

Chapter 19

I squeezed Ava's ass and whispered the command into her ear. "When you walk out to the living room, dear sister. I want you to fuck Lucy."

She shuddered. "I rather fuck you."

"Soften her up for me." I breathed my little sister in, swallowing the moan clawing out of my throat. Fuck, she smelled delicious. Her new peach body wash complimented her perfectly.

Ava gasped when I moved my hands from her ass, sliding up her ridiculous curves, ending the slow journey at her tits. I pinched her right nipple, and she leaked out a soft whimper.

"You... you really like girl on girl action, don't you, Master?"

"I prefer sister on sister." I groaned when Ava returned the favor, her hand finding my cock and offering lazy pumps. "And I think Lucy fancies you after what you did to her last night."

Ava forced a laugh. "Yeah, right."

"I'm serious, little sis. You're fucking amazing at everything in bed. You can turn a straight girl bisexual if you try."

She blushed, looking away. "I know I'm hot, but okay."

"You're the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen. You're everything to me."

Ava's cheeks turned pink. I was the only person who had ever made her blush, and it was endearing witnessing the rare reaction.

"I'm going to suck your dick so fucking hard later." She growled, her blue eyes flickering back to mine. "*Husband.*"

I chuckled. "Don't get ahead of ourselves. We have to get married first."

Ava moved closer, rubbing her hot sex against my thigh. She was leaking, sizzling a path up and down my legs.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“I want a ring.” My sister closed her eyes and moaned. “And a new collar.”

“A new uniform too,” I rasped, my throat closing up, my heart pounding against my chest. Ava had such a profound effect on my body. It was insane. “I’m going to dress you up as a French maid, then I’m fuck you against the kitchen wall.”

“Mmm.” She moaned again, needier and louder this time, then slipped my cock inside her, gasping as I stretched her apart.

Automatically, I reacted, pivoting and pushing her against the bedroom wall, shoving myself deeper into her pulsing cunt.

“Tell me more,” Ava whispered, gasping every so often as her fleshy walls yielded to my cock. I had both her hands secured above her head, our fingers intertwined. “Describe to me this fantasy of yours.”

“I had the school girl. I had the cheerleader. Now, I want a maid.” I thrust forward, burying myself to the tilt, making Ava yelp and arch into me, taking me to my balls like the good girl she was. “When you return home from school, you’re going to change out of your school uniform and wear the tight, sexy maid uniform I custom ordered for you. You’re going to wait for me here, by the door, on your knees. When I’m ready, I’ll come in and fuck you. That will be our daily routine.”

“Yes... fuck yes... ah...” I didn’t know if Ava was getting riled up by my words, or the fact that I was ramming myself into her repeatedly.

I hadn’t planned to fuck my little sister again. I just unloaded into her countless of times while we were bathing, but it seemed like I couldn’t help myself but accommodate to my little sister’s deranged desire for constant sex.

Denying her drained so much willpower out of me, it was exhausting.

“I will wear anything you want me to,” Ava squealed, her voice breaking. She clamped around my cock so fucking tight, for a second, I almost lost myself, pouring out the load I had been saving up for Lucia.

“I’ll do anything you desire.” She tried to kiss me, and I relented, tilting down, tasting vanilla. “As long as you give me attention. As long as you continue loving me.”

“I will love you.” I punctuated the next three words with hard pumps. “Forever. And. Always.”

She moaned against my lips, echoing our promise. “Forever and always.”

We continued fucking and kissing for a few more moments before I spoke up, mumbling against those heavenly vanilla lips.

Ava wanted tongue action, but I wasn’t letting her in. Because if I did, I knew that one thing would lead to another and I would end up fucking her till I passed out.

It wasn’t a terrible fate, but I had to focus on the ‘task’ at hand. It was just one of the rare occasions that specific task wasn’t Ava.

“Little sis?”

“Yes, my Master?”

When she was turned on, her voice was breathy and low, her tone laced with obvious desire.

I could lose myself just listening to her.

“If I cum now, I might not have enough for Lucy. You already took like, what? Four loads in the past two hours?”

She shuddered. “I... I can take a lot more.”

I withdrew from her frantic kissing, staring at her to know I was serious. I could just stop and pull out of her, but with Ava’s delicious flexes and the erotic way she swayed her hips against mine, it was borderline impossible to conjure up the willpower to do so.

She had to stop first.

“I can’t give much more, little sis.” I swallowed up a groan and clenched my jaw. “Stop. Ava, stop.”

Surprisingly, she obeyed, shooting me a disgruntled look before turning away. Now that I thought about it, I realized Ava had never disobeyed a direct order.

My sister relaxed her pussy walls, and I pulled out of her, looking down at my throbbing cock, completely coated thick with her slick juices.

I let go of her hands and touched her cheeks, bringing our gazes back together. Blue on blue. She didn't look away.

"You need to learn to share, my love," I told her. "She's our sister too."

Ava pushed her bottom lip out. I stared at those soft, pink lips I had been kissing hard just moments ago, and it took all of me to stop myself from surging forward and reclaiming them.

I could have. I could do *anything* to my little sister.

Her submission towards me was complete.

"I hate sharing you," she whined, then fell silent, fingering her silver collar ring. My heart throbbed at seeing her sad, but I made it clear several times I craved for both my sisters.

