

Chapter 6

“God—Ava!” I gritted out, my breath ragged, my excitement uncontained. I thrust into my little sister’s pussy, dragging a cry from her lips with each savage pound. “Holy shit.”

“Don’t stop!” she mewled, her voice high-pitched. Feminine.

Submissive.

My hips worked brutally between her thighs, driving the frenetic hunger out of me. Ava cried out, and I responded by leaning down and capturing her painted lips while she mewled, gasping every time I hit her cervix, moaning each time I withdrew.

It hadn’t been a minute since we started fucking and the pressure building inside me was already bothering on pain.

I needed to hold back, drag the moment of living out my lifelong fantasy, but it all came crumbling down after another brutal thrust in. Ava bit my lips, hard, and I knew it was over.

“Ava!” I roared into her mouth. “I’m going to—”

I didn’t need to say more. My sister’s lips parted against mine as she spoke the words that made me lose all sense of control.

“Cum,” she finished for me, and drew out the last word in an airless whisper. “*Master.*”

My cock exploded. I squeezed my eyes shut and everything went black.

Chirp!

What?

Chirp! Chirp!

I opened my eyes, listening to the birds singing outside. Visions of Ava faded away, and I was too drowsy to beg for them to return.

I could still smell her. Sweet, addictive smoothness all around me.

I turned to my side, expecting to see pink hair and a slender, naked body, but once again, I was disappointed with an empty space.

Groaning, I sat up on the bed, blinking the drowsiness away from my eyes. For a second, I was confused where I was. All I could see was pink and more pink.

That's right. I was in Ava's bedroom. Her pink princess wonderland.

Her window curtain was swept aside, making the sun flood the space, light rolling up the hardwood flooring and blinding me.

For the first time ever, I had shared a bed with another woman. My own sister. The sexiest girl on planet Earth. Pride swelled in my chest until I moved and felt wetness between my thighs.

Frowning, I drew the blanket away and saw thick white fluids all over my legs and the bed. My cock was red and throbbing, veins thick and protruding. Fuck. I had just orgasmed, but I didn't remember it, so there was only one embarrassing explanation.

I had just came in my sleep. The visions of me fucking Ava weren't events of last night, but a damned wet dream.

When was the last time I had wet the bed? Oh god.

I blamed Ava. Her perfume was everywhere; on me, her pillow, the blanket, the mattress, all mixed in with her room's scent of a variety of fruits. It was no wonder why I had the best sleep of my life and the most wonderful dream ever.

I looked at the empty spot beside me again. Where was she?

It was pathetic. I saw her on an almost everyday basis, and yet waking up with no sign of pink perfection had my heart throbbing with loss.

Sighing, I struggled out of her, grabbed some tissues from her bedside table, and scooped my boxers off the floor. I cleaned the mess on the bed as best as I could and slid on my underwear, although it was an uncomfortable process since I was still rock hard with pre-cum oozing out of my crown.

When was the last time I was deflated? Shit, I couldn't even remember. I couldn't get my dick down after that day when I caught Ava masturbating. The second after she had first touched me.

Was my feelings pure lust or was this actual love?

Surely, a bit of both. I would do anything for my sister. Take a bullet for her, if needed, even though she treated me like trash for the better part of our lives.

That was love, right? Although I was nineteen and a grown man, I was a complete novice when it came to feelings because I never had the opportunity to share it with anyone. What do they call it? Emotional immaturity?

I crossed her room and headed towards her door, desperate to know where my sister was. We were supposed to go out today, and I had no indication of the time. Ava had no clock in her room and I left my phone in mine amid all the nerves last night.

But judging from the intensity of the sun and how loud my stomach was growling, I had overslept. On a school day.

Grabbing the door handle, I twisted it and swung the door open. It was such an odd sensation to be stepping out into the living room from the wrong side of the house.

My sister wasn't in the living room like I had hoped, and I almost called out to Ava when I caught sight of her in the kitchen. At the best angle too.

