Moralities Downfall – Little Brother Stolen by Bovine Mamano Duo

Arnhild the Inquisitor and her retinue steadily marched through the woods, every member tense for danger. Some of the group members were experienced agents under her employ, the rest were the militia of the local village, gathered and equipped semi-hastily in defense of their home. Every man and women in the group is tense, all of them knew that there are Beastwomen in these woods and that if the monsters completed their ritual, their village of several hundred people would be corrupted. Anyone with experience in fighting monsters had even more reason to be tense, ideally, they would ambush the Beastwomen while they were casting their ritual, but they knew that even elves find ambushing Beastwomen to be extremely difficult.

"We're almost there" said one of Arnhild's retinue members. With that statement, she and her retinue doused their torches, replacing them with either another weapon or a two-handed weapon. "Remember, only intervene when you see a flare or hear gunshots" she ordered the militia who nodded in affirmation. The group of professionals crept forward, the moon and stars their only source of light. In a short time, a small clearing came into view, the site of the ritual. Five chanting Shamans surrounded a rutting man and mamano pair, one of the chanting spellcasters possessing more ornate horn decorations and clothing. As the group moved closer to put the spellcasters in missile range, a shrill whistle sounded out through the woods from an unseen sentry.

Arnhild swiftly took a hand off her Long Rifle, drew her flare-gun, and fired in the air to draw the militia over but in the time it took to do this, the monsters were already on them. She dropped the Long Rifle and flare-gun to draw her sword and pistol. A beastwoman rushed toward her from the front and she swiftly leveled her pistol and shot her. Before she could finish the monster off, she felt a spear strike her from behind, the attack failing to disable her due to her armor. She spun around to face her attacker, parried a second stab, and then stepped forward to slash at her opponent. Rather than lunging or swiping, the beastwoman hopped backwards and then stabbed again, which Arnhild barely avoided. This Beastwoman had a cautious fighting style, rather than trying to end the fight quickly, she would withdraw from any opposing attacks and strike at an enemy trying to withdraw, all while maintaining a steady distance gap. While Arnhild might be able to win this fight, it would give time for the completion of the ritual and with her retinue outnumbered, she couldn't rely on them to break this stalemate.

“CHARGE!” screamed an unknown militiaman as many militia rushed forward with weapons drawn, others staying back to fire bows at any Beastwoman in sight. One of the militiamen joined Arnhild’s battle, giving her time to break off and recollect her Long Rifle, moving a little closer so that the ritual casters were in effective range, she took aim and fired on a subordinate chanter. The bullet struck her in the ribs, knocking her over and breaking her concentration, causing the rest of the ritual to fall apart by the interruption. One of the chanter’s took out a whistle and blew a tune, different from the one that was sounded to signal the detection of intruders.

The fighting Beastwomen took heed of the tune and started to retreat, quickly gathering up any fallen body from either side that they could and then bounding off into the wilderness. Several militia members moved to pursue but were stopped by a shout from Arnhild. Arnhild started taking account of the aftermath, counting the members of her retinue and the militia that remained. The monsters had gathered all their dead and wounded, a total of 9 militia were missing, 3 militia were disabled but had not been taken and none of her retinue were unaccounted for. The reality of her work is that loss of any of her agents was always a bigger loss to the fight against the mamano than the loss of a few civilians due to the expensive training and priceless experience that they possess.

The return to the village was delayed by a short argument with the militia who wanted to immediately try to rescue their lost fellows until she convinced them with the argument that it would be better to do so during daylight and the threat of refusing to provide aid if they gave chase immediately. The trip back was an uneventful one.

At the dawn of the next morning, Arnhild had packed her things and was already readying her horse. “Going home so soon Ms. Katterfeld?” came a voice behind her. Arnhild turned around, “Yes, I think my contribution here is done. I trust that you and your companions can handle the aftermath?”

“Yeah, we’ll handle it”, he said. “The two women who are being treated, we’re quite sure they aren’t going to stay human… What’s your advice?”

