

Chapter 18

“Do I smell good, Master?”

“Ye—” I tried to speak, but her lips were sealed onto mine, not sparing me an inch to breathe. “Ava.”

“Mmm...” My little sister moaned. “I love how big bro tastes.”

“Shit,” I gasped when she pulled back from our frantic kissing and roughly tugged my school shirt up. When that didn’t work, she went for the sanest alternative—using all her strength to pry my shirt apart.

A piercing rip sliced through the air. Buttons flew everywhere.

Holy fuck.

“It’s been two hours,” Ava rasped, ignoring my ruined shirt, her desperate fingers already on the button of my pants. “I want you. I *need* you.”

She wasn’t exaggerating her desperation. My sister had always been adamant on maintaining her image as queen, avoiding me in school even after she had confessed her undying love for me, only giving me long stares and the occasional wink when she thought no one was looking.

But the more we fucked, the more lustful my sister became.

After her cheer practice today, she had abandoned all pretenses, blatantly rubbing against me when we were walking back towards the car, whispering into my ear about how much she missed my cock.

“Ava,” I growled as she grinded her soaked panties against my erection, her warm tongue offering me slow, lush slides.

I wasn’t lying when I said she smelled even better hot and sweaty. I have never seen my little sister cheer before. But at Ava’s request, I went to see her perform.

Ava had always been fit, but I didn’t expect her to be *that* insanely athletic. She balanced on top of shoulders, did flips in the air, performed stunts that were only seen in movies—all with fluid, precise movements.

Now it all made sense why my little sister possessed ungodly cardio in the bedroom.

“Put it in me,” Ava begged, her voice cracking. “Quick.”

I was so deeply invested in our frantic makeout session that I didn’t even realize my boxers were already down to my ankles, my cock sprung free, thick pre-cum oozing down.

Ava lifted herself, dipped her hands under her red cheer skirt, and in one swift motion, jerked her panties down. She was back on my lap in a flash, straddling me, thrusting downwards and forward, aiming to impale herself on my cock, but I grabbed her hips at the last second.

My sister cried out in frustration.

“Aaron,” she whined, trying to roll her hips into me, but I held firm. “This is not the time for stupid games. Just fuck me. Please.”

At her words, my cock throbbed in agony, aching to sink into heaven, to relive the same addicting pleasure just a few hours ago when we were fucking in the abandoned computer lab. But I didn’t want to give in so easily, even if we had the same craving. Even if she begged.

She stuck her tongue out, a childish attempt at goading me to do something. Anything.

I ignored her, glancing down at her pussy instead, but her cheer skirt blocked the carnal sight.

I rolled the bright red hem up, exposing sin. Ava was leaking worse than I was, dripping down to the seat, her clit throbbing madly.

“Fuck me,” she whimpered, her bottom lip visibly trembling.

“Not yet.” I shifted my palms to her ass, offering light squeezes. “Get off me and go to the back seat.”

She whined, but followed her orders, scrambling her way to the back, dripping a trail of wetness onto the expensive leather seats.

I exhaled slowly. Mentally preparing myself to have sex with my sister was always nerve wrecking, and I don't foresee my feelings changing anytime soon.

I kicked off my boxers, then made my way towards Ava, who was already assuming position, on all fours, pussy swollen and soaked.

"What's that?" she asked, noticing me palming something in my hand.

Sharp eye.

"The vibrator," I said simply.

"Don't play games, Aaron," she groaned. "Just fuck me. Please."

"I'm going to fuck you. Trust me, you'll enjoy this."

"I'll enjoy it when you're inside me," she grumbled, but set her sights ahead, arching her lower back and raising her hips, offering both holes to me like a good little sister.

I briefly wondered if people knew what we were doing. Ava was always the center of attention whenever she went on campus; hungry eyes followed her everywhere.

Even though we were alone when heading to the VIP parking lot, there was a good chance someone had been gazing at her from afar, noticed my little sister rubbing herself against her own brother, then saw us get into the car together. Anyone would put two and two together if we stayed here.

"You need to be quiet," I whispered, palming her ass cheeks, groaning at how hard yet soft they felt. "Someone might hear us."

"I don't care." She moaned louder on purpose. *Brat*. "Just fuck me."

