

Chapter 14

Deja vu.

We were back in the elevator, standing close, gazes hot on each other like we wanted to strip down and deprave our bodies into forbidden lust.

We would. We just had to exercise patience for five more excruciatingly long minutes.

I stared at my panting reflection in the mirror. My blue eyes were hooded over, just like Ava's, and my lips were parted, wet from our steamy make-out session back in the car. Ava had jumped me as soon as I parked the BMW.

She was a fucking animal. If I thought my lust for my little sister was insane, Ava had this bottomless pit of sexual energy charged into her. All she wanted to do was to fuck, fuck, and fuck.

My sister made the first move. She stepped forward, pressing her ample curves into me, her hot breaths tickling my neck.

"Tell me..." She ran her thumb up and down my shorts, stroking my erection, causing me to groan and drop the black plastic bag containing all the sex toys we had purchased. "... exactly how are you going to fuck me again. Remind me how Master wants to fuck his little sister."

"Jesus, Ava." I closed my eyes as she ran her tongue along a throbbing vein on my neck, her heady scent filling me up. "I don't know. I honestly don't fucking know."

"But you're going to fuck me hard, right?" She sucked on a tender spot, her lips so fucking soft. "And you're going to last all night shooting your yummy cum into me over and over and..." she moaned, a low, erotic sound that had my thighs trembling. "... over?"

"Ava." I circled her hips and squeezed her ass with my palms. They felt especially full after her workout. "You're a sex fiend."

Don't get me wrong. Fucking Ava was the absolute pinnacle of pleasure, the undisputed highlight of my life. It was filthy, addicting, and everything wrong.

But having a hot little sister who demanded to continue after you were completely spent, on the verge of passing out, not a single sperm left in your tank... I was getting a bit worried for her.

Ava was smaller than me, but it seemed like my sister had ten times the cardio.

"I told you, big bro." Her lips grazed up my chin, and she sank her teeth into my bottom lip. "I warned you about my sex drive."

"You want to fuck throughout the night again? Even though you are sore?"

"Don't be a baby." She broke our connection and took a step back, her blues flickering between my left and right, a cute frown manning her perfect features. "It's just a little soreness. So what? Just don't fuck me in the ass and I'll be fine." She tilted her head. "Why are you asking me these questions? Don't you want to fuck me?"

"Of course I do. Just look at how erect I am."

Her eyes flickered down to my pants, and the edges of her full pink lips twitched upward.

Before Ava could say anything, the elevator doors peeled open, and we were being stared at by two guys our age. Well, they were gawking at Ava.

Thank fucking god there was space between us, and they did not catch us making out—or worse.

One of the guys—the older looking one—coughed into his fist once, then stepped inside the lift with us. His friend followed behind him and the doors squeezed back shut.

I took a sideward step to block the view of the black bag full of sex toys, but they weren't paying any attention to me.

The older one coughed into his fist again and glanced at my sister. "So, uh, you, uh... you're Ava, right?"

Ava stared straight ahead.

Damn. I forgot how cold she could be.

"I follow you on Instagram," he continued, shuffling his feet. "You have... like, nice pictures. Who's your photographer?" He let out an awkward laugh. "If you don't have one, I have some photography experience. I could help you. Free of charge."

Silence.

He coughed. His friend shuffled his feet.

The awkward moment was finally relieved when we went up a couple more floors. The doors slid open, and Ava immediately walked out, leaving a sweet trail of perfume.

Grabbing the bag, I followed my sister, trying to catch up with her pace.

"You should have said something," Ava told me when I caught up to her.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm yours, right?" She stopped and jabbed a manicured nail at my chest. "Stake your claim. Don't just let guys hit on me. I thought you're possessive, Aaron. What happened?"

Fuck, she was right. And seeing her talk like that, straight up admitting that she was mine...

"Sorry." I rubbed a hand up and down her sides, feeling up her amazing curves. Her annoyance dissipated at my touch and she moaned low.

"Next time I will," I told my sister. "But they live in the same building as us. If they knew who you are, they might know about me, too."

"Just a simple 'don't hit on my sister' would do," Ava whispered, placing her palm over mine and taking a quick glance around, confirming we were alone.

She stepped closer, and I moved my hand to her ass, gripping her hard. "You want to be my Master? Act like my Master. I can't submit to a boy. You're not a boy anymore, aren't you?"

"No." I moved my palm away from her ass and took her hand in mine, leading her through the hallway, towards our door.

"Come on." I was leaking so much fucking pre-cum from feeling her up and hearing her talk like that, I just wanted to lock ourselves in her bedroom and unleash all my frustrations into her tight, warm pussy. Asap. "Let's get to bed."

Unfortunately, Ava's bed wasn't our first destination.

My sister insisted on us taking a nice, warm shower first.

"You can fuck me in the shower," she said, trying to convince me, casually stripping off her clothes as if she had been doing it in front of me for years. "I can give you a blowjob there. Anything you want, you can have. Except for anal."

"You said your body is mine to use, little sis. Your whole body. If I want anal, you get on all fours and beg me to take you there."