“The standard practice. Offer them purgatory and if they refuse, give them perdition.” Arnhild pulls herself up onto her horse. “It’s the first time your cell has had to give that offer, isn’t it? I know it’s sad to demand the service of unwillingly corrupted people at the threat of death but it’s the reality. If personal failing leads them to let their corruption change their mind as well as their body, it’s better that they be near someone who can stop them.”

The man sighed. “I know, but it doesn’t make it any easier.” Arnhild nodded to him and gave her horse a kick, setting it in a trot away from the village.

From a distance, two figures watched Arnhild and her subordinate’s conversation and then her departure. One is the Great Shaman who was leading the ritual, the other is a Succubus. “Are you sure you’ve figured out where she’s going next and what her weakness is?” asked the Shaman.

“Indeed, I think I have her figured out; it can’t be exploited by us married women but I’m sure you have a single mamano to spare.” The Succubus held up an orb. “Just find any number of maidens who like the energy signature copy in this orb, and I’ll help them find a husband and make her into an asset instead of an enemy.”

It had taken two days ride from that village, but Arnhild had finally reached her apartment glad to finally see the one thing that keeps her managing her stressful job. She grabbed her key out of her pocket and unlocked the door to enter. “I’m home” she announced.

She was greeted by a man in an apron. “Ah, welcome home big sister! I made dinner for us.”

The sight of the one person she could always be open to made Arnhild tear up a little and she moved to hug him. “Ah, Raban, thank you. Big sister was working hard for the past few days.”

“Big sis, be careful” Raban said, lifting the plate to avoid dropping dinner. He led her to the dinner table. “Come on, take a seat.”

The two settled in to eat. “How was engineering school? Did you win the election to class representative?”

“I did, though I still mess up from time to time. I’m sure I’ll be as great as you some day.”

“I’m sure you’ll be far better” Arnhild smiled. When the two lost their parents, they only had each other. Arnhild joined an Inquisitor’s cell to support them, rising to becoming an Inquisitor herself. It’s a stressful job, but thanks to the money she earns, Raban doesn’t have to take a loan to pay for engineering school.

After dinner, Arnhild sat down at her working desk. The worst part of fieldwork is coming back and dealing with the paperwork that piles up while she’s gone. She had a multitude of cells to manage, each with their own members, their own tasks, and their own resources. With the information from this barrage of reports, she is to direct additional resources to the cells as needed and personally intervene in a cell endeavors whenever she judges that it is required. This is not helped by how every cell would consciously or unconsciously embellish the threats they are facing so that they would receive more resources to deal with the problems.

Several hours passed and the fatigue from managing paperwork and keeping alert while a lone traveler on the not-always-safe roads had caused her to fall asleep at her desk. Raban knocked at her door. “Big sister, I brought your tea.” He waited a few seconds but received no response. “Big sister?” Raban entered the room to find his sleeping sister. Raban grabbed a blanket and draped it over Arnhild which caused her to momentarily stir. “You’re going to catch a cold. Good night big sister.”

“Raban” she thought. “Your big sister is going to work hard for you tomorrow as well.”

Raban was shopping for groceries in the market, examining the produce for defects and haggling with any merchants when he thinks that he can. After gathering the groceries, he gets interrupted by a voice from behind him on the way home. “Hey boy.”

“Yes?” Raban asks. He turns to look at the source of the voice to see the two tallest and most buxom women he had ever seen. He was of average height for a full-grown man, but they towered over him to the extent that he must look up so that he’s not talking to their breasts. They were dressed identically in a shirt and skirt.

“You’re Arnhild’s little brother, right?” the woman who got his attention asked. She was more well-endowed than the other with fit arms and legs and her neat and straight hair colored both black and white.

“Y-yes I am…” Raban replies, struggling to not talk to her breasts.

“Fufu, this is going to be fun” said the other woman as she moved to his side. This woman was slightly less well-endowed than the other, her brown hair is messy and rough, and her arms and legs are impressively muscled.

“My name is Rihldia” said the first woman. “And I’m Maesian” said the other.

“Your big sister is in a bit of trouble right now” said Rihldia, who then started sucking on her fingers. “So could you come with us?” said Maesian, leaning forward to put her head at eye level with him.

