

Chapter 7

The entire drive back home was silent, with the radio turned off and the cloudless night sky looming above us.

But the muted silence wasn't awkward, not with my sister's hand on my rock hard erection, her thumb stroking over my tip through my jeans, the rest of her fingers tickling my sides as she handled the wheel with her free hand, gaze set forward on the road.

I said nothing. Just breathed heavy inhales and exhales, fighting through the mounting pleasure of her delicious touches.

That went on for ten more minutes. Ava just touched me. I just breathed. We pulled up into the private parking lot and my sister killed the ignition, and that was when I realized how loud I was breathing. Fuck, I was literally panting and one look into the rear-view mirror revealed a stranger with a slack jaw and pupils blown wide with lust.

I couldn't recognize myself, not with my new haircut and neatly trimmed face—eyebrows and everything.

I looked to the side and when we both locked gazes, I knew we were thinking the same thing.

We could fuck right here in the car. Nothing was stopping us.

I always fantasized about losing my virginity to my sister. But the fantasies always happened in my bedroom with Ava on all fours, me behind her, plunging my cock in and out of her pussy.

I never imagined that it could actually happen. That it *was* going to happen. And if my first time was going to be in the backseat of a car, I wasn't complaining. Not while inside the sexiest eighteen-year-old on Earth.

My own little sister.

I didn't know how long we gazed at each other. It wasn't a staring contest. Ava's blue eyes kept flickering to my boner which she was still fondling. Her gaze snapped back to mine and her breathing picked up.

I was certain we were going to fuck right in the car, but at the very last second, when I was about to lean in and kiss her, my sister withdrew her hand and opened the car door, stepping out and closing it without so much as a word.

I followed her out. Ava clicked the car lock and strode forward, her heels echoing through the empty basement parking lot. Her gait was long and quick, so unlike her, and I struggled to catch up with my sister.

When I finally caught up, she was already inside the elevator, shaking her head when I closed in.

“Take the next lift,” she said, her first words to me in almost an hour. I understood why. Her tone was husky, deep, and barely contained. Shaky—which was the total opposite of Ava, who was the definition of controlled and confident. She looked to the side, staring at her reflection, her next words barely a whisper. “I don’t know if I can control myself if you’re in here with me.”

The doors snapped shut.

“Ava?”

I called out my sister’s name as I stepped into our condo. To be honest, I wasn’t even sure if she was inside, since the lights weren’t switched on and her heels were nowhere in sight. But one whiff confirmed Ava had returned home. The living room smelled of her and an unconscious moan left my lips as I closed my eyes, allowing her intoxicating scent to consume me.

The sound of a light switch clicking on snapped me away from my haze. It was Ava, in her room. I could see light pouring from underneath her door and then her soft footsteps broke the tense silence.

“Ava?” I tried again.

I stood there in the darkness, waiting for the reply that never came. Taking a hesitant step forward, I walked towards her room and turned the doorknob, frowning when I realized it was locked.

I shook my head, sighing. Sometimes my sister could be so difficult. What the hell did she want? Does she want to fuck or not?

I wished she would stop playing her stupid games. It was so childish, acting 'hard to get'.

"Ava," I raised my tone. "What are—"

"Just wait, big bro." Her sweet voice cut me off. "I'm getting ready for you. Let me get dressed."

Get dressed? A whirlwind of thoughts swept through my mind, offering heavenly visions. Ava, in sexy pink laced lingerie, hovered at the center of it all, and I had to wipe saliva leaking from the edge of my lip as I imagined her opening the door in pink lace. If that happened, I wouldn't give a shit if she slapped me. There wouldn't be any force in the world to stop me taking her right against the door.

I paced around the living room with bated breaths, expecting a long wait since it was Ava. I debated turning on the living room lights so I could see better when a 'click' sounded in the air. My sister had unlocked her door, but she didn't come out.

This time, the journey towards her door was nerve-wracking. My knees suddenly felt like jelly, my stomach did a flip, and my heart was an erratic drum hammering under my ribcage.

Was this it? Was I going to lose my virginity within the next hour? Would I step out of her room as a different person? A man?

The ringing in my head grew louder as I squeezed the doorknob, watching my knuckles turn white.

No turning back now.

I swung open her door and stepped inside, leaving the mortal plane and entering realms of pleasure I never thought existed.

