

## Chapter 16

“AH—MASTER!”

I groaned, looking at my sister writhing beneath me, dragging my gaze down her ridiculously fit body that was shimmering with a thin layer of sweat.

All of this felt so fucking wrong. Lucia was always this adult figure in my life, and here I was, pumping my cock in and out of her, stretching my older sister wider and wider after each merciless slam.

But the more wrong it was, the *better* it felt. Why was the forbidden fruit always the tastiest? It didn't matter. Hell was worth the trip down if every night felt like this.

Driving another thrust into her that she took with equal fervor, Lucia let out a high-pitched gasp. Her pussy clamped shut around me, and she screamed me out.

“MASTER!”

I continued pumping my cock in and out of my older sister, enjoying the sounds of her moans, relishing the gorgeous sight of her bouncing tits as she met every brutal thrust with expertly timed sways, our back-and-forth rhythm nothing short of *perfection*.

Neither of us were showing mercy. Every time our bodies connected, it forced wild moans from her and deep grunts out of me.

Hissing out a breath, I diverted my focus towards the deafening ‘*tap, tap, tap*’ as my heavy balls slammed against her ass, building the frenzy inside of me up into the start of a storm.

Ava had the tighter, warmer pussy, but... fuck... Lucia came in an *extremely* close second.

“AH! MASTER—AH!” Lucia screeched, her voice breaking, practically ramming herself into my cock. “YESSSSS! FUCK! YES!”

Lucia was *much* more expressive than our little sister, who had moved from the bed, perched on a table at the side, purposely angling herself so I could easily catch her touching herself if I ever glanced sideways—which I found myself doing more and more.

I couldn't decide which sight was more erotic. Lucia's sweat slick body and bouncing tits or the sight of my little sister fingering herself, her piercing blues nailed on me, her plump lips parted slightly as she mewled out soft moans of her own.

Fuck, it was impossible to decide. Ava was my submissive. My slave. She should make my life easier, but it seemed like she was inclined to do the opposite.

She was the definition of a brat. Once I was finished with Lucia, I would give her a stern lesson in discipline.

"MASTER!" Lucia jerked her hips upward just as I slammed down. I went balls deep inside her, ramming a hard spot. "I—"

Lucia clamped around my cock in a death grip, so fucking tight, I swore my jaw would break if I clench even tighter. Then I felt a wave of wetness squirting all around me.

"I—I'M CUMMING! AH—FUCKKKKKKK!"

No. No. No. So quick?

Shit. Everything was happening in a blur. It hadn't even been a minute since I had entered my sister, and she was already letting loose.

Part of me was proud that I could break someone as sexy as Lucia in record time. She was way out of my league. Both my sisters were. Having her go wild like this, screaming my name until her voice broke—it just proved how desperate she was for me.

But I didn't want to bust my load into her and be done with our fucking. Sex with my sisters was the highlights of my day—my life—and I could only spare so much energy to fuck them both. Especially Ava. Dealing with her was draining, even when we weren't actively fucking.

I gripped Lucia tighter and held on for dear life, riding out her entire minute-long orgasm as her spasming pussy tempted me to deprave myself with her, her inner walls squeezing and squeezing and squeezing...

*God.*

I couldn't maintain my rhythm because I was already at a razor's edge, and going any faster meant certain doom. So I slowed down my thrusts, shuddering as her shrieks lanced through me, groaning as she milked my cock for cum that I was desperately holding back.

I needed something to ground myself with, or I was a goner, so I focused on her gorgeous round tits, drinking in the exotic sight of her toned stomach, abs visible as she flexed them.

But slowing down wasn't doing me any favors. Pumping slow thrusts only amplified the feeling of the death grip she had me trapped in. Lucia kept her rhythm, maniacally slamming her hips onto my cock, tearing monstrous jolts of pleasure through me that felt so fucking good, it was actually painful to hold back.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

*I can do this. I can hold back. I can hold back. I can—*

"Master..."

I whirled my head to the sound of Ava's soft moan.

