

## **Love pill**

### **Chapter 3**

By the time dawn arrived and the sun peek through the horizon, washing the sky in its orange glory, my cock was red and raw.

I couldn't count the number of times I had masturbated thinking about Ava's hands on my cock. How fucking good it felt. How her fingers lit up my body in a liquid fire. How her vanilla flavored lips turned me blind to lust.

Every time I spurted out my release, an animalistic roar came out along with it. I'd hoped my little sister could hear them. I wanted to wake her up and let her know I was thinking about her throughout the night.

It was the first time a woman had touched me. And despite my embarrassing premature ejaculation, I didn't feel any shame.

A girl had touched me.

A woman.

My own little sister.

I didn't know if Ava had heard me, but when I came out of my room at seven, I didn't feel the symptoms of the lack of sleep. Energy hummed through my body. I felt like I could climb a mountain.

I cooked my usual breakfast of thick cut beef sausages and creamy scrambled eggs and munched on them while I waited for my sister to come out of her room. My gaze was constantly on the wall clock to my right, but by the time seven fifteen hit, there was still no sign of Ava.

I was starting to doubt if last night really had happened. It could all just be one big wet dream that felt so real.

But the warm sensation of her fingers as they gripped my cock, her piercing blue eyes staring right at me as I spilled her name out...

There was no way my mind had conjured all that up. I had spent the better part of an hour cleaning my room after she had left. I had wiped clean the thick ropes of white liquid that were stained all over my cupboard, mirror, drawer, books, on the floor... just everywhere.

There was no way it was all a dream.

I cleared my plate, tapping my foot on the ground while I waited for my sister's door to swing open. I felt like a desperate puppy waiting for its owner, and the thought made my stomach flip.

But the notion was beginning to feel like reality when I sat there like an idiot for another thirty minutes until I couldn't spare a second more. I was going to be late for class if I didn't get my ass moving.

With a heaving sigh, I stood up and shot a last look at her closed door, hoping it would swing open. It didn't. My heart sank. I wanted to see her, feel her soft skin, smell her smooth scent, look into her blue eyes.

See her in a tight little uniform.

Shaking my head, I placed my empty plate into the dishwasher and headed to the front door where I retrieved my keys and exited my house. An hour ago, I felt like a man on top of the world, but now I was back to my mopey, depressed self, all because of the girl my hormones were getting crazy over.

But I knew I wasn't alone in this. There were hundreds of guys lusting over my pink-haired sister, and if you count all the horny men following her on Instagram, it was in the tens of thousands.

*Join the queue, Aaron.* I thought as I took the lift down and clicked open the lock of my car.

*Join the queue.*

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Classes were as infuriating as yesterday's. As soon as I stepped into the lecture hall, someone recognized me and started firing the same old pestering questions about Ava and her jock boyfriend.

His voice carried through the hall, attracting more people's attention. Soon, I was surrounded by a bunch of guys and a few girls demanding answers I did not have or didn't care to know.

Luckily, Mr Johnson, our physics lecturer, stepped into the classroom and demanded silence. He was a well-built man with tough features. The gossip was that he was an ex-marine. I didn't know whether that was true, but the man took no shits and demanded respect.

He barked the order, and everyone trailed back towards their seats, leaving me relatively alone. I purposely chose a seat at the very end of the seating plan, but as soon as I sat, a couple of guys fought over who would occupy the sole seat beside me.

The dude with the most persistence won, and he slumped into the seat next to mine, fidgeting with his baseball cap that had almost toppled off his head during the brief scuffle. He took it off after a pause.

“Hey, man,” the guy who-I-had-no-interest-in-learning-his-name said. He raised a hand, inviting me to shake it. I didn’t, and he let it fall back into place, along with the forced smile on his face.

He told me his name anyway. “My name’s Tony.”

I stared straight ahead.

“I don’t want to bother you for long, Aaron. I just want to know one thing. Could you at least give me that, man?”

I tried to drown his annoying voice by focusing on Mr Johnson’s lecture. But he was talking about something about thermodynamics or whatever and listening to him was the same level of boringness as hearing this leech.

I sighed. “What? What do you want?”

Tony leaned in, eagerness in his eyes. “I heard a rumor that Ava plans to break up with Kevin. Is that true? If so, could you get me ahead of the line? Just slide me ahead by handing me out her number?”

“That’s two questions and a request.”