Finally, Ava shrugged her lean shoulders and blew out a wisp of breath. "Whatever. You want me to go out there and make Lucy cum or something?"

I nodded. "Seduce her. It shouldn't be that difficult. You have a natural talent for it."

Ava sighed. "Yes, Master."

I slid my hands down, squeezing her ass cheeks. It was hard to rank Ava's assets from best to worst since everything was flawless, but her pussy was the obvious winner, number two being a tie between her lips and her ass. Her cheeks were just toned perfection, hard on the outside, but soft and plump when you squeezed them.

My mind drifted to Lucia. My older sister's prized possession was definitely her ass. They were much larger than Ava's, and were sculpted since young from ballet dancing.

I really hit the lottery by having two smoking hot sisters.

My sister whimpered as I felt her up, giving me her best puppy eyes, a silent plea for me to finish inside her. I couldn't, even if I desperately wanted to surrender into temptation and unload into her flexing walls.

If I did, then there was no extra incentive to do as she was told. She would have obeyed me regardless, but I wanted Ava hot and horny when she was with Lucia, not spent and satisfied.

"Go," I growled, pushing her forward and giving her a nice smack on the ass. The sharp sound cut through the air, and Ava shot me a frown before she opened the bedroom door and walked out, ass cheeks pink, hips swaying.

"Ava?" I heard Lucia's voice floating from the living room.

I walked out, just in time to see our little sister sauntering over to Lucia. If her nakedness wasn't clear of her intentions, the way Ava bit her lower lip, and the way her blue eyes glimmered under the bright lights—it should be obvious.

Ava kept her gaze on our sister.

"Take off your clothes, Lucy," she said, her voice low but tone sharp.

Lucia glanced at me, her eyes widening at my upright cock, all red and sore, abused by our little sister's pussy and mouth. She knew we had just fucked, and she was probably wondering why Ava was coming onto her.

"Don't look at him." Ava sat on Lucia's hips, straddling her, making her gasp. When she tried to writhe away, Ava pinned her wrists, just like I had done to her moments ago. "Look at me, Lucy."

Ava wasn't particularly strong, but Lucia couldn't escape her hold. It was clear why.

Lucia *wanted* this. Even if she didn't know it yet. Her body submitted to Ava, just like mine always did. Ava had that effect on everybody.

"Ava..." Lucia was breathing loudly. "Please don't do this. This is so wrong. You know this is wrong."

"Last night was wrong too," Ava replied, staring down at her sister as if Lucia was her one and only lover. I had to give Ava credit. She sulked in front of me, but when it

came to the action scenes, her acting was superb. "It's too late, Lucy. We already kissed. Ate each other out. We're all sinners now." Ava sighed and closed her eyes. When she reopened them, she gave Lucia a sly grin. "Remember when you screamed out my name, begging for more?"

"That was last night," Lucia whispered, her voice starting to shake. I was right to send Ava first to soften her up. There was no way I could seduce like Ava. "It was a one night agreement."

"Not according to Master," Ava replied, letting go of Lucia's wrist and tugging her dress along her body. Lucia didn't resist. Just inhaled and exhaled.

"Master says we need to fuck. Often." Ava's piercing blues flickered up to mine. "He loves watching us. And we can't disobey his direct orders." Her stunning blues slowly slid back to our sister, roving over her breasts, towards her neck, then it was blue on blue. "Can we?"

I stepped closer, watching Lucia's eyes glazing over, her lips parting open as she tried to school her breathing, but failing miserably. Was I right? Was Lucia actually falling for Ava?

Ava pulled Lucia's dress off her. Of course she wasn't wearing a bra. Now we were all naked. And wet.

Fuck. I thought I had experienced my ultimate fantasy when we had our threesome last night. I could already tell tonight was going to top even *that*.

Ava dipped down for a kiss, but halted halfway, looking back at me. "Master, would you like to watch me fuck Lucy hard?"

"Fuck? With your tongue?"

She shook her head. "No, Master. With a strap-on. Lucy has one with a big purple dildo."

Lucia exhaled. "H-How did you know?"

Ava shrugged, taking off her pink hair band, freeing her lush waves. "I overheard you talking about it."

I looked at our older sister. "Is that true?"

Lucia turned away. "Maybe."

I didn't see the slap coming until Ava had already connected. Lucia covered her cheek, gasping in shock.

Ava's voice was cold. "It's a yes or a no. Don't talk to our Master like that."

Holy fuck.

"Hey." Ava moved forward, sliding her teardrops against Luca's huge tits, mashing them together. As Lucia reeled from the slap, Ava wrapped her hand around Lucia's neck, and based on our older sister's pained expression, Ava was applying a good amount of pressure. "Is that clear, Lucy?"

"Ava," Lucia whispered.

Ava eased some of the tension from her neck, then dipped down, owning Lucia in a brutal kiss.

Ava was silent throughout the passionate make-out session, but Lucia was loving it, moaning against our little sister's soft lips, grinding their hips together, thrown into a wild bliss of emotions.

Lucia gasped again when they finally broke the kiss.

"Is that clear, Lucy?" Ava shot her a soft smile, tracing the outlines of Lucia's nipples with her fingers, crumbling the last remains of her willpower.