"Slave," I growled, going forward and tugging on her ponytail. It seemed like Ava needed to be reminded of her place yet again. "You. Need. To. Be. Quiet."

Letting go of her pink ponytail, I slid a finger under her matching pink collar, jerking my sister backwards, making her gasp in surprise. "Do you understand, slave?"

“Yes...” she moaned softly and closed her eyes, clearly relishing in being dominated.
“... Master.”

“Yes, Master... what?”

She squeaked the rest of the words out, sounding like she was struggling to hold back her release. Judging by how drenched her cunt was, she definitely was.

“Yes, Master, I’ll be quiet.” She moaned again, dropping her voice so low I had to strain to hear her. “I’m sorry, Master.”

“It’s okay, baby.” I used one hand to pry her cheeks further apart, then use my other hand to guide the bullet vibrator into her top hole—the one that had always been the tightest.

“Ah!” Ava cried out when the bullet sank into her ass. She whimpered when I applied forward pressure, stretching her puckered hole. “Ah... holy... oh my god.”

“Shh.” Carefully, I lodged the toy deeper and deeper into her ass, cheered on by my sister’s muffled mewls and moans. When I was satisfied it was buried deep enough, I withdrew my fingers, then retrieved my phone from the front seat.

“Please, Master,” Ava begged when she realized what I was going to do. My cock jerked up at her submissive tone. Few things were better in life than hearing my little sister plead. “Start slow.”

“I will, little sister.” I clicked open the remote control app, shot my shuddering slave a grin, then tapped the ‘on’ button, the vibration level set to level one as a nice warm-up.

“Oh....” Ava shuddered again, her inhales and exhales growing louder by the second. “Oh my god, Aaron.”

“How does it feel?”

I already knew the answer, but I wanted to hear my sister’s sweet voice. More points if she was turned the fuck on.

“It feels... weird. But in a good way.” She exhaled shakily. “I prefer Master’s cock.”

“Wish granted.”

I pressed forward, sliding past her swollen pussy lips, sinking into my sister's delicious heat. I moaned as ecstasy splintered through me, Ava's pussy walls greeting me with familiar little flexes, forcing my body to fold forward, my eyes squeezing shut as sheer pleasure threatened to overwhelm me completely.

"Yessssssssss." Ava's moans shot through the darkness and my eyes flew open. I watched the way my sister writhed against me, gasping every time I went deeper an inch, whimpering when I snaked my hands under her to squeeze those perfect teardrops. "Oh my god. Oh my god. Oh my god."

"Shhhh." I withdrew one hand to grab my phone, planning to torment my sister further. "Be quiet."

"Please." Ava sobbed out, digging her forehead into the leather seat. "Master, I'm—" She screeched and shuddered violently. "MASTER!"

She came.

Holy shit. This was the same girl who had always been famously difficult to please, the brat who complained about how none of her exes could satisfy her... and she shattered apart only seconds after I had entered her.

It was a record-breaking time, and I stayed still in stunned silence, watching my sister scream and shriek, unable to obey her orders to stay quiet. Ava thrust her hips back and forth in a maddening rhythm, fucking herself on my cock as squirts of wetness sprayed all over my thighs.

I regained my composure, letting go of my phone and her tits to clamp my hands over her mouth. Even then, her muffled cries were loud enough to alert anyone around us. I didn't want to admit it, but that made things so much hotter.

Ava was in her own world, and when her cries *finally* fizzled out, my sister was sweatier than when we began, her creamy skin coated with a thin shine.

My sister spoke out first. "I can't believe I..." She giggled. "Oh my god, I'm soooooo sensitive right now. But I want it again. You... you haven't finished. Finish inside me."

I shook my head, tsking. "And you laughed at me for pre-ejaculating?"

My cock jerked inside her. She moaned. Turning to me, she dipped forward, and I met her halfway, joining our lips, moving my hips back and forth, establishing a comfortable rhythm.

I blindly reached for my phone and tapped on a button, hoping to click on a mode that upped the intensity.

How Ava whimpered told me I chose the right button. I spent the next minute losing myself to the exquisite feeling of her flexing pussy, tasting her heavenly soft lips, inhaling her sweet scent.