“Please man,” he begged. “Do you know how many guys would be gunning for your sister the millisecond she’s on the market again? I just need an advantage. Just a little. Please.”

I sighed and turned towards him, my eyes raking his features in. The guy looked the same age as me, but he was skinner, which was an impossibility. His eyes were sunken and his nose was sharp. Combined with dry lips and an uncombed hair, he was for sure at the very bottom of the hierarchy and was desperate for a shortcut to the top.

I didn’t know what Ava’s type was, but I knew it wasn’t him. But then again, although I wasn’t as malnourished looking as him and I didn’t have a sharp nose and messed up hair, I was probably no better off. If I were, girls would pay more attention to me.

But Ava had kissed me yesterday. I swore I could still taste a hint of vanilla on my lips.

The love pill must have done something to her mind. There was no way she would have looked in my direction otherwise, nevermind give me a handjob—or the bare resemblance of one.

Now the shame of ejaculation as soon as she touched me played on my mind.

"You okay, man?" Tony asked, eyeing me weirdly.

I didn't even realize I was licking my lips, desperate for vanilla. Coughing my embarrassment away, I looked back towards the front of the hall.

A comfortable silence stretched between us. But it was broken not even ten second later when the lanky rat opened his mouth again.

"So, Aaron. Hook me up, please?"

I bit out the word with venom. "No."

"Come on, man." He raised a hand to rub his forehead. "Okay, okay. How much do you want?"

"What?"

"Money," he clarified. "In exchange for Ava's number. I know that shit is locked tight. It has never been leaked. So I will offer you two hundred. Just for her number."

When I didn't say anything, he kept on talking.

"It's a good deal, man. Just tell me the digits and the two hundred is yours. Have you ever seen more free money than this?"

"Fuck off."

I didn't enjoy swearing, but this prick deserved my quarter in the swear jar.

"Please, man." His eyes showed desperation. "Please help a brother out."

Watching how hungry he was for my sister sent shivers down my spine. Did Ava have to deal with creeps like this on a consistent basis? It was a wonder how she never had a stalker problem.

"I'm not your brother," I told him, my tone sharp. "And fuck off before I raise my hand and tell Mr Johnson that you're disrupting my focus."

He muttered so many curses that children would turn deaf if they heard him. Shooting one dark glance at me, he stood up and stomped off towards the exit.

I was about to heave a sigh of relief when another dude slid into the vacant seat, his eyes on me and his moving lips ready to burst with more damned questions.

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I spotted Ava when I walked into the cafeteria.

I didn't mean to, but I halted mid-step, and the paparazzi behind me almost bumped into my back.

My little sister looked the same. Her pink hair was styled into perfect Hollywood waves, her makeup was immaculate, and she was wearing her school uniform like she usually did, with her top two buttons undone, showing her delicious neckline and the briefest hint of cleavage.

But there was something different about her and I couldn't put my finger on what it was. She seemed... sexier.

Usually when I looked at her, I would just see Ava, my beautiful, bratty sister. But right then, as I afforded seconds for my eyes to soak all her delicious features in, my body tensed up and all my blood flowed down south.

I knew things would never be the same after last night. But it was pathetic being awestruck with my feet frozen to the ground, just by looking at my own sister when I had seen her on an almost daily basis for over eighteen years.

Beautiful, sexy, hot, alluring... I don't know. Words couldn't describe just how fucking amazing she looked sitting right there at the VIP table, her fingers a blur on her phone screen, somehow making the mundane task so sensual.

The people that were following me followed my gaze, and a second later, they all ditched me and rushed towards the large obsidian colored table where my sister and her friends sat. Today, every seat on the table was populated by females. I could recognise many of their faces as members of the cheerleading squad, but there were other pretty faces that belonged to the swimming team, volleyball team, and half a dozen more that were granted their seat on the table because their daddies had seven or eight digits in their bank accounts.

They all glanced up at the commotion. The bodyguards did their jobs and halted their advance with a death glare. My sister looked up from her phone, frowning at the crowds and waving a dismissive hand at their bickering questions. Then her eyes glazed to the side, and we locked gazes.

I hadn't moved yet. I was still in the middle of the cafeteria, looking like a kid under bright headlights.

Ava's expression was passive, her rosy lips set in a straight line, her piercing blues holding mine. Then she sniffed and snapped her gaze away at something in the distance before funneling her attention back to her phone.

