

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

January 18th, 2020 - 10:07 AM

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~”