

The Loli Sisters

By

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Welcome, voyeurs of vulgarity, to a night of carnage unlike any presented on this channel previously. As always, we're broadcasting live via neural-uplink. As supplicated by many of our subscribers, I'll be providing a thought narrative throughout the sexy slaughter. There won't be an alternative narration from the second feed, as my baby sister doesn't embody the essential acuity. Trust me, it'd be utterly unintelligible.

For those with bandwidth restraints in the nethers only receiving the audio, I'll provide plenty of tantalizing details so everyone can enjoy the blithe bloodshed.

For the noobs, I'll supply a brief introduction before we enter the target's location, a popular nightclub which will remain undisclosed for the obvious reasons. The entry line is ridiculously long, but of course, we're skipping to the front. No one denies us. If they don't fall under our seduction, they fall under our vibroblades.

Feed One of this exciting exploit is transmitting from myself. My handle is Raz. The few people that have been given the rare privilege to get to know me personally before I killed them, considered me smart and stoic. I'm currently occupying the svelte body of a teenage Japanese girl spliced with fox genes, thus she has the usual long bushy tail and upright triangular ears, along with pronounced fangs. Her punky pixie-cut is blazing-blue and her almond-shaped eyes are dyed the same vibrant color. To conquer any confusion, I won't refer to my host separately from this point onward.

My sultry ensemble includes black knee-high combat boots with azure laces, black miniskirt with azure hem that leaves the lower quarter of my taut apple-bottom bared, with matching crotchless g-string panties, black suspenders with azure buckles that cover the tiny nipples of my plum-sized tits, which are otherwise visible through my azure fishnet bra. I didn't bother to put on a shirt, but I'm wearing an unzipped hoodie at the moment to conceal my weapon.

Feed Two is provided courtesy of my sister, using the handle Strawberry. She's cute and cheerful, presently inhabiting the shapely figure of a teenage French girl spliced with rabbit genes, hence the floppy ears and stubby tail. Plus her two front teeth are twice as long as the rest of her chompers. Her lengthy phosphorescent-pink hair is tied into pigtails with white bows and reach down to her heart-shaped rump. Her wide eyes are also dyed to match her hair.

Strawberry's rocking the smutty schoolgirl look with neon-pink sneakers, baby-pink thigh-high stockings, cotton panties, and lacy bra, with a neon-pink plaid pleated miniskirt. She isn't wearing a shirt under her unzipped hoodie, leaving her buoyant bosoms, the size and shape of honeydew melons, on display.

We are the very definition of bombshells. Lascivious and lethal. We've never failed to complete a contract or garner a second look from a passerby. We are ogled everywhere we go, and everywhere we go we leave our quarry bloodied. We have beguiled devoted religious men and bludgeoned dishonorable diplomats. We are the nameless assassins.

Okay, we're approaching the head of the line now. The doorman is a bloodhound splice. But don't fret, we're prepared for this. Our weapons have been glossed with a nanopolymer coating to conceal their scent.

Strawberry cuts the line, hopping in front of a pack of douchebag muscleheads spliced with pit bull genes. She beams up at the long-eared doorman with a big doe-eyed smile. And that's not an act. She is genuinely that chipper. The doorman's black, wet nose sniffs her up and down. She spins around with a giggle, leans forward and grasps her knees and arches her back to prop her ass.

I come up beside Strawberry, grip the hem of her miniskirt and lift it high, giving the doorman a peep at her round cheeks peeking out of her baby-pink panties. This tease never fails us. Her rump is too delicious.

Strawberry titters as the doorman pokes his nose between her cheeks with a pleased sigh, hunched like a pantsu deviant.

I wait for a count of five before clearing my throat. "Alright, pooch, that's enough ass savoring. Grant us entry. And make it full VIP."

The doorman retracts his nose from Strawberry's bum with a guilty grin, leaving a moist imprint behind. Without request for ID or payment, he swipes our wrists, uploading VIP access. We clearly don't meet the age requirement for the club, but he's too intoxicated by Strawberry's anal aroma to care.

Strawberry performs a jovial curtsy. "Thank you, Mr. Butthole Sniffer."

With an eye roll, I guide her forward. "Excuse her, she's *special*. She means that in the most respectful way."

We prance through the security vestibule with confident smiles. None of the sophisticated sensors or scanners detect our concealed weapons or true identities. We stroll past the automated coat check, beyond one of a dozen bars, and onto the main floor of the crowded club.

Electroporn booms from an Ambisonic system, creating full-sphere surround sound, and strobe lights pulse with the rhythm of the music. Below the transparent nano-glass dance floor, great schools of bioluminescent faux-fish of every color weave and whirl in a blurring kaleidoscope of rainbows. Reflected in the mirrored ceiling, tiny comets of holographic sparkles zip and zoom above the undulating sea of dancers like glittering faeries. An assortment of amphibian-spliced women in string bikinis swim dance in columns of bubbling water spaced throughout the vast room. The party is in full swing and it's still early.

