

There is comfort in self-destructive behavior, especially for those whose conscience weighs heavily on their mind.

His once healthy, colorful skin had paled from years of shutting himself away. It was better to waste away in a dark, little room where nobody else could see him than to endure the harsh words, judging stares, and, at times, physical abuse that waited for him outside. Stay in and stay safe, words he never would have uttered a decade ago had become his mantra.

Sitting hunched over in the dark, under a heavy, luxurious faux-fur blanket, the disheveled, brown-haired man barely even registered the text that appeared on the huge, curved monitor in front of him. He finished the tutorial of the latest single-player game that had come out recently, pressing the inputs on instinct more than with intent. The expensive gaming computer, the lavish gaming chair, everything in his room, even the clothes on his back, weren't earned by hard work.

To even call it 'his' room was inaccurate as the land, house, and everything in it was owned by his far more successful younger sister. A sibling far too compassionate and charitable for someone like him who had fallen so far and no longer had the courage to stand back up. Intrusive thoughts plagued his mind constantly, for close to a decade now, for taking advantage of her generosity. He could barely even leave the room she provided him to shower or eat meals, let alone help out with chores and cleaning even if such tasks were done by hired help.

As his body ran on auto-pilot, skipping cutscenes and engaging in combat, his deeper thoughts reflected on his life and uselessness. *'Be a good person, Candyce'. 'Be the change you want to see in the world'. What a damn hypocrite I am. But at least Candyce was able to do what I couldn't... What I can't anymore. Give people the benefit of the doubt? Even if it puts you at a disadvantage, if you can afford it, you should help someone in need? If I had been more cautious, less trusting...* The mocking laughter of his coworkers echoed from the darkest recesses of his mind, haunting him even after so many years had passed. Trainees working under him, colleagues that he had helped, and even supervisors and managers he trusted to have his back after giving so much for the company, they all took his goodwill and gave nothing back when he needed them. *Heh... but I'm no better. Candyce provides everything for me, and all I can do is mutter a weak thanks. Some big brother I turned out to be. I'm nothing more than a damn leech!*

Frustration with himself boiling over, he reeled his arm back to toss the control in his hand but stopped before his destructive impulses made him act. What was left of his morals and values, as well as doing something that might cause one of the few people who will still smile at him, kept him, like always, from lashing out.

Pausing his game, he scratched at the short, scruffy beard growing on his face. "It's already this long? How long has it been since I showered?" Checking the time, his heart sank as he saw the date as well.

It was already mid-December, and while there were no festive decorations in his room, the house was surely decked to the nines in holiday flair. Under the tree in the living room, his sister would have piles of presents to give him, while he had nothing for her.

“I have to get her something this year... even if using the allowance she gives me to buy it is about as lame as it gets.” His mind registering how long it had been since he last bathed, the lanky shut-in got up and peeked out of his room to see if any of the cleaners were in. “It’s the thought that counts’, right?”

While he was able to act more or less like normal around his family, and some family friends, he couldn’t handle being around other people. The sun was beginning to set, dying the sky in twilight and gloom, which meant it was likely safe. While he never said anything about it, he had heard the cleaners whispering about him in the past and made a point to avoid them ever since. As he skulked down the hall to the bathroom, there wasn’t any sign of anyone else in the house.

“Hm, did Candyce go out again tonight?” Thinking aloud as he opened the bathroom door, the tall, dark-haired man froze when he saw, standing in her birthday suit just as she put her hair up in a towel, his younger sister staring back at him equally surprised.

Her body took more after their mother than their father, compact in most senses of the word. Petite stature, slender limbs, small breasts, and pert rear, the maturity of her proportions was the only thing keeping most people from mistaking her for a young teen. Though her near-limitless energy and somewhat immature mannerisms didn’t help in making the distinction more pronounced. The skimpy, flashy clothes she wore typically left little to the imagination if she didn’t opt to prance around the house in her lingerie, though he couldn’t complain about how uncomfortable that made him. He was free-loading in *her* home, but this was completely different. Her perky, pink nipples weren’t barely hidden under a silk robe or satin bra, and even for how little material her underwear had to them, they still *mostly* covered her womanhood. The tuft of auburn hair, trimmed in the shape of a heart, was all the more pronounced contrasted against the section of her sun-kissed skin that hadn’t been exposed to her tanning bed.

Droplets of water rolling down her flawless, smooth skin drew his eyes from gorgeous face to perfectly pedicured toes as they stood in silence. “C-Candyce!? I-I can explai—”

“Save it.”

Relaxing in her huge bathtub with her flashy, glittery smartphone in a plastic bag, the fashionable brunette had called one of her friends to help as she lamented over what to do for the holiday. “Hmm... I wanna get Bert somethin’ reeeeeeeeeeally special this year, ya know?”

“More special than a \$10,000 gaming setup? You’re gonna spoil that useless lump until he can’t survive on his own.” The girl on the other end of the line criticized. “He’ll keep leeching off yer goodwill forever.”

“That’s fine. It’s not like I can’t afford it.” Lazily kicking her legs in the water, Candyce heaved a weary sigh. *Geez. Why’s everyone gettin’ on my case about this? Mom, Dad, Tina... even Gramps and Grans! It’s my money, and if I wanna spend it on Bert, I will.* “Besides, I wouldn’t even *have* all this money if Bert didn’t make my accounts for me. Glamcoin’s only as valuable as it is because I got to start it when I was ten. Besides, he’s never tried to claim any of my money as his, so I’m just givin’ him what he’s owed.”

“Please, even if he hadn’t, you’d be spoiling him, Candy. You know there’s such a thing as loving your brother *too* much, right?”

Able to *hear* the playful eye-roll in her friend’s voice, the affluent businesswoman blushed as a smile spread across her face. “It’s not like we’re sleeping together or anything...”

“Because *he* had the backbone to refuse to sleep in your room!”

“...but he’s my big brother. I wuv wuv wuuuuuuuuuv him!”

“And that’s the problem. Haven’t you heard the saying ‘if you love something, you need to let it go’?”

“Yeah, but that’s mega-stupid! I’m gonna keep Bert close and safe and take care of him until we’re old and grey!” Standing up dramatically, declaring her intentions without a hint of shame, she threw up her hands triumphantly. “Besides, he caught Joe cheating on me, didn’t he?”

Another heaving sigh came through the phone’s speaker. “Fine... He’s not completely useless.”

“Right? Even if he’s become Introbert, my big bro will always have my back. So, what else should I get him to show him how much I love him?”

