

Chapter 15

“Ava.” I settled back under the covers, scooting close to my little sister’s naked body.

Sharing a bed with a woman was still an unfamiliar experience. And the fact that I was cuddled up with my own sister, the girl I was secretly in love with ever since forever... it was nerve wracking.

Blowing out a breath, I slung an arm around her, molding her curves into me, sighing as her warmth returned.

God, she smelled so fucking good.

“Ava,” I repeated, trailing a finger along the leather of her collar and drawing my other hand down her back, fully enjoying the smooth, curvy trip.

“Mhm?” My sister half opened her eyes, recognized me, then shut her blues and cuddled closer, tickling my nose with a few locks of her pink hair.

It was tempting to stay in this position forever, with her legs tangled over mine, our lips inches apart, my boner pressed against her stomach, her amazing scent filling me up.

Men would kill to be in my position, to have someone so young and flawless like Ava completely enthralled to them.

As long as I gave my sister my love, she would allow me to do whatever I wanted. Dress her up in innocent uniforms or slutty ones. Fuck her anywhere, in any position. Anytime. However long I wanted in any intensity I desired.

Yet here I was, content, but still craving for *more*.

Greedy? Definitely. But it was the same greed that gave me the push to stop being a bitch. Being wrapped around Ava’s finger was a fate many men would love to be tangled under, just to have a sampling of her divine lips, to have a chance of feeling what it was like to be buried inside her exquisite pussy.

But it wasn’t the fate I wanted.

I always knew it should be the other way around. She was my bratty little sister, and I was the man of the house with two women living in it.

They were... fuck... my sisters were perfect, and I had suffered long enough being in love with both of them, seeing them every single day, wishing I wasn't their loser brother.

But the dynamic finally changed. Ava was a massive help in morphing me into a man, buying me better fitting clothes, giving me a total makeover, pushing me to the gym, teaching me how to properly make love to a woman. To her.

I may have dominated the younger, sexier sister, but why be content with one when I could own both?

The erotic image floated to the front of my thoughts.

Lucia on her knees, a collar wrapped around her neck, calling me Master...

Fuck.

"Hey," I said, stifling a groan when Ava nudged closer until there wasn't a pocket of air left between our naked bodies. Her lips were pressed against mine, and as I spoke, I could taste sips of vanilla. "Ava."

She kept her eyes shut. "Hmm?"

My cock twitched at the sound of her voice. She smiled and let out a sleepy giggle, nuzzling her forehead against mine.

Yeap, if my feelings weren't enough confirmation already, I was utterly and desperately in love with my little sister, drowned deep in an ocean of lust for the eighteen-year-old cuddling with me, smelling like an angel.

"Wake up, baby." I wanted to get up, but her legs were draped over mine, and her pussy was touching my upper thigh. I could feel the first leak of wetness dripping out of her.

"What time is it?"

"Nine."

Finally, she opened her eyes. “Morning or evening?”

I rubbed my palm against her bare ass, waiting for her to...

There it was. The shudder.

“Evening,” I told her, skating my palm closer to her pussy. She was so used to it by now that she didn’t even react, just stayed still, waiting for me to feel her up. “If it’s morning, we would be late for classes.”

“Fuck school.” She sighed, squeezing her eyes back shut. “Stay with me.”

“I’m here.” I found her clit and gave her a few rubs with my thumb, causing my sister to leak out a soft—very soft—moan. “I won’t leave you.”

I was staring at her blues again.

“Do you want to fuck?” she asked me, her tone raspy, her breathing growing louder by the second. I felt Ava’s hands maneuver under the blanket, and the next thing I knew, she was holding my erection. “You never do get soft, do you?”

“No,” I growled. Fuck. I would much rather have her touch me, so I dropped my hand, relaxing as she drew the pad of her thumb over my slit, rubbing slow circles.

“So...” She gave me a couple of nice, slow pumps. “Are we fucking? Does Master want to stretch his little sister open?”

Ava and her filthy mouth. Mom and dad would go deaf at hearing those words.

“I have other plans.” I managed the willpower to sit up and peel away from her addictive touches, but the damage had been done. I was throbbing so much and the first pearls of pre-cum beaded out of my tip.

“Hmm?” My sister sat up, resting against the headboard and rubbing the sleep away from her beautiful blue eyes. “What are you going to do to me?”

Instead of answering, I stalked out of bed and headed towards the black plastic bag filled with goodies we had purchased this morning. Was it this morning? It felt like ages ago.