Our sister stared at Ava for a long while. Ava held her gaze, raising a sexy brow.

"Yes." Lucia's lips trembled as the final word rolled off her tongue. "*Mistress.*"

Yeap. Ava had definitely turned Lucia bisexual just from one night. Ava knew our older sister well and was exploiting all her deepest desires. It was obvious Ava was a dominant, while Lucia leaned far towards the submissive side.

It was a work of art to witness Ava in action. After all, I learnt a lot from her early teachings.

Ava climbed off Lucia, snapping out a sharp order, making Lucia flinch, and I almost recoiled back too. I forgot how scary our sister could be.

“Well?” Ava crossed her arms under her teardrops. “Go fetch the toy.”

“Yes, Mistress,” Lucia whispered before scrambling off the couch and hurrying towards her room.

When she was out of sight, Ava turned towards me, toying with the ends of her pink hair, not looking pleased at all. “I hope you’re enjoying this.”

I raised a brow. “You don’t enjoy dominating Lucy? You seem to be loving it.”

“Aaron...” She exhaled. “All I want is to make love with you.” She looked away, up towards the chandelier. “And I’ll do whatever it takes, act however you want me to, fuck whoever you want me to, just so I can keep you in our bed.”

I shuffled my feet. “Are you unhappy, Ava?”

“No. Not if you never stop loving me.”

Lucia appeared, strap-on in hand. Ava was right. It was a *massive* purple dildo.

Even though there was a seven-year gap between my sisters, the way Ava carried herself, chin up, steel in her eyes—anyone would have easily guessed who was in power. Hell, even with me in the picture, Ava was clearly radiating the most confidence.

Ava could have tried dominating me then, and I wasn’t sure if I could resist her. She was at her peak, a Goddess in heat, naked, wet, smelling like sin.

Seeing Ava submissive was a massive turn-on, but watching her conquer someone so easily... it made me feel insecure. Weak.

But fuck. It was hot to watch.

There was no word exchanged. Lucia kneeled in front of Ava. My little sister stepped into the harness and then Lucia tightened the leather straps before gazing up at Ava, waiting for instructions.

I have dominated Lucia before, but this... this was different. It was as if Ava had flicked a switch inside Lucia. She looked as if she would jump down the building if Ava commanded it.

Ava touched Lucia's cheek, and I noticed our older sister shuddering from the light contact.

"Lie down on the sofa, Lucy," Ava said softly, running her thumb along Lucia's perfect jawline, then she slid her digit through our sister's parted lips. "Arch your back. Spread your legs. I'll get you ready before I fuck you."

Lucia sucked hard. "Yes, Mistress."

Was Lucia bisexual the whole time? The look in her eyes... holy shit... she *really* wanted our sister to fuck her.

The love pill was supposed to make Lucia fall in love with me, but it seemed that Ava had overpowered the pill's effect.

I mean, who wouldn't want to fuck Ava?

Ava smiled. "Go."

I could tell Ava genuinely loved Lucia. But it wasn't the same love she held for me.

They were back in their original position. Lucia flat on the couch. Ava on top of her.

"There you go, love," Ava said, her voice back to a seductive whisper. She drifted towards Lucia's open legs, making sure her hard nipples made contact all the way down, sizzling a path along our sister's trembling body.

Her movements were purposeful, slow, controlled. A fucking work of art. I always knew Ava was amazing, but watching my sexy sister in action made me appreciate her skills even more.

Finally, Ava's lips were hovering an inch above Lucia's soaked sex.

"Please," Lucia croaked out, her arousal leaking down, damping the expensive sofa. Mom would be pissed. "Ava.... please. Hurry up. I-I want it."

Ava glanced at me, her cold blue eyes peeking through strands of her vibrant pink hair. "Shall I start, Master?"

She wasn't gaining any enjoyment from this, but she was eager to please me, and that was all that mattered.

I would reward her lavishly after this. Fuck her until her throat went dry from screaming me out.

And after that?

The possibilities were endless. Cuddle her. Kiss her. Fuck her again. Anywhere. Pussy. Ass. Mouth.

I shivered. *God.*

Anything and everything I did to my little sister guaranteed me an experience.

"Start," I said, rounding to the other couch opposite them to get a better view.

"Yes, Master."

Ava immediately went for Lucia's clit, wrapping her hot pink tongue around it. Lucia cried out, buckling against Ava's face, grinding on her mouth as our little sister worked her clit mercilessly.

"AVA!" Lucia's eyes roll to the back of her head. Her body trembled for a second before she shrieked out her orgasm, grabbing Ava's head and forcing her down, trashing her pussy against her mouth, squirting jets of juices all over our little sister's beautiful face.

It took Ava all of thirty seconds to break Lucia. If I had no context, I'd have believed Ava had eaten pussy many times before.

Although she was a novice at lesbian sex, my little sister was a natural for all things involving pleasure.

"You are ready," Ava heaved, climbing on top of her, swaying the massive false dick.

Lucia was still in the midst of her orgasm, crying out Ava's name, clawing at her back when our little sister thrust forward, turning Lucia's shrieks into full-blown screams.