I sighed and headed out of the cafeteria, my appetite vanishing. My heart was still thundering in my chest and my cock was still hardening despite my mental attempts. That was the first time Ava had looked in my direction since we both entered highschool, and she seemed just as unimpressed as when she was addressing me back at home. It was nothing like the hunger in her eyes from last night.

Maybe last night was really all a dream. Maybe Ava still hated me.

I exited the eating hall and my phone vibrated in my pocket.

Who was it this time? Lucia again?

I fished the device out, my eyes widening when I saw the notification on my screen.

*Ava: Meet me in computer lab #13. Now.*

If my heart was thundering moments ago, right then it felt like a hammer in my chest, pounding under my ribcage. Multiple scenarios played inside my mind, all of them ending with my cock buried deep inside my little sister's tight pussy. I was still a virgin and the thought of losing my virginity inside the compounds of the school would have never crossed my mind in a million years. Never mind with the hottest girl on campus.

She had to be inviting me for something naughty, just like last night. Why else would she have texted me when she barely ever did?

My legs had a life on their own as I pushed through the lunchtime crowd and headed outside, towards the technology building where all the computer labs were.

Lab thirteen was on the third floor, all the way at the end of the corridor, past twists and turns. There were stories of paranormal activities happening in this section of the school due to it being mostly abandoned and not as modern looking as the rest of the campus. The white paint on the wall was cracked, and the air smelled musty, like the insides of a shoe shop.

My footsteps echoed around the deserted hallway as I made my way through. I stopped in front of lab thirteen, opened the door, and stepped inside.

The door slammed shut, making me jump and curse under my breath. I whirled around, looking at my sister, who must have been waiting behind the door.

She clicked the door shut, then looked at me, her discriminating eyes taking a tour of my entire body. The lab only had the lights turned on at the back, and so it was dimly lit on our side. Even so, I could still see every beautiful feature of my sister's pretty face, every delicious curve hugging her tight school uniform.

After a minute of uncomfortable silence, Ava spoke up, her voice soft.

"Have you told anyone?"

"Told anyone what?"

She gave me a look. It was meant to be threatening, but my lustful mind was making everything she did so god damn erotic.

"Oh..." I said after a moment. My breaths were becoming heavier by the second, and I couldn't do a damn thing about it. "If you meant last night... then no. Of course not."

Another uncomfortable stretch of silence.

Ava seemed to consider my answer, her vivid blue eyes darting between my left and right eye. She skated her gaze down.

"You're hard," she noted so casually she could have been discussing the weather.

My face flushed. "Uh.. yeah—no, I mean, yeah."

What was this? Sixth grade? I felt like a fool stammering in front of his crush.

She stepped forward, mean intentions coming along with it. I stepped back, my body reacting against my will. She took another step towards me and I took another step backwards.

Big mistake. My back felt solid wall. I was trapped.

Ava saw the opportunity and quickly closed the distance between us.

"Oh—fuck," I moaned out, way too loud, when Ava cupped my erection through my school pants. My cock reacted as if a switch had been thrown. It jerked up, strained under her grasp, aching for her touch.

"So big and hard," she whispered, her eyes never leaving mine. "Why, Aaron? Are you like this to every girl because no one has touched you yet or..." She blinked innocently at me. "Is it your little sister?"

There was no way I could lie to those eyes. The truth came tumbling out of me in a heated rush. "It's you, Ava. It's always you."

"Always." She hung on to the word, considering it. "Since when? When were we small?"

I shook my head. "I—I don't know. When I discovered masturbating, I guess..."

I didn't offer more. She cocked her head. "Go on."

More words spilled out from my lips. There could be consequences with admitting all my secrets, but right then, I didn't care. Not with her eyes looking at me like that. Not with her fingers gripping my cock and her thumb stroking over my tip.

I groaned. "I would go to your Instagram profile and jack myself off looking at all your pictures."

She cocked a dark brow. "All of them?"

"All of them."

Her lips were on my neck now, sucking soft spots on my skin, her breaths hot as she talked.

"What do you visualize when you masturbate to me?"

"Fucking you."

"How?"

"I—"

She had stopped stroking my erection, and that pause resumed the gears in my brain. Sense punched through the thick fog of lust.

Should I really tell her what I fantasized about doing to her if I had my way? Visions of Ava in bed, her pink hair bright under my bedroom lights, her eyes blindfolded, mouth gagged, neck collared like a dog. My sister would be calling me her Master and begging to be fucked.

