

Chapter 13

“Harder, Master,” my sister’s incessant whimpers sent shivers bolting through me. “*Harder.*”

“Ava,” I groaned, feeling beads of sweat rolling down my forehead. “Stop it.”

“Not until you go hard. Just like how you fuck me in bed.” She leaned closer, licking my earlobe. “Or in the elevator an hour ago. I can still feel your cum inside me.”

“Ava.” I set the dumbbells down and turned to my sister, my cock throbbing under my shorts. “What the fuck? I thought we were trying to workout?”

She let out a cute giggle, looking absolutely ravishing in her tight sports bra and even tighter leggings, her skin slick with a light sheen of sweat. Ava shook head, her pink ponytail swaying, amusement coloring her blue eyes.

“You’re just so much fun.” She inched closer and nibbled on my ear. I inhaled her scent, groaning at how fucking good she smelled, even better when sweaty. She giggled, the girly sound turning my breaths ragged.

“You know there are people around us, right?”

“I know.” She sighed, her hot breaths leaving tingles on my skin. “I want you to fuck me so they can watch. That would be filthier than our usual sex, wouldn’t it? Dirtier.” Her breath hitched. “More sinful.”

Holy shit, she was horny as fuck.

“Jesus, Ava.” I turned around and looked into her eyes, seeing them glazed with arousal, her ‘fuck me’ expression on full display.

I sneaked a quick glance around. Thankfully, no one was paying any attention to us, though I knew the blessing would be short-lived.

Every single guy who passed us had glanced over at Ava, and most did a double take. I didn’t blame them. All her sinful curves were on display, and her ass looked otherworldly in those tight pink leggings.

Frowning, I looked back towards my sister. Ava had insisted we go workout in a far away Equinox. An hour's drive from the city.

She had been nervous about being recognized if we went to her usual one, so why was she openly feeling me up now, touching me in places no sister should?

Even far away from everyone we knew, the risk was still there. Ava was popular. She had ten of thousands of Instagram followers.

Seemingly reading my mind, my sister stepped back towards me and spilled the truth into my ear.

"I'm soooooo horny right now." She sucked in a sharp breath. "Watching you work out is..." She sighed again, a low, erotic sound that bordered on being a moan. "I want your cock inside me. Right now."

With her firm, lush body pressed against mine and her heady scent dipping me into a trance, I almost lost control. Almost. Until I caught the reflection of one of the trainers sneaking a glance at us before shaking his head and walking away, probably thinking we were a loving couple that might be a little too loving.

If only he knew the truth...

Lucia knew about us. But Mom and Dad couldn't know our secret. It would kill them. They both loved Ava to death. She was their little princess, completely purified of sins and everything evil.

All the last nights out in the club? I was pretty sure our mother convinced herself that Ava was only drinking sparkling water and avoiding the dance floor.

We had to figure out a way to keep that image of her. But it seemed impossible when we fucked every day. Our parents would eventually stay over, and there was zero chance we would stop fucking.

Ava wasn't as loud as Lucia during sex, but sometimes, when I fuck her in that hard little spot she loved, she could be quite... expressive.

And I loved that about her. I loved everything about my little sister.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to stop my willpower washing away in the barrel load. I *really* wanted to bend my sister over the bench and do exactly what she was begging for, but we were in public space, and although having the risk of getting caught just adds to the intensity of our sinful act, it was just that. The risk.

Fucking her here with people and cameras around us would just mean we would definitely get caught.

I had a hunch on why Ava was not acting like her normal self. Ever since she surrendered control over to me, she had been even more bratty, acting on pure impulses. I guessed after being in power for her whole life, it was nice letting loose and having someone take over.

Or it could be the love pill driving her insane with lust. I don't know.

All I knew was that my sister wanted sex. Now.

"Aren't you sore?" I reasoned, more for my benefit than hers.

The thought of fucking Ava on the workout bench was growing harder to ignore. Especially when I *could* fuck her there if I wanted to.