It was a slow, controlled fucking, so unlike our familiar rough pounding with all the lip biting, but sometimes it was better to take our time showing each other just how much we loved one another.

When I came, I poured out a steady stream of cum into her, and then Ava managed a second orgasm, moaning with me, our eyes closed, tongues intertwined. The sounds of love filled the space, the desperate sucking of lips, the quiet slapping of flesh against flesh, the slow rhythm of hard cock repeatedly entering wet pussy.

Ava was whimpering 'I love you's' and I whispered them back, even after I was done unloading inside her, holding her tight as I waited patiently for my little sister to finish her own orgasm. She ended with a groan.

I withdrew from our steaming makeout session and turned off the vibrator.

Spreading her cheeks apart, I used two fingers to unlodge the toy, tossing it aside and slumping down beside my heaving sister, molding our bodies together. I was basically naked with my torn up shirt, and she was still in her cheer uniform. I just fucked the cheer captain on school grounds, and I smiled dreamily at the thought.

"What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing." I sighed when she kissed me again. "I enjoyed your cheer performance today."

"I made sure I was at my best for you." She giggled and bit down on my bottom lip softly. "Honestly, it was hard to focus when you were gawking at me. You made me wet and I had to force my knees to stop shaking."

“Mhm.” I ran my fingers down the slope of her waist, finding her clit, still throbbing, still wet.

“Aaron!” she squealed, biting my lip hard. “I told you, I’m sensitive now. Don’t.” She squealed. “DON’T!”

“How about a third orgasm, little sis? You’re such a slut, you deserve it.”

That seemed to set her off.

“I’m a slut.” She moaned, sucking my lips harder. I could almost taste her sudden desperation. “I’m Master’s little slut.”

“You’re my dirty little slut.” I stopped rubbing and pinched her spasming nub. “You’re my slave.”

“Mmm.”

I stopped touching her, withdrawing from her lips and staring down at my sweaty little sister. “Don’t ‘mmm’ me. Say it, slave.”

“Please don’t stop. Please.”

“Say it.”

“I’m your slave. I’m your fucking slave.”

“Good girl.” I used my thumb to toy with her clit. She jerked up, then rolled her hips against my hand, trying to get me exactly where she wanted me. “That’s a good pet.”

“Slut, slave, pet.” Ava moaned way too loudly. “I’m anything you want me to be, Master.”

“That’s what all little sisters should be to their big brothers.” I inserted my index finger into her ample wetness, and I spent a few moments exploring every inch of her cunt before thrusting in and out.

“Yes…” From the tone of her shaky voice, it was obvious she was close.

She pumped her hips to meet my thrusts, and I worked in a second digit.

A third joined in the mix. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head.

“Cum, my love,” I told her, leaning down to claim her lips. “Cum for me.”

And she did, crying out my name, swearing her eternal devotion for me, sobbing as I kissed her into bliss.

Ava had always been a bit too possessive.

Okay, maybe not just *‘a bit’*.

Today, she was *especially* clingy. My little sister was silent throughout the entire journey back home, and when we exited the car, Ava had her hands wrapped around my arm and her body pressed closely against mine.

Lucia was home. Her Porsche was parked in her usual spot, and Ava tugged me forward when I stopped and stared at the vehicle for too long.

Thankfully, there were no other people in the elevator and we both stepped into the private lift, staring at our reflections when the doors slid shut.

Ava had done a number to my uniform, with my ruined white shirt and she somehow ripped a hole in the bottom of my pants somewhere during our wild car sex.

“Master?” A shiver ran through me upon hearing my little sister’s sweet voice.

“Yes, my love?”

“What are you going to do after you graduate?”

I thought for a moment. That was a good question.

What am I going to do?

“I...” I glanced at Ava’s reflection, noticing the shift in her piercing blue eyes. She was watching me closely. Whatever I said was important to her, so I had to choose my

words carefully. "I really don't know the specifics, but what I know for certain is that I want to be close to you. Live with you. Sleep in your bed."

"Our bed," she corrected me, a smile cracking the straightness of her soft pink lips. "I love you, Aaron. My big brother. My Master."

"I love you too, Ava."

"I want to be with you forever." She burst out in giggles. "Do I have to go down on one knee and ask you to marry me?"

