

Chase and his sister shared a small apartment to save money. They were fraternal twins and as such had graduated high school the same year with similar grades. Both of them were now going to the same college studying for a degree in business. The feline pair had a bit of a love-hate thing going on with their living situation. Unlike other sets of twins they didn't always get along.

But on the one hand it was a huge win to save so much money on their rent, and it also meant they didn't have put up with the dorm life. It was nice having the spending money on hand and a bedroom all to yourself. They didn't have to share that much despite sharing the same roof. It had its downsides, too. Namely they did fight over the kitchen and living room sometimes, and they were opposites in personality. She was a extroverted social butterfly, and he was a nerd that just wanted to sit at home and play games.

At least he got what he wanted a lot more than she did! Being the homebody that he was there was plenty of time for him to be at home while his sister was off doing her thing with her girlfriends, and her new boyfriend.

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"Hey, Chase." His sister walked into the living room having come from her bedroom. She was running a brush through her hair to pretty it up. His sister took after their mother and had a nice pretty white coat of fur on a lean body. She had run track and field in high school while he was a proud member of the Future Farmers of America. She knew how to spent a 200 meter dash as well as he knew Parliamentary Law. Both were skills they were experts in, but would have no practical use for in their respective futures.

"Yep." He replied. Chase was seated on their worn out couch playing his Playstation.

"My boy is coming over to swing by. He's volunteering to bring us foods." She told him. He made a humming noise to let her know he'd heard her. Her boyfriend was a newish one. She wasn't a whore by any means, and wasn't in any of the sororities, but he could still count her boyfriends on both hands and now one foot, starting with who she dated in middle school. She couldn't seem to make up her mind about who she wanted to chill with on the long term.

At least her current boyfriend was kind of cool. He knew enough about gaming to have a conversation with, but outside of playstation and xbox he wasn't much to talk to. The dude was a bit of a jock. He hit it off real well with his sister because he'd run track and field at his high school, too. They had that as a shared interest and were both active runners to this day. She'd go jogging just about every day.

"Pizza again?" He asked her. The dude normally just brought pizzas, which was cool. Chase didn't appreciate the free carbs and calories though. Another love-hate thing. He shared his sisters metabolism, but not her exercise habits. He was a bit softer around his middle than he'd like,

but not 'fat' yet. He was on the verge of tipping over the line and running a mile or two to work himself back to a more comfortable weight.

"Yeah, you want some?" She asked and he nodded. Most of his attention was on his game, but she told him that she'd let her 'boy' know, and left him to his gaming.

Ever since they started dating Chase discovered that his sister wasn't as modest as she used to be. He just figured her boyfriend was just really bold and didn't give any fucks, and that that had worn off a bit on his sister. It's wasn't just pizza the guy was bringing when he showed up. He'd be hauling along his sausage and packing his sister tight with it before bailing out to go back to the frat house he stayed in.

Because of that he started keeping his headset on the floor next to the couch so he could put them on while he was playing, and they were fucking. After that first time she got nailed to the cross by her boyfriend (phrased that way because he now knew that she's a screamer) she got ultra ashamed of herself and told him to 'please' wear his headset. It wasn't all bad, to be honest. They started fighting less over who got to use the living room because of it.

He didn't give a shit about what she did either. Not any of his business.

When her boyfriend arrived it was Chase that answered the resulting knock. His sister was in the bathroom and he could hear a blow dryer running. She was obsessed with her hair. He opened the door to see the familiar tall zebra standing on the welcome mat with two pizza boxes in hand with a two liter of Sprite.

"Hey, Chase!" He greeted him real friendly, and the cat greeted him back and let the guy inside. Chase and his sister were about the same height, and very average. Well, Chase was average in height for a guy so that sort of made his sister tall for a girl? Either way, her boyfriend was a head and a half taller than both of them.

"Cindy is in the bathroom." He told the zebra who was depositing the food and drink on the kitchen counter.

"Sweet." He said and started walking his way back to the bathroom. As Chase opened both pizza boxes to find the meat lovers he kept an eye on the little hallway that led to the bathroom and bedrooms. He wondered if they were even going to bother eating first before they got to fucking.

The hair dryer turned off and the lovebirds emerged back into the front of the apartment with her hanging off his arm. She was pretty lovey dovey with the guy. At least she was more affection with this one than she'd been with all her exes. Maybe she'd actually keep this guy around? Chase sure as fuck hoped she would. The zebra was alright. He agreed with her that her exes were trash.