Arnhild, having finished her own errands, reentered the house. “I’m home” she announced. After receiving no response, she called out “Raban?”, noting that he should have been home by now and wondering if something happened. She felt a vibration in her pocket from her Projecting Mirror and pulled it out to see that Raban had sent her a video call. A press of a rune activated the mirror, and an image came on screen of Raban with two strange women clinging to him and making peace signs. They both spoke at once. “Heyo Inquisitor. You watching this? You work awfully hard. So as our way of thanks, we’re going to teach your little bro how to have a bunch of fun with us. So go ahead and relish the sight of your little bro.”

Arnhild could only stand and stare at them, confused on who these women are and what they are doing with her brother. “Hello?” said one. “Can you hear us? Helloooo” said another. “It seems like she can’t hear us” noted one of them, “Guess we’ll start now.”

The two women sat down on the bed behind them, pulling Raban with them. “U-um, aren’t you two big sister’s friends?”

“You don’t have to worry about that”, said Maesian. “Let’s all play together” said Rihldia.

The two women both blew into Raban’s ears. His eyes glazed over a bit at the unfamiliar sensation. “Wha- stop it, both of you!”

“No way”, said Rihldia. “Your sister has been really mean to a lot of people after all” said Maesian. “So just sit back and watch while we turn your sweet little brother into a grown-up”, said Rihldia.

“Strippy strip time Raban” the woman said as one woman pulled the clothes off his upper body and the other off his lower body. Both Raban and Arnhild voiced their protests. “Sorry but nope! I can’t stop myself anymore. Time to take the first bite”, said Maesian. She stuck his cock into her mouth, her tongue sliding out and out, revealing it to be 7 inches long. “Ah, you stole first place, no fair” Rihldia complained.

Rihldia woman kneeled to hug Raban’s back. “This kid is super lucky to get his first fellatio from Maesian. I bet he’ll never forget this moment.” She reached her hand around Raban’s side to pinch Raban’s nipple, causing him to tilt his head back and moan. “We’ll make him feel really good.” While the woman would bob her head up and down a little, what was far more prominent was the movements of her tongue, lashing back and forth around his cock. “It must feel amazing Raban. The way she licks means she must find you sweeter and tastier than candy.”

“S-stop it! Raban doesn’t like it!” Arnhild yelled into the mirror.

“Eeh? No way, he’ll love it. Maesian has gotten a lot of practice on a dildo for this day”. To emphasize the other woman’s point, Maesian woman shows how flexible she can be, pulling out until she’s only kissing the tip. The hot, slippery wetness of her tongue turns sideways, mashing against the side of his crown. A split-second later, it slides down and her tongue makes another loop on his cock. The process continues, girding his manhood in wide, spit-lubed tongue until the entire thing is cocooned in Maesian’s velvet embrace. Raban groans out load in pleasure, blushing at his wanton behavior but unable to make himself into wanting it to end. Hearing his pleasure, Maesian opens her lips wide to engulf him wholly in her mouth.

“Please, please stop! He’s my precious little brother…” Rihldia relocates the Projecting Mirror so that Arnhild can get a point-of-view image of Raban getting sucked off. Maesian’s fellatio is like a strange hybrid of vaginal intercourse and a blowjob. The entire time, she looks at the Projecting Mirror, her eyes sparkling with amusement even as the rest of her countenance blushes with lust. Raban moans happily, hips rocking instinctively against Maesian’s vacuum-tight tongue-job as her blowjob becomes more vigorous.

“Are you getting a good view Ms. Inquisitor? The way she can move her tongue is a little gross though?” Instead of using her corkscrew technique, she slides her hot mouth up and down with practiced ease. She cups Raban’s testicles and caresses the twitching orbs, giving them gentle squeezes each time the pleasure forces them to involuntarily contract towards his groin.

Rihldia then licks Raban’s ear. “Hey, the final vacuum attack is coming up. Go on and savor her super lewd vacuum, and orgasm so hard you’ll gain a fetish for it, all while your big sister is watching.”