"It's too early for marriage, little sis. You're only eighteen."

"But we promised forever and always. We already know we're going to spend the rest of our lives together. So why not just tie the knot and be done with it? Don't you want me as your sister-wife?"

"You just want marriage to give yourself the security that I'll be locked down with you." I sighed, rubbing my palm up and down the amazing curve of her lower back. "I promise you I'm not going anywhere, Ava. Forever and always."

"Then why don't you marry me? To prove your words."

"We'll marry. Just not now. It's not as easy as you say it is. We're brother and sister. How would we deal with Mom and Dad? With everyone?"

"Fineeeee," she conceded, resting her chin on my shoulder, smelling like a Goddess. "Whatever Master says."

I hesitated, debating whether I should speak out. Lucia was home. That meant the only two women I had ever lusted for would be in the same space with me in a moment's time. Ava's pussy was better, her lips were softer and tastier, but all I had ever since this morning were generous servings of my little sister.

I was starving for the older one.

"Ava, my love?" I started.

"Yes, my Master?"

Fuck it. Just say it.

"I'm going to try and take Lucia to bed. I need you to be okay with that."

She sniffed. "I knew you the whole one night agreement thing was never genuine."

I grabbed my sister's hips and slammed her against the wall. She sucked in a sharp breath, and I could tell from the shake of her thighs, she was growing wet. Ava loved getting manhandled.

Leaning into her ear, I whispered my dark promise. "You'll always be my favorite."

She answered me with hooded blue eyes and parted lips. "And I'll always be yours."

Fuck, she looked absolutely kissable then, but before I could plunder her exotic sweetness, the lift dinged. I let go of my sister, taking a step back just as the doors peeled open, revealing an elderly gentleman.

He gave me a confused once over at the state of my torn up attire, but then nodded at us before stepping in. I looked away. Ava ignored him, taking my hand and quickly leading me out.

That was embarrassing.

"Let's take a shower," my sister said. "Then we can have another threesome."

"Do you think Lucy will submit again? This time, permanently? Like you had?"

Ava snorted. "Lucy's easy work. You already made her submit twice, didn't you? She's into that." She gave me a sideward look. "And you're good at it."

"At what?"

"Conquering." She breathed in deep. "It's soooooo hot seeing you in your element. Honestly, I'm not into this whole submissive thing. Not long ago, I'd rather die than kneel. But you make me love it. You're the only man I would ever go down on my knees for."

We reached our door. Recently, there had been an increased level of security due to a robbery that took place down the street a month back. We were all provided with a

sleek new lock system. We could unlock the door with our fingerprints, use a ten-digit passcode, or we could use our phones, which was the method Ava preferred.

With a few taps on her iPhone, the locks clicked opened. She grabbed my hand once again, leading me inside.

I smelled Lucia before I saw her. Our elder sister was sprawled on one of the living room couches, still clothed in her work attire. Her uniform changed every day, but one thing was always certain: Lucia wanted to show as much skin as possible.

Today, it was a tight black dress that strangled her curves, stretching and straining over her round tits and swelling out over a bouncy ass.

She sat up straight when she heard us, her blue eyes wide as she looked between my ruined state and Ava's after sex glaze. From my torn shirt, my still rock hard bulge in my pants, and our little sister's swollen lips, it was plainly obvious what we had been up to.

I wanted to say something to her, but Ava jerked me away, pulling me straight towards her room. I tossed Lucia a smile, but that was all I could afford before Ava's door slammed shut.

"Fuck me, Daddy." My sister's lips were already on my ear, sucking, nipping, her teardrops snugly pressed against my arm. "Fuck your little girl."

"Daddy?" I echoed.

"Mmm hmm. Do you like me to call you that..." She breathed me in. "Daddy?"

"Ava, that's what you call our dad."

"Right." She pulled back and licked me from my chin all the way to my lips. "So you don't like it?"

"I prefer Master."

"Of course, Master." She fingered the ring of her collar. "Shall we take a quick shower then jump in the bath?"

"Yeah." I tossed away my ruined uniform and Ava removed hers. "Let's."

My breath stilled when Ava walked in front of me into her pink bathroom. Her ass looked amazing, but Ava made her cheeks look especially otherworldly whenever she swayed those curvy hips in that sultry sashay.