I sighed, not being able to resist running a hand up and down her back, gliding along her exposed flesh, feeling up her smooth curves. "An hour ago, you were complaining about how sore you were."

"Mmm hmm. Didn't you hear me groaning while I was doing my squats?" She mimicked her groans from before, uttering them softly and seductively, grinding her hips against my erection.

Holy fuck.

"I'm drenched, Master." Her voice dipped seductively low, and her bottom lip trembled. "I'm so fucking ready to clench around your big..." She ran her palms up and down my arms. "... big cock."

"Ava..." I gritted my teeth, wanting nothing more than to sink inside her tight pussy and give myself into depravity. "You're killing me here."

“Please fuck me.” She brushed her lips away from my ears and angled herself so that we were a couple of inches away from making out. “Please?”

I stared at her lips. Full, pink lips that I was utterly addicted to. “I want to punish you first.”

Her eyes twinkled. “I would like that.”

“No, you won’t.” Growling, I took her hand and pulled her straight towards the exit. A thousand scenarios on how I could break her swirled in my mind, followed by even more scenarios on all the positions we would be fucking in an hour’s time.

If there were no rules, and I had it completely my way, we wouldn’t leave the house. We would deranged ourselves to sin, locked in her room, sprawled in her bed, rolling around in her sweet scent, fucking every second of the day.

But the dream was impossible.

Exhaustion would creep in the way. I would get too sore or become too dehydrated from all the fluids I lost to my little sister. My body couldn’t handle the lust I had for Ava. And even if I could get past all the limitations, I couldn’t just fuck her whenever I wanted to.

No. Ava would drop her submissive act if I kept bending to her will and had sex with her whenever she brought the topic up. If I wanted to keep her on the leash, I needed to show her that I couldn’t succumb to weakness.

Not anymore.

As perfect as my little sister was, I couldn’t put her up on a pedestal anymore. All her exes had made that fatal flaw, and it only ended in disaster.

She needed discipline in her life. Everyone in her life failed to give my sister that. It all fell onto me. I was her big brother. It was my duty to rein in my spoiled little sister.

“Give me your keys,” I told Ava. My voice was so deep and guttural, I wasn’t sure if she could understand me.

Her BMW was gifted to her by our dad for last year's Christmas present. Undeservedly so. But it was her pride and baby, so I expected some resistance, especially since Ava was the most possessive person I knew.

No one was allowed in her room. No one could drive her car. Hell, no one could touch her.

But I guessed being her brother had its perks. I skirted around all her rules.

Letting go of my hand, Ava fished out her keys from her purse and handed them to me without a word. My breath caught when I glimpsed her nipples outlining through her pink bra, beaded hard and tight.

Had the pill increased her sex drive? All Ava wanted was to fuck and fuck and fuck. I was always the one who passed out from exhaustion while she sucked my cock, eager to swallow down more cum.

Maybe it hadn't. My sister always boasted about her sex drive. Maybe this was just her, but I just found it difficult to believe how much of a sex fiend she was. It was near insanity levels with how long she could fuck, especially at our intensity.

I unlocked her BMW, and we entered the backseat.

"Fuck me," my little sister whimpered, taking my hand and leading me under the band of her pink leggings. "Look, big bro. Feel how wet I'm for you."

Holy shit. She wasn't joking.

She was fucking leaking down there. Even her thighs were drenched. I slid my finger around, collecting a thick layer of her arousal.

"I'm ready." Ava sat on my lap, straddling me, her eyes hooded, her heavy pants in sync with mine. "Just tell me what to do. I'll do whatever you want."

"You like this, don't you?" I withdrew my soaked fingers, offering the digit to her. She sucked on my index finger, closing her eyes, moaning as she tasted herself. "You like being my obedient little slut?"

"Yes."

I slid out my finger. "Yes, what?"

"Yes, Master." She opened her blues, zeroing them on mine. "I like being your obedient little slut."

The words were music to ears. I have never ever seen Ava this fucking submissive. She was a complete natural at it, as if she was acting like this her whole life.

She was desperate for me, so I gave her a little sample, taking her chin and pulling her into my lips.

