



*My dear
Older sister
12*



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MILF and Cheating

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LATER THAT DAY, ANNY WAS HAVING A SNACK IN THE KITCHEN.



ANNY WAS A LITTLE TIRED BUT VERY HAPPY WITH HOW HER DAY HAD GONE SO FAR. BUT SOON, THAT WOULD CHANGE ANNY WAS ABOUT TO RECEIVE SOME UNPLEASANT NEWS.



HEY SIS, STILL
RECOVERING FROM
THE FUCK
SESSION?



OH, YES. I CONFESS
THAT I REALLY MISSED
ALL OF THIS, BUT I
CONFESS THAT YOU MAKE
ME TIRED.

BUT I'LL ALWAYS
BE READY FOR YOU,
MY LOVE.

GOOD TO KNOW. I
NEED TO TELL YOU
SOMETHING...


I DON'T KNOW
HOW TO SAY THIS,
BUT...



WHAT IS IT,
BILL? YOU CAN
TELL ME
ANYTHING.



WELL... WHILE I WAS
AWAY, I MET SOMEONE A
REALLY SPECIAL
WOMAN AND WE ENDED UP
FALLING IN LOVE.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a blue bikini with white polka dots, stands in a kitchen. She is looking towards a man whose back is to the camera. She has a surprised expression. A speech bubble above her head contains the text "WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BILL?". The kitchen features a black countertop with a four-burner stove, a white oven below it, and a sink with a chrome faucet in the foreground. On the wall behind her are two framed abstract paintings. The lighting is soft, typical of an indoor scene.

WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BILL?

WELL,
I WAS GOING TO
TELL YOU AS SOON AS
I GOT BACK, BUT WHEN I
SAW YOU, I REMEMBERED
HOW MUCH YOU DRIVE ME
CRAZY AND HOW GOOD
WE ARE AT SEX.

SO YOU DECIDE
TO TELL ME AFTER
FUCKING ME LIKE
THAT?

I'M SORRY, ANNY. I
REALLY DIDN'T KNOW HOW
TO BRING IT UP... I CAN'T
CONTROL MYSELF AROUND
YOU.

BUT I REALLY LIKE THIS
WOMAN TOO, AND I WANTED
YOU TO MEET HER. I THINK
YOU'D LIKE HER.


YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME... I DON'T WANT TO MEET ANYONE, BILL. I WANT YOU JUST YOU AND ME.

PLEASE, BILL, JUST GIVE ME SOME SPACE. I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD.

LATER, IN ANNY'S ROOM, BILL TRIES TO
APPROACH HER AGAIN TO TALK THINGS OVER.



ANNY, STOP POUTING... YOU
KNOW I CAN'T RESIST YOU.
THAT PUSSY HAS DRIVEN ME
CRAZY SO MANY TIMES...



OH, GO FUCK
YOURSELF, BILL! NOW
YOU'RE PULLING THIS 'OH,
I LOVE MARINA, BUT I STILL
WANNA FUCK YOU!
BULLSHIT? YOU THINK I'M
STUPID?

I THOUGHT OUR
RELATIONSHIP WAS
OPEN LIKE THIS. HOW
AM I SUPPOSED TO
IGNORE IT? WE FUCK
SO GOOD
TOGETHER....

YOU THINK JUST
BECAUSE I LOVE
RIDING YOUR DICK, I'LL
SHARE YOU? KEEP
DREAMING.

ANNY, I SWEAR I
LOVE MARINA... BUT
GODDAMN, YOU DRIVE
ME WILD.

AND? YOU WANT A
TROPHY FOR FUCKING ME
GOOD? WHAT DOES MARINA
THINK ABOUT THIS?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
SHE DOESN'T KNOW
ABOUT US. WHAT WOULD
SHE THINK IF I TOLD HER
I FUCK MY OWN
SISTER?

WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, ANNY?

AND SINCE WHEN IS
THAT MY PROBLEM?
SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE GOT
A CHOICE TO MAKE.


THAT'S RIGHT,
BILL. CHOOSE EITHER
YOU FUCK YOUR LITTLE
GIRLFRIEND OR YOU
FUCK ME. YOU DON'T
GET BOTH.

