

Chapter 4

I paced outside Ava's room, working myself into a sweat as I waited for the clock to hit eight.

I had spent the better part of the day since coming back home wondering what the hell I should wear for our meeting.

Meeting? I didn't even know what I should call *this*. My sister declared tonight as a lesson on how to be a 'proper man.'

Whatever the hell that meant.

After changing outfits a few dozen times, I finally settled on a clean white T-shirt and a pair of maroon chino shorts. It was something I would wear on a date—if I ever get one. It wasn't anything too formal, but it also showed that I put some effort into my appearance. And knowing Ava, she was big on fashion.

I exhaled a breath, already feeling the effects of my fruitless cardio, my mind going a hundred miles an hour. All I cared about was if I could touch my sister, taste those lips again. Maybe even fuck her tonight. That would be a fantasy come true.

I was early. There was still half an hour to go before our meeting. I'd heard Ava coming back from her cheer practice an hour ago and she had stayed in her room ever since.

I hoped she was still in her cheer uniform. Ava looked amazing in anything, but my sister exuded a different aura whenever she was in red and white. There was this energetic and sexy energy surrounding her, making me rock hard every time I saw her prancing around in the skimpy outfit.

The door opened, and I stopped mid-step, staring wide eyed at my little sister. She was disappointedly not in her cheer uniform, and was dressed super casually in her night attire: a cute pink pajama set.

Compared to her, I looked way overdressed. Ava must have noticed that because she looked me up and down, and one edge of her lips curled upwards. Just for a second. It vanished when she met my eyes.

"I can hear you pacing for the last ten minutes, you know?" She peeked out and looked at the wall clock. "It's not even close to eight yet."

I started to reply, but she silenced me with a click of her tongue, stepped forward, and took my hand. My body throbbed with need at the contact, and I had to wonder how pathetic I was to get this worked up over a single touch.

Being in love sucks.

"Whatever," Ava said, leading me to her room, her smooth creamy scent working me thinking of a thousand fantasies. All of them starring the same woman. "We can start early."

She shut the door behind us and clicked it locked, even though we would be alone in our condo for the next couple of weeks.

I looked around her room. It had changed since I was last here all those years ago. Her wall had been repainted to a brighter pink, there were now pink curtains everywhere, an enormous pink rug sat in the middle of the room, and her bed was stuffed with a small mountain of pink pillows and probably a dozen teddy bears.

And there was a scent in her room. A pleasant, fruity one. I couldn't pinpoint what it was exactly, but it seemed like a mix of peaches, watermelon, and a slight hint of mandarin.

It really was a pink princess wonderland in here, and I felt extremely out of place.

I could spot the teddy bear I gifted her when we were kids sitting in the middle of the bunch. I was about to point it out when Ava stepped around and crudely cupped my erection, causing me to stagger backwards.

"What the hell?" I gasped, jolting my gaze back to her.

"You're already hard," she commented so casually she could have been asking about the weather. "Are you always hard, Aaron? Is your cock, like, in a constant state of hardness, or is it only erect around your little sister?"

"I..."

What should I say? How the hell do I even answer that?

She waited for me to say more. But when I didn't, she blew out a breath and nodded towards her comfortable looking bed.

"Sit."

Still looking at her, I took a hesitant step forward. When she just met my gaze, her blue flames boring into mine, I looked away and made the short trek to her bed. I sat on the edge, feeling twelve plastic pairs of eyes boring into my back.

"You remember Mickey?"

I shot my head up. "What?"

"Mickey," my sister repeated, stepping to the side of her enormous bed and grabbing the teddy bear I had gifted her. Back then, the toy was half her size, but now it was barely bigger than her head. She showed me the bear, making it dance in the air before hugging it close to her chest and planting a kiss on top of its head.

"He's still my favorite," she told me, the sexiness in her voice gone. It was all feminine and sweet now.

"You name it Mickey?"

"It's a *he*." She glared at me, her tone growing hard. "And, yes. I name all my companions." She pointed to each bear and started calling them out. "There's Coco, Oscar, Bella, Buddy..."