“Well, you already destroyed Robby’s old company and dished out justice on the people who hurt him, right? So, a girlfriend, maybe? Someone to get his dick wet at least.” Tina said dryly. “He’s barely left your house since you dragged him to live with you. Has he ever invited someone over?”

“Of course not! But if it comes to that, I’m prepared to help him.”

“Phrasing, girl. I know you’re down hard for your bro, but even you wouldn’t...”

“Th-That’s not what I meant!” Puffing out her cheeks at her friend intentionally misinterpreting her, Candyce was glad she couldn’t see her currently. Even if the bath water was still steaming warm, the heat in her cheeks was from more than her bath. *I know we can’t do that sort of stuff together.*

“Not gonna lie though, getting your little sister to pay for a hook-up might be as embarrassing. I think I’d rather jump my little brother’s bones myself than pay some other chick to do the deed.”

“Tina! Timmy’s like, what, thirteen? That’s criminal inna whole different sense. We’re gonna hafta lock you up.” Giggling at the absurd yet easy-to-picture scene of the aggressive girl taking the lead and pushing her adorable younger brother down, Candyce squealed in excitement.

“Keep my little brother outta your dirty mind, Candy. Ain’t no way I’m letting some random bitch deflower him.”

“Now who needs to watch her phrasing and ease up on her brother complex?”

“Little brothers are different from older ones. They need to be cherished and protected.”

“Whatever. You’re no help, but I’ll still buy ya some drinks as thanks for hearing me out.” Sitting back down to soak in the warm water, the brunette grabbed her phone as she thanked her friend. “See ya in a bit.”

“Right. See ya.”

As the call disconnected, Candyce scrolled through some online stores to think of possible gift ideas for her brother. *Hmm... Bert really hasn't been out of the house much since I brought him home. Other than the trip to Japan I took him on to cheer him up, he hasn't left the house much.* Looking at sites for booking vacations and cruises, there weren't many options that she thought her shut-in older brother would like. *Maybe I'll take 'im to Japan again. He's not interested in other places. Oh! This Osaka place looks tropical and bussin'! We mostly stayed in Tokyo the last time.*

Planning a spontaneous vacation to the island nation in her bathtub, Candyce eventually got out so she could finish getting ready to go party with her friends. However, as she put her hair up in a towel before she could grab another to wrap around her body and head back to her room, the door opened.

The tall, lanky, unkempt man looming in the doorway still towered over her even as he hunched over, and his disheveled appearance would have terrified anyone else. Frizzy, matted, dirty hair hung down concealing most of his gaunt, pale face, his handsome, youthful features lost in his downward spiral of self-loathing. The dark sweatsuit hung loosely off his thin, malnourished frame, stained in several places from wiping food residue from his fingers and sweating without properly washing it. The scruffy beard covered the parts of his face not darkened by the shadows the twilight glow cast over him from behind. He looked like some specter or apparition straight out of a horror movie.

But Candyce didn't see all the flaws and years of depression that wore away at the man before her. She saw the shock and panic in his wide, dilated eyes as his body began to tremble. "C-Candyce!? I-I can explai--"

"Save it." Cutting him off before he could apologize or explain himself, she ran towards and pounced on him, wrapping her arms around his neck and locking her legs around his waist. "Introbert captured!"

In the shock of seeing his younger sister's bare body, Robert didn't have a chance to raise his guard and fend her off. "H-Hey, Candyce!? Let go of me." Hesitating to touch her, he stumbled back from the force of her momentum but was able to stay standing. *Doesn't she realize she's naked? I know she's a free spirit like Mom, but was she always this 'free'?* While the brunette wasn't dripping wet, she still had a lot of excess water soaking his clothes. "Come on. This is inappropriate."

Tightening her hold on her beloved older brother, she nuzzled her face into his chest, humming happily. "Nuh-uh! You've been in full gremlin mode for almost a month. I need to recharge my Big Bro reserves." Refusing with the same petulance she had as a child, she puffed out her cheeks and glared up at him. "I know it's hard for you, Bert, but could you at least come out to see me more often?"

"S-Sorry... I didn't mean to--!!"

Cutting him off, Candyce pulled herself up and kissed him on the cheek. "It's cool. Just knowing you're in the house and safe is enough for me."

"Sorry, Candyce, for being such a useless big brother..." Looking away from her in shame, the dark-haired man lost the will to try and push her off him. Had he kept up his exercise and healthy lifestyle from a decade ago, prying his overly affectionate sister off his body would have been easy. *She's gotten so strong... I guess she'd have to stop being that little crybaby who'd sneak into my bed during stormy nights. She's all grown up and doesn't need me to protect her anymore, not that I'm much of a protector anymore.* In the decade he let his body atrophy, she had maintained her body properly, to the point she easily overpowered him now.

"Useless or not, you're *my* big brother." Giving him another squeeze and resting her head against his chest, Candyce smiled again, until she got a good whiff of the body odor coming off of him. Releasing him, she grabbed his hand and pulled him into the spacious bathroom with her. "Geez, and I usually like your musty smell. Introbert stank can get pretty potent. Come on, let's get you washed up."

"Huh?! C-Candyce, I can wash up my--"

"Nope. I haven't seen ya in a month, and now I hafta take another bath after hugging you, so we'll bathe together like we used to." She said, not giving him a chance to escape.

“Y-You wouldn’t even remember that! I stopped bathing with you and Mom when I was ten!” Flustered at the implications given their age gap. *Her and Mom both... Why don’t the women in my family have any modesty about their bodies?* With how carefree and clingy their mother is, he had to be the one to mature enough to realize he couldn’t keep bathing with girls. “You wouldn’t have even been three by then.”

“Oh, but I do remember *something* from back then. *This* bad boy right here!” Despite his futile struggle, Candyce was able to strip Robert with relative ease, pulling down his boxers with no shame at all. While completely flaccid, his manhood still hung partway down his thigh and lightly smacked her in the cheek as it dangled in front of her.

“Seriously, Candyce! Personal spa—!” Freezing up as he was about to reprimand his sister’s behavior, Robert’s embarrassment was overwhelmed by a wave of guilt that made him curl up into a ball. It wasn’t just this time, but anytime he secluded himself away in his room, Candyce would never barge in on him or get angry at him for doing so. She let him live life at his own pace and always asked for permission to enter his room. “S-Sorry, Candyce... I’m sorry...”

Embracing him from behind, the brunette smiled and whispered in his ear. “It’s okay, Bert. It’s not your fault. I’m here for you, so you don’t have to rush. Just let me take care of everything else. All you have to do is stay with me. Even if the rest of the world hates and rejects you, I won’t.” Her voice was like honey, sweet and thick. All the bad experiences and trauma were swallowed up and smothered by them. All he needed to think about was letting her support him until he got on his feet again. “I won’t let anyone hurt you. Family protects each other, right? You helped me, now I’ll help you, forever and ever. You have nothing to apologize for.”