“Nooo! Stooop!” Arnhild yelled. Maesian closes her eyes and makes a peace sign to the mirror. Her tongue goes crazy, corkscrewing and stroking at the same time. Raban’s eyes cross as he tries to hold out but in seconds, the telltale warmth builds inside him. She pulls her tongue so tight that release becomes impossible. She looks up and stares at him for a few seconds, winks and then relaxes, making him fill her mouth with a single stream of cum, possibly the largest one he can produce as of right now. She puts her tongue back to work, pumping it up and down his length to coax out the last spurts of his semen from his cock.

Maesian pulls back and licks her lips to gather up the little that she spilled. “Give me a share too” Rihldia demands. She tongue-kisses her companion, stealing away half of the cum she had sucked from Raban. The two women then looked towards the mirror with Raban in the background, opening their mouths to show off their half-loads of cum. “Uwah. What a thick load. Your little bro sure gave us a nice meal” gargles Maesian. The delicious taste of semen the two women are savoring makes their heads cloudy and the loss in concentration causes the spells disguising their nature to fail. The shimmering images of horns on their head, bovine ears, fur on their legs and cloven hooves instead of feet appear on their bodies or replace the original feature as the enchantment dissolves. Maesian had been revealed to be a Minotaur and the Rihldia a Holstaur.

The site of her defiled brother causes Arnhild to drop her mirror on the ground and fall to her hands and knees, tears in her eyes and mentally chastising herself for only being able to stand and watch. She’s so focused on the scene that she doesn’t notice the heat in her chest, the moistening of her panties or her hand creeping downwards to touch herself.

Raban recovers and absorbs the women's new forms. He shrinks away from them, backing into the headboard and covering himself with the blanket. "Stop doing this! Stay away from me you monsters! This is something I'm only supposed to do with the woman I marry". Raban's defiance makes Arnhild recover her composure but the monsters are unfazed, giving him lustful stares and licking their lips. "You're such a well-behaved boy Raban. You make Ms. Inquisitor seem like such a small existence." The two women removed their shirts slowly and teasingly. "We just wanted to play a bit of a prank, but now we've gotten fired up." Rihldia grabbed one of her nipples and squirted out some milk which she then smeared onto her chest as lotion. "If you're going to tell us that then how about a challenge between our boobs and your dick."

"Eh? S-so big…" Raban blurted, being unable to stop himself from staring at her massive breasts.

"I'll take your cock and smother it in these boobs. If you don't spurt after five minutes, then you win. We'll never do this to you again. Raban's a good boy after all. No way he'll lose to these boobs, right?"

"Wait! Don't accept their…" Arnhild protested but was cut short by Maesian pressing a rune on the Projecting Mirror to shut off the speaker. "Shut up step-sister."

"Alright, I accep…" but Raban was cut off by Rihldia pushing him down. "Okay! Time for a match with these meter-breaking boobs." She buries his rigid manhood in her massive tits, making Raban gasp as they softly engulf every inch of his length. Not even the tip could peak out of her deep cleavage. She tightly presses her heavenly boobs together, delightfully increasing the pressure in her cleavage as she rapidly pumps her breasts, working to milk another thick load out of his aching balls.

Arnhild could only stare shocked at the scene, wishing that Raban hadn't accepted a match like that and praying that he manages to bear through it. "What a shame" said Maesian. "She could have held back a little more than that. Sorry Raban, I'll make up for that. By

adding my boobs as well". Maesian presses her marshmallow cleavage onto Raban's head, smothering him in her huge tits while twisting his nipples with her fingers. "C'mon, hang in there! Hang in there! Don't lose to the boobs".

Rihldia slowly but steadily increases the pace of her bouncing breasts, sending jiggly waves of pleasure reverberating through Raban's hips, the pumping strokes making him shiver and gasp incoherently, his face loosening with pleasure as he gets closer and closer to the edge. "This isn't fair. Your boobs are too powerful" complains Raban. Maesian squeezes her bountiful tits harder and pulls Raban deeper into her cleavage. "C'mon, I feel you about to cum" said Rihldia. She breaks her pace and rapidly strokes his dick with her bountiful tits three times and Raban cries out in ecstasy while his body quivers and tenses in orgasm, his manhood spurting a thick load between her cleavage, a single rope of cum escaping their depths to land on her chest.

"Spurty spurt. You lost to the evil booby ladies and cum on them. Spurty spurt" boasted the Rihldia.