She moaned as we touched lips, already sucking as I plundered her sweetness, her overwhelming flavor exploding in my mouth.

"You're mine, Ava."

"Yes," she whimpered. I was hard on her lips, and she arched herself into me on a soft moan, pressing her nipples against my chest.

"Repeat it."

"I'm yours, Master."

Her lips parted, and I slipped through, greeted warmly by her eager tongue. "You've been a bad girl recently, haven't you, little sis?"

She nodded. "Yes, I've been a bad girl."

I took a moment to break the kiss, looking down at her. Her eyes were completely hooded over, her pink lips parted, begging me to return. Right then, I was certain she would have agreed to whatever I told her to repeat.

I drew back to her lips.

"Bad girls have to be punished."

She inhaled sharply, our tongue tangling in a burst of heat. "Yes. I have to be punished."

"So when I say you can't cum, you won't cum."

Her tongue stilled. "What?"

"I'm going to finger you, little sis. I'm going to torture your tight, wet pussy, but you're not allowed release. That's your punishment."

"No." She withdrew suddenly, breaking our connection. "That's not fair."

"Oh? So when you do that to me, it's fair?"

She pushed her bottom lip out. "This is not part of the deal."

"What deal?"

"I submit to you. Completely. And in return, you make me happy. You give me your love."

"I'm giving you my love." I brought her lips back to mine. She wasn't responding as enthusiastically as before, but I didn't care. I sucked hard on her lips, desperate for more vanilla. "But what do you expect? You have been a bad girl, and punishments aren't supposed to be enjoyed."

"Spank me again," she offered, sighing as I kissed my way down to her throat, sucking on a sensitive spot I knew she loved. She gasped, her body twitching with need. "Please."

"Later," I promised. "For now..." I ran a palm across her ass. "Stand up. Show me your pussy."

"You're so cruel," Ava whined, but she obeyed, getting off my lap and tugging down her leggings, then her panties, giving me the ultimate view of drenched perfection.

I glanced around, anxious that somebody might spot what we were doing, but we were safe. The windows were tinted, and the doors were locked. Her pussy was only for my eyes.

"You enjoy this, don't you?" Ava's silky voice drew my attention back. "You get off on depraving your little sister."

"It's nice to put you down a peg or two. You have a massive ego, Ava."

"If you put your fingers in there, I'll cum. I don't care."

I shook my head, tweaking her nipples through her sports bra. She jerked up and let out a strangled inhale, but she allowed me to do whatever I wanted with her. Her body was my playground. "That's not how an obedient little sister behaves towards their older brother."

"What you're suggesting is torture, not punishment."

"Just one hour." I locked eyes with her. "Hold your orgasm for an hour. Once we return home, I'll reward you."

"Promise?"

"I promise, little sis."

"Fine," she snapped, drawing her lips to a thin line. She wasn't pleased, but in the end, she submitted, just as I hoped. "Do what you want."

Good girl.

"Take off your bra and let down your hair. I want you on your knees. Use your tits to get me ready, then finish me with your mouth."

"I just want you in me," she complained. But Ava followed through with her orders, and soon, my little sister was naked, on her knees below me, looking absolutely fuckable with her lush pink hair flowing down her breasts, covering the carnal sight of sin.

I rubbed the back of my palm across her cheeks. She really was in love with me. It was obvious with the way she leaned into my touch, letting out soft mewls, gazing up at me like I was her god.

"You're perfect, Ava," I told her. "Fucking perfection."

"You're lucky to have me," she agreed. "Don't take what you have for granted."

I took a fistful of her lush pink hair, leaned in, and inhaled, groaning at her exquisite scent of her fruity shampoo. She looked perfect, tasted divine, smelled like sin, fucked like an animal.

If I continue breaking Ava down until she fully and completely submitted to me, there would literally not be a single imperfection about her.

And this eighteen-year-old sex goddess was all mine. Soon Lucia would be kneeling before me too.