But I can’t keep imposing on her forever... I need to do something to pay her back. While he consciously knew that he was relying on his sister too much, life within the bubble she provided for him was too comfortable to ignore. He didn’t have to face the scars in his heart and mind, he could just stay in his room, away from the world that turned against him. “R-Right. Sor– I mean, th-thanks, Candyce.” Grabbing her slender, strong arms with trembling hands, he relaxed into her embrace.

“That’s better. Now, c’mon. I’ll wash yer back.” Pulling him up as she stood, Candyce led him into the wash area of the bath.

“C-Couldn’t I j-just shower instead?”

“Nope~♡ I haven’t gotten to talk to you in so long, and I’m going out with Tina soon, so we can chat and soak in the tub together before I hafta go.”

Unable to win against the strong-willed, ambitious extrovert, Robert let himself be dragged along, trying to not stare at her tight, round butt. After their trip to Japan years ago, Candyce took to the bathing

culture over there and renovated her bathrooms to reflect it. She especially loved the idea of mixed bathing and bathing with family, though they never did so on their trip, or since. Robert was less comfortable with the idea and had always made a hasty retreat when Candyce, or their mother when she visited, tried to join him when he bathed before. Reluctantly indulging the brunette this time, with her catching him up to date on what missed since he last left his room. He was at least able to keep a towel to cover his groin while his sister washed his hair and back for him.

Feeling her bare, soft, squishy breasts rub against his back as she scrubbed him down did little to settle Robert's mind. Though his thoughts shifted from how useless he had allowed himself to become as an older sibling, his impure thoughts about the young woman's bare body were just as bad for his mental health. While she didn't develop the same voluptuous curves of their mother, the only thing she didn't inherit from the older woman, Candyce's lack of shame was something she did get from her. She proudly presented her body in a fashion comfortable to her, and even without anything on, she didn't shy away from the people she loved.

Of course, Candyce wouldn't let him slip back to his room without soaking in the tub for a bit. Slipping into the bath, the dark-haired man relaxed as the warm water soothed his sore muscles and aching joints. *Maybe I should start a stretching routine or something. I'm barely in my 30s and I feel like an 80-year-old.* He thought rubbing his shoulders as a shadow fell over him. "Huh?" Opening his eyes, Robert saw his younger sister's back in front of him as she sat down in his lap! "W-Wait, Candyce!?"

The bath she had installed could easily accommodate a dozen people or more, depending on how tightly they packed in, so she could have sat anywhere. Instead, the brunette plopped her petite tush down on her brother's lap, grabbing his arms to make him embrace her as she wiggled her hips to get comfortable. "So, anyway. Mom says she'll be catching a flight to come visit on Boxing Day. Since the airlines get super busy right after Christmas, I upgraded her to first-class to make things easier for her." Completely disregarding the discomfort she was causing, she continued to talk and gossip, just smiling at him until he gave up. "She'll be here until the middle of January. Dad'll catch a flight after New Year's, when Mr. and Mr. Clyde come back from visiting their families and they can take care of their dogs. Let's see... is there anything else ya missed?"

Sighing, knowing she wouldn't get off his lap until she was satisfied, Robert tightened the loose, forced hug she initiated. *I thought she'd at least not do this when we're both naked! Well, I still have my towel at least.* "What would you like for Christmas?" He asked, trying to keep the conversation going to distract himself.

"Huh? Why? Oh! Do you wanna get me something this year, Bert!?" Excited by the idea of receiving a gift from him after so long, Candyce turned around on his lap to hug him. "That's so sweet, but you don't hafta. All I want for Christmas is you~♡" Playfully parodying the festive song lyrics, she buried her face into his chest, half submerging her face in the bath waters.

Feeling her barely developed chest against his stomach, Robert had a bigger concern to deal with, as when she turned around on his lap, Candyce had inadvertently ripped his towel off! Her bare sex was rubbing against his groin with no barrier between them!

“C-Candyce! Candyce, towel! Towel!” Frantically flailing to grab the towel as it floated out of reach, all the motion and physical stimulation around his sensitive manhood was causing it to stir and stiffen.

“Hmm? What about—!?” Looking back, the brunette saw the piece of fabric floating away and didn’t register what it meant until something hot and rigid slid between her butt cheeks. Clenching her glutes as she realized what had happened, Candyce didn’t shriek or scream, but meekly sat her full weight down on Robert’s lap again and hid her face in his chest. “S-Sorry... I sh-shouldn’t have moved around so much. J-Just gimme a sec t-to move... ‘kay?”

Paralyzed by the situation and mortified, Robert just silently nodded. *God! What’s wrong with me? Popping a boner with my sister on my lap!? Even Candyce can’t say anything.* Waiting as his heartbeat raced, the longer the situation persisted, the harder his member became rather than softer. It twitched and throbbed painfully as it spread the pert cheeks, extending all the way up to her tailbone. *Just kill me now! I’m the wor—*

“Geez, can you be any easier to read? Should I donate ya to a library?” Sitting up to look him in the eye, though her face was bright red, Candyce smiled confidently at him. “This is my fault. I mean, what guy *wouldn’t* get bricked up at the thought of bathing with a fantastic body like this? What a sinful girl I am, to unintentionally seduce my innocent big bro like that. But it’s fine, Bert.” Raising her hips so his erection slid out from under her butt and between her thighs, she sat back down and sandwiched it between their stomach, giggling. “Wow, even bigger than I remember. What a beast! Since I’m the one that did this to you, I’ll take responsibility. After all,” leaning in close, she licked her lips and whispered in his ear, “You’re *mine*.”

Spoken as gently as it was absolute, Robert couldn’t even think about rebuking her claim. The world rejected him, and he was too scared to try and fit back into society. His only place was the one Candyce made for him. *I... I...* Terrified by his epiphany and relieved that she wouldn’t turn her back on him, his manhood pulsed and throbbed as he turned to look into her gleeful, domineering, brown eyes. A chill ran down his spine, he couldn’t defy her, deny her, or think of rebuking her. In that moment, he had no sense of agency. Only compliance. *Wh-What am I—?*

However, in an instant, Candyce jumped up and back, splashing him with the warm bath water as she giggled playfully, and tossed the soaked towel in his face. “Just kidding~♥! Sorry, Bert, you probably didn’t know how to react, right? Don’t worry, I’m not gonna make any demands of you or anything. Just do what you think is best. I’ll support you all the way. I’ll let you deal with... *th-that*, just don’t make a mess in the bath, ‘kay? I’ll toss these sweats for ya, I don’t think they’re worth savin’. I’ve gotta get ready to go meet Tina now, so I’ll see ya later.” Quickly getting out of the tub without looking back and

speaking a mile a minute, the brunette grabbed a fresh towel for herself and raced out of the bathroom. "Oh, and I'd like to spend Christmas with my big bro if you're up for it! No pressure! Bye-bye~☆!"