I lost track at 'Buddy,' but I allowed her to finish naming all of them before nodding, as if I had memorized all their names.

Carefully, Ava set Mickey down right in the middle of her 'companions' before she made her way towards me. She leaned forward and sniffed.

"You are wearing cologne," she commented. My sister inhaled again. "Let me guess, Dolce & Gabbana..." She clicked her fingers. "Light blue intense?"

I shook my head, bewildered. I felt guilty buying a designer fragrance, like I was pouring money down the drain, purchasing something as useless as overpriced scented oils.

“How... how did you know?”

“Please, I must have smelled hundreds of colognes by now.” She tilted her head as she inhaled my scent one more time. “A good choice for summer. You’re already learning, big bro.”

I suck in a breath at the mention of ‘big bro.’ She had never called me that until recently, after she had swallowed the pill. She knew exactly what she was doing too, layering the two words in a low husky voice, gauging my reaction.

I guessed she got what she wanted because she chuckled, extended her tongue forward and ran the hot pink muscle up my throat.

“You’re so easy, big bro,” she said as I gasped. “You’re always hard. The veins in your neck are so visible. Look at you. You’re basically panting, your heart is pounding in your chest right now, and I haven’t even done anything yet.”

She shook her head, disappointed. “Women get turned off by easy prey. And yet...”

Ava looked down, and I followed her gaze, staring at the spot in between her legs where I had fantasized for years of being inside.

She straightened herself and sighed, taking the band from her hair and letting her pink waves cascade down her shoulders.

“Your lesson today, big bro, is kissing. Because judging from the tragedy last night and then today at school, it’s clear to me you have no idea how to kiss a girl.” She plopped down on the spot beside me and twirled a few strands of pretty pink hair on a finger. “And that’s, like, super sad.”

I could only stare at those lips, so plump and rosy. God, I would do anything for that light vanilla taste again.

“I...” I didn’t even bother hiding my desperation, the gruffness that layered my tone as I leaned it towards my sister, getting closer and closer. She didn’t shift away or made any move to stop me. A good sign. “... I only need some practice.”

“Sure you do, big bro.” Her voice was softer now, barely a whisper. I shivered and half-closed my eyes as I felt her light breath skirting across my lips.

Ava clutched my neck and cheek. I held her hips, feeling the ridiculous valley of her sides as I closed the remaining distance between us and claimed what was rightfully mine. I captured her lips, plundering her sweetness with a lick.

Moans escaped me when my sister sucked on my bottom lip, then moved to the top, the sound of wet suction music to my ears.

“Suck on my lips,” Ava whispered between kisses. She was breathing audibly, her words breathless and raspy. “Don’t just lick like a puppy. Suck.”

I sucked on her plump lips, tasting the lovely vanilla and sweetness that I came to be addicted to. I must have done something right, because Ava moans mixed in with mine, then she dug her hands into my hair, deepening our kiss, sending me into bliss.

I could feel the familiar pressure rapidly building inside of me. My cock jerked painfully, and my abs tightened. I knew release was near, but I fought it off with dwindling willpower, not wanting to make a complete embarrassment out of myself again.

But the pressure was nearing impossible territory. Her soft lips, her heady scent, her crazy moaning... the erotic combination was making me light-headed with lust. I knew any more of this and I was done for.

Maybe Ava sensed my rapidly reaching release, or maybe it was sheer coincidence, but in the middle of our make out session, just as when I drove my tongue past her lips and met hers, my sister grabbed my shoulders and shoved me back.

“Better,” she gasped, her blue eyes wild and her breaths ragged. “You kiss much better now.”

I tried to talk, but my mind was a whirl of emotions and my body was a mess of sensations. All that came out of my mouth was harsh exhales and inhales. I watched as my sister wiped her swollen lips with a thumb then slipped the digit in her mouth, sucking hard.

“You taste...” She made a sound, a mix between a whimper and a moan, and her eyes rolled back. “... so good.”

Dropping her fingers, my sister scooted forward and crossed her legs. I did the same, and now we were facing each other, our knees touching.