Don't tell me she was—

No, she wasn't cumming, but she was leaking moans, her long pink hair covering her face, her teardrops bouncing delightfully as she rode her fingers that were knuckle deep inside her pussy.

"Master..." Ava increased her pace. Bouncing faster. Harder.

I flicked my gaze away from her pussy, straight into her piercing blues. A big mistake because her mesmerizing eyes locked me in. It was impossible to look away.

Another moan leaked out from her, blending in seamlessly with Lucia's maddening shrieks.

"Master..."

Talking would be a mistake because I knew the second I released the pressure away from my clenched jaw, I would be roaring out my orgasm, so I glared hard at Ava, hoping my eyes could convey the message to the brat.

*Stop it, Ava. Stop making this worse.*

Either my little sister didn't get the message, or she was ignoring it. Ava raised a hand to cup her left tit, squeezing it hard.

"I can't wait for my turn, Master." She shot me a sly, lip-biting smile. "I want Master to stretch me wide, to fill me up with your..." she moaned, then shivered. "... cum. I can't wait until you fuck me, Master. I'm your filthy, dirty slut."

Was she... was she talking herself up to an orgasm?

Ava finished by punctuating each subsequent word with hard thrusts down onto her fingers. "I. Am. Your. Dirty. Slut." She gasped, zeroing her blues into mine. "Yours."

Then the brat reared her head up to the ceiling and screamed out her release. I watched as she squirted out a wave of wetness, her pussy visibly clenching hard around her digits.

Yeah. Yeah, she was.

Lucia was cumming. Ava was cumming. I felt left out.

Fuck it.

I let loose alongside my girls, relaxing my jaw and breaking out a roar, bringing myself down to depravity with my family.

Lucia was still in the midst of her orgasm. How long has it been? A minute? Two?

I *loved* the way she clenched around me, begging for my seed, and when my sister finally received my cum jetting through her spasming passage... it made her wild. I have never seen her like this.

Lucia screamed, raking her fingernails down my chest, up my arms, around my neck. Down my back. She was everywhere. Frantic. Desperate, gripping me in an

insane hold, squeezing and clenching, driving my orgasm to peaks that, a minute ago, I would swear that only Ava could take me to.

I roared out another curse. Fuck, I needed her lips. It felt weird to not be in the middle of a deep make-out session while spurting out cum. Ava had conditioned my body. She was my first, so I had molded my sexual expectations around her.

I moved my hands away from Lucia's hips, skating up her silky skin to clutch her cheeks, crashing her lips into mine. I groaned, plundering her sweetness with a lick, growling at how good she smelled.

Her perfume was a divine concoction of rose and fruits, and every time I breathed her in, tiny tingles of pleasure prickled all over me.

She almost smelled better than Ava.

Almost.

I should stop comparing the two, but it seemed impossible because my gorgeous little sister was *a/ways* on my mind, more so now that we practically spend every second of the day together.

"Lucy...." I mindlessly spewed her name out, unable to form coherent thoughts, not while I sucked on her sweet tongue and pumped out endless ropes into her.

Eventually, after what felt like years, I went dry. Lucia shuddered, the death grip of her pussy loosening, enough for me to pull out and roll to the side, rasping out gasps. I felt like I might have a heart attack with how hard my heart was battering under my ribs, and how woozy I felt.

Holy. Shit.

*"Big bro."*

No. No. No. I needed to rest.

Ava crawled on top of me, sliding her teardrops along my chest, her wet fingers closing around my cock, thumb sliding happily over my pulsing tip, making sure I would never, ever deflate.

“Hello...” She breathed me in, then shot me a sexy smile. *“Master.”*

The word was so well-rehearsed by now, it dripped off her tongue like sugar.

“Ava...” I couldn’t breathe, couldn’t talk. I had to shut my eyes because the ceiling was spinning. “Don’t.”

“But it’s my turn,” she whispered, her hot breaths skirting across my lips. Dipping down, she sucked on my lips lightly, cutting my supply of air. “You promised.”