My cock was practically begging to be let out, straining painfully under my pants. I pulled my shorts and briefs down. My cock sprang out, throbbing excitedly, beads of pre-cum trickling down my length.

Ava smiled, slid her fingers down to touch herself, then dipped forward, lapping my arousal, moaning as she did so.

“Your tits,” I groaned, craning my neck upwards, staring at the roof of the car. “Use them.”

“So demanding,” she pouted, but moved to position, sliding my throbbing length in between her teardrops. She squeezed her tits together, molding her soft flesh around my cock before sliding me up and down, her movements effortlessly graceful. Precise.

After our countless fucking, my little sister grew very familiar with my body. Ava knew exactly how to extract every single drop of pleasure from me. She knew where to touch me, how to touch me, where to kiss me, when to clamp her pussy around my cock, how to twist and angle her body to make me go fucking wild.

She was the ultimate lover.

“Ava—fuck!” I pulled her hair at her roots, losing all control of my actions.

“AH!” My sister’s painful cries only brought me closer to the edge. “Aaron—Stop! STOP!”

“Fuck.” I dropped my grip off her, clutching the seat instead, nails digging into the dark leather. “Sorry. I’m sorry.”

Like a professional, my sister didn't halt her movements, still pumping my cock in between her tits, offering me the fucking service of a lifetime.

Ava shot me a look of pain, and my heart dropped, but the guilt was quickly swept away when she brought her lips closer to my cock, giving featherlight licks to my tip, lapping me up like a kitten. More pre-cum came oozing out and she dutifully sucked me up. Not a drop of seed was wasted when it came to my little sister.

Ava preferred it hard and rough, but admittedly, sometimes I would go over the line, causing real pain to the love of my life. I couldn't help it, not with the way my body seized up with pleasure, fogging my mind in a drunk, hazy stupor.

I would apologize to her later. Reward her with loads of rough fucking. Just the way she liked it.

For now...

"Ava..." My voice was so deep, filled with maddening need. "I—I'm close. Take... take me down your.... throat." I squeezed my eyes shut, collecting every single willpower to not burst right then and there. It was almost painful to hold back the impending orgasm. "Fuck, Ava!"

My sister let out a cute little moan before taking my *entire* cock down in one downward swoop.

I knew Ava was fucking amazing at blowjobs, but it still blew my mind just how skilful she was. I went down her throat without so much as a gag or a sputter from her.

I clenched my jaw, so poised at the edge, the roar of blood swirling in my head causing me to lose grip on reality. Dark tendrils of desire breached the edges of my vision and my sister moaned, loud, taking me even deeper until her full lips were kissing my balls.

Fuck! Fuck!

I couldn't hold back for a second longer. I—

"AVA!"

An explosion of cum barreled down my sister's throat. I was like a man possessed, my hands finding her cheeks, clutching her face. I drove my hips in and out, fucking her mouth for everything she was worth.

Ava didn't make a sound. But she continued sucking, continued her delicious licking, taking my maddening pumps like the good girl she was.

I was dripping in sweat when I was done, slumping back into my seat, completely and utterly satisfied. At that moment, I was the happiest man on Earth, especially when Ava was still on my cock, licking me clean with long, warm flicks of her tongue.

She withdrew, cum and drool coating her lips, leaking down to her chin. My sister rose, then sat on my lap, her smooth perfume tickling my nose.

Ava arched into me, and I groaned at just how amazing her body felt. I could feel her rapid heartbeats, and she certainly could feel the erratic drum hammering under my ribcage.

She nibbled on my ear. "Did you enjoy that?"

I couldn't talk. Couldn't breathe.

"Would you like to fuck me?" She ran the flat of her tongue down, sliding along a pulse on my neck. "Would big bro like to fuck his little sister?"

"Ava..."

She took my cock, still hard and throbbing as if I hadn't busted a huge load, then slipped me inside her. Immediately, her pussy flexed around me.

The pleasure that ripped me from the inside out tore me away from my daze.

"What are you doing?" I pushed my sister off of me, and she shot me a frown.

"What?" she snapped.