Left dumbfounded for a while after she left, Robert finally took the towel off his face and collapsed back onto the edge of the tub. He was still as full mast as the softness of his sister's body was still fresh in his mind.

"I'm..."

Running back to her room, Candyce quickly closed the door just as the strength left her legs and she collapsed to the floor. Panting heavily, she clutched the dirty sweatsuit Robert had been wearing as the potent musk emanating from it assaulted her senses.

"Ohmygosh, ohmygosh, oh my *freaking* gosh~♡! Huh? Like, I can't even right now! What even was that~♡?" Rubbing her stomach where she could still feel her brother's erection pressed into her, she buried her face in his clothes and inhaled deeply. *I always knew Bert was packin' but that's...* Giggling lustfully, both her upper and lower mouths began to drool as taboo fantasies played out in her mind. Crawling over to her bed, she opened a hidden compartment in the ornate frame and pulled out her largest, phallic toy from the lineup within. Measuring it against the hot and pulsing manhood she just encountered, it was close, but lacking in length and girth just a bit. *Did I get one that was too small? Or has he grown since then?*

Stroking the adult toy, the brunette was about to give in to her raging hormones, reaching for her burning sex, when someone knocked at her door!

Jumping up, she hid her sex toy in Robert's clothes and tossed them on her bed. Closing the canopy to hide her dirty little secrets, she quickly calmed her ragged, husky breathing. "B-Bert? Is that you?"

There was no reply from the other side of her door, so she cautiously approached to check, giving herself time to compose herself. Cracking the door open, there was nobody waiting on the other side. Opening it fully and stepping out into the hall, as she looked for whoever knocked, her foot bumped into something lying on the floor. As she looked down to see what she almost stepped on, her eyes caught a glimpse of her brother peeking out from the corner of the hall that led to his room across the living room below. At her feet was her cell phone along with a couple large, wet footprints of the one who brought it to her.

Retrieving her phone, a notification that she missed a call from Tina was on the screen. She smiled and looked back to where Robert had been watching. Having seemingly returned to his room, he didn't even wait for her to thank him. Giggling, she held it to her heart and took a deep breath. "I LOVE YOU, BERT~♡!"

With Christmas rapidly approaching, Robert had little time to figure out what present to get Candyce. But thinking of what kind of gift to give someone with the kind of wealth and income that she generated wasn't easy.

Jewelry and accessories are usually the best and safest choices at times like these, but it's not like the money I have is something I earned myself... Looking at the selection of gift ideas on his computer, while he found a few things he thought would look good on her, the thing that kept him from getting her a gift for all these years was preventing him from buying anything once again: his pride. For as little of it that he had left, using his younger sister's money to buy her a gift just didn't sit well with what was left of his pride as an older brother. *Is there anything else I can get her? Something only I can give her?* Endlessly scrolling through shop after shop, if the balance in his bank account was truly his, he would have been done long ago.

"All I want for Christmas is you~♡"

Remembering what she said when they bathed together, for as embarrassing as that experience became at the end, it was also his only source of recent knowledge to glean any idea of what to get her. Even with the effort to leave his room more often recently to see what kind of clothes and jewelry she wore, he couldn't think of anything to get her.

"All I want for Christmas is you~♡"

Yeah, but you deserve more than that! More than I can give you... I don't have anything anymore! Frustration building up in his heart, he angrily closed the tabs of his browser that showed unhelpful, material goods. *No, it's worse than me not having anything to give her. All I do is take. Her love, her money, her time... I just take and take, and give nothing back. But what could I possibly give her to make it up to her?!*

"All I want for Christmas is you~♡"

I know that! I'm the same way! I just want to be there for her, to support her! But I can't. I'm useless! I'm a deadbeat, washed-out loser who can't even leave his sister's home without her holding my goddamn, pathetic hand! I don't deserve a wonderful sister like her! I'm... I'm...

"You're mine."

Recalling her other words, the ones that etched themselves deeply in his mind and heart from their bath together, the dark-haired man's heart skipped a beat and his chest felt tight and tingly. Even though she said she was joking, the possessiveness in her expression took on a life in his mind. A false facet of his

gentle, kind, and considerate sister, a side fabricated by him that wouldn't be ignored or denied. This twisted, fictitious facsimile warped his perception of everything Candyce had done for him. Taking him in, buying him gifts, showering him with love and affection, through this alter ego of his creation, these weren't acts of familial love, but acts of affection for a pet. Placed in a gilded cage, hidden away from the world for her exclusive enjoyment. Though she still refers to him as her brother, he was little more than her property in all but name. And with that context...

"All I want for Christmas is you~♡"

Me... C-Could I...? Even if that side he thought he saw was entirely of his own imagining, if nothing else, that was the one thing he had left that was well and truly *his* to give.

***** Christmas Day *****

Christmas had been Candyce's favorite holiday ever since she was a kid. Even as she grew into adulthood, the magic of the holiday never waned for her. It didn't matter if the myths and legends and folklore surrounding Christmas were real or not. What mattered was getting to spend the holiday with her family, and her big brother in particular.

She was up at the crack of dawn to make sure everything was ready, and quickly put on the cute and sexy Christmas outfit she bought for this year. Bright red shorts and an adorable red mantle with soft, white fur trim worn over a Santa-themed mini bikini left most of her radiant skin exposed. Combining the fun of summer with the coziness of winter, it was the perfect outfit for an outgoing, confident girl like her.

Racing down the stairs, she barely looked at the huge tree in the living room as she passed. The mountain of presents under it was mostly from her to her brother, though the gifts from their parents and other family members were there too.

I hope Bert likes all the gifts I got him! Oh, I can't wait to see the look on his face. Giggling as she imagined his gloomy expression light up as he opened her presents, she softly knocked on his door. "Hey, Bert? You awake?" She asked quietly. As much as she wanted to celebrate with him, she was too old to wake someone up early on Christmas Day just to open presents. But there was no reply from the shut-in's room. "Bert? It'll be fine to come out when you're ready. I gave all the maids until New Year's off, just in case. Just lemme know when you wanna open your gifts." Sighing as she headed back to the living room, while it wasn't unexpected, she did hope to get to spend the day with her brother. *I-It's still early though. He could come out of his room later.*

His old job stole a couple Christmases with him from her, and over the past decade, it had been hit-or-miss with whether he'd come out of his room the day of. But even if he lost track of time and didn't come out on the 25th, that just meant they could celebrate their own Christmas together on their own time. Excluding barging in and dragging him out herself, all she could do was wait.

