

Turning a New Leaf
Like Sister, Like Brother
for Iphidiris
by Lýkos

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Master had told Isabelle that he had made some “special modifications” to her brother, Digby, whom he had told her belonged alongside her in his direct and preferred service - although, naturally, as he had assured Isabelle despite her lack of protest, she herself would be at the top of the hierarchy beneath him: his favorite toy, his Second. The sentiment had made her smile, and she smiled even as she reflected on it, minutes before the meeting where she would induct her brother was set to begin.

She did wonder what he had meant by what he said about her sibling. His other instructions had been rather clear...a shifting beneath her rump prompted a soft moan to come from her lips. She rolled her lips lightly on her seats, a pair of anteaters from the village whom she had “interviewed” earlier, and judged perfect candidates for replacing that restrictive old office chair. She liked the way it rubbed against her butt at the beginning, but she was a bit thicker now, and she much preferred the way that the toylike anteaters’ long snouts felt inside each of their respective holes. She realized she’d been distracted from her train of thought by the pleasurable movement, but not before she heard a knock on her office door. It must be her brother.

She stood up from her seats, leaving them dumbly drooling and licking at their snouts as she walked toward the door, brazenly yet idly rubbing at her clit as her free hand reached for the doorknob, and turned it, preemptively smiling in that professional, practiced way that even now remained in her muscle memory - a remnant of a bygone era of formality, perhaps, but even the turnabout of a wonderful absolute ruler like Master took some administrative work, hellos, and lorem ipsum dolor sit amets. Even if it was a farce.

“Digby! Welcome in! You’re looking wonderful today! Come, come, let’s talk!”

Outwardly she beamed at her younger twin brother, ever the cheerful sister, inviting him inside. Internally, however, she felt more of a pang of confusion than anything else. By all appearances, Digby was wholly unmodified. He looked exactly the same as he had before the storm - before Master had executed his plan to take over the island. Digby even wore that same white shirt that he often wore to work at his position outside the Happy Home Academy - recent storms had made inter-town travel a little more difficult for the isolated coastal settlement. He didn’t,

however, wear his blazer or tie. Just the shirt and pants. Which, humorously to Isabelle, was quite odd considering current “fashions” in town.

Even just a day after the charity announcement, a good portion of the town were missing occasional pieces of clothing: some shirts missing here - exposing quite a few chests of increased bounciness, both the masculine and feminine members of the town commonly seen sporting sizeable racks - some pants missing there. Some even took the lead of the more sportive folk and abandoned clothing altogether, though it was also them who often were reshaped by Master’s cocoa into slightly more animalistic and less sophisticated folk than they may have once been. A lot of wolves.

And yet here Digby stood, fully clothed, appearing almost normal, though paradoxically completely undisturbed and practically unaware of his sister’s complete lack of dress - funnily enough, she almost felt naked for a moment, although a quick flush of warmth from her amulet quickly put those feelings into a forgetful abyss. Digby didn’t even appear to be bothered at all by the nude and dazed women laying on the ground right next to where Isabelle would obviously be sitting during her weekly announcements.

Instead, he just walked up to the window with a smile, looking out over the town plaza, obviously expecting Isabelle to come up next to him. Nevermind the debaucherous behavior on display outside.

Isabelle obliged him, humming curiously as she walked up next to him, also looking out that window. In the plaza, her Master was collecting donations from people, of clothing. Some gave more than others. That tiger, Bianca, who had gained adoration across town for her Amazonian body, seemed to have several boxes of clothes that she was in the process of giving away. It seemed that the majority of the donations for the day had already been made, only stragglers left behind, and a few helpers - enthralled or no - helping to organize and bring things inside Town Hall for storage. Master, however, seemed particularly invested in a conversation with Bianca herself. No doubt her body had been specially sculpted to his tastes, by the tastes that were placed in her mouth over the winter storm, but this was more than the odd villager that he would take aside and have fun with - the plans for actually converting the town into his loyal servants would come next week.

“So...you said you needed help up here? W-with running the broadcast station, I mean!”

Digby was the first of the two to speak. A helpful, if slightly messy opening, but one that was heartfelt. He really was Isabelle’s twin, as if anyone could ever have doubted that anyways.