“Ava.” I tore away from her, gasping in much needed oxygen. “Stop.”

“Fuck me.” She guided my cock to her drenched entrance, sizzling my tip. She dipped her voice down, whispering out the last word in a breathless whimper.

*“Please.”*

Fuck. The offer was so fucking hard to pass up. I almost said ‘fuck it’ and risked the heart attack from exhaustion to have her ride me.

But I was stronger than this. Ava couldn’t break me. I was her Master, not the other way around.

“Lucy?” I managed the willpower to roll my head to the side and check on our sister.

Aside from her breasts dipping in and out, our eldest sister was unmoving.

Ava let go of my cock and pouted. I ignored her.

“Lucy?” I repeated.

“Yes?” she croaked out.

“You okay?”

“I...” She groaned. “I don’t know.”

“Sorry.”

Finally, she turned to her side, her eyes half-closed and hazy.

“For...” She heaved, and I watched her breasts dipping down. “What?”

“I didn’t orgasm because of you,” I told her, feeling like I somehow cheated on her. “I mean, I did. Your pussy... how you squeeze me... But I mean... I... I was looking at Ava and thinking about her when I... you know.”

“It’s okay,” she panted. “I understand.”

Ava sat up, straddling me, bathing my cock in the heat of her pussy. Automatically, I groaned and snaked my arms around her hips.

“You were thinking of me?” she almost sang-song, looking ten times happier.

I sighed, nodding. I couldn’t keep my eyes off her toned waist and wide hips, the perfect combination for childbirth.

What the fuck? What was I thinking? I was nineteen, for god’s sake. I had never held a job in my entire life, and I was certainly nowhere ready to be a father. And that wasn’t even mentioning the massive shit storm that would ensue if I got Ava pregnant.

Mom and Dad would... I honestly didn’t know what they would do, but at that point, a swift death would be considered a mercy.

“I’m upset, Ava,” I told her, my actions betraying my words since I was stroking her ass and pinching her plump cheeks in multiple places. “I told you it would be your turn next, so why do you keep insisting on putting yourself in the center of my attention?”

“How is that my fault?” she replied, squealing or giggling whenever I nipped her. “I was just sitting there. It’s up to you to decide which sister you want to look at.”

She had a point, but the excuse wasn’t valid when it came to my little sister.

“Ava.” I heaved another sigh. “Look at you. You’re...” I trailed off, but the point was obvious. Ava was the sexiest eighteen-year-old in the world, and she knew it. “It’s literally impossible to not be distracted when you’re in the picture.”

She shrugged. “Like I said. Not my problem. I sat there and gave you space. It’s not my fault you couldn’t concentrate.”

Brat.

"It's really okay," Lucia cut in, and we both looked at her. "I don't mind being the side chick in... whatever this is. It's only for a single night, anyway. Let's just fuck and fuck so I can get what's in my system out and then forget this ever happened."

Ava glanced back at me, looking sinfully hot. She knew I was not going to let Lucia go, but wisely, she kept her lips sealed.

I gave my sister a hard squeeze on her ass. She giggled.

"You're a naughty girl, aren't you, little sis?"

"Yes," she nodded eagerly. "I'm a naughty, naughty girl. Is Master going to do anything about it?"

I watched a trickle of arousal leak down her folds, pooling on my thigh.

She was *really* enjoying calling me Master.

"I'm going to punish you," I said simply.

Lucia groaned. Ava let out another girly giggle.

"Shall I fetch the paddle, Master?" she asked, blinking at me through her dark lashes. "Maybe the flogger too? Or are you using your hand?"

From the last time I had spanked her, anyone could have sworn Ava hated it. But it seemed like my sister had grown an obsession with being spanked overnight. She was the one who slipped in both items into our shopping trolley while we were in the sex store.

"No." I gestured her closer, and when she came forward, I clutched her pink hair and claimed her lips in a bruising kiss.

God, her lips. Her *fucking* lips.

