My Fiancee, My Sister, and my High-School Bully – Chapters 1-13

Pan

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 1

The walls are pretty thin in my parents' beach house.
That's what started it all, of all things. Thin walls.
My parents were spending the summer in Europe, and had offered to let my sister and I use the beach house while they were gone. It was a great idea, except for two things: the thin walls, and my sister's boyfriend.
I've always hated Eric. Before my sister started dating him, even – we went to school together, and he used to bully me. He'd rough me up for lunch money, flush my head in the toilet, trip me in front of everyone, then laugh as I went flying.
He loved to torment me. I was a huge nerd in high school, and there's nothing that Eric hated more than nerds.
My sister knew this, as you'd expect. She was always sympathetic, so I was really surprised when she told me that Eric had matched with her on Tinder, and asked if I'd have any issue with her seeing him.
I wanted to say no, of course. Eric had been such a terrorist to me, and the idea of seeing him with my sister? I couldn't think of anything worse.
But I told her it was fine. High school was so long ago, I assured her. I was completely over it.
It was all in the past, I'd said. I don't know who I was trying to convince more: me or her.
No part of me was over it, of course. Every time I see Eric, I'm filled with this weird mix of hatred, revulsion, and…fear, weirdly. We're not teenagers any more, yet each time I lay eyes on him, I'm reminded of what it was like when he was twice my size, and had no compunctions using his size to make every day a living hell for me.
Fortunately, I've grown up a lot since then. I'm not a nerd, any more, not really – I mean, that's how I landed a goddess like Clarice, my fiancée.
Clarice turns heads in any room she walks into, despite only being five feet tall: standing beside her makes me feel like a giant (I'm 5'5") and her small stature makes her already-large tits look even bigger. She's bright and bubbly, and to top it off, she's a redhead. Freckles and all.
She's a total babe, and my absolute dream girl. We're both aerospace engineering students at the University of Miami; we connected on the first day of class, and have been inseparable ever since.

Like, we *really* connected – I've never found someone I could talk to like I can talk to her; I can tell her everything with no fear of judgment, and she feels the same way.

She even confessed to me that she likes being spanked. I was shocked at first, but I eventually summoned up the courage to try it. Now, I spank her almost every time we have sex. It doesn't do anything for me, but Clarice? Hoo boy. I didn't even know it was possible for a woman to get off just from being spanked, but Clarice looooves it.

I didn't do it over the summer, of course. Because of the thin walls. I would have died with embarrassment if my sister had heard me spanking Clarice.

But apparently Jan – my sister – didn't have the same sense as shame as I did. When she'd started seeing Eric, I'd just assumed it would be a fling. That's one of the big reasons I gave her my blessing – I was living and studying in Miami, so it wasn't even like I'd ever have to see him, not unless he and my sister became something serious…and I'd known *that* would never happen. My sister had way too much sense to fall for someone as stupid and brutish as Eric.

Well, you can guess what happened next. Against all odds, she fell for him.

She fell *hard*.

They started dating a few months after Clarice and I first met, and I kept expecting for the inevitable message – I've ended it, Eric's a jerk, all men are jerks, I feel so stupid for dating him as long as I did, yada yada yada.

Nope. Every time I saw the two of them together (which was far, far more frequently than I would have liked), she was practically worshipping the ground he walked on. She'd dote on him, fetching him drinks and laughing far too loudly at his not-particularly-funny jokes.

To make it worse, Eric basically hadn't matured at *all* since high school. He was still dumb as a bag of rocks: crass, completely unsubtle, and as much of a bully as ever.

I guess he'd grown in that sense – he no longer resorted to just beating on me. No, he was at least bright enough to figure out *that* wasn't going to fly, not around my sister. While Jan was there, he'd just stick to teasing me relentlessly, making fun of my height, my stance, my glasses.

"Could you get me a straw, babes," he once said to my sister, slapping her on the ass. "Ah, never mind – I'll just use one of your brother's arms."

She'd laughed and laughed, and I'd just sat there fuming, unable to find the words to defend myself against his moronic attack.

Clarice had tried to stand up for me, once or twice, but it had quickly become obvious that Eric was simply too thick for her retorts to get through to him. It's hard to insult someone too dense to understand the insult, y'know?

When Jan wasn't around…look, again, it wasn't like he was *blatant* about it. He'd never like, flush my head down a toilet or anything like that. Nothing so obvious. But he'd nudge me, harder than I was expecting, and I'd fall over. He'd throw a football to me without warning, straight into my gut.

One time he just slapped the drink out of my hand. He apologized, claiming he saw a fly, but I knew what he'd done.

No one else believed me, but I knew.

So when my parents made their offer, I tried every excuse in the book. I just wanted to stay in Miami, study up, spend more time with the love of my life…but Clarice had insisted we go.

"If we're going to get married," she'd said – as soon as my parents were back in the country, we were going to announce our engagement – "I'm going to be a part of your family, and I really don't feel like I know your sister at all."

"That's because her personality got swallowed up as soon as she started dating the meathead," I said glumly.

"Well, maybe we should get to know him, too. You never know; he might be part of the family someday."

"God, I hope not. I like keeping our closest living ape relatives in zoos, not family vacations."

Clarice laughed, and shoved me. "Don't be a turd," she giggled, her eyes turning dark with lust as I began to wrestle her, pinning her arms to the bed as retaliation for pushing me.

We didn't really finish the conversation, but we did end up going to the beach house for the summer. I swallowed my reservations, Jan promised that Eric would be on his best behavior, and I convinced myself that maybe it wouldn't be so bad.

And then, on the first night, we discovered just how thin the walls were.

###

"Baby," Clarice said, nudging me awake.

"Mmm?"

"Oh my god," she whispered. "Please tell me you can hear that."

My eyes shot open as I realized what she was referring to.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck me. Oh, fuck me fuck me fuck me. Oh, *Eric*…"

"Jesus," I muttered. "Get a room."

"They have a room," Clarice replied. "It's on the other side of the house."

"Not far enough."

Something occurred to me. Clarice's voice – she was…

She was turned on.

“You into this?” I muttered.
“A little,” she replied. Like I said, we’ve always been able to tell each other anything. Everything. “You?”
“I wish I wasn’t,” I admitted. “I mean, it’s my sister.”
“Yeah,” Clarice nodded, her hand snaking over and reaching between my legs. “And yet, somehow, I feel like you are.”
Suddenly Eric’s voice joined my sister – no words, just a single long moan.
“Aaaand I’m out,” I said, but her hand never left my cock.
“Oh really?” she said, a hint of mischief joining the lust in her voice. “Because I seem to have found some evidence to the contrary.”
Eric moaned again, and my dick throbbed.
“I think you like it,” she whispered, her mouth against my ear, her throaty voice making its way directly into my brain. “I think you like hearing your sister getting nailed.”
“No,” I tried to deny, trying to process exactly why my body was reacting the way it did. “Not…it’s not that.”
My sister’s voice suddenly overpowered Eric’s long, guttural moan.
“God yes god yes god yes god YES…”
“I know,” Clarice purred. “I understand. It’s not that it’s your sister. It’s just that…”
She paused. My sister had fallen silent again, and all we could hear was Eric’s long, masculine groan.
“…it’s just hot.”
“Yeah,” I agreed, relieved that my fiancée didn’t think I was a pervert. “It is, right?”
“It really is,” she said, climbing on top of me. “Do you have a condom?”
“In the dresser,” I whispered. “Pass it here, I’ll put it on.”
“I don’t really get why it’s hot either, but it really, really…oh! Is…”
“Shhh,” I said, nervously, my eyes rolling back in my head with pleasure as my hard cock entered Clarice.
“Seriously?” she asked with a giggle. “They’re competing with ambulances three towns over, but *I’m* being too loud?”
“Yeah,” I said, blushing slightly. “I don’t want…I don’t want to…”
“Oh, baby!” she moaned, loudly enough that I knew for sure Eric and my sister could hear. “Oh, you’re so gooood.”
If all my blood hadn’t been rushing to my cock, I know I would have been beet red at my fiancée’s words. “Clarice,” I hissed. “Stop it!”
“Mmmm,” she moaned, clenching around my cock. “God, yess…”
Any doubt that my sister and her boyfriend had heard Clarice’s performance disappeared as the two of them chimed in, as though responding to her call. Eric,

true to form, simply continued to grunt, but my sister…
My sister got specific.
“Fuck,” she moaned. “Fuck, Eric. You’re so *big*…”
Clarice gasped as I reached up and grabbed her hips, suddenly driving myself into her harder.
“I’m cumming,” I hissed.
“Do it, baby,” she moaned, smiling down at me. “Cum for me.”
My entire body twitched as I came, shooting rope after rope of cum into the condom.
“God,” I sighed. “That was so good. Do you want me to spank you?”
It was pretty rare for Clarice to cum without being spanked. Sometimes the spanking would be enough; sometimes she’d want me to fuck or finger her afterwards.
“Mmm, no,” she smiled. “That was super hot though.”
“Yeah,” I whispered, giving her a kiss as she climbed off me. “G’night.”
“Oh oh oh oh *oh oh oh OH OH OH*” my sister cried from halfway across the house. It sounded like she was cumming, but their noises didn’t stop – they continued filling the house with sex noises for at least another twenty minutes, by which point I’d drifted off to sleep.
At one point, I could have sworn I felt Clarice shudder with an orgasm of her own. The next morning I realized that didn’t make any sense. I must have just had a weird erotic dream about her.
I woke up alone, which was unusual – Clarice was a night owl. I could count on one hand the number of times she’d awoken before me. In response to my text, she let me know she was in the kitchen, having breakfast with my sister and Eric. Partially because I was still worked up from the previous night and partially as an excuse to avoid joining them, I stayed in bed for another ten or fifteen minutes to get myself off again.
Try as I might, I was unable to get my sister’s voice out of my head – I pulled up the most risque pictures of Clarice I had (two selfies she’d sent me from the shower – not showing anything more than her head and shoulders, alas) and jerked off looking at my fiancée, the orgasmic cries of my sister echoing through my head.
It wasn’t hard to pretend that it was Clarice’s voice in her place; sometimes she’d get real loud…although, admittedly, never as loud as my sister had been the previous night.
When I finally made my way into the kitchen, freshly showered and dressed for a day at the beach, I was surprised to find Eric was there alone.
“Hey Dweebus,” he said. Gritting my teeth, I chose not to engage – it was a nickname he’d given me the first day we’d met. Sometimes I wondered if he even

remembered my real name.
"Hey Eric," I said, avoiding eye-contact. "Where are the girls?"
"They went shopping," he said. "Girl stuff. Just you and me today. I'm going to hit the waves – you going to Dungeon some Dragons or something?"
"No," I replied, after silently counting to ten. I would not let myself rise to the bait. "Maybe I'll come surfing with you."
As soon as the words left my mouth, I knew it was a dumb thing to say. I was atrocious at surfing – this was just going to be *another* opportunity to humiliate myself in front of my high school bully.
Still. It was better than humiliating myself in front of Clarice, or my sister.
"No way," he said, a grin spreading his face. "Sounds great, Dweebus."
He slapped me on the back so hard I almost fell into my bowl of cereal, then left the room, whistling a happy tune.
God damn it. What had I gotten myself into?

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Chapter 2

Surfing was everything I'd feared it would be, and worse. I spent about seventy percent of my time with a mouthful of sea water, twenty percent of the time getting 'jokingly' slapped around by Eric, and – worst of all – ten percent of the time unable to look away from his speedos.
Like I said, my sister's voice had really gotten stuck in my head. The previous night, she'd been raving about his size; even in the icy water, even completely flaccid, it was impossible to deny…Eric had an enormous package.
I really, really wished I didn't know that. But once I'd noticed, it was impossible to look away. I imagine this is how snakes hypnotize their prey.
And even though I knew that *this* python posed no personal threat to me, it still made me very nervous.
The girls had said they'd be back for lunch, so after a few hours of surfing, Eric and I started making our way back to the beachhouse. As we did, we encountered a pair of beach bunnies – two girls tanning themselves in bikinis.
"What a great view," Eric said, bumping me with his body and nearly making me fall over. I'm not exactly out of shape (although I do have more of a paunch than I'd like) – Eric is just *huge*. It somehow feels like his muscles have muscles.
You'd think that'd make his cock seem smaller by comparison, but it somehow just seemed to emphasize it.

I told myself I had to stop looking at Eric's cock.
Part of me desperately hoped that my sister only cared about his body. Like, sure, that would make her shallow…but shallow is better than being an absolute idiot, right? And aside from his body, I had no idea what anyone could ever see in Eric.
"Yeah," I replied, trying to catch my breath. Eric only had two speeds when it came to walking – striding and strutting. Until he'd seen the girls, he'd been striding, and I had to jog to keep up.
"Hey ladies," he called out. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"
I forced a smile to my face as the two women lowered their sunglasses. Not that it mattered – next to Eric, I might as well have been invisible.
"Sure is," one of them drawled. I couldn't quite pick the accent – Texan, maybe. She was wearing a black bikini; the other woman was dressed in red. They both had long dark hair, and they were either incredibly tanned, or had a hint of Hispanic in them.
"My friend here was just admiring the view," he said, once more nudging me. This time I did go flying – as I fell into the sand, I could hear the two ladies giggling.
"I wasn't," I said defensively. "I mean, I didn't…I wasn't…"
"You two need some help applying tanning lotion?" Eric asked, and I forgot my embarrassment and stared at him, agape.
"What are you *doing*?" I murmured, even as the two women enthusiastically accepted his offer. "What about Jan? My sister. Your *girlfriend*."
"You go ahead and tell her I'll be late," he said, throwing me a rare grin. "I can't exactly leave these two women to burn now, can I?"
I wanted to argue back. I wanted to tell him what a pig he was being. But before I could say anything, he was striding over to the two bikini-clad women, and I realized: this was my chance to spend some time with Jan and Clarice without Eric around to ruin it.
I couldn't wait to see my sister's face when I told her what I'd witnessed.

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"What's the big deal?" Jan asked, staring at me like I was an idiot.
"He offered to rub lotion on them," I repeated. "Like a creep. He just…he was obviously hitting on them!"
"I dunno," my sister said with a shrug. "Sounds like he was just helping out some tourists."
I turned to Clarice for help, but she was staring off into space, distracted.
"Clarice?"
"Hmmm?"

“Are you telling me you’d have *no problem* with me being late to lunch because I was lathering two bikini-clad women with lotion?”
“Sure thing, babe,” she said, and I rolled my eyes. Great. My sister didn’t care, and my fiancée seemed to be on another planet.
I slumped back in my chair, fully aware of how childish I looked at that moment.
“Whatever.”
“You want to see the swimsuits *we* got today?” Jan asked, and all of a sudden, I remembered what I’d heard last night.
The memory I’d jerked off to that morning.
“Uh, sure,” I said, hoping my embarrassment wasn’t too evident.
“Fashion show!” my sister said, which were apparently the magic words to bring Clarice back to the land of the living.
“Now?” she asked. “Don’t you want to wait for Eric?”
“Eric will see them tonight,” she shrugged, and I narrowed my eyes.
“What’s happening tonight?”
“I promised Clarice we’d get the hot tub up and running again.”
I couldn’t help but grin. We’d had so much fun in that old thing when we were kids.
“God, Mom and Dad must have been *so quiet* when we stayed here as kids.” I mused. “We never heard a thing…”
My eyes widened and my cheeks burned red as I realized I’d now brought last night’s events out into the open. My sister, fortunately, didn’t seem to have any of my hangups about my choice of conversation topic.
“Nah,” she said, standing up. “They only had sex twice, remember? Once for you, once for me.”
“That’s right,” I nodded sagely. “All those times I walked in on them, they were just cuddling.”
“Gross!” my sister replied, sticking her tongue out at me as she dragged Clarice out of the room with her.
As she and my fiancée got changed, I wondered what – if anything – I should do about my sister and Eric. On one hand, she was a grown woman; it was up to her who what meatheads she dated.
On the other hand, Jan was my little sister, and I felt like it was my job to protect her.
But if she didn’t *want* protecting…
I still hadn’t decided what to do when Clarice and my sister came back, and my eyes almost fell out of my head.
“*Wow*,” I said, as the two of them stood in front of me and mock-posed, like they were models on a runway.
“Pretty great, right?” Jan gushed.