"I said no. I'm only going to fuck you when we return home."

"Why? I'm right here. Ready and fucking wet. Why're you so cruel?"

Fuck me, Ava knew how to make it difficult to say no to her.

She was still used to having things go her way. She needed to learn that when she spread her legs, it was on my terms. She gets fucked on my say, not on hers.

"I gave you what you wanted!" She shoved me on the arm. "Now give me what I want. That's the fucking deal!"

"The deal is, little sister..." I pulled her back onto my lap, and she sucked in an urgent breath. "You do what I want, when I want, how I want."

"And I don't even get fucked? Are you blind to see how this is so one sided?"

"You get fucked when I say you get fucked." I took her chin in between two fingers. "When we return home, you will go into your room, lie on your bed and spread your legs for me. I'll fuck you then."

Ava didn't reply, just inhaled and exhaled heavy pants.

"You like being told what to do, don't you, little sis?" Her little shiver confirmed my suspicions. "You get turned on by this new dynamic of ours."

She pressed her lips against mine. "How are you going to fuck me later?"

"Hard." I drew my hand down her back, dragging my fingers through her valley of her sides, circling around her hips and then dipping in between her thighs. Ample wetness greeted me, accompanied by Ava's erotic moan. "Hard and fucking rough, just the way you like it."

She grind her hips against my hand, fucking my palm as if it was my cock. Biting down on my lower lip, she replied. "Are you going to fuck me doggy too? You love doggy."

"You love it too."

"I do." Her moans grew wilder, her movements erratic. "I fucking do."

Shit. She was going to cum.

I debated whether I should be firm on my punishment or allow my sister her release. As much of a turn on it was to hold her orgasm back and watch her squirm, it was equally erotic to watch my little sister lose control.

It was too late. I couldn't decide on time. Ava cried out and a flood of her juices came pouring out, soaking my thighs. She tore away from my lips, then bit down on my right shoulder, hard.

I groaned, tensing up as pain radiated from my shoulder, but I kept my composure, deciding to ride her release with her because I loved her.

I plunged three of my fingers into her spasming depths. Her pussy clenched around me tight, squeezing my digits. I tried to feel for her clit, but she was moving so much, fucking my hand, sinking her teeth into my flesh.

When I eventually found her throbbing nub with my thumb, I offered a hard stroke. She shrieked out my name, then squirted out more of her girl-juices.

Minutes passed until Ava finally stilled. She heaved her breasts against me, her skin hot and slick, her light scent making me salivate. I just sat there, content to hold my little sister in my arms, listening to her low, patchy breaths.

Her throaty voice broke the silence. "You're such an asshole."

"Is that how you thank me?"

"You're such a cruel Master." She dragged her lips away from my shoulder, revealing deep bite marks. I was about to comment on them, but her lips brushed against mine, and I sucked on her instead, our moans intertwining. "I hate you."

"Sure you do." We were bruising each other's lips, our tongues at war. "You hate me so much."

"Why do you have to be so mean, Aaron?" Her fingers found my cock, and I moaned as she began pumping. "Why can't you be nice to me for once?"

I thread my fingers through her pink hair. "I can't be nice to you."

"Why?"

“Isn’t it obvious, Ava?” I withdrew from our frantic kiss, then dipped my head down and feasted on a hard nipple.

“Aaron...” Ava groaned, letting go of my cock and arching her back, giving me a better angle of her breasts. “Oh... my god.”

“You get bored of nice guys.” I sucked hard on her right tit, then shifted my attention to her left one. “Kevin gave you everything you wanted, didn’t he? He was obsessed with you. And what happened to him? Thrown to the side once you were bored.”

Her pants were staggered, and her eyes were closed. “You... think... you have me all figured out?”

I chuckled. “I think so, little sis. I know you quite well.”

She half opened her eyes, but her gaze was unfocused, staring past me. “You don’t have to play this game with me. You’re my brother and I love you dearly. I didn’t love Kevin, or any of my exes.”

Yeah, right. A few days ago, she was bossing me around, treating me like shit until I gave her an ultimatum: do things my way or it was the highway. Did she forget that?