And her ass was just a small piece of her crazy figure. I shouldn't discredit her slender back, or those long, toned legs.

Ava turned around when she noticed I didn't follow her in.

"What?" she smirked, knowing exactly what I was doing. She took off her hairband and rich pink waves tumbled down over her breasts.

"I'm going to fuck you hard in the shower, little sis. Just like last night." I growled, stepping into the bathroom.

I stepped past her, entering the beautiful shower glass enclosure and sat on the granite bench. "But first, I want you to get me ready."

I was already hard and ready, but she knew what I meant.

"Yes, Master," she purred, joining me in the glass cage, sliding the door shut. Ava turned on the pink rainfall, then gracefully lowered herself to her knees in front of me, her gorgeous blue eyes gazing up.

Fuck, she was stunning.

I felt bad for the unfair example my sisters had set for the world. They were both born with unprecedented beauty, and both of them took their natural gifts to the extreme by being physically active, possessing amazing taste in fashion, and adhering to strict diets throughout their whole lives.

What was she saying? *Hard work beats talent when talent doesn't work hard.*

Well, what if talent worked hard too? What could anyone ever do to beat *that*?

"Fuck, Ava," I groaned, sitting back against the marble tiled wall as my sister cupped my heavy balls in her palm and fixed her pretty pink lips around the tip of my cock, slowly working the ridge. "I love you so much."

I have never been this expressive of my emotions. All of my life, I held my feelings behind a solid wall, and I couldn't explain how freeing it felt to finally voice my true self out, to tell Ava just how much love I held for her. I wanted her to know that it wasn't just pure lust.

Her beauty might have captivated everyone else's attention in the first place, but I always had an emotional connection to her way before she hit puberty and grew to the gorgeous woman that was kneeling before me today.

I loved her so much it hurt, and I would do anything to show her that.

"Ava." I palmed the back of her head, feeling her lush strands of hair between my fingertips.

By then, my sister had half of my length in between her lips, her warm tongue licking the underside of my cock, then all around, sending teasing heat through me, making me shudder. She didn't stop, gazing up while she bobbed her head back and forth, one her hand still kneading my balls, the other pumping my base.

"Hmm?"

"It's been a while since I ate you out. After you get me ready, I want to return the favor."

She couldn't speak, but I saw her blue eyes lit up. Ava was sucking me off real good, but at my words, she withdrew from my cock, bundled her hair back, smiled up at me, then licked the full length of my shaft, starting from the base and drawing long strokes up my massive, throbbing cock.

I groaned and tightened my fist around her hair, pre-cum spurting out from my tip and onto her face. Ava didn't stop. I was inside her mouth again, and my eyes fell shut at the ecstasy of her warm, wet mouth.

"Fuck," I cursed. I was going to cum, and all Ava did was slow down the rhythm but increase the intensity. She continued pumping my base, kneading my balls, licking me up, bobbing her head up and down before she finally let go of her grip and sent me down her throat. "FUCK!"

I flexed my thighs, my whole body tensing hard as I tried to hold my orgasm back, but it was too late.

Roaring out my pleasure, I jerked Ava away from my cock and exploded my load all over her pretty face. I didn't think; I just had the sudden urge to coat my little sister's face in my seed.

The rainfall washed some of my load off her, but I was still spurting, and my cum was so thick and heavy, most stayed on her. Ava didn't swipe my semen away. She drew in a shuddering breath, then adjusted, opening her mouth to take in some of my seed.

She drank a lot of me up, and by the time I was done, Ava was a sight to behold, with globs of cum covering most of her face, hanging off her eyelids, all over her pink hair.

"Don't waste my cum," I growled, feeling so fucking powerful. "Gather them with your hands and lick my load from your fingers. Do it now."

"Yes, Master."

Watching Ava swallow up all the 'waste' was so erotic. I would argue it felt even better than fucking her. Okay, maybe not, but holy fuck, I was going to have a lifetime of bonding sessions with my little sister just like this one. Other siblings were missing out.

"Good slut," I said once she cleaned up. "I honestly wasn't expecting to cum. I just wanted you to make me as hard as possible, but you're just so fucking good at blowjobs."