I palmed the toy I wanted and returned to bed.

“Is it the anal beads?” Ava guessed, squinting at my fist as I scooted in front of her. Automatically, she opened her legs for me. “I’m still a little sore there, but maybe...” She shrugged, twirling a lock of pink hair around her finger. “I don’t know. We could try, I guess.”

Anal sex was another view I was determined to change my sister’s opinions on.

By the time her ‘training’ was complete, her default position would be on all fours, hips up, cheeks spread open, and she would be begging me to rip her tight channel apart.

And by ‘training,’ I meant fucking her ass every day until she was used to it. After all, my sister had a high pain tolerance.

I smiled at the thought. Ava was wrong about the toy I was holding. I was beyond excited to have her impossibly tight hole clench around my cock once more, but I understood that she was still in pain and needed to recover. I would give her the night’s rest, but once tomorrow came, the time for small mercies were over.

Opening my palm, I showed her the pink bullet vibrator and the remote control sitting beside it.

My sister giggled and took the vibrator from my hand, studying it closely.

“I love these types of toys,” she told me, her voice slowly dipping back to her normal tone, all feminine and seductive. “But I never used a remote controlled one.”

I arched a brow. “Do you use toys a lot?”

“Mmm hmm.” She sighed and grabbed my cock again, offering slow, skillful strokes. “I probably masturbate like...”

She paused to think, but her concentration didn’t waver. Instead, her pumps grew faster. “I don’t know, maybe five to eight times a day when I get reallyyyyyy horny. I couldn’t find a man to please me properly. You know... get my buttons going.” She shot me a dazzling smile and fluttered her eyelids. “Until I discovered this huge, yummy cock.”

“You’re a sex fiend, little sis,” I said, before dipping forward and claiming her lips. Ava moaned at the contact, the delicious pumps on my cock halting, completely fixated on the kiss, parting her lips to invite me in.

Ava clutched my biceps as I sparred with her tongue. She was eager to deepen the kiss, her nails digging into my skin, her lips trembling, a silent plea for me to bring the intensity up, but I was done with her lips, my thoughts already on her pussy, and what I was going to do with it.

“Hey,” my sister whined when I drew back. “That was a quick kiss.”

I thread my fingers into her wealth of pink hair. “And?”

“There’s a thing called foreplay, remember? To get me wet and ready before sex.”

I glanced down at her pussy, which was glistening under the bright bedroom lights. Ava followed my stare, then shot me a frown when I smiled at her.

“I think you’re wet enough, little sis.” I moved away and sat up against the headrest. “And besides, I’m not going to fuck you just yet.”

She sank her teeth into her bottom lip, her blue eyes flickering to the bullet toy. “What are you going to do to me?”

“Come here.” I opened my legs and patted the spot in between them.

No hesitation. My sister obeyed, settling on the spot, pressing her ass against my erection.

I groaned and tucked her hair behind her ear. I felt bad about not kissing her the way she wanted me to, so I planted a peck on the side of her neck, which got her humming happily. Ava got herself comfortable, spreading her legs wide.

She knew what I was going to do to her, and judging by her heavy breaths, she was more excited about it than I was.

“Good girl,” I rasped, turning on the vibrator. I started with the lowest setting. Level one.

Bzzzzzz

Ava grew silent, and I enjoyed every shaky inhale and exhale she released.

I slid the vibrator along her inner thighs, chuckling when my sister yelped, but my amusement quickly faded out when she jerked up against me, slipping my erection into the seam of her ass.

“Ava.” I gritted my teeth, my ears ringing, my heart a battering ram. “Fuck.”

She squealed. “Oh my god, Aaron.” Giggling, she continued. “This... this is so wrong.”

“Wrong?” I inched the vibrating toy closer to her pussy and was rewarded by another girly squeal. “Ava, we have already done the worst of the worst. I have gagged you, bound you, collared you, fuck you in every important hole. Countless times. What’s dirty about this?”

“I don’t know...” She hiccuped, then tensed as I brought the toy along the outskirts of her swollen folds. “The toys. The toys make everything so much dirtier. I love it. I—AH!”

I could tell she was already close to the edge, and we had just begun.

“Are you going to squirt all over my hand, Ava?” I asked, staring down at her pussy. “Are you going to make a big mess on the bed again?”