Ava was bent over the refrigerator, apparently searching for something. Her ass looked phenomenal in those tight blue jeans, and she was wiggling her cheeks from side to side as she rummaged through the fridge.

I just stared. And stared.

"It's rude to stare at a girl like that, Aaron, you fucking perv," my sister said, not even turning around. She stood up and uncapped the orange juice. "Do I need to teach my big brother basic manners, too?"

Her voice—all breathy and girly—sent my insides melting.

Yeap, this was love.

“Sorry,” I muttered, scratching my head. “But, I mean... like... how could I not with your butt... I mean... you know.”

Smooth work, Aaron. No wonder you're a hit with the ladies.

She sighed and finally turned to me. My sister was already geared ready to head out, her makeup immaculate, her long pink hair pulled back into a high ponytail. She dressed casually, in a simple white T-shirt that hung low, showing off hints of her toned stomach, and in skin-tight jeans that made the curve of her ass look otherworldly.

Her gaze fell to my erection, straining against my boxers. “Have you showered yet?”

“No, I thought—”

“Go take a shower. In my room. But don’t take too long. Dry yourself and come out naked.”

Was this going to be an everyday thing? Me taking orders from my little sister?

When I didn’t move for several seconds, she raised a bro and took a sip of her bottled orange juice. “Well?”

“Give me five minutes,” I muttered, turning around and heading back inside her room.

It took me longer than five. I brushed my teeth and towel dried myself, debating whether I should go back outside in my boxers. Just to show some resistance to her annoying orders. Why was she like that? Was the desire to dominate a trait that ran in the family?

I stepped out of Ava’s bathroom, almost running right into her at the doorway.

She didn’t speak. Just poked her nose at my throat and inhaled deeply. She seemed satisfied at how I smelled because she took my chin, went up on her tiptoes and sent me into heaven with a scorching kiss, dispelling all of my annoyance in a single second.

Her mouth was carefree, careless, and so sweet, slanting around mine as though she didn’t care about rhythm, only to taste me and have me taste her.

“I’ll only give you my love once you have cleaned yourself,” she told me, lowering back down and nailing our gaze together. “I don’t want to kiss overnight lips and taste morning breath.”

My tongue didn’t seem to be functioning, not with vanilla and orange overpowering my taste buds. I continued kissing her instead, dipping my lips down and crashing back onto hers, completely hooked on her flavor. Holy fuck, she tasted good. Even better than last night.

Her hand dropped to my cock and I couldn’t help but groan and squeeze my eyes shut as she gave me lazy strokes.

“Still hard and hot,” she commented, in between light kisses. “Do you ever deflate, Aaron? I’m serious. You might have a condition.”

I opened my eyes and smiled, stepping back so I could see Ava properly. My vocal cords were back. “My condition is you.”

The words just came out naturally. Why was I suddenly so smooth?

I sucked in a sharp breath when she ran the pad of her thumb across my tip, gathering all the spilled pre-cum.

She hummed a sound, liking the response, the edges of her lips curving slightly. She let me go and lapped at her thumb, humming again. Time seemed to slow as we locked gazes, turning precious seconds into excruciating minutes.

Ava bit her lips and the glimmer in her blue eyes told me I wasn’t the one noticing the heavy tension in the room. The temperature plummeted, and the air felt heavy, as if a weighted blanket was covering us.

For a moment, a brief second, a spark of hope lit up in my chest that we were going to fuck. I visualize myself making the first move, pinning her on her bathroom wall and riding that skin-tight jeans down to bury myself inside her, like in my dreams.

But the last time I lost control was in the computer lab back at school, and my sister threatened to slap me if I tried to fuck her without her consent.

“Come,” Ava finally said, taking my hand and leading me out of her room. Her touch sent needles prickling through my skin, reminding me that this was real and I was

actually holding my sister's hand, naked, with a throbbing hard-on. "Let me choose your outfit. I don't want you looking like a nerd outside."