She tasted even better when Lucia's flavor lingered on my lips. Closing my eyes and sighing contently, I parted my sister's lips with a stroke of my tongue, greeted by hers, groaning as we tasted each other in slow strokes.



The sounds my little sister made every time we kiss... fuck... it was almost as if we were in the middle of a hard fuck—not just a simple make-out session.

“God, Ava.” I opened my eyes, breaking the kiss, because we might be making out for hours if I didn’t stop her. “You taste like heaven.”

“Like heaven?” She burst out in a fit of laughter. “You have the most bizarre compliments, you know that?”

I knew my woman’s skills needed work, but did it really matter? I had zero interest in other women. Why would I when I had my sisters?

Ava hummed, then brushed her thumb along her lower lip, gathering up our mixed saliva, then slid the digit back into her mouth, sucking. Moaning. “Mmm... so how will Master spank me? Paddle, flogger, or by hand?”

“None of them.” I patted her thigh. “Go over to your sister.”

“What?” She frowned. “Why?”

“Just do it, little sis.”

“I don’t see how this has to do anything with my spanking,” she grumbled, but obeyed, getting off me and scooting towards Lucia, who looked as confused as her.

I glanced at my older sister. “Open your legs, Lucy.”

They both spoke at once.

“What?”

“What?”

I almost burst out laughing. “Ava’s going to eat you out. That’s her punishment.”

“What? No!” Lucia crossed her legs. “That’s disgusting!”

“Yeah,” Ava agreed, chewing her bottom lip. “What’s wrong with spanking me? You love spanking me.”

“You love it too,” I countered. “And a punishment isn’t a punishment if you enjoy it.”

My little sister crossed her arm and tilted her pretty chin up. “I’m not doing it.”

I would much prefer her to be obedient, but watching her put up some resistance, even after I broke her several times... it was cute.

And hot.

Because I knew that eventually, she would submit. She always did. And if we were going to play that game again—timing Ava until she fell to her knees and said the words, ‘Yes, Master,’ then so be it, little sis.

Let the games begin.

“That’s punishing me too, Aaron,” Lucia said. “If you didn’t already know, both of us are straight. I won’t get any pleasure if a girl eats me out.” She cringed. “Especially my own sister.”

Ava glared at me. “That’s like... the worst punishment you could think of.”

“All the more reason to do it.” I got up from bed and perched myself on the same table Ava had sat on, giving myself an excellent view of the upcoming show. “You said it yourself, little sis. You’re a naughty girl, and brats need to be punished.” Clapping my hands, I smiled at my disobedient pets. “Come on, Lucy. Open up.”

Lucia looked away. Ava crossed her arms tighter, unconsciously pushing her teardrops forward, making me want to forget the cruel punishment and suck on those gorgeous tits.

*No. The little brat had to be punished.*

And I had to admit, I was being selfish. Having the threesome was at the top of my list of life goals, but watching my sisters going at it was just a line below that. Who wouldn’t want to watch two incredibly hot women have lesbian sex? Triple the points if they were sisters.

I was going to get what I wanted. No matter what. If there was someone that could rival Ava’s stubbornness, I was that person.

I leveled my gaze at my little sister and beckoned her forward.

Ava was more than happy to distance herself away from Lucia. She hopped off the bed and padded her way towards me.

When she was close enough, I hooked an arm around her hips and reclaimed my sister's lips.

It was a quick kiss, but as I sucked on her soft, supple lips, my hands found their way to her breasts. She leaked out a moan when I squeezed her, and when I tweaked her hard nipples, my sister gave me the shudder I was looking for.

Ava was egotistical and strong willed. A lioness. But I learned that if she was *really* turned on, particularly when I was feeling her up, her willpower would quickly drain away, leaving behind a submissive, meek kitten.

I dragged my lips across hers, brushing up her cheeks, then nibbled on her ear.

Another long moan. Another delicious shudder.

"Ava, my love," I whispered. "You promised you would never disobey me. What happened?"

She was having trouble speaking—and breathing. "Y-You... you're being cruel again." My little sister gasped when I pinched her tits again. "Don't—ah.... please don't make me do this."