Revealing that information felt like I would be stripping my soul bare to her. It was too dark of a fantasy. Too private.

She swiped a lick on my neck, her tongue hot. "You what?"

"I just want to fuck you."



“Yes.” She craned her head back and blinked at me. “But how? There are a lot of positions, a lot of ways to fuck.”

“I...” Shit, it was boiling in here. Beads of sweat appeared on my forehead. “I—I don’t know how.”

“Liar.” Her hands unbuttoned my pants. She slipped inside and pulled down my underwear. Her deliciously warm fingers found my cock, and she began pumping me with slow, thoughtful strokes. When I moaned, she looked at me urgently.

“Don’t cum,” she hissed. “God, Aaron. Don’t cum yet.”

When I didn’t reply, completely lost in the feeling of her wonderful fingers pumping my length, she let go of my cock and I hissed my disapproval.

She shook her head. “You’re going to cum all over the place if I go on any longer. We need to work on your self control.”

Before I could argue, she took a step back and slipped her hands under the hem of her gray pleated skirt and a second later her pink laced panties were pulled down to her ankles.

“I want you to touch me, Aaron,” she said softly. There was no denial of the wanting in her tone. “I want you to put your finger inside my pussy and make me cum so hard, someone might catch us.”

“Put my finger in your pussy?” I repeated dumbly. I had no clue how to finger a girl. Suddenly, my heart was thundering in my chest, not because of lust, but because of nervousness.

“Yes...” she breathed out, a dark glint in her blue eyes. She took my hand in hers, and before I could object, guided it under her miniskirt. A moment later, I felt warmth and an abundance of wetness.

Holy shit, she was soaked. I didn’t realize it before since I was so enthralled by her eyes and her flushed cheeks, but looking down and squinting through the dimness, I could see wetness trailing down her tanned legs.

“Touch me,” she whispered, her voice quivering for a split second, breaking the silky, controlled tone that she had been maintaining since the start. But I caught the change in pitch and my eyes snapped back to her face. Ava had her lower lip pinned between her perfect white teeth and her chest was heaving in and out, her breaths morphing into loud pants.

She wanted this so bad. My sister actually wanted me to perform an act so unholy, our parents would denounce us if word got out.

The dark thought gave me a surge of confidence.

“Ah!” Ava moaned when I blindly explored her wetness and stuck a finger into a hole I found. I must have done something right, because I saw her eyes glaze over and her whole body jerked forward. I wrapped my other hand around her back, steadying my sister as she buried herself against my front, soft moans escaping her mouth.

“Yes...” my sister growled, and I gasped when I felt a sharp pain in my left shoulder. Looking down, I realized she was biting me, and that wild sight drove me on. “Fuck yes! Fuck—Aaron!”

I already had two fingers inside her. With my name escaping from her lips, I inserted another, clumsily thrusting in and out like I saw the people do in porn videos.

“Ah—Yes!” Ava cried out when I hit a spot. She rolled her hips against my hands, trying to get me exactly where she wanted me. “There! There! Do that—fuck! Do that again!”

I obliged, hitting the spot I had touched a second ago. My sister dug her canines deeper into my shoulder. My arm tightened around her as her body quacked and her sharp wails muffled against my skin.

“MHM!” she shrieked, her pussy clenching around my fingers. I kept my eyes open, not wanting to miss a moment, memorizing the way my sister shook and twisted against me. I felt a sudden flood of wetness and her pussy grew so fucking hot, it was like plunging into liquid fire.

It went on for a full minute, but soon, her movements became less erratic. I felt her shiver and her pussy loosened their grip.

I withdrew my hand, and my sister took a trembling step back.

“Hey!” I said when her knees almost collapsed under her, but she swatted me back and signaled she was alright.

Ava raised her head up. I noticed there were tears in her eyes and a slight tremble in her shoulders.

She was crying.

“I don’t know why,” she said, her voice barely more than a whisper. “I—You—”

My fingers were dripping with her arousal. I wanted to comfort my sister, so I tried another step forward, but she shook her head.

“Why am I feeling like this, Aaron?” she sobbed. “You’re so fucking terrible at fingering a girl, but...” she sniffed. “You just touch me and I break. I’m difficult to please. I don’t cum so easily, but with you—”

“Ava...” I didn’t know what to say. I just looked at my sister as tears flowed down her cheeks, ruining her perfect makeup.