She was gasping and arching high, so I had a perfect vantage point from behind her shoulder, and my god, she was dripping wet, practically water falling her arousal.

I didn’t exactly expect a response. I was just teasing her because it was fun to see my sister so helpless and desperate.

Ava tried to say something, mumbling incoherent words between staggered breaths and excited gasps. When I leaned closer to try and understand her, she gave up, turned towards me and found my lips before I could say anything.

Fuck. Ava *really* loved kissing. I was a big fan of making out too, but Ava took it to a whole new level, letting out cute little whimpers, spilling out mewls, biting down on my lips as she darted her tongue forward to tangle with mine, sending me reeling with how fucking good she tasted.

I moaned from her sweetness, and pressed the button on the remote, turning up the vibrations to level two. A roar of heat rushed through my body, tempting out the animal inside me, drawing forth the frenetic drive that I always had for my beautiful little sister.

I didn't even realize I had slid the bullet inside her until she screamed, her walls clamping down around my fingers, her nails digging into my arms like sharp daggers, her tongue tussling frantically with mine as I matched her sudden shift of intensity.

Oh fuck, fuck, fuck.

Holding her tight, I pressed down on the remote, and it beeped out a confirmation.

Level three.

Beep.

Level four.

Beep.

Beep.

"MHMMM!" Ava had forgone any and all technique. She was brutalizing my lips, our tongues licking and flicking in a lust filled frenzy. I struggled to keep up.
"MHMMMMMMMMM!"

How was she still hanging on? She should be squirting out fireworks by now, but somehow, my little sister refused to burst, showing me a level of restraint I never saw from her.

It was admirable, but I wanted to see the fireworks.

In the spur of the moment, in between all the craziness, I took out the toy, tossed it away and shoved my sister down. She yelped as her back hit the mattress, but I was on her before she could say anything, my lips reclaiming hers, tongues back on each other, cock primed above her pussy.

And then I thrust in.

Her tongue stilled. The kissing stopped.

The screams began.

“AARON!”

“FUCK!” I roared, squeezing my eyes just as tight as she was clenching around my cock, sparing me no space for movements, milking me for everything I was worth.

“AHHHHH!” Ava resumed kissing me, all rough bites and high-pitched cries.
“AH—MASTER!”

There it was. The magical word.

Master.

“MASTER!” she shrieked again, her cries ear piercing, her sweat-slicked body writhing under me, trying to take me in deeper, but she was already clenching every single inch of me, dousing my thighs as she squirted out the fireworks I wanted. “OH MY FUCKING GOD!”

“Your pussy, little sis...” I was ramming into her with abandon, my thrusts as brutal as they could get, the sounds of my balls pounding against her flesh music to my ears. “Holy fuck, you feel so fucking good. So warm. So fucking tight.”

“YES!” Her wails had me cumming with her. “YES! YES! YES! YES!”

“Shit!” I tore away from her lips, unloading endless ropes into my sister, spilling out so much I felt my head lifting up to the heavens. Ava hadn’t stopped clamping around me, taking me to peaks of pleasure only she could provide.

I couldn’t stop fucking her. I didn’t want to, so I groaned in dismay as the last shot fizzled out, but for my sister, she had just started. Her orgasm seemed to renew. Over and over.

Her cries, screams, and moans filled the whole apartment up. I continued pumping into my sister because even though I was drained dry, pounding into her felt so fucking good.

I briefly wondered what our eldest sister was thinking. She *definitely* could hear Ava, especially with her room door opened ajar.

Would she... would she continue masturbating while hearing our little sister having the orgasm of her life, moaning her lungs out?

That was a nice thought, a crazy one, but what I was doing to Ava was even more insane.

Minutes melted away. I was with her every second, enjoying the sounds of her cute little screeches and the way she clawed at my back.

By the time she was finally done, we were dripping in sweat, our skin hot and slicked together, our chests heaving for air.

"Thank you," Ava whispered the words so low, the only reason I could understand her was because I was hyper focused on her swollen lips, painted wet with our mixed saliva. "Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

I dipped low to offer my trembling sister a peck, but she raised a palm to touch my cheek, holding me in place, evolving the simple peck into a full-blown French kiss, our lips clashing, tongues tussling, moans colliding.

"I love you," Ava croaked out when we mutually broke the kiss. Her blue eyes misted over, and her lips visibly trembled. "I love you so fucking much."

"Ava..." I closed my eyes, relishing the tender moment, inhaling her heady scent and clutching her tight.