My sister was dressed in a black strapless bikini. Her tits – not that I'd ever thought about them before this moment – were about half the size of Clarice's, and the outfit showed off her flat stomach and long legs. Jan is a little taller than me (which, yes, has always been exactly as annoying as it sounds) and keeps herself in pretty great shape.

Again, not something I'd ever cared to notice before.

Clarice, meanwhile, was dressed in the most revealing bikini I'd ever seen. The top was white, with a string that travelled around her entire body, sitting just below her boobs, and two thin pieces of material which moved up to cover basically her nipples…and not much else.

I told you she had large tits; in this outfit, it was *impossible* not to notice. My sister isn't exactly flat-chested, but standing next to my fiancée, she basically looked like a surfboard.

Clarice's bikini bottom was a pale pink, and hid just as little as the top – the thin material covered enough of her kitty to comply with public decency laws, but anyone who saw her would immediately be able to tell that she was shaved. It looked like it was so thin that it would turn completely transparent the moment it got even slightly wet.

I was hard as a rock as the two of them stood next to each other, my sister's hands on Clarice's bare skin as they posed for me.

"Wow," I said, and Jan broke out into giggles.

"I told you he'd like it!" she said, and I couldn't help but nod.

"I do. I do like it."

"Really?" Clarice grinned. She wasn't one to be insecure, but I could imagine why she'd been unsure how I'd react to her outfit of choice.

"Yeah…" I said. My tone must have made it obvious that there was something I was leaving unsaid, because my sister's face broke into a huge grin at my response.

"I should go see if I can remember how to turn the hot tub on," she said in a sing-song voice. As she skipped out of the room I couldn't help but notice how little of her posterior was hidden by her black bikini bottom.

Believe me, I wish I *could* have avoided noticing that.

As soon as Jan left the room, Clarice was straddling me, her lips meeting mine, her hands on my waist.

"Your expression was so hot," she murmured, pulling away from the kiss. "Like a boy on Christmas morning…"

"I'd start believing in Santa again if you were my present," I grinned. Not cumming last night must have left Clarice worked up all morning. No wonder my sister had managed to talk her into such a revealing outfit. "But…"

"What?"

“I mean, I guess I feel a little weird about Eric potentially seeing you in this.”
A smile slowly spread across Clarice’s face at my words.
“Oh yeah?”
“Yeah,” I said, shifting uncomfortably. “I mean, like, he saw these two chicks in bikinis this morning, and he’s *still* hanging out with them. God knows what he’s up to…it’s been like half an hour.”
“He’s probably showing them his massive member,” Clarice said. The lustful tone in her voice from last night was back.
“Uh, what?”
“Your sister told me,” Clarice said, sitting up slightly so her breasts were in my face. I had been right about the thinness of the material – her hard nipples were clearly visible through the fabric. “He’s *huge*.”
I held up one hand. “Wait wait wait. Firstly, why were you talking to my sister about…about Eric’s cock?”
“It came up,” Clarice shrugged.
“Oh?”
“Yeah.”
I decided to let that slide.
“Secondly, what do you mean he’s showing it to those girls? He wouldn’t do that to my sister, would he?”
It was all I could do to stop myself from crossing my fingers. My sister would never put up with a cheater; of that, I was certain.
“It’s not like that,” Clarice said. “She was telling me all about it – they’re in an open relationship.”
I swear, my eyes almost fell out of my head. “They’re *what*?”
“Yeah, it’s not cheating. They have, I dunno. An agreement.”
“That’s so messed up,” I said. Call me traditional, or a romantic, but I don’t think I could *ever* be with anyone but Clarice. She was my whole world. Since we’d gotten together, I hadn’t even thought about anyone else while jerking off.
And the idea of sharing her with someone…
“And thirdly,” I said quickly, “I don’t care if they’re in an open relationship, I don’t want him seeing you like this.”
I thought I was being stern. Y’know, really showing my fiancée where I stood. But instead of nodding and agreeing with my request…
Clarice just grinned.
“Oh yeah?” she said, moving her hips to grind against my cock as she spoke. I was rock hard, of course – Clarice’s huge tits were in my face.
That was the only reason.
I shook the idea of sharing Clarice with someone out of my head once more.

“Yeah,” I said, but I could hear it now. My voice wasn’t quite as authoritative as I would have liked. It was sort of…raspy.
Sort of turned on.
“You don’t want Eric to see me like this?”
“No,” I said, trying to adjust my tone. Hmm. Nope. Now it was more of a whine. Sort of like I was begging.
Claire reached down and unzipped my pants, pulling out my erection and holding it in her hand.
“You don’t want Eric and his big, thick cock to see my big tits in a bikini?”
“*No*,” I grunted. “I *don’t*.”
Claire really knows her way around my dick – we’ve been together for just over two years, so she’s had plenty of experience with it. She started slowly pumping it, leaning forward and pressing her tits against my face again.
“You don’t want him to get hard when he sees me? You don’t want him to be thinking about how big your fiancée’s tits are, next time he’s fucking your sister? Next time he’s cumming inside her?”
“No,” I panted, as my cock spewed its cum all over Clarice’s stomach.
“Sure thing,” she said with a grin, raising one hand to her mouth and licking it clean. “Whatever you say, baby.”

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Chapter 3

When Eric returned, he didn’t react to my glare.
I honestly don’t even know if he noticed.
He had a laconic smile on his face, and I couldn’t stop imagining what must have caused it. Those two random women – just minutes after meeting him – had agreed to…they must have…
I turned away, and tried to think of something else.
Anything else.
My sister squealed with delight when she saw my high school tormentor. If it had been anyone else, it would almost have been sweet – she’d been apart from her boyfriend for no more than a few hours, and already she missed him.
As it was, it was just gross. She was excited to see someone with an IQ barely larger than his shoe size, who had only been away because he was cheating on her.

I would have asked what had gotten into my sister to make her act like this, but I'd been staring at it for most of the day.
The real slap in the face was when Clarice reentered and had much the same reaction. Sure, she didn't bounce across the room and kiss him like Jan had, but my fiancée's expression of delight at the sight of my old bully was just as bad, if not worse.
"Eric!" she exclaimed, and my face darkened at the sight of his eyes running up and down her bikini-clad body. She'd wiped my semen off her stomach, but I felt myself getting hard at the sight of the flat stomach I'd cum onto earlier that day.
"Wow," he said, with the same hungry growl in his voice as he'd had at the sight of the two women on the beach. "Look at you."
"You like it?" Clarice said, striking a pose.
To my horror, my gaze was torn from my fiancée's perfect rack to the bulge between Eric's legs. Sure enough, the cock I'd been staring at all morning was starting to harden.
I stood up. "I have to go," I said abruptly.
I didn't know where I was going, but I had to get out of there.
Just to be very clear, I'm not gay. I've never even been bi-curious. For as long I've been alive, I've liked women. My…interest, if you can call it that, in my bully's package wasn't one of lust, or want.
I don't know what it was, but I didn't like it.
Quickly making my way back to our room, I lay down and buried my head in the pillow. It wasn't fair! Idiots like Eric could have any woman they wanted – my sister, the two women on the beach…
But not Clarice.
She was mine. She'd been mine since we'd first met. Ever since our first date, neither of us had so much as looked at anyone else. We were compatible, we were in love, and she certainly wasn't going to throw that all away for a glimpse at my idiot bully's idiot cock.
Feeling slightly calmer, I sat up, and a slow grin appeared on my face at the sight of Clarice's panties. No one is perfect, of course – my fiancée can be a bit of a slob…she must have been so excited to change into her new bikini, she'd stripped off in the middle of the room.
Picking up her panties, I wrapped them around my cock. I'd been hard since Clarice had entered the room and posed for Eric, and I didn't want to wait until that night. I wanted to get off then and there, to clear my head.
I closed my eyes, enjoying the feeling of the material against my hardness.
At first I tried to focus on the mental image of Clarice in her new bikini, standing in front of me, staring into my eyes as she jerked me off. I tried to imagine her unclasping her top, letting her huge tits to fall into view.

But something she'd said earlier had really gotten stuck in my head.
"You don't want him to get hard when he sees me? You don't want him to be thinking about how big your fiancée's tits are, next time he's fucking your sister? Next time he's cumming inside her?"
There was a perverse allure to the idea. My sister is a babe, something I very much wish I wasn't aware of…but Clarice was in a whole different league. Her red hair, her huge chest, her thick lips, her big green eyes…
Of course Eric had noticed. Of course he had spotted how hot my fiancée was.
A grin spread across my face as my hand rapidly pumped my cock.
He must have noticed how hot Clarice was. And it must have been driving him *mad* that he couldn't have her.
The 'open relationship' he had with my sister probably let him have any woman he wanted, but not Clarice.
She was mine.
And she'd been totally right – it *was* weirdly hot that he probably thought about her, even while he was with my sister. Even as he fucked Jan on the other side of the house, imagining it was Clarice under him instead…picturing my fiancée's perfect body beneath his own. Even after this holiday ended, he'd probably still be fantasizing about fucking her as he pounded into my sister.
I groaned at the thought – louder than I normally am during self-pleasure. My hand was a rapid blur, and I opened my eyes just in time to see my own cum shooting out the tip of my cock, flying towards my face. I opened my mouth in shock, and was horrified when a glob of semen landed in it.
At least it missed my eyes, I guess.
The next few ropes didn't travel nearly as far, though they did land on my shirt. I spat my own cum out onto Clarice's panties, then used them to clean up as much of my seed as I could. As soon as I was done, a wave of fatigue (Clarice calls it 'the sleepies') hit. It had been a big day of surfing (and getting off twice in a single day – a rare occurrence for me!) so I decided to have a quick nap before the evening's activities began.
When I awoke, it was dark, and I could hear the sound of laughing and splashing coming from the hot tub downstairs.
I quickly changed out of my cum-stained shirt, and made my way to the source of the sounds. I was wholly unsurprised to see that Eric and the girls had started without me – the three of them were sitting in the hottub, on the deck just outside the main livingroom. The outside lights were on, so before I joined them, I decided to watch for a few minutes, confident that they couldn't see me.
Eric was sitting between the two girls, his arms around them both. Each of them was hanging on his every word – I couldn't hear what they were saying, but their

faces told me all I needed to know. He'd say something, they'd grin, nod, and – more often than not – laugh, showing off their white teeth.

It annoyed me to see how congenial Clarice was being towards Eric – she knew exactly how much I hated him. Yeah, we'd come here so she could get to know my sister a little better, so I guess she couldn't be outright rude to him, but still.

Even worse was how possessively he acting towards her. I'd long since gotten used to the way my sister would hang off Eric, his hands roaming her body even in a public setting. We'd gone to see a movie together once; while we were waiting in line, his hands had found her ass, and not been subtle about it. I can't even imagine what they did when we were in the cinema and the lights were down.

Without me around, it seemed Eric thought he could treat Clarice like she was just another one of his women. 'Open relationship'. God, that term was just an excuse to be a sleaze towards anyone he wanted without my sister being able to say anything about it.

I was just about to head outside and make my presence known when it happened. Eric's hand brushed against the top of Clarice's boob.

It was a move I'd seen him make ever since high school. It was just casual enough that he could claim it was an accident, but obvious enough that if the girl was into it, he could take it as a green light to go further.

I leaned against the counter, grinning as I waited to watch Clarice tear him a new one. She was an ardent feminist – one of the many things we had in common – and I had seen her rip into countless guys who had 'accidentally' made contact with her enormous chest. It was a particular brand of sleaziness that her ample bosom unfortunately attracted.

My face fell at her reaction. Rather than the targeted fury I was expecting, she pushed her shoulders back. I wish I could say 'subtly', but there was nothing subtle about it. It looked like Clarice knew exactly what she was doing…as did Eric.

Her new bikini was straining against the pressure, and it wasn't hard to picture it popping open and exposing her tits for my bully – and my sister's – feasting eyes. I could imagine exactly what that would look like; the expression of faux-shock on my fiancée's face, Eric's lecherous grin. My sister would probably assure her that no, it was fine, maybe even take her own top off to make Clarice feel better. And then Eric would be in heaven, my topless sister on one side, my fiancée on the other, her huge breasts exposed to his gaze. He'd love it, I told myself, annoyed at the scenario my own mind had immediately conjured up.

I should have gone out there, but I was too shocked to make a move. I knew that if I burst upon the scene, I'd be a stammering mess, so I gave myself a few minutes to calm down, watching in shock as Eric's hand repeated the motion two, three times. When it was obvious that my fiancée wasn't going to offer even a

modicum of resistance, he escalated, reaching down and openly cupping Clarice's chest.

The look in her eyes is what did it for me. She wasn't furious, or scandalized. She had a look of passion, of…lust.

If I didn't go out there, who knew what was going to happen next? Images began to swim through my head: Clarice undoing her top, or reaching beneath the water and grabbing the monster cock I'd stared at all morning.

"Hey guys," I said, opening the sliding door. I was trying to sound as casual as I could, but my voice came out a nervous squeak.

"Hey bro!" my sister said, and I noticed Clarice shifting slightly away from Eric as soon as she saw me. It didn't leave enough of a gap for me to fit in, but after stripping down to my swim trunks, I forced myself into the gap nonetheless.

I didn't much like being in such close proximity with the jock who'd made my highschool years a living hell, but I had to do whatever I could to separate him from Clarice.

"Hey honey," she said as I joined her in the hot tub. Her words were slurred, her voice not even masking her disappointment. For the first time, I noticed the empty bottles sitting on the tiles beside the tub – she was drunk!

No wonder she was acting so strangely. Clarice almost never drinks – the alcohol in her system must have clouded her judgment. My Clarice – my loving, sober fiancée – would never have let an idiot like Eric maul her so brazenly.

I could feel the relief splashing over me like the warm water of the tub. Her out of character suddenly made perfect sense. She was drunk! It explained everything.

"Hey babe," I said, leaning forward to give her a kiss. To my delight, she returned it with vigor, as though we were lovers who had been apart for months (instead of just a few hours). I suddenly felt like Eric must have when he'd walked through the door to my sister's delighted reaction.

Maybe Eric felt like this all the time.

I pulled away with a smile, delighted to have learned how randy my love got when she drank.

"Sorry I'm so late to the party," I said. Clarice's hand – under the bubbles – was slowly moving up my thigh. "I had a bit of a nap after the day of surfing."

"I don't remember you doing any surfing," Eric said, a cruel note in his voice. He probably hadn't liked the way I'd suddenly appeared to rescue my drunk fiancée from his inappropriate attentions. "I remember you falling off the board a lot."

I didn't have a reply, so I just kept my mouth shut. My eyes widened as Clarice's hand found my erection – despite already getting off twice (twice!) that day, my cock had been hard since I'd seen her in the tub beside my bully.