Ava pounded into her, slamming the false cock in and out of our sister's swollen pussy hole. Lucia clutched Ava's hips, trying to slow her down from her maniacally hammering, but Ava didn't budge, and Lucia had no choice but to surrender, her orgasm renewing over and over and over.

Minutes passed until Lucia's wails died down to silence, her body slick with sweat. She shuddered, then became still.

"I think she passed out," Ava commented, dripping all over with sweat herself. My little sister pulled out of Lucia, swept her hair aside, then looked at me, bemusement coloring her blue eyes. "I'm sorry. Did you mean to fuck Lucia after me?"

Brat.

I couldn't help but smile. "Yeah."

"Too bad." Ava rolled off Lucia, the massive cock coated thick with our sister's arousal. With a sigh, she took off the harness and it thumped down onto the rug. "Looks like I'm the only pussy available."

"The plan was to make Lucia submit to me permanently." I nodded at Lucia's unmoving body. "Look at what you've done."

"She submitted, alright." Ava padded over to me and sat down, pressing her naked body against mine, smelling like an angel. "Lucia's Master is her boss, Mr Leo. Well, he was. You made her waver last night, and I completed her submission. She's mine now." Ava blinked innocently. "But you're my Master, so that means she's yours too. There. Mission accomplished. Now, fuck me."

"I'm going to punish you." I growled, taking her collar ring and jerking her forwards, pressing our lips together. Ava moaned and started sucking.

"Punish me, Master," she whimpered as I clutched her hair in my fist so I could kiss her rough and hard, tasting both my sisters. "Punish your little slut."

She darted her tongue forward. I denied her entry. Ava whined and pulled back.

“Do you want me to beg?” she croaked out, her voice breaking. “I’ll beg. I’ll do anything you say. I...” She squeezed her eyes shut as a moan ripped out of her throat. “I did everything you said. Please... please fuck me.”

It was admirable how Ava went from complete dominance to meek and submissive within a few seconds.

“I’m going to fuck you alright,” I taunted her, skating my hand from her collar, down her crazy curves, crudely grabbing her pussy. She whimpered, and more arousal squirted out onto my hand. “On all fours. Now.”

“Yes, Master,” she gasped. Shuddered. “Thank you, Master.”

I pondered on what I wanted to do as Ava assumed position. Being inside her was the definite end goal, but the process of getting there?

I could torment her a little, drag out the moment until she became stark crazy. Watch her squirm and plead. Burst into tears.

Ava writhed against me, rubbing her ass against my cock. I groaned, looking into her eyes as she turned to face me.

I recognized submission and trust in those piercing blues, along with a mix of lust and desperation.

I knew exactly what to do.

“Raise your hips higher,” I told her, breaking eye contact and looking down at drenched perfection.

She did so with a whimper, and when I rub her spasming clit with the pad of my thumb, she shrieked out my name.

“Yessssssssss.” Ava dug her head against the couch, squealing out her pleasure when I pinched her spasming nub. “Fuck. Yes!”

I drew my free hand away and sent my palm reeling into her left ass cheek. It jiggled from the hard impact, the smack music to my ears.

“AH!” Ava jerked forward and a little burst of arousal squirted out of her pussy.

“Start counting, little sis.”

“One,” she mewled in that little girl’s voice. “Master... I’m so close. Please.”

“Then cum. Don’t worry, when you finished counting to ten, I’ll fuck your pussy. Understood?”

“Yes,” she rasped. Holy shit, she was at razor’s edge. She rolled her hips against my thumb, a silent plea to continue my playful rubbing. “Yes, Master.”

I stroked her clit, gathering her incredible wetness, waiting for....

She shuddered. I delivered the second blow on the same ass cheek while drawing tight circles around her nub.

“Masterrrrrrrrrrrr,” Ava whined, then moaned loudly. “Pleaseeeeeeeeeeee.”

“Count, baby girl.”

“Two, three, four, ten.” She groaned in frustration. “Fuck me now.”

“It’s only two.” Without warning, I drew back and smacked her other cheek. “Now that’s three.”

“I’m going to cum.” A violent shudder. “I’m going to fucking cum.”

“Go ahead. You have my permission.”

“I want your dick in me when I cum.”

“Listen to me, baby.” I withdrew my hand from her soaked folds so that she knew I was serious. “I’m going to spank you. When we reach ten, then I’m going to fuck you. Do you understand?”

Silence. Only heavy breathings from both of us, though Ava’s inhales and exhales were much quicker and heavier.

Finally, she nodded and whispered out the two words I was still getting used to hearing.

“Yes, Master.”

“Good girl.” I gripped her sides and pulled her hips into me, so that we were in a doggy style position with her ass cheeks tightly pressed against my cock. “Now continue counting.”

She just breathed.

I traced circles over the tender spot on her left cheek that was going pink. Then, just as quickly, I drew back and slapped her other cheek.

“Four,” she whimpered. Another shudder.

“Stay with me, baby,” I told her. “If you want to cum with my cock inside you, it’s just six more.”

I delivered another blow, the hardest one yet. The sound split the room in half, but Ava was impressively silent—aside from her barely audible whimpering.

“F-Five.”