“You’re actually very handsome, Aaron.” She brushed the back of her hand down my cheeks, then gripped my chin. “You share the same genes as me, so obviously you can’t be bad looking. It’s just hidden under all... this.”

She blew out a breath, tickling my nose. “Tomorrow morning, we’re going to take a little trip. Just me and you. I’m bringing you to my hairstylist. Then we’re going to do some shopping and get you a whole makeover.”

Words were coming back to me. “T-tommorrow? Don’t we have classes?”

“Pfft. Don’t worry. They will mark your attendance as present and nobody will notice you gone, anyway.”

“But... exams are coming and I... we need to—”

Ava jerked me forward, and I had to grip the mattress to prevent tumbling into her.

“Aaron, can you stop being a nerd for once? Study this, homework that. Who cares? Would you rather sit in class and listen to all the bullshit or spend the day with your sister?”

I was in the middle of answering her when a ringtone sounded behind her. Ava ignored it for a few seconds, staring at me with those amazing blue eyes, before she hopped off the bed and walked towards her desk, grabbing her phone.

“Hey.” My sister walked back and sat in the same spot, crossing her legs. She looked at me once again. “Uh huh.”

I mouthed ‘Who is it?’ Ava responded by tapping a button on her phone and settling in on the side.

A familiar voice filled the space, all silky smooth and rich.

“Did you really break things off with him?” Lucia asked.

Ava gestured me forward with a finger. Hesitantly, and trying to make as little sound as possible, I shifted towards her and almost choked on my saliva when she dipped low and met me with a scorching kiss on the neck.

“Ava?” There was distortion on the line before her voice became clear again. “Hellooooooooooooo? There’s a lot of gossip floating around IG and my phone is blowing up, so I wanted to go straight to the source.”

“Uh huh.” Ava bit down on the side of my neck. The pain was so sudden and so sharp, a cry leaked out before my lips before I could swallow it down.

Our elder sister was as sharp as ever. “Who’s that?”

“Nobody,” Ava replied.

“That’s not Kevin, is it? So the rumors are true. You really broke it off with him.”

“So what? He was getting bored anyway. Couldn’t get me off like he used to.”

I was really trying my hardest not to make another sound, gritting my teeth and tensing my muscles as Ava’s warm, wet tongue and magically lips did wonders to my neck.

“Okay.” There was a pause on the line, as if our elder sister was mulling the information over. “So, who’s the new guy? A one-night stand or something more?”

“There’s no new guy.” Using one hand, Ava swiftly unbuttoned my chinos and slipped a hand under my shorts, making an annoyed sound with her tongue when she felt my boxers.

She squeezed my cock through the soft cotton, and I had to pinch myself so hard to stop myself from losing control.

What the hell was wrong with Ava? Did she want to let Lucia know we were in the same room?

If our elder sister knew, it was over. Mom and Dad would know about this forbidden love in a matter of minutes, and they would probably fly here within the next hour. We would both be dead.

“Then what was that noise just now? Sounded awfully like a guy.”

Ava leaned back and stared at me, one edge of her lip curling upward as she noticed my expression. “You’re very nosy.”

Lucia exhaled. “Okay, okay. So how’s our brother? Has he left his man cave yet?”

“I don’t know.” Another squeeze on my cock. Fuck, she was killing me. “Why don’t you text him?”

“Hmm...” There was some chatter in the background and our eldest sister started speaking quickly. “Well, I gotta go. I miss you so much. Love you. Mwah.” Lucia made an air kiss and clicked off before Ava could get a word in.

Ava tossed her phone to the side and addressed me. “Aaron, next time, don’t wear boxers when you come here. In fact, I don’t want you wearing it at home. Understood?”

It was annoying getting bossed around by my little sister, no matter how hot she was and how much I wanted her. I needed a compromise.

“Sure, but the same goes for you. No bras or panties.”

“How do you know I’m wearing panties? You haven’t even looked.”

Was that an invitation? I brought my gaze down to her pink pajama shorts and reached between her legs, but promptly got slapped on the wrist.