"Mmm." She was almost naked. Her cotton panties were left covering her most important bits. She slid the last garment off, and swayed on her feet, tits hard, pussy gleaming. "Fine. But you're not going to fuck me in the ass tonight."

"And why is that?"

"Because you love me. Do you want to see me crying in pain?"

My cock jerked up.

Maybe I do.

Ava took my hand and led me into her bathroom.

"How long until you recover?" I asked as she pulled up my shirt, clearing it off my head.

"My ass?"

"Yeah."

"You should be able to fuck me there in a couple of days." She raised a sexy eyebrow. "You really are an ass guy, aren't you? What's wrong with my tits?"

I stared at her breasts. "There's nothing wrong with your tits."

They were *gorgeous*. Perfect teardrops that didn't have a hint of sag, sitting plump and upright on her chest.

The first time I saw her breasts, I was surprised at how large they were. They weren't massive, but her teardrops were bigger than I had imagined. They were the perfect size to lay my head on, or fondle in my palms.

I raised a hand, grazing my thumb along her large areola, pinching a hard nipple. She gasped in surprise. "It's perfect. But your ass... it's just... something else."

"If it's perfect, then why aren't you paying more attention to it? I hate that you only like my ass."

I glanced back up, and she giggled.

"I'm just kidding." She sighed and dropped to her knees, pulling my shorts down with her. "I... I don't want to be difficult, Aaron. I want to be a good girl for you. I hate all our arguments. But please, love me the way I love you."

With a last tug, she pulled down my boxers. My cock sprung out and Ava's eyes widened at how wet I was. Another girly giggle burst out from her lips before she dipped forward and I felt her warm tongue eagerly lapping me up.

"Do...you want a blowjob, Master?" She dipped her voice low, pulling the words out in a seductive purr. She sucked on my tip, making me groan and leak out more for her, which my sister happily swallowed.

"No." My voice was heavy and strained, my breathing staggered, my body throbbing with maddening need for the woman kneeling before me. "Get in the shower. I'll fuck you against the wall."

Ava jolted to her feet, then pulled me into her fancy glass enclosure, turning on the pink rainfall. She stood there, expecting me to make the first move.

"Come here," I said, pulling her in, tilting her chin up and taking her eager lips into mine.

Soft mewls spilled from my sister the moment we made contact. And when I began sucking, she moaned and matched my intensity, her body going weak against mine.

God, Ava *loved* kissing.

And I admit. I loved it too. But there was one thing I liked better than tasting her vanilla.

“AH!” Ava gasped as I turned us around and slammed her into the wall. I lifted her right leg and held it against my hips. My sister bit into my lips, already anticipating what was about to happen next.

It came a second later.

I drove my hips forward and up, penetrating my little sister, stretching her open. She flexed around me tight and I moaned with her as heavenly warmth greeted me, pushing myself as deep as I could until my balls slammed into her hard.

“Yes!” Ava sobbed out, withdrawing from my lips to look at me with her piercing blues. “Oh my fucking god...”

“Ava...” I stroked the back of her head, taking off her hair band. Her damp hair drew down in waves, and I sucked in a breath at the sight of my sister with her pink hair down. “You’re so beautiful.”

“I love you,” she choked out, then gasped at a hard thrust in. She steadied herself against the wall, then drove her hips forward, meeting mine. “I fucking love you.”

Fuck! The sparks of pleasure firing up inside me were welling up fast. I slammed into her once again and the fiery sparks morphed into brutal jolts. I had to clench my jaw to stop myself from bursting.

“Ava, there’s... fuck... there’s nobody else in the world...” I shook my head, moving both my hands up to clutch her cheeks, nailing our gazes together. Blue on blue. “There’s nobody in the world I love more than you. You’re everything to me. Every-fucking-thing.”

“Same.” She sniffed. “I can’t live without you.”

Even through the droplets of water dripping down her face, I could see her tears leaking out, illuminated by the pink lights above us. We stared at each other, the silence only broken by the rhythmic wet slapping of flesh against flesh, the soft moans and grunts, the warm pelts of rain, the light thumping of my sister's back against the glass wall.

I slammed into her again. Ava whimpered, squeezing her eyes shut and craning her neck up towards the ceiling.

"Close?" I gasped.

Instead of answering, she clutched around me tight. Her manicured nails dug into my back and she pulled herself forward, catching me by the lips and spilling out little whimpers for me to swallow.

"AARON!"

She orgasmed on a cry. Her pussy tightened even harder, her heated inner walls crushing me. The pressure inside me bolted to a searing pain because I was trying my best to fucking hold myself back, to prolong our shower sex.

I didn't know why. We were just going to fuck again back in her bed, then after unloading maybe half a dozen more times into her, we would shower once more and I could ram my cock into her again and again.

"AH!" She bit down on my lips. Her scream. The pain. The shattering pleasure. Fucking everything caused the walls I had set up to come crashing down. I surrendered with a roar, spilling out hours of held back frustration, pouring hot waves straight into my sister's fertile womb.