"It's the shower," she giggled. "You always ejaculate quicker in the bathroom. I think you have a thing for shower sex."

"Maybe." I patted the spot beside me. "Come. Sit."

We switched positions. Ava was sitting on the granite bench, and I was on my knees in between her thighs. Did I feel ashamed having to go on my knees in front of my little sister?

No.

Love was way more important than my pride. My sister deserved this a thousand times over. She was my slave, but she was going to be a happy, satisfied slave throughout her lifelong service to me.

“What do you want, little sis?” I asked, tracing my thumb over her damp collar. “Fuck you now? Eat you out? Tell me.”

She shook her head, and I could tell by the slight tremble in her bottom lips, she was close to tearing up.

“Do anything you want. I don’t care. Just—” She sniffed. “What you’re doing now... it tells me you don’t only care about...” She waved at her face, then at her body. “... this.”

She jabbed a manicured nail at her chest, right over her heart. “But you also care about me. The real me.”

“Of course, baby.” I lifted her hand and kissed the back of it. “You’re my sister.”

“I have been such an asshole to you over the years. And yet you still—” She jerked her hand away and covered her mouth, looking away, suddenly sobbing uncontrollably.

“Hey, hey.” I touched her knee, but that seemed to make her cry harder. “Hey. It’s okay, love. It’s okay.”

“I’m sorry, Aaron.” She choked out the words. “I’m so fucking sorry.”

“It’s okay. It’s okay.”

But she was still crying, and instead of trying to console her further, I did the next best thing.

I stood up and claimed her lips, silencing her sobs.

Ava started off aggressive, meeting me in a frenzy of licks and burning hot tastes. Her tongue darted out to meet mine, but I spent a moment sucking on her pink muscle before allowing her in, sighing as we tangled together.

Her sobs turned to moans—music to my ears.

We kissed for hours. It felt like hours.

When I drew back, Ava was mostly back to her composed self, beaming at me and wiping her lips.

“Thank you,” she said.

When I started to lower myself back to her thighs, she shook her head and placed a palm on my chest.

“No need for that,” my sister told me, blinking up. “Let me heat our bath and I’ll ride you just how you love it. Is that okay, Master?”

I returned her smile. “Of course.”

Ten minutes later, I was laying at one end of the bathtub with Ava in between my legs, ready to fuck.

“Slowly,” I growled. The last time I was submerged in a perfectly heated tub, and then sank into my sister’s delicious heat, I couldn’t manage the avalanche of raw pleasure. It felt like I was being torn from the inside out. In a good way. “I might cum if you go too fast.”

“Of course, Master.” She rose, then moved forward, straddling my hips. I held onto her breasts, mesmerized by her graceful movements. “Just relax and enjoy.”

“I’m not going to lie,” I said, watching the steam rise from the tub, fogging the glass walls and the vanity mirror. “I’m kind of nervous.”

Her lips twitched as she lowered herself. “Why?”

“I don’t know,” I sighed, moving my hands from her teardrops to her hips. “I guess—” I sucked in a staggered breath as she sunk down onto my cock. “Fuck!”

“Master...” my sister moaned, squeezing her eyes shut as pleasure shot through her slender frame. “Ah... you feel so fucking good.”

I groaned in reply, my own eyes threatening to roll over my head. My vision flashed. I have never, ever felt this much raw pleasure, even during our first time. It felt like my body was splitting apart, unable to contain all the overwhelming sensations. *Fuck..*

Ava was right; I had a thing for shower sex.

“Ah...” My sister swayed her hips back and forth, soft moans rolling off her lips.
“Ah...”

I gritted my teeth. “This is insane, Ava.”

She didn’t slow down. “What is?”

“Us fucking.” I gasped when she swayed forward, swallowing my entire length in one swift swoop. “How many times do we have sex a day? Five? Ten? I really don’t know.”

“Does it matter? It just means we love each other so much.” Ava bit down on her lower lip and rode my cock for a few more seconds before speaking up again, her voice throaty and deep. “I love you.”

“I—fuck.” I tried to keep my eyes open, but it was so damn hard. “I love you too.”

“Are you enjoying this? I can go faster if Master pleases.”