Until my sister showed me.

“A-Ava?” I closed the door and locked it, the fear of someone catching us hovering among the jumbled chaos of horny thoughts, even though there was no chance of anybody being home except the two of us.

I looked around for my sister. She wasn’t on the bed like I had hoped, which meant she was in her walk-in closet or in her ensuite.

“Big bro.”

Her voice carried from the bathroom. I snapped my gaze towards the source, just in time to see my little sister stepping out, not in a pink laced lingerie, but something far, far better.

Ava was in her school uniform.

I didn’t bother to control my breathing. I was heaving, my eyes widening as I journeyed the length of her figure, pausing every single curve my sister possessed—and there were plenty of them.

I don’t know why the hell she looked just as erotic—maybe even more so—when she had a uniform on than when she was naked.

But fuck me. Even though, Ava was wearing her uniform *exactly* as she would on a typical school day—with her blazer on, her red bow tied just right, the first two buttons of her white blouse undone, her gray pleated skirt above her knees, revealing long, toned legs and creamy skin—she seemed... different.

Sexier.

The edges of her painted lips curved upward.

“Do you like what you see, big bro?”

She was speaking to me in that little girl’s voice. When I first heard it, I tried to convince myself that I found the act annoying, but the more she used it—especially, *especially* when wearing her school uniform—I had to admit that hearing her speak like that was possibly one of the most erotic things I had ever experienced.

Even if I continued lying to myself, my rock hard cock revealed my true thoughts.

“What’s wrong?” Ava twirled a strand of pink hair around a finger, blinking her long lashes at me. She pushed her bottom lip out. “Big bro lost for words?”

“Ava...” Breathing was hard, speaking was worse. “Please.”

She tilted her head, gazing at me with those piercing blue eyes. “Please what?”

“I want to fuck you.”

I didn’t move. Not because I didn’t want to, but because I couldn’t. My legs had stopped responding to me as I gawped at my little sister playing with her hair, swaying her hips, looking like every man’s fantasy—God’s perfect creation.

Ava closed the distance between us, her gait soft, her breaths hard. I could tell she was as turned on as I was, probably soaked underneath that pleated gray skirt.

I shivered when my sister leaned in and then wetness pressed up against my ear as she licked my right earlobe then nibbled on it. “Do you like what I’m wearing?”

“Yes,” I heaved the word out, my heart on the verge of a panic attack, battering under my chest.

“You’re so easy, big bro.” She continued whispering filth into my ear. “You don’t think I’m aware when you stare at me in school? Every time when we’re in the canteen, all you do is look at me. Look and look. You’re such a perv.” She inhaled deeply, moving in front of me and tip-toeing up. Our lips touched, vanilla seeping into my tastebuds. “You like cheerleaders and schoolgirls?”

“I like you.”

“Mhmm.” She pressed her lips against mine, kissing me lightly, her nails trailing down my arms and she held my hand. “Do you prefer me naked?”

“I...” I moaned into her lips and gripped her hands tighter. Fuck, I was so in love with her it’s actually pathetic. “I don’t know.”

“Big bro.” She drew back and stared at me with those amazing blue eyes. “When I fuck you for the first time. When I squeeze your virgin cock in my pussy, do you want to see the exact moment you penetrate me...” She let go of my hands and gestured to her uniform. “Or do you want this skirt covering the sin up?”

"I..." I shook my head and looked at her, looking so perfect in the navy blazer with her cute red bow. She looked so innocent and it would make our eventual sexual feel much more... *wrong*, if that was even possible. "Maybe keep the uniform on?"

She giggled, breaking into a smile. "You're such a perv, Aaron. Such a fucking perv."

Ava took my hand and led me towards her bed. "I knew I made the right choice wearing this. Honestly, you're so easy to read, big bro." Another cute giggle. Was there a fetish for giggles? Because I was seriously developing one. "It makes everything sooooo much more fun."

My sister let me go when we reached the foot of her bed. She hopped up and crawled towards her stack of pillows, laying down on her back and gazing at me lovingly.

"Take off your clothes before you join me." She smiled and spread her legs, showing me she was not wearing any underwear underneath her pleated mini skirt. Christ, she was *soaked*.

I almost ripped my clothes off as I undressed myself, crawling towards her even before my jeans hit the ground. Ava squealed and laughed when I jumped on her, grabbing her hips and pulling her into me.

