

# STRONG INSPIRATION

By SOPHIE93

It was a quiet Saturday night at Sophie and Lucy's apartment. The warm glow of the kitchen lights spilled softly into the living room, where faint music played from a small speaker on the shelf. Earlier that afternoon, they had welcomed Antonella into their home—an unplanned visit that had quickly turned into a full day of chatter, laughter, and shared stories. The three of them moved around the apartment with the easy familiarity of close friends, their conversations flowing effortlessly from one topic to another.

By the time they realized it, night had fallen and the air carried that comforting calm that only weekends seem to have. Hunger eventually nudged them toward the kitchen, where they decided to cook dinner together. Antonella chopped vegetables, while Sophie and Lucy took charge of the stove and the table. Their laughter mingled with the sizzle of food and the clinking of dishes, wrapping the apartment in a warm, domestic atmosphere that felt both casual and intimate.

When the meal was finally ready, they gathered around the table with the plates steaming.

"By the way..." Sophie said between bites of her food. "...the other day we were wondering—what inspires your stories?"

Antonella paused mid-chew, both of her heads tilting toward

Sophie as her main head swallowed “What do you mean?” she asked.

The twins leaned forward, Lucy curiously asking “They can’t be based on things you’ve actually experienced... right? Or real stories?”

Antonella smiled slyly and winked “They might be real... or not. Many times, I’ve taken real stories that happened here in Port Solei, changed the names and details, and turned them into something new. That way I don’t expose the real people involved.”

“Many times? We know Melany—the official Shize cosplayer—is real,” Sophie said.

“Well, that’s a special case. I have Melany’s permission to tell her story and share her experiences. She even told me I didn’t need to change her name.”

Lucy’s eyes widened. “Wait—you know Melany? The Melany? Her cosplay was perfect!”

Antonella nodded shyly. “Y-Yes... I know all the mutants I’ve interviewed. And I never publish anything without their consent.”

“So that’s where all your inspiration comes from?” Sophie asked. “From interviewing other mutants?”

Antonella twirled her fork in her food thoughtfully. “Not always. I invent some stories, they come from general ideas... social media, art, posts, news, series, video games...”

“Porn,” Lucy interrupted.

Sophie shot her sister a shocked look, but Antonella burst out laughing and nodded “Yes, that too.”

“And doesn’t it ever happen that you just... run out of inspiration? You know, the classic writer’s block?” Lucy asked.

“Of course it does. Not very often, though—I usually have a long list of stories to write that’s always bigger than the time I have to write them,” Antonella said, giggling. “But my mood affects the quality of my writing. I often have to wait until I’m ‘in the zone’ to make sure the story turns out right.”

“Well, if that ever happens, just let us know. We already know how to motivate you—we’ve done it plenty of times,” Lucy said, winking playfully.

Antonella swallowed hard with both throats, silently remembering the situations Sophie was alluding to. And the erotic photos they’d sent her.

“I think turning her on isn’t quite the same as motivating her, sis,” Sophie remarked.

Lucy blinked in surprise. “How is it not? Every time we’ve done it, she’s started writing right away.”

Sophie thought for a moment. “Hmm, you actually have a point.”

Antonella hesitated, then admitted, “Well, yeah. I won’t deny that how turned on I am affects my mood a little.”

Lucy burst into laughter. “In other words, you only write when you’re horny. No wonder you’re so prolific.”

Antonella pouted, crossing her lower and middle pair of arms. “And whose fault do you think that is?”

The twins blushed, though they were smiling.

“And why have you never asked us about our life story?” Sophie asked, crossing their arms in a way that made their shared body look suddenly authoritative.

Antonella blushed, hesitating. “Well, you’re my friends. I don’t want to expose your private lives, even if I changed your names.”

The twins leaned forward over the table in a synchronized and teasing way, their eyes glinting with mischief.

“What I’m hearing,” Lucy said, lowering her voice teasingly, “is that you want us all to yourself.”

Antonella almost jumped out of her chair, waving all six hands in a panic. “W-Wait! N-No, that’s not what I meant!”

Sophie and Lucy burst into laughter at her flustered reaction. Sophie wiped away a small tear as Lucy added, “She’s so adorable when she reacts like that.”

“Alright, alright,” Sophie said, calming down. “Now seriously, you can always interview us. We wouldn’t mind being part of one of your stories—or you talking about our life.”

Antonella’s nervousness melted into a warm smile, both heads nodding in unison. “I’d love that. I only know the little bits you’ve told me before—that you were born mutants, that you’ve shared control of your body and sensations your whole life. And, well, a few memories we shared back when we fused for a few hours a long time ago.”

Sophie raised an eyebrow. “And you want to know the rest?”

Antonella nodded eagerly. Sophie exchanged a quick glance with Lucy. “We can answer whatever you want. But in exchange... we’d like to watch you write in person.”

“Deal! Give me a second.” Antonella reached into her bag with her middle pair of arms while the lower ones pushed her chair back slightly to give her room. Her upper hands were already ready with a pen by the time she pulled out a small notepad, flipping it open with practiced ease. “We could start with the details of your mutation. You were born this way, sharing one body—but has it always been like this? Four arms, four breasts, and... well...”