“No.” I shook my head, rasping as pleasure rose in high waves, streaking through me, from my toes all the way to the roots of my hair. “I love this pace.”

“Master,” she croaked out, her voice wavering. A shudder.

Shit, she was close.

“Yeah?”

“Can you... squeeze my tits? Please?”

Give me a man that would say no to a request like that.

I moved my hands away from her hips, skating up her smooth curves, slowly tracing my thumb around her hard nipples, causing Ava to squirm in front of me, whimpers tearing out from her throat.

“Don’t cum,” I whispered quickly. “If you do, I’ll cum too. Let’s enjoy this moment for a little longer.”

“Mmm!”

Fuck, she was adorable.

Ava slowed down our pace, lazily bouncing on my cock, giving me cute little flexes every so often, making sure I was constantly teetering on the edge of my release.

It was torture, but in the best possible way. Ava knew exactly what she was doing, and she was so familiar with my body. She knew how to keep me in this pent-up state, just a hard squeeze away from rapture.

I kneaded her beautiful teardrops, offering her the same torture, giving her the right amount of pressure to stray her away from her release.

Every time she shuddered, I would halt my squeezes, switching to light touches instead. She would moan loudly, and I would wait for her to calm down, then it was back to squeezing and pinching until that shudder. Rinse and repeat.

I already knew that our inevitable orgasm in this warm bath would definitely be the most explosive one of the day. Possibly the biggest one of the week.

“Master... ah... AH!” I dipped forward to nip on her hard pink buds. One after the other. Ava arched herself into me, then suddenly sped up her rhythm, thrusting up and down on my cock. “AHHH!”

“You want to cum, little sis?”

She nodded so hard, damp pink hair flew everywhere.

“Say it.”

“Yes!” she squealed. “PLEASE!”

I wanted her to make her beg, but she shuddered violently and I knew it was too late.

“Cum,” I told her, squeezing her tits as hard as I could, matching her maddening rhythm, slamming myself against her, my balls slapping her ass underwater. “Cum for me.”

“MASTERRRRRRRR!”

We orgasmed at the same time. Ava screamed, clamping her pussy walls shut, taking in the torrent I was bursting inside her tight hole, absorbing every drop.

I had to close my eyes from how dizzy I was feeling, but I couldn't shut my ears from the roar of blood rushing through my head. My cock detonated spurts after spurts with Ava still bouncing on my cock, milking me dry, cheering me on with her splitting cries our neighbors would undoubtedly hear.

I opened my mouth to scream with her, but she tackled my lips with hers, clutching my hair into her fist tight, biting my lips before her tongue burst forward, meeting me halfway, and then we were kissing like we were madly in love.

Because we were.

I did the one thing I never did with her. I withdrew my tongue, then bit down on her bottom lip, returning the favor of all the times she had bitten me.

Ava gasped, shuddered, then her whole body went soft—almost limp. She moaned softly, relinquishing all control over to me, inhaling my air, sheathing my cock, accepting my kisses, gripping my shoulders like my presence tethered her to Earth.

Seconds melted into minutes. I finished first, fizzling out after what must be the top three orgasms of my entire life, then waited for my sister to shiver and sigh—her usual indicator that she had finished too.

She did just that, and then went fully limp against me, her breasts heaving against my chest, our lips still pressed tightly together.

We held each other close, enjoying the warm bath and inhaling the steam, until I finally broke the silence.

“Ava?”

She stayed still.

“Hey...” I nudged her with my shoulder, and when she still didn't respond, I pulled her away from me to get a good look at her face.

Her eyes were closed. She looked so peaceful.

“Hmm?” she murmured sleepily.

“Are you okay?”

“I think...” My sister half opened her eyes. “I think I fainted midway while cumming.”

“That good, huh?”

“The best,” she sighed heavily, looking to the side at our fogged up reflection. “You’re the best.”

I was still inside her, and I was content staying there forever. Ava must have been aware too, because she clamped her pussy walls around my cock, making me throb and jerk, almost painfully due to how raw my dick was.

I hissed out a breath. “Fucking hell, little sis.”

She giggled, then snuggled up against me. “I’m sleepy.”

“Then sleep,” I said, stroking her head.

“Okay.”

Ava’s light snores came just a minute later. Even her wisp of breaths sounded sexy. Everything about my sister screamed seduction.