“I told you. Today’s lesson is kissing. *That* is off limits.”

“You’re so annoying,” I grumbled. “I just want to fuck you.”

“How badly?” Ava blinked her eyelashes at me. “How badly do you want to fuck your little sister?” Before I had the chance to reply, she skated a hand down and tugged on her shorts, slipping it down to her knees. “Look.”

Ava wasn’t wearing panties.

I stared at her glistening pink flesh, feeling my body getting heated. And as I watched, my sister spread her thighs, giving me a better angle at utter perfection. I wanted to throw myself at her and force my cock down that fleshy hole.

"I'm tight, big bro," she whispered, spreading her pussy wide open with two fingers. "Sooooooo tight. I haven't been fucked in a while and you can see how wet I am for you. How does that make you feel?"

"Horny," I gasped.

"Ugh." She dropped her hand and frowned at me. "You're terrible at dirty talk, Aaron. We need to fix that."

I came forward, and she clicked her tongue, her lips set in a firm line.

She eyed me. "What are you doing?"

"What do you think?"

"I told you. My pussy is off limits for tonight. You'll get it when I say you earned it."

I couldn't hold my frustrations in any longer. The sexiest woman in the world was showing me her pussy, wide and unfiltered, and I couldn't have it? What sadistic game was Ava playing at?

"You're wet, I'm hard. If we fuck, nobody will know. So what's the big deal?"

Ava sighed and slipped her shorts back on, denying me the exotic sight. "You don't get it, do you, Aaron? I'm not a whore. I don't fuck every guy I want. Unlike you, I have self-control and choose my men wisely. If you don't want to do it my way, then the door is right there."

"Fine," I snapped, more annoyed with myself than with my bratty sister.

I shouldn't have played so many computer games and holed up in my room for so many years. Now, I was paying the price for my past mistakes. I had no experience with girls, and my sister was offering to teach me. She held all the cards, and I hated that I had no negotiating power.

"Good. You see it my way," Ava said, a smirk playing on her features. Even when annoying, she was hot.

My sister hopped off the bed. "Help me gather up my teddies so we could have more space. And be careful. Drop them and I'll bite your cock."

I did what she asked. Ava eyed me carefully as I took her bears and hugged them between my arms and chest.

"There." My sister jerked her chin to what looked like a large pet bed in the corner of her room. "Put them there."

I followed her lead, waited until she placed her stack of bears on the bed, before squatting down and placing the rest.

"I can't wait for Steve to join the family."

I perked up at the mention of a guy's name. "Who?"

"Steve." My sister smiled widely. "I ordered this reallyyyyyy fluffy bear a few days ago. He's soooo cute. I'll send you some pics!"

"You really love your bears."

She shrugged. "Blame yourself. You started me down the rabbit hole with Mickey. Ava straightened, then walked towards her bed. "Come. You're getting pretty decent with lip kisses already. So, we'll move on to some tongue lessons."

"Slow down!" Ava jerked back, breathing hard. "Aaron, you can't be so aggressive with your tongue. Slow and steady."

"Sorry," I gasped, feeling my heart thundering so fast and loud, I wouldn't be surprised if she could hear it. I had to be careful with Ava. She could actually send me to an early grave if I wasn't careful. "You just... it feels so good."

"It'll feel a whole lot better if you just relax and take it easy." My sister's lovely lips came brushing back against mine. "Relax, baby. Don't rush. Enjoy the moment."

I murmured my approval as Ava parted my lips with a stroke of her tongue. This time, I allowed her to take the lead. It proved to be a good decision. Our tongue brushed in a burst of heat, tangling together for a few moments before she slipped away and

licked every corner of my mouth, building my frenzy up, making me so painfully poised at the edge.

Fuck, she kissed like a Goddess. Even though Ava was the first woman I kissed, it was obvious she knew what she was doing. There was no denying the skill of her tongue or her hands.

