

Deviant Dixons

Crimson Rose

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Eighteen-year-old Willow Dixon chalked her first missed period up to the stress of final exams and writing a valedictorian speech she would have to read before a crowd of hundreds. The second was missed in a flurry of college applications. When a third was missed she feared her perverse fantasy had finally caught up with her in the worst way imaginable. The first pregnancy test coming back positive, she took four more to the same results before accepting she had royally screwed up. Confronted with the horrifying consequences of her actions, she spent hours pent up in her bedroom – coming out only when her parents were gone leaving her home alone with her older brother Tyler. Going to his closed bedroom door, she softly knocked. “Um, hey, can we talk?”

Hearing the concern in his sister’s voice, Tyler opened his bedroom door. “What’s up, sis?”

“C-Can I come in?”

“Sure. You okay?” he asked, taking a step back so she could walk in.

“No, no I am not. I fucked up, Tyler. I fucked up so bad and you’re going to hate me, but I beg you to keep it to yourself. I... I’m pregnant and, um, you’re the father.”

“WHAT? First of all, that’s disgusting. And second, given that we’ve never had sex it’s also impossible. I don’t know what game you’re playing but it isn’t even remotely funny.”

“I’m not playing a game, brother. I know we’ve never had sex but you’re still the father.”

“I am not...”

“Please let me explain. I’ll start at the beginning. I’ve never had sex, Tyler. I’m technically still a virgin, but I’ve had this perverted fantasy for the longest time. Whenever I was home alone I’d sneak into your room to snoop around. That’s how I discovered you jerk off into condoms which you toss into the trash can by your desk. Of course I couldn’t ever know when you did it so I ordered some cameras from Amazon which I hid around your room. I watched for a while to get your routine and hole hell, man, I never knew a guy could jerk off that many times in a day. Anyway, once I sort of learned your routine I started sneaking in and stealing your condoms while you were cleaning up in the bathroom. I’d take them back to my room, put a little funnel inside of me and then use your semen to satisfy my fantasy of being creampie’d. I never thought it would remain viable long enough to actually impregnate me but... I’ve missed the last three periods and five pregnancy tests were all positive. I’m pregnant, Tyler, and you’re the father.”

“That is fucked up in so many ways I don’t even know where to begin! You’ve been spying on me? Watching me jerk off? Stealing my semen to... to... I can’t even say it. You’re supposed to be a genius, but that’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard in my life! You can’t have my baby!”

“It’s too late for an abortion even if I’d consider it which I won’t and I can’t give it up for adoption either.”

“Why the hell not?”

“What happens if our child gets sick and doctors discover he or she is a child of incest? Mom and dad are doctors. They can take care of our baby without anyone else ever knowing. Of course that means telling them what I’ve done and hoping they don’t disown me, so I’m asking for your support even though I don’t deserve it. Please, brother, please don’t abandon me and our baby. I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll... I’ll let you watch me playing with myself if that’s what

you want. I'll, I'll even... I mean, since we're already having a baby together I'll let you be my first man. If you want me that is."

"Do you even hear yourself talking? I'm your brother. You're my sister. Yes, your stunningly gorgeous, but..." the rest of his words cut off by his sister's lips pressed against his, he froze as her tongue pushed into his mouth. Then he was kissing her back. His dick twitching to life in his jeans, he briefly considered taking her up on her offer of sex, but the thought of screwing his own sister disgusted him. Yet, despite that he did not stop kissing her until feeling her hand push down the front of his pants and boxers and wrap around his dick. "I... I didn't... that was... we c-can't..."

"Just relax and let's see where this takes us and if you don't like it then we'll never do it again," Willow said as she unbuttoned her brother's jeans. "After all, I'm pregnant with your baby so why not do it for real?" Kneeling, she pulled his pants and boxers down. His dick springing free, she giggled. "God damn! It looks even bigger in person! I've watched you jerk off as many as five times in one day so let's see how many times you can get it up for me, brother," she said between kisses on the head of his cock. Slowly licking the drops of pre-cum, she looked up and smiled. "Please tell me you want to have sex with me. Please tell me you'll fuck your load deep inside of me. P-Please tell me... please say that you'll be here for me and our child. I love you, brother, and nothing would crush me more than your rejection." And with that, she leaned forward and sucked him into her mouth.

"Mmmm... t-this is so wrong. We... we can never go back from this, sis. We..."

"Just relax and I'll do my best to make you feel good, brother. Why don't you go ahead and take your clothes off and get in bed?" Willow said as she pulled her tee shirt off.

"How do I know what you're saying is true? I mean, yeah, I jerk off into condoms, but how do I know the baby is mine?"

"I have cameras in my room too and I can show you video of me pouring your semen into me. But let's fuck first. I know it's wrong, but I'm pregnant with your child so it only makes sense that you're my first man. And I meant what I said. I'll do whatever you want to make things right between us. Just name it and I'll do it without hesitation or complaint," she added as her bra hit the floor. Cupping her breasts, she lowered her head and sucked her right nipple and then the left. I can't wait until you're able to drink my milk."