I didn't think I dressed badly. Polo shirts, plain T-shirts, jeans, and shorts were basically my entire wardrobe. But as we entered my room, Ava eyed my wardrobe, shaking her head.

"You need tighter fitting clothes," she told me. "You're so skinny and frail, wearing stuff too oversized."

"Uh huh," I said, my eyes unwillingly sneaking glances at her rounded ass cheeks. Her ass just looked hypnotizing in those jeans. Every time she wore them, I always *had* to gawk. Throughout the years, I had always done so discreetly. A quick snap of my phone camera, then hours wanking to bubbly perfection in the privacy of my bathroom.

But now it was different. I could *stare*, and she wouldn't murder me when she caught me like she did right then.

"We don't have much to work on, but—" She turned to face me and I snapped my eyes back at her, but it was obvious where I had been looking.

"Big bro," she sighed, but I could tell she wasn't mad because her voice was overly feminized and she was using the words 'big bro.' "Do you have a problem with my ass or something?"

I smirked. "A little. It just looks so fucking hot in those tight jeans."

Her lips twitched. Bingo. Ava had the ego the size of Jupiter and, by praising her looks, it just fed into it.

Besides, I was telling the truth.

She took my wrist, then slid my palm against her backside. I sighed as I squeezed those plump cheeks against the denim.

She inhaled deeply as I fondled her ass, then blinked her blue eyes. "Are you excited for tonight, big bro?"

My breathing sped up, imagining all the sinful acts we would do. "Yes."

She gripped my cock, and now we were squeezing each other. "I'm going to ride this cock soooooo hard." She giggled. "And alllllllll night. Are you ready for me, big bro?"

"I have been waiting all my life."

"Hmm." She released me, but I refused to let those amazing cheeks go. I now had two hands around her hips, squeezing those buttocks in different plump places. "You're such a pervert, aren't you, Aaron? Lusting after your own sister your whole life." A pause. "But is it only one sister? Do you have your eyes on Lucia, too?"

"No."

"Liar." She smacked my hands away and crossed her arms under her breasts. "So you lust after big sis, too. You're such a perv."

I didn't know how the hell she knew. Maybe it was my body language? Or she was calling my bluff.

I decided to wiggle my way out in case she was. "Look—I don't fancy Lucia. Only you, Ava."

"Aaron," she said softly. "If you lie to me one more time, you will never, ever touch me again. Do we have an understanding?"

I exhaled. Okay, fine. She won.

"Fine."

"Good." She lifted her chin. "Let's try again. Do you lust after Lucia?"

"Yes, but—"

"If I catch you flirting with our big sis, or if you even give her a look, I'll cut you alive. Do you understand? You're mine."

"Ava." I managed my words carefully. "I think you're the sexier sister, anyway. You have like..." Now I was lost. What should I say? "The better... everything. Boobs, ass, face, body." I shrug. "Scent—"

I gasped, snapping my eyes down south. My sister had my balls in an iron grip, and I looked back up into her icy blues.

“Do.” She squeezed, and I tried to back off, but she was holding me tight.

“We.” I tried to pry her hands away, but she warned me off by adding pressure on her grip, and I almost doubled over.

“Have. An. Understanding?” she finished, every word punctuated with a glare and more added pressure.

“God, what the fuck, Ava?”

She growled low in her throat. I shrugged, putting my hands up high in mock surrender. “Yes, yes, we do.”

“Good.” She released my balls and went to my cock, stroking me lovingly like she just hadn’t threatened me moments ago. “I don’t fuck around in my relationships, Aaron, and I expect my man to take us seriously, too.”

Was my little sister always this possessive? What the hell did I just get myself into?

But if the end result meant my cock inside her... I would take the crazy. Anytime. Anyday.

“How close are you?” she asked me, staring down as she pumped me faster and harder.