She pressed her lips against my cheek. "Let me thank you, Master. Let's switch positions. How about anal? I can ride you with my ass. We haven't tried that yet."

I opened my eyes, and she sighed, her breaths hot on my skin.

"Please, Master?" She scraped her teeth along my jawline. "Let me show you how much I love you."

"Ava," I rasped, feeling like a dead weight on top of her, pins and needles prickling all over me. But my cock was still alive and hard, throbbing inside my little sister.

“Yes, Master?”

“Would you do anything for me?”

“Of course.” She pecked my cheeks.

“Anything?”

“Master.” She held my cheeks and made sure we were looking straight at each other. Jesus. Her blues were mesmerizing. “Just give me the order.”

The way she was gazing at me... the absolute devotion filling her eyes. Yeap. She would do absolutely anything I tell her to.

Gesturing my little sister to lean in, I outlined my plan.

When Ava slump back onto the mattress, her lips were a thin line, teasing a deep marred frown.

“Would you do it?” I asked her.

She nodded, but I caught the slight hesitation. “Of course.”

She was looking away, clearly unhappy about the situation, so I touched her cheek, drifting her gaze back to mine. “But you don’t like what I just told you?”

She shrugged, then started to pat down her pink hair. I rolled off her to give her space.

“I don’t have to enjoy everything you like,” she told me, peeking down at her pussy which was visibly pinkish and looked extremely tender. “All I can do is try my best to keep you happy. Because if you’re happy...”

She exhaled slowly and placed her hand over mine. “Then I’m happy.”

“Okay.” I nodded, and squeezed her hand. “Let’s pay our sister a visit.”

“Okay.”

I have never seen Ava this anxious.

When she was getting ready to lose her anal virginity last night, she had been uneasy. Fidgety.

But when we were making our way towards Lucia's room, Ava was just... silent, clinging tight around my arm, following me like a kitten.

Having my sister acting like this... it was...

Fuck, it was hot.

Don't get me wrong, I liked that Ava had confidence. I didn't want to devolve her down into a living, breathing fleshlight to abuse for my own pleasure. I loved that she had a unique personality with her own likes and dislikes.

But when we were in the bedroom? I wanted her demure and submissive to me. Just like this.

"It's okay, baby." I rubbed her arm and whispered into her ear as we neared Lucia's room. Her room door was still ajar, but it was dark and silent inside. "It's okay."

"Okay."

"Hey." I tilted my sister's chin up.

We stared at each other for a couple of seconds before her gaze dropped to my lips. Ava blew out a shaky breath, went up to her tiptoes, and closed her eyes. I sighed as we melded our mouths together, groaning as I sucked on her soft, trembling lips, running my hand up and down her back, hoping to ease some of her anxiety away.

The move seemed to work because she let out a soft moan and stopped shaking, too invested in the kiss to think of anything else.

I was planning for a simple, quick kiss to steady her nerves, but with Ava's soft lips and her warm, wet tongue tasting me in long, leisurely licks... time seemed to melt away as I kissed her, my cock jerking and throbbing against her toned stomach, already ready and recharged for a brutal round two.

“You okay?” I asked her as I pulled back, heaving breaths, my lips tingling with all kinds of goodness.

She nodded, breathless herself, her tits rising and falling, almost hypnotizingly.

“Come on.” I took her hand and urged her forward. We both stepped into the darkness of Lucia’s room.

“Lucia?” I called out, eyeing her tall, curvy silhouette laying on the bed. Ava let go of my hand and pressed herself against my back, hugging me from behind. I tried to concentrate on the task at hand and not Ava’s tits pushed up against me.

Easier said than done.

“Lucia?” I called again, my voice audibly wavering.

Her silhouette moved.

“Aaron?” Even after nineteen years of being her brother, her exotic tone, all silky smooth and rich, riled the pit of lust inside of me. Lucia sat up, and even from the darkness, I could tell our elder sister was naked. All of us were. “W-What are you doing here?”

And from the breathlessness of her voice, it was plain obvious she had just come.

“Ava,” I called to our little sister. “Turn on the lights.”

She let me go and padded over to the light switch.

“Fuck,” Lucia muttered, holding her hand over her eyes as the room lit up.

I could see her clearly now, and god, she was a sight to behold. Lucia was a sexy mess with her shoulder length hair a wavy litter around her, her light blue eyes glazed, her nipples perky, thighs damp with her arousal.