Isabelle hummed sweetly, turning back on her charms as she stepped imperceptibly closer to her brother, shoulders nearly brushing together. There was something different about his smell, for sure, but she couldn't place it quite exactly. It was subtle.

“Yeah~ Needed a couple of new seats, since my old one was getting...tight...but I think I'd also like to have someone else to manage the broadcasts~ I'd really like to have the station up 24/7 eventually, but that'll take a while to get the funding and resources for. Music, talk, entertainment, all of that~ Even in the meantime, though, it would be nice to have another host around, especially since I'm also working as Master's Secretary~ Having someone mainly here helps~ And I know I can trust you~”

Digby hummed thoughtfully, tail wagging lightly towards the end of Isabelle's proposition.

“W-well, I figure I can help out a bit! I-I've never really hosted anything like that before, but I've definitely worked with people a lot...if you think I can do it, Isabelle, I would be happy to try!”

Isabelle snickered softly - an uncharacteristic sound for her, but it went unheeded.

“I do! In fact, I mostly just scheduled this meeting so we can hang out~ Here, actually...Master told me to give you this once you got the job. Think of it sorta like a badge of office~”

Isabelle reached up to her amulet - the one that gave her voice the power to change the minds of anyone who heard it. She found a small indent at the top of it, and pressed her thumb into it. The pendant split down the middle, a locking mechanism unclasping as the two sides separated and hung loosely along the chain, one glowing ruby in the center of each half. She took off her necklace, and slid one of the halves off of its chain, threading a new chain that Master had given her through the hole, and presenting the new half-amulet to her brother, with a gleaming grin.

She replaced her half of the amulet around her neck after Digby took it, humming delightedly as he looked over the ornate piece of jewellery that could almost be described as an artifact upon first appearance. He placed it around his neck, tail wagging appreciatively before hugging his sister.

“I'm so excited to work with you, Isabelle! So, when do you want me to start?”

Isabelle smirked lightly, and stroked her hands slowly down her brother's back, all at once admiring his body and trying to find the changes that reasonably should have taken place - not that she had a particularly good map of his body, given her foolish and former reservations. Digby didn't pull away. At least Isabelle could be sure that he was just as affected as the rest of the villagers. Resistance would need to be quashed, and Isabelle still held some love for her

brother - whether that love remained because of their relation or because Master willed for Digby to be one of his own in addition to Isabelle couldn't be known, but similarly wasn't considered. It was unimportant.

"I'm happy to be working with you too, dear brother of mine~ Why not have some hot chocolate with me to celebrate? Master took some...feedback, from the people, and got a bit of a new formulation made, today~ He said that he wanted you to be the first to try it. Call it a perk of being a new member of Town Hall~ As for starting, we can work on teaching you the ropes either today or tomorrow, depending on how everything goes~"

Digby perked up, and he nodded happily, squeezing his sister ever-tighter in their embrace, before letting her go. Further explorative groping from Isabelle found nothing of suspect along his back or butt. What had Master been talking about?

Isabelle took Digby's hand and led him towards the desk, going into the drawer of her - now their - broadcasting station to retrieve a small cloth bag that would be full of the powder for the hot chocolate. Isabelle took a sneaky sniff at the top of the bag, and her eyes widened slightly as she let out an involuntary hum. Her world went a little hazy for a couple seconds, before she snapped back into awareness, a small trail of drool hanging off the far side of her muzzle from Digby. He didn't notice. She grinned.

"I can just tell you'll love this, Digby~ Why don't you take a seat?~ The brewer's in the other room, I'll brew you a cup of this and myself a mug of my favorite~ I'll even put some marshmallows in! It'll be a real celebration~ Feel free to take a look at the broadcasting station, too. Just don't touch any buttons, I'll teach you how to use those soon~"

Isabelle left the room, not having waited for Digby to affirm, but knowing that he would have anyway. What an odd situation, she thought to herself. Digby had obviously been affected by everything that had happened in the last month, so why did everything else seem so normal? Was it something that Master had done to *her*? For that matter, she had noticed her own speaking style changing just after relinquishing Digby's half of the amulet to him. It was simple intuition to assume that that half of the amulet would have held some of the power that had been granted to Isabelle, herself, but it felt like a part of her changed when she gave it to him - she felt...sexier...more seductive - and she already had felt that way before, but now it was like desire was running through her veins, rather than just being a single tool in her belt that she could use to manipulate others in her Master's name. Had the two halves of the amulet in some way been counteracting each other, in order to allow their bearer better control over the combined powers? And if so, then what would Digby's half allow him to do?