However, as she crossed the living room to head into the kitchen, the brunette noticed a large box next to all the presents that she overlooked before. It wasn't one of the gifts she had gotten for Robert and wasn't there when she went to bed either.

"Wait! No. FREAKING. WAY!!! Bert got me a present this year~♥!" With no other explanation for how the gift could have made it into her home without setting off her alarms, Candyce squealed in delight, skipping over to the huge gift. "Oh, Bert. You didn't haf... to?" As she hugged the unexpected present, she noticed arrows were drawn on the poorly wrapped paper pointing to the gift tag. "Let's see. 'To Candyce. Thank you for being there for me for all these years. I know I haven't been much of a big brother for you, but I hope this makes up for it. Open this and then I can join you for Christmas. From: Robert.' Oh, you big dummy~♥." Wiping a tear from her eye, she smiled and went to the kitchen before opening her gift. *He doesn't hafta do anything to be a big brother. He is my big bro, and that's that. Mine, and mine alone.* Returning with a cup of festive caffè mocha with marshmallow fluff, her Christmas staple, the brunette let her fantasies run wild a bit.

Picturing the dark-haired, older man tied up with green and red ribbons on a bed of rose petals and artificial snow with a big bow covering his phallus, he'd stare up at her with timid, vulnerable eyes and say, *"Your Christmas present this year is me."*

Suppressing a squeal as she stopped herself from violating him in her mind, she set the cup down and stood over his gift. "If only~♥. Though, I'm totally gonna glomp onto him all day today." Tearing the wrapping paper away, she excitedly opened the box within, and to her surprise, wrapped in a warm blanket, Robert turned over and covered his eyes, smiling up at her.

"It's about time. I was starting to think you wouldn't open my gift until I came out." Chuckling as he sat up, while he wasn't naked save for some ribbons and a bow like she had just fantasized about, he was wearing gift wrap-themed pajamas with a comically oversized bowtie. He had shaved his beard off, trimmed his hair, and even his complexion looked a bit better than when she saw him last. As he got out of the box, he spread his arms wide and smiled at her. "Merry Christmas, Candyce. Your present this year is me."

Standing completely still, dumbfounded by her fantasy seemingly coming to life, Candyce didn't know how to react. Though her head was filled with thoughts of pushing him down and having her way with him, she knew that she couldn't *actually* do those sorts of things to her brother. At least, not in real life.

Grabbing her cheek, she pinched as hard as she could to wake herself up but received only a stinging pain and sore cheek for her efforts. "Ow! Huh?! W-Wait, I'm not dreaming? Bert's *really* giving himself to me~♥!?" Confirming that she wasn't asleep only made her more excited at the idea.

"What? Don't believe me? Gimme your phone then." Holding out his hand, he wasn't expecting her to react like that, but he couldn't say it wasn't entertaining.

“My phone? Why?” Pulling out and unlocking her phone, Candyce gave it to him without hesitation.

“You’ll see. Just gotta download— oh. You already have it. Not going to question it.” Giving her no answers, Robert did what he needed to do before handing it back to her. “There, now it’s official.”

Taking her phone back, the brunette was still confused. “What? What’s official? Whaddya— whoa! No way!” Since she wasn’t getting answers from him, Candyce looked at what he did with her phone and nearly dropped it when she saw the app that he had opened: Little Fun! What’s more, it was giving her a notification that a new profile was attempting to sync with her account. All she had to do was accept it, and the microchips in ‘Robert Everhart’ would be hers to control. “B-Bert?! A-Are you sure? I mean... why?”

“‘Why’? More like ‘why not’, right?” Giving her a nonchalant smirk, he pulled her in for a hug as his expression darkened. “I... I’m sorry, Candyce. I know you’ve been really patient with me, waiting for me to get back on my feet, but I... I don’t think I can anymore. I can’t even think about going outside without giving myself a panic attack. I can’t talk to people face-to-face, other than you, Mom, and Dad, and I’m just wasting away in my room, being a financial burden on you.”

“Burden? Please. I just so happened to get some land rights for pretty cheap and I’m gonna go into real estate with it. You’re about as much of a burden on my money as an ant would be to a cow.” Returning his embrace, she tried to dissuade him from going through with his gift idea. *I-If I accept, he’ll never be able to get away from me. And I won’t be able to hold back anymore~♡*

“Really? Congratulations. I’m proud to have had a sister who is so successful.” He said, kissing her on the head. “But, even still, I can’t let you have such a pathetic big brother. I’ve already submitted the form, I’m not a ‘person’ anymore, Candyce. I’m not your big brother anymore.” Letting her go, he held up her hands and guided her finger over the confirmation button. “I’m a piece of property. The last thing the man called ‘Robert Everhart’ owned, and he wants *you*, his precious younger sister, to have it. Because it’s like you said.” Kneeling, the dark-haired man bowed his. “I’m *yours*.”

His words echoed her comment before she was able to stop herself from going too far in the tub, they were the words she dreamed he would say to her. Though she played it off then, *this* was exactly what she had been hoping for for ten long years, or even longer. Pressing the button that would redefine their relationship, she grabbed a leafy decoration with white berries from the tree and stood over him, dangling it between them. “Deals like this are usually sealed with a *kiss~♡*, ya know?”

Raising his head, the dark-haired man saw the festive plant she had them standing under and stood up. Because of the size difference between them, he had to bend down quite a bit to kiss her on the forehead, but as he did, Robert felt the difference in their heights diminish slowly. By the time he pecked her on the forehead, he had shrunk enough to barely be able to see over her head. “So, do you like your gift?”

“Hmmm... Dunno yet. I think it’s still a bit too big~♡” Playfully sticking out her tongue as she pressed the button to make him even smaller, the brunette turned her cheek to him. “But I do like the kisses.”

As the reduction of his height resumed, Robert had resolved himself to a life mostly at the whims of his new owner and just shrugged, obliging her a kiss on the cheek. “Still, I’m kinda surprised you had Little Fun downloaded already. You never talked about it before.”