While Lucia adjusted to the brightness, Ava returned, back in the same position, hugging me from behind, shielding her nakedness away from our sister.

Lucia shook her head, rubbing a hand over her temple as if she had a headache. “I could... I could hear you both all day.”

"I could hear you too," I told her. "Your door was opened." Pausing, I waited until she looked at me before continuing. "You know what I think?"

"What?"

"I think you wanted me to hear you touching yourself. You wanted me to know because it turns you on."

"No."

"No?" I moved forward, stepping away from Ava's hold, getting on the bed. Lucia stayed still.

"Look at the mess you made." I tsked. "How many times did you come?"

"Aaron..."

"Let's just stop playing games, Lucy." Our gazes locked and held. "You want me. You want my cock inside you. You want me to fuck you hard, just like that day, in the kitchen."

She sucked in a breath. "That was a mistake."

"Really? From what I remembered, you were loving it."

"I..." She averted my gaze, flickering her eyes to our little sister. "Ava... why... why are you wearing a collar?"

"Because I want her to," I replied for Ava. "Simple as that."

Lucia exhaled. "This has to be a dream. I'm dreaming."

"No." I shifted closer to her, raising my hand and touching her cheek. She shivered at the contact, just like Ava always did. "This is real."

My elder sister shook her head adamantly, muttering out the words. "Ava submitting... this can't be right. I'm dreaming. I'm dreaming."

So our sister was as stubborn as the rest of us. If she needed evidence, I was more than happy to supply her with that.

Dropping my hand, I turned towards our little sister and signaled her to join us in bed.

No hesitation from Ava. She was acting like the perfect submissive tonight, and I was loving it. Nodding and stepping forward, our little sister climbed onto the bed and shuffled to my side, where she wrapped her hands around me and rested her chin on my shoulder. Man, she was being extra clingy.

“Ava?”

“Hmm?”

“What do you call me in the bedroom?”

Our little sister glanced at Lucia and bit down on her bottom lip.

“Hey. Look at me.” Taking her cheek, I planted a peck on her forehead and looked straight into her blues. “What do you call me now, little sis?”

She exhaled the word out in a breathless whisper.

“Master.”

Fuck. I closed my eyes for a second, trying to hold my thoughts back from turning into a reality. I wanted to bend Ava over and ram her pussy hard while Lucia watched. Every time my little sister called me that, I felt... powerful.

But to be her Master, I needed to be calm and collected. I had to practice restraint, especially, *especially* since Ava gave away hers.

Opening my eyes and blowing out a breath, I turned my attention back to our sister. Her lips were parted in shock, her eyes wide.

“Is that enough proof?” I asked her.

“But...” Lucia was still shaking her head. “Ava, this is not you. H-How can this be you?”

Our little sister shrugged her lean shoulders. "It's nice giving control over to someone, especially someone you love. But don't act surprised, Lucy. You're also into this, right? This kinky Master-slave dynamic?"

Lucia stilled. "What do you mean?"

I had no idea what our little sister was talking about, so this was news to me, too.

"Your boss, Mr Leo," Ava finally made eye contact with our sister. "You don't just call him 'Sir' in the office, don't you? You do it in the bedroom too. You love it."

Fuck. No wonder Lucia called me 'Sir' when she was dripping wet and not thinking straight. Ava was right. Lucia loved it.

Lucia was silent for a long while, and when she finally spoke, I had to lean in to hear what she said.

"How... how do you know?"

Ava shrugged again. "One night I overheard you guys talking dirty on the phone. But it's obvious, Lucy. You like being dominated. It's clear from all your exes. You only go for the ultra rich in power."

"That's not true."

Ava sighed, then turned to me, her lips on my neck. "Whatever."

"Is that true? Do you like to be dominated?" I crawled towards Lucia, and instinctively, she leaned backwards. I didn't want to leave Ava behind, particularly when she was feeling me up, but I knew tonight would be the turning point for our family dynamic. Either I leave this room owning both of my sisters, or leave them both hurt.

I clenched my teeth when I slid along her tits. They were much larger than Ava's, more developed with perkier nipples.

"Aaron..." Lucia closed her eyes below me, our lips just inches apart. "Why do I feel this way?"

I gripped her tits in my palms, and she leaked out a delightful moan. "Feel what?"

“Feel... ah...” She moaned again as I squeezed her, kneading her breasts under my palms. “... the way I feel about you.” She choked the last word out. “Lust.”