My sister squeezed her eyes back shut, cute little whimpers and mewls leaking from her full lips. I tweaked her right nipple. She gasped. Loud.

“Please fuck me now.” Her fingers wrapped around my cock, but this time, she was pumping me at full speed, her intentions clear. “Please. Please. Please. Please.”

God, it was so fucking tempting.

“Ava, stop.” I groaned, grabbing hold of her wrist, halting her attempts. A dozen more pumps and it was over. “Stop.”

“You’re such a buzzkill,” she muttered. Extending her tongue and offering a final swipe at my lips, my sister moved away from me, maneuvering to the front of the car and grabbing her gym bag. She searched inside for a moment before tossing me clean pairs of clothes. “Here. I knew we would get dirty, so I brought clean clothes.”

“Smart.” I took off my damp shirt and put on a clean black T-shirt and matching black shorts while my sister wore an oversized white long-sleeved shirt and pink shorts.

My sister hummed a tune, started up the car engine, then bundled her pink hair up into a ponytail.

"It's a long drive back," Ava said airily, watching me as I shifted to the front of the car, slumping down on the passenger seat.

"Yeap."

"Want to make a stop halfway?"

"To eat?"

"Nope." There was a twinkle in her eyes. "Remember the pink ball gag you used on me last night?"

My cock throbbed as I recalled the erotic vision. "Yeah."

"I bought it at a sex shop. It's on the way back."

I raised a brow. "You want to get more toys?"

"I'm not a fan of sex toys, but when I imagine my own brother using them on me..." A moan leaked out from her lips. "What we are doing is already sooooo wrong, so fuck it, let's go all the way."

I was so fucking on board with the idea.

"Alright," I said, trying to keep my voice leveled and not expose my overwhelming excitement. "Let's go."

Her smile melted my heart.

"Let's," she agreed.

"I don't need a new dildo, do I?" Ava slid her finger along the display shelves stacked with fake cocks of different shapes and sizes. "You'll help me get off whenever I feel the need?"

I smiled, but it was tight. "Maybe."

I felt uncomfortable in the store. I have never been to a sex store before, and this one was nothing like I had imagined.

The store was well hidden, located on the first floor of a building that held car workshops downstairs. We had to ring the doorbell and stand outside an unmarked door, in full view of the camera. It wasn't a long wait, but we had to pay an entrance fee to enter after they buzzed us in.

I expected a musty, old shop, but another thing that caught me off guard was how fancy it was. The store smelled of lavender, with the large interior bathed in deep reds and blacks. Everything was immaculately clean and well organized, with glass signs hanging above pointing to the right sections.

"You look nervous," my sister pointed out.

"I'm not."

She giggled. "You're such a terrible liar. It's okay. They're discreet here. Nobody will know we were here."

I glanced around. "Except for other shoppers."

"Nobody is here. It's only us." Ava pulled me along, another high-pitched giggle bursting from her lips. "Look at this!"

"What?" I studied the small box she handed me. It was some kind of...

"It's a sex dice," my sister said. "There are a couple of different dice inside with symbols of positions. You roll it, and the dice decides what we do."

"Mhm. Interesting."

"Look at your face, big bro." She shook her head, an amused smile coloring her pretty features. "You're flushed."

"Shut up," I muttered.

Another girly giggle. “So which toys do you want to use on me? You enjoy spanking me, right? Shall we go look at some paddles? What about some floggers?”

From the corner of my eye, I could spot a store assistant turning towards us. Fuck, Ava was speaking too loud, and the grin on her pretty face made it obvious she was doing it on purpose, enjoying my discomfort a little too much.

Maybe I shouldn’t have agreed to come here. It was a trap. Some sick way of getting back to me after what I did to her last night and in the car today.

I glanced at the store assistant again. Ava followed my gaze, then did the worst thing possible. She gestured for the woman to come over.