"Stop, stop!" She pushed me back, but her smile didn't drop. "Go slow. I know you're excited. I'm as wet as you." She let out a slow breath and popped open an extra button, pulling her shirt apart and exposing more of her breasts until I could see a glimpse of pebbled nipples. "Lie on top of me. Slowly. Kiss me."

I looked at her eyes, her sex, back to her eyes. I could just take her. Ignore what she wanted and just fuck her right then. Shove my cock right into her drenched pussy folds that were leaking with excitement.

Ava must have read my mind because she closed her legs and patted down her skirt, denying me the sight of heaven. Gesturing me to come closer with a finger, she spoke in a husky tone. "Make love to your little sister first, big bro. There's a thing before sex. It's called foreplay. It makes the eventual penetration so much better. For both of us. Trust me."

"Okay," I heaved, positioning myself on top of her and lowering myself.

I hissed when my throbbing cock touched her pleated skirt, feeling the heat of her pussy underneath the thin material. Her skirt was *wet* and our arousal mixed as I shifted myself into a comfortable position on top of my little sister, feeling her breasts rising and dipping against my chest.

I returned her smile. "You smell so good."

"Mhmm." She half closed her eyes. "You too. Now shut up and kiss me."

When I kissed her, her lips felt different. Softer. Tasted better, and I couldn't put my finger on why. Maybe desperation had a flavor, and I was having a sampling of it because there was no doubt in my mind that we were going to fuck.

I had never seen Ava like this. Never heard her voice sounded so strained. Shaky. Even through all her sexual experience, she looked—and tasted—as nervous as I was.

Ava took my chin and sucked on my lips lightly, our moans mingling. I was almost content with melding our lips together for an entire hour, the lust for her pussy evaporating, funneling into those fucking soft lips as we made gentle love, seconds turning into minutes.

Somewhere along the line, my hand found her ass, and I dipped underneath her skirt and cupped her plump cheeks. The move made Ava switch gears.

Her mouth parted and her tongue came forward, soft whimpers escaping with it. Ava grew aggressive, her lips sucking hard on mine as our tongue sparred. I returned her eagerness, and soon the room was filled with the sounds of lips sucking and erotic groans.

A sharp rip sounded in the air, and we stopped kissing. I drew back and looked down, realizing that I had been pulling on her blouse so hard, I had torn it apart, her front now in full view, her teardrop breasts heaving in and out, her abs visible under the bright lights.

"Hey." I shuddered a breath when Ava cupped my cheek. I looked at her and she offered a soft smile, blue eyes sparkling. "Suck on my tits," Ava pulled apart her torn blouse and jut her breasts out invitingly. "Suck on your little sister's titties."

Nodding, I dipped my head down, capturing her right nipple first, licking around the bulleted tit before enveloping her breasts in my mouth and sucking hard.

“Yes—Aaron.” Ava visibly shuddered and arched her back, hissing out affirmatives. “Yes. Yes. Fuck yes.”

Sweat appeared on her skin, making her flesh shine. I switched focus from her breasts towards her stomach, licking up salt along the way, enjoying how much my sister was moaning and squirming underneath me.

“Oh my god,” she groaned, now full-on panting. “Holy... keep—keep doing whatever you’re doing.”

So I sucked on the skin of her stomach, licked her curves, went back to her plump teardrops, where I lightly bit on her nipples. That one made her jerk and cry out, and when she squeezed her thighs together, I knew she was close.

I didn’t ask for permission. In the moment, I didn’t care how sensitive Ava was with people touching her pussy. I trailed a hand up her thighs, eliciting low gasps from my sister, and slipped underneath her skirt, finding ample wetness and delicious heat.

“Aaron!” She gripped my arm, but didn’t stop me when I found her throbbing clit and began rubbing. She just dug her nails into my bicep, her other hand clutching a fistful of my hair, pulling at my roots.

A moan tore from her throat, giving me the confidence I needed to pinch her clit and when she jerked her hips and cried out, I slid my fingers into her folds, gasping when she swallowed me up.

“AARON!” she screamed as I plunged deeper into her cunt. Her walls tightened and then wetness poured out in a flood, pooling on the mattress and darkening her pleated skirt.

I couldn’t move my fingers from how tight she was squeezing me, so I curled my fingers inwards and moved to capture her quivering lips.