"Ava—SHIT!"

She was kissing me desperately, stroking my tongue with lush slides of her own, sucking my lips for dear life. I pumped into her, brutally slamming my cock into my sister's body without a shred of thought or mercy.

Seconds melted into minutes. By the time I fizzled out, Ava was still going, kissing me like I was her lifeline, whimpering my name, telling me how much she loved me as she clenched and throbbed.

“That was...” My sister withdrew from my lips and I let go of her leg, taking a step back, giving my cock some air. Ava stumbled sideways, but I caught her before she was in any danger. She exhaled shakily. “Holy fuck.”

I dragged my gaze down her dripping wet body, filled with curves only men could dream of. Her pussy was pink and swollen, and I briefly wondered how raw she would be by the time we were done.

“You like what you see?”

“Yeah.” I nodded dumbly, not able to tear my eyes away from her tits and her two perky nipples. Maybe she was right. Maybe I should worship those teardrops just as much as her ass.

My sister pressed herself against me, resting her head against my shoulder. “Can I wash you?”

“Hmm?” I snapped into focus. “Wash me?”

“Mmm hmm.” God, just her whimpers alone could drive me insane. “You’re my Master. Let me wash and clean you.”

That sounded amazing.

I exhaled. “Okay.”

She planted a kiss on my neck. “Okay.”

It was more than amazing. Ava took one of her fancy body washes, lathered a squirt out, then ran her palms all over me, finishing the fantastic service by going down on her knees and deep throating me, swallowing every drop.

“Want me in a particular outfit tonight?” my sister asked as she was brushing her teeth, staring at my reflection in the vanity mirror.

I smiled and walked behind her. “Naked.”

“Are we going to use the toys?”

Oh, definitely.

“Yeah.” I felt up her teardrops. Ava set her electric toothbrush back down on the vanity and leaned back, moaning, allowing me to do whatever I wanted to her gorgeous body.

“Ava?”

“Oh...” Her breathing quickened, her lips slightly ajar as more moans spilled out, her nipples beaded so tight. “Shit...”

“Ava?” I repeated.

“Y-Yeah?”

“Go outside.” I pinched her nipple, and she whimpered, squirming in my grip. “Wait for me in bed.”

Her eyes were so glazed, it looked as if she was sleepwalking. She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

I released her, and she washed her mouth quickly before giving me a sexy wink and a smile, before walking out of the bathroom, swaying her hips.

I closed my eyes, my thoughts drifting to yesterday. Trying to dominate Ava last night was a challenge. I had to use every drop of my willpower to stand my ground and do something no one has done to my little sister before.

It could have ended badly. My sister could have laughed in my face—or hell, just walked away.

But I came to the realization that I had leverage. A big one. The love pill had accomplished its job—make my bratty sister fall deeply in love with me.

What she didn’t know was that she held the same amount of power over me.

I loved Ava my whole life. But no one knew my feelings for her grew to more than just siblings. The first bit of spark came during puberty, when I recognized how beautiful women could be—and how obvious my sister stood above every other girl.

I didn't bluff that night when I told her 'no'. But I sure as hell would wallow in a pit of depression if she walked out.

But finally, for the first time in my life, things were going my way. Ava almost walked out. But she didn't. She chose her love for me over her own ego. A first for her.

She wanted this new relationship of ours to work. I wanted it to flourish.

I shouldn't push my sister too much. Ava had acted out this arrogant facade for so long, only recently taking the mask off. Sometimes I forget my sister could be so fragile.

Everyone else was seeing the version of Ava she wanted them to see.

When she was making love to me? That was the Ava I used to know.

Confident but not arrogant. Scared but brave.

Feminine. Loving.

Submissive.

She had returned.

I retrieved a clean white towel off the rack and finished drying myself before gargling some mouthwash. I had most of my toiletries moved to Ava's, and soon I would move my clothes too. Living in Ava's pink palace was leagues better than sleeping in mine. Her room was bigger, fancier, smelled like heaven, and most importantly, I could have my sister by my side where she belonged.

Ava called to me as soon as I stepped outside, her sweet voice carrying around the room.

"Master."

I turned to her, and my breaths stilled.

Ava was sitting against the headboard, still naked, her hair down, her legs spread wide open. She was touching herself, plunging two fingers in and out, arousal trailing down her thighs and pooling onto the bedsheet.

You couldn't convince me that there was a more erotic sight on Earth than *that*.

I could watch her all fucking day, but I'd much rather participate, so willing my shaky legs back to life, I headed towards her study table and rummaged through the black bag filled with new, exciting experiences.

Her cute little moans behind me made it increasingly difficult to concentrate. I kept fumbling with the items, but eventually I gathered the new purchases I needed and made my way to my little sister.

I sat down on the spot opposite her, and she eyed the collar in my hand.

"You want to collar me, big bro?" She pushed her bottom lip out and gave me slow, innocent blinks. But there was nothing innocent about her when she was fingering herself in front of her brother. Her wrist was a blur and her fingers were dripping wet.