Ava broke the connection, drawing a string of saliva from my lips to hers. She swiped at it with her tongue and smiled at me. "See? Much nicer, right? Once you get better at it and know what to do, you can get more aggressive. But for now, the slower the better."

"Okay." I nodded, cupping her cheek and leaning forward, not wanting to waste a second apart from those lips. The breathy moan that escaped her caused my cock to jerk and leak out arousal. "God, you taste so good, Ava."

"Like Vanilla?" she asked, meeting my tongue when I pushed in and greeting it with a slow, sensual lick.

"Mhmm. how do you know?"

"Guys have told me my lips and pussy taste like that, which is weird because you know how much I dislike vanilla."

"I didn't know."

"Well, now you do." She withdrew from me, kissed the right corner of my lip, then planted a sweet peck at the center. "You'll learn more about your little sister in the coming days."

Ava stroked my cheek with her thumb. I returned the favor by closing my hands around her hips and dragging upward through the valley of her sides.

"Aaron."

I met her blues. "Yeah?"

"Sleep with me tonight? I haven't had a warm body with me in a while. It would be nice to cuddle with someone again."

There was a hint of sadness in her voice. It was subtle, and I didn't know whether it was a slip up because Ava had been very confident throughout the whole evening.

My heart throbbed at the emotion peaking out in her tone.

"Of course. I'd love to."

She eyed me and sniffed once. "If I sleep with someone, I prefer if we are both naked, so I can cuddle without all the... fuss. But there are some rules, Aaron."

Of course. Rules.

"Well, what are there?"

"First, no touching my pussy. I hate that. You can touch my breasts and ass, but what's in between my legs is off limits."

She paused, waiting for me to react.

I expected the 'no touching her vagina part' because of how possessive she was with it. But unlimited access to her other parts? Sign me the fuck up.

I tried to keep my excitement down. "Sure."

"Second, no stealing my blanket. I have a big one, enough for both of us. I just hate it when I wake up in the middle of the night because my legs are cold and I find out that whoever I'm sleeping with has yanked it away."

She paused again.

"Got it. No pulling the blanket."

"Third, no snoring." She rubbed her chin. "Do you snore?"

"No. I mean, I don't think so. Ava, we have slept together before. And it's not like I can control whether or not I snore."

She exhaled. "Fair enough."

"Anything else?"

“Yeah.” She nodded to her bathroom. “Take a shower. It’s not like you stink or anything. The perfume you have on is very nice, but I always have my man bathe before we sleep together. You know, for hygiene.”

“Sure. But one condition.”

She raised a brow, but said nothing.

I continued, anyway. “Shower with me.”

She smirked. “Like old times?”

“Like old times,” I agreed.

“Okay,” she said. “I showered when I came home, but I can bathe again.” A pause. “To be honest, Aaron. You’ll be the first to spend the night here. My room is sacred. I don’t just let anyone in.”

She was right. Even though Ava had invited her boyfriends and her friends over, I have never once seen any of them enter her room. Guy or girl, no one was allowed inside. They just chilled in the living room, watching TV or doing whatever they did.

“But I guess...” she rubbed her chin. “You’re family and you live here so I’ll allow it.”

“Thank you, I guess?”

Her gaze dropped to my clothes. “What are you waiting for? Lose the shirt and pants.”

“Now?” I tried to look for a clock, but there was none on the wall. “What time is it? It’s like eight thirty or something.”

“If I’m not out partying, I sleep at ten every night. It keeps my skin healthy.” Ava prodded my chest with a finger. “Go on. Off with the junk.”

My clothes would be flying if I knew I was going to fuck her. But showering with her? The last time we shared the same bathroom was some fourteen years ago, and doing it again made me nervous.

Ava must have sensed how nervous I was because she took a step back and opened the top button of her silk pajamas.

She smiled when I snapped my eyes to her, enthralled by the show. She unbuttoned the second button, then the third. I could see half of her breasts, her milky skin almost gleaming under her bedroom lights, and then she undid the last button and shrugged the silk off.

Holy. Fuck.

I thought her pussy, all pink and beautiful, was the holiest sight I had the luxury of witnessing, but those two globes... they were on par, maybe even better since they came in pairs.