She brought the bag of hot chocolate up to the strainer cup as she idly pondered, but thought better of it, pouring in her own mix first. With the way that even just a whiff of the dust had affected her, she didn't want to test having any dregs of Digby's mix in her own hot chocolate; or rather, she did want to test it, but it was clear that it would cause her to be quite ineffective at refining Digby into a high-quality servant for Master, and so it was a thought to be indulged at a later time. For now, she had a duty to fulfill. After her mug had been brewed, she placed the strainer cup, now full of the chocolate dust designed for her brother, into the brewer. A bit of cream, a little bit of cinnamon, and a couple marshmallows made her mug look absolutely gourmet, and she repeated the process for her brother's mug, once it was completed. Satisfied with her little bit of ephemeral artistry, she picked both mugs up on a small black tray, and made her way back to the radio broadcasting office.

When she stepped inside, she was immediately treated to a pleasant surprise. Instead of taking a seat near the window, Digby had decided to use one of Isabelle's new "chairs", and had stripped nude inside the office. As Isabelle rounded the corner of the desk as well, she finally uncovered what she had been looking for this entire time. One would think by the rest of Digby's body that it would be obvious which hole was being filled by the anteater's eager snout. But to Isabelle's deep amusement, instead of a cock between Digby's legs, there was a nice - and currently filled - slit, which dribbled fluids slowly down the cheeks of the anteater below its charge.

"Well, well, well, I see you've gotten very comfortable there, Digby~ Is that slit of yours feeling nice, girl?~"

Digby looked up at Isabelle, with apparent confusion.

"Girl? I'm a boy, Isabelle? You sure you haven't been having too much hot chocolate?"

Isabelle felt confused for a fraction of a second, before something washed over her. This feeling of normalcy, even a bit of embarrassment for having gotten something so obvious so wrong.

"Oh...yeah, I don't know what I was thinking. Of course you're a boy, Dig-"

Isabelle then realized what she was saying, moreover, why she was saying it, as she came back into her own mind.

"-by."

So that's what the other half of the amulet controlled - why she felt so different now that she was without it. Her half gave her the powers of a temptress, a seductress. It let her influence others' desires, needs, wants, and cravings. And Digby's half was one which held a more controlling

toolset - it redefined the reality of whoever it was targeted towards. It made the strange feel normal, natural, obvious, as if it always had been, and as if an abstraction from that idea was pure hypothetical nonsense, perhaps even not worth thinking at all. Evidently, having worn the amulet, and being party to its other half, she was resistant to its effects, but not entirely immune. She supposed in this instance it didn't particularly matter - if Digby wanted to think himself a boy, and Master hadn't told Isabelle to change his identity to the contrary, she assumed that this was either part of Master's plan or an unforeseen side effect that he had been fond of. Even so, she found learning about this aspect of the amulet intriguing. As Master's Second, she figured she would be learning a lot about any of the artifacts that Master acquired through Redd...considering that she already knew of one other artifact, she wondered just how Master was convincing Redd to search these out in particular, especially since he would have had to have done such in advance of his takeover during the storm.

Isabelle supposed that such a question was better asked another time, and that right now, she needed to focus on getting Digby on-side. She set the hot cocoas on the broadcasting desk, and took her seat on the free anteater's snout, deigning to fill her slit with it as her plush rump rested comfortably on the rest of the anteater's head. She took a sip of her own hot cocoa - reveling in what she was happily prideful enough to call her own artisanal handiwork; one doesn't drink hot cocoa this much for a month or two without figuring out some ways to spice up the experience, both figuratively and literally.

Digby eagerly took hold of his own mug of cocoa, looking down at it with a small bit of ~astonishment at what Isabelle had made it look like. He smiled.

"This looks wonderful, Isabelle! I bet it's gonna taste just as good!"