"Yeah." I held her gaze. "Are you okay with that?"

She blinked again, but that one was unintentionally. She was surprised that I had asked her.

"I mean..." She took out her fingers. "Yeah. Okay."

"You sure?"

"Mmm hmm." Ava closed her legs, then went to a kneel. "I appreciate you asking. Thank you, Master."

I still couldn't get over my little sister kneeling as if it was the most natural thing to do. 'Submissive' was the last word anyone would describe Ava, but she made the motion look so fluid, as if she had been practicing it.

"No problem." I scooted closer to her, then wrapped the pink collar around her exposed neck while she held her hair up for me.

Ava was breathing heavily, her hot breaths skirting across my lips. Her eyes flickered to my lips, back up to my eyes, then back down.

"There," I said, my own breathing picking up. It was the perfect fit. I sat back, admiring my newly collared sister. Pink hair, pink lips, pink nails, pink collar.

Perfection.

I couldn't believe it. My own little sister, the girl that hated me for half her life, the woman I was utterly blinded by ever since I hit puberty... here she was. Kneeling. Collared. Calling me her Master. Telling me that she was mine.

Ava touched her collar. "I have never felt..." She pursed her lips and looked off into the distance.

"Never felt...?"

Her gaze slid back towards me. Her eyes were soft. They didn't have the fiery blue intensity in them I was so used to seeing.

"So obedient." She exhaled shakily. "And it feels so... Aaron, I have never felt this way before."

My sister was still in her kneel. She exhaled a wisp of air through parted lips, then on another shaky exhale, whispered out the sweetest words. "How many I serve you, my Master?"

Holy. Shit.

"Come here," I growled, moving forward, clutching her hair in my fist, angling her mouth so I could own her in a bruising kiss.

My hands circled her hips, squeezing her ass that was still slightly pinkish from last night's spanking. Ava responded beautifully, melting at my touch, moaning and gasping as I squeezed her hard.

Fuck me, I couldn't get enough of those her sweet scent, her vanilla lips, her crazy moaning...

"You're mine, Ava," I told her as I pulled back slightly, my lips tingling with all kinds of goodness. I raised one hand and hooked my pinky around the small metal ring of her pink collar, jerking her towards me so we were touching lips again. "Fucking mine."

"Yours," she gasped, her hair a wild mess around her, splayed all over her beautiful face. Her tits were heaving against my chest. "I'm yours."

“Lay down, little sis.” I leaned forward and melded our lips back together, bruising her swollen lips with a fine edge of desperation, pushing her down onto her back.

Ava knew what was up. As soon as her back touched the mattress, she spread her thighs wide, an open invitation for me to enter.

I was brimming with overwhelming energy, so I wasted no time. The second we joined tongues, I blindly thrust forward. She was so fucking slippery, I was sliding everywhere, but on the third attempt, I hit gold, penetrating my little sister, causing her to cry out and squirm under me.

“MHMM!” she shrieked into my mouth as I buried into her, stretching out her flexing pussy walls that had just been recovering.

“Fuck!” I cursed, heaving at the delicious sensation of her pussy flexing around me.

No matter how familiar my body grew to the heavenly sensations from entering was sister, one thing was for certain: there was no bad sex when it came to Ava. She could lie down and stay still and I would still blow my entire load within a few seconds from the excruciating raw amount of pleasure her pussy provided me.

Sex with Lucia was fucking amazing, but Ava could give what no other woman could. My little sister was in a different league of her own, and I was utterly addicted to her.

It might not seem like it with my occasional resistance to her sexual advances, but if there were no rules and if my body could handle hers without failing from exhaustion, then we would never ever leave her pink kingdom. I would handcuff her to her bed and tell her that her role was in the bedroom and nowhere else.

And the best part?

Ava might love that. She enjoyed being treated as my human fleshlight, as long as I genuinely loved her, and openly showed her that.

“I hear...” Ava’s heavy words sank into my skin. “... handcuffs. Oh god. Are you going to handcuff me, Master?”

“Yes.” I broke away from our kiss and licked across the strands of saliva connecting our lips. “I’m going to handcuff you, blindfold you, then fuck you hard.” I finished the sentence with a powerful thrust, which she took with a high-pitched squeal, slamming her hips back into me.

God, her pussy accepted my cock amazingly, squeezing me with just the right amount of pressure to drive me fucking insane. I was huge, but Ava slid me in like a lock to a key, her teardrops were the perfect fit for my palms, and her curves melted into my body just right.

Maybe we were soul mates after all.

My own little sister.

“Fuck me hard,” she mouthed, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as I pounded the deep hard spot inside her that she *loved*. “Fuck me hard, Master. Fuck me hard.” Her hips jerked up, and a cry tore from her throat. “Harder!”

“Ava...” I gritted my teeth, my jaw clenching. Her words were turning me maniacal.

Fuck saving energy to last the day. With grunts tearing out of my throat, I pounded into Ava, thrusting in and out with no technique. Just raw, violent thrusts that had her body jerking after every loud connection.