“And two vaginas,” Lucy added bluntly, leaning back comfortably.

Sophie extended one hand to gently stop Antonella’s pen. “Just make sure you don’t spoil all the answers for your audience if you plan on making this a biography.”

Antonella blinked for a second, then laughed softly. “Right. Good point.”

The next several minutes passed in a warm blur of conversation. Sophie and Lucy began sharing the story of their lives in detail—

what it was like to grow up as conjoined mutants, the moments of joy and frustration, the way their shared control evolved as they matured, and even some intimate experiences from more recent years. Antonella's six hands worked efficiently: one pair holding the notepad steady, another writing rapidly, and the last pair flipping through pages and adding quick annotations. She didn't miss a word.

When they paused for a sip of water, Antonella leaned back, scanning the growing list of notes with both heads. "Honestly, your experiences could fill a whole novel. Sharing a body with someone every day sounds... kind of fun."

"Pfft, sometimes," Sophie said, rolling her eyes.

"I mean, it is fun," Lucy added with a coquettish smile, covering her mouth with one hand.

Antonella grinned. "It sounds like you love your sister more than you should, Lucy."

"Oh, relax. Sophie feels the same way—she just doesn't like admitting it in public," Lucy said, making Sophie blush and avert her gaze.

Antonella looked down at her notes again with a smile that was both warm and inspired. "Learning more about you two really motivates me. This is going to make such a good story... I feel like writing already."

Sophie and Lucy's eyes lit up with excitement.

"YES!!" they said in perfect unison. They stood up, their four arms working in harmony as they moved toward their desk. With practiced ease, they grabbed their personal laptop, carried it to the table, opened it, and plugged it in.

"You can use our account to write," Lucy said with a playful smile. "We'll send you the file afterward."

Sophie rolled her eyes. "What you actually want is a copy of her story on our account."

Antonella giggled softly as she sat down in front of the laptop. "It's kind of cute that you both share one account too."

"After sharing a body, an account is nothing," Sophie replied with a grin.

"While you get ready," Sophie added, "we'll make ourselves a bit more comfortable and wash the dishes, okay?" Lucy nodded in agreement.

Antonella adjusted her notes, her tail head lifting slightly behind her as she scanned the pages while her upper pair of arms opened a new document on the laptop. Meanwhile, her middle hands organized the notepad beside the keyboard, and her lower pair reached down to hook the chair closer to the table.

The twins gathered the plates and utensils with their usual synchronized efficiency and disappeared into the kitchen.

Minutes passed. The sound of running water and the occasional laugh drifted from the kitchen while Antonella typed, surrounded



by the soft glow of the screen and her scattered notes. She wrote with a rhythm that was uniquely hers: one pair of arms flipping pages and checking notes, while three hands danced across the keyboard, and the last guided the mouse. Both of her heads stayed focused, one reading through the notes while the other scanned ahead on the screen.

Eventually, the water stopped. Sophie and Lucy's voices grew closer as they finished up. They appeared at the doorway, leaning against the frame with a casual elegance that made Antonella pause mid-keystroke.

"Anto, do you want something to drink?" Sophie asked. "We've got a really nice wine if you'd like to try it."

"It's delicious, I guarantee it," Lucy added.

Antonella's tail turned first, as she responded automatically. "Sure, that sound—W-WOAH, HEY!"

The sight that met her eyes made both of her heads freeze. Sophie and Lucy were wearing a single buttoned shirt, fastened only by one button low on their abdomen. The rest hung open loosely, framing their bare torso and leaving their two pairs of breasts completely exposed. Their long sleeves draped around their four arms, with their lower left hand casually holding a single wine glass. Their shared legs were completely bare, and between them, both of their vaginas were fully visible, unobscured by even a hint of clothing. The loose shirt slid down over one shoulder, revealing smooth skin and the elegant lines of their twin necks, completing the teasingly careless look.

“Oh, that’s the reaction I was hoping for,” Lucy said, savoring a sip of wine while Sophie watched Antonella with a calm, almost teasing smile “What’s wrong?”

“P-P-Put something on! What are you doing half naked like that?” Antonella exclaimed, both heads now fully turned toward them.

“Oh?” Sophie raised an eyebrow, genuinely surprised. “I didn’t think you’d be so shocked. You’ve seen us naked plenty of times, and honestly, this is way more comfortable.”

“I knew she’d react like that. She’s so cute,” Lucy said.

Sophie shot her a look. “You’re the one who told me to take off our clothes—you said she wouldn’t mind!”

Lucy laughed, covering her mouth with one hand. “If I’d told you she’d react this way, you would’ve refused.”

Sophie sighed. “Fair enough. Well, you’ve had your reaction. Let’s get dressed again.”

Antonella stayed frozen in place, both heads turning back toward the laptop but her eyes refusing to let go of the image.

“Wait,” Lucy said suddenly, a spark of mischief lighting up her face. “Why don’t we let our favorite erotic writer choose what she prefers?”

Antonella stammered, caught completely off guard. “I—I... uh... I don’t mind if you... stay like that.”