“O-Oh... u-uh, yeah. Well, y’know, I mostly use it for b-business than pleasure.” Giggling nervously, she looked away from him awkwardly. *I can’t let him find out I get my more annoying rivals to eat some microchips to make ‘negotiations’ easier. Or what me and Tina get up to when we go out partying...* “I didn’t expect to use it with you though. You know you didn’t need to get me anything. I love just getting to spend time with you~♡”

“Well, now you get to spend even more time with me. I’m sure, as long as I’m with you, I’ll be fine if you want to bring me with you whenever you need to be away for a few days. Just try to not lose me in your purse.”

“OMG! Bert, you’re a genius! I never thought of that! Seriously? What a big little brain you have!” More excited by the idea than ever, halting his shrinking when he was roughly her height, she hugged him again and kissed him on the cheek. “And I can do *whatever* I want with you~♡?”

“Of course. I owe you that much.” Without a second thought, he gave the permission she shouldn’t need to ask for. “If it’s just the two of u-!?”

Whatever condition he wanted to add, Candyce didn’t need to hear it. Unable to hold back anymore, the person in front of her was the one she loved more than anyone else in the world. Only now, he wasn’t her brother anymore, he was her human property! Basically a pet, but unlike other pets, people are allowed to have relationships with human property. Tackling him onto her large sofa, the flashy brunette kissed her gift with more passion than any of her previous lovers. *As far as anyone else will be concerned, you’re just gonna be your typical, shut-in self, hiding in your room. I’m not gonna tell anyone... well, maybe Mom and Dad... and Tina, but nobody else! You’re mine now, completely~♡!*

Easily overpowered by his little sister, Robert couldn’t push her off as she ravished the inside of his mouth with her tongue. His protests didn’t make it past his lips, lost under the sounds of her increasing enthusiasm. His time of seclusion had made his mind and body vulnerable, as her practiced tongue smothered the weak resistance he put up, and within seconds, he was paralyzed in pleasure.

Making out with her former brother, his gift to her, *her* property, Candyce carefully monitored his futile reluctance fade. He wasn’t reciprocating her kiss, but the lax, euphoric expression on his face was enough for her, for now. *Sorry, Bert. I shoulda gone easier on ya for our first kiss, but I couldn’t~♡ You need to know how much I love you, and who’s the girl boss here.* Releasing him and sitting up, the

brunette licked her lips as she gazed at the state she reduced the older man to. Vacant eyes, a goofy half-smile, with no strength to lift his head, the only thing that hadn't lost its strength was the stiffening member under her butt. "Mmmmm, as much as I want the real thing to split my pussy and kiss my womb, I don't think you're ready for that yet, Bert. First, you'll need some obedience training." Holding the mistletoe up again, she exposed one of her small breasts and shrunk him more until his face was level with her chest. "Go on. Give your owner some kissy kisses~♡"

Shoving his face into her breast, Candyce pressed his lips against her trembling, swelling nub of flesh, rubbing it up and down until it slipped in. As a bit of awareness returned to the dark-haired man's eyes, his lingering sense of morals and responsibilities to stop her were overwhelmed by her tyrannical lust. Whatever expression she had on her face was enough to cow him into submission as he obediently began to suck on her nipple.

Seeing the seed of fear in his eyes though, Candyce embraced his head and softened her expression. "No, no, no, no, no. Oh, Bert, you d-don't have to be afraid. I'm sorry. I'm such a naughty girl, but I was able to hold back for this long, right? But I don't have to, you said so yourself. Don't worry. Remember, you're not my big bro anymore. We can finally be together, so just relax~♡"

While her affection would be inappropriate if they were still siblings, he had cut that connection. He had lifted the seal he never knew she had worked so hard to maintain, so it was his responsibility to deal with the unforeseen consequences. But he was still hesitant, unsure if he could respond to her in kind. "B-But--"

Placing a finger on his lips to silence him, the fear that was growing in Robert had stagnated. "Shhhh~♡ Don't worry, Bert. I'll teach ya everything you need to know." Smiling down at him, she shrunk him more and more.

His lack of confidence was reflected in the wavering gaze of his emerald eyes. But rather than feel intimidated by his diminishing size, Robert took comfort in Candyce's comparatively immense size. His line of sight fell below her bust line, sunk under her tight, flat stomach, and dropped past her belly button. The smaller he got, the bigger she looked, the more comfortable he felt. And as he shrunk to the point that his clothes obstructed his view, the last thing he saw was her excitement lighting up her auburn eyes.

Once she couldn't see her brother anymore, Candyce monitored her phone until he reached the height she wanted. *Maybe I'll make him one centimeter some other time. Bert's not just anyone. He's special~♡ So, I think five centimeters is a good size for his training.* Retrieving the shrunken man from his clothes, she stood up and giggled giddily. "This is the best Christmas ever~♡! And it's only gonna get better. Thanks, Minibert~♡"

“J-Just be g-gentle with me, okay?” Blushing, though this wasn’t how he thought she’d have him serve her, Robert knew he couldn’t oppose her will. He wasn’t even sure if he could have had she forced herself on him before shrinking him.

“Of course. Trust me.” Smiling sweetly, she dropped him into her panties and held the mistletoe over him once more. “I’ll be a gentle but *firm* owner~♡” Pushing him down into position, she pressed him into her delicate folds, sinking his hardened member into her heated flesh. “C-C’mon, M-Minibert. L-L-Lick up. Gotta g-get you used t-to your owner’s s-scent and t-t-taste.” Patting him softly, she encouraged the shrunken man until his slightly rough tongue began to lap up the love juices leaking from her. “Th-That’s right~♡ Just like that.”

Quivering in delight as Robert’s inhibitions melted away with each drag of his tongue, Candyce had to support herself with the sofa. Looking back at the tree, and all the presents under it, she clenched her vagina muscles around the only gift that mattered to her.

“Such a g-good boy. Play with my pussy more~♡ She doesn’t bite.” Ignoring the unopened presents, she made her way back to her room as quickly as her shaky legs would carry her. *Though she’ll totally be ‘eating’ you too~♡*

Despite Candyce’s words, his intentions, and what the laws would say, Robert knew what he was doing was wrong. Even if he gave up his rights as an individual and became property, he was still Candyce’s older brother. Their history and blood connection didn’t change because of a legal definition. And when he decided to become Candyce’s gift, he didn’t think she would actually use him for sexual satisfaction.

C-Candyce... Oh, Candyce... Y-Yes... I’ll be good. I’ll listen. I’ll learn!

But now he couldn’t turn back. He kissed her, became aroused by her, sucked on her breast, and now was trapped in her underwear licking her hot and wet sex. While he couldn’t deny her, he wasn’t reluctant or unwilling, at least not anymore. His instincts as a man didn’t care that she was his sister. She was a woman, the perfect woman for him, and she wanted him. The taboo, immoral thoughts and fantasies he convinced himself were his own delusions were, in fact, reciprocated. She loved him. Not just as her older brother, but as a man, and now, her property.