The apartment was small, and their kitchen table was more like a poker table fit for four. They sat around the circle in a triangle with the pizza boxes stacked in the middle. Her boyfriend made friendly small talk

with Chase while his sister mostly ignored the gamer chat and kept trying to nose her way into a convo with her boyfriend about what they wanted to do this weekend. She ended up succeeding in making plans for a movie on Saturday, and by the time Chase had polished off three slices of meat lovers his sister had downed two slices to her boyfriend's five.

The zebra could eat quick. Both of them were eating quick, and duh, of course they were. He wasn't making it obvious that he was watching, but Chase did notice that her left hand kept disappearing to her lap to do something that made her boyfriend grin.

All of a sudden she felt a light kick to his shin, and he looked up from his paper plate to his sister. She slyly gave him a glance, a kind of special signal she'd started giving him whenever her boyfriend was over at their place, and then she stood up.

"Let's go talk." She told her boyfriend.

Why did she even bother giving him a signal like that if she was just going to ask her boyfriend to fuck right there? Sure, she did say 'talk', but come on. They'd been dating for almost two months now and they fucked in the apartment nine times out of fucking ten when they were here. She was just terrified of her brother overhearing them bump uglies.

It also didn't help any that her boyfriend wore the look of a man who was about to score.

Her boyfriend stood up to join his sister with the zebra flashing Chase the briefest of waves as he began to follow his sister back to her bedroom. Per his agreement with his sister he stood up and put the pizza boxes away in the fridge, then went back to the couch where his controller sat. He sat himself back down, then leaned forward to pick his headset up off the floor and plugged the cord into the top of the controller.

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"Missed you." Brad told her while he left kisses all over her neck. She'd tugged her top off as soon as she got through her bedroom door. She was so into it that she couldn't be bothered to 'delay' their lovemaking like she normally did. Most of the time she would initiate quieter foreplay so her brother could have time to 'tune her out' with one of his video games.

"I bet you did." She whispered back and reached behind his head to run her fingers through his mane.

He always knew what to do, and one of his hands was already unclipping her bra. She felt her breasts go slack as her bra gave way. Between the two of them her bra was discarded to the floor by one hand while her own hands reached for his waistline.

She popped his pants open right as he aggressively took her by the shoulders and planted a kiss on her lips. He was so much taller than her

it make her tingle with how he could lean over her like that. He shoved her backwards and she collapsed onto the bed. She lifted one leg and he grabbed it, and her shoe, and yanked it off. They repeated this with her other foot before he knelt in front of her at the edge of the bed so he could start tugging her shorts down her legs.

As he made his way through her clothing and to her mound she was already soaked for him. She fucking loved having sex with him! Her exes were all terrible or average in bed, but Brad knew how to do things she didn't know were possible!

Their first time had been so frightening. His huge equine cock was bigger than anything she'd ever seen in person. A photo on the internet wasn't enough to prepare her psychologically for meeting a horse cock in real life! Had it not been for the copious amount of alcohol she'd been drinking she'd never have let him near her naked.

But they were both wasted that night at a party, and he got real friendly with her. Cindy always thought that he was handsome, and then there he was touching her shoulder and thigh with lots of drunken flirting she thought was cute. At the time she thought it'd be a great idea to suck his cock, and that night ended with his makeup smeared cock slurping out of her pussy after an hour of drunk sex. They'd started hooking up regularly after that, and then she decided to make it officially a relationship. She just couldn't keep away from the big striped hunk!

Brad slipped two thick fingers in her and rooted them around inside until she was purring with an arched back. He found her gspot and started rubbing firm circles over it. She moaned his name and grabbed at his hair. He was licking and sucking on her clit and once again he took her to heaven. He really did know how to do everything a man could do to a woman!

When he pulled his fingers from her they were completely coated in her girl spunk. She watched him stand up and begin to pull his jeans down his legs. As he stripped she marveled at how hot her boyfriend was, and how lucky she was to have bagged him! All that toned muscle made her squeal with delight on the inside.

His cock popped free from his pants and hung in front of him like a heavy cylinder of cookie dough. As he pulled his shirt over his head she watched his dick twitch and rise in the air as blood flowed through every vein and capillary in his cock. His blunt and flat cockhead widened with every twitch. Brad dropped his shirt to the floor and he was finally standing there in front of her in all his nude, statuesque, glory.

"Gonna wreck my pussycat." He told her with a grin and wrapped a hand around his shaft to stroke himself once. He was stiffening faster now until his entire cock was snapped taut and erect. She felt herself trembling with fear and anticipation, just like always, as he ran his fingers over his sublime shaft. He touched the crown of his flare, then slid his finger tips down to his medial ring.