"If you do this for me..." I paused to draw the moment out, savoring every staggered whimper and relishing every cute little grunt she made. "I'll fuck you doggy. Go on all fours, eat our dear sister out, and once I'm satisfied, I'll fuck you just the way you like it. Hard and fast."

To push my point across, I mustered up all my strength to give her tits one last squeeze, causing Ava to drop down and sink her teeth into my shoulder, screaming my name.

I steeled myself as she left the deep bite mark. Letting go of her teardrops, I hooked my pinky into the ring of her pink collar, then jerked her towards me, nailing our blues together.

Judging by my sister's glazed eyes, I knew I was successful.

The kitten was back.

"Do as I say, beautiful," I whispered to my pet. "You'll be rewarded."

She nodded, squeaking out the two words I was dying to hear.

"Yes, Master."

The bar for how far she was willing to deprave herself just to please me kept rising day by day.

From making Ava kneel, to spanking her, to taking her anal virginity, to having her willingly be collared, and now, I just made my precious sister agree to eat Lucia out for my personal viewing pleasure.

What was next? I shivered at all the filthy possibilities.

"Go back to bed." I tugged her collar once more, giving Ava a final peck before releasing her and nodding towards the messy bed with our naked sister sitting on it, gawking at me like she had seen a ghost.

I didn't blame her. Throughout my life, I had never shown anyone I had a backbone. So standing up to our domineering little sister who believed she was the queen of the world and showing Lucia that I was possibly the only person in the universe that could control her highness had to be a near impossible sight.

"What the fuck?" Lucia mouthed at me.

Ava hopped back on the bed, and with renewed determination burning in her blue eyes, she shoved Lucia on her back and pried our sister's legs open.

"Ava!" Lucia screeched, trying to shove her back. "Stop!"

"Lucy," I tsked. "Open up for her."

"No!" Lucia's eyes showed real fear. "Make her—make her stop! Aaron!" She was wrestling for control over Ava's wrists. "AARON!"

I clicked my tongue. "Stop."

Ava sighed and sat back, brushing away locks of pink from her face, both girls watching me as I got to my feet and joined them on the bed.

"Lucy." I sat beside her and ran my knuckles over her cheek. "You promised to submit for tonight. This is what I want."

My sister shook her head. "No, this is wrong."

"We just had sex."

"This is different."

"How so?"

"She's my sister."

"And I'm your brother." Blowing out a breath, I felt her up, squeezing her tits just like I had with Ava, planting gentle kisses on her neck. She groaned, and I felt her body softening up. "And I'm also your Master for tonight. I want a threesome, Lucy. And that involves my girls having fun with each other, too."

Drawing away, I stared hard at my older sister. People often commented that we had the same eye color. While Ava had inherited her sharp, vivid blues from our father, Lucia and I had our mother's eyes. Ocean blues.

"Submit, Lucy," I told her, lowering my tone, running a hand up and down her sides, feeling up her silky skin. "Be free. I'll take care of you."

"I—" Lucia gulped. "This is scary."

"You might like it. Who knows? Ava has an amazing tongue." I squeezed her tit. "Soft..."

"Pink." I dipped forward, sucking on a tender spot on her neck, leaving more love marks for my sister to dwell on in the morning. Lucia moaned, clutching the back of my head as I nibbled and sucked.

“Warm.” Kissing my way upwards, I captured her lips, plundering her sweetness with a lick, swallowing the cries that came leaping out of her.

This felt right at home. My lips on my sister’s. My hands on her curves.

I drew back once I had my fair share of sweetness. Strings of saliva were connecting our swollen lips, but both of us made no move to sever the connection. “It’s not the end of the world. Let Ava eat you out. Be a good girl, Lucy. Do it for me.”

Even though we were gazing at each other, Lucia had this faraway look. I gave her all the time she needed, admiring the beautiful dark highlights of her hair, mentally making notes of the difference between my sisters.

From a distance, my sisters looked nothing alike. People would express surprise that they were related, but if anyone looked closer, they would realize that my sisters shared a lot of attractive similarities.