“Yeah?” the woman quipped up, stopping a few feet away from us. All the store assistants were wearing kinky uniforms, and the woman was wearing a sexy police officer outfit, with a thick leather collar wrapped around her neck, finished with six-inch high heels.

“Do you know where the paddles are?” Ava asked. She leaned into me and hugged my arm. “This is my Master and we want to spice things up in the bedroom.”

I wanted to die.

“Of course.” The assistant—Reva, according to her name tag—offered her a smile that looked way too friendly, then pointed to an area not too far away. “Paddles are over there.”

“Thank you.” Ava returned the smile and dismissed her with a nod.

“If you need anything else, don’t hesitate to hit me up.” She winked at Ava before walking away.

Of course she was hitting on my sister. Of-fucking-course.

Even with all her curves hidden underneath the oversized shirt and not a lick of makeup on her face, I was pretty sure she could make straight girls look the other way.

Well played, little sister. You one upped me here. I had to find a way to get the ball back on my side of the court.

When Reva disappeared around the corner, Ava turned back to me, a sexy smirk on her face. "Shall we... Master?"

I ignored her, bending down and retrieving a box that held a huge purple dildo inside.

Ava's smirk slipped when she saw me unboxing it.

"What... are you doing?"

I took out the toy, feeling up the silicone, leveling my gaze at my sister. "Open your legs for me, Ava."

"Aaron..."

"You heard me." I backed her into the shelves and pulled down her shorts, tracing my thumb along the fabric of her panties.

Ava looked to our left, where Reva was last seen, her confident facade dropping.

"Hey." Using my other hand, I took her chin and forced my sister to look at me. "Do what I say."

Her breathing picked up as she widened her stance, arching her hips up for me. I tugged her panties down, removing the article of clothing before thrusting the tip of the purple toy into my sister's cunt.

"Aaron!" she squealed, parting her lips and gasping a shaky inhale. "Ah! Holy... fuck."

She was being too loud. And as much as I was acting like I didn't care if someone caught us, that was the last thing I wanted. So to shut her up, I pressed my lips against hers and swallowed all her desperate whimpers leaking from her.

My sister was ungodly wet. I slid the toy deeper into her, and even though it wasn't my cock, I could feel the pressure around it as she clenched hard around the purple dildo.

I was fucking my sister with a dildo in a sex shop. What the fuck was I doing?

But Ava didn't stop me. She seemed to be enjoying it, sucking my lips hard, then whimpering out my name as I hit a deep spot inside her. I thrust the dildo in and out, and she jerked and spasmed in front of me, her nails clawing into my back as she held me tight.

"Aaron!" She opened her lips for me and my tongue darted forward, finding hers quickly, tussling with my sister. I stroked her with long, slow licks, and she returned my intensity as more moans spilled out into my mouth. "Ah... faster! OH! Please don't stop. Harder. Harder!"

She didn't know my plan, but I was planning to do exactly what she did to me in school, back in the lab, where she left me in a puddle of shame and unfulfilled desire just before I could cum into her.

I 'accidentally' allowed her to orgasm back in the car, and I needed to divert to my original plan to have my sister a whimpering, begging mess when we returned home. This was the perfect opportunity to get back at her after this stupid stunt of luring me into the sex shop.

"AARON!" Her body jerked. Her lips trembled.

Not yet. Not yet.

I was very familiar with Ava's body. I knew exactly when she was milliseconds away from bursting.

I continued my onslaught, ramming the huge, thick purple thing in and out of her flexing cunt.

"Ah... AH!" Her tongue darted back, and she bit down on my lip.

Bingo. That was the signal I needed.

I withdrew from her, taking a step back, glancing down at the purple dildo in my hand which was dripping wet, fully coated thick with her girl juices.

"What the fuck?" Ava grabbed my wrist and tried to force the toy back inside her.

I resisted. If looks could kill, I should be dead, bloodied on the floor.

“Sorry, sis.” I shrugged. “You said you might need a new dildo, right? I was just testing out if you liked this one.”

“You’re such a fucking asshole.” She hauled her panties and shorts back up before walking past me, knocking shoulders, flooding my senses with her delicious scent.