At another shattering thrust, I stopped fighting against the crushing cascade of sensation. I unloaded everything I had into Ava, and then she was a goner too, clamping around my spasming length, begging for more with her tight cunt, voicing it out with shrieks and cries.

It was one of the increasingly rarer times that I orgasmed first, but holy shit, it was worth letting go earlier than I wanted. I shivered the last of my seed out, then held tight onto my sister as she writhed and shrieked, stroking her head as she lost herself into bliss.

“Again,” my sister heaved, her blues back in focus, gazing up at me in a lustful glaze. “Doggy. Please.”

“I just... fuck...” Sweat was dripping off me. Ava responded by dipping forward and licking the salt off my face. “I literally just busted two times in, like, fifteen minutes.”

“Mmm hmm.” She pressed a loving kiss to my chin. “Don’t tell me you’re done after just a couple of shots?”

“No.” I tried to roll off my sister, but she had her arms wrapped around my neck, peppering me with more kisses. “I just need a... a break. Holy shit.”

“You need to up your cardio, big bro.” Ava stopped kissing me, dipping her head against my neck and inhaling me deeply. “I want more. I *need* more.”

“More of what? My cum?”

“Everything.” I felt her shudder. “Your cum, your scent, your kisses, how you fuck me. I’m addicted to—” She paused, heaving out a couple of breaths. “I need your love.”

“I’m giving you my love, Ava. I love you.”

“More.” I was still inside her and she started moving her hips back and forth, practically fucking herself with my cock. “I need more.”

Jesus.

“Okay. I’ll give you more. Just let me...” I tried to roll away again, and this time, she released me.

My body was covered in her sweet scent, and I bent forward to retrieve the rest of the toys I had brought with me. A handcuff, her pink ball gag, and her sleep mask, which would serve as a blindfold.

Ava sat up with a soft moan, then surveyed all the items.

“I didn’t know you were so kinky.” She flitted her gaze back to mine and shot me a dazzling smile. “Are you going to use everything, Master?”

I *loved* it when she called me Master. My sister was getting used to it, addressing me without a second thought, like it was my name now.

“Yeah,” I said, retrieving the handcuffs first. Ava eagerly showed me both her wrists. “Honestly, Ava, I don’t know what I love, so I’m going to experiment.”

“Of course,” she quipped happily as I secured her hands. “Experiment on me. That’s what little sisters are for, right? To be used by their big, domineering brothers.”

I chuckled.

“Talk dirty to me,” she pleaded. “Tell me what you’re going to do to me. You said you’re going to fuck me hard? Tell me how.”

Ava was really letting herself go. I have seen her horny, but never this turned on. This fucking desperate.

Alright, Ava.

“How?” I spun my sister around and shoved her onto all fours. “Let me tell you how. I’m going to gag you.”

She moaned. “Y-Yeah?”

“Then I’m going to bind your legs.” My cocked throbbed painfully as I broke down my dirtiest thoughts to her in real time. “Blind you so you can’t see, move, or scream.”

Arousal dripped from her pussy. The handcuffs clicked as she shifted. “Yes...”

“Then I’m going to ram your fucking pussy from behind until you cum around my cock.”

“Yes...” Her heavy breathing filled up the surrounding space. “Fuck. Please. Please do all that.”

“Ava.” I wrapped the ball gag around her head and she opened her mouth wide. I tightened it, then asked if she was comfortable. She nodded.

“Good girl.”

“Mhm.”

“Now your eyes.” I slid the sleep mask down over her head, then paused. “Have you ever done this before?”

She shook her head.

“Then why do you know you would like it? This must be scary, right?”

She turned her head to look at me. “Mhmm mhm mmm.”

I didn’t really catch what she said, but her eyes said it all.

I trust you.

I slid down the blindfolded, then tightened it. I was kneeling so close to my sister, my erection was rubbing against her as I moved, marking her body with pre-cum.

I groaned. My cock felt raw after getting abused for the past twenty minutes, but the soreness seemed to vanish as I sat back and admired the fantasy sight in front of me.

Ava gagged, blinded, bound, and collared.

The ultimate vision of submission.

Drool was pooled at the edges of her lips, dripping down her chin. Her pussy was pink and engorged, and she was leaking there too. Quicker as I rubbed a palm up and down her ass, eliciting muffled moans from my pet.

God.

And I was going to fuck... *this*.

I didn’t just win the lottery. I fucking peaked in life.

Nothing could top this. Nothing.

Well...

Maybe...

Maybe if Lucia was in bed with us, in the exact same position as Ava was. I could alternate between their pussies. Fuck me, wouldn’t that be the greatest experience in the universe?

But right now, Ava was my sole focus.

“Ava,” I said, breaking away from my thoughts and positioning behind my sister. “Listen up. I’m going to destroy this pussy.” I ran my index finger along her drenched slit, and I received a wonderful reply. She shrieked, moaned, and arched her back high. “And I don’t want you to cum until I say you can. Do you understand?”