Bad mistake.

I swallowed her screams, muffling them, but then she bit my bottom lip, hard, shrieking some more, digging her nails into my face, tears prickling from her eyes.

It was a long orgasm, and pain radiated from my cheeks and my lips, but I couldn't care. I tasted iron in the kiss as her tongue explored every corner of my mouth before Ava finally drew back and wiped the tears away from her eyes.

"Fuck you, Aaron," she whimpered. Actually whimpered.

"What? What for?"

"You love to make your little sister cry, don't you? It turns you on, doesn't it, you sick fuck."

"Ava, I don't know what to say to that."

"Then don't say anything." She ran her thumb along my bottom lip where she had bitten me. "Come. Let's switch positions, baby. Let me be on top."

Being on the bottom was definitely not what I was comfortable with, but Ava tapped me on the side and I rolled over. Soon she was straddling my hips, and I was staring up at pink hair, swollen lips, and a tattered white blouse, her red bow looking perfectly cute.

Ava leaned down and offered one gentle kiss, just a slow peck before drawing back and brushing her hair aside, looking—and smelling—absolutely gorgeous. "I'm going to ride you, big bro. Are you ready?"

I tried to sit up from the revelation, but Ava giggled and placed a palm on my chest, firming me down.

"A-Are we?" I stared at her. "Like... now?"

"Yes." She took my cock in hand and offered casual strokes, as if we had been doing this for ages. "You have earned it. Earned *me*. It's time to grow up, big bro."

"Okay." I nodded fast. "What should I do? Do you need me to do anything?"

Another girlish giggle. "Just stay hard and lie back." She gazed at my cock as she pumped me from root to tip. "This better not go down after the first couple of shots. I need you to fill me up all fucking night."

"I don't think I'll ever deflate."

I was serious.

“I hope not.” Her pumps grew in speed. I squeezed my eyes shut, groaning as I relaxed into the pleasure my own sister was bringing me. “I’m impressed. You grew some self-control. Remember when I first touched you and you immediately blew everything onto my face?”

I grit my teeth, trying not to unload everything right at her face. “Yeah.”

“Are you close?”

“Yeah,” I panted.

“Hold on.” She stopped pumping me and I opened my eyes and watched her shift her feminine hips, drawing her dripping sex right above my cock. This was it. No going back. Her piercing blue eyes snapped towards mine. “Try to hold on as long as you can. Draw it out. Don’t unload the second you’re inside me.” She winked. “If you can.”

“Okay.” I huffed, feeling lightheaded with all the blood rushing down south, preparing me for the greatest moment of my life—being knighted by my own sister. All because she accidentally took a pill meant for somebody else. Thank god for that. Ava was ten times hotter than her best friend and I couldn’t think of a better person to lose my virginity to. “Okay.”

“Okay,” Ava mouthed back at me, then smiled, dazzling me with a row of perfect whites.

I didn’t understand. How could someone be so perfect? Everything about my sister was airbrushed to perfection—from her plentiful, feminine curves to those beautiful, beautiful blue eyes.

Ava held the base of my cock in a taut grip and lowered herself, nearing my head that was leaking so much pre-cum, it was seeping down my length. I squeezed my eyes shut as warmth radiated around my tip, teasing me towards the plateaus of pleasure I was about to feel in the next few seconds.

“Open your eyes.”

I did, and a breath caught in my throat when I saw the angelic sight on top of me.

“Don’t look anywhere else but me. I want to see you when I take your virginity.”

I snapped my eyes down to see how close her pussy was to my cock, but her pleated skirt was covering the view and I almost regretted not requesting my sister to strip.

“Hey.” She clicked her tongue and brought her free hand to my chin, raising me back up to eye level. Blue on blue. “I told you. Don’t look anywhere but me, big bro. Can you do that?”

I nodded, the word leaving me in a rush. “Yes.”

“Okay,” she mouthed again, inhaling deeply and I felt her exhale blowing through my hair. Ava was nervous too, and the realization calmed me down a little. She broke eye contact, looking to the side, breaking her own rule, but it was only for a split second before she looked back at me, her blues determined, her anxiety nowhere to be seen.

“I’m going in. Ready?”

“Ready.”

Then I felt her.

“Ava—holy shit!” I almost squeezed my eyes shut from the raw pleasure that shot through me as my sister sank down onto my cock.