Chuckling, I slid the used dildo back into the box. Ava would be pissed for a while, but as soon as we returned to the condo? She would be screaming my name, cumming over and over and over.

I couldn’t wait.

Ava might be pissed, but she had been serious about us getting new toys.

By the time we walked out of the store, not only had we purchased the purple dildo, we bought out the entire catalog—or a huge chunk of it.

We had a remote controlled vibrator, a paddle with two sides (one for feeling her up, the other for the spanking), a leather flogger, some bondage tape, handcuffs, a new ball gag, bottles of lube, anal beads, and last but not least, and my favorite purchase, a pink leather collar which Ava was currently holding.

We were on the road. I was driving because my sister was sick of it. It was a huge deal for me to be in the driver’s seat of her BMW, since Ava had never allowed anyone else to sit there. It just proved that our relationship had grown exponentially, upping past levels after levels. We were already way deeper than just being siblings.

“If I wear this...” Ava glanced at me. “Then I would be yours forever, wouldn’t I? There would be no going back. It’s kind of like a marriage ring, but around my neck.”

“You’re already mine.”

“Mmm.”

We stopped at a red light, and I frowned at my little sister. “What? We literally agreed on forever and always.”

"I know, but sometimes you can be such an asshole. It makes me rethink our future together." She shot me a cute smile. "How about this? If you give me the best night of my life tonight, I'll start wearing the collar around the house. Deal?"

"No. I'll be damned if I let you call the shots again."

"Fine." Her smile slipped, and she looked straight ahead. "Then I won't wear it."

I sighed. "Are we really doing this? Again?"

"Blame yourself. If you really treat me with the love I deserve to have, then I wouldn't have any problems doing literally anything you want. I already compensated so much for you, and I expect at least something back."

I was tempted to hold the usual threat above her. That she wouldn't be getting any sex tonight if she didn't wear the collar, but that would be lame. It would suck for me too, because I really was looking forward to tonight. I badly wanted to fuck my little sister with her legs spread wide open in her warm, comfortable bed, then shower with her under pink rain.

But most importantly, forcing my sister to submit was just a short-term solution to a long-term problem.

Having a relationship was such a foreign experience for me, but being in a committed love affair with my own spoiled little sister who had an attitude problem? Ava had a line of past lovers and all of them had failed to hold her for long despite their desperate attempts and expensive gifts.

"Alright." I exhaled a long breath. "What can I do better?"

She ran her thumb along the pink leather of her collar. "Treating me like a sex slave can be hot, I admit. I never imagined myself liking it, but I do. Somehow. But..." She pursed her lips. "Treating me like that all the time is draining."

Ava glanced at me and I tried my hardest to concentrate on the road. "You want to be my dominant? Top me in bed? Fine. You're a man now and I can submit to a man I love. But don't overdo it. I'm still your sister and I have feelings."

Should I give her the benefit of the doubt and pump the brakes on my domineering act? What if I gave her ample space and she found out I was just as utterly under her spell as she was in mine?

I needed Ava. She was like oxygen to me, vital to my survival ever since that first kiss. But I didn't want to give her room to breathe, allow my sister a semblance of control and let her walk all over me again.

But I also didn't want to lose her. Or keep her unhappy.

At another red light, I smoothed the car to a stop and looked over at pink perfection. She was so fucking beautiful. I was staring at an eighteen-year-old who had no right to be that perfect.

But Ava was right. I was seeing her more as my sex slave than my own little sister. I loved her to death, and I didn't want her unsatisfied with our new relationship.

"Maybe..." I chose my words. "Maybe I'm too hard on you sometimes."

"You are." Ava replied. "I really want this relationship to work, Aaron. I'm even willing to..." She blew out a long breath. "I'm willing to share you with Lucy. If that's what it takes to have you, then fine."

I touched her thigh, running my hand up and down her creamy sun-tanned skin. "Thank you."

Ava took my wrist and moved my hand in between her legs. "Thank me when we get back."

I gave her my dark promise. "I will."