“Very,” I moaned, closing my eyes, preparing to explode all over my room again.

She stopped her delicious strokes and my eyes shot open, my frown telling her everything.

“We’ll save orgasms for tonight, big bro. I want you in your prime when I take you. Don’t worry. By the time we’re finished, your balls will be completely drained, and my pussy filled with your yummy seed.”

How was so much filth coming out from an eighteen-year-old?

I shook my head. "No. There's no way I can go through the day when I'm with you. I need at least something. Maybe a quick handjob before we go?"

She seemed to consider it, which was a welcoming surprise. And when she nodded, my heart almost punched through my ribcage and I almost jumped with joy.

Ava nodded at my unmade bed. "Lay down. I'll get the tissues."

Heaven was both us in my bed, my sister kneeling in front of me, her stare nothing less than seductive.

"Here." Ava's voice dipped, all breathy and so god damned sexy. "A sight to help."

My pulse kicked up as I watched my sister unbutton her jeans and slid down the zipper, revealing pink laced panties. Her eyes were scorching, looking up at me, as she spread her legs and pulled down her panties just enough so I could see soaked perfection.

"I'm going to have that tonight?" I breathed, not realizing I said the words aloud until my sister nodded.

"All of it," she whispered, leaning forward and kissing me on the neck. "If you are a good big brother that listens to his little sister, you can have her tonight, and the next night, and the night after that."

Her pelting kisses along with the sight of her slick, pink folds had me gasping and moaning, completely under her spell. Ava shifted closer and turned her attention to my cock, wrapping a thick stack of tissue paper around my tip while her other hand came to my base where she pumped me frustratingly slowly.

"I don't even know if this stack can absorb all your cum," Ava muttered, almost to herself. "I swear to god, I have never seen a man spill out as much as you do, Aaron. Your load was stuck in my throat all night because my stomach couldn't store everything."

"Ava," I groaned. "Go faster."

Her little girl's voice was back. "Have patience, big bro." She released a long breath and shifted so close to me, I could feel her desire radiating from her sex, our lips inches apart. "Kiss me. Kiss your little sister. Show her what she taught you."

Ava used her free hand to undo her ponytail, and lush waves fell around her shoulders, half of her face covered in pink, making her seem even more irresistible.

I still couldn't believe my little sister had turned into my first girlfriend. Maybe I was still in another feverish wet dream, but reaching under her white shirt and cupping those pearly breasts under her laced bra spelled the reality I was living in.

"What is it?" Her breaths skirting across my lips, her eyes hooded.

I gripped her hips and pulled her closer. Our lips touched. I could taste her vanilla. "Just admiring."

Her lips twitched, and she inhaled again. "You're really in love with me, aren't you, big bro?"

I sucked on her lips and she responded beautifully, offering me her flavor—plenty of it.

Ava moaned when our tongues met. She was as eager as me and soon we were in a frenzy of licks and burning hot tastes. Her pumps on my cock was sloppy as she focused her entire attention dancing with my tongue, but even with the lack of focus down south, pressure spiraled inside of me, my entire body growing harder and tenser, moving me closer and closer to where I needed to be.

Her taste, her smell, her fingers on my cock... it was driving me deranged with lust. I moaned into her mouth just when she deepened the kiss, licking my tongue aggressively, giving herself to me as I surrendered to her.

I tightened my grip on her breasts, squeezing her plump cushions harder. I wanted to intensify our lovemaking, so I roughly pulled her into me and I heard a rip.

Her body slammed into mine. I gasped just as Ava pulled back, her blue eyes the wildest I had ever seen from her.

She felt her bra over her white T-shirt. "You just ruined my favorite bra."

“Sorry.”

I didn't feel bad in the slightest.

“Now, what am I going to wear tonight, hmm?” My sister looked down, placed her hands on my thighs, and began grinding her dripping sex against the sides of my cock, scorching my flesh there. “Maybe we should drop tonight and I fuck you now?”