"Anything at all?"

"Anything."

"If you're going to have my baby then you're going to satisfy my every sexual desire starting with having a sex slave to train. I trained Simone a little, but she has limits and I was a slave I can do whatever I want to, as you said, without complaint or hesitation. Agree to be my sex slave and I won't complain or hesitate fucking you whenever I want."

"Agreed, Master!" Willow excitedly replied. "I'm yours to do with as you please, but only if you continue breeding me. I know it's fucked up, but I want all of your babies, brother. Um, what about Simone?" she asked as she stood to take off her pants and panties. "Are you going to have time to train us both? Maybe we can convince her to have sex with her sister and then you could have three slaves to train." Crawling onto her brother's bed now completely naked, Willow looked back over her shoulder grinning like a kid in a candy store. "I'm yours for the taking, Master."

"This is so fucked up, but it's too late to turn back now, so I'm going to enjoy turning you into my sex slave," Tyler said as he got into bed behind his kneeling sister. "If we're going

to get mom and dad on our side we're gonna need to get some sort of dirt on them so put cameras in their room."

"Yes Master." Feeling the head of her brother's cock sliding along her vulva, she waited until he was lined up and then shoved back hard and fast. "Uuhhnnn!" she groaned as all nine inches filled her completely. "Oh my fucking god! I can't... you're... we're... fuck me, Master! Please pound me into submission and don't pull out until every last drop had been deposited!"

Now that he was balls deep in his sister, Tyler had no intentions of pulling out even after coming, but at the same time felt he needed to teach her a very valuable lesson on who was in charge so it was with every ounce of willpower that he slid from the tight, squeezing warmth of her womanhood. "Comments like that tell me you don't know who's in charge here so now's as good a time as any to teach you a lesson in discipline. Keep your ass up and put your head down, slave."

"Y-Yes Master. Can I ask what I did wrong?"

Telling me to fuck you, to pound you into submission is very close to a command," Tyler said as he grabbed his belt. "It is not a slave's position to make commands or demand. "Also, I just want to see your sexy ass covered in welts," he added, moving into position behind and to the right of his kneeling sister. Unfortunately, that'll have to wait. I need you to turn around and kneel at the foot of the bed face forward with hands clasped behind your head."

"Yes Master."

"Listen closely as I'm only going to explain this once. "I do not dole out discipline lightly, but when I do I take it seriously. Sister or not, I will not go easy on you. You will be disciplined for every rule you break. The swat count is cumulative but resets every day at midnight. Ten swats is baseline. The next is twenty-five. Then it becomes fifty followed by one hundred. Every rules violation after that is another one hundred. So, for example, let's say you break three rules in one go. You would get ten plus twenty-five plus fifty for a total of eight-five. But if you break them spread out then you'd get ten for the first, twenty-five for the second, and fifty for the third. There is no limit to how many you may get in a single day. Do you understand the rules so far, slave?"

"Y-Yes Master."

"Great. Now, when it comes to the swats, you will count each one and then say: thank you, Master. If you forget or refuse to count and give thanks, say anything other than the count and thanks including screaming, or break position I'll add another five swats per infraction. The first discipline of the day will always be to the breasts and the rest will be a combination of breasts and ass. Do you understand the rules as I've described them?"

"Yes Master." No sooner were the words out of her mouth, then the belt was slapping across her breasts so hard it knocked the air from her lungs. Taking a moment to catch her breath, she panted: "O-One. Thank you Master."

THWAP!

"TWO! Thank you Master!" Willow cried out as the pain shot through her entire body.

THWAP!

"Three! Thank you Master."

THWAP!

"Four. T-Thank you M-Master."

THWAP! Drawing back, Tyler slapped the leather belt across his sister's perfectly perky breasts nearly full force – landing the swat with a sickening crack that actually made him wince.

“FIVE! T-Thank you Master!” Willow said, managing to get the count and thanks out between gasps.

THWAP!

“Six. Thank you Master.”

THWAP! Striking his sister’s hard, puffy nipples, Tyler felt the bead of pre-cum forming at the tip of his throbbing cock.

“S-S-Seven. Thank you M-Master,” Willow whimpered.

THWAP!

“Eight. Thank you Master.”

THWAP!

“Nine. Thank you Master.”

THWAP! Going full force on the laws swat, Tyler watched as every muscle in his sister’s lithe body tensed so hard he thought she might be going into a seizure.

“TEN! THANK YOU MASTER!” Willow wailed as the tears finally rolled down her cheeks.

“You’re very welcome, slave, and I sincerely hope you’ve learned your lesson. Now get on all fours so I can finish breeding you like the sexy bitch that you are.”

“Y-Yes Master.”