WAIT, SHE'S MAKING
ME CHOOSE?

I'M COMPLETELY
LOST AND FUCKED!



WHAT AN IDIOT! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS IS HAPPENING TO ME.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a white bikini top and blue polka-dot shorts, stands with her back to the camera. She is looking towards a doorway where a man in blue shorts is standing with his back to her. A thought bubble above her head contains the text: "BUT I'M DETERMINED TO RUIN THIS LITTLE GAME OF HIS." The room has a bed with patterned pillows and a wooden headboard on the left, and a grey wall on the right.

BUT I'M DETERMINED
TO RUIN THIS LITTLE
GAME OF HIS.

AND I ALREADY
KNOW HOW I'M
GONNA START.

BILL WENT TO A BAR WITH HIS FRIEND CHAD TO HAVE A BEER AND BRAINSTORM IDEAS ON HOW TO FIX THIS MESS.

DUDE, YOU'RE MOPING OVER PUSSY? COME ON, ANNY'S HOT AS HELL, BUT IF SHE DOESN'T WANNA SHARE YOUR DICK WITH MARINA, THAT'S HER PROBLEM!

PERSON TOOL AND DIE

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY YOU HOOK UP WITH A DIFFERENT GIRL EVERY DAY. YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE.





AH, FUCK OFF! YOU TURNING
SOFT NOW?!"

FIGURE OUT A WAY TO MAKE THEM
BOTH HAPPY TWO HOT GIRLS ON
YOUR DICK IS BETTER THAN
ONE

YOU'RE RIGHT, MAN, I
THOUGHT ABOUT THAT. BUT
ANNY'S DEAD SET AGAINST
IT SHE WON'T EVEN MEET
MARINA.

THEN FUCK THEM
BOTH. MARINA
DOESN'T KNOW ABOUT
ANNY.

TELL ANNY YOU DUMPED
MARINA AND KEEP THEM
SEPARATE. PROBLEM
SOLVED.

BILL, I'VE BEEN
THINKING...

BILL? WHERE ARE YOU?

A woman with dark hair, wearing a red lace bodysuit, stands in a modern interior. She is looking towards the camera with a slightly open mouth. A speech bubble above her head contains the text. The background features a grey wall, a whiteboard, a wooden console table with a potted plant, and a doorway leading to a staircase.

THAT BASTARD'S WITH
HIS LITTLE SLUT, ISN'T
HE?

WHAT A PIECE OF SHIT. WELL THEN... LET THE GAMES BEGIN.



CLICK

YOU'RE RIGHT. IT'S
GONNA BE HARD, BUT
I'LL TRY.

SANDERSON TOOL AND

HOLY SHIT, ANNY
SENT ME A PIC. SHE
MUST THINK I'M WITH
MARINA.



FUCK, ANNY, WHAT
KIND OF PIC IS THIS? MI
DICK IS HARD AS FUCK.
LOOK AT THAT PERFECT
PUSSY!

I WANNA BURY MY
FACE IN IT.

SCREW IT, I'M GOING HOME TO FUCK MY LITTLE SIS. I CAN'T RESIST HER ANYWAY.

MINUTES AFTER...

DAMN... SHE CAME
HERE JUST TO TEASE
ME, HUH?



LOOK AT THAT BODY... I
WANNA WAKE HER UP WITH MY
DICK DEEP IN THAT GREEDY
LITTLE ASS.

A woman with dark hair is lying on her side on a black and white striped pillow. She is wearing a red lace bra. The background shows the metal bars of a jail cell. A thought bubble is positioned above her head.

I KNEW YOU
WOULDN'T RESIST
ME, LITTLE
BROTHER...

WAIT, WHAT OH, IT'S YOU, BILL.... FINALLY MADE UP YOUR MIND?



YEAH, SIS, IT'S ME. I CAN'T SAY NO TO YOU AND THAT SWEET PUSSY. WHEN I SAW THAT PIC, I RUSHED STRAIGHT HOME.



GOOD. I KNEW YOU'D
COME.

OF COURSE. HOW COULD I LEAVE MY LITTLE SIS WAITING? MY DICK'S BEEN THROBBING FOR YOU.