I jerked up hard, a loud animalistic groan splitting the room. I didn't know how I managed my voice to go deep like that, or how the hell I managed not to cum there, but more pre-cum spilled out, a few strands sailing through the air and onto my sister's face.

Ava was back to jerking me off. She was fully committed to it, sitting back, ignoring the globs of liquid on her cheek, biting down on her lower lip, staring deep into my eyes as she pumped expert, quick strokes up and down my cock.

She wanted me to cum, and I didn't have any willpower left to fight off my release. I had used *everything* just to not burst when her sex touched mine.

“Ava!” I hissed through clenched teeth, my voice cracking, tears spitting in my eyes. Holy fuck. Fuck! I gripped her hips and tried to heave her onto my lap, to impale her on my shaft, but shouted in frustration when my sister resisted me, still pumping my red, angry cock and massaging my balls.

“You want to fuck me now, big bro?” She jutted her bottom lip out and blinked innocently. “You want your little sister's pussy?”

“Yes,” I heaved, throwing my head back and trying not to close my eyes. Because I knew once I did, there was no going back.

“Say please. Say ‘pretty please, Ava. I want you to please ride my cock now.’”

I was going to say it. I didn't care what the hell I needed to repeat, as long as I could lose my virginity to the girl I was hopelessly in love with and desperately addicted to.

One whiff of her intoxicating scent and I was already fucking hard, so it game over for me with Ava this close, pumping me with fervor, staring at me like I was her long lost love. The combination caused me to crumble and instead of repeating the words when I closed my eyes and opened my mouth, a groan rushed out, and my cock detonated.

“Ava—shit!”

My sister’s free hand left my balls to tighten the tissue papers over my tip, but her pumps didn’t slow down. Her soft fingers darted up and down my shaft, her lips turning into a satisfied smirk as my sister watched me unravel in front of her.

“So much cum,” Ava commented, wiping down my length with the damp tissue as I breathed and heaved. “And you’re still so hard.”

I tried to say something but my lungs were burning so I laid back and enjoyed my sister wiping me down before she hopped off my bed and exited the room, presumably to head to the kitchen and toss the tissue away.

She was back much longer than I expected, her pretty face wiped clean, her makeup reapplied, her bra replaced, and her sweet scent as intoxicating as ever. I watched Ava head to my closet, picking out a clean white T-shirt and simple blue jeans, before tossing it at me.

“Wear these,” she told me, hopping back onto the bed and stroking my cheek with her thumb. My sister blinked innocently. “Are you ready for your first date, big bro?”

Fuck yeah, I was.

“Do you like her?”

“Hmm?” I glanced at my sister. “Like what?”

“My baby.” She patted the hood of her BMW before clicking the doors open.

“Well...” I opened the door and ducked inside. Her car smelled just like her, with an added pleasant leather scent. “I guess.”

“Do you want her?”

I snapped my head at my sister. “What?”

She giggled, pressing the button for the ignition, the car roaring to life and driving us out of the private parking. "Daddy is getting me a new one. The 2023 model when it's released."

"What?"

"What?" my sister mimicked me, her voice growing deep, but she still couldn't wipe away the adorable feminine edge to her tone.

I frowned at her. "Why would dad buy you a new car? This one is not even a year old."

"Because he likes to treat his little princess."

I rolled my eyes and shook my head. Dad should stop being a pushover and say no to Ava for once in her life.

But then again, maybe I should be the last person to say that because I couldn't say no to my little sister, too.

"You should have her," Ava told me. "Your car is embarrassing me."

"There's nothing wrong with mine," I grumbled, but I didn't know why I was arguing. Her BMW was amazing. This was my first time sitting in it and I was already majorly impressed. "She still runs like a dream."

"For you," my sister replied. "But I have standards."

"Well, if you want to donate this, I wouldn't say no."