“Why am I feeling like this?” my sister repeated, wiping tears and mascara away. “Why do I have these thoughts about you, Aaron? Fucking tell me why!”

For a moment, I thought she suspected I knew the answer for her sudden feelings towards me. But then she hiccuped, and took a step forward, pressing her breasts against my chest, enveloping me in an embrace.

We hugged for what seemed like hours. I enjoyed every second, feeling her tears seeping into my shirt, her body curving into mine, and her smooth and sweet scent wafting into my nose. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the moment.

Ava was the first to break the silence.

“I broke up with Kevin,” she said, her body deathly still, only her lips and chest moving.

Excellent.

“Oh. I... I’m sorry.”

“I don’t know why I’m telling you all this.” I felt her stir, and I opened my eyes to see her blues staring up at me.

We looked at each other for a few beats. Then my sister wrapped her arms around my neck, stood up to her tiptoes and our lips met.

This wasn’t the sweet, light peck she had given me last night. Ava angled her face and pressed her heels against the floor, deepening the kiss.

And when she sucked on my upper lip, then moved to my bottom, I almost came. I pressed my tongue forward, eager to meet hers, but she unwrapped her arms and lowered herself to the ground.

“God, you’re a terrible kisser too,” she commented. “It’s like kissing a corpse. You’re not even doing anything.” She sighed. “I have to teach you everything, don’t I?”

Her insult felt like a stab at my heart, and a trickle of anger bubbled inside my chest. But I swallowed my pride. Instead, I moved my hands from her sides, skating them down her blazer, lowering them down her skirt and then bringing them back up and around—towards her ass.

I had always fantasized about those bubble cheeks for ages. I wasn't exaggerating if I said they looked like they were carved from god himself. I knew touching them would quench the anger, and it worked beautifully. My sister didn't stop me as I cupped her bare ass.

Her cheeks felt hard, toned, and full of muscles, but there was also ample softness. I knew what I was fondling was made from years after years of hard work and pristine genetics, and I didn't take them for granted as I kneaded and squeezed those plump cheeks in several places.

"Aaron..." My sister's hot pants were causing pre-cum to leak from my tip and run down my length. Her eyes were hazed over, but she was still staring at me, trying to focus, but failing to do so. "Why do I suddenly feel this way?"

I didn't reply, keeping my mouth sealed because I was afraid the truth would spill out if I opened them. I became more aggressive with her ass, squeezing them for everything they were worth under her uniform.

When a sharp moan split from her lips, I couldn't take it anymore. I released her ass and spun her around so that she was facing the wall. Growling, feeling more animal than human, I placed a palm onto her lower back, feeling her feverish flesh. I pushed her forward and down.

"No," Ava half-said, half-moaned. "I—I know what you want, but not yet. Not until you become a man."

Her words entered my ears, but they didn't register in my mind. All I could hear were the drums of my heart, the thumping on my head, and the screams from my cock to fuck my sister senseless and raw.

My body moved before I could think. I placed my hands on her hips, and with sweat dripping down my brows, I lined up my cock to her dripping cunt, my hips primed to thrust in.

"Aaron—No!" I didn't know what happened. I felt an arm grabbing me, a push, and we had swapped places. I was back in my original spot, with my back against the wall.

My sister's face was filled with ruined makeup, sweat, and her swollen lips were set in a frown. Amongst her lust filled expression, I could tell she was pissed off.

"If you do that again, I'll slap you. Do you understand?"

I nodded.

I desired to dominate my sister. I wanted to own every curve she possessed, every ounce of her milky skin, every orgasm she felt.

I wanted to make her my love slave.

But I had to admit. Right then, Ava held all the cards. She had the experience, and she definitely had the skills. I didn't know what I was doing, and it was hard to believe she wanted me more than I lusted for her, even with her eyes wide, pupils blown wide with anger—and desire.

Submitting to my younger sister's will felt like a huge blow to my ego, but I had to take the damage—for now. I would gain my experience with Ava and after I learnt the workings of the female body—Ava's body—I would use my newfound confidence to force her to submit.

If she kept her arrogant, bitchy attitude and refused to bend to my will... I don't know.

Life wrapped under Ava's thumb didn't seem too bad, as long as I got to bed her every night. She had given me a sampling of what could offer me, the heights of raw pleasure she could bring me to... and all she did to me so far was jerk me off and suck on my lips.