Waitresses spliced with various cat breeds in skimpy cocktail dresses mingle with the patrons, selling shooters laced with Hype or Euphoria or Jaunt. Pixie Dust, the most illicit of all party favors, must be offered in the VIP areas only.

For the uninitiated, its street name was inspired by the prismatic aura that it gives to everything while you're under its influence, like you've entered a world of magick. At small doses, its effects include the adrenalin surge of Hype, the rapturous ecstasy of Euphoria, and the mind-bending trip of Jaunt. It's a potent fusion of effects. At larger doses, it induces increased speed and strength and raging madness, which with enough use, even only small doses, becomes permanent. It's also highly addictive, which means most users, even casual partiers, will eventually lose their minds and harm themselves and others.

How do I know Pixie Dust is served on the premises? Because our target is the kingpin of the syndicate that distributes the dangerous drug. In fact, it's produced in a lab in this building. The client for this job shared the blueprints and layout, via our agent of course. As a rule of the profession, we never communicate directly with any of our clientèle, nor are we aware of their identities. Entertainment and education can collaborate! I wonder if we can file as tax-exempt.

The nightclub consists of the first five stories of the building. There are five bouncers on each floor of the club. All of them are timber wolf spliced, so they're as vicious as they are deadly. We need to draw them all together. With these sexy bodies and slutty outfits, that shouldn't be a problem.

Taking Strawberry by the hand, I lead her toward the center of the dance floor. We're easily the shortest of the clubgoers, so I'm forced to elbow my way through the writhing mob. Strawberry waves up at everyone we pass. There's no turning her off.

When we reach the center, I snap my fingers in my sister's smiling face to glean her focus. "We're gonna do our special sister dance."

Strawberry's insistent smile stretches wider, as does her phosphorescent-pink eyes. "Ooo, that's my most favoritest!"

We've practiced it extensively as part of our routine. Browse our channel for an assortment of recordings demonstrating our diverse training methods. I usually wear yoga attire, which is revealing enough, but my sister wears a different concupiscent costume in each. She loves playing dress-up, as well as all the attention. Her Retro-Aerobicise vid in a frisky French maid outfit currently has the highest rating. It's won several fap awards.

I toss back my hoodie with a thrust of my shoulders, uncovering my upper torso while leaving my weapon on my lower back concealed. Mirroring me, Strawberry does the same. With our elbows at our sides pinning our hoodies in place, we begin to dance. Whirling our hips and rolling our shoulders, we move in sync with each other. Our prurient gazes are laser locked as we bob and weave and kick and slide. In my peripheral vision, I notice heads turning all around. And this is only our warm-up.

The beat drops out from under us and we plummet into a crouch. We hold it a moment, leaning forward to playfully rub the tips of our noses together while tying our hoodies around our waists. Then the music roars to life again and we both spring into a twirling mid-air split, catching everyone's eye.

Raising our arms above our heads, wrists limp, we allow our heads to lean freely and our eyes to stare blankly, playing the part of life-size marionette dolls. We hold the inanimate poses until the DJ cuts to a new tune. Then we flail ourselves about as if someone's pulling our strings while remaining in harmony with the beat and each other. Gradually, we take control of ourselves from the imaginary puppet master, starting with our eyes blinking and scanning back and forth as if seeing for the first time. We jerk our heads in the opposite direction the rest of our bodies are moving, snapping the invisible strings attached to our skulls, and then roll our heads on our shoulders as if testing our range of motion. Next, we liberate one arm at a time in the same fashion. And then finally, we kick our legs loose and break into a chaotic dance as if celebrating our newfound freedom.

The DJ fades the track into a slower tempo melody perfect for bumping and grinding, daring us to taunt the throng with our supple bodies.

I blow my sister a kiss, letting her know it's time for our special dance. We glide close, coil our arms around one another as we spin, tilt our heads and seal our lips together, our tongues lashing and laving in an explosive bout of ardent passion. I can feel eyes staring with vehement intensity. Our acute affection is sincere. I would do anything for her and I know she'd do the same for me.

I reach my hands under Strawberry's miniskirt, curl my fingertips under the hem of her cotton panties, grasping them tight, and with a quick yank, I wedge them deep into her crack as she giggles gleefully into my kissing mouth.

As we writhe with the music, I knead her firm cheeks, squeezing and pulling them apart. She does the same with mine, while we kiss with carnal moans of desire as men hoot and holler.

When the music begins to crescendo, I break our fervent kiss to discover hovering vid-eyes revolving around us, caught in our lustful gravitation. They're streaming our libidinous escapade to the holographic projector atop the DJ podium. It seems the majority of the nightclub is entranced by the enlarged representation of our inflamed revel. We're not only reeling in the timber wolves. Every canine splice in the club has been captivated and quite a few others.

Strawberry sinks into a stoop and swirls her tongue into my navel while skimming her palms up and down the backs of my slender thighs. While licking my lush lips, I sensually stroke her floppy ears as if they were a pair of thick dicks. The rabble erupts into cheers.

With a tug on her ears, I signal Strawberry to rise. Turning my back and holding her gaze over my shoulder, I gyrate my tush into her crotch. I wiggle my bushy tail under her lacy bra to caress it between her bodacious breasts. She pretends to chomp at the tip of my tail every time it pops up from the swell of her bosoms to tickle her chin. Again, we're praised with riotous applause.