Maesian took her breasts off Raban, revealing his flushed face, glazed over face and mouth open with tongue hanging out. "Aww, poor Raban. What an unbecoming face for a boy to make". She moved behind her fellow mamano and spread her breasts, revealing the massive load he had emptied into her cleavage. "Check it out. Look how much semen you orgasmed when you lost."

"Boys just can't beat the boobs" Rihldia stated and then emphasized by twisting her nipples to mark Raban with some of her milk. "Remember that well Raban."

On the other side of the Projecting Mirror, Arnhild could only stare with a mix of lust and despair at her brother's sweet face being reduced to such a feeble state. She looked down and realized where her hand was. "Eh? N-no way. I've been touching myself. What's gotten into me?"

The mamano stood up and stripped off their skirts, leaving them only in their tie-side panties. “Time for a punishment game for the loser. But since Raban is such as good boy, we’ll give him one last chance.” They repositioned the Projecting Mirror so that the bowtie string holding up their panties between them are in view. “These strings. If you don’t pull them, then you’ll be the winner. Simple, isn’t it? But if you do pull them… Then our meaty pervert pussies will be fully exposed, and we’ll start a new punishment game that’s more fun and perverted than before.” The women each grabbed one of Raban’s hands and guided them to grasp the strings holding their panties up. “It would surely melt your brain. That’s why you really should not pull these strings. But if you’re fine with that, then pull them slowly, and receive your punishment.”

Raban could not resist the offer to have more fun with them and pulled the strings. “Alright, it’s punishment time.” The mamano pulled at the bows on the other sides of their panties, leaving them completely bare. Maesian spread her legs so that Raban could get a good view of her pussy and then Rihldia spread the lips of Maesian’s pussy with her fingers. “Okie-dokie, Raban’s sensitive virgin dick is going to be chomped by this ultra-tight carnivorous pussy.”

Maesian pushed Raban onto his back while her companion moved the mirror so that Arnhild could see where they were about to connect. “Always remember that I took your first time alright?” She presses the tip of Raban’s cock against her entrance, gyrating her hips in a slow circle. She tilts Raban’s head up so he can see where they are about to connect and the Projecting Mirror showing their intercourse to his sister. “Take a good look. I’m about to rape you. I’m going to fuck you so hard that you’ll never be a good boy again”. Maesian lowered herself agonizingly slowly, steadily forcing Raban to penetrate her.

“N-no, you can’t do this” Raban said, combined with struggling to get out from under the bigger woman’s body.

“Eeh? Come on, only half of it is inside” Maesian paused to look Raban over a bit. “I guess it can’t be helped. Let’s take a tiny break.” She gently pulled up her pussy until only the head of Raban’s cock was inside of it. “Pull out slowly… aaand… there!” Her hips plunged down, shoving Raban’s whole cock into her hungry pussy. She forces Raban to tilt his head up,

pulling him into a deep, loving kiss while grinding her hips against him, the two moaning into each other's mouths.

"Oh boy, Maesian is really eager" says Rihldia, holding the phone to show what she is doing to Raban. Her tight mamano pussy clings desperately to his erect and throbbing manhood, providing an intensely pleasurable sensation to his groin and sending them both into the throes of an orgasmic high. Her pussy eagerly accepts his seed, clamping down hard as he cums and sending shivers of bliss through him. "Watch as she makes him cum while ravaging his mouth with a deep intimate kiss. And she's too eager to end it anytime soon. I hope he doesn't get traumatized from this."

Rihldia turns the mirror so she can see Arnhild's drooling, lust shrouded face. "How did you like it stepsister? It's not every day that you get to watch your little brother lose his virginity." A few seconds of waiting and Rihldia didn't get a response, not being able to see Arnhild playing with herself, her panties soaked and dripping with feminine emissions. Arnhild's pussy squirted at her orgasm and she passed out.

Sometime later, Arnhild awoke groggily, hearing Raban calling out "Big Sister" over and over. "Heyo Inquisitor" Maesian greeted. "Did you just wake up? We still haven't stopped." She moved the mirror so that it shows Raban and Rihldia. Raban was on top of Rihldia and penetrating her. Rihldia is hugging his head into her cleavage while his hands are buried into her breasts, groping, and teasing the massive pair. Arnhild realizes that Raban isn't calling for her biological big sister but is instead calling Rihldia big sister.