With that, he took a deep swig of the large mug, muzzle pushing past the marshmallows to reach for the warm, creamy, rich substance beneath. Once he had taken those most-desired sips, his fate was unquestionably sealed. Isabelle could see his slit clench tightly around the snout of the anteater inside of him, before it slowly relaxed, Digby dazedly placing the mug onto the desk as he raised his hand to his head, moaning softly. His eyes were a little more glassy than they had been before, as he gave soft huffs of labored breaths. It seemed like he was trying to focus despite the haze, but within mere seconds he gave up, content to just lightly grind his hips on the Vermilingua beneath him.

Isabelle grinned a devilish grin, humming as she openly rubbed one of her hands over her brother's chest. It was flat, but she imagined it was just as sensitive as her own, especially with the deep and lovely fuzziness that she knew he was experiencing, right before her eyes. She leaned forward, and kissed him, having seen the drool that was starting to trail down his lips.

Digby lethargically pressed back into the kiss, moaning softly as his hands gradually came up to grope Isabelle's ample chest.

The two made out for minutes uncountable to either, both a little hazy from the mixed saliva. Isabelle was very much fully in control, however, and with Digby apparently too fuzzy to talk, she was entirely safe from any influence he could have over her mind - whilst he was very much at her beck and call.

"Mmmm~ Digby~ I've always loved you so, so much~ I know how much you love me, too~ Such a good boy, hands on my chest~ Such a handsome puppy~"

Digby panted softly, drooling over himself. His slit was wet - wetter than Isabelle thought it could be in the time that they'd spent here; not that she especially cared to check the clock. She saw that other minor changes had happened in that time. Digby's chest had expanded out slightly, from a completely flat chest to a small and pert one, whilst his hips had expanded quite a bit - the anteater's head, which Isabelle had once been able to see beneath her brother's butt, was now hidden by soft and pliable butt pudge. Seems that Master had wanted something a little more femboyish for his collection~ Or was it tomboyish? Meaningless distinctions, in the moment... Isabelle would shape her brother for their shared Master, however he so desired.

She leaned forward, hugging him as she stood up, never taking her eyes off his. A strange power flooded through her veins, making her feel like she was in a deeper heat than should be physically possible. She needed to dominate, and rule. Anything, on behalf of her Master. What laid before her wasn't her brother, in this moment, but a toy, which needed to be broken in.

She kissed him deeply, as his eyes pulsed red. She imagined her own eyes were glowing just the same, his mimicking hers in blank obedience. The two stood above the thralls that lay beneath. Isabelle's fingers dove into Digby's slit, as she made out with him, her tongue slipping into his mouth and domineeringly wrapping around his own. She wanted him to know that he was beneath her.

Digby, as addled by intoxicants as he was, was unable to even conceptualize the idea of resistance, as he mewled and whimpered, humping into Isabelle's fingers, whining sweetly into the messy and tongue-filled kiss which Isabelle had him locked in. His slit was dripping, his thighs slick and gleaming in the light with his own juices as his hands weakly, hazily raised up to hug his sister, his hips rolling involuntarily, but very much within the confines of his volition. He gazed into Isabelle's eyes as best he could, his own half-lidded by the sedative within his being.

Isabelle parted her lips from his own, panting softly and feeling his hot breath rush over her face and collarbone, just as disorganized. She gained a devilish grin, pulling her fingers from his slit

and licking them clean as her free hand opened and dove into one of the drawers on her broadcasting desk, pulling out a vibro-wand which had the good fortune of being fully charged. She pressed her lips to her brother's again, and her hand against his soft chest, pushing him back into the wall as she gave the power button of the vibro-wand a nice long press, turning it on. Digby was far too enamored by her lips and his own haziness to notice the implement in her hand

That is, of course, until the now vibrating toy softly began to trace over his outer labia, just barely touching, always moving, up and down, giving him just a taste of bliss each time it reached his clit, before retreating further down once more, to the less pleasurable but ever still tantalizing flesh beneath. Isabelle doubted that Digby had ever felt something like this before, especially not against his newly minted pussy. She placed her muzzle next to his ear, pressing her ample chest against his smaller, more perky boytits. The voice that came from her lips was dripping with saccharine arousal.