She was tight. Very fucking tight. But she was so warm too, ungodly so, and the lightheadedness intensified. I grit my teeth hard, trying my best to ground myself into the present and not get lost into the overwhelming sensations because I might pass out if I did.

“Oh my god.” Ava’s lips parted into a soft ‘O,’ shifting her hips as I stretched her out. “Aaron.”

“Ava,” I breathed out, clutching her hands and intertwining our fingers together when she reached out to me. “I…” My mind was spinning. I didn’t know what to say, so I defaulted to curses. “Fuck.”

“Oh my god,” she repeated, sinking down even more.

I kept my promise, locking gazes with her, our heavy pants mingling as I impaled my own sister. We weren't even halfway. Only my tip and a little more was inside her because she was so fucking tight, it was a wonder how she even managed to fit my cockhead inside those warm folds.

Ava let me go and clutched my sides, closing her jaw and pinning down her lower lip in between her teeth.

"Y-You..." Sweat appeared on her forehead as she worked her way deeper. "You're so huge, big bro. I have—oh..." She closed her eyes for a second before reopening them. "I have never taken something this big before."

"Am I..." I grit my teeth. "hurting you?"

"No." She shook her head, and her lush pink hair covered half her face. "I can take you. Just... just give me a couple to adjust, okay? I haven't taken cock in a while."

"Okay."

Ava shifted forward a little and we both moaned at the same time when I slid in deeper, now halfway. My beautiful little sister began gyrating her hips, biting down on her lower lip hard as she worked to get my cock fully inside her amazingly warmth and slick depth.

She thrust back and forth, and I found myself automatically doing the same. Waves of pleasure racked me to no end as her pussy did a hot little flex after every rotation, squeezing my cock. I didn't know how I managed not to cum. I really didn't.

I had never felt anything like this before. Never experience this amount of raw, unfiltered pleasure. Never submerged myself into something this warm and beautiful—as if I was sinking into a bath, heated to the absolute right temperature.

Ava grunted, cried out. She rolled her hips forward and my balls slammed into her. I moaned, staring into my sister's hazy eyes, jerking underneath her as a bolt of ecstasy bulletted through me.

Holy fucking shit. I was fully inside my sister. Ava was right; she could take me.

All of me.

A high-pitched giggle burst through among all the pants, moans, and heavy breaths.

“Oh my god,” Ava giggled and looked away, looking absolutely ravishing in her school uniform. “My big bro is inside me. And we’re fucking. Actually fucking. Who would have thought?”

Since she looked away, I allowed myself to close my eyes, trying to grasp all the emotions and thoughts rushing through my head.

One, I was not a virgin anymore, and my chest swelled with pride because not only was I finally a man, I was inside the best candidate to be my first. The sexiest woman in the world.

Second, I knew I was doomed. I always had an addictive personality, and now my newest obsession was Ava’s tight, warm pussy. Nothing I have ever experienced in my nineteen years felt nearly as good as fucking her. Nothing came close.

So I was going to fuck her and fuck her hard. Every day, all day, until I dropped dead. This might be the peak of my life. I never want to leave her room.

And if it was all possible, I prayed for time to slow down so I could drag this moment out forever—with my cock inside my sister, my hands on her curves, my eyes gazing into the darkness behind closed eyelids as another shot of pleasure bolted through me, the pressure inside me bordering on pain.

I clutched her hips and withdrew my cock a few inches out, pushing back it with a moan. Ava replied with a soft whimper and then we were at it in full force. Ava hammering down on my cock, me slamming my hips against hers in a delicious rhythm.

We didn’t talk. We communicated through moans, groans, whimpers, cries, and loud shrieks that filled up the bedroom. We were creating our own song, dueting, and I finally allowed myself to get comfortable, opening my eyes as Ava’s pussy walls squeezed and flexed around me.

Everything happened in a split second. I relaxed for a brief moment and that was all it took for everything to spiral out of control.

“Ava—” I gasped, trying to warn her, but it was too late.

I shattered apart, going rigid, a barrage of cum bursting from my tip, spiraling into the tight, heated depth that I was so fucking addicted to.

I didn't stop, and neither did my sister. We were still fucking, driving our hips together, Ava bouncing on my cock, her pink hair a wild mess, her moans and plentiful gasps music to my ears.