I’m the worst... A terrible brother. B-But I c-can be a good pet. More. Candyce is s-so warm, so s-soft, and smells so good! I-I can’t resist!

As the swaying of her hips ground him deeper into her dripping sex, he tightened his hold on her, pulled himself closer, thrust his hips, and sucked on her stiffening love bean. He didn’t need to, she simply told him to lick and get used to her body. But, he didn’t have a choice anymore. And the perceived loss of

autonomy was the final push he needed to disregard insignificant concepts like morals and taboos. He just needed to do what he was told.

“Mmmmm~♡ Bert always did go the extra mile for me.” Purring happily as her former big brother pleased her womanhood, Candyce made it to her room. Jumping onto her bed, as much as she wanted to focus on the shrunken man’s training, she needed to take care of something else first.

Just as she had a hidden compartment built into her bed frame for her adult toys, there were other secrets it hid. Taking out the false bottom of a shelf in her headboard, she pulled out a metal case labeled ‘cheaters, rivals, and scum’ and placed it between her legs as she sat on her mattress. Settling her weight on her brother shoved him deeper into her accepting folds, but more importantly, she didn’t have to worry about him overhearing her.

Wouldn’t want Bert to think I’d ever consider doing something like this to him. Wiggling her hips to get the most out of sitting on him, she opened the case to reveal a dozen or so tiny people, roughly half a centimeter tall each. “Hey guys~☆! Merry Christmas! Are you all having fun, ‘cuz this is the best Christmas I’ve ever had~♡ Now, I know I was gonna play with you today, but I’ve got more important things to focus on, so *most* of you are off the hook. For now at least~♡” Scrolling through the profiles on her Little Fun app, she found the two she was looking for and grew them up to one centimeter tall to more easily pick them out of the crowd. “Hey, Joe. Mary. Tell me, are you two tired of the taste of my asshole yet?” She asked, plucking the two up.

Though he used to maintain a very appealing tan back when they dated, being locked in her ‘toy case’, as she liked to call it, had not only deprived him of that but the muscle definition he once had. While not as pale as Bert had become, the former playboy’s complex was hit hard from being confined in the dark for so long. “Candy! Baby, I keep tellin’ ya, this is all just a *huge* misunderstanding! I swear, I wasn’t cheatin’ on ya!”

“Right... You just ‘fell’ on Mary and couldn’t get up... repeatedly... while naked... in *my* house.” Rolling her eyes, while she had cameras installed for security purposes when she had the house built, she never needed to check them.

Had Joe not been stupid enough to try and impress his side-chick with how nice ‘his’ house was, she likely wouldn’t have known about the affair for much longer. Thankfully, Joe was also forgetful enough to not remember her shut-in brother lived with her since they had never met, and Robert told her about what he heard.

“It happens! I swear.”

“Give it a fuckin’ break, Joe. Lord above, whaddid I ever see in you.” Equally tired of the compulsive liar’s idiocy, the stocky, voluptuous, dark-skinned *former* college girl smacked him in the back of the head. “Look, Candyce, I’m sorry this asshole cheated on you, but gurl, can you blame him? I mean, men are nothing but horn dogs, amirite? And I got the shake and the junk that turns their heads.” Emphasizing her large breast and thick rear, she made no effort to make her half-hearted not-apology sound sincere. “So, I can understand makin’ *him* eat ass. Heck, I plop my money-maker on his handsome face too. But whaddya shrink *me* for?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe because you *knew* he had a girlfriend already.” Equally unamused with the younger, conniving gold-digger, the brunette’s mood wasn’t spoiled thanks to her brother pleasuring her so passionately. “Too bad the money was on the *other* side of the relationship, eh?”

“Yer tellin’ me... So what? We get to eat some rich-bitch asshole for Christmas too?”

“Oh no. Didn’t I say this was the best Christmas ever~♡? I got the best little guy to do all that for me now, so I don’t need to keep you two around anymore.”

“W-Wait. Really? You’re gonna let us go, babe?” Excited by the prospect, Joe fell to his knees and clasped his hands together. “Oh, thank you, Candy!”

“If it means I don’t gotta kiss *yer* tiny ass anymore, then I’m happy for ya.” While not as enthusiastic as Joe, Mary was happy to hear her ‘unwarranted’ punishment was coming to an end. “Just lemme go home already.”

However, Candyce did her best to act surprised, though her menacing smile ruined the faux innocent confusion. “Huh? What do you two mean? You were both ‘lost at sea’ after getting on a cruise around the world, remember?” She said in a sickly, dark, sweet tone, grinding her sex on her brother harder. “And if the world thinks you’re dead, I can’t let you go, now can I? But I don’t need unwilling toys. I mean, why fight with you to do a worse job than Minibert is doing right now? So, you don’t have to kiss my butt anymore, because...” Quickly licking Mary off her hand, Candyce tossed the screaming girl to the back of her throat and swallowed without hesitation. Sighing as she traced an imperceptible bump down her throat, she giggled as she patted her stomach. “You’re gonna become part of it~☆”

“C-Candy?! W-Wait, b-babe! I-I-I don’t m-mind eating ass! I-I-!!”

Tossing Joe into the air, Candyce caught him with her mouth and swallowed him before he could lie and waste her time failing to talk her out of her second favorite pastime. It wasn’t like he hadn’t rammed people that crossed her into her sex or covered the ones with his jizz that managed to stay in her mouth when she went down on him. Next to her brother, friends, family, business, and fashion, she loved using the Little Fun app to play with tiny people. He and the others in her case were just the unfortunate ones that she wouldn’t let go of after she was done with them.

“I should have gotten rid of you two a while ago.” Rubbing her belly, she giggled as she used her phone to increase their size until she could feel them pounding on her stomach. Just for the added humiliation at the end of his life, she made Mary much bigger than Joe, filling her digestive organ with the uppity girl. “Merry Christmas, Mary~♡ Do whatever you want to Joe, it doesn’t matter to me. Eat him, shove him up your ass, use him like the dick he is, you’ll both be shit soon, so you might as well enjoy yourself~♡” With her stomach no longer quietly complaining to her for not feeding it, Candyce turned her attention back to the other tiny people whom she graciously allowed to watch. “And for all of you, your gifts will be *not* becoming fat on my fabulous ass~♡ Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’m gonna spend the rest of my Christmas with my big bro~♡”

Closing the case, the brunette put it away and stripped naked as she laid on the bed. Pulling Robert from her folds, it ached in protest, demanding its toy back.