"All of this pleasure, all of this want...it's all thanks to our wonderful Mayor, Digby~ Everything you're feeling...it's all because of him...isn't it so amazing, my sweet little brother?"

Digby panted and whined helplessly, hips frozen in place by the new and overwhelming sensations - doubly overwhelming given his current mental state. He crumbled beneath the seductive voice of his older twin.

"Y-yess...it's...it's so good...soo...goood...mmmnn..."

Isabelle's grin grew, as the distance the toy in her hand travelled away from Digby's slit with each cycle up and down became ever so slightly smaller, a reward: more submission, more pleasure, more often. Just as it should be.

"Good boy...this is why he runs this town...this is why I gave my life to him, my free will, everything. Because it feels so good to serve him, it feels so good to be his, to be one of his little villagers, to be one of his little toys, his slaves, his sluts...at least, it would be 'one of'...if you would stand beside me...*kneel* beside me, at his feet, in supplication. Supplication and submission, to our Master."

Digby's brow wrinkled, a drop of confusion muddling his thoughts even more amongst the twin rivers of bliss and submission.

"Mayor?...M-Master? M...Mayor...Master...yesssss..."

His slit clenched as his will folded beneath the barrage of his sister's words and touch, both equally magical in quality and supremacy to fragile thought alone. Cracks began to form in the psyche of the brown-furred male, his body quivering, and his slit letting out a small deluge over his own thighs and the toy vrrring between them. He shivered and panted, a dull smile forming at the corners of his mouth, his eyes even more hazy than before, occasionally pulsing with a dull red, mimicking his sister's own eyes, which had become positively demonic in color and glow, magical energies trailing up from the corners of her eyes as she expressed her absolute power over him.

"That's right, silly boy...it's okay to give in. It's right to give in. The only reason you didn't serve our Master earlier is because you didn't know it was right to do so. But you know now. You can be alongside me, with your beloved sister again. Free and in the chains our beloved Master holds. Aren't you just so happy?"

Digby nodded at a gradually increasing pace, panting out affirmations as Isabelle let him cum again, that vibrator tenderly pressed in just the right way against his clit to make him gush in response to a silent command.

"Y-yes...yes...yes, yes, yes, yesyesyesyesyesyes, YES! YESSS!!! ISABELLE!"

Isabelle herself came as her little brother cried out for her. The way he clung to her body with his arms; the way his hips were static, pressed into her touch and yet paralyzed by the very bliss that had gotten them there; the way his panting intermixed with his whimpering. It was all just so delicious to her. It fueled her. It made her feel so hot. It made her body so hot. It made her slit so hot. So hot. Like her natural lubrication was pouring forth, magma within her, lava flowing without. Her thighs clenched as another spontaneous orgasm wracked her body. This was bliss. Converting others was bliss. She must claim more. Claim more for Master, claim more for herself. She wanted to dominate and drain and seduce. She wanted to feel this feeling, over and over and over and over and over and over and over again. This was heaven. She was where she had needed to be this entire time, and she was never going to leave. Not of her own will - it was so gratifying to know and reinforce that she, indeed, had none - and not of her Master's will, either.

"Yes! Yes, Digby! Let Master's warmth wash over you! Let it consume you! My hands, my voice, they are just agents of his will! Let yours become the same!"

Digby moaned and squirmed, trapped in this permanent state of rapturous bliss. He couldn't imagine it getting any better than this. That was, at least, until he opened his mouth slightly, feeling something touch his lips. He thought it would be the lips of his sister, having long since closed his eyes out of pure overstimulation. But with the now lukewarm and splendidly thick

liquid making its way into his mouth, he quickly realized that it was his mug of cocoa that he was being very ceremoniously made to drink. The spark of realization faded out even quicker than it had come, quashed by the unyielding power of the drink that he now swallowed with such incredible docility, gulping it down, the sensations of his body becoming static, then turning to fuzz, and floating away. He felt like he was flying, like he was floating off the ground. Even the vibrator felt almost distant, the cause of the wondrous happiness he felt as abstract a concept as that pleasure itself felt concrete. He daydreamed of being atop wonderful pink clouds, high in the sky, unbothered and unburdened by anything worldly as pleasure washed over him, became him, overrode him, redefined him. He was in heaven - he was cumming, but the concept was as foreign to him as a language from a distant land, a distant world, a distant universe, completely unrecognizable to anything within the confines of his own. A moan was to him as a faint whisper of the wind; an orgasm was like the pleasant feeling of a late evening breeze. He had transcended the world, and all there was left was bliss, that state becoming normalcy, that state becoming the standard for everything he could expect out of an existence, if he indeed had the presence of mind to expect anything at all.