She nodded without hesitation. “Mmm hmm.”

I said I didn’t want to push her, but with Ava acting like the perfect sex slave, it was hard not to not include the condition.

“Good girl. I love you.”

She grunted the three words back, then shifted backwards, finding my cock and rubbing her hot juices all over me, as if I wasn’t lubricated enough. My tip slipped past her slit a couple of times and every time I did, she offered a hot little flex.

I squeezed my eyes shut. Fuck, I wouldn’t be surprised if I had a heart attack with how fast my heart was battering against my ribcage.

I was still exhausted from the last orgasm, so I took a couple minutes’ rest, listening to the sounds she made as I felt her up. Eventually, she got restless and attempted to get me back inside her, shifting her hips back and forth, fishing for my cock. I chuckled at her attempts.

“Okay, stop.” I spread her cheeks wide open so I could gawp at the drenched sight. “You’ll get it now, little sis.”

She couldn’t talk, but at my words, her breathing grew louder. Fuck, it was almost painful to not be inside her. I couldn’t comprehend how one pussy could give me so much mind numbing pleasure.

I wished I could match my sister’s insane sex drive. Maybe it was because she was a woman. They could have back-to-back orgasm—longer ones too—but for me, once I busted a massive load, exhaustion tends to creep in, and that fucking sucked.

“Ready, little sis?” I nudged my tip at her entrance and held her sides tight so she couldn’t move her hips. “I’m going to fuck the deep, hard spot you love. Remember, don’t cum until I give you permission.”

She nodded and grunted a 'Yes, Master.'

"Okay." I bent down and kissed the soft curve of her back, feeling her shudder.

What I learned about Ava is that despite her arrogant facade and behind her enormous ego, there was a desperate, lonely girl who, above all, just wanted to be loved.

She craved intimacy like it was oxygen, and it seemed like none of her exes ever gave her that, only seeing her as a beautiful face with the perfect body.

The entire time, the answer to the complex problem had been simple. Ava wanted what every woman wanted. If you showed her genuine love, she would submit to any condition, give you everything she had to offer, bend to get fucked in any position you desired.

"Mhmm!" My sister wiggled her ass, visibly desperate to get fucked doggystyle.
"Mmm! Mmm! Mhmmm!"

"Sorry," I chuckled. On an exhale, I thrust forward, spitting out a curse as her warm, and still amazingly tight pussy, swallowed me up greedily, her heated inner walls clamping down around me in celebration that I was back where I belonged.

"Shit." My heavy exhales turned staggered as I buried deeper into the love of my life. Her cunt felt... god... It felt as if I was dipping myself into a nice, steamy bath warmed to the perfect temperature. "Your pussy, Ava." My jaw clenched as ecstasy ripped through me. "Christ, your fucking pussy..."

There was no greater feeling than being inside Ava, and it was obvious my sister felt the same way. My sister was too occupied to respond, moaning when I pushed deeper, grunting when I paused, shrieking when I squeezed her ass. She was alive with her movements, jerking against her restraints, arching high to offer me a better angle, shuddering every so often. Drool was rapidly dripping down her chin, pooling down to her handcuffs.

I quickly found Ava's favorite spot. It was so deep, I could only reach it when my balls were pressed against her. Even just kissing the spot with my tip caused Ava to utter out a cute whimper.

Sucking in a breath, I primed my hips back, then drove into her, fulfilling my promise to show her no mercy.

My sister broke on the first connection. Even through her gag, her sobs spilled out, entering my ears in beautiful tunes. I knew I wasn't hurting her. Those were happy tears, and it was evident by how enthusiastically she thrust her hips back to meet mine.

Louds slaps of flesh hitting flesh filled the room, drone on by the sound of my heavy balls smacking against her cheeks, every pleasure filled second edging us closer and closer where we needed to be.

"MHMM!" *Smack* "MMMM!" *Smack* Her handcuffs rattled as she jerked forward.
"MHHHMMMMMMMM"

Oh god. Ava was fucking loud. But it shouldn't be a surprise when I took away her senses, so everything was amped up.

Smack

Her body shuddered and an ear-piercing shriek leaked out from the ball gag.

Shit, she was close.

"Not yet," I groaned. "Ava, don't cum."

I was practically hanging off the edge of the cliff myself, but I didn't want us to fall and drown into deep waters yet.

Not yet.

"Fuck!" I kept ramming against her spot, but this time, every connection caused my sister to convulse, twisting and turning, her handcuffs rattling loud as she tried to break free.

Her pussy clenched tight. Her body jerked once.

"No," I growled a warning, not giving my sister a breather, still hammering into her heated depths. "Ava..."

"MHMM!"

I exhaled. She was begging for release, begging for her torture to be over.

“A few more—Ah!” I squeezed my eyes shut and relaxed, surrendering to the madness, allowing my pleasure to reach a shattering crescendo before I roared out the command.

“NOW!”

Even before the word fizzled out, Ava was already a goner. Her wails turned into shrieks as I released everything through her spasming passage. I could hear the silicone of the ball gag being bitten down as she accepted the onslaught.