How the fuck was Ava this... *perfect*?

"Say something," Ava whispered, jiggling her breasts from side to side. "What do you think?"

They were beautiful. Jaw dropping. Breathtaking. Shit, I don't know... opulent? So many words to describe her teardrops, but all I managed out while I battled to find some air—and some words—was a breathy, "Wow."

Ava's breasts were actually bigger than I thought. My little sister always had a small stature, and although her tits popped out when she was wearing her tight dresses or shirts, they never looked particularly large, like some of the other girls.

But looking at them bare, how they sat so snugly on her chest without a hint of sag, they looked like the perfect size to palm under my hands. And her nipples, all pink and perky, were dying to be sucked on.

My body flared to life. I closed the distance between my sister, and before I could stop myself, I grabbed her tits and squeezed them.

They felt soft yet firm. So fucking plump. I could have felt them up all night, but Ava brought me back to the present when she reached for my shirt.

"Huh?" I shook my head and stared at intense blue eyes.

"Your shirt. Take it off."

“Oh.” Reluctantly, I let go of her breasts and raised my hands over my head, bending forward so my sister could pull the clothing off me.

Ava tossed my shirt away then tapped my right thigh. I knew what she wanted. Clearing my throat, and suddenly feeling awkward again, I tugged my shorts, looked at my sister, then pulled them down fully. My boxers came off a second later and I was left shuddering from the air-conditioned room.

“Christ, Aaron, you’re so wet.” Ava bent down and picked up my boxers. “Completely soaked. Just from kissing?”

“You also touched me when Lucia called,” I muttered.

She shook her head. “You’re just so easy, big bro.”

Ava slipped her panties down, and now we were both nude. I wanted to admire her nakedness, but my sister took my hand and brought me into her en suite.

Her bathroom was the fanciest in the house. After all, Ava insisted on having the Master’s. And whatever my little sister wants, she gets. She was the princess of the family and was pampered by Mom and Dad the most.

Ava, still gripping my hand, led me into the glass shower and pointed towards the granite bench in the corner.

“Sit. Gimme a few to adjust the temperature.”

Her shower head was an enormous steel rainfall, almost covering the entire glass cage we were in. My eyes widened when she turned some knobs and pink light illuminated above us, making it look like it was raining pink.

“Why do you have LEDs in your shower?” I asked.

She shrugged, then pulled me into the streaming jets with her, going on her tiptoes and capturing my lips, silencing the other questions I had. The temperature was hotter than I liked, but all my attention was funneled into my sister and her wonderful, wonderful lips.

Ava was much more aggressive this time, backing me into a wall, clutching my head and angling me where she wanted me best, taking me in a bruising kiss. Our tongues tussle, our teeth clash, our moans collide.

Lessons were over.

I skated a hand down her back, feeling up all her delicious curves before grabbing the best bubble butt on earth, squeezing one cheek while my free hand slipped to her front and grabbed her left tit, gripping that tightly too.

Ava seemed to love that because she moaned, then bit down on my bottom lip, not hard enough to draw blood, but the sharp stinging sensation caused me to gasp.

My sister growled—actually growled—and left my lips, trailing soft, light kisses down my neck, a stark contrast to her forceful attack on my lips just moments ago.

I heaved breaths, wiping water out of my face so I could watch my sister closely as she kissed down my front, lowering herself until she was kneeling in front of me, her swollen lips inches away from my cock.

Ava purposely ignored my hard-on, kissing *around* it, then stared up at me with big blue eyes.

“Do you want a blow job, big bro?”

“I...thought...” Shit, it was getting hard to talk. And breathe. “You didn’t give... blowjobs.”

“I do. But only for special people and only for special events.” She grabbed my cock with her right hand and offered a slow pump. I squeezed my eyes shut at the sheer pleasure my sister was giving me. “You’re my brother, and this will be our first night together. I think that makes today special, don’t you think?”

I would say anything to get my sister’s lovely lips on my cock. “Yes...”