I knew that nothing was visible through the fast-moving bubbles, but I moved my hand onto hers and pushed it away nonetheless. I had no interest in fooling

around in front of other people, especially my sister.
Or Eric.
Clarice pouted but didn't resist, and after another forty minutes or so of drinking and making awkward conversation, we decided to call it a night.
Eric was the last to exit the hot tub, and I couldn't help but feel like Clarice was enjoying his attention as she slowly left the water, allowing it to drip off her exposed body. She took a long time to dry herself off, standing in front of him, his eyes never leaving the incredible curves of my fiancée's perfect body.
"C'mon, honey," I gently said a few times, but was met with resistance from both sides.
"I don't want to get the kitchen wet," Clarice drunkenly protested, while Eric crudely ordered me to 'can it, and let the lady finish'.
Even when she was dry, she was hesitant to leave, and it wasn't until her eyes were drawn back to the hot tub that I realized why.
She wanted to watch Eric emerge, just as he'd watched her. As soon as I worked it out, I tried to usher her up to the bedroom, but it was too late – her eyes were transfixed by the sight of his muscular form leaving the water.
He wasn't wearing the speedos he'd had at the beach that morning. Or maybe he had been when they got in the tub, but had somehow lost them…
No, when my former bully stepped out of my parents' hot tub, he was completely naked.
My jaw dropped as his cock came into view. He was only half-erect, but even in its semi-hard state…Eric's cock was *huge*. I mean, I'd known he was big from the bulge (and the conversation with my sister that Clarice had relayed) but the real McCoy was even larger than I'd expected.
I shuddered to imagine what it would look like when he was fully hard.
"Uh, dude?"
Eric was looking at me with one eyebrow raised, and I realized I'd been staring, slack-jawed, at his dick.
"S-sorry," I stammered, and turned to the side. "Didn't mean to…"
I trailed off, embarrassed. God, what must he have thought? He'd teased me in highschool of being gay, and now it was like I was doing everything I could to prove his suspicions true.
After taking a moment to calm down, I realized that my fiancée was still staring at Eric's huge rod. Part of me couldn't blame her, but after what I'd seen in the hot tub, I knew I had to put my foot down.
"Bed, Clarice," I snapped. "Now."
"Uh huh," she sighed, and – to my surprise – obeyed immediately.
Maybe alcohol made her more submissive, too? I mentally filed that away for future reference.

When Clarice and I finally made our way up to bed, I thought she'd immediately crash – it had been a long day, and she hadn't enjoyed the afternoon snooze I had – but as soon as we got into the bedroom, she pushed me onto the bed and freed my cock.

"I want to taste it," she purred, but the two beers I'd imbibed – and the multiple orgasms I'd already experienced that day – had an effect, and to our disappointment, I wasn't able to get hard.

"Maybe in the morning?" I said apologetically, and Clarice removed my limp cock from her mouth with an unhappy sigh, took her bikini off, and lay naked beside me in the bed.

Halfway across the house, we could hear the sounds of my sister's pleasure mingling with Eric's. Apparently alcohol didn't have the same effect on him as it did on me.

My nap – combined with the embarrassment of not being able to get Clarice off – meant that I was nowhere near sleep. My normal trick is to lay very still, try to fool my brain into sleeping.

After a few minutes of this, I felt movement in the bed…Clarice's hand, shifting around under the covers.

I grinned as I realized what she was trying to find, and – reaching out, I grabbed her hand and moved it to my cock. The sexual sounds coming from the other side of the room had done what my fiancée's mouth hadn't managed to do, and gotten me hard – I was sure her talented hand would be enough to finish the job.

"Did you like seeing the way Eric looked at me?" she purred, wrapping her hand around my cock and starting to tug.

"No," I said with a shudder. It had filled me with many emotions – envy, jealousy – but pleasure certainly hadn't been one of them. "Not at all."

"I think you did," Clarice replied, and I could practically see the cheeky grin on her face as she teased me. "I think you liked knowing how much he wants me."

A strangled noise emerged from my mouth. It was impossible to deny, there was something weirdly hot about the situation. The knowledge that Eric, who could have pretty much any woman he wanted, was into Clarice, the one woman he couldn't have.

She slipped under the covers, and her mouth returned to my cock. As she slurped it into her mouth, my sister's cries got louder and I couldn't help but think of the cock that must have been filling her. It was like the image was burned into my brain.

My eyes widened. Was it burned into Clarice's brain as well? She'd seen it – for longer than I had, even. Eric and Jan's sounds of pleasure were anything but subtle…was my fiancée imagining my bully's huge cock, even as she sucked on mine?

I shook my head and tried to think of something else – Clarice's body in a bikini, the two hot women I'd seen on the beach…
Clarice pulled back. "Are you okay?" she whispered, and I realized that my cock had grown soft again.
"It's just the beer," I murmured in response, and I could feel her nod.
"I know exactly what to do," she said, and I heard the sound of a condom packet being opened.
My fiancée's hand returned my softening penis, and she lay beside me, her mouth to my ear.
"Your sister told me how good it feels when Eric is inside her," she whispered. I closed my eyes – I had no idea where Clarice had gotten the idea that I wanted to hear about my sister's sex life, but I'd have to disabuse her of it in the morning.
"She said it's so big, she still can't take the whole thing inside her. Even now, after almost a year together, it still feels like it's stretching her out. She says she's never felt anything like it."
Clarice's hand slipped the condom over my rock-hard penis, and she straddled me, slowly lowering herself onto my cock with a groan.
Wow. *Wow*. I'd always been supportive of my fiancée's choice not to drink – I'm not a big boozer myself – but if it got her this wet, we'd have to make sure to always have some spirits in the house. She moaned quietly as I entered her, rocking her hips back and forth.
"She told me – oh! – most condoms won't fit her, so she just goes without. The feeling of him pumping his cum into her is enough to…enough to…-"
A particularly loud moan from Eric filled the room, and I was surprised to feel Clarice's body clenching in orgasm. Like I said, my fiancée normally only cums after she's been spanked – it's not my thing, but I'd accepted that it was just part of the package.
Gorgeous, intelligent, funny redhead wife…must be spanked. Not really a difficult decision, right?
But at the feeling of her cumming around my cock, I made a mental note: when we ended up buying a house of our own, it would *have* to have a wine cellar. A big one.
The room was dark, but there was enough moonlight coming in through the window for me to see my fiancée's face. She was biting her lip, and her eyes slowly opened and looked down at me.
With a soft smile, she started pushing her hips back and forth. Like I said, Clarice is very familiar with my cock – her kitty was practically milking my hard-on, and as I watched her huge tits sway in the moonlight, I could feel my cock beginning to pulse as I splattered the inside of the condom with my seed.

“Dirty girl,” I said, tying it off and throwing it to the side of the bed. “You’re not usually one to use such language.”
“I just wanted to get you off,” she said, cuddling up beside me and throwing one hand across my chest. “I know what you like.”

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 4

The next morning, I awoke to an empty house and a surprisingly strong hangover. I’d only had two beers, but like I said, I’m really not a drinker. When I made my way downstairs, there was a note from my sister on the table – “Beach day! Come join us”.
I love my sister, but she’s not the smartest cookie in the jar. I’d say that it made her and Eric perfect for each other, but even she’s not *that* dumb. Eric really is in a league of his own.
The beach house is walking distance to like, five different beaches, and Jan had done literally nothing to specify which one they were at. I called Clarice, then my sister, but neither of them picked up. I could have called Eric – my sister had insisted we swap numbers before the trip – but it wasn’t hard to imagine the mockery that would greet me if I did, so I decided to give myself a break and just spend the morning by myself.
I must have dozed off on the couch, because I was awoken by the sound of the door slamming. No sooner had I started to sit up when a wet towel had been thrown at my head.
“Get up, numb nuts,” Eric growled, as I pulled the towel away. He was in the same speedos he’d been in yesterday, and my sister was standing beside him in a bikini. “I want to fuck your sister on that couch.”
“You have a room…” I mumbled, and Jan laughed.
“He’s kidding,” she said, throwing him an adoring glance. “Clarice is waiting for you at the cafe.”
“What cafe?” I said, still groggy.
“You never joined us at the beach, and she wanted to spend some time with you. So we left her at the cafe, and said we’d let you know where to find her.”
Part of me wanted to explain *why* they’d never found me at the beach, but four long years of high school with Eric had taught me that defending the petty stuff was never worth it. He always find a way to turn it back against me. It was like the world’s most annoying superpower.

“Yeah,” the big bully added. “Plus, I want to fuck your sister on the couch.”
Jan opened her mouth to object, but before she could say anything, Eric had picked her up and deposited her on the empty space where my head had just been a few minutes ago, her bare arm pressed against mine.
“Scram,” he said to me, before dropping to his knees and moving his head between my sister’s legs.
Part of me was tempted to call his bluff. Like, he wouldn’t really start fucking my sister while I was right next to them, would he?
“Eric!” my sister squealed, and I felt like I had my answer. By the time I reached the door, my sister’s playful objections had turned into moans, and even as I scurried down the path, I could hear her crying out in pleasure.
Despite their stated goal of…y’know, letting me know where I could find my fiancée, I only realized after I left the beach house that Eric and my sister had completely failed to let me know where I could find my fiancée.
Fortunately, she was in the third cafe I visited – I’d checked every corner of the first two, but it was immediately obvious when I finally arrived in the right place. She was wearing the bikini she’d worn into the hot tub yesterday, and sitting at the counter, facing the door. Clarice was angled so that everyone who walked in could see every inch of her exposed skin; her shoulders were thrown back, and her stance was proud and confident.
The cafe was off the beach, so it wasn’t like she was the only one in swimwear, but there was something about seeing her in it, mostly surrounded by fully-clothed people, clearly dressing to show off her body…it almost would have been *less* sexual if she was nude.
When she’d bought the bikini, I guess I’d been imagining her wearing it around the house, maybe at the beach. I certainly hadn’t anticipated that she’d be wearing it anywhere else.
I didn’t like it.
“Hey,” I said, sitting beside her. I wasn’t sure if she’d noticed me come in.
Was she drunk again? The Clarice I’d fallen in love with wasn’t a prude, but I’d never seen her behave so brazenly. I don’t want to make it sound like she was ashamed of her body or anything like that…but she was so gorgeous, she drew eyes no matter what she wore. When I’d first met her, she’d been wearing a sweater and jeans, and even then it had been obvious that she was the hottest girl in the room.
If she’d been dressed like this, I don’t think I would have had the balls to approach her. But more than that…I don’t know if I’d have wanted to. Like, what kind of a girl feels the need to show off her body so blatantly to a room full of strangers?
“Hey!” she said, her eyes lighting up.

I immediately felt a huge wave of guilt. I'd been mentally chewing her out for showing off, and here she was, just as excited to see me as Jan always was to see Eric.

Well, almost. No one else is ever *that* excited.

Clarice leaned forward and kissed me, and…I'm not gonna lie, I immediately saw the advantage of having a girlfriend who liked to show off.

I'd bet good money that every man in the room was jealous of me in that moment. They were in the presence of one of the most attractive women in the planet…but she'd immediately made it clear that she was mine, and I was hers.

Part of me wanted to apologize to her, but that would have required first explaining what I was apologizing for, and I figured it wasn't worth getting into.

"How was your morning?" I asked, and a dreamy look came across my fiancée's face.

"Amazing," she said with a sigh. "I'm really glad we decided to do this."

"Oh?"

"Yeah," she nodded. When she nodded, other parts of her body seemed to nod as well.

I was sure that I wasn't the only person to have noticed that.

"I really feel like I've gotten to know your sister on this trip," she continued, and I relaxed slightly. "We're getting along so well, it's fantastic. I just…I feel like part of the family, y'know?"

I smiled, and put my hand on hers. "They're your family too," I replied. "For the rest of our lives."

Sometimes a moment comes along which is just…I dunno, pure happiness. Bliss. The French probably have a word for it.

The first night I spent with Clarice was one of those moments – the sex had been great, of course, but that had only taken a few minutes. We'd spent the rest of the evening just talking and talking and talking, sharing everything with each other. It was like we'd poured our souls into each other, forged a connection that we'd share forever.

That moment, sitting in the cafe…it wasn't as intense, but it had the same energy. Just a slice of pure bliss, knowing that my fiancée had bonded with my sister, and felt like she belonged to the family.

I'd been worried that Eric's presence would completely ruin this holiday, but I was glad that she'd managed to make the most of what could have been a really, really bad situation.

"So it was just you and Jan?" I asked.

"Mostly," Clarice answered. "Eric was surfing, and…doing the rounds, I guess."

My confusion must have shown on my face, because my fiancée immediately clarified.

“Just, y’know, walking up and down the beach.”
Ah, yes. The strut.
“I think he was showing off,” Clarice said with a half-smile. “He likes the attention.”
I’d heard her make similar comments before – mostly about other students at our college – but always in a scornful tone. That was part of why I’d bristled at the sight of her sitting in the middle of the cafe, showing off so blatantly. The hypocrisy, y’know?
But apparently something had changed her mind on the matter, and I was pretty sure I knew who.
“What’d you two talk about?” I asked, changing the subject. “Girl stuff?”
I suddenly recalled what my fiancée had said to me last night, while she was riding me.
When she’d cum.
She must have been just talking dirty, right? Women didn’t really talk to each other about…that kind of thing. In that level of detail.
I shifted uncomfortably, my cock suddenly hard.
“Kind of,” Clarice replied, biting her lip. She suddenly looked nervous.
What had they talked about?
“Yeah?”
“Yeah. I asked her a bunch of questions about…y’know, their open relationship. She was pretty happy to talk about it. It sounded really interesting – what has she told you?”
“Not much,” I admitted, slightly ashamed. On the rare occasion I got to spend some time alone with my sister, talking about Eric was pretty much the last thing I wanted to do, and so learning about their open relationship the previous day had completely blindsided me. “How does it work?”
“It seems pretty simple. They both basically have blanket permission to see other people.”
“That’s it?”
“Uh huh. Jan says she loves it.”
“Oh yeah?”
That sounded like good news. I’d been worried that Jan was just going along with it for Eric’s sake; it was a relief to hear that she was getting just as much out of it as he was.
“So does she, like, have another boyfriend?” I asked.
“I don’t thiiiink so,” Clarice said slowly. “I mean, she didn’t mention one.”
“Wait,” I said, holding one hand up. “So why is she so into it?”
Clarice’s lip was between her teeth one more. “Well, she said that she really likes hearing about Eric with other girls…”

I rolled my eyes. Great. It was exactly what I'd thought – that idiot had manipulated my sister into thinking that she enjoyed it when her boyfriend fucked other women behind her back. But before I could voice my disapproval, Clarice continued.

"…and that he really likes seeing her with other girls as well."

My words died in my throat.

"Yeah," my fiancée said in response to the shocked look on my face. "I didn't know your sister was bi."

"Neither did I," I said hoarsely. Clarice flagged down a server – she ordered for both of us (a coffee for her, a Sprite for me) and by the time she was done, I'd found my voice once more.

"So she has, like…girlfriends?"

"A few," Clarice admitted, her cheeks going pink.

"Or is this just something she does for Eric?"

"No, no – she was very clear about that. Like, she likes that Eric likes it, but she really has a good time."

"Wow," I said. My head was spinning. I'd assumed that my sister was just…I dunno, Ericsexual. I'd figured he was cheating on her, but I had no idea that she was…well, hooking up with other people too.

With women, at that.

"Yeah," Clarice said, mirroring my tone exactly. "Like I said, it was a really interesting conversation."

"I'll bet," I said. It wasn't hard to imagine it – Eric marching up and down the beach like a peacock while Clarice and my sister discussed Jan's lesbian affairs.

"You guys discuss anything else?"

"Well…"

There it was again, that look of reluctant shyness.

"What?"

"She said Eric…"

"What?" I repeated, my eyes narrowed.

"Jan said Eric likes me," Clarice said, trying to throw it away with a half-shrug.

I sat back in shock.

I mean, it wasn't really a surprise. Eric isn't exactly a master of masking his innermost thoughts and feelings, y'know?

To begin with, I don't think he *has* any innermost thoughts. For that, you'd need at least half a brain.

But I definitely hadn't expected him to be so blatant about it. I mean…okay, again – he was already being pretty blatant. He all but drooled whenever Clarice walked into the room, and the previous night as she dried herself off, he'd done nothing to hide his hungry stare.