She sniffed, smoothing the car to a stop at a red light. Ava turned, leaned over, and cupped my cock.

"What the—" I slapped her hand away, uncomfortable with how crude my sister was acting. "What was that?"

"Just checking if you're still hard. You don't disappoint, Aaron. At least when it comes to the cock department."

"Is it really the biggest you ever had?"

Her painted lips twitched. "After tonight, yes."

Ava was really treating me like her boyfriend.

She wouldn't let me go, holding my hand, leading me through the mall. Or she would snuggle beside me with her warmth when we stepped on the escalators, pointing out things that would perk her interest.

It felt nice, being this close to my sister again. But my constant hard-on was an annoyance and I couldn't get it down no matter how hard I tried. It was like my cock had a life of its own, throbbing, aching to be inside the woman next to me.

We reached the top floor and Ava led me to a salon I'd never imagined myself going into because of how expensive it looked from the outside.

"Behave," my sister said, walking forward and tapping the button next to the glass door. A moment later, we were buzzed in and I was greeted by the sound of hairdryers and the scent of expensive hair products.

There were only women inside, so I immediately felt out of place, especially with Ava dragging me inside like I was some lost puppy.

"Here she is!" a high-pitched voice shrieked.

A pretty lady who looked to be in her late twenties popped out of nowhere, her hands wide for a hug.

Ava finally released me, meeting her friend halfway, and I just stood there awkwardly watching them embrace.

"So this is him," the stranger said, stepping away from my sister and extending her hand, her fingers manicured. "Nice to meet you, Aaron. I'm Grace."

"Hi," I muttered, shaking her hand, not used to being around so many pretty women.

"He's a shy one," Grace said, smiling at Ava, who shrugged.

“Can you fix him?” My sister asked, blunt as ever.

Grace laughed. “I wouldn’t put it like that, but...” She turned back to me, catching a lock of my hair between her fingers and testing its softness. She hummed, then ran a palm up my forehead, pulling my mop of hair back. “He’s handsome, but it’s just hidden beneath all this.” She took a step back and nodded. “I can definitely clean him up.”

“Good.” My sister was admiring herself in front of a full-length mirror, moving her hips left and right and playing with her hair. “Do me first. I need a little trim.”

Grace nodded. “Of course.”

I didn’t know a trim could last a full hour. But I waited, sitting on the couch as more girls came in and out of the salon, giving me curious glances and making me increasingly self-conscious.

When I finally caught sight of Ava again, I sighed with relief, but then I saw my sister fully and a breath got stuck in my throat.

Ava always had long hair, so seeing her with shoulder length pink made her look more... younger? Which was weird because she barely turned eighteen.

My sister flipped her hair with a hand, excluding confidence I only wished I possessed. “Well? What do you think, big bro?”

Grace raised a brow at the mention of ‘big bro,’ but said nothing.

I almost said ‘pretty’, but held my tongue at the last second, furiously trying to decide on another adjective that indicated nothing sexual.

I came out empty.

“He’s speechless,” Grace said, giggling.

“I bet he is,” Ava grumbled, clearly annoyed at me. “Now do him. Call me when he’s done. I’ll be shopping.”

“Yes, my queen,” Grace said, rolling her eyes at me, and that made me chuckle.

Ava left in a trail of perfume, her heels clicking on the marble tiles.

“Now it’s only you and me,” Grace said. “Come.”

I have never been this pampered in my life. My fingernails were trimmed, my toenails polished, my hair cut short and styled up with amazing smelling products. When Grace was finally finished with me, the man staring at me in the mirror was not the same guy an hour and a half ago.

“Holy shit,” I breathed, feeling my cheeks as she touched my hair up with expert flicks of her fingers.

“A transformation, huh?” Grace said, flashing me that dazzling smile of hers.

I still couldn’t believe it. I shook my head, my gaze nailed to the stranger in the mirror. “I look...”