I smiled at my faint handprint outline on her left cheek. God, my sister was the ultimate vision of submission. Naked, collared, soaking wet for me, with my mark on her ass. She might have been wearing a neon sign that read ‘property of my big brother, Aaron,’ and the message would remain the same.

I delivered a smack on each of her cheeks. Her left cheek had a bigger bounce to it compared to her right.

“Ava?” I said when she stayed silent.

“Six...” A five second pause. “S-Seven.”

Smiling, I shifted back and drew my hand towards her sex again, but she jerked forward the millisecond I made contact.

“Don’t,” she gasped. “If you touch me there, I... I’ll cum. Please.”

“Three more, baby.” I patted her ass, drawing out the anticipation of what was going to come. “Three hard ones. Are you ready?”

“Yes,” she squeaked, the submissive tone in her voice forcing my cock to jerk up against her soaked folds. I was already lubed up with her arousal, and I hissed when I felt the heat of her pussy, begging me to enter.

Why was I torturing myself too?

“Here it comes.”

SMACK!

“Eight...” A heavy exhale. “Fucking eight.”

SMACK!

“AH!”

“Ava?”

“NINE!” she practically screamed, using every ounce of willpower she had to prevent herself from shattering into bliss. She desperately wanted to share her pleasure with me, and I admired her display of love.

“Ten,” I finished for her. Instead of a final smack, I sucked in a breath, aimed at her pussy hole, and then thrust forward with all my might, joining our bodies as one.

I have always eased my way into my sister, so I didn’t expect the monstrous bolt of pleasure splitting my body apart.

“AHHHHHHH!” Ava screamed out so loud, blatantly signalling to the entire world that she was getting fucked, and fucked hard. “MASTERRRRRRRR!”

Her pussy clamped down around me. I saw stars. Shocks of ecstasy ripped me from head to toe, and I was gone too, shooting geysers straight into my sister’s fertile womb, just as she spurted our waves of wetness all over me, screaming, heaving, writhing against my cock.

I swore I passed out, but I couldn't be sure. One moment I was there, the next moment I was having the most explosive orgasm of my life, and after that, it was a blur. I couldn't remember anything except for taking in waves after waves of unfettered pleasure.

It was just me and her. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else but our undying love for each other.

"Master?" Ava's sweet feminine voice echoed around me.

She was on top of me, her teardrops crushing my chest.

"Master?" she repeated, shaking my shoulders.

I opened my eyes, gazing up at blue eyes and nothing else. Everything was blurry except for those beautiful blue voids.

"Hey," she whispered.

I could see her smile now. I smiled back.

She giggled.

"What?" I muttered sleepily.

"That was..." Ava sighed. "I'm soooooo sore. Moving hurts."

"What happened?" Fuck, my throat stung. Talking was painful. What the hell?

"I think you just blew the load of the century." Ava giggled. "If I wasn't on the pill, I would have triplets." She giggled again as if she cracked the funniest joke.

"Pill..." I muttered. Why was everything still spinning?

"Mmm hmm." Ava's giggles were fucking adorable. "I love you."

"I love you too."

Her lips closed in on mine. I squeezed my eyes shut, moaning as her taste and scent filled me up, supplying me with the energy I needed to return the kiss, sucking on those heavenly lips.

An eternity stretched out. Drained as I was, I wanted to bury myself deep inside her again, but the moment my cock jerked up, soreness shot through me. I groaned in pain.

“It’s okay,” Ava mumbled against my lips, then pulled back and gazed down at me. With bright lights shining from above her, she looked like a real life angel. “Just rest, my love. You must be exhausted.”

I groaned in reply. My head hurts. My cock was sore. There was just pain everywhere—but it was the good kind of pain.

“Rest up,” she whispered, dipping back down, offering me featherlight kisses with her lips and delicate touches with her skillful fingers. She reached for my cock and gingerly rubbed lazy circles around my tip. “Sleep. Don’t worry, little sis will take care of you.”

“Mhm,” I mumbled, closing my eyes and drifting off to dreamland.

Life was good.

Epilogue

Two years later

“Slowly.” I clenched my jaw and stared at ocean blue eyes identical to mine. “Careful.”

I was perched on the edge of the bed, with Lucia on my lap, giving me the second anal sex of the day.

“Yes, Master,” Lucia smiled at me before sinking down onto my cock.

My jaw popped at how hard I was tensing up. “Fuck.”

“Ah...” Lucia parted her lips in a soft ‘O,’ gasping louder and louder the deeper I entered her. “Master...”

I have never told anyone this. Because if Ava knew, I would never hear the end of it.

Anal sex with Lucia was better. Her ass was rounder, bigger, juicer. Ava’s cheeks were muscled and toned, and although there were days where I preferred that, on most occasions, Lucia’s luscious cheeks provided me with the most pleasure.

Everything else from Ava, though? Fucking flawless.

“That’s my girl.” I drew in a shuddering breath, drawing my eyes to her round tits. “That’s it. Start bouncing on my cock.”

“Yes, Master.” She eased into me, piece by piece, then started bobbing her hips up and down. I groaned, shutting my eyes as spikes of rapture streaked through me.

Holy fuck, her asshole was a gift from God himself.

I squeezed those plump ass cheeks, controlling the rhythm. Lucia moaned with me, and as always, she submitted, allowing me to dictate the pace, fucking her hole as hard and as fast as I liked.