I laid there, feeling up her curves, hyper aware of every little shift of movements she made. Eventually, my mind drifted off to our older sister outside.

Any man would be ecstatic to have Ava for the rest of his life. It would guarantee him a lifetime of constant euphoria and guaranteed happiness. True happiness, not the crap everyone tells themselves.

Ten minutes passed. Twenty minutes. An hour thawed away before Ava finally moaned softly, shifting awake.

“Hey,” I said, nuzzling my nose against the crook of her neck.

“Mmm...” She blinked. “How long was I asleep for?”

“About an hour.”

“Wow.” Ava pulled away, withdrawing from my cock, then stretched her hands over her head, making moans which I wasn’t sure was on purpose or not. Either way, I was back to full hardness, throbbing.

She gave me a look. “Wanna fuck on our bed?”

I laughed. “That’s the first thing you think about?”

“What else am I supposed to think about when we’re both naked?” She glanced down and her lips twitched. “And when you’re still hard?”

When I hesitated, she frowned, her entire demeanor changing in an instant.

“What?” she asked, almost snapping. Before I could answer, she shook her head. “It’s Lucy, isn’t it?”

I nodded. “Help me out with her? I want to own her by tonight. Completely.”

Ava was silent for a moment, which unnerved me. She had already accepted that I would take Lucia as my second, so why was she hesitating?

Her whisper was like a bullet. “You cuddled with her.”

“What?”

She looked at me. “Last night. You were asleep. I woke up and saw you cuddling with her instead of me.”

“I…” What was I supposed to say to that? “I mean, I was asleep, Ava.”

“Exactly.” A sniff. She looked away. “It just means you unconsciously prefer her. Why else would you cuddle with her?”

“Ava, you’re overthinking.”

She nailed her gaze back towards me, her piercing blues burning with an intensity. “Am I?”

“Yes.” I sighed. “Yes, you are.”

“I want you to fuck me in our bed.” Ava’s lips were back on my ear, licking the outer shell, whispering filth. “You can do whatever you want with me. Anal? Sixty-nine? How about reverse cowgirl?” She offered. “We have never tried that, and you know how good I am at riding cock.”

“Ava.” I closed my eyes. “Stop.”

Her tongue withdrew, and when I reopened my eyes, Ava was looking away, seemingly on the verge of tears. It seemed like whenever she accepted that I could have both my sisters, her reaffirmations wouldn’t last long. Her insecurities would re-emerge when I did something with Lucia she didn’t like.

Ten seconds felt like ten hours, and she was still refusing to speak. I knew whoever spoke up first was giving power away, but having my little sister in this state put a crack in my heart and I sighed.

“Okay.” I broke the silence. “I’ll do it.”

“Hmm?” Her gaze returned, searching my face. “Do what?”

“Marry you.” I squeezed her arm. “Help me secure Lucy, and I’ll make you my first sister-wife. We’ll tie the knot in secret. Pay off an officiant.”

“Really?” She covered her mouth with a palm as a tear leaked down her right eye. “You will marry me?”

“I would have done it down the line, anyway. Better earlier than—”

My sister tackled my mouth, bruising my lips with a fine edge of violence. I groaned and her tongue slipped inside, tasting me in long, leisurely licks.

“I’ll be a good wife to you,” Ava gasped out the dark promise. “I’ll bear your children, serve you well, love you more than life itself.”

My sister pulled away from the kiss and stared at me from a small distance, but she quickly returned to my lips, kissing me so hard, I had to gasp for air. I didn’t even realize

her pussy was so close to my cock until she rolled her hips forward and I entered her once again, the pressure inside me already building up to a peak.

For the millionth time that day, I came inside her. Ava burst with a shriek, but I swallowed them all, our tongues stroking, lips sucking, hands exploring each other.

I couldn't believe it. I was getting married.

And I believed every word my little sister said.

She would be a good wife. She would love me.

And for our children?

Fuck. I never thought about being a father. How could I, when I never received any female attention? I had almost given up on women, my last resort being the love pills.

But Ava had changed my mind about so many things, and maybe I would come to enjoy growing a family with her. With Ava's insane sex drive, it would be a very big family.

But first,

Lucia.