“Hot?” Grace finished for me, and I chuckled. “Yeah, you just needed the right style to match your facial shape.” She flashed me another smile before taking out her phone and tapping on her screen. “I better call your sister before she gets impatient. You know how she is.”

I returned her smile. “I do.”

Ava walked in a minute later as I was chatting with Grace. She was talkative and very pleasant to have around, so I found myself letting my guard down, talking way more than I needed to.

“Done?” Ava asked, a sharp whip to her tone that made us both flinch.

“Yeap.” Grace stood and waved me goodbye. “Nice to meet you, Aaron.”

“Same.” I stood beside Ava as she paid for us, handing over her credit card to the receptionist.

My sister paid no attention to me, barely glancing at my makeover, and I frowned at her strange behavior. Ava retrieved her card back and took my hand, jerking me out the sliding glass door. Her grip was icy, not having the same soft warmth as when we had entered the mall.

“You okay?” I asked.

She didn't answer, just stared ahead, leading us to the other side of the mall and towards a Uniqlo store.

"Ava?" I enquired again, knowing full well I would receive the silent treatment.

Why was she so worked up? Did I do something wrong?

We walked past the shelves of clothing, past people, and towards the changing rooms where Ava waved away the attendant who tried to hand us a number and dragged me towards a random stall, locking the door behind us.

"Ava, what—"

My sister shoved me. My back crashed against the mirror before her lips met mine. I moaned into her mouth, and Ava returned it, louder, as if there weren't people outside.

Our tongue touched. But we only tangled for a few seconds before she drew back, her piercing blue eyes cold.

"You're mine," my sister said, her dark gaze lighting a path down my face. "Do you understand me, Aaron? Mine."

I was so hot, my insides burning up, my cock throbbing painfully. How? How was my sister having this much effect on me?

"Okay," I said. "What's going on with you?"

"Do you think Grace is hot?"

"What?"

She jabbed a finger at my chest with each word. "Do. You. Think. Grace. Is. Hot?"

"I mean..."

She growled low and pushed herself against me, her breasts crushing against my chest. Ava stared at me for a while, and I tried my best not to fidget under her heated scrutiny. I moaned, fluttering my eyes as Ava trailed her soft lips across mine, kissing my cheeks, and eventually stopping at my ear, nibbling my earlobes.

“I’m going to fuck you senseless tonight, big bro,” she whispered, and I groaned when her hands found my cock through my jeans. “I’m going to fuck you so good you will never ever feel the need to look at another woman again. Do you understand me?”

I could only smell the shampoo and think about how fucking good it felt to have my sister pressed up this close against me.

Her hand dropped, and she squeezed my balls. Hard.

“Fuck,” I bit out, not even realizing I was cupping her ass against her own jeans, my knuckles turning white as I squeezed her too. “Okay, okay. You made your point.”

She released me and took two steps back, her blue eyes burning a trail all over me. “I like your makeover,” she said, but her voice was emotionless. Cold as her heart.

Ava unbuttoned the button of her jeans and pulled her zipper down.

“Give me your hand, big bro.” She extended her hand, palm face up.

What could I do except give her what she wanted? Whatever she had in mind, I wanted it too.

She never broke eye contact with me even after she took my hand, slid her pink panties down, and jammed my fingers in between her legs.

Wet was an understatement.

Ava was drenched.

We didn’t say anything else. We didn’t need to.

I watched my sister’s breasts dip in and out under her white T-shirt. I was breathing just as heavily, finding Ava’s clit without breaking our tense eye contact, groaning at the incredible wetness that gathered on my fingertips. And when I tilted my head and dipped my head towards her, she hooked her hand behind my neck and met me halfway.

This time, I had all the time in the world to explore her mouth, greet her tongue, swallow her moans.

I could hear a belt being unbuckled in the store next to ours, and then people chattering outside of another, but I didn't care. Not with her sweet, warm tongue licking across mine like that. So I chased away any thoughts of holding back and fucked her with my fingers, inserting two digits inside her drenched folds.