She gave me another pump, chuckling when my cock jerked up. “How much do you love me, big bro? How much do you love your little sister?”

“A lot.” I gasped, my eyes snapping open. “Too much.”

I swear to god, I was going to burst in her face.

She blinked innocent eyes. "Would you do anything for your little sister?"

I nodded, and she squeezed my cock. Hard.

"Say it," she told me. "Don't just move your head."

"Yes!" I groaned. "Fucking hell, Ava, you're killing me here."

She raised a brow, looking so damn sexy with her damp pink hair and moist skin.

"Is your little sister the prettiest girl in school? You told me I was hot, but how hot? Specify it."

"Ava," I moaned when she grabbed my balls with her other hand and started tickling it with her nails. "Fuck—you're... you're the sexiest girl in school. On earth."

My sister hummed in agreement and the next thing I knew, I felt warm, wet suction on my balls. My hips jerked, and I looked down to see a sight I would pay billions for.

Ava was sucking on my heavy balls, first the left one, then she paid special attention to the right, licking it first before taking my nut into her mouth and sucking hard.

"Ava! Oh—God."

"Are you going to cum prematurely again, big bro?" Her voice was high and feminine, and she bat her eyelashes at me. "Are you going to disappoint your little sister again?"

"N-no."

"No?" Ava moved up and gave a generous long lick to the underside of my cock and I had to use the remaining reservoir of my willpower to hold back all the built-up pressure. But I couldn't stop the loud, unrestrained groan that tore from my throat.

"Look at you, big bro." She tsked at me, shaking her head. "You're on the edge, buckling and groaning at everything I do. I bet if I..." She started pumping me again, really fast this time, and I moaned out a warning. Ava stopped, smirking up at me. "Now, tell me again you're not close."

“Okay, okay.” I gasp, drinking in air. “I’m close. I’m so god damn close.”

“Of course you are. You know what? Let’s play a game.” My sister’s eyes twinkled. “If you can hold back your orgasm for... three minutes, I’ll let you fuck me tonight.”

Never in a million years would I ever thought I would hear those words coming from my own sister.

“You... what?”

“I’ll let you fuck me,” she repeated, her voice all low and so fucking sexy. “In any way you want. Any position. And for the *whole* night. You can go as hard as you want.” She looked down at my cock, stroking her thumb over one protruding vein. “But it won’t happen because I’m too good and you have no self-control.”

She was right, and we both knew it. Still, I would be a total idiot if I refused.

But what if I lose?

“And... what if I lose? What would happen?”

“Then you don’t get to lose your virginity tonight,” she said simply.

I didn’t even think before replying.

“Deal.”

“Start counting,” was all I heard before she took my cock in one smooth bob of her head.

I didn’t have time to react before I felt the back of her throat. Ava gagged for a second, before she regained composure and started deep throating me, gripping my hips tight while she brought me deeper down her throat.

To be honest, I forgot about the challenge for a good few seconds. My entire body folded forward as pure rapture lit me up and wrecked me from the inside out.

The sounds my sister made as she gulped down my entire length, bobbing her head back and forth, her intense blue eyes as they stared up at me, so full of lust and love...

Yeah, there was no way I could hold back. No man living on the planet could *not cum*.

Squeezing my eyes shut and pulling my head back, I roared out my release, gripping my sister's shoulders for support as my knees turned to jelly.

I didn't know how the hell Ava remained her composure throughout, since I gave her no indication that I was going to orgasm. My cock jerked and spasmed, and I bursted so much fucking cum down her throat, her stomach must be completely filled with it. But my sister swallowed every single drop without as much as a sound, and when I was finally done, she withdrew my throbbing cock out and stood up.

"Time," she said, a hint of a smile playing on her pretty features.

"I..." I slumped down onto her and tried to regain breaths. "Holy shit."

Ava was back to her delicious kissing and licking, first on my neck, then making her way to my cheeks, then towards my ear.

"You're soooo big and wide," she whispered darkly, licking at my earlobes. "I love how you taste. So salty. So nice."