The same high cheekbones, the same straight edged nose. Both had sharp defined jawline and soft supple lips, though Ava’s was a little fuller. More plump.

But no one would realize the last bit until they had kissed them both. And fortunately for me, I was the only person in existence to have accomplished that.

Lucia zeroed in on my eyes and gave me a soft nod.

“Okay,” she whispered, so low, I wouldn’t be sure she had agreed if it wasn’t for the nod.

“Thank you, Lucy.” Swiping my tongue across the thin wet strands connecting our lips, I uttered out the three words I harbored inside me forever. “I love you.”

“I...” She exhaled, her blue eyes hazy, looking as if she was sleepwalking. “I love you too.”

“You have never said those three words, have you?” I said, guessing from the awkwardness in her tone.

“No.”

I rolled off her. “Open for legs, Lucy.”

Exhaling a shaky breath, my sister spread her thighs apart. Ava hummed, looking between me and the swollen pussy in front of her that had no right to be that drenched.

It took a while, but I finally had control of the situation. It was a daunting task—holding the leashes of both my sisters, though the older one wasn't collared.

Yet.

"Go ahead, love," I said, nodding for my little sister to begin. "Surprise me."

Ava blew me an air kiss and shot me a sexy wink that melted my heart and made my cock throb at the same time. She was already so fucking hot, so whenever she tried to be seductive, it was game over for me.

My beautiful little sister returned to all fours, leaned forward to rest on her elbows, dipped in between Lucia's thighs, and then...

"AH!"

I turned back towards Lucia, just in time to see her eyes fluttering back in her head, jaw clenched tight.

"A-AVA!" our sister shrieked, the raw pleasure in her tone undeniable.

Ava had her pink tongue extended, darting quick little flicks towards Lucia's clit.

I left Lucia, scooting towards my little sister, placing my hand on the back of her head, gripping her hair. "Good girl."

Ava surrendered control over to me, and I quickened the rhythm, making Lucia jerk up, back arched off the mattress, her moans growing in intensity.

"How does our sister taste, baby?" I asked Ava. "Delicious? Sweet?"

"Mhm," Ava grunted, which could be interpreted as anything.

"Tongue in pussy, my little kitten," I said, my eyes fixated on Lucia, who was *loving* Ava's skillful tongue. "It's time."

I could almost see the gears in my little sister's pretty head turning as she processed the order, and what she had to do next. She wasn't enjoying this. Everything she was doing—it was for me. I will reward her obedience soon enough, but right then, I wanted to relish every second of the sinful show.

“AVA!” A high pitch scream broke me away from my thoughts. “AH—AH! FUCK!”

I didn't expect Ava to obey the order so quickly. Our little sister had her lips latched around Lucia's pussy, her tongue inside her, licking all around, sucking hard, pulling every last bit of pleasure out of Lucia.

Holy shit.

Lucia's thighs quaked, and she grinded her pussy all over our sister's face, leaving Ava with no space for air.

But our little sister was a natural. A sex deviant. A goddess in the bedroom. She kept her composure, licking deep, the sounds of her suction filling up the bedroom.

Ava made my pussy eating session look amateurish, and I was an amateur. But this was the first pussy for Ava too, so... how?

No one had the skills Ava possessed, and my chest swelled with pride. This was my little kitten. My personal pet that I would be giving love to and receiving love back for the rest of my life.

I spoke out, and even though I wasn't receiving any direct sexual stimulation, my voice was strained and my cock was jerking in agony, aching to join in the action.

“Ava, my love,” I rasped. “I'm going to give you your reward now. Spread your legs a little wider. That's it.” *Fuck*. “Good girl.”

“Lucia.” I placed a palm on her thighs, steadying her. She was trembling so much. “Don't cum. Wait for me. I want all three of us to cum at the same time. Is that understood?”

“Fuuuuuckkk.” Lucia slammed back and forth against our little sister's face, treating Ava's tongue as if it was my cock. “FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!”