“Ava—SHIT!” I opened my eyes, but everything was a blur. My cock was jerking and spasming, but movement was limited due to how tight she was crushing me, so I could only afford rapid short thrusts, still spurting more of my seed, still hitting her favorite spot, still holding my sister tight as we both entered a familiar place of lust and filth, depraving ourselves to a new world we would love to call home.

As the last jets ebbed out, I slumped down onto my sister and held her until she was done, shuddering and moaning softly as she rode out the rest of her release.

“Let me...” I heaved for air. “Let me get the keys to the... cuffs. Okay?”

She mewled out something, but it was too muffled and too soft to understand.

Leaving her on the bed, I stumbled across the room, swiping the handcuff key off her study table and trudging back to bed, dripping sweat and completely covered with her sweet, feminine scent.

Ava was face down and panting when I returned. I nudged her to her side, and even though she couldn't see me, she twitched the edge of her lips, offering me a small smile before giving me her wrist.

I uncuffed her, then pulled up her blindfold.

“Wait,” I whispered as she blinked at me, squinting through the bright lights of her bedroom. “Give me a second.”

Unbinding the last restraint off of my sister and giving her back the ability to speak, she croaked out a word, her voice throaty, but still managing to sound sexy as fuck.

“Hey.”

I smiled, laying down beside her and stroking her head. Her pink hair was a mess around her, but it gave Ava a wild look, shattering the illusion of her innocent appearance. “Hey.”

My sister sniffed and wiped away a tear. “I’m so filled with you. Oh my god.” She shot me another small smile. “You know my body soooooo well. Master is getting so much better at sex.”

“What can I say? I have the best teacher.”

She chuckled, then arched her back off the mattress as I trailed my hands down to her breasts, offering light squeezes and pinches.

Ava closed her eyes, relaxing into the sensations I was giving her. “Master?”

“Hmm?”

“I love you.”

“I love you too, Ava.”

She sighed happily. “What time is it now?”

“Still early.” I didn’t want to stop touching her to reach for my phone, so I opted for guessing based on my internal clock. “Maybe three or four in the afternoon.”

“Still plenty of time for sex.”

“You’re insane, little sis.” I shook my head, outlining her nipple with my thumb, circling it. “When do you ever stop?”

She looked at me. “Do you want to stop?”

Fuck no.

I shook my head.

“See?” Ava touched her collar, running a thumb along the pink leather. “That was amazing, by the way. One of our best sex yet. Definitely our kinkiest.”

“How do you feel about it?”

She blinked. “Getting cuffed and blinded?”

“Don’t forget gagged.”

“Hmm...” She pressed a finger to her lips and looked up, but it was obvious she was just pretending to think. “I hated it.”

“Liar.”

Her giggle made my cock throb. “I love it. I love everything you do to me. You make me feel...” She sighed. “I love you.”

“Ava, there’s no one else I love more than you. No other women.”

“Even Lucy?”

“Even Lucia.”

My sister touched my hand. “Let’s get married.”

I frowned. “What?”

Was she crazy?

“Me and you.” She tapped a pink nail on my bicep. “Let’s do a secret ceremony. No one would know. Along with this collar on my neck, you can put a ring on my finger.”

“I think you’re thinking too far in the future, Ava. You’re eighteen.”

“I just want to keep you.” My sister blew out a breath. She tried to look away, but I caught the shift of emotions in her blue eyes. Sadness. “I want confirmation that you’ll stay.”

“Hey.” I leaned towards her, pressing our lips together. It was a featherlight kiss, but Ava acted as if I had my tongue shoved deep in her, because if anybody overheard the moans I brought out from my dear sister, they would have sworn we were doing something else.

“Listen.” I drew back and traced her wet lower lip with my thumb. “I’ll never leave you. Never. We’re family. Forever and always, remember?”

Ava didn’t say a word, but by the way her lips trembled and how much she was trying to avert her gaze and turn away from me, my sister was trying her hardest to not break down. It was adorable to watch, but also heartbreaking. No one could have guessed the deep loneliness Ava had suffered for god knows how long. She never alluded that she was lonely.

Hell, she was always surrounded by people, but thinking back, the girls she was with were jealous of her and the guys were in love with her. Maybe having jaw dropping beauty wasn’t all sunshine and rainbows.

But she had me now. And she wouldn’t need anybody else for the rest of her life. I’ll make sure of that. Ava was *mine* and mine alone.

Maybe extreme possessiveness was a trait in our family.

“Let’s take a shower,” my sister offered, breaking the quiet. “Wash off the sweat.”

“Sure.” I chuckled. “It could serve as a break for my cock, too.”

“Mmm hmm,” she agreed, the twinkle in her eyes back, her smile infectious.

We didn’t take a break.

That had been the plan, but with Ava’s wet body pressed up against me, her tits crushed against my chest, her hot cunt sliding up and down my thigh, her filthy lips on mine, offering suggestions on how I could fuck her under pink rain... I didn’t last a minute of the torture.