I shuddered as I took in her filth. "I—I don't even think... I lasted a minute."

"Thirty-three seconds," my sister informed me. "I counted."

"I guess I'm not losing it tonight?"

"No." She moved down again and pecked my cheek. "You were never going to. Nobody has ever lasted long with me if I don't want them to. And that was with men with much more experience and control. You had no chance."

"But..." Ava moved to my lips, and she sighed as we tasted each other. "You can eat me out in bed tonight instead." She gave me one final lingering kiss, stroking my tongue with hers, before pulling back and turning off the pelting hot rain. The glass walls were fogged up and steam made it difficult to soak in all her pretty features clearly. "I'll teach you how to eat pussy."

"Ava."

My legs were still shaky, and I was still lightheaded from possibly the best orgasm of my life. If that was how blowjobs feel like, I would never masturbate again, because hands couldn't even come close. At least my hands. Fuck me, I was getting so attached to my sister. Too addicted.

"Hmm?" She turned around, walked towards me, and gave me a light peck. I could taste myself on her lips, but her sweetness overpowered the saltiness, so I didn't mind too much.

I hoped kissing lessons would never end.

"That blowjob was amazing."

"I know," she replied. "Trust me, what you received was top tier stuff. If you get head from any other girl, it wouldn't be close to what I gave you."

"I believe you."

She hummed and gripped my deflating cock, giving it a few good pumps.

"Hard again," Ava commented. "I like this, Aaron. You respond so well to me and you're a quick learner. Comparing your kissing game to this morning, it's... how do I put it without sounding mean?" She raised a finger. "Like night and day."

I said nothing to that and my sister went to her wall rack and tossed me a fresh white towel.

"Dry yourself, then hop into bed with me. We can mess around for a while before we call it a night."

Ava must have noticed something in my expression, because she tilted her head and frowned. "What? What is it?"

"Umm..." I patted my body with the towel while trying to figure out the best way to convey my thoughts. "You, um, you said you sleep naked, right?"

"I sleep naked with a partner," she corrected me. "Otherwise I'm in my pajamas. Why?"

“Can.. uhh...”

“Aaron, just spit it out.”

“Can you... can you wear your cheer uniform?”

She repeated my words, only much slower, making me regret saying anything. “My cheer uniform?”

I could feel my entire face heating up. “Yeah.”

“Hmm.” She eyed me, her expression passive. Then she shrugged and started drying herself. “Sure. I have a clean pair in my closet.”

“Really?” I was honestly shocked she had agreed. “You’ll do it?”

“Normally, no. But you’re too cute to say no to, big bro.”

“Normally?”

“Yeah.” She was wiping in between her breasts now, and I couldn’t help but stare. “I must have been asked that like a dozen times already. I get it. Cheerleaders are hot. Girls in uniform are sexy. It’s men being men.”

“Lovely.” I took a step forward and leaned in to kiss her. The longer I spent with Ava, the more confident I grew. There was something about being with a hot woman that drove the primal energy inside me out.

My sister didn’t stop me. She allowed me to kiss her, and even offered a soft smile when I broke away.

Was this how it felt like being in a relationship? Because I was in heaven right now and I wasn’t feeling like myself at all—in the best way possible.

Ava tucked a damp piece of pink hair behind an ear. “Let me do my hair and get my uniform. When I return, I want to see you in bed. Naked. Do you understand?”

I hated when she added the ‘do you understand’ part. It made it clear who was in charge, and having my *younger* sister telling me what to do felt wrong. But she agreed

with what I asked of her, and I was getting closer and closer to my fantasies of fucking her while she was in uniform—school or cheer. I would take the compromise.

At least for now.

“Sure,” I said, slowly lowering my eyes down her body, admiring every tempting inch. She smiled and stepped forward, kissing me one final time before setting her palm on my chest and giving me a push towards the door.

“Give me five minutes,” Ava whispered, blowing me an air kiss.

The last thing I saw as I stepped outside was a wink. One that suggested tonight was going to be a long one.

A *very* pleasurable one. With the hottest cheerleader alive.