I guess the part that surprised me was that he'd told my sister…and that she'd passed it onto Clarice.
"Gross," I replied, trying to sound like it didn't bother me. But even if the waver in my voice hadn't given me away…this was Clarice I was talking to. No one knew me better than her.
"It's okay," she said, staring at me coolly.
"Hmm?"
"I know you like it."
My eyes widened. Ah, shit. Here we were again – Clarice had somehow gotten the impression that I was turned on by my highschool bully's attraction to her.
I opened my mouth to finally set the record straight, but before I could say anything, the server appeared. I watched him set a Fanta down in front of me, and barely manage to avoid spilling the coffee for Clarice (he was more than a little distracted by her swathes of exposed skin) and by the time he left I'd lost my train of thought.
"So…what do you think?" Clarice asked, looking at me earnestly.
"Of the drink?" I asked, throwing it a distasteful glare. "It's not what I ordered, but I…-"
"No," she interrupted. "Of the open relationship thing."
"Oh," I said, wrinkling up my nose. "I mean, whatever makes them happy, I guess."
"Oh."
I sensed a note of disappointment in my fiancée's response, but I was trying to decide whether to drink the orange liquid they'd delivered me or request a replacement.
I'd just decided that it wasn't worth kicking up a fuss when Clarice continued.
"Because I was thinking…it sounds interesting."
"Hmm?"
"I mean, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I think an open relationship is an interesting idea, and I wanted to talk about it with you."
I suddenly felt dizzy, like all the blood had left my head and it was going to float off my body.
Was Clarice…was she suggesting that we…
"What?" I gasped, and Clarice put her hand on my shoulder.
"Honey, calm down – I just thought it was worth discussing."
"You want…you want to cheat on me?"
"No!" she said. "Jesus, no. Nothing like that."
"Then what?"
As Clarice explained, I managed to get some air back into my lungs, but the feeling of dizziness never left me.

“I’d just never really thought about it as an option, y’know? I’d always figured it was just swingers, or people who didn’t love each other.”
“You love me?” I said, slightly pathetically. My mind was such a whirlwind, I needed some base level reassurance.
“Of course!” she said, a look of worry on her face. “Oh, baby, of course. I love you so much. This isn’t about that.”
“Then what is it?”
She gave a half-shrug, and I recognized the expression on her face. She’d worn it a lot during college when she was trying to figure something out, understand a new concept.
“She made it sound so…god, I dunno. Fun? Like they were so confident in their love for each other, they didn’t need these arbitrary boundaries of what they could or couldn’t do.”
“I like the boundaries,” I pouted, but Clarice either ignored me or didn’t hear what I’d said as she continued.
“And it sounded so…freeing. Like, they weren’t with each other because they *had* to be, because they were the sole source of each other’s sexual or emotional satisfaction. They were with each other because they *wanted* to be.”
“Do you not want to be with me?” I asked, hurt.
Clarice sighed, and looked me in the eyes.
“Of course I do,” she said firmly. “I want to be with you for the rest of my life. I love every part of you, and I always will.”
“Then why do we need anything more?”
A smile spread over my fiancée’s face.
“We don’t,” she said. “It’s not about that.”
I opened my mouth to respond, but before I could say anything, Clarice moved her hand to my thigh. I looked around the cafe, wide-eyed.
“What are you doing?” I hissed. Anyone could have seen what she was doing.
“We don’t need anything more,” she said, her green eyes staring into mine.
“You’re everything that I need.”
“Okay…”
“But I don’t know if you’ve thought about the advantages.”
My mind was turning over. She was right, in a sense – I really *couldn’t* see any advantages to letting her go around fucking anyone who wanted her.
And when you have a body like Clarice’s, *everybody* wants you.
“What do you mean?”
“There are plenty of hot women out there,” she said, her hand moving up my thigh. I tensed, but didn’t say anything. There was too much going on already to start battling on a whole new front. “I thought you’d jump at the opportunity to have commitment-free, hot, steamy hookups with them. Share them with me…”

That got my attention. She was right – I hadn't been considering things from the other side at all. An open relationship would mean that I could have affairs of my own.

"Share them?"

"Uh huh," Clarice said coolly. Her hand was gently rubbing the top of my leg, but her gaze never left mine. "You know how much I love going down on you…maybe I could invite a friend or two to come around when we get home. Wouldn't you like to watch me making out with one of my friends from highschool?"

My eyes widened.

"You never told me you were bi," I replied, fascinated. How had that never come up?

"It didn't seem relevant," Clarice shrugged. "If we were going to be exclusive. I always knew I wanted to end up with a man – I want to have kids. A family. But if we open things up, suddenly that puts women back on the table. I've always been curious…"

There was a lump in my throat, and another in my pants. It was impossible not to visualize – my fiancée, making out with another woman, her hands exploring their body…the two of them crawling over the room to where I was waiting, taking my cock out of my pants, sharing it between them…

She was right. The appeal of an open relationship was suddenly very, very apparent to me.

Clarice's hand had started moving towards my erection, but I pushed it away.

"I don't know," I whimpered. It was too easy to imagine Clarice's body under another man's, sitting and watching as someone else fucked my future wife.

As Eric fucked my future my wife.

"Are you sure?" she said coyly, a mischievous smile flashing around her lips. "Because I bet Brigid would be interested…"

I involuntarily shuddered in arousal.

Brigid.

She was one of Clarice's best friends, and…god. I'd like to say that I've never been as attracted to anyone as I am to my goddess of a fiancée, but I had to admit, Brigid came close. She's taller than Clarice (most people are) and slightly bustier. But it was more than the sum of her parts – there was just something about her, something that just drove me *wild*. It was like she always had a 'fuck me' look in her eyes, like her lips were made to be wrapped around a cock.

I'd been completely unable to hide my attraction to the blonde woman, and Clarice had taken advantage of my ridiculous crush on more than one occasion. My fiancée never acted jealous or annoyed…but whenever we left an event where we saw her, Clarice would tease me about it.

“Brigid looked great tonight. Did you notice how her tits almost spilled out of her dress? She’s the only one of my friends with a larger chest than mine…”
I’d squirm at her words – what man wants his girlfriend to know that he’s noticed another woman? – but she wouldn’t let up until I was hard as a rock.
As soon as we got inside, she’d pull me to the bedroom and start riding me. Learning about her bisexual streak suddenly explained a lot of her behavior – it had almost been as though Clarice was as excited by her friend’s body as I was.
“I bet you’d wish you were inside Brigid right now,” she’d gasp, driving herself down onto my erection again and again. She’d ignore my protestations, my denials, and continue. “I bet you wish you were fucking – oh! – fucking my friend right now instead of me…”
Her words would inevitably drive me over the edge…but post-orgasm, I’d be far too uncomfortable to talk about what we’d just done. Neither of us would mention it again until the next party Brigid was at, when the whole cycle would repeat…
“Brigid has a boyfriend,” I said. Despite having drunk more than half the glass of Fanta, my throat was completely dry.
Clarice grinned, and I think she knew she had me.
“So?” she asked coquettishly, batting her eyelids. “Maybe they’re in an open relationship too.”
“Clarice…”
“Just think about it,” she said, licking her lips as she stared at me. “That’s all I’m asking.”
I nodded. Somehow, I knew that I’d be unable to think about anything else for some time.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 5

When Clarice and I returned to the beach house, I couldn’t help but notice there was a stain on the couch.
Yeah. That was something I was absolutely *not* going to think about.
My sister and Eric were napping, nude, in their room. I wish I could say I hadn’t seen anything, but even in the two seconds it took me to realize that they were sleeping – naked – I got a glimpse of my sister’s bare ass…and her boyfriend’s huge cock.
Even flaccid, it looked like it was larger than mine was erect.

Another thing I was carefully not going to think about.
When I told Clarice that my sister and her idiot boyfriend were napping, a saucy look came across her face. Without saying a word, she pressed her body against mine, and slid her tongue deep into my mouth.
“Mmmm,” she moaned. Her hands moved down my back and slid down to my ass. Before I could protest, she pulled my cock out. Ever since I'd seen her in that damn bikini, I'd been rock-hard, and her eyes lit up at the feeling of my erection.
“Oh, baby,” she said with a soft moan, starting to slowly jack me off.
“Let's go to bed,” I whispered.
"Why?" she purred. "There's a couch right here..."
"No!" I said, louder than I intended, and Clarice froze. "No," I repeated, softer this time. "I...I'd rather go somewhere private.”
She nodded, her fingers still slowly stroking my shaft. Fortunately, the image of Eric pounding my sister on the couch had done nothing to wilt my erection.
"All right," she said softly. "Whatever you say..."
My cock twitched at the submissive tone in my fiancée's voice; she'd often wanted to roleplay as master and slave in the bedroom, but...I dunno, I just couldn't do it. I was a feminist, and doing something like that just felt too degrading to women. Clarice had been disappointed, but she'd understood. I think she respected how much I respected her.
But I have to admit, the thought of Clarice submitting to me held a certain taboo heat. It was all too easy to imagine her kneeling before me, her hands clasped behind her back, waiting for orders...
...Brigid beside her, the two of them naked, waiting for my command...
As quickly as possible, we stripped down, and Clarice crawled into bed beside me.
"I'm yours," she said, pressing her breasts against my chest. "I belong to you."
"You're your own person," I corrected, and I saw a flash of annoyance cross her face.
"Yeah,” she replied flatly. "I know."
Neither of us said anything as we got into position. Within minutes, Clarice was on top of me, my condom-clad cock sliding into her wetness.
She was so hot. So incredibly, impossibly hot.
It felt like only a few moments before I felt my orgasm approaching, but Clarice surprised me, lifting herself off my cock.
"W-what are you doing?" I asked, and a mischievous gleam entered her eyes.
"Are you thinking of me?" she teased, reaching down to wrap one hand around my cock...but instead of stroking me, like I expected, she held my cock tight as a vice. It was like she was trying to physically stop my orgasm.
"Of course I am," I groaned, and she tilted her head to the side.
"Or are you thinking about my friend?"

“W-what?"
"It's okay," she laughed. "I know you're thinking of Brigid."
I honestly hadn't been, don't get me wrong: Brigid was sex on legs, but the sight of Clarice walking around in that revealing bikini, the way her boobs bounced when she walked, and the way everyone had been staring at her...part of me had hated it, but the whole thing was so hot that I hadn't even considered thinking of anyone else.
"I wasn't," I moaned. "I was thinking of you."
"I won't tell anyone," she giggled. "I find it hot."
"I swear," I said, but she shook her head.
"I don't believe you."
"Clarice..." I said with a groan. "Please. I want to fuck you. I want to cum."
"You're not the only one," she said, and for a moment I thought I sensed a note of frustration in her voice, but before I could say anything she leaned forward and kissed me again.
Her hand was still wrapped around my cock, and I wanted nothing more than for her to start stroking me again. I wanted to cum inside the condom...I mean, I ideally wanted to cum inside the condom inside my fiancée, but I'd take it however I could get it.
"You can cum if you tell me the truth," she said breathlessly. "That you were thinking about fucking Brigid."
"I wasn't...–"
Clarice silenced me with a kid.
"Be honest," she said, staring at me, her eyes large and innocent. Well, as innocent as a naked, busty redhead with a cock in her hand can ever look.
I never wanted to lie to her, of course, but it was clear what she wanted me to say.
"I was thinking about fucking her," I lied. "I was imagining fucking your friend."
"Where?"
My mind was blank. "The bedroom?"
Clarice's nose wrinkled. "No," she said patiently. "I mean, where were you fucking her."
"The...the bed?"
My fiancée rolled her eyes. With a sigh, she lowered her mouth to my ear.
"Which hole were you fucking?" she asked, and my eyes widened. *Oh*.
"Her, uh, her...vagina."
Clarice's hand went from holding my cock to stroking it, and I felt my balls twitch in anticipation. God, how had I gotten so lucky? How had I wound up with a goddess like her?
"Call it a pussy," Clarice hissed. She knows I hate that word, but I did as I was told.

"Her pussy," I said, my voice a soft gasp.
"And you came inside her?" Clarice asked, and I nodded, trying not to sound as desperate as I felt. "Say it."
"I...I came inside your friend's pussy."
She released my cock, and I gasped in surprise.
"Good boy."
I don't know how she did it, but in one motion she straddled me, guiding my erection inside her. I squeaked with pleasure as our bodies connected, and she moaned deeply in response.
"Tell me," she said. "I want details."
I'm really not one for dirty talk. But I was so worked up, Clarice's words had gotten into my head, and – to my horror – I found myself recounting the most recent sexual experience I'd witnessed.
"She was on the couch," I said, and my fiancée moaned in response. "Sitting on the edge of the couch, her legs spread wide. And I, I sat down next to her. I moved to the floor, and put my mouth between her legs, and..."
"Fuck," Clarice interrupted. I couldn't remember ever seeing her this worked up during sex before. "You get off thinking about tasting Brigid? About going down on her?"
"Um," I stammered. "Maybe...yeah?"
"Mmm, maybe you should," she said, grinding down on me. "Maybe I'll let you lick me, if you eat my friend first."
Clarice had never let me go down on her. She said she just didn't like it, which was a pity. I love sex, of course, but I honestly love going down on women almost as much.
So the thought of eating my fiancée's pussy was incredibly exciting. Especially the idea of eating one girl's, then the other's...
"Do you want to lick her?" Clarice asked.
"I - I don't know, I guess..."
"Pussy is so delicious," she purred, licking her lips. I groaned; I was about to cum, I could feel it.
She leaned down, her tits against my chest, her mouth on my ear.
"I want to taste her too," she whispered, and that was the thought that got me off. My gorgeous, red-headed fiancée, her head between Brigid's perfect legs, the two of them moaning and sweating together, both of them dripping juices onto the floor while I sat and watched and jerked off.
"God, yes," I grunted, thrusting up into her, hard. I came deep inside her, my body spasming as I emptied my balls into the condom. For a moment I'd thought that the dirty talk would cause a repeat performance – another spankless orgasm

from my fiancée – but to my disappointment, she slid off of me and lay by my side.
"That was so hot," she whispered, and I couldn't help but nod.
Despite having had such a sleep-in, I was so comfortable, so satisfied. And so with Clarice cuddled up on my chest, my eyelids grew heavy, and soon enough, I was drifting off into slumber.
I woke up feeling surprisingly refreshed. Clarice was gone, but that didn't surprise me.
My eyes narrowed as I realized: she was probably already downstairs with Eric. And if she'd had anything to drink, she was probably letting him take liberties with her body again; stuff that she'd never do while sober.
I almost tripped over my clothes as I raced towards the door. From downstairs, I could hear the sound of laughter – I've never understood why my sister finds her hulk of a boyfriend funny, but my stomach tightened at the sound of my fiancée laughing as well.
She knows how dumb he is. She *knows* what a moron he is.
She must have been drunk again.
I quickly threw some clothes and made me way downstairs. Sure enough, there were empty bottles and cans all around the couch. My fiancée's eyes lit up at the sight of me – I'm so, so lucky to have her – while Eric shot me a scornful look.
"Well, well, well," he boomed. "If it isn't Sleeping Beauty."
"We were talking about Brigid," Clarice giggled, and my eyebrows shot up.
"What?"
"Clarice showed us a photo of her," Jan said, her eyes dancing with mischief. "She's a cutie, huh?"
"Uh huh," I said noncommittally. Something told me that I was walking into a trap.
"She's hot as fuck," Eric drawled, and I kept on nodding. I mean, the guy was a boor, but he was right. Brigid was, indeed, hot as fuck. "I'd really love to give her one. Wouldn't you?"
I knew I was being played, but I didn't know how. I felt myself going red – Eric's had more teeth than IQ points, but he was somehow outsmarting me.
I decided to play it safe.
"Of course not," I said, taking the moral high ground. "She's Clarice's friend; I respect her too much for that."
"No," my fiancée said with a giggle. "He'd much rather go down on her."
The three of them burst out laughing, and I felt shame filling my body.
God...she'd told them? I'd told her that in the bedroom, in confidence, and she'd shared it with my sister...and the man who had made my high-school years a living hell??