Then she shrieked as my seed barraged through her, filling her up to the fucking brim. She must have orgasmed a second later because her walls clamped onto me so tight, I felt as if I was being crushed. And then Ava did the unexpected.

My sister leaned down, closed her eyes, and melded our lips together as one. I breathe hard, labored, into our kiss, inhaling her scent, gripping her lean shoulders like her presence tethered me to Earth, as though she was my gravity.

Fuck, I was so in love with her, even more now when we had committed the ultimate sin. Together.

"Aaron," my sister shrieked, muffled by my mouth as my tongue entangled with hers, the familiar sensation of her warm wet tongue anchoring myself to the moment as I exploded more and more seed through her pussy hole.

"Ava," I replied, trying to deepen the kiss, desperate to feel more of my sister, but I was already fucking her mouth as hard and I was fucking her.

"Aaron," she repeated. A whimper leaked out from her lips.

"More." She gasped. "More."

I didn't know how to give her more, but I tried anyway, brutally slamming against her pussy as she drove into me.

I finished first, my cock spasming inside her. But Ava was still going, whimpering, mewling, shrieking, kissing me into bliss. She squeezed and squeezed, as if she was begging for *more* cum even though I was certain I had already filled her up to the fucking brim.

"That was..." Ava stopped riding me, her rapid exhales sending goosebumps pricking wherever she blew. She was drenched in sweat, her hair a sexy mess, but she smelled even better, causing my cock to throb inside her.

My sister must have felt it because she hummed, amusement deepening the lines at the corners of her swollen lips. "How was it?"

I chuckled, admiring every inch of her beautiful face and told her the truth. "That was the best and most intense experience of my life. I loved it. Your pussy feels... it feels... oh god."

"I love your cock too," my sister said, pulling herself up to a sitting position, careful not to withdraw me out. I was still inside her and I never, ever wanted to leave.

Does sex normally feel this good? Or is just my sister making it seem like the best fucking thing ever?

I wanted to ask her, but the words died on my lips when we locked gazes.

We were silent for a while, just smiling at each other. She giggled, and I chuckled.

"So..." She trailed a finger in between my chest. "How does it feel to not be a virgin anymore?"

I took a few beats to think. "I don't know. I feel different, I think. Maybe that's the aftersex glow? Is there even such a thing?"

Instead of answering me, Ava clenched her inner walls, squeezing my cock. I craned my neck upwards and arched my back, groaning low. She giggled at my reaction. "You like that?"

"You can do that?" I shook my head. "I love it. I love you."

"You still have a lot to learn, big bro." She leaned down, and I met her halfway, but she only offered a quick peck before pushing me back down. "But don't worry, your little sister is going to guide you all the way. Your education for tonight hasn't ended yet."

I raised a brow. "We're really going to fuck till morning?"

She brushed her hair to the side, and I couldn't help but grin at how sexy she made the simple movement look. "Yes. Do you have a problem with that?"

"No. No problem. I want to fuck you till next week, if possible."

She laughed, a sound so bright and cheerful. "I can take a lot, big bro, but your little sister has her limits, too."

She looked down and raised herself, withdrawing my slick cock from her folds. Ava was leaking cum, and she scooped the arousal up back into her before she pumped my still erect and throbbing cock.

"Ava?"

"Yes, big bro?"

"Can I ..." I cleared my throat, wondering why I was still so nervous around her. "Can I fuck you from behind?"

She tilted her head, and the move caused her luscious waves to cascade across her face.

How? How was she so fucking sexy? Everything she did screamed seduction.

"You want doggy?" she quipped, rubbing her thumb in lazy circles over my slit

"Yeah." I couldn't tell if she liked that idea or not. Her tone was clipped, but she didn't look annoyed. In fact, a soft smile was playing on her lips as she toyed with my cock.

She shrugged, tucking locks of pink behind an ear. "Sure. We can try all the basic positions for tonight. I don't mind."

"Can I fuck you naked?"

"Had enough of the schoolgirl? Want your little sister back?"

"I just want to see your pussy as I fuck it."

She tsked and let me go. I watched with a held breath as Ava took off her blazer and undid her bow, tossing it off the bed. Her torn white blouse came sailing next, but for her skirt, Ava stood up and pulled her back zipper down, removing the last article of clothing as slowly as possible, dragging the moment out into excruciating levels.