Ava was a tigress, an alpha on her own. The thought of dominating her to the point where she was willing to submit seemed like the most erotic challenge.

But for now, I had to play her game.

Ava placed her palms on my left and right, caging me in. Even though my sister was smaller and shorter than me, I felt trapped. She pressed forward, pressing her body against mine. She grinded against me until she got the reaction she wanted—a moan—then got up on tiptoes and touched our foreheads together.

"Tonight," she growled. "Eight sharp. In my room. We begin your first lesson there."

I started to reply, but she silenced me by attacking my lips. She kissed me hard, sucking on my lips with a passion that was only shared between genuine lovers. My words fizzled out in my throat, her lips alone quickly bringing me to the brink of no return.

"Okay," I said in between kisses. My lips were growing alive, tingling with sensations. I kissed her back, matching her aggression, not caring how sloppy I was. "I'll be there."

"Good. Don't be late."

I wanted to retort that it was ironic for her to say that since she was always late for everything, but I didn't want to push her buttons. The dangerous glint in her eyes told me I had crossed a boundary by trying to force my cock into her.

“You’re so hard for me, Aaron.” Her right hand dropped low and grabbed my cock. She performed a single stroke, from the base to my tip. Ava had stopped the assault on my mouth. We were just brushing lips now. “So fucking big and hard.”

“I want to fuck you, Ava,” I said, my crude tone surprising even myself. It felt like I had no control over my body and my voice. When my sister was this close to me and when she had a hold of my cock, my barbaric side I never knew even existed took over. “Please.”

Her gaze searched my face, and then her grip lowered, and she cupped my balls. Hard. It felt amazing at first, but her pressure didn’t stop, and soon, a sharp pain shot through my entire lower body.

“Shit,” I grunted. “What are you—”

“You will get my pussy once you have earned it.” She leaned back so she could soak it my entire face with her discriminating blue eyes. There were still dried tears on her cheeks. “When I mold you into the man I want you to be. Then we will *fuck*.” She narrowed her eyes and released her maddening grip from my balls. I sigh in relief. “But I warn you, big bro. My expectations in bed are high and I have a very mean sex drive. Can you handle me?”

Could I handle her? It seemed like a dumb question. It was as if she was asking a starving man if he could handle a buffet filled with the most exotic food in the world.

“Yes,” I told her, never being more confident than anything else in my entire life.

She nodded, acknowledging the certainty in my eyes. Ava took a step back, so that there was a respectful distance between us now.

I watched my sister pull her pink laced panties back up then went over to the one of the tables where she had left her pink Louis Vuitton purse. Flipping it open, she fished inside for a moment before taking out a wad of tissue paper.

She wiped her legs clean from her arousal before dumping the soaked tissue papers into the trash. Humming a tune I recognised as an Ava Max song, she retrieved another big stack from her purse.

Ava addressed me. “You made me finish, so it’s only fair if I return the favor.” She nodded to a chair at my side. “Sit.”

I obeyed, my heart going back to insane levels again in anticipation of getting off from my sister’s skillful hands again.

Ava playfully twined a few strands of pink hair around a finger as she walked towards me. She raised a hand and cupped my left cheek, forcing me to look at her. The tissue on her palm tickled my cheeks as she angled my face upward.

"I don't do blowjobs, except on special occasions like birthdays or valentines," my sister told me. "I hate going down on my knees in front of a guy. They do that for me." She stopped playing with her hair and brought the hand to my cock, pumping me as soon as she touched my flesh. "I'm going to teach you how to finger a girl properly, how to eat a girl out. You'll be doing that a lot."

Ava dropped her left hand from my face and reached down to cup my heavy balls.

"Fuck," I groaned, squeezing my eyes shut and letting the sensations take hold of me. It hadn't even been thirty seconds, and I was already back at the precipice.

I didn't know whether it was because I wasn't used to a woman touching me or that Ava was just that good with fingers; her left hand kneading and massaging my balls while her right hand did work, pumping me fast and hard, her strokes confident and filled with purpose.

It was probably a mixture of both.

"Are you close? Already?" Her words were a drone, her pretty features a blur.

I squeezed my eyes shut and nodded, my lips parting.

"Tell me when you cum." There was an edge to her voice. "I want a warning this time."

I could only nod. The sheer closeness of her, with her fingers on me, made my vocabulary disappear.