He pulls his head out of his chest and clumsily starts biting on Rihldia's breast, trying to drink from her nipple. Rihldia grabs the back of his head to help him, maneuvering him so that he can latch on and start drinking from her. The two sigh blissfully as Raban gulps down mouthful after mouthful of creamy milk, the warmth and sweet flavor making him a little dizzy and overwhelmed with comfort. His other hand moves from groping her breast to twisting its nipple, drawing out a smaller amount of milk than from the one he is sucking.

Rihldia pulls him off the nipple and moves him to the other breast. He moves his hand back to keeping ahold of Rihldia's breast and has his other hand switch to twisting and teasing its corresponding nipple.

Rihldia notices that Arnhild is watching them again. "Isn't Raban amazing? He's totally fawning over us. I bet he's been holding it in all this time." While Raban drinks, he thrusts into Rihldia, feeling his cockhead kiss her cervix with every thrust and sending mind-blanking jolts of pleasure through both in a constant tempo.

"Ah… Maesian, I can feel him about to cum. Let's sandwich him." Maesian puts the mirror down where Arnhild can see them fuck and then lies on top of Raban. "There we go. Squishy squishy." She uses her hips to pound Raban's hips into Rihldia. The pulsing molten heat in his groin is too much to bear any longer and with three final, definitive thrusts he cries out in orgasmic bliss, his cock spurting thick ropes of cum into her firmly muscled pussy. "C'mon, you have to spurty spurt every last drop until she's full."

"Wow, I think that's the biggest load he's ever given. We made him cum in the middle of an ejaculation. Isn't that so cool?" said Rihldia. "The pleasure must have melted his brain."

Rihldia grabbed the phone and angled it so that the three of them all had their faces visible to Arnhild, Raban's pleasure drunk expression sticking out of the cleavage of the two women. While Raban was too lust-addled to respond, the two mamano made peace signs to Arnhild.

As Arnhild processed the complete transformation that Raban had undergone, she realized that they had completely broken him, and the realization made her break too. The two mamano still weren't satisfied and continued to mate with Raban with Arnhild continuing to shamelessly masturbate to the sight.

Eventually, Rihldia was satisfied and Maesian was awfully close to being satisfied. As Rihldia was about to receive a final creampie, Maesian came up to them and they pressed Raban's

head between their breasts. “For the finale, a booby press full of pheromones. Squeeze!” They held still to engrave the aroma and texture of their boobs into his brain.

With the two women finally satisfied, they slumped back into the bed. “Alright, question time Raban” said Maesian. “Who are your real big sisters.”

“Maesian, Rihldia” Raban said in a quiet voice.

The two mamano reached out and stroked Raban’s cock. “What’s that? We couldn’t hear you.”

“It’s Maesian and Rihldia!” Raban cried out.

“Nfufu. Good boy, good boy” they praised. The three turned to face the projecting mirror. “What did you think step-sister? Did you enjoy the sight of how adorable Raban is? It’s late out, so we’ll keep him company for the rest of the night.”

The sleeping trio started to stir as the light of the morning filtered through the window. They were woken up fully by the clapping of a Succubus. “Good work. Good work. When I get to see my husband again, he’ll have a lot of lust to satisfy.”

“Do you think it was a success?” asked one of the bovine mamano.

“I think you two did great. Ms. Inquisitor is the same type of person as Raban. She’s been holding herself back for a long time. I’ll have to lay some groundwork for what mamano she wishes to become, who she wishes to be her husband and how to help she will escape once the Inquisition realizes she is compromised but you two don’t have to worry about that.”

The Succubus felt the projecting mirror vibrate. “Oh look, she’s already contacted us. Sorry kids, but I need to have a little talk with her.”

After that, the daily life of Arnhild and Raban changed a bit. From time to time, Raban went to be with Maesian and Rihldia and during that time, he became their little brother. And so, until Arnhild was no longer more useful to the mamano as a human, Raban would show himself being raped for his big sister who masturbates to her little brother being defiled.