“Please, Ava,” I begged, not knowing why the hell I was so desperate to see her naked when I had already done the next best thing and fucked her.

Her lips twitched, and then her pleated skirt was tossed away with the rest. I stared at shaved perfection, still wet. Still leaking cum.

Ava went on all fours and turned around, arching her back and shifting her upper body forward, resting her weight on her forearms. The position was perfect. I had the ultimate view of her pussy and asshole, and right at the moment, probably the best view on Earth.

“Well?” Ava wiggled her ass. “Aren’t you going to take me, big bro? Isn’t this what you wanted?”

Bitch. She knew how sexy she looked with her ass hanging in the air like that, her curves looking especially exceptional, a fine sheen of sweat coating every inch of her creamy skin.

A deep growl vibrated through my chest, and the words left me without filter or thought.

“I’m going to fuck you.” I punctuated the last word with a sharp exhale. “*Hard.*”

“Fuck me.” Another wiggle. “Fuck me as hard as you want. I can take it.”

We’ll see, Ava.

I still couldn’t believe my reality. Here I was, in bed with my sister, and I was going to fuck her doggy style. I couldn’t count the number of times I fantasized about this exact scenario just right outside, in my bedroom. There was once a period of years where every single time I masturbated, it was from watching incest porn videos, and I would imagine the girl in the video, on all fours being Ava while the cock ramming into her pussy hole belonging to me.

Now, it wasn’t just that anymore—a fantasy. What the hell happened? My life had taken such a drastic turn for the better, all because of a single pill I never believed in the first place.

I stalked towards my sister, taking her by the hips and dragging her into me. She yelped, then stilled when I smacked her perfect ass.

The sound sliced through the air. It felt like time had stopped from the way Ava went from excited to deathly silent in a second.

She turned to me. Slowly. One look at her face and I knew I crossed a line.

“Don’t. Do. That.”

“Sorry.” I let go of her and raised my hand in surrender. The last thing I wanted was to piss her off and get kicked out of her room, but how the hell did I know not to slap her there? “My bad.”

She sniffed and turned back around, her cheeks spreading wide as she arched her ass up high. “Now stop messing around and put your dick in there.”

Her frown and warning should have spoiled the mood, but when my sister was literally offering her pussy like that... lust clouded my thoughts, filling up any remaining mental space I had.

I watched enough porn videos to do what to do, but even if I hadn’t, instinct kicked in. I reached over to grab Ava’s hips while I rolled mine forward, penetrating her once more.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I swore the second time inside felt so much better than the first. My sister seemed to share the same sentiment because a cry tore from her throat and she dug her forehead into the mattress, writhing against my touch.

It was still a tight fit, but it didn’t take as much time to bury myself to the hilt with how lubricated my cock was and how fucking soaked Ava felt.

I breathed in, pulling my cock back to the cool air before hissing the exhale out, slamming back into her. Ava jerked, groaned, said my name, pulsed her cunt around me, pulling me as deep as I could physically go.

Half of me wanted to go slow, drag my second orgasm out for as long as possible. But I had confirmation that I had all night with her, and since I promised to fuck her hard, I did what I could to fulfill the dark wish.

Forgoing all anxiety, I let loose.

“Little sis,” I moaned, driving myself into her as hard as I could. The contact caused Ava to arch her back even further, but she didn’t make a sound aside from a minor grunt through sealed lips.

Ava half turned, her piercing blues taunting me. “Is that all you got, big bro?”

Okay, little sis. Challenge accepted.

I never knew I could muster up such... violence. I was barbaric with my thrust, slamming into my sister with abandon.

She grunted after the third thrust, her pussy swallowing my cock up so perfectly. “Harder.”

What?

I sucked in a breath, held it for a second, then drove in as hard as I could.

Ava jolted forward, shivered, then looked at me, shaking her head. “Harder.”

What the fuck? Was she for real?

I was already out of breath, sweat pouring out of me as if I had run a marathon.

Ava tsked. “You need more strength and stamina, big bro. That’s why, starting from tomorrow, you’re going to the gym with me.”

I blinked, still thrusting in because it felt too good to stop, no matter how exhausted I was. “What? The gym?”