"Fucking break me, baby." She told him boldly. Her bravado never lasted the entire time. She wore it well at first, but there was always that moment where her fight and flight response kicked in. That was when he would make her take it, and then he'd break her. She'd be his all over again same as always. A meowing, yowling, dumb pussy with over a foot of cock being rammed into her too tight tunnel.

She loved it!

Brad leaned over her and put a hand over her neck. She sank into her bed as the pressure mounted over her neck and she stupidly wore a manic grin. Her boyfriend was watching her eyes, and in turn she watched his. He rocked his hips and she felt his blunt flare slap against her entrance, then immediately slip upward with his shaft now sliding over her tummy.

He rocked his hips again, and the act was repeated. His head would bump against her lips, then slide over her clit to search for her belly button. Finally, with one easy thrust his flare met her pussy, and was caught. It was only for a moment, but she groaned for him as his flare gently pried her lips apart before his prick slipped free and ground roughly over her clit. His cock landed with a thud over her stomach.

"Love my pussycat." He whispered down to her and she nodded back at him with her chin lightly tapping his hand. His free hand grabbed his dick right behind the flare and his eyes looked down her body so he could aim himself. She felt her boyfriend press his cock back at her lips and his hips rocked forward.

She grunted, and whined, as his flare slowly worked his cunt open. She'd been so drunk that first time he fucked her that she had no idea what he did to get his dick in her, and even after that she drank heavily for that precious liquid bravery whenever they fucked. By the time she was fucking him sober she was already loose like a sorority slut down there. She could finger herself and tell that her inner walls and outer lips were easy to stretch out. Brad had fucked her into being a size queen, and now she wondered if she could ever go back to fucking an average guy.

The top of his flare squeezed between her lips, and then a short moment later it was followed by the entire bulk of his cockhead. She was smiling through gritted teeth as she endured that first penetration.

"Atta girl, baby." He knew he was home free now. Brad pushed his hips forward and inward his dick sank. She could feel the broad crown of his flare drag across her inner walls until he tapped her cervix. Once, only a month or so ago, she'd have found this painful, but now she greeted his bottoming out in her with a happy whine. Reaching her inner barrier didn't stop him. Her cunt had learned to stretch, and he made her stretch with a firmer push.

She felt his cock lift her cervix up until it was crammed against her uterus, and she felt the wind leave her lungs. She felt both stuffed and winded at once and when he pulled his cock back she sucked in a big breath.

"Yeah, like that." He whispered to her and rocked his hips forward again. He slowly worked his cock in and out of her while she happily enjoyed the feel of his equine dick plundering her pussy. She wrapped a hand around his wrist and held onto him affectionately. Her other hand was trembling as she rubbed her belly button with her palm in a slow circle. She could fucking feel him through her stomach!

As he moved within her she felt herself slowly letting go of all that bravado. The reason was due to his slowly increasing pace. Brad could never keep himself slow and steady for very long. Before she knew it his cock was quickly thumping deep within her. Every thrust knocked a grunt out of her.

Through all her panting she could hardly utter a word, and her boyfriend had long since shut his eyes and tilted his head back in concentration. His movements were perfectly tuned at a fast rhythm that was now making her double size bed creak and rock against the bedroom wall.

She tried saying his name as her hand tightened on his wrist, but all that escaped her throat was a gag. The hand on her throat was pressing firmer against her trachea and she was working harder to take in air. Her lightheadedness led to a tingle of fear in the back of her mind even as her legs shuddered and shook with her first orgasm.

"Pop that cork, baby." He grunted over her and slammed his cock home in her hard. She yelped and squeezed his wrist. He knocked his dick in her a second time to begin a new, faster, tempo. He didn't stop. Her back arched and she writhed under him, but the hand on her neck held her in place as his cock violated her insides like a battering ram.

"Take that dick, baby!" He grunted again. His hand left her throat briefly, and she then found both his hands wrapping around her neck so his palms pressed down on her collarbone. As she struggled to breathe she felt him bottom out inside her again with that girthy medial ring slipping in and out of her entrance.

She knew that no matter how deep he got that he could never hope to plug her with his entire cock. He was enormous, and that fat ring around the middle of his cock would plug her cunt just inside her pussy lips. She could feel his thrusts pull and push that fat ring in and out of her to bump through the strained lips of her tunnel.