I wanted to sink through the floor. As the three of them laughed, I swore that I would never, ever, *ever* try to talk dirty again.
"Oh no, darling, I'm sorry!" Clarice said, stumbling across the room and throwing her arms around me. "I didn't mean it like that. I think it's cute that you...that that's what you think about when you cum."
"That's not what I think about," I said, my fists balled. I could feel tears starting to well up in my eyes...I was a grown man, about to burst into tears in front of my sister, her idiot boyfriend, and the love of my life. "I just..."
Even through the haze of alcohol, Clarice must have realized how upset I was, because she pulled me into the kitchen before I could suffer any further shame.
"I'm sorry, babe," she slurred. "I didn't mean to embarrass you." The tears were openly rolling down my face at this point – I couldn't remember ever feeling so humiliated in my entire life. Clarice, god bless her, didn't judge me for crying. Instead, she got up on her toes and kissed each tear away, before moving her mouth to mine.
Part of me wanted to push her away, to lash out and call her nasty names for what she'd done...but I know Clarice and I know Eric and I know my sister's wicked sense of humor. There was no way this was her fault; they'd plied her with alcohol and goaded her into sharing more than she should have.
And so I returned her kiss. I could taste the sweet cider she'd been drinking. She moaned into my mouth, and the kiss moved from comforting to passionate. Within moments we were making out, and I could feel the tension leaving my body.
"I love you," she said, pulling away to stare up into my bloodshot eyes. I just nodded; I was calm, but still hurt. I'd long known that Eric was a bad influence on my sister, but it was becoming clear that Jan was being affected by his dickishness as well.
"Let me make it up to you," she continued, a saucy smile spreading across her face as she fell to her knees.
"Clarice!" I hissed – there was no door between the kitchen and the living-room, and Eric (or my sister!) could have walked in at any moment. This was a nightmare, but my fiancée was too drunk and horny to care.
"Please," she said, looking up at me, her eyes big. "I want to do this for you."
I shook my head, but either the alcohol or Clarice's stubbornness caused her to ignore me. She pulled out my cock; despite all the action of the last few days, I was hard as a rock. It must have been a side-effect of all the adrenaline pumping through my body.
With a smile, Clarice took my member into her mouth, maintaining eye-contact all the while.

"I love sucking your cock," she said, louder than I would've liked. I could hear Eric and my sister laughing about something in the living room; I knew that they could hear my fiancée's dirty declaration.
"Stop it," I hissed. "Clarice, stop that right now! I forgive you. Now please, get up!"
It took several minutes of pleading before the message finally came through, and she took my cock out of her mouth. With a disappointed look, Clarice unsteadily got back to her feet. God, how much had she had to drink?
"I just wanted to make you happy," she pouted, and I rolled my eyes affectionately.
"You make me so happy, my love," I said. She leaned in for a kiss, but I turned my head away. Her mouth had just been on my cock, after all.
There was a look of dissatisfaction on her face, and so I tried to throw her a bone.
"You were very naughty today," I said, my voice trembling slightly. "Maybe tonight you deserve...a spanking?"
As soon as the words left my mouth, I regretted them. Firstly, I'd just sworn off dirty talk. Secondly, spankings firmly fall under the 'reward' category for my fiancée.
She'd betrayed my trust to my closest family member and my mortal enemy. And in return, I was...rewarding her?
But she glowed at the promise, leaning her head against my chest and wrapping her arms around me. "I'ma hold you to that," she giggled, and I patted her head affectionately.
I knew I should be angry, but...well, she was the love of my life, and cute as a button. Who could stay mad at that?
"Come on," I sighed. "Let's see what Jan and the brute squad are up to."
“He’s in the brute squad?” she giggled.
“He *is* the brute squad!”
As we returned to the living room, I'd realized the couple weren't talking...but I was wholly unprepared for the sight that greeted us.
In front of us was my sister, on her knees in front of Eric, her mouth wrapped around his hard cock.
My own mouth fell open in shock, and I turned away immediately. That is not something a brother should ever, ever witness his sister doing.
Even though I was no longer facing them, the sounds made it clear what was happening. I'd have assumed they would stop when we re-entered the room, but my ears were filled with the sound of their moans, the wet slurps of my sister's mouth, the smacking sounds of Eric fucking my sister's face.
“God, babe,” Eric grunted. "You're such a good little cocksucker."

"Guys!" I shouted, realizing that they'd somehow failed to notice our presence. I shot a worried glance at my fiancée – she's much more okay with this sort of thing than I am, but I knew that even this would be going too far for her.
I was wrong.
Clarice was watching, wide-eyed, as my sister's head bobbed up and down, taking every inch of Eric's meat. I'd only seen it for a second, but the image was burned into my brain – Jan's lips, stretched obscenely tight, pressed against Eric's shaft. His hands on her head, guiding her as she sucked him off.
"Fuck!" Clarice gasped, and I shot her a look. She didn't even notice – she was staring, as though hypnotized, at the carnal act taking place in front of us.
"Clarice!" I hissed, and she reluctantly broke her attention from the live sex show and looked at me. Her eyes were shining with lust, and there was a huge, happy smile on her face.
"Tell them to stop," I insisted, my voice coming out as a whine. Clarice turned back to them, but seemed to immediately get distracted, just staring in awe instead of saying anything.
I realized that the light switch was beside me, and so I reached out and fumblingly turned it off.
"Hey!"
There was a slight popping sound that could only have been my sister removing her mouth from Eric's cock, before all three of the other people in the room started objecting to what I'd done.
"Bro, turn that back on."
"Honey..."
"What're you doing, Dweebus?"
"What are *you* doing?" I exploded. "We're trying to...we want to..."
I spluttered out, and there was a pause. I figured it was safe to turn the light switch back on – I honestly don't know what twisted logic led me to that conclusion. Yeah, my sister's mouth was no longer on Eric's mammoth cock, but her hand had replaced it, slowly running up and down its length.
I turned back to Clarice, who was still staring.
"C'mon, guys!" I half-shouted, half-whined. I was starting to feel like a crazy person; how was I the only one that understood sucking someone off in the middle of a shared space wasn't cool? "What're you...why are you..."
Again, I couldn't find the words. Sounding slightly calmer than before, Eric responded.
"We heard you guys doing it in the kitchen," he said smugly. "I guess I didn't expect you to finish so quickly."
"I didn't finish!" I shouted. I was really starting to get mad now – it was clear that I was the only sober one in the room, and as much as I hate to be a party pooper,

this was absolutely a party that needed pooping.
"Should've thought about going down on Brigid," my sister giggled, and that was enough to push me over the edge.
"Fuck you!" I said, turning to face her. Her other hand had made its way to her boyfriend's crotch now, and she was jerking him off with both hands.
"Fuck you," I said to Eric. He just grinned – that wide, cocky grin that I hated so much. I could practically feel my blood boiling.
"And you..." I said, turning to my fiancée. She was still staring at Jan's hands, biting her lip, but turned to face me, raising one eyebrow at my tone.
"Mm-hmm?" she asked, and I faltered.
"Let's...let's call it a night," I said, suddenly feeling defeated. "Let me take you upstairs."
Clarice shot one more longing look at Eric's erection, before nodding and turning towards the stairs. My entire body felt shaky, but triumphant.
I'd done it. I'd stood up to Eric. He was being a complete bully, and I'd called him out.
I'd won.
Clarice stared making her way upstairs, but as I turned to join her, I heard something behind me.
Eric.
I turned to see him shrug off my sister and cross the room. He was still naked, his huge cock pointing straight at me...and he looked pissed. Maybe I should've run, but I froze – he was so much bigger than me (in every sense) and I felt like I was a teenager again, about to have my head flushed down the toilet.
When he reached me, he grabbed the shirt I'd hastily thrown on, and lifted me up into the air. One well-placed kick and I probably could've broken his cock in half, but I couldn't. I didn't. There was no way I wanted to risk angering him further.
"Put me down!" I whimpered, struggling against his grip.
"Apologize," he growled, and I immediately obeyed.
"I'm sorry," I said. "I'm...so sorry, Eric."
He didn't lower me – his arm wasn't even shaking. He was holding me in the air as easily as he would've held a paper doll.
"Not just to me," he said. "You insulted my girlfriend. Apologize."
"I'm...I'm sorry, sis," I squeaked. "I didn't mean to..."
Eric shook me, and I fell silent.
"Yes you did," he said, his voice low and dangerous. "Don't be a fucking pussy, Dweebus. Take responsibility."
"Yes, sir," I said, the words out of my mouth before I even realized what I was saying. I was blushing a furious red – why the fuck had I just called him *sir*?
There was no way I was ever going to live this down.

The only blessing in this situation was that Clarice wasn't here to see it – I couldn't imagine how she'd feel about me after seeing Eric treat me like this. "I'm sorry, Jan. I…I was mad. I was wrong."
"It's okay for her to suck my cock wherever she wants," Eric continued, his eyes burning into mine. I suddenly realized that his cock was between us – he was holding me at arm's length, but when I looked down I could see it. It was still hard. Still huge. I could see it glistening where my sister's mouth had been just moments earlier, and as I watched, a single drop of pre-cum appeared at the slit. It looked like more fluid than I made in a whole load.
"Say it."
"It's okay for you to…to suck Eric's cock. Wherever you want to."
Eric thought for a moment, then nodded, slowly setting me down onto the stairs. Behind him, I could see my sister – part of me had hoped that she'd look shocked, like her boyfriend's true nature had just been revealed to her.
But instead, to my horror, her eyes were glowing with affection.
With love.
My sister, I swear, had once been a normal girl. But spending time with Eric, spending time with this ape of a man…it had warped her, somehow. Now, she saw hypermasculine acts like this as…attractive.
I shuddered at the thought.
"Go," Eric said, jabbing my shoulder. It wasn't actually that hard, but I was so shaken, I fell backwards on the stairs. "Go, fuck your fiancée while imagining you're going down on another woman."
As I stumbled up the stairs, I could hear the tinkling of my sister's laughter following my ascent.
The staircase only went up a single story, but that night it felt endless. My head was whirring. The sound of my sister's laughter, Eric's eyes as he ordered me to apologize…the complete and utter humiliation I'd felt at the way he'd treated me, the way he'd spoken to me.
I had to get out of there. I had to get *Clarice* out of here before she started thinking like Jan did.
I had to get both of us out before things got any more fucked up than they were already.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 6

I was completely out of breath when I got upstairs, but Clarice was sitting up in bed, eagerly waiting for me.
"We have to go," I wheezed, feeling like the only sane character in a horror film. "We have to head back to town."
But my fiancée's reply was like every other horror film stereotype.
"We can't," she said in a whine.
"What?"
She sat up. While I'd been apologizing to my sister and her boyfriend, Clarice had been getting undressed: the thin sheet fell to reveal her naked body, smooth and pale. She looked incredible, as always: her tits were full, round and firm, and her nipples were hard.
Clarice moved the rest of the sheet away. A thin line of moisture ran down her inner thigh, tracing a path towards her sex. She was dripping wet and glistening with arousal.
"I need you to fuck me," she continued. "You were such a tease downstairs..."
"Clarice, we need to go," I said, but my voice wasn't as confident as it had been a few seconds ago. Maybe...maybe I was overreacting, after all.
Yeah, Eric had used his body to intimidate me, but we both knew that I was smarter than him. If I'd used my brain to do the same, there's no way he would've run off in a panic.
And yes, my sister had looked impressed by what he'd done...but he'd been defending her, after all. Clarice would have looked the same if I'd outwitted Eric, I'm sure.
"I want you," my fiancée said, her voice a low purr. "Please."
In the morning, if I still felt like we needed to go, we could go then. There was no advantage to running off in the middle of the night.
Not when Clarice was so drunk.
So drunk, and so horny.
"You promised," she said, tracing one finger down the center of her chest, slowly moving towards her navel.
"I did?"
"Mm-hmm," she said, sliding her fingers down between her legs. "You promised me a spanking."
Right. I had, hadn't I?
And with how drunk Clarice was, I doubted it would take long to finish her.
"Okay," I said. "Yes. Okay. I did promise, after all."
Clarice smiled, bit her lip, and got onto all fours on the bed.
I swear, I'll never get sick of the sight of her like that. Her ass was perfectly round, her tits swayed from side to side, and her pubic hair was as red as the hair on her head.

She was perfect.
I stripped off my clothes and climbed onto the bed beside her.
"Oh god, yes," she sighed as I slowly ran my fingers across her ass. Spanking has never really been my thing – I'm a strict pacifist – but Clarice enjoyed it so much, it was hard not to get into it a little.
She'd often asked me to call her a bad girl, or to tell her that she was a naughty little slut, or to call myself her master and say that she was my property but I had never been able to bring myself to do it. I just didn't see her that way.
Instead, I just admired the view of her perfect form as I spanked her.
Smack!
I always held back a little – I didn't want to hurt her, after all. She'd cry out for me to go harder, but I knew that was just talk. "As hard as you can, I can take it" – that was just Clarice's way of saying she was having a good time, of wanting to feel naughty.
Smack!
I couldn't imagine what it would be like if Eric spanked her. He was so much bigger than me, so much stronger. And there was no way he'd hold back, he just didn't have the same respect for women as I did.
He'd probably do some serious damage to her. No, Clarice was lucky to be with someone as considerate as me.
Smack!
My fiancée's eyes were closed, as they always were when I spanked her. Her butt was wiggling back and forth, and she was muttering under her breath. It'd sometimes take twenty minutes of spanking before she came; it wasn't rare for my arm to get tired, but I did it because she liked it so much.
I loved Clarice, and I'd do anything for her.
Smack!
My entire body tensed. From downstairs, I could hear the sound of my sister's pleasure – apparently she'd moved on from sucking Eric's cock, and was now letting him...take her.
Aside from one accidental glimpse of her ass, I've never seen my sister naked before, of course – thank god! But the bikini she'd been wearing had been so revealing, and (I hated that this was the case) I'd now seen her boyfriend in the nude.
I have a visual imagination, so it was impossible not to imagine it. Jan, bent over the couch, while Eric's naked form stood behind her, pounding into her. He was so *big*, and while she wasn't tiny (like I said, she's taller than me), it was still hard to imagine that cock sliding inside her.
Like, where would it go?

Even though she's substantially shorter, it was far easier to imagine Eric's thick member sliding inside Clarice. She's got these wide hips, these beautiful curves…she was in front of me on all fours, and it was far easier to visualize Eric fucking *her*. She'd take his cock so much easier, as she gasped and panted and…
No. I shook my head. God, what was wrong with me?
Smack!
Clarice let out a loud moan as I spanked her, far harder than I meant to. My eyes widened in shock, and I lowered my head to beside hers.
"Honey," I said breathlessly, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to…"
In response, Clarice just moved her lips to mine, and started kissing me passionately. I tried to ignore the fact that her mouth had been on my cock less than twenty minutes ago (maybe she'd used mouthwash while I'd still been downstairs?) and kissed her back.
The sound of my sister's pleasure got louder, and was soon joined by Eric's. The two of them were moaning in concert, with zero concern for anyone who could be hearing them.
Not surprising, really, considering what we'd walked in on them down. God, I don't think I'll ever forget the sight of his cock fucking my little sister's face.
"God, babe, you're so *hard*," Clarice moaned, and I blushed slightly.
"Because of you, babe," I mumbled in response.
"Fuck me," she ordered. "I want to feel you inside me."
I grabbed a condom and positioned myself behind her. I didn't normally fuck Clarice from this angle (I love her ass, but I prefer to look at her face when we're making love) so it took me a few strokes to get into it. The room was filled with the happy groans of my fiancée…and the cries of pleasure from the couple downstairs.
"Gonna cum!" I gasped after just a few minutes, and – for the second time that day – Clarice surprised me by interrupting my orgasm. Shifting her hips, I felt my cock fall out of her wetness, and just like that morning, her hand gripped the base of my cock, preventing me from cumming.
"Honey…" I begged, but there was a wicked, lustful look in her eyes.
"Did you put any more thought into an open relationship?" she asked, and I shook my head honestly. Since it had been brought up, the day had been so busy…I'd barely had time to breathe, let alone consider a fundamental shift in our dynamic.
"Well," she continued, think about it now.
I did. It didn't take long.
"I don't want to share you," I asserted confidently. "I…I can't do that, honey."
"Really?" she smirked, loosening her grip and stroking my condom-clad cock. "You don't like the idea of seeing me with another man?"