Suddenly, something came through the whooshing of the winds and the brushes of silky clouds against his skin. It was a voice, one he didn't recognize, but one that he of course trusted all the same - there was nothing to fear, because fear didn't exist; all is bliss.

"Obey Master. Love Master. Worship Master...Crave Master. Need Master. Take your every breath for him."

It was the sweetest and only utterance he had ever heard, bouncing off the clouds like a siren's song in the wind, awe-inspiring, beautiful, divine. He wanted to listen to the voice forever. He listened uncritically, offering his ears, even deigning to take the first action he could ever recall doing, leaning closer to the voice. It boomed from all around him, bouncing off the fluffy pink clouds, but he knew nonetheless from where it came.

Isabelle looked over her brother. He was entirely obfunded, any movements he made were too slow to reasonably react to anything he experienced, his verbal responses little more than soft mumbles or moans which very clearly left his body rather than his conscious mind. Isabelle could tell from the way and the timing of his orgasms that he was cumming for her, though, in response to her words, in response to her touches. The toy fell to the side, and her fingers slipped into her brother's pussy once more, as she made out with him, deeply, savoring every one of his slow, lethargic breaths whenever they tickled over her nose. She released the kiss, and began to speak to him again, grinning with a wild lust in her eyes. One he was prey to, and one he could no longer see nor cognize.

“You belong to him, in mind, body, heart, and soul. Everything you are is his. Everything you ever will be, everything you ever were. What less could he possibly deserve for giving you this bliss, for giving you everything that you feel now, and everything that you will feel.”

Isabelle’s fingers began to work faster, her emphatic preaching working just as well on herself as it did on her little brother, both his and her slit dripping with absolute fiery need.

“My voice is his, my touch is his own, touching your body, which is his, touching your mind, which is his as well. Master is our everything, and we will do everything to love and serve him, to make sure that everything he wants becomes true, becomes his, because everything that he has given to us is more than we ever could have expected without him; and everything that is to come to us after will come from his graciousness, greatness, and love.”

The fingers of her unoccupied hand slipped into Isabelle’s own slit, almost involuntarily. Her eyes glowed the same as Digby’s, the sound of her own voice just as blissful for her as it was for him, brainwashing herself just like she was brainwashing him; converting them both into better, more worthy servants of their Master.

“You can’t resist. I can’t resist. None can resist. Resistance is for the weak, those who use their free will, their freedom of thought, and can’t even see that our Master is the best option for them. Submission is for the wise, the wonderful, those who lead blissful lives. My existence is bliss, Digby! Join me! Become Master’s own!”

Isabelle came around her own fingers, whimpering in Digby’s ear as he did just the same, his formerly catatonic body quickly wrapping its arms around her, embracing her as they both spilled their love and desire for Master onto the wooden floor beneath them, their mixed juices reflecting the light of the orange evening sun as they both capitulated completely to their rightful and only Master. They both slumped against each other, Isabelle going weak-legged first and pressing Digby into the wall, which both proceeded to slide down, panting and whining with pleasure as Isabelle lay on the floor. Digby, eyes glazed and staring straight ahead, panted, only just starting to come down from his stupor, traces of consciousness and intelligence only just beginning to flicker back to existence within his eyes, but far from providing him any completeness or coherency of thought. The only thing either of them knew right now was who they belonged to.

As the sun set over the horizon, Digby was actually the first to stir, shakily getting to his legs and placing a hand on the desk, panting softly, looking at the time hazily, only half recognizing it.

10:25 PM.

He groaned softly with weakness, and slumped back onto the floor, closing his eyes as he lay next to a cold puddle of his sister's and his own orgasmic juices.

It was time to sleep, just for a little bit.

And after that?

A little more hot chocolate, just for good measure.