Ava matched my movements, rocking her hips backwards every time I drove forward, edging me closer and closer to where I needed to be. “Mm-hmm. It would be fun. We workout with weights, then do some cardio afterwards in the changing rooms.” She winked, and my heart fluttered. “If you catch my drift.”

“I do.” I smiled, trailing my palm across her ass cheek, almost making the mistake of smacking her again at how juicy they looked. Her ass felt so firm, filled with hard

muscles. Yet when I squeezed her, she felt soft underneath. God, I really didn't deserve Ava.

My sister set her gaze back forward. "Come on. Fuck me properly. I'm pretty close. A dozen more pumps and I might cum."

I sped up my rhythm, going as hard as I could comfortably manage without completely gassing out like before. "I thought you couldn't feel a thing."

"Oh, I can feel you, big bro." She flexed her pussy, but then relaxed, which was good because a second longer and I would have lost it. "I can feel every fucking inch of you. But if you want to break me with force, I'm afraid you'd have to try harder."

"Much, much harder." My sister sighed longingly, drawing forth a low moan at the end as I plunge into her, confirming she was enjoying the sex as much as I was. "Mhmm. I love the way you fill me up." Her breath hitched, and she let out the last couple of words in a soft purr. "*Big bro.*"

"Sis," I gasped, wondering why the hell calling Ava sis was turning me the fuck on. I clenched my jaw. "I am—"

"Wait. Wait. Wait." Grunts spilled from my sister's throat as she worked her hips, taking my cock in and out. "Wait for me."

I tried. I really tried. But as the waves of pleasure tormented me in the best ways possible, I roared out my release and a jet of cum came spilling into her pussy.

"Fuck," Ava spat, driving against me so hard I saw stars. "I told you to...." My sister plunged her forehead down to the mattress and stayed silent as she took in my onslaughts, pouring into her fertile womb. Then, seconds later, she was a goner too, shrieking out meaningless words and mindless moans, both of us lost in worlds of our own.

I was seriously concerned at how overworked my balls must have been. I had already poured out a tsunami of semen and it wasn't even nine o'clock yet, or at least I assumed it wasn't.

The slightest wave of exhaustion swept over me as I spurted out the final few waves of fluid, slumping over my sister, my cock feeling raw and the most sensitive it had ever been. My sister was still in the midst of her release, writhing in front of me.

I hadn't deflated yet. In fact, I was amazingly still rock hard. I offered Ava slow pumps, riding out her orgasm as she shrieked and jerked, her juices pouring out of her pussy hole like a waterfall. I used the moment to enjoy how raw and uncontrolled Ava looked, the erotic display in front of me etched into my mind for all eternity.

"Fucking hell, big bro." Ava finally slowed down, heaving heavy breaths, sweat dripping off her forehead as she turned to look at me, showing a tear-streaked face. "Fuck you and your big cock."

I chuckled, trying to school my own breaths. "That was... unbelievable."

"Come." She shifted herself to the side and my cock plopped out. "Come here."

Ava took my cheek, her tears soaking into my cheeks, and when she kissed me this time, consuming me with a furious set of eager suction and frantic licks, I had to force her to stop midway, just to gasp for air.

My sister shook her head at my inexperience. But what could I do? With Ava, it was nonstop intense action without so much as a second break.

"Get on your back," she told me. "I want you to eat me out while I suck on that cock."

I raised a brow. "Sixty nine?"

"Call it what you want. I just want your tongue inside me as a break."

That was what she considered a break?

I glanced down at her leaking sex. "But wouldn't I be tasting my own... you know?"

Ava sighed, and I couldn't help but watch her breasts bounce along with the movement, her erect nipples the color of roses. "Really Aaron? Really?"

"Okay, I will just... deal with it." I lay on my back and my sister crawled on top of me, staring down with those dazzling blues. I was pulled into a daze before I knew it, gazing at the woman I loved.

The girl I was completely addicted to.

“Trust me, you will enjoy it,” my sister said. “You might even—”

“Avaaaaaaaaaa!” A voice leaked from outside, freezing us both.

That voice... rich and silky smooth, one we were awfully familiar with.

“Ava, baby! I’m back early!” The sound of the front door slamming shut came a second later.

Fuck.

“Avaaaaaaaaa.” Outside, heels clicked on the living room tile, then soft raps thumped against Ava’s bedroom door, sounding like thunderstorms.

“Come out and give your big sister a hug!”