Glancing around, I count the bouncers spread around the perimeter. All twenty-five are now present on this floor. Our strategy has proven a resounding success. It's time to bring this provoking lure to a climax.

Retracting my teasing tail from Strawberry's ample cleavage, I twist around and clutch her long pigtailed by the base. I bend her forward and she ducks her head under my miniskirt, lapping teasingly at my sensitive button as I roll my hips. Then she twerks her heart-shaped rump for our gawking admirers. Upping the ante, I arch over her curved back and spank her clapping cheeks, back and forth, with loud slaps of one palm. It has the desired effect.

The wolves close in on us like we're injured prey ripe for the taking. The poor bastards can't help themselves. It's in their DNA. The allure of our small stature, nubile bodies, and erotic dancing is an irresistible combo. I almost feel bad for them. They haven't the slightest clue of what we're capable of. No idea what we truly are. And they'll die unknowing.

Five of the burly bouncers break from the surrounding crowd of cheering men. Their eyes are wide with hunger. Their tongues are dangling from their drooling mouths. Their fingers are twitching with the anticipation of getting their hands on us. The crotches of their pants are noticeably bulging. They're ravenous, which means they're foolhardy. Perfect!

I cease my spanking of Strawberry's twerking tushy and stand erect as she does the same. I peck her plump lips with a smiling kiss, and seethe, "It's *feeding* time."

The both of us tear off our hoodies while spinning around. We fling them into the faces of our advancers, blinding them momentarily. We draw the retracted weapons adhered to our lower backs, and with a thought command, the vibroblades extend from their biosteel hilts.

With one swift slash of my katana, three heads are tossed into the throng of dancers followed by a shower of blood. Simultaneously, Strawberry jabs her dual daggers into the throats of the other two bouncers, twists the blades and yanks them free with mirthful giggles, lacerating their jugular veins.

As the men's souls depart from their physical vessels to pass beyond the veil, their spirits disperse to rejoin the collective energy of the earth. Before the Gaia force can reabsorb their vital force, however, my sister and I inhale the energy like a vapor. Not with our breath, but with our cold black hearts.

Oops! Did I forget to mention that my sister and I didn't hack the neural wet-ware of our young hosts, but are actually semi-corporeal beings from another realm of existence possessing their bodies, comparable to the religious mythos of demons from the underworld? Well, now you know. We're hellspawn succubi.

The fast beat music slows to a single reverberating tone. The infuriated wolves and horrified onlookers become statues. Everything in sight is frozen solid. But it's only an illusion cast by our sped up minds. And it won't last long.

Moving faster than the human eye can track, we attack like the ghosts of ninja.

Twirling between patrons suspended in motion, I plunge my vibroblade katana through heart after heart, as Strawberry leaps and vaults, slitting throat after throat, executing an additional fifteen bouncers before we burn up the initial high of our spiritual feeding.

Our minds decelerate to the normal rate of processing, and we imbibe the spirits of our fresh kills as their corpses collapse to the nano-glass in succession. I thrust out my free palm with a growl of exertion, using the energy for a psychic assault, stunning everyone on the first floor, but regrettably also weakening myself due to the substantial strain of the powerful blitz.

We finish off the last five wolves as they waver on their feet in a psychic induced daze, gutting them, their spewing intestines spilling everywhere, and I regain a measure of strength but not enough to launch back into battle. I need time to recuperate.

I mentally trigger my vibroblade to fold back into the hilt and I stuff it into the rear of my miniskirt. Strawberry does the same.

Like a child with finger paints, she drops to smudge a bloody signature on the nano-glass with the viscera of an eviscerated bouncer. This time she chooses, *The Slayer Dolls*.

She dreams of us being J-pop idols. No matter how many times I explain it, she doesn't seem to understand that that would require us *both* to be Japanese. And taking possession of a new body would be extremely difficult and dangerous. Obtaining our present hosts was a complex nightmare.

As she begins to doodle flowers around her script, I grasp her by the wrist and pry her away from her gory artwork. I lead her weaving through the disoriented horde, rush into the VIP area and into an elevator. People are blinking and shaking their heads, regaining their senses, as the doors slide closed.

With a thought command, I choose the tenth floor, which is the highest story our VIP access will grant us. Levels six through ten are a bordello. We'll make our way further from there, one way or another. Our target, the syndicate kingpin, is in the penthouse on the fiftieth floor, so we have a long journey ahead of us.

As the elevator ascends, Strawberry sucks the blood from her fingers with wet pops. "That was fun! We should go clubbing more often!" She blushes, "Did you like my autograph?"

I sigh, "Do I really have to go over this with you again? We are the *nameless* assassins. That means that we have *no* name."

"But, *Raz*," she whines, "all J-pop groups have names. I just have to find the right one, then you'll let us use it, I'm sure."

Exasperated, I groan, "Beelzebub below!"

This is the end of the free preview.

The full story is available for purchase at most major eBook retailers.

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