My sister's words cut through the darkness. "Look at you, Aaron. I love how you shiver when I touch you. I love how you melt and moan. It makes me feel so fucking sexy."

"You... you're sexy."

Wetness touched my neck. Her voice vibrated through me as she trailed wet pecks around my neck, her rhythm on my cock not slowing down in the slightest. In fact, she was going faster.

"Ava," I gasped, my eyes snapping open. "I—I'm going to—Ah!"

My sister acted quick. She heard my words and saw my muscles tensing. Still maintaining her delicious rhythm, she continued pumping me, but her hands that were massaging my balls were now over my tip. I spilled my load into the wad of tissue paper at the ready.

"That's it, baby," Ava was saying as I unraveled in front of her, moaning my delight out as if we were home alone and not in school. She didn't seem to mind how loud I was.

"Come for me, Aaron. Come for your little sister."

I had been overusing my cock for the past twelve hours, so I would assume my balls would be overworked. But twenty seconds had passed, and I was still spurting out hot ropes of cum after cum. Ava's fingers were just too good and the thought that the orgasm was caused by my little sister had me stark crazy.

I still couldn't believe it. The past twenty-four hours still felt like a feverish wet dream. I went from being completely ignored by Ava to her kissing me like we had been making love to each other for years.

Ava cursed under her breath. The wad of tissues pressed over my tip was completely soaked and overfilled to the point semen was dripping down my cock. She stopped pumping me and scooped the running streams down, desperate not to let any fall onto the floor.

She failed. Cum was still spurting out, and they leaked through the cracks of her fingers, dripping down on the cold metal flooring. I felt a shudder and the pleasure ebbing away.

"Christ, Aaron," my sister said, looking at all the white fluid on her hands and on the floor. "Do you always cum this much?"

I tried to get my breathing in check, my chest heaving and out. "No."

"Jesus." Ava's eyes were still wide. "You would get me pregnant so quickly if we don't use protection."

Her words sent a flare under my skin and I bit back a growl, studying my sister instead. She quickly retrieved more tissues from her purse and wiped the fluid off the floor, heading to the bathroom when she was done, presumably to flush the wet stack down the toilet.

I still couldn't get used to the fact that she was talking about the notion of us having sex so casually. I knew my younger sister was a very sexual person. Both my sisters were, and to be honest, I wasn't sure which one was the wilder one in bed. Lucia went to more parties and took more drugs, but Ava just had this... sex aura around her that my older sister didn't possess.

That no other woman possessed.

My sister came back, smoothing out the wrinkles on her blouse and straightening her blazer. Her hair was still perfect, but her makeup and dried tears were completely washed away, leaving her face bare, just like at home.



She was fucking hot with or without makeup, but I'd assume I was the outlier because I preferred my sister barefaced, shining her natural beauty.

I was still sitting down, my breathing slowly returning. Ava stopped an inch away from me and bent down so we were at eye level.

"Tonight," she reminded me, capturing my lips in a soft, sensual kiss.

"Mmm," I said, tasting vanilla, completely under her spell.

"Remember, do not tell anyone. Breathe a word of this and I'll kill you. I'm not kidding."

"Ava," I sighed, annoyed that she thought I was capable of betraying her trust. She should know me better. "I told you. I won't tell anyone."

"Hmm," she hummed, dropping back and straightening herself. Her eyes dropped to my cock, still hard and ready. I saw the tiniest of smirks crack the straightness of her lips.

"It's so big," she whispered, almost to herself. She must have realized she had said that aloud because her eyes snapped to me, pink coloring her cheeks. She turned around to walk away, her gait slow and soft. Very womanlike. Ava stopped at the doorway. "This will be our meeting place in school. Nobody will come here during the day and I have the only key to it. When I tell you to meet me at school, you wait for me here. Do you understand?"

I licked my lips. "Mh-hm."

"Aaron," she sighed, long and drawn out. "Talk to me like a gentleman. Do we have an understanding?"

"Yeah."

"Good," she quipped. Her hand closed in on the door handle. "I don't think anybody will be in this wing of the building, except for the janitors. But just in case, wait two minutes after I leave, then you can go." She cracked the door open, then paused, closing it back shut.

She looked back at me, her eyes twinkling. "I like this new relationship of ours."

Then she was gone, leaving me with my pants down, my cock bare, still throbbing, still hard. Even after the two minutes she had given me. All because her sweet scent still lingered in the air, teasing me.

Ava had just left, but I missed her already.

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