My cock twitched, and my eyes widened.
"N-no," I asserted.
"Because I think you do," she said. I could barely hear her over the screams of pleasure from downstairs, as my sister came on Eric's huge member once more. "I think you like the idea of watching someone else fuck me."
"I don't," I said insistently. "I swear."
"I think you're turned on by the idea of watching a huge cock slide inside me," she said, as if I'd never replied. "I think you like the idea of watching someone pound into me, until they cum inside me."
Her hand returned to the base of my cock, and I realized that if she hadn't, I would've cum.
Because of the sight in front of me, I assured myself. Clarice was so sexy – her red hair was matted against her head, and her breasts were so big, her nipples so hard...
"I think you want to watch someone stretch out my pussy," she went on, her voice breathy with lust. "You want to watch a huge cock fuck me without a condom. You want to watch them cum inside me. Then, you want to move between my legs...and lick it out."
For a moment I thought her hand hadn't been enough, that I'd involuntarily get off (at how much she was enjoying the dirty talk, of course) despite her tight grip. But the moment passed. I could hear Eric's grunts, my sister's moans, and my own heartbeat, so loud that I swear they could have heard it downstairs.
"Say it," Clarice insisted.
"N-no..."
"Say it," she said again, biting her lip, looking up at me.
It was just dirty talk, I told myself. It was just for her. I didn't want it, I was just saying whatever would get my fiancée off. Because I loved her. Because I wanted her to have a good time.
"Yes," I gasped, hoping that my confession would be enough, that my fiancée would let me cum.
But it seemed we weren't done yet.
"I knew it," she grinned. Her whole face had lit up as the word left my mouth, and her other hand had moved between my legs. "I knew you wanted that."
"No," I protested weakly, but it was too late. I never should have given in. I never should have lied to her.
My cock was throbbing with need as I watched Clarice play with herself, staring up at me with lust in her eyes. For the second time that night, I cursed dirty talk – it was nothing but trouble.
"I want to be in an open relationship," she said, her hand moving furiously between her legs. "I want to explore being with other girls. You want to share me

with other girls, don't you?"
I had to admit, that was true. The idea of Brigid and Clarice kneeling in front of me entered my mind once more. What male doesn't fantasize about having two women? Especially two as perfect as my fiancée and her friend.
Before I even realized, I'd nodded.
"You want to watch me go down on other girls."
Nod.
"You want me to watch as another girl sucks your cock."
Nod.
"You know I love you."
I froze. This was such a shift from dirty talk, I wasn't sure how to react. But after a brief pause...I nodded.
"I love you so much," Clarice said. There was a 'slick, slick, slick' noise coming from her kitty, joining the cacophony of sexual sounds filling the room. "Our relationship is so strong. No matter what I do with other people, you know it's you I love. Right?"
"Right," I said, my voice raspy. Clarice's hand had started moving up and down my cock again, softly, not enough to get me off...but enough to keep me excited.
"I want an open relationship," she said once more, staring into my eyes. Her face was filled with lust; a flush had spread down her neck, to the top of her huge tits. I'd never seen my fiancée this excited. "Say you do too."
I didn't say a word. I couldn't. Her hand sped up, stroking me like only she knew how, bringing me to the brink of pleasure...and then slowing down before I could reach it.
I'd cum more in the last few days than I normally did in a week, but I could still feel the haze of lust clouding my thinking. I hadn't even had a drop of alcohol, but I still felt giddy, lightheaded.
"Say it," she repeated, but this time with a slight edge to her tone. "Please, honey. Say yes. Say you want to share me."
Her hand was driving me insane, milking me. My head was filled with images of Clarice with other women, sharing my fiancée with her hottest friends.
"Please, honey," she begged once more. "I need this."
All of a sudden, I was hit with clarity. My fiancée was bisexual, she'd admitted it to me in the cafe. She'd been willing to put that part of herself aside for me, to never be with a woman. She'd agreed to hiding part of her identity, for me. That was how much she loved me.
That's why this was so important to her. That's why she was being so insistent. She wasn't asking to cheat on me, or to be with another man.
She wanted to be with a woman. She wanted to see what that was like. I had to let her get it out of her system, but I didn't want to lose her. I couldn't lose her.

"Say it," she repeated, and a smile spread across my face.
"Yes," I moaned, and Clarice let out a squeal of delight. "Yes, honey. We can try an open relationship."
I watched as my fiancée released my cock, moving her hand to her tit, pulling at her nipple hard – probably harder than she realized, in her drunkenness. She'd be sore tomorrow, I was sure.
I watched with delight as Clarice came, as she tensed up and cried out. Her whole body shook, and her soft moans were music to my ears, loud enough to rival the copulating pair downstairs.
Then, with a gasp, she fell back onto the bed. The room was silent for a moment, save for the gentle moans of my sister downstairs.
I waited for her to sit up again and thank me, to move her hands (or her mouth) back to my cock and finish me. I was still so hard, so worked up, so ready for release...
But after a few moments, the gentle snores made me realize: she'd fallen asleep.
I couldn't help but smile. I took the condom off, threw it in the trash, and cuddled up against my naked fiancée, running my fingers through her hair before slowly drifting off to sleep.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 7

Clarice woke before me the next day. When I finally drifted back to consciousness, she was staring at me, a smile on her face.
"Hey baby," I said, my voice thick with sleep.
"Hey," she said back. Despite how much she'd had to drink the night before, she didn't sound—or look—hungover.
She looked happy.
I almost felt bad that we had to end our vacation early, but I knew there was no alternative. I'd slept on it, and my mind was made up: we couldn't stay any longer.
If Eric hadn't been there, if it had just been me and my sister and my fiancée, that would have been different... but it was like Eric had a corrupting influence.
He was ruining everything.
"When do you want to head out?" I asked. I'd been worried that Clarice would fight back, insist that we stay, but to my relief, she answered immediately.
"Maybe half an hour from now?"

"That's not much time to pack," I said, and my fiancée tilted her head to the side.
"Pack?"
My heart sank.
"For home," I said, trying to sound gentle. Clarice scrunched up her nose.
"Home? We have another ten days here."
"But..."
Before I could explain to her why we had to go, why we had to be gone before Eric could do to her whatever he'd already done to my sister, Clarice was sitting up, swinging her feet over the edge of the bed, looking back at me and biting her lip.
"Last night meant a lot to me," she said, and I blushed. She'd cum harder from being spanked than ever before. It had been pretty special from my end, too.
"Me too," I said.
"You really meant it?"
I breathed a sigh of relief at the change of topic. I'd been worried that in her drunken state, she'd completely forgotten how desperate I was to get out of here, to get her away from my former bully.
'Former'. Based on last night's events, he hadn't changed since high school.
"I really did," I said, taking Clarice's hands and staring into her beautiful green eyes. "It's important to me."
I could see her eyes shining; I loved that no matter what was happening around us, we were always on the same page.
"Thank you," she said, her voice choked up with emotion. "It's so important to me, and I know it's not easy for you. I love that you're doing this to make me happy. I love that you trust me. I promise, it's going to be worth it."
I wasn't quite following, but before I could clarify, Clarice leaned forward and kissed me. I could taste toothpaste on her tongue—she must have been awake for a little while.
"I need to shower," she said, sliding off the bed. "Jan and I are going to hit the town today. You and Eric can do whatever...guy stuff. Watch football?"
"What? Clarice..."
Her red hair disappeared behind the bathroom door. I heard the water start to run, and stared blankly at the wall.
What the hell had just happened?
While my fiancée showered, I packed everything up, and by the time she emerged (wearing nothing but a towel, one of my favorite looks), I was ready to go.
"We can't leave," Clarice laughed, running the towel through her hair, drying it off. "Jan's promised to introduce me to some of the locals. I haven't been to the beach in years!"
She lowered her voice conspiratorially.
"Plus, I want to see if she knows any girls who are...you know."

I could feel a lump in my throat.
"...bi," she said, her eyes dancing.
"Babe," I said, getting to my feet. "I'm serious. We can't stay here. Don't you remember last night?"
"Oh, I remember last night," she said with a grin. She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. "I'll remember last night for the rest of my life."
"Clarice..." I said, my voice shaky. "It's not... safe here."
As soon as the words came out of my mouth, I knew that I sounded like a crazy person. And Clarice, for her part, wasn't going to indulge my insanity.
"Safe?" she laughed. "You think I'm going to be hurt by a shark, or something?"
"Eric," I said. "He's not a good guy. He's... he's a bully, and..."
"Oh, honey," she said, and her tone told me exactly how the rest of the conversation was going to go. "I know you don't like him, but Eric is harmless."
"He's a monster," I replied, wishing I didn't sound so petulant, and Clarice rolled her eyes. "He held me up and... and..."
My fiancée's eyes flared, and I trailed off. To my surprise, she leaned forward and kissed me again.
"Babe," she said, her voice radiating excitement. "He was defending your sister, honey."
"He was being a bully," I said, feeling sick to my stomach.
"We were all a little drunk," Clarice said, shrugging her shoulders.
I went to deny it (I hadn't touched a drink all night), but her towel slipped, and I couldn't help but get distracted. Even after years together, my fiancée's body drove me wild.
"I know I was," she continued, "and Eric was probably just over-protective. You know you get a little sensitive when you're drunk. Why don't you two talk it through today? I really don't want there to be any bad vibes between you."
My mouth opened, but no words came out. My gut told me that I was right, that we needed to get out of there before things got any worse...
...but, in the light of day, my girlfriend's words made a lot of sense. Yeah, Eric had been completely out of line the previous night, but we were both adults. I was good at talking, and he was dating my sister—on some level, he knew as well as I did that we had to make peace.
He must have.
And so I sat back on the bed and gave Clarice a nod. She threw me her most radiant smile, and I spent an extremely pleasant few minutes watching her get dressed for a day out with my sister.

***

Eric raised one eyebrow when I suggested we watch the game together.
"What game?" he asked. We were sitting in the kitchen—Jan and Clarice had already left for the beach.
"The football game," I bluffed. Clarice had suggested it, and she knew sports stuff a thousand times better than I did.
"There's no game today, numbnuts," he replied. My face burned, but I did my best to hide it.
"Oh," I said. "Well, what do you want to do?"
Again, Eric looked at me like I was an idiot.
"You can do whatever you like," he said. Without explanation, he left the kitchen and made his way to the backyard. I trailed along behind him, feeling like a chastised child. He didn't even glance back at me as he set himself up by the pool and pulled out his phone. Within moments, he was on a call, making plans with a smug grin on his face.
I didn't know what to do. Clarice had said that we should talk, but I had assumed we'd be watching sports together, and a natural opportunity would arrive.
Instead, Eric was on the phone while I sat in the sun, sweating and feeling like an idiot.
"Fuck yeah," Eric said, hanging up. He was standing up, stretching.
"What's up?"
He looked at me like he'd completely forgotten I existed. No, not at me—through me. He looked through me, and I suddenly felt like I was back in high school again.
"A friend is coming over," he explained, gesturing with his phone. "You might want to… take a walk."
I wanted nothing more than to slink away, to let him have his way. But then I thought of Clarice: she'd said it was important to her that we resolve things. She only wanted what was best for me, specifically what was best for my relationship with my sister.
I loved her so much.
And so I found a well of courage I didn't know I had, and forced a smile to my face.
"Nah," I said, trying desperately to sound casual. "I'll probably just… hang around here."
"Suit yourself," Eric said. He sounded bored with the conversation, which I tried to take as a good sign. I mean, if he was bored, he wasn't mad. Right?
"Hey," I said, forcing the words out. "We should talk about last night."
There was a pause. Eric looked at me, his eyes narrowed, and I knew that I had his attention.
"You got something to say to me?"

His voice was low, and I was reminded once again just how fucking huge he is. The muscles in his arms flexed threateningly, and I had to fight the urge to look away.
"Last night was…intense," I said, trying to sound like the adult that I am. I mean, one of us had to be, right? "But I understand that you were just looking out for my sister."
Eric nodded.
"I was."
"And I was wrong to call you those things," I said. I was proud of myself for how sincere I sounded. "I'm sorry."
Eric nodded once more and took a step forward. I reached out my hand, prepared for a handshake and an apology in return.
When he was close enough that I could feel the heat of his body, he spoke in a low voice.
"I'm not sorry," he said. "I meant what I said. You are a coward. And a pussy."
I could feel my face flush. God, what the fuck did my sister see in him? I was right—he had changed since high school. For the worse!
But before I could speak, his huge hand enveloped mine. The handshake didn't last long, but it was enough to remind me that Eric could crush every bone in my hand if he chose to.
"Listen, bro," Eric said, his voice low, his eyes staring into my soul. "I don't like you. I don't give a shit if you like me, but I'm with your sister. If anyone else spoke to me the way you did last night, they'd be in the hospital. I went easy on you, and I think you owe me for it."
He paused, and I realized he was waiting for an answer.
"Okay," I replied, not sure what else to say. He was so close, and so big…
"And the next time you decide to bitch at my girlfriend, just remember: I'm not always going to be in the mood to hold back."
He let go of my hand, but I didn't move. If I took a step back, he'd think I was a coward, right?
"I'm serious," he continued, leaning forward. I could feel his breath on my face, and my heart started to pound. "So why don't you apologize?"
I did! Didn't I? I'd meant to.
"I'm sorry, Eric," I said again. It sounded like I was pleading. I *was* pleading. I was a grown man, pleading with a bully to stop bullying me. How pathetic was I?
"I really am."
"Okay," Eric said, smirking. "So now all you need to do is say thanks, and I'll forget this ever happened."
I stared at him in shock, but he didn't move. He was completely serious, and I had no idea what to do. I couldn't thank him for… for what, *not* putting me in the

hospital? That was absurd.
I was so mad, I just wanted to... well, not punch him, I knew exactly how that would end for me. But I wanted to hurt him. I couldn't match him physically, but I knew I was smarter than him. All I needed to do was...—
Eric lifted his hand, completely derailing my train of thought. I flinched, and the look of satisfaction that it gave him was almost enough to make me sick.
In this moment, I knew that he had me over a barrel. There was only one thing I could do.
"Thanks," I muttered, and he nodded.
"Louder."
"Thanks," I repeated, and Eric nodded.
"If you're going to take up space, why don't you make lunch for me and D? Then we can call it even."
I had no intention of making lunch for Eric and whoever D was, but before I could think of a response, I heard the gate open behind me. Eric turned around, and we watched a tall, tanned woman enter and remove her sunglasses.
"Eric!" she said, and it took a minute for me to recognize her: Daphne Higgins.
Daphne had been in the same class as Eric and me. Even then, she'd been a drop-dead gorgeous blonde, head of the cheerleading team and captain of the debate club. I'd had a massive crush on her in high school.
Eric had, of course, dated her for several months. They'd been one of the school's 'power couples'.
Last I heard, she'd become a lawyer and gotten married—to a hotshot doctor, or something like that.
"Daphne," Eric grinned, and I watched as they moved towards each other and embraced. His arms wrapped around her, and she gave a delighted laugh, kissing him on the cheek.
She'd filled out in all the right places. Her tits were bigger, her waist was narrower—she looked better than she had in high school. Her blonde hair was in a loose ponytail, and her skin was a healthy golden brown.
As they parted, she looked over at me.
"Hi, Daphne," I said, and my face burned when I realized she didn't recognize me.
"He's staying here too," Eric said, his voice bored. "Dating a friend of mine."
I opened my mouth to correct the description—*he* was dating *my* sister, and Clarice was no friend of his—but before I could, Daphne had closed the gap between us.
"Oh," she smiled, and held out a perfectly manicured hand. "Pleased to meet you."
My hand was still tender from Eric's grip, but I did my best not to let it show as I shook Daphne's hand. She let go after a moment and turned her full attention

back to Eric.
"He won't bother us," Eric said, his eyes on Daphne's. "He's going to take care of lunch."
"Sounds good," Daphne said, and it was clear that she'd already forgotten that I was there.
"Shall we?" Eric asked, and Daphne nodded. Daphne pulled her sundress over her head to reveal a skimpy bikini. It was all I could do not to stare, not that either of them would have noticed. It was like I didn't even exist. I was a ghost, an invisible man.
Eric, not needing to undress, dove straight into the pool. Daphne followed a few moments later, and the two of them splashed and played in the water. I watched for a few moments until awkwardness overcame me and I made my way back to the kitchen.
Daphne was definitely wearing a wedding ring.