“It’s normal, Lucy,” I told her, knowing I was spilling a load of crap. “We’re family. We love each other.”

“Not like this,” she choked out, the first tear leaking out from the corner of her right eye. “You don’t understand. Not like... *this*.”

“I understand how you feel,” our sister quipped up from behind us.

We both looked at Ava, and she offered a lopsided shrug. “This... this isn’t normal, for sure. But so what? Fuck what society thinks. We love Aaron, and he loves us. In the end, isn’t that what life is all about? To be loved and to give love back?”

Ava glanced at me, and I could immediately recognise the ‘fuck me’ glint in her blue eyes. “And I have full confidence he will take care of us, so you don’t have to worry. He will be a compassionate Master, and he fucks superrrrr well.”

I have to reward Ava with another good, hard fucking after that speech. Then eat her out afterwards. Who would have thought my little sister would vouch for me to fuck our own sister?

That was devotion. That was true love.

Hope bloomed in my chest as Lucia digested Ava’s words. But then she steeled her eyes and pushed me off her.

“Please...” Lucia croaked out, tears freefalling from her eyes. “Please leave.”

“And what, Lucy?” Ava replied. “You go back to fucking your boss who would leave you for the next pretty thing once he gets bored with you?”

Holy hell, Ava was really sticking up for me tonight. Lucia rejecting sex with me was in Ava’s favor, but my little sister knew that I would be the happiest if I had Lucia too.

“Aaron won’t get bored with us,” Ava continued. “He’s our brother. Our blood. He will be with us for life. Isn’t that what you want? To have a strong, dominant man take care of you until you’re gray and old? Because that’s what I want.”

“A strong, dominant man who wants two of us?” Lucia fired back. “Forget the... *incest*.” Lucia spat the word out, almost breaking down again. “Don’t... don’t you see how fucked up this is, Ava? He’s fucking you, and you’re okay with him having sex with me, too? What happened to you? Since when are you so blind? Where’s the loyalty in the relationship? Where’s the love?”

“You think your boss is only fucking you?” Ava retorted, scowling at Lucia, somehow looking hotter when pissed. “I know men like him. They’re all players. He makes you think you are his entire world, but I’ll bet money that he’s sleeping with other women behind your back. And you call me blind?” Ava huffed. “Take a good look at yourself.”

Okay, things were getting out of hand. I had to put a stop to this before my sisters clawed each other’s throats out.

“That’s enough,” I said, my tone soft but firm, fizzling out the words from Lucia’s lips. Ava glanced at me, and I gave her a small nod to tell her I wasn’t pissed at her. She nodded back.

I didn’t know what I expected when I had Ava join me in Lucia’s room. But by now, I was already hoping to be balls deep inside our elder sister, and it was frustrating that she was resisting.

Why?

Lucia wanted sex with me. It was clear as daylight from the carnal look in her hungry eyes—and from how drenched she was.

Maybe since Ava was in the same bed with us, beautifully naked, our eldest sister was having second thoughts.

It was an annoying roadblock I hadn’t expected.

But I broke Ava. Turned a lioness into my personal kitten. If I could achieve a feat like that, then making Lucia submit would be child’s play, especially since it was out there that Lucia was a natural submissive—unlike our little sister.

I knew what I had to do. Conjure up the same confidence as last night when I dominated Ava. I had to make Lucia submit with brute force.

Yeap. I wasn't leaving until I fucked Lucia.

No. That wasn't enough.

I wouldn't be leaving until I had my dream threesome. Ava was up for it, and now I had to convince our older sister to spread her legs for both of us.

"Relax." I rolled myself back on top of Lucia, sinking down onto all her god-given curves, hissing when I felt her pussy scorching the tip of my cock.

She resisted me, but I pinned her wrist over her head. She tried to jerk away, but it was a half-hearted attempt, her willpower visibly draining, her breathing picking up, her chest pumping in and out, nipples back to hard peaks.

"Relax, Lucy."

"Aaron..." Her voice was wavering and her tears had dried up. "Don't. Please."

"Don't worry," I told her, rubbing my cock against her hot entrance, lubricating myself with her juices. "I'm not going to fuck you until you beg for it. For now..."

Surging downward, I captured her lips. Lucia gasped, opening for me, and I slipped inside, greeted warmly by her over-eager tongue, her actions betraying her words.

