

## Little Bro's Big Wish

"Outta the way faggot," my brother said before I was pushed into the wall and he barreled into his bedroom further down the hallway. I rubbed my bony shoulder. I knew a bruise would appear by morning, along with the many other bruises and cuts that were done at the hands of my brother. I could hear my older brother laugh as he slammed the door to his bedroom. I could see the large open room that he claimed for his own, while my room was a quarter of his size. It made sense though, or so I told myself. He was much larger than me, being the lead linebacker for his college ensured his continued growth. I thought he would have grown nicer with his time spent away at college but it seemed the long nights of drinking working out. Even though he was an asshole to me 100 % of the time I couldn't help but stifle a groan of lust every time he came through the door.

I opened the door to my room and laid down on my bed, and thought about my brother. His wide shoulders, his burly chest, and sizable biceps. Even though we called each other brothers we only shared a mother. His father was this large burly monster of a man while mine was an accountant, and it showed. My hand slithered into my underwear as my mind began to slowly undress my brother, imagining his layers of clothing slowly disappearing off his body. I had seen his bulky body squeezed into his tight compression shorts, and those memories made my body quiver with excitement. I had caught the rim of jockstraps peaking out from over his workout gear and wished I could get the full view. My mind continued to reel with a combination of my memories and my imagination as my dick grew closer to completion.

"So fucking huge," I groaned as I imagined climbing over his large body and pinning him to the ground. Finally taking advantage of my brother and making him feel like a bitch for once. I imagined piercing my sizable cock into his ample backside and making him cry and moan like a submissive bottom. I would pull and tug on his nipples until they were red with pain and his cheeks were flushed with pleasure; so much so that he could no longer contain himself and he would cum from the sheer pleasure I was forcing upon him. The idea launched me over the edge and caused my own dick to erupt onto my lower stomach. I wiped the cum from my stomach with my comforter as reality began to settle back onto me. My brother was still the top dog and my fantasies were just that, fantasies.

I rolled to the side of my bed and looked out my window, wishing for a brother who understood what it was like to be me. Within the darkened night sky I saw a single star fly across the window from one side to the other.

“I wish my Brandon knew what it was like to be the little guy for once.” Those were the last words I said before falling asleep. Little did I know that as my wish traveled along the wind and towards the star did it begin to dim until the shooting star completely died, and then my wish came true.

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“Ugh,” I groaned as my alarm shouted at me, awakening me from my deep slumber. I rolled to the edge of my bed and slammed my hand repeatedly on my phone as I attempted to quiet the sound. I flopped back onto my bed and let out another groan of displeasure at having to awaken so early on my weekend. I rubbed my eyes and lifted myself from my bed as I begin to gather my clothes. I didn’t understand why my parents were forcing me to go to my brother’s game today, it was just a scrimmage with the local community college. It wasn’t like it meant anything. I rolled my eyes in annoyance as I slid a pair of shorts onto my legs and a tank top over my willowy shoulders. Running my hand through my hair, I attempted to pat my unruly curls into place. I gave myself a once over and left my bedroom.

I expected to exit my room to the loud hurrahs of my brother or loud heavy metal music that usually boomed throughout the house as he prepared for a game, but I heard a very different sound. It was pop music. I raised my eyebrow in confusion as I crept towards my brother’s bedroom door and placed my ear against the door, and sure enough, it was Christina. I knew well enough to not open my brother’s bedroom door, but I was becoming more and more intrigued by the sound. I quietly opened the door and was surprised as hell at what I saw.

“Hey, Mickey!” This skinny waif of a boy shouted to me as he danced around his room in an extremely tight jersey and extremely revealing pair of shorts. His short hair was covered by a backward baseball hat while his face had two black strips that ran along either side of his cheek. He gave me a bright toothy grin as he pushed his ass out towards me. He hooked his thumb underneath his short shorts and snapped his jockstrap against his cheek. I became transfixed as I watched his large bubble butt jiggle in response to the snap of the band. I felt a stirring within my jeans as I watched the boy sway his ass back and forth at me. “Do I look ready for the game?”

“Yea. You look great!” I said a little too excitedly. He bounced up and down in excitement at my compliment. “Um, do you know where my brother Brandon went?” The boy cocked his head to the side in confusion and laughed.

“Don’t be silly big bro.” He giggled. “I am Brandon.” I stared at the voluptuous twink that stood before me and began to see the resemblance between him and my brother; both had the same wide blue eyes, same chiseled jawline, and same toothy grin. But how could this be possible, I wondered. But as my mind began to race with questions one answer began to float to the front of my head, my wish.