Her pussy swallowed me up greedily, and the breathy moan that met me told me she *loved* it. I kept going, curling my fingers inside her, rubbing her spasming clit with my thumb, being aggressive with her tongue.

It didn't take long for my sister to orgasm, and I took pride that I made her succumb so quickly. I could feel the moment it happened because her nails dug into my skin, her kisses became even more aggressive, and her entire body tightened for a second before everything crashed down.

She shrieked and bit down on my lips, but I didn't care. Not even when I tasted copper and her nails felt like little daggers as she clutched my neck and shoulder. Her pussy walls locked down on fingers, and I wished it was my cock instead.

Ava's composure slipped. I held her tight as her knees quaked and she lost balance, her breathless cries and loud shrieks dulled by my mouth.

Suddenly my sister released me and turned away, almost toppling to the side, but she clutched at the door handle at the last second.

"No—don't," Ava whispered when I took a step towards her. I didn't need to look at her face to know she was crying; the tremble in her voice betrayed her.

I was silent, giving my sister the space she needed as I watched her sniff and shake, trying to sober herself. My fingers were dripping with her juices and I didn't know what to do with them, but Ava dug through her purse and pulled out wet wipes, and I thanked her with an awkward mutter.

Eventually, she pulled her panties, zipped her jeans and buttoned it back up.

"Hey," I said, managing the confidence to step forward and place a hand on her shoulders. I had just fingered my own sister to orgasm, so fuck it, I will touch her if I want to. "You okay?"

She nodded and sniffed again, wiping a thumb under her eyes, looking so damn cute in her new haircut. She took my hand and unlocked the door, leading me out without as much as a word.

The attendant gave us a look as we passed her. She knew what we did, but she didn't know *everything*. I would love to see her reaction if she found out we were siblings.

Ava was still not herself as we shopped. She was unusually quiet, picking up new clothes for me and tossing them in the little basket I was holding, my other hand always available for her as she guided me through sections after sections.

I had no idea how I was going to fit all my clothes in my closet after Ava was done, and I dumped the bucket with the mountain of clothes at the cashier.

My sister seemed to have read my mind.

"You can use my closet," she told me, handing the clerk her card. "And we aren't done yet."

By the end of the day, I was afraid to ask her how much she had spent. I knew it wasn't her money. Dad was going to be furious when he received the bill, but then again, this might be a normal shopping trip for my sister for all I know.

She bought more perfumes, an entire array of creams and moisturizers, men vitamins, and a watch. All for me.

Luckily, her trunk had the space to store all the bags, and I was dripping sweat by the time I relaxed into the car's leather seat.

"Do you like sushi?" The sweet sound of Ava made my pulse quicken.

I tried to school my breathing. "Yeah."

"Okay, let's have Japanese for dinner, then we'll go home and fuck."

I looked at my sister, focusing on every single one of her beautiful features. But there were way too many to take in, and I found myself staring for way too long.

“What?” She tilted her head, the pink of her hair reflecting the evening glow of the dipping sun, her rose-colored earrings shining brightly.

Fuck, I was barely pulling air in with how stunning she looked.

I shook my head. “You’re not teasing me, are you? Tonight’s really happening.”

“You’re going to be a man by tomorrow. Knighted by your own little sister.”

“I couldn’t imagine anyone else better.”

That made her smile. Her first one since the changing room incident. Leaning forward, she kissed me and I sucked on her lips, still dumbfounded at how soft they were. How amazing she tasted.

Time seemed to slow down as we made love, both of our eyes shut, our hands on each other’s bodies, inhaling one another’s scent.

When we were finally done, I was heaving, and Ava was panting.

We both locked gazes, and I instinctively knew we were on the same page.

“Let’s skip dinner?” I suggested, my jeans straining against my painfully hard erection.

Ava eyed my cock and bit her bottom lip. “Good idea.”