She arched her back, crushing her tits into me, making me growl and deepen the kiss, tasting her sweetness that was so different to Ava's, but delicious all the same.

I breathed hard, labored into our kiss, as my sister relinquished all control, her body softening under me, her hands gripping my back, mine on her hair and neck, choking her with a fine edge of pressure, making my sister go crazy with her moans.

"Open your legs, Lucy," I growled out the order. Lucia moved to obey, and I turned and nailed my gaze on my other sister. I would never forget Ava. "And you, my love, start touching yourself. I want you dripping after I'm done with her."

She mouthed a silent 'Yes, Master,' then spread her legs wide, slipping her fingers down south, and I growled as I watched her.

What a sight. Lush pink hair that covered half her face, milky skin gleaming from a thin layer of sweat, piercing blue eyes hooded over, swollen lips parted in a soft 'O' as she let out her first moan.

I smiled. Good girl.

No matter how many times I familiarized myself with all her gorgeous features, watching Ava in such a vulnerable position never failed to shatter all my expectations.

She was so young, so fucking beautiful.

I returned my attention back to Lucia. She was older, much more mature, and still in the prime of her life. Twenty-five years old and still not a single imperfect spot on her body.

When people say that my sisters had pristine genetics, it wasn't an exaggeration. Lucia and Ava should be the model example of women's beauty. It was unfair to other girls, but life was never an even playing field.

Smiling, I released Lucia's wrist and slid down towards her parted legs, even more drenched than when I last saw them. I draped her legs over my shoulder so I could get a better angle and mentally prepared myself for the sin I was about to commit.

This was what I was missing out on all my life. *This* was what living was supposed to be. My two sexy sisters with their legs open, pussies wet, craving for my cock.

Ava's little whimpers behind me were *really* getting me going, straying my concentration, making my cock jerk in agony. And combined with the erotic sounds Lucia was making, her throaty gasps as I dipped towards her pussy...

Let's just say I couldn't wait for my threesome.

"FUCK—AARON!" Lucia tried to roll away, but I held her hips down and gave her throbbing clit another slow lick, licking up her incredible wetness. "AH!"

"Do you want us to leave now?" I asked her, flicking my tongue over her pussy lips, purposely missing her clit by a hair.

"No!" She gasped. "Don't leave! Don't leave!"

“There you go. Finally, the truth comes out.” I returned to her clit, giving my sister her reward, groaning as I lapped up her flavor. Her pussy tasted sweeter than Ava’s. It was just pure, overbearing sweetness and I took a moment to wonder if I was actually starting to enjoy eating my sisters out.

It was always amazing to watch their reactions as I licked and sucked, but shit... both my sisters were amazing squirters and tasted delicious.

“Aaron!” Her hips bucked, and she grinded her hot, pulsing cunt against my face. “P-Please...”

I had to pull back to get some air. “Please what?”

“W-What?” Her eyes were dazed, her light blues staring past me.

“Please...” I dipped back forward, working her clit mercilessly. “... what?”

A shriek tore out from her throat. I didn’t even realize she was so fucking close to the edge, and I quickly pulled away at the last millisecond.

“No...” Lucia rolled her hips forward, desperate for friction. I chuckled at her pitiful attempts. “Please... PLEASE!”

“I’m the man of the house now, dear sister,” I told her, my lips dripping wet. Fuck, I could wait for Ava to sample our sister. I bet she would love it. “Address me properly.”

“I-I can’t.”

“And why is that?” My fingers joined in the mix. I slid two fingers inside her pussy, staying near the entrance, curling my digits upwards, careful not to break her too quickly until I got what I wanted.

“I...” Lucia was clearly in disarray, her words were choked up. “I-I already have a Master. I.... I can’t have t-two.”

“I bet your boss is a shitty Master,” Ava quipped.

I sighed and turned around, glaring at our little sister. But it was hard to look annoyed when she had three of her fingers jammed up inside her mouth and she was sucking her juices up.

Ava withdrew her wet digits and mouthed a 'sorry'.

She didn't look sorry.

Brat. She wanted attention from me, but I had to put her off just for a moment more until I could solve the complex puzzle that was our older sister.

"Our sister has a point," I told Lucia, pushing my fingers an inch deeper while paying special attention to her clit with slow flicks from my thumb. I didn't want her to lose the edge, but I didn't want her to cum. I had to keep her in this pent up state, seconds away from orgasm, where her mind was in a fog, open to my suggestions. "I'll love you forever, Lucy. All you have to do is..."