THEN LET ME SUCK YOU OFF,
AND AFTER, I WANT YOU TO
FUCK ME HARD UNTIL YOU
FORGET ABOUT THAT SLUTTY
GIRLFRIEND OF YOURS.







SLICK

SLICK

SUCK

SUCK

SUCK


SUCK



YEAH, BILL, RUB
THAT COCK ON ME!



THAT FAT ASS
DRIVES ME CRAZY,
SIS.



SO CRAZY I JUST
GOT AN IDEA...

AHH, BABY, YOU
TURN ME ON SO
MUCH WHEN YOU
TEASE ME LIKE
THIS. FUCK ME
ALREADY.



I'LL DO
WHATEVER YOU
SAY!

AH, FUCK, BILL...
SHOVE THAT COCK
DEEP IN MY PUSSY,
COME ON!



DAMN, ANNY, HOW
DO YOU TAKE MY DICK
SO DEEP?



I'VE GOT MY TRICKS.

PLEASE, DON'T STOP... IT
FEELS SO GOOD! STRETCH
THIS PUSSY WITH YOUR
COCK!




YOU REALLY ARE MY
LITTLE SLUT, HUH? THIS
PUSSY'S MINE, ANNY.
NOBODY FUCKS YOU LIKE I
DO...


FUCK, BILL... YOUR
DICK'S TEARING ME
APART IT'S SO GOOD!



RIDE ME JUST LIKE THAT, YOU WHORE... BUT KEEP IT DOWN, YOU'LL WAKE YOUR CLUCK.



HE'S ASLEEP... THAT LOSER
SLEEPS LIKE A ROCK, ESPECIALLY
AFTER A LONG DAY AT WORK.



STILL, WE CAN'T RISK
IT. OR DO YOU WANT
HIM TO FIND OUT HE'S A
CLUCK AND SEE ME
WRECKING YOU?

NO, BABY... HE...
CAN'T... FIND OUT.
JUST FUCK ME
ALREADY!







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THAT'S IT, SIS, GET ON ALL FOURS. WHAT'S COMING NEXT WILL BE UNFORGETTABLE.



RUB

RUB



YES, BILL, FUCK MY
PUSSY NICE AND SLOW. I
WANNA FEEL EVERY INCH.



WAIT... BILL,
ARE YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIS.
BET YOU DIDN'T SEE
THIS COMING, HUH?



BILL, STOP! IT'S
GONNA HURT I'M NOT
READY YET!

I KNOW. THAT
CICK HUSBAND OF
YOURS HASN'T BEEN
FUCKING YOU RIGHT FOR
A WHILE LET ALONE
YOUR TIGHT LITTLE
ASS...







BILL, I... TOLD YOU... TO...

TOLD ME WHAT? LOOK AT YOU, ALREADY GETTING USED TO IT. ADMIT IT, YOU SLUTWHAT DO YOU REALLY WANT?



AH, BILL, I
DON'T KNOW
IF---



BUT IT FEELS... SO GOOD...

I CAN'T FORGET WHAT THIS BASTARD DID TO ME EARLIER... I SHOULDN'T GIVE IN, BUT I CAN'T RESIST.

FUCK IT! BILL, WRECK
MY ASS AND FILL IT WITH
YOUR CUM!

MOMENTS AGO, AT THE BAR...


BILL, YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT THERE WAS A HOTTIE IN LINE FOR THE WOMEN'S BATHROOM...

WANDERSON TOOL AND DIE

BILL?
WHERE'D YOU
GO?

DAMN, THE LITTLE BASTARD
LEFT AND FORGOT HIS
PHONE... WHAT THE?



A man with short brown hair, wearing a grey t-shirt, stands at a bar counter. He is holding a smartphone in his right hand, looking at the screen. On the bar counter in front of him are two glasses of beer. The bar has a dark grey countertop and a wooden backrest. In the background, there are several empty glasses lined up on the bar. A speech bubble is positioned above the man's head, containing text.

DAMN... NOW I SEE WHY HE'S
SO TORN BETWEEN ANNY AND
MARINA... GUESS I'LL HAVE TO
PAY ANNY A VISIT TO RETURN MY 'BEST
FRIEND'S' PHONE...

END



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