Her disgusted expression of anger morphs into one of fury. “Just cum already, you *fucker!*”

My eyes roll back and I grunt and tremble as I shoot a load of jism into the dimpled small of my baby sister’s back.

When my euphoric quivers wane, I hunch forward and peck her cheek with a kiss. “That was so fucking hot. I love you so much.”

Faelyn rolls her jade eyes. “Will you *please* get off of me now? Your cum feels so *gross*. I need a long shower. And you better order me the best damn breakfast of my life.”

I peck the corner of her mouth with a kiss. “Sure thing, you deserve it.”

After I roll off of her, she gets up carefully, leaning forward so she doesn’t spill cum on the bed. I pull her soiled panties off to help her out. Then I use them to mop up my sticky spunk and toss them into the Wash-N-Dry receptacle in the wall.

Faelyn spins around to give me the finger and my arousal is rekindled by the sight of her elfin mound. It has formed a pink slit, which is oozing secretions.

I gesture to her womanhood. “Your flower is in bloom and it is absolutely gorgeous.”

Glancing down at herself, she splays her petals with wonder. “I really am a woman.”

When she looks up again, I’m stroking my rigid shaft. “Do you wanna try it? I’ll be gentle, I swear.”

Faelyn scoops up a sneaker and flings it at me. “I’m not fucking my brother!”

The following evening, earlier than usual, I exit the Darknet marketplace where I peddle pirated replays to cover our expenses.

Slipping off my Cyber-Goggles, I stash them under the bed and sit back to watch Faelyn finish her workout routine.

She is standing on a Grav-Mat in the center of the room, wearing form-fitting purple short-shorts and a matching tube top along with her Cyber-Goggles. Her smooth olive skin glistens with a sheen of sweat as she performs calisthenic exercises. She is self-disciplined and self-motivated, which I find incredibly attractive. She has a strong will that I’m eager to break.

A few enthralling minutes later, Faelyn slips off her Cyber-Goggles, and pants, “Why are you ogling instead of slinging smut?”

“My primary source got busted and my customers want new content, which I can’t deliver. We’re gonna have to tighten up the budget until I can find a new source.” All of that’s a lie but it’ll give me leverage to wear down her resistance.

She peels off her tube top, exposing her flat chest. “So what exactly does tightening up the budget actually mean?”

“Well, for one, we’re gonna need to shower together to save on the water bill.”

Faelyn huffs, “Are you serious?! As if you’re not up my ass as it is!”

I shrug my shoulders apologetically. “We have no other choice.”

She sighs, “Come on then.” She twists and bends over to peel off her short-shorts, flashing me her appetizing nethers.

I strip as I follow her into the crystalline shower. It is cube-shaped and only designated for a single occupant.

Faelyn turns her back to me and palms the hot water infused with exfoliating microbes, which sprays from the ceiling.

As she combs her fingers through her long emerald hair to spread shampoo into it, I admire her round rump. I palm a bubbled cheek and slowly squeeze, watching the firm flesh protrude from between my clenching fingers while uttering a grateful groan and my dick raises to full salute.

She whirls on me with a squawk of annoyance and slaps the arm of the hand gripping her toned tushy. “*Dakath*, I’m trying to bathe!”

I grip her under the arms and roll her tiny pink nipples with my thumbs, causing them to bud tight. “Are you excited that you’re gonna be sprouting breasts soon?”

Faelyn shoves my hands away. “I’m sure you’re more excited than me, you damn pervert.”

I chew my lip. “I love it when you call me names.”

“Of course you do because you’re a perv.” She eyes my rigid cock. “That erection confirms your perversion.”

Gripping the base, I flick her bellybutton with my cockhead. “Stroke it for me, Sis.”

Faelyn scoffs, “No fucking way!”

“Just think of it as practice for when you have a boyfriend.”

She resumes washing her hair. “How am I ever gonna have a boyfriend if you never let me go out?”

“We live in a really rough part of the city. I don’t want you to get raped in an alley.”

“*Yeah*, because it’s so much better to get molested by my brother day and night.”

I caress her cheek affectionately. “You know I love you. I don’t wanna hurt you. I just wanna fuck you.”

Faelyn rolls her jade eyes. “You’re not gonna leave me alone until I jerk you off, are you?”

I flash her a smile. “You know I’m persistent, Sis.”

“A persistent pain in my ass is what you mean.” She gazes up at me with an expression of defeat. “Can you at least keep your paws to yourself while I finish washing my hair?”

I press my back to the shower wall and raise my palms. “No problem, Sis.”

“*Yeah*, you say that *now*.” She sighs and spins around and I stroke myself to the sight of her bum.

When her hair is washed, Faelyn palms off the water and turns to face me with an expression of reluctance. “Why can’t you get off to replays like your customers?”

“It’s no fun with only goggles, and you know we can’t afford a haptic suit. Plus,” I smirk down at her, “no replay is better than my precious baby sister.”

She fills one small palm with shampoo from the dispenser, and huffs, “I can’t believe you’re making me do this.” She rubs her palms together, building up a soapy lather. “I hope you know I’m not doing this every night.”

I lie through my teeth. “I would never expect that.”

Faelyn wraps her small sudsy hands around my thick shaft and pumps them up and down the full length with a frown on her face.

Resting my forearms on her shoulders, I kiss her forehead. “That feels so fucking good.”

She glowers up at me. “Why’s it so damn huge? No elf or faerie is ever gonna want this big fat dick jammed inside them. Only an orc will ever accept you as a mate.”

“You’re so young and naive.” I peck her pouty lips.

“Don’t kiss me when I’m jerking you off. It’s weird.” She fists me swifter and firmer, no doubt in an effort to end this quickly.

After ten minutes of her milking my cock, her slim arms pumping diligently, I moan, “If you suck my tongue I’ll bust my nut faster.”

Faelyn exhales an exasperated groan. “*Fine*, but don’t drool all over me, you damn perv!”

Cradling her head with one hand, I grip her throat with the other and tilt her head back and to the side as I seal my lips over hers and kiss her deep and passionate. Her mouth tastes unbelievably delicious!

She utters disgusted little mewls as she sucks my tongue while double-fisting my pulsing prick. Her revulsion is positively rapturous!

I grunt into her suckling mouth as I cum so hard my splooge blasts the underside of her chin, splattering my hand gripping her throat.

Faelyn breaks our kiss with a crying whine of disgust. “That’s so fucking *gross*, Dakath!”

This is the end of the free preview of [Subjugating My Elven Sister](#).
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