Lucia was turning twenty-seven in a couple of months, and yet she was at the bottom of the hierarchy in the household. She seemed content staying there, receiving her pleasure from being dominated by her two younger siblings.

Exhaling a heavy breath, I studied my sister.

Although she was in her late twenties, she hadn’t aged a bit. With her wrinkle-free face, creamy skin, and crazy curves, she could easily pass as a young woman in her early to mid-twenties.

Maybe it was our family’s genetics. People kept mistaking Ava as a high schooler even though she graduated at the end of last year, and there were a few occasions where people assumed the same for me too.

“That’s it, baby,” I heaved, feeling my orgasm building up to a peak. I was going to unload into Lucia for the third time today, and I had to stop after this since Ava was

coming home from work soon. I had promised my little sister my personal time every evening.

If I fuck Lucia during the evenings, Ava would sulk and then unleash her frustrations on our older sister, even though it wasn't her fault. Lucia enjoyed my punishments, but Ava's ones were brutal, usually involving orgasm denial and half a dozen cruel toys.

"Master," Lucia squeaked, then gasped. She was close, but she wouldn't cum unless I told her to.

Ava had trained her well.

"Not yet, baby," I told her, slowly kneading her ass cheeks under my palms. "Not yet, my sister-wife."

Lucia whimpered.

I married Ava right after I graduated from school, and then we used the same state official we heavily paid off to officiate Lucia's and my wedding a few months after.

If I thought Ava was a sex fiend before, I was *very* wrong. Ever since she became my wife, she turned into a fucking monster in bed. There wasn't a day where I retired to bed with a raw cock and brutalized lips.

To be honest, aside from the sex, married life wasn't much different to our lives before. I still work out in the gym with my little sister, we still went out on dates. I just did it to make my sisters happy—especially Ava. That woman was difficult in every sense of the word.

"Please, Master," my sister groaned out, bouncing on my cock faster and faster. "I want it. I fucking want it."

"Shh." I ran my hands up her body and hooked my fingers through her collar ring. I jerked her towards me, mashing our lips together. Her lips were trembling badly, and she tasted delicious. "It's okay, baby. I'm almost there."

I was already teetering on the edge, but she didn't need to know that. For our last fuck, I wanted to drag the moment out as long as I could, although my self-control hasn't improved over the years.

Though my skills in the bedroom had.

Lucia was usually a superb kisser, but she couldn't focus on my lips, overwhelmed as I tore her asshole apart. Her technique was sloppy and her lips were careless, but I was kissing a goddess, and the thought had my body locking up, unable to pin down the avalanche of pleasure any longer.

"NOW!"

Lucia screamed at my command, her entire body convulsing, her asshole clamping around my cock. Even though I had expected the response, I couldn't help but lose myself as I rammed my cock in and out of her impossibly tight hole, spasming out hot cum into my second wife.

"Lucia," I groaned. "Holy shit."

"Master," she moaned back, gyrating her hips back and forth, her hands deep between her thighs, her fingers thrusting in and out of her pussy as she greedily milked my cock for everything I had.

But I couldn't give her everything. Because—

The front door beeped, then clicked loudly as the locks opened.

Lucia stilled, halting her delicious bounces. "Mistress is—"

"I know." I could feel my body heating up, already anticipating the brutal fucking I was going to receive in a moment's time. "I know."

I shivered as I finished inside my sister, groaning low. Lucia hopped off me, and I smiled at the sight of my semen leaking out of her asshole, trailing thickly down the back of her thighs.

"I'm homeeeeeeeee," Ava's sweet voice drifted into the bedroom, making my cock throb excitedly.

How could her voice turn me on so much? I had just came. Fuck. Even after two whole years of daily fucking, I was still as addicted to my little sister as the day I lost my virginity to her.

High heels clicked in the living room. A moment later, Ava appeared, accompanied by a cloud of perfume and a bright smile. As usual, she was wearing branded items from head to toe—A black Versace dress and matching midnight high heels. Gucci handbag and sunglasses.

It screamed ‘showoff,’ but considering Ava’s high profile job, it was reasonable.

Lucia greeted her at the door. Ava tossed her sunglasses away, and they shared a kiss. It wasn’t any ordinary sibling peck. It was all lips, tongue, and hands. Ava was still straight—only attracted to me—but she made love with Lucia for two reasons.

For Lucia, because she fell for Ava, hard. And secondly, for me, because who doesn’t love some girl-on-girl action? Especially when both of them were smoking hot—and sisters.

Ava tapped Lucia on the chest, ending their minute long kiss. Wiping her lips with a thumb, she sauntered over to me, then lowered herself to her knees.

“Master,” she greeted me, showing her perfect white teeth. “I missed you.”

I returned her smile. “How was work today?”

“Same old, same old.” Her face dropped. “I have to work this weekend. More photoshoots. Ugh.”

“No problem.” I tilted her chin up, exposing her bright pink collar. Ava had diamonds adorned all around it, and it glittered under the lights. “We’ll make it up when you return in the evening.”

“I’d rather be at home,” she muttered. “I want to be with you. With Lucy.”

“Work is work, baby.”