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The kitchen was cool and quiet, and I was immediately glad to be out of the sun. A few minutes on Facebook had confirmed: Daphne Higgins was now Daphne Higgins-Slater, living locally and married to Dr. Michael Slater.
I had a spiteful urge to message him, to let Dr. Slater know that his wife was spending her afternoon with a man she'd dated in high school, but what was the point? What was I going to accomplish?
Besides, I didn't know the whole story. Perhaps they were divorced, and just not public yet, or in an open relationship, like Clarice wanted. I didn't have all the facts.
It was easy to imagine Clarice suggesting Daphne as a potential partner. It was even easier to imagine the two of them in bed together—Clarice's big, pale tits pressed up against Daphne's fake, tanned ones, the two of them kissing passionately, their long, painted fingernails exploring each other's bodies...
I shook my head. It felt like a week since I'd gotten off; I felt like a sex-obsessed teenager, constantly thinking about Clarice and other women. It didn't help that my balls were sore from her teasing the night before.
I was just about to message my fiancée to let her know what Eric had done to me when I'd attempted to clear the air, when I heard a squeal from outside. My eyes lit up: If Daphne was in trouble, I could be there for her. I could stand up to Eric, show him that I wasn't a pussy.
Looking out the window, the sight that greeted me was not at all what I expected. Daphne was on the edge of the pool, and Eric was between her legs, his face pressed up against her pussy, his tongue visible as he licked at her clit.

She didn't need rescuing.
I knew I should look away, but I couldn't. Daphne had been the subject of so many of my fantasies in high school. From the window, I could see Daphne's manicured nails digging into Eric's scalp, pulling his face closer to her.
They *hadn't* dated in high school, I suddenly remembered. Daphne was with the captain of the football team for our senior year, maybe longer.
They'd just been seen together a lot.
"Fuck," Daphne moaned, her voice carrying through the glass. "I've missed this, Eric."
I could hear her voice through the window. She was whimpering as he ate her out. It was the sexiest thing I'd ever heard, and I was suddenly aware of the fact that I was rock-hard, that I'd been unconsciously palming myself through my shorts.
Eric looked up from his meal and saw me watching. His eyes met mine, and he smirked. I couldn't tell if he was embarrassed, if he was going to get angry, or what. All I knew was that I couldn't look away, that I had to keep watching.
He pulled his face away from Daphne's shaved pussy, and I could see his tongue, his lips, his chin glistening with her juices. His hand slid up from her thigh, and he cupped her ass.
Daphne's bikini top must have been loose, because Eric reached up and tugged it away, leaving her naked. A decade ago, I would've given my left nut to get even a glimpse of Daphne's tits. Now, she was sitting there, on the edge of a pool, completely naked, body flushed, a look of complete and utter lust on her face.
"Please," Daphne moaned, and I realized that my cock was in my hand.
I knew it was wrong, but I was so pent up, and they were right there.
Eric hoisted himself up onto the ledge of the pool and stood up. His trunks were tight, and the shape of his bulge was unmistakable.
Daphne was panting, her hands gripping the ledge, her eyes on Eric's shorts. He looked at me and then down at Daphne. He unknotted the tie on his trunks, and I knew what was about to happen.
I don't know if I've ever been so hard in my life.
Not because of Eric, to be clear. No, it would have been a thousand—a million!—times better if he wasn't there. It was the fact that I was finally getting to see the naked body of Daphne Higgins, the fact that I was about to see her get fucked. It was something I'd fantasized about for so long; getting to see it was like real-life porn,
Even if it did star my worst enemy.
"God yes," Daphne groaned as Eric's trunks dropped to the ground. Part of me had hoped that my memory had exaggerated his size, that maybe it wasn't as impressive as it had seemed in the dark.

Nope. Eric was massive, his balls heavy, and his cock thick. It was a monster, and even though he wasn't fully erect, Daphne's eyes were wide.

He stroked his cock a few times, his full attention on the naked blonde in front of him. "God," she repeated, and Eric smirked. I don't know how, but his erection seemed to grow even larger as he positioned himself at Daphne's entrance.

He was bigger than me, bigger than any cock I'd ever seen in real life. He must have been at least ten inches long, and despite my sister emptying them last night, his balls looked heavy with cum.

I didn't know how she was going to fit him inside her, but she clearly wanted it.

"Please," Daphne begged, and Eric pushed forward.

My hand was moving at a mile a minute, my eyes locked on Eric's cock. My sister had taken it yesterday, but I had barely been able to see it. This, on the other hand, was a show. There was no way I could look away.

Daphne's mouth fell open and her eyes shut. Her entire body began shaking as Eric slowly pushed his dick inside her. It was incredible—her cunt seemed so small, so tight, and he was so huge. It didn't seem like she could even fit half of him inside her, but he kept pushing, and somehow she continued to fit it in.

Daphne was loving it. She was crying out, her fingers gripping the ledge of the pool as Eric buried more and more of his shaft inside her.

"Fuck," she gasped, her eyes still shut.

My eyes flickered to Eric. I should have been ashamed, watching him fuck someone else's wife, but in that moment, I wasn't. I was just so fucking hard, so desperate to cum.

Eric wasn't gentle. He was fucking Daphne like he was trying to break her in half, his hips thrusting back and forth as his huge cock slid in and out of her pussy.

"Fuck," he grunted, and I could hear him loud and clear through the window. "You're still the tightest girl I know."

Despite my hand's frantic pace, I couldn't get off. It was like last night, with Clarice. I was so fucking horny, my balls aching for release, but my mind wouldn't let me. It was because of Eric, I told myself, he was the fly in the ointment. He was ruining the single hottest thing I'd ever seen in my life.

"God," Daphne whimpered. "God, that's so good. Fuck me, Eric. I want to feel you cum in me."

Daphne must have been at least half a foot taller than my fiancée; as I watched Eric pound into her, I couldn't help but imagine what his monster of a cock would look like sliding in and out of my Clarice. She was so much smaller than Daphne—his erection would look even larger, filling her tiny body.

All of a sudden I was cumming, unleashing my seed onto the kitchen floor at the thought. I was panting, gasping for air, as I watched Eric fuck my high-school crush and my hand milked every last drop out of my cock.

"Fuck," Eric grunted, and I knew that my bully was close. Daphne's face was one of utter pleasure, her body shuddering as his hips pounded her over and over again. Her big tits were bouncing back and forth, and her nails had dug into his back. I could see little rivulets of blood running down his back.
If he even noticed, he didn't seem to care.
"Fuck," he said again, and I watched as his balls tightened. He thrust into her one last time, burying his entire shaft inside her. I could hear her gasping as her toes curled, as her entire body trembled.
She was screaming his name, and his cock was throbbing, and I could see his cum dripping out of her. His balls were pulsating, and I could see a puddle on the ground where his cum was pooling. There was no way her pussy could hold it all.
Eric had just come inside Daphne Higgins. He'd fucked her like a rag doll and pumped her so full of cum that it was leaking out of her. She was still trembling, her mouth open, her eyes wide, her makeup streaked, and she looked like the happiest woman in the world.
I watched as Daphne's hands slid down from his back to his ass, squeezing gently.
"You're perfect," she panted. "No one fucks me like you do, Eric."
I had to turn away. What the hell had I done? I'd just watched two people have sex—I'd invaded their privacy, and cum while I did. I felt ashamed and embarrassed, and if Clarice had walked in and seen me, she'd think I was a complete creep.
I needed to get out of there, to clear my head.
But first, I had to clean up my cum from the kitchen floor.
Also, I'd promised Eric and Daphne I'd make lunch.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 8

When I brought out some burgers half an hour later, Daphne was back in her bikini. Her legs were over Eric's, and her long nails were tracing patterns on his bare skin.
"Thanks," she said, not taking her eyes off Eric. He didn't even acknowledge me, and I couldn't help but feel like a servant, bringing them food.
Back in the house, I poured myself a glass of milk and drank it in one gulp. The house was cool and quiet, and I'd never felt more alone. I couldn't believe what had just happened. What I'd done, what they'd done, what *I'd* done. I could hear

them laughing, talking, flirting by the pool. Part of me wanted to go outside, to join them, but I knew I'd feel like a third wheel.
I tried to put a positive spin on it. In a sense, I'd cleared things up with Eric. I'd made him lunch, and he said that made us even. Clarice would be proud of me for that.
I didn't have to tell her about the rest.
The second I had the thought, I felt nauseated. I wasn't the kind of man to lie to my fiancée—I never had been. That wasn't who I wanted to be.
Was Eric corrupting *me*, now?
I tried to push the thought out of my mind. No. I was stronger than him. I was an adult, a mature man, and I didn't need to get dragged down to his level.
The sound of a happy squeal came from outside, but I forced myself to turn away. I grabbed my keys and my phone, and I went for a long walk.
I needed some fresh air to clear my mind.

***

By the time I got back, my head was on straight. I was going to talk to Clarice, tell her what happened, and apologize to her. We'd been together for long enough that she knew I wasn't a saint. I wasn't the first man to watch a sexy woman, and I wouldn't be the last.
It wasn't like I'd done anything wrong, really. I hadn't touched anyone or done anything to disrespect my fiancée. Eric had seen me watching, so it wasn't like I was spying on them. He could have stopped at any point or indicated for me to leave, but he didn't. He must not have cared.
And yeah, I absolutely shouldn't have jerked off to the sight of it. That would be the most challenging part to explain. I didn't have an excuse for that.
But I was confident that Clarice would find it in her heart to forgive me. She loved me. We loved each other.
The house was empty when I returned: Eric (and Daphne) were nowhere to be found, although Daphne's dress and bikini were still beside it. I tried not to imagine Eric parading our naked ex-classmate around the house.
Instead, I pulled out my phone and started to text Clarice, but I was no more than a few sentences in when I heard Jan's voice from the front of the house. I shoved my phone in my pocket and jogged over to greet the girls.
"Hey, baby!" Clarice said, her smile bright and her eyes shining. She was positively glowing—I don't think I'd ever seen her this happy. "How was your day?"
I took a few seconds to decide how to phrase my response, but Clarice wasn't paying attention. She'd turned to my sister, and the two of them were chatting

animatedly about something.
I realized this wasn't the time. Especially not in front of my sister.
"Good," I lied, and Clarice smiled at me.
"You surprise me," Jan said, and I turned to her. "Didn't think you'd be the type."
Ah, crap. She knew about Daphne.
And, from the sound of it, she knew what I'd done.
"I'm sorry," I said, faster than I meant to. "Please, let me explain."
My sister just laughed in response. "Nothing to explain, brosef," she said. "Just glad that you're loosening up a little."
Jan kissed Clarice on the cheek... I mean, I think that was the intent. Clarice turned at the last second, and instead it became a peck on the lips.
My cheeks burned as I turned away, and Jan bounded into the house, leaving me alone with my fiancée.
"Thank you," Clarice whispered to me.
"It was an accident," I replied, and I could hear my heartbeat in my ears. "I didn't mean to."
"You didn't mean to what?"
I stared at her. It wasn't hard to piece together what had happened—Eric must have told my sister, but then she hadn't told Clarice.
Great. "Eric had a guest today," I said. I don't know what reaction I expected from Clarice, but it wasn't for her eyes to light up and for her to lean in close.
"For real?"
I nodded. "Daphne Higgins, a girl from our high school. They were out by the pool."
Clarice's smile was wide. "What happened?"
"I didn't mean to see anything," I said. "I was making them lunch..."
"Why?"
"For last night," I said, my cheeks red. "Eric and I talked, and he said that if I made him lunch, we'd be even."
It was clear from Clarice's look that she wasn't following, but she gestured for me to continue.
"I wasn't trying to spy on them. But I saw them by the pool, and then he... and she..."
Clarice sat me down on a rocking chair on the front porch. The beach house was on a dirt road; the only other properties nearby were other vacation homes, and everyone was either inside or at the beach. Even though we were technically in a public place, we were completely alone.
"Tell me," she growled into my ear. "I want to hear everything."
"Eric," I said, still embarrassed. "And Daphne. He... he fucked her. In front of me. And I didn't... I mean, I couldn't look away."

I had been expecting judgment, or at least a look of disapproval, but Clarice surprised me again. She moved my hand between her legs; she was wearing the pleated skirt I'd seen her get changed into that morning, and I could feel the heat coming off her pussy.

"Fuck," I gasped, and Clarice giggled.

"Tell me everything," she purred. "Tell me exactly what you saw."

For the next few minutes, I stammeringly narrated the scene I'd witnessed that afternoon. I tried to leave out as many details as possible, but Clarice pressed me for more and more, until I'd painted a vivid picture of Eric's enormous cock pounding Daphne's tight, wet pussy.

I didn't want to tell her how much it had turned me on, about what I'd done, cumming on the kitchen floor as I watched our former bully fuck my high-school crush. But she kept pressing for details, and when I told her that I'd jerked off at the real-life porn scene in front of me, she threw her head back and let out a long, loud moan.

"I'm so sorry," I said, confused, and she shook her head.

"You're so sweet," she said, leaning forward and kissing me. "What happened next?" she panted. Her voice was husky, heavy with lust. "Keep going."

I was embarrassed, but I pressed on. Honesty was the most important part of our relationship, and I had to be honest with her.

"...and then I came," I finally told her. I had two fingers inside her, and they clamped down on me hard at my words. Clarice looked at me. I realized she had tears in her eyes, and I was terrified that I'd hurt her. I went to pull my fingers from her pussy, but she grabbed my wrist with her hand.

"On the kitchen floor?" she panted, and I nodded.

"Watching Eric cum?" she continued, and I nodded again.

"Did you clean it up?"

"Of course," I said, and she gave me a wide smile. I could tell she was close; I could feel her juices dripping down my fingers, her pussy throbbing. I could see the sweat on her forehead, the flush in her cheeks. Honestly, it made me feel a little better—if just hearing the story of someone as hot as Daphne having sex was causing this reaction, who could really blame me for what I'd done?

"What next?"

"I made them burgers," I said, and to my surprise, Clarice was overcome by an orgasm. Her body shuddered, her thighs clamped around my hand, and her hands gripped onto me for dear life as her pussy quivered and spasmed, right there on the porch where anyone could see.

She slumped into me, panting and gasping for air, and I kissed her on the forehead.

"Thank you," she said, once she was recovered. "Thank you for being honest with me, baby."
She was still panting, and I could feel her juices on my fingers. It made me so happy to know that we could tell each other anything, that we didn't have to hide anything. I loved her so much, and I knew that she loved me back.
I also couldn't believe that Clarice had cum. I hadn't even spanked her!
"No problem," I said, smiling at her. "I'm just glad that you're not upset."
Clarice leaned forward and kissed me. Her face was wet with sweat, and as soon as she pulled back, I wiped my face with my free arm.
"Baby," she said, leaning her head against my chest—I knew I'd have to change my shirt as soon as we went inside. "I love you so much. You're so perfect for me."
"Ditto," I said, and she held me tighter.
"I can't believe you're okay with sharing me with Eric."
I froze.
"W-what?" I asked.
"I can't believe you're okay with it," she sighed. "I think it's going to be so much fun."
"I... what are you talking about?"
Clarice looked up at me, her brow furrowed.
"What we talked about last night."
My mind raced, trying to remember exactly what we'd discussed. Leaving early, Clarice's bisexuality, an open relationship...
Oh, shit.
"I didn't... I mean..."
"Babe, what's wrong?"
I felt like my chest was being squeezed. I had to take several deep breaths to calm myself down.
"We never talked about sharing you with Eric."
"We did," she replied firmly. "Last night."
I shook my head. "No, we didn't. We talked about... about what happened with my sister, and you being bisexual, and an open relationship."
"Right. An open relationship."
"But not with *Eric*."
I suddenly felt like the woman on my lap was a stranger. How could she ever think I'd be okay with something like that? She knew how I felt about Eric, how much I hated him. She knew that he'd made my teenage years a living hell, and that I was barely able to tolerate him dating my sister.
In what world did she think I'd want to share her with him? To have an open relationship?