I had Ava flat on her back on the granite bench with her legs draped over my shoulders. I guessed Ava loved being fucked the position because she was surprisingly expressive—very expressive—shrieking and moaning as I pounded into her.

After we both orgasmed, we washed up a little then she begged me to eat her out. I obliged her request, then she returned the favor by going down on her knees and servicing me with an amazing blowjob, gazing up at me with loving eyes, offering long, slow licks with her skillful tongue.

I didn't know how I still had something left in the tank because I managed to blow yet another massive load down her throat which my sister swallowed every drop, even going as far as to lick me clean, and then we headed back to bed.

We were hungry, so we ordered takeaway. Japanese. I swore the delivery guy had his eyes bulging out of their socket when Ava answered the door with only her pink collar and a silk pink robe scantily clad over her.

The sushi was delicious, but it was expected because Ava insisted we order from Kaizo, one of the more expensive sushi places. I didn't really mind since Dad was paying, but with Ava's determination of only having luxury goods and only eating from the best places, I wonder how far my little sister could push our parents.

I sucked in a breath when I felt Ava's soft fingers curling around my cock, pumping me slowly.

"How sore are you?" she asked.

I groaned. "Kind of sore."

It was an understatement. I was pretty fucking sore, especially after unloading god knows how many times into my sister within a couple of hours, and not to mention the depravity we had committed and endured together over the past week.

"Mmm." Ava knew I was downplaying it because she stopped pumping me and led me back towards the bed. "Cuddle with me. We can continue fucking after we get some rest."

I didn't know what my sister *wasn't* good at when it came to matters of the bedroom. She was an amazing kisser, gave the best blowjobs, knew how to twist and angle her body to maximise my pleasure when we were fucking. She was perfect at everything.

When she cuddled with me, she made it a point to keep me as comfortable as possible, pressing her body close, wrapping her hands around me to keep me

connected and warm, angling her lips towards mine so I could kiss her whenever I wanted to.

The next thing I knew, I woke up feeling dehydrated. It was late, judging by the darkness outside.

My cock was still sore, but I was rock hard—how could I not be when Ava was naked, smelling like a goddess, pressed up close to me?

Carefully, I unwrapped her hands around me and rolled away, staring down at my sister when I was on my feet. Ava looked deep asleep, and she was breathing through her parted lips quietly, her beautiful face a mask of calmness.

I was sharing a bed with the hottest eighteen-year-old alive. I might be biased when I say that, but it wasn't just me. Almost every single man Ava spent time around had fallen in love with her.

And that wasn't mentioning the guys she didn't even know existed. I have spotted countless guys in school scrolling through my sister's Instagram with a visible hard-on under their pants.

They didn't even try to hide the fact that they were cyber stalking her because it was considered the norm to lust over my sister. Everyone did it, so why couldn't they?

The miso soup from the takeaway was finished, so I trudged out of Ava's room, planning to head to the kitchen to refill all the fluids I had lost over the day.

What time was it? I glanced at the living room clock. Nine in the evening. I should wake my little sister up soon to continue our fucking.

We still have a few toys we hadn't used. I was especially excited about the remote control vibrator. I could jam it deep inside her pussy while she was in school and turn it on at the most unexpected moments.

Walking towards the kitchen, I retrieved my favorite cup and filled it with water from the dispenser, gulping it down as I thought of other scenarios where I could use the toy.

I could sit in the crowd during her cheerleading practices and switch it on while she was doing her stunts.

Fuck. Wouldn't that be a sight?

Would Ava even let me do that to her?

I dismissed the doubts with a chuckle. Of course she would. Ava had practically given me complete control of her life. She was adapting to her new role perfectly.

Sex slave in the bedroom. Loving girlfriend when we were out.

to wake my little sister up. My sexy little sister would do anything I tell her to. Her submission towards me was complete.

"Ah..."

I almost dropped my cup. That moan. I didn't need to hear it again to know whose lips it came from.

Was she...?

I set the cup on the kitchen island and stepped towards Lucia's room, frowning when I saw her room door opened ajar.

"Ah..." A soft gasp. A whimper. "Ah..."

Yeap. Lucia was masturbating.

Holy shit.

I peeked inside, but it was dark, reminding me of the day I caught Ava touching herself while sniffing my clothes.

Should I...?

I looked back towards Ava's room.

Even though my little sister conceded that I could have both of them, this was Ava's night. I guaranteed her my love for the night, and it would be an asshole move to retract my promise just for a quick fuck with our older sister.

I shouldn't enter. I should—

“Ah...”

Fuck.

I didn't know how I managed the willpower to turn around and take a step away, but I did.

With heavy feet, I took a few steps back towards Ava's room when a thought hit me.

What if I could turn this around in my favor? What if I could kill two birds with one stone?

I couldn't stop the grin forming on my lips as I formulated my plan. The best part about it? Ava would be the catalyst. I would still be fucking her for the entire night.

My little sister wasn't a fan of threesomes, but I was confident I could change her opinion.

At least just for tonight.