“I would rather be a stay at home wife,” she sighed, bringing the same old argument up again. “Lucia’s already making good money. Why do you need me to do hard labor?”

I laughed. “It’s barely hard labor, Ava. You’re a fashion model. The difficult part is looking pretty for the cameras, and it’s practically impossible for you not to be.”

Ava's entry to the fashion industry was extremely privileged. A well-connected agent scouted my sister through Instagram and that was that.

Within a year of graduating high school, she was fast tracked into working for massive fashion companies like Dior, and more recently, Versace.

"It's not as easy and you think it is," she muttered, dipping forward and planting sweet pecks on my knees. "But I'd much rather switch places with Lucy. She has my dream job."

Lucia's job was... odd. She got 'laid off' after refusing to have sex with her boss. It was a bad breakup. Her boss used his influence to make sure other companies wouldn't hire Lucia.

With Lucia's career flatlined, I decided to try porn with my older sister. We started off with a couple of amateur step-sister videos. But the big kicker was Lucia's face was hidden the entire time. Mine too, of course. It was just her body and my cock.

The last thing we wanted was people recognizing Lucia. Word would spread like wildfire, and if our parents found out about us...

That couldn't happen.

To our surprise, people *loved* Lucia, even without her face. Maybe the porn market was bare of amazing tits and an insanely curvy body, because within a year of starting, she had amassed a sizable following. The money was great, but Ava contributed to the majority of the household income.

But there was a reason why we needed a shit ton of money.

"My love." I stroked my little sister's cheek, smiling when she shivered. "You're a *very* high maintenance woman. You just bought a new Merc, and who's going to afford all your beauty appointments? All your branded clothes and shoes? All our fancy dates? Lucia *could* cover everything, but there would be little left on the table."

"I bought the car for you." Ava leaned into my touch, staring up at me with her dazzling blues. "You should go out and drive it more often."

"I will."

Ava guided my erection to her lips. Her tongue danced around my cock, sending teasing heat all over me. I closed my eyes and reared my head towards the ceiling, moaning, the pressure inside of me accelerating up at an alarming rate.

“Did you just had anal with Lucy?” Ava asked after a while, drawing back.

“Yeap, sorry. I’ll go wash up.”

I stood up and started for the bathroom. Ava grabbed my hand.

“I’ll come with you,” she said, smiling softly, the naughty glint in her eyes clear as daylight.

I nodded, then gave another nod to Lucia, dismissing her for the night. We would be sleeping with each other by the time I was done fucking Ava—I always slept with both my wives, sandwiched between four breasts—but until then, she would clean herself up, then do some chores.

Ava let go of my hand and started stripping off her clothes. I watched, mesmerized, even though by that point I have seen Ava naked more times than not.

Ava said something, but I didn’t catch her words, too transfixed on her prized assets—her toned body with all those curves, her one-of-a-kind teardrops, her wet pussy, her bubble ass.

“Huh?”

Ava chuckled. “I said if you wanted pussy or ass tonight?”

“Why not both?”

“Of course,” she purred, taking my hand again, and I led her into the ensuite. I washed my cock while Ava rinsed her mouth and cleaned off her makeup.

Honestly, I preferred my sister barefaced. She could be on magazine covers without makeup and still look every bit of the part.

“Is he tired yet?” Ava asked, sauntering over to me and taking my cock, giving me light pumps as if it was the most natural thing in the world. “Did Lucy milk him dry already?”

“I have plenty left for you. Just you wait.”

“No waiting.” She slid the glass door open and led me into the enclosure. “I already waited long enough. Did you not see the videos I sent you?”

I grunted. When she was at work, my sister often sent me videos of her masturbating and whispering filthy promises that would make our parents go deaf.

Ava winked as if her point was made, turned on the pink rainfall, and then laid on the edge of the granite bench, her legs up in the air.

“Come, husband.” Her voice was an exotic mixture of sweetness and seduction. “Fuck your wife.”

Shaking my head, I grabbed her legs and planted them on my shoulders. I didn’t need any more encouragement. She wasn’t the only one waiting the whole day.

I eased my way into her pussy hole, and the moment I penetrated my sister, I thrust forward, shoving my entire cock hard and deep into her.

Her surprised yelp urged me on. I rammed into her until I was balls deep. It was such a tight fit inside Ava that every little movement from me sent bolts of pleasure reeling through my body.

“Yesssssss,” Ava hissed, writhing back, trying to take me even deeper. It was impossible, but she tried anyway. “Master knows me well. I love it rough.” She flexed her pussy, crushing my cock. “And hard.”

“You want it hard?” I pulled out halfway, then pounded back into her. “Like this?”

“Yesssssssss. Oh my... fucking....” She squealed and reached for the closest thing available—a bar of soap—mashing it under her palm. “YESSSSSSSSS.”

God, she was squeezing me so tight, it was hard to fuck her properly. Back and forth. Back and forth. I repeatedly slammed into my wife with as much force as I could muster, the loud slaps of flesh pounding against flesh filling up the space.

Lucia could definitely hear us, and I briefly wondered if she was touching herself. She probably was, and the thought had me fucking Ava harder, my cock feeling like it was going to burst from the sheer amount of raw pleasure injected into me.

“MASTERRRRRR!”