It was amazing! His flare raked her walls on one end while his ring did the same on the other. What other man could do this filthy shit to her? She came all over his cock again and signalled it with her first scream. It was strained, weak from her struggle for air, but a scream of ecstasy nonetheless. Brad always made her cum!

"That's it!" he snorted and she could hear him switching to breath through his nose as his teeth no doubt were now clenching tight like a steel trap. As he grunted and snorted over her she could feel his orgasm approaching. He was going to cum in her!

That fat equine cock was stiffening like a steel rod inside her. His medial ring was fattening up with blood, and his flare was widening. He was getting thicker from base to tip in preparation of seeding his favorite pussycat, her!

She scream for him again as the head of his cock flared up to full size. As it expanded within her she felt her walls stretch tighter and tighter to accommodate his stupidly thick girth. As he grew she could feel her cervix become taut with pressure. Her petite feline body wasn't meant to take a zebra's gorgeous cock! He kept stretching her hole open until she was absolutely positive that he was gaping the entrance to her very womb.

The medial ring, swollen now with rich, hot blood, sank through her outer lips and she felt him stick inside her. His backthrust didn't yank his ring back out of her. He'd finally swollen to his full glory and now his thrusts only rocked his cock back and forth an inch at a time. She could feel the suction working against her uterus as his flared tip plugged and tugged her opening. It was like he was trying to dislodge the eggs right from her ovaries!

He snorted over her hard and started roughly hammering himself against her womb while his grip tightened over her neck. She tried to scream his name, but was choked silent. His balls tightened between his thighs and drew up taut as iron. She felt the cum blast through his cock as it rushed down through the middle of his dick.

Her eyes rolled back from the lack of air and the ecstasy knocked her out cold as her boyfriend's cum exploded against her cervix to flood her womb with just the first two ropes of seed. Every rope that came afterward was just sweet icing that forced her belly to swell with his seed while she went limp on the bed with her boyfriend still humping away in and effort to drain his balls.

When he was finally finished with her he had to grab her by the hips and slowly yank his cock from her. Even when she was out cold her cunt still gripped and clung to his rod. His cock, still fully erect with arousal, tugged at her insides as he pulled himself free of her. His shaft began the slow journey of slurping out of her one inch at a time. His massive flare exited her last with a wet pop, which was quickly followed by a gush of thick zebra cream.

She was unconscious for all this, of course. Brad knocked her out cold almost every time he fucked her. He'd bring her forcibly to the peak of ecstasy and leave her limp and lifeless on her bed. Never would she have imagined herself being such a masochist, but with Brad she'd learned how to tolerate, appreciate, and then love all the bedroom filth he wanted to sling at her. Cindy loved everything he did to her.

He was usually gone when she woke back up, as he was often too impatient to wait the thirty or so minutes it took for her senses to return to her sex addled mind and body.

When she finally came to she spent a few minutes collecting her thoughts and gave her legs time to regain the strength to walk. She finally

righted herself and looked over her bed and let her hand rub the swell of her stomach. It was time again to do her laundry. Her bed was always a sticky mess of cum when her boyfriend came and fucked her. It was a lame chore, but a small price to pay for the amazing sex she was getting in exchange for it.

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Chase was waiting for the game to send him back to matchmaking when he heard his sister open her bedroom door. Her boyfriend had left a half hour or so ago. She walked in wearing some pajama pants and one of her boyfriend's oversized tees, and in her arms was the usual post-sex bundle of bedding. They had a washer and dryer tucked away in a closet next to their kitchen.

"Did Brad say anything before he left?" She asked him. He waited a few moments and kept watching the tv. He was finally being brought back to the matchmaking and he selected the option to play another match.

"Hey!" She shouted at him after dumping her bundle of bedding into the washer.

Chase reached up to his headset and moved one earpiece off his ear.

"What?" He asked her.

"Did Bradley say anything to you before he left!" She asked again as she unscrewed the top off a jug of detergent.

"He said he'd text you this evening after he finishes his workout." He told her. He and Brad never really spoke much after he finished fucking his sister. That'd be a bit awkward, you know? Cindy made a huff noise like she was frustrated with not being left a better message from her boyfriend.

Chase watched her from the corner of his eye as she went through the motions of started up the load of laundry. Every time she turned enough to show a bit of her profile he could see the how her lower stomach was domed out slightly. Chase could only grin a bit. There wasn't anything his sister could do to hide all the evidence of her sleeping with her boyfriend. He slid his hand to the top of his controller and finished plugging the cord in all the way so he could actually hear his game.