“Lucia,” I repeated. “Do you understand?”



“YES!” She paused to attempt to compose herself, but it all came tearing down a second later. ‘YESSSSSSS!’

I needed to be quick. Lucia wouldn’t last much longer. With Ava in the picture, no one could.

Positioning behind my little sister, I was greeted by her wide-spread legs and her two holes, the upper one still looking a little red and raw, the bottom one wet, but not drenched enough for my liking.

I licked my thumb, then slipped my digit in between my sister’s legs, drawing tight circles over her clit.

Immediately, Ava spasmed, jerked forward, then spilled out a banshee shriek, causing Lucia to cry out too.

“Please,” Lucia croaked out, locking her ocean blue eyes with mine, and I recognised the maddening need in them. “Master... please.”

“I haven’t fucked Ava yet, love,” I replied. “Give me a few more minutes.”

Her lips trembled, and I could see she was on a razor’s edge. “I—I can’t.”

Fine.

I gave Ava a light tap on her ass cheeks, still working her clit. “Slow down, baby.”

“No, no, no.” Lucia shook her head, the desperate tinge of her voice making my cock throb. “Please, please. No—don’t.”

But it was too late. Ava withdrew her tongue from Lucia’s cunt, then held onto our sister’s hips, more cute moans spilling out of her as I flicked, nipped, and pinched her pulsing nub.

I dropped my gaze, smiling at the ample wetness Ava had produced in such a quick amount of time. Trickle of arousal streamed down from the slit between her legs and began running down her thigh.

“Ava, please,” Lucia begged, her moaning turning to squeals. My older sister fought against the breathlessness of her rapid breathing as she croaked out another beg. “Don’t stop.”

*Oh, now she was loving it?*

Ava turned to look at me, awaiting her orders, her lips dripping with Lucia’s wetness.

“Go back to eating her out,” I told her. “But follow my rhythm. When I slow down, you slow down. When I go fast, you ravage that pussy. Understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she breathed, her voice so high-pitched and girly, a stark contrast to Lucia’s deeper, silkier tone.

Ava looked back forward, positioning the tip of her tongue at the entrance of Lucia’s hole, waiting for me, but she wouldn’t need to wait for much longer. I was already in position, hissing an exhale as I rubbed my cockhead over her heated folds, lubricating my tip with all the arousal rapidly leaking out.

“Master...” Ava’s soft voice sent shivers tingling through me.

She didn’t say more.

I thrust in. Everything went blurry.

Ava accepted me like she always did—her pussy yielded, greedily swallowing me up, greeting me with a hot little flex as I stretched her out.

Her pussy...

*God.*

“Oh, Master,” Ava moaned, writhing back against my touch, trying to take me in deeper. “M-Master!”

It was a smooth glide in. We fit so perfectly.

I gritted my teeth, forcing my eyes back open, focusing on Ava who was looking back at me, her brows furrowed, her swollen lips open in a wide ‘O’.

“Don’t forget about our sister,” I groaned.

Ava whimpered, as if she didn’t want to do it, content with me fucking her doggy, sinking into her heat deeper and deeper until my heavy balls were pressed against the lower curve of her plump ass cheeks.

Drawing my palm back, I delivered the blow onto her right cheek, watching her ass jiggle. She squealed in pain and pleasure, clenching around my cock so fucking tight, it felt like I was inside Lucia again.

“Ava...” I warned her. “Do as you’re told.”

“Masterrrrrrr,” she complained, her immaturity coming out, her eyes glittering with held back tears. My little sister stared at me for a couple more seconds, before she submitted, looking back forward, spreading Lucia’s cheeks.

Then she dove right in.

Lucia’s bedroom was a harmony of tunes. Moans, grunts, cries, yelps, shrieks, mewls, the slight squeak of the bed, the sharp slaps of flesh hitting flesh, the wet suction from lips. Everything.

I continued thrusting into Ava, her pussy sopping wet and welcoming every hard drive with pleasure rippling squeezes.