I spent a few extra seconds exploring her dripping wetness, her grunts and moans music to my ears. "... let me in."

"I—fuck..." Lucia was thrusting back and forth against my fingers, fucking my hand, eager to have her long-awaited release. "I can't."

Shit. Was she going to be more difficult than Ava? If I packed up and left, would she stop me like Ava had?

Was it even worth the risk?

"Okay, Lucy," I finally said. Every time I made the slightest movements with my hand, Lucia would jerk or moan, and it was fucking hot to watch. "Let's make a deal."

"Deal?" she rasped. Her voice was so deep, I could barely recognize her.

"Yeah. I will offer you the same deal as Ava. You submit for one night, and I'll give you what you desire the most."

To hit my point deep, I withdrew my hand and replaced it with my tongue.

She screeched as I penetrated her for a second, then screamed out my name when I latched my lip around her swollen bud, sucking hard.

Then I withdrew again, much to Lucia's dismay and Ava's delight. Our little sister knew what I was doing— she had experienced it several times with me—and she giggled girlishly as she watched on, amused by the show.

"So what do you say, Lucy?" I asked her. "One night. Just one."

Silence, except for our combined breathing. My inhales and exhales were in sync with Ava's, but Lucia was in her own world, gasping, heaving, moaning my name over and over, begging me for her release.

"Lucy..." I returned to her pussy, blowing on it as I watched her walls visibly clenched around empty space. I slid my index finger inside and groaned when I felt the amazing sensation, her inner walls tightening deliciously around my digit. Fuck, I wished it was my cock.

It will be my cock.

"I need an answer, sis," I whispered to her. "Because Ava is waiting, and if you say no, I would just fuck her instead."

"Mhmm." Ava's sweet voice lit up the room. From her sensual tone, I could tell she was touching herself again. "Maybe you should say no, Lucy."

Brat.

"One night?" Lucia was barely pulling air in, her nipples two hard peaks, her hot cunt pulsing around my finger as I dip it in and out. "You promise?"

"Yes."

She took a moment to think it over, but I knew I had won her over when I took my finger away and she whimpered from the loss of contact.

"Okay." She nodded. "Fine. Okay."

"Good." I bit the insides of my cheeks to refrain myself from screaming my victory. "Let's start again. For tonight, who am I?"

A second pause. Then,

“Master.” She purred the title out in that sultry, rich voice of hers. It came out so naturally, it was painfully obvious the word was familiar to her tongue. “My Master.”

God.

Finally.

Fucking finally.

Ava was mine.

Lucia was mine.

I owned both my sisters.

She only agreed to tonight, but there was no way I was letting her go. She was mine. For life.

“Good girl.” I couldn’t stop the smile from breaking out. Inside, I was in a wreck of emotions, but I kept myself composed—for the most part.

“Master?” I instantly recognized the sweet, feminine voice. I sat up and turned, staring into Ava’s piercing blues.

My little sister shifted closer to me, then ran her hard nipples up and down my back.

“Ava...” I warned.

She rested her head on my shoulder and titled up, nibbling on the outer shell of my ear. “Fuck me again, Master. I waited long enough.”

Was this what I was going to deal with for the rest of my life? Ava forcing herself into the centre of my attention whenever I was going to have sex with our older sister?

It wasn’t the worst problem to have.

“Feel at how wet I am.” She took my wrist and slid me in between her thighs.

I squeezed my eyes shut. Fuck, she was as soaked as Lucia. No. Definitely more drenched.

“Later,” I groaned, jerking my hand away. “Watch me fuck our sister first. Then it’s your turn.”

She tilted her head cutely. “You’re going to put her over me? You said you loved me more. You said sex with me was better.”

“Don’t make this difficult, little sis.”

She shrugged, then sat far back, resting her weight on her palms. “It was worth a try. Don’t worry, I’ll watch from here. Go have your fun with Lucy.”

I stared at her. She wasn’t pissed, just slightly annoyed. That was good. For the most part, she had accepted the fact that I could have Lucia without driving a wedge in our new relationship.

Turning back to Lucia, I crawled forward, hissing out a breath when I slid along her smooth, toned stomach, groaning when her perky nipples skimmed across my chest, trailing goosebumps along the way.

I would fuck Lucia. Then fuck Ava.

And once I had my way with both...

Then the real fun begins.