Ava shattered apart, and like always, I came with her, unloading the rest of my cum into her.

“Fuck,” I heaved, slumping down on to my sister, but she was still going, squeezing and squeezing, her cunt pulsing rapidly, pulling me as deep as I can physically go, making sure I would stay inside her for an eternity. “Ava, you’re crazy.”

“Crazy?” she rasped, her beautiful blue eyes gleaming with satisfaction. “Why?”

“You’re squeezing me so fucking hard. Do you want to break my cock or something?”

I tried to pull out of her, but she tossed the ruined soap away and clamped her legs around my head, trapping me close to her.

“Fuck me again,” she begged. “I love this position.”

I shuddered. “Your ass this time?”

She smiled. “Sure.”

She released her hold, and I withdrew from her pussy. I stared at my reddening cock, wondering if I could handle a few more rough sessions before we retired for the night.

Yes. I mentally steeled myself. *Yes, I can handle her.*

Two years of Ava and I was still not used to her deranged need for constant sex.

With Lucia, it was different. We could satisfy each other with one or two good fucking. But for Ava? It was fuck and fuck and fuck until we both dropped dead.

Nonstop sex was draining, but if Ava wanted it, how could I ever say no?

“What are you waiting for?” Ava slid closer to me and raised her hips, giving me the ultimate view of her sex. It was insane to think how two holes could provide me with such an insurmountable amount of pleasure. “Fuck my ass now.”

“Ava...” I warned her. “Do you want me to punish you?”

“No, please.” Ava stared at me, looking wild with her damp pink hair a mess around her. “I went out of line. I’m sorry. It’s your right to dictate the pace. It’s just...” She bit her lips. “I have been busy with work this whole month and I’m not happy with how little we see each other.”

“We fuck when we wake up. We kiss each other goodbye when you leave for work, and we spend every evening together. Is that not enough?”

“No.” She sniffed. “Maybe I’m just clingy.”

I chuckled. “You definitely are clingy, my love.” *The most clingy girl in existence.* Exhaling a breath, I pushed inside her tighter opening. Ava groaned and her thighs quaked as I entered her for the second time.

“Ah...” She hiccuped, then giggled. “I love how you fill me up. You’re so huge.” She sighed. “Remember our first time, Master?”

“Of course I remember.” I was more patient with her ass because Ava was much more sensitive there. If I wasn’t careful, she would be hurting for an entire week. “You really rocked my world that day. I mean, I knew sex felt good, but I wasn’t prepared for... *that.*”

Ava giggled, then gasped loudly when I sank a couple of inches deeper. “Oh my god... I—I love anal.”

“I thought you hated it.”

“I do. Well, kinda. I love it in the moment, but I get really sore afterwards, and then I hate it.”

“I’ll be extra gentle.”

“Thank you.” She sighed again, and I slowly eased in until I was fully inside her. She moaned softly when I began pumping in and out. “Master?”

“Hmm?”

“I know you hate talking about this.” I hit a hard spot inside her and she gasped, then shuddered. “Ah... B-But...” She paused. “I’m getting older.”

“Ava, you’re twenty.”

“And getting older.”

Are we really doing this? During anal sex in the shower?

I breathed out, trying not to lose focus, maintaining our perfect back-and-forth rhythm. “How many kids do you want?”

“Two,” she whispered, shuddering again. She was close. “Two little girls.”

“I want to explore the world first,” I told her. “Then when I’m done seeing everything, we’ll settle down and start a family.”

“We can start exploring now,” I continued. “Start accepting your travel offers. Lucia’s job is mobile, so we can tag along with you.”

Except for her heavy breathing and her low moans whenever I thrust forward, Ava was silent. Suddenly, she burst into giggles. “I always wanted to fuck under the Eiffel tower. Have I ever told you that?”

“I think you mentioned it once.”

She stared at me with those mesmerizing blues. “I love you so much, Aaron. I love you so much it hurts.”

We connected our hips. I grunted. Fuck.

“You know how much I love you back, baby.”

“I know.” She smiled wide. “I’m so close, Master. Shall we?”

“Yeap.” I moved my hands to her hips and gripped her there. Time to work.

“Ah...” Ava moaned as I properly fucked her. I wasn’t pounding into her ass, but I was thrusting with enough force to make her shudder violently. “Ah... Ah... AHHH... AHHHHHHH!”

I kept my eyes open, watching my little sister convulse beneath me, studying how her body moved as she came apart, listening to the music she produced with those lips.

“That was...” Ava groaned. “Holy shit, that felt great.”

“We’re just started, baby.” I hooked my finger into her collar ring and brought her in for a deep kiss.

Her hot breaths skirted across my lips. “What’re you going to do to me?” She ended the words with a naughty bite on my bottom lip, giggling when I tensed up.

“I’m going to bring out the toys,” I told her. “You’re going to be so fucking sore by tomorrow.”

“Oooohhhh.” She breathed me in. “Which toys?”

“All of them.”

She stopped kissing me. “All of them?”

I chuckled and pulled away, giving her ass a hard smack, springing her into action. “Go. And put on your maid uniform.”

Ava smiled, rubbing the spot where I had slapped her. She eyed me, winked, then giggled as she disappeared out the door.

“Yes, Master!”