“I knew it,” Lucy purred.

Lucy tilted her head slightly, a mischievous grin spreading across her face. “You know... there’s something I remember seeing in her mind the day we fused.”

Sophie glanced sideways at her sister but didn’t stop her. Antonella froze in her chair, both heads instinctively straightening as if bracing for impact.

Lucy stepped closer, their shared body moving with slow, deliberate grace. She placed their upper hands gently on Antonella’s shoulders, guiding her to face the screen again. Their lower hands rested casually on the back of her chair, boxing her in without feeling aggressive.

“I could feel it in her emotions,” Lucy said softly, leaning closer. “Just how much she likes our breasts...” She let the words linger for a heartbeat, then added with a teasing smile, “All four of our big and soft breasts.”

Antonella’s cheeks flushed crimson on both faces. “I—I...” she stammered, unable to find a proper response.

“Well, well... really?” Sophie said, amused.

“There’s nothing wrong with it,” Lucy added smoothly, her tone playful rather than mocking.

Antonella tried to shrink into her chair, but it was useless. The twins leaned closer from behind, their warm bare skin pressing gently against her upper shoulders. Their upper pair of breasts



framed her main head from both sides, soft and warm against her cheeks, while the lower pair rested snugly against her upper shoulders. Surrounded by the heat and softness of their body, Antonella felt her breath catch for a moment. At her side, her tail turned to watch, lifting like a curious spectator.

“Oh my,” Sophie breathed, surprised at her sister’s boldness.

“This is just so she can describe our bodies better in her stories,” Lucy teased. “Besides, it’s the best seat in the house to watch her write.”

Antonella swallowed hard, her hands frozen above the keyboard. “I... I might take longer than usual to finish. My hands are getting tired.”

“You’ve got two extra pairs. No excuses,” Sophie laughed softly.

“They tire quickly too, you know... writing takes effort,” Antonella muttered, feigning concentration as her tail turned back toward the notes. Her fingers hovered over the keyboard just long enough to look busy, though her real goal was to keep the twins pressed against her a little longer.

“Take all the time you need. We’ll be right here with you,” Lucy purred, raising the wine glass to Antonella’s lips. She took a careful sip, savoring the taste as the twins’ lower hands began to massage her shoulders slowly and deliberately.

The three of them stayed like that for a while—Antonella typing, the twins pressed warmly against her from behind, occasionally refilling her glass or whispering teasing comments that made her

upper shoulders tense with embarrassed laughter. Time stretched softly around them, as if the apartment itself had settled into their shared rhythm.

Eventually, Antonella let out a long breath and stretched all six arms in different directions. “Okay,” she said with both heads almost in unison. “I think this turned out pretty well. I just need to polish it a bit more before publishing. Are you sure you want to share so many intimate details of your lives?”

“Anto, you shared the story of your mutation and the days that followed without holding back,” Sophie said, touching her chest with one hand.

“And when we read it, we totally mastur—mmph!” Lucy’s words were cut short by Sophie’s hand clamping over her mouth.

“We want to do the same,” Sophie continued, releasing her sister with a glare. “Share it with the world, I mean.”

Lucy cleared her throat, suddenly more composed. “Nothing about our private lives embarrasses us. People who judge us just don’t live in our skin.”

“And if it helps other mutants who have to live like us,” Sophie added, “then that’s a bonus.”

“You two are the best,” Antonella said, standing up from the chair with a sleepy grin. She walked over to the sofa and collapsed onto it with a satisfied sigh. Her eyes inevitably drifted toward the twins’ chest again. “Now, as much as I love that view, I need you to cover up a bit. My self-control has limits.”

The twins exchanged a mischievous smile as they began buttoning their shirt, closing it as best they could.

“One day, I’d like to see what happens when those limits break,” Lucy said playfully.

“I was thinking the same thing,” Sophie added with a grin. “I can’t imagine Antonella going full wild mode.”

“Your wild mode is the scary one,” Lucy shot back.

“You can’t blame me.”

“I’m not complaining,” Lucy said, her tone flirtatious. “I’m ready for it anytime.”

“Lucy, we just put our clothes back on,” Sophie sighed.

Lucy brought a finger to her lips, then gestured toward the sofa. Antonella was already fast asleep, curled up on the sofa with the head of her tail nestled snugly between her breasts, her arms gently wrapped around it like a plush toy.

“It seems she’s not used to drinking,” Sophie whispered.

“Cute,” Lucy murmured. “Though I don’t think we’re used to it either.”

“I thought it was just me, but... yeah, I’m a bit dizzy too.”

Sophie took charge, walking over to Antonella. She carefully

unbuttoned their shirt and draped it over Antonella’s shoulders like a blanket, making sure not to wake her.

The two sisters shared a quiet smile. “Shower and bed?” Sophie asked.

“Sounds perfect,” Lucy replied.

They padded away toward the bathroom. On the sofa, Antonella stirred just enough to open one of her eyes. She watched their retreating figures with a soft, sleepy smile before adjusting herself, wrapping the shirt more tightly around her, and drifting off to sleep.

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