Somehow Lucia was holding on, although barely. Her eyes were squeezed shut, her back arched high, round tits bouncing back and forth. Our older sister had abandoned moaning. It was pure shrieks and screams as Ava devoured her pussy.

And our little sister... she was in her own world of her own. Ava wasn’t making much noise, only grunting out whenever our hips connected. The best I got out of her was a cute little whimper whenever I drove deep into the spot she loved.

Other than that, she was focused on her task, dipping her tongue in and out of Lucia, lapping all around, swallowing all the sweetness that came pouring out, making sure nothing was wasted.

That was one of my many favorite things about Ava. She was self-trained. At the ripe age of eighteen, it was almost dangerous how good she was in bed.

And the best part?

Ava was only going to get *better*.

“AHH!” Lucia’s scream tore me back into the present. I looked up, gazing at the ocean blues of my sister that were identical to mine.

She couldn’t hold back anymore, and I wished I could drag the moment out just a bit longer, but even if I could somehow force Lucia to hang on, I was a goner.

With a final thrust into Ava, I roared out, cum barrelling out of my tip, heading straight into my little sister’s fertile womb.

Amazingly, Ava came before Lucia. The moment my little sister felt the rush of wetness gushing through her, she broke out in an ear-piercing shriek.

Then it was Lucia’s turn. She screamed and clawed at the bed sheet, the wild sight only serving to drive out another roar tearing out of me, accelerating my thumping heart, flexing all my muscles, losing myself as my lifelong fantasy was completed.

Threesome accomplished.

Wait, does it count as a threesome when I didn’t have direct contact with Lucia? After all, I was just hammering away at one sister.

I don’t know, and I don’t care, because as soon as I recovered from what was becoming the best fucking orgasm of my entire life, I would switch to another position that could grant me better access to both pussies.

“Lucia... Ava...” I heaved, completely spent, the explosion of cum choking into hot spurts, then fizzling out entirely. I continued offering hard pumps in and out of my sister’s sopping wet pussy. She whimpered from my slams, pounding back against me, still in the midst of her orgasm. They both were.

I wished I could have an orgasm as long as my sisters. Hell, they often had multiple releases back-to-back. But I shouldn’t complain, especially not after I just dumped my entire load into Ava.

Closing my eyes, I bathed in the after sex glow, sighing contently as I gripped Ava's ass, kneading her plump cheeks that were hard and toned with muscles yet feeling supple underneath.

All the years of squatting in the gym and cheerleading had molded my sister's ass into something otherworldly. I felt a little bad, enjoying the fruits of my little sister's labor while I spent the same years locked in my room with my computer.

"Oh god..." Lucia jerked forwards, then slumped to her side, heaving harsh pants. "Oh my fucking god."

Ava rolled to her back, staring at me through tear-stained eyes, her entire face soaked in our sister's juices, lips pink and swollen.

She didn't say anything, but slowly, my little sister dragged herself up, panting just as loud as the rest of us. Ava crawled on top of me and wrapped herself tight around me in a hug.

"How..." I gasped. *Holy shit, I couldn't breathe.* "How was it, my love?"

Instead of replying, Ava trailed her wet lips along my jawline, and then she was on my lips, delivering me a divine concoction of Lucia's overwhelming sweetness and her own vanilla.

My energy reserves were an all-time low, so I could only afford to suck her lips lightly as she bruised mine with hard suction.

But my body came alive a second later when Ava found my cock, guiding my throbbing length into her pussy.

We just finished, and she wanted to be filled again. I should be shocked, but at that point, I was already used to my little sister's craziness and her insane craving for my cock. For me.

So I gave her what we both wanted. Rolling my hips forward, I returned into her delicious heat, stretching her out once again.

"I love you, Ava." I staggered out the words as pleasure took over, devolving us into nothing more than pure sensations and raw instincts.

She didn't say the words back—Ava was unusually very silent—but by the way she clamped her pussy around me and how she choked out a sob, the spills of tears finally leaking out, I received the message loud and clear.

*"I love you too, Master."*