“How ya holding up, Bert? I’m not too heavy, am I?”

“L-Light as a feather.” Panting and dripping in her liquid lust, he was red in the face from a lack of oxygen but had a debauchurous smile on his face.

“That’s good, ‘cause we’re gonna take it up a notch.” Stiffing a giggle at his bravado, she opened her mouth wide and laid him on her tongue. Slowly pulling him in and closing her lips, he didn’t question her or panic. He was still easily within swallowing range for her, but even if he wasn’t too precious to eat, which he definitely was, her belly was already sated. Instead, she used her tongue to lick up all the sweet nectar her flower coated him with while teasing his small but mighty erection.

C’mon Minibert. Gimme a load of your ball batter as a Christmas breakfast dessert~♡!

Fingering herself to appease her burning sex, she continued to pleasure Robert until his body convulsed and he clung to her oral muscle. Thrusting his hips and grinding his vulnerable, sensitive manhood into her semi-rough taste buds, he quickly blew a salty load in her mouth, of which the potent smell filled the vacant space and rose up the back of her throat to her nose. Despite the reduced quantity from his reduced size, her brother’s ejaculate had one of the strongest odors she had ever smelt. Almost losing herself to the intense aroma, she nearly swallowed him with his cum, but was able to pin him to the roof of her mouth before she swallowed him on instinct alone.

OMG~♡! I didn’t think it’d taste that good. Oh, I’m gonna hafta get a ‘full’ load from him later. Sucking her brother clean as her senses returned, Candyce pulled him from her lips and giggled. “Sorry, Bert. That was a close one. But you were so yummy!”

“It’s fine, Candyce. I know if you did swallow me, you’d get me out before anything happened.” Laying on her palm, catching his breath, Robert smiled back and gave her a thumbs up.

Smiling back, she nodded. "Totally. But if you're gonna go into my belly, I have another entrance I'd rather you use." Bringing him back down her body as she sat up to lean against her headboard, the brunette spread her legs and held him in front of her wanting sex. "Wanna see~♡?"

As the smell of her arousal rolled over him, Robert crawled forward unwittingly. His sister's love tunnel was calling to him, and he couldn't resist such a tempting offer.

However, before he could dive head first into her honey pot, Candyce knew from experience how short of a timeframe that would allow them for fun. Flipping him over in her hand, she used her fingers to guide his legs into her tight embrace. "If you get tired, you can rest up in there too. We'll work on increasing your stamina slowly, okay?"

As more of him disappeared into her sex, Robert could only nod. The powerful vagina muscles squeezing his legs would make it difficult for him to move and pleasure her, but what little energy he did have would run out quickly. Adapting to his new life wasn't going to be easy.

Leaving only his head sticking out of her so he could breathe, Candyce tightened her muscles to embrace and welcome him. Before she got too impatient, she took a couple pictures of him for posterity, and tried to just enjoy the moment... but her body was too impatient. While he couldn't move much, each minute twitch and jerk of his limbs and erection tickled her lust until she couldn't stop herself anymore.

M-My first t-time with Bert~♡ Oh, I n-never thought it would be like th-this~♡!

Whether it could be called sex or masturbation didn't matter. All that she concerned herself with was pleasure. Hers and his. She had enough practice getting herself off with tiny people, even with ones whose safety she bothered to be concerned about, but she never cared whether they fully enjoyed themselves or not. With Robert, she wanted him to enjoy it, become addicted to it, and want to stay in her for as long as possible. Carefully she fingered herself around him, plunging him fully into her amorous hole for short bursts of time, and pulling him back out for a breather.

Controlling the tightness of her sex was also difficult. Too tight while moving him could easily lead to a broken bone or worse, but too loose, and she'd lose her grip and plunge him too deep. So for hours, with breaks in between bouts of passion, she experimented and practiced until they both were so tired, they fell asleep.

The thrashing and squirming in her stomach ceased long ago. After spending most of the morning enjoying her Christmas gift, Candyce had gained enough control over her sex to pull him in and push him out without the aid of her fingers, but it was a slow process.

The ringing of her phone waking her up, Candyce groaned and answered the call. "I'm up... I'm up. Whaddya want?"

"Merry Christmas to you too, bitch."

"Tina? Merry Christmas. You wanna get shoved up my ass again?"

"If ya get me drunk enough, we'll see. What, did Robby not come outta his room for Christmas again? I've been out here for fifteen minutes tryin' to get ya to let me in."

"Oh, s-sorry. I was taking a nap after..." Sitting up and rubbing the drowsiness from her eyes, a pleasant sensation wiggling in her nethers quickly jump-started her sleep-addled brain. "Oh! That's right! You'll never guess what Bert got me for Christmas~♥!"

"Oh? The useless oaf actually got you something? Well, let me in so I can see it."

"Bert's not an oaf! He's super kind and smart and a total genius!"

"That's the part you contest?"

Hopping out of bed, Candyce went over to the intercom in her room to unlock the front gate.

"Usefulness is a matter of perspective, and he doesn't *need* to be useful for me to love him~♥. Anyway, get your fat ass in here."

"Just 'cause yours is tiny doesn't mean mine's—"

Ending the call before Tina finished, the brunette giggled as she felt Robert waking up. "Morning, Bert~♥ Or rather, afternoon I guess. Sorry, but Tina and I are goin' to a few parties tonight, so I can't keep playing with you." She said, picking up her cute and sexy Santa outfit and going into her private bathroom to clean up. Without taking him out though, she slipped on the red and white panties and pulled them up. "So, I'm just gonna leave you there and bring you with, okay~♥?"

Whether he heard her and agreed or just didn't have the energy to squirm, the shrunken older man didn't protest her unilateral decision.

Taking his stillness as compliance, she petted him gently through her clothes as she finished getting dressed. *I'll have to be careful not to drink too much. My cooch will just have to be off-limits when I get people asking me to shrink them. Nothing's gonna compare to having my Minibert squirming in me.*

He'd have no way of knowing since she didn't talk about her use of Little Fun with him, but Robert wasn't the first person to gift themselves to her. With how popular it was becoming, he likely wouldn't be the last. Not people like those in the case she kept hidden away, but people who willingly wanted to become

her property. She always treated those people nicely, and once the novelty wore off, she'd even turn them back and let them go, mostly because she wasn't interested in keeping them.

Putting the Santa hat on and looking at herself in the mirror, the brunette smiled at how adorable she looked. Heading down to greet her friend, she constricted her muscles affectionately around her shut-in of an older brother. *Bert's special though. His gift might not have been unique, but that doesn't matter. It's the thought that counts~♡*