The image of Eric giving me the cocky smirk he'd given me earlier that day filled my brain, and I could feel my stomach turn. It was easy to imagine that look on his face as he pounded into my fiancée, as he treated her as roughly as he'd treated Daphne by the pool.

"I'm sorry, babe," she said. "But we agreed. I spent the whole day working out the details with Jan."

My eyes widened. Not only had my fiancée thought that I'd agree to share her, she'd told my *sister* about it too.

"Oh, honey, she's so excited for it."

I wanted to be sick.

"She was telling me how much she loves watching him fuck other women."

I was going to throw up.

"I mean, you know, you've seen it now. She says it's like a drug. She couldn't stop talking about it—how good he is in bed, how much I'm going to enjoy feeling him inside me."

"Clarice," I said weakly, but it was like she didn't hear me.

"You know how big he is. She was telling me about all the different ways she's taken his cock, about how he's made her cum, how he makes her scream and howl in pleasure."

My mind was reeling, and I had to fight the urge to throw Clarice off me and sprint away, to just run and run and run and never stop.

"She told me that when he cums in her, it's like a hose. And he's so big, every time is like the first..."

There was a look of bliss on Clarice's face—because of Eric. Even before touching her, Eric had made her look more sexually satisfied than I'd ever managed.

"Fuck, baby... I can't wait."

"Clarice," I said, my heart pounding, "I don't want to share you. Especially not with Eric."

She looked up at me and blinked. "You don't?"

"No!" I didn't mean to sound desperate, but I felt like I was losing control—of my voice, of my life.

Of my relationship.

"Then why did you say last night that we could?"

"We were talking about Brigid!"

“That? That was just dirty talk. I don't even think Brigid is bi."

I stared at her. I couldn't believe what we were saying.

"But you... you said..."

"Babe," she said softly. "I was drunk. That was just to turn you on."

I shook my head. This was too much. "Clarice," I said, trying to stay calm. "I don't think it really counts if we were drunk—"

"You said you weren't drunk," she interrupted, her blue eyes staring coolly at me. "You said that you were completely sober. Right?"
I had no idea what to say. I was frozen in place, staring at my fiancée, the woman I was going to marry, and I couldn't think of a single response.
Finally, I nodded.
"It's okay, babe," she said soothingly. She grabbed my hand and moved it to her bare leg. "I know it's new, and exciting, and a little bit scary. But I think this is going to be good for us."
I shook my head.
"Hey, I have an idea," she said, giving me a sweet smile and a squeeze. "Why don't we go out the back, and we can recreate exactly what you saw happen today?"
Still lost for words, I shook my head again. Clarice gave me a worried look. "What's wrong, babe?"
I could feel tears forming in the corners of my eyes, and I turned away.
"Hey," she said, and she turned my face back to look at her. Her eyes were full of concern, and she brushed the hair from my eyes. "Hey, what's wrong?"
"Eric."
It was all I could say.
"I don't want him to touch you."
"Baby..."
"I can't... he's awful. He's a bully, and he made my life miserable..."
Tears were streaming down my face.
"Honey," Clarice said, her brow furrowed. "That was in high school. He's changed. He's not that guy anymore."
"He is," I said, my voice more shrill than it had been since puberty. "He is. You don't see it, but he's still like that. He hasn't changed at all."
I wanted to tell her about everything that had happened the night before, about the way he'd threatened me by the pool, the way he'd crushed my hand without breaking a sweat. I wanted her to know what he'd done to me.
But I couldn't.
"He's different, baby," Clarice said, and I could tell she believed every word. "He's not the same guy he used to be—I'm pretty sure he likes you."
"He told me today he thought I was a pussy."
To my surprise, Clarice laughed. I stared at her, eyes wide.
"That's just his sense of humor, babe. He was kidding."
I shook my head, and Clarice leaned forward.
"Hey," she said, "I know you're worried. And I know this is a big change for us."
"I don't *want* a change..."
Clarice put one finger on my lips and continued.

"But I think this is going to be so good for us."
"I don't," I said, my voice muffled by her finger. She didn't move it.
"I'm not going to cheat on you," she said, and I stared at her. "I love you, and I want to be with you for the rest of my life."
"I love you, too," I said, my voice breaking. "Oh, thank you. Thank you, thank you, thank you..."
"I'm not going to cheat on you," she said again. "I'm not going to do anything without telling you about it."
She took her finger from my lips, and I nodded. I felt so grateful, so lucky that Clarice was willing to listen to me, to change her mind. "Okay," I said.
She kissed me, and I could taste the salt of the sea on her lips. It was like a weight had been lifted from my chest. We would work things out. Clarice was my person. We were going to spend the rest of our lives together.
Without Eric.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 9

This isn't happening, I told myself. *This isn't happening*.
This isn't happening.
After the day I'd had, I was so exhausted after my conversation with Clarice that I went straight to bed. My fiancée told me that she was going to stay up with my sister and *him*.
Part of me wanted to forbid her, to tell her that she had to stay with me.
But after what we'd just discussed, I knew that I couldn't. Clarice had promised not to do anything without me, and I trusted her.
I trusted her.
I didn't stir when she came to bed, but waking with her in my arms was the best feeling in the world. I kissed her forehead, and she moaned in her sleep. I could feel her tits against my arm, and her ass against my hips, and I could feel myself getting hard.
God, my sex drive was through the roof lately. It must have been the sea air.
Clarice had told me before that an ex-boyfriend used to wake her up by fucking her. I'd been horrified, of course—I'd suggested we call the police, that what he'd done was rape.
She'd just laughed it off and said that it wasn't like that. That she liked it.
That she'd like it if I did that.

I never had, of course. The very idea made me sick to my stomach. I could never do something like that to a woman; the consent she gave when awake didn't count when she was asleep. Just the thought of it went against every ideal I had. My cock pressed against her ass, and I could feel her warm skin beneath my hands. It took me a moment to realize what I was doing.

I hadn't gotten anywhere near penetrating her—thank god!—but my hands had moved to her breasts. I was basically molesting my unconscious bride-to-be.

I stopped immediately, of course. A lot of people would have done the unthinkable—Eric, for example. If he woke up to a naked woman sleeping beside him, he wouldn't hesitate to use her body. He wouldn't care that she was unconscious. He'd slide his enormous cock into her and wake her up with sex.

I wasn't him. I wasn't a monster.

I slid out of bed, pulled the sheets up to cover Clarice's naked body, and made my way into the shower.

When I made my way out of the bathroom, clean, dressed, and feeling like a new man, Clarice was awake.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked, stretching. I nodded.

"You?"

"Like a dream," she smiled. Her eyes danced with glee. "You wouldn't *believe* what we got up to last night. Eric took me for the first time, and it felt so good..."

I choked on air, and she laughed. "Honey, I'm kidding. I'm just messing with you."

"Oh," I said. My throat was dry. "Ha. Ha."

"Jan and I were talking about what we were going to do today. I wanted to check in with you before we make any concrete plans, of course."

"Of course," I echoed, and my voice sounded hollow in my own ears. It was too easy to imagine Clarice had done exactly what she'd said.

I knew she wouldn't, of course. She'd never cheat on me, any more than I'd cheat on her. But Eric was so persuasive, so *forward*—it was easy to imagine even someone with the iron will of Clarice falling for his words, being swayed by his charm, letting his thick log split her in two...

I shook my head.

"So what *did* you get up to last night?" I asked, completely failing to sound casual.

"Don't worry," she grinned. "Nothing you wouldn't do."

I nodded, feeling a sharp sense of relief. There was no world in which I'd do *anything* with Eric, and I knew Clarice would never lie to me.

"But we should talk. About the plan."

"The plan?" I repeated, and she nodded.

"I know that you're uncomfortable with the idea of me and Eric together," she continued, "but we only have nine more days, and so..."

I held up one hand. A full night's sleep and a hot shower had done wonders for my brain. I felt more confident than I had in days.
"I don't want you and Eric to do *anything* together," I said firmly. I could feel my back straightening as I spoke. "Ever."
Clarice gave me a strange look. "Babe," she said. "I don't think that's realistic."
My mouth fell open. "Realistic??"
"Eric is going to basically be my brother-in-law. I'm going to see Eric a lot. I don't think it's realistic to say that we won't have to interact at all."
"That's not what I meant," I said. "Of course you and Eric can *interact*. You can talk or hang out. I just don't want you two to… you know."
Clarice's eyes bore into mine.
"What?"
"I don't want you two to have sex," I said, and I could feel the blush creeping into my cheeks. "I don't want you two to fuck. Or anything. I want you and I to be exclusive."
Her eyebrows shot up, and I recognized the warning signs that every man knows —I'd stepped in it now. "Oh, so now the whole open relationship is off?" she said, her voice icy.
"Clarice," I stammered, but she wasn't finished.
"I don't think it's fair that you make promises and then just take them back. That's…"
She trailed off, and a sad look came across her face.
"What?" I asked, suddenly nervous.
"I don't know if that's the kind of relationship that I want," she said, and my heart sank.
"W-what?"
We'd been strictly monogamous for the whole time we'd been together. Before this weekend, she'd never said two words about being in an open relationship. Where was this coming from?
"I don't want to be in a marriage," she answered, "where my partner just goes back on the things that he says. I need to be able to trust you, babe."
"Clarice, honey, you *can* trust me."
I could see her eyes welling up with tears.
"Can I?"
"Yes," I said, insistently. "Baby, yes. Of course you can."
"I was… I was just so excited."
"About having an open relationship?" I asked.
She nodded. "I don't think I knew how much I wanted it until you suggested it."
That wasn't how I remembered the conversation happening, but my fiancée had been pretty drunk at the time.

"I'm not trying to force you into it," she sniffed. "You know I'm not."
"I know," I said, grabbing her hands in mine.
"If we're going to try anything like that, we have to do it on *your* terms. I know I can't just go and do whatever I want. That's not how a relationship works."
I nodded.
"And if you're not ready yet," she continued. "I understand. I'll wait. It'll be hard, but I'll wait."
My heart broke at her words. I hated that I was hurting her like this.
"If I'd known you would react this way, I wouldn't have told Jan," she said, and I could hear the catch in her throat. "Or Eric."
My head jerked up, and my eyes met hers. She looked so upset, but all I cared about was the last thing she'd said.
"You told Eric??"
"I was just so excited, you know. I thought it was something that we both wanted, and I got carried away."
The sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach had returned, and I knew that my face had lost all its color.
"Eric knows that we're in an open relationship?"
"Of course," she said, her voice small. "He and I were talking about how excited we were to be together."
"What did you tell him?"
"It was just pillow talk, babe. We weren't going to do anything until you and I had talked."
"Wait," I said, suddenly. "Pillow talk?"
Clarice's cheeks reddened. "Yeah. We were in bed, and..."
"You got into bed with Eric??" I said, and my voice was louder than I expected it to be. Clarice looked at me, and she frowned.
"Babe, I told you, I didn't do anything you wouldn't do."
"I wouldn't get into bed with Eric!"
"It wasn't like that," Clarice said defensively. "It was just so I could... watch."
"Watch what?" I asked, and then the realization hit me like a ton of bricks. "What were you watching?"
She was quiet.
"Clarice," I demanded. "Tell me."
She bit her lip.
"Clarice, what were you watching?"
"...Eric," she admitted. "And your sister."
I could feel bile rising in my stomach. "Oh, god."
"I'm sorry," she said, and I could see from her face that she was sincere.
"You watched Eric fuck Jan?"

She nodded, and her cheeks were bright red. "I figured that since you had..."
"I didn't watch him fuck *my sister*." My raised voice seemed to snap her out of it; all of a sudden, my fiancée's confidence was back, and the look on her face made me realize I was shouting.
Oh, god. I had become a man who shouted at women.
"No," she said, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You're such a saint that you just watched Eric fuck Daphne Higgins, jacking off as you did, *without* her knowledge or consent."
I couldn't help but remember how I'd felt as I jerked off to the sight of Daphne cumming over and over again on Eric's thick shaft, and my cheeks flushed.
"Clarice, I didn't mean to..."
"To spy on them? To invade the privacy of an old school friend? I promise you, *babe*, your sister and her boyfriend were aware the entire time that I was there, that I was watching."
She was right. I was a hypocrite, and I hated myself for that.
"I didn't know," I said, my voice small. "I didn't think that was something you'd... want."
"Didn't think I'd want to see an attractive man have sex?" she asked, and my face reddened even further. "That's a little sexist, babe."
I nodded. I was so ashamed of myself.
"I'm sorry," I whispered.
"It's okay," she said. "I know you're not a bad person."
"Thank you," I whispered. I was so lucky to have such a fantastic woman in my life.
"It was exactly as good as you said," she smiled, and I could feel the tension in the room lifting. "Do you want to hear about it? It was quite a show."
In no world did I want to hear about my sister being fucked by a giant cock. I couldn't even bring myself to say anything.
But my consternation must have appeared on my face, because Clarice shot me a look of concern.
"If you don't want me to fuck Eric," she said, grabbing my hand. "I won't fuck Eric."
I let out a deep breath. "Thank you," I said.
But, to my surprise, she moved her hand between my legs.
"But," Clarice whispered, staring me in the eyes, "I think you do."
"W-what?" I started to stammer, but Clarice's hand found my erection, and I fell silent.
"I think," she continued, her fingers encircling the bulge in my pants, "you want me to fuck him. I think you want me to fuck him, and you want to watch."

I opened my mouth and then closed it again. No sound came out. I could barely even think, as Clarice's hand began to stroke my shaft through my jeans.
"I'm not going to do anything you don't want me to do, babe," she whispered, her eyes locked on mine. "But I also know what you *really* want."
"I don't..."
"I want you to be honest with me," she said, and she squeezed my cock. "I know this turns you on.
I shook my head. Clarice raised one eyebrow.
"Babe," she said, her voice firm, "don't lie to me."
"I... I don't want to share you with anyone," I managed to say, and I could hear my voice shaking.
"Okay," she said, nodding. "I believe you."
"Thanks," I said, and I was so relieved that my cock twitched in her hand.
"I don't think you want to take me at the same time as someone else," she said, and my eyes widened. I hadn't even considered that.
Fucking my fiancée while Eric took her mouth...
I shuddered at the idea. It truly held no appeal. I'd seen the size of what he was packing, and I'd seen the rough way he liked to have sex. He didn't treasure women like I did; he used them.
I wanted no part of that.
"I don't," I said, relieved that Clarice and I were on the same page.
"I don't think you want to *share* me with someone," she continued. There was a wet spot on the front of my pajamas—Clarice really was amazing with her hand. "I think you just want to watch."
"No!" I said, so startled by the idea that my cock twitched in Clarice's hand. Which, of course, sent the exact wrong message.
"I think you want to watch Eric have his way with me. You don't want to participate. You just want to watch him make me cum."
"No," I said again. This time, Clarice's hand slowed, and her expression grew serious.
"It's okay, babe," she said, and gave me a reassuring smile.
Thank god.
"You don't have to hide this from me."
"N-no," I began, but Claire was already off on another spiel. She clearly believed what she was saying, had no doubt that she was right. In her mind, I was the kind of man who wanted to see his fiancée be treated like a slut. I was the kind of man who wanted to see the woman he loved get fucked by a massive cock.
Somehow, Clarice had gotten the idea that I not only wanted her to have sex with another man, but that I wanted to *watch*.
She couldn't have been more wrong.

"You can watch Eric fuck me," she said, her hand moving up and down my cock. "And if you want to jerk off, or you want to join in, you're free to do either."
"I don't want to join in," I protested, but again, she completely misinterpreted what I was saying.
"That's okay," she cooed, and I could tell she was getting into it; her hand was moving faster and faster, and her eyes were starting to shine. "You can just watch. You can just sit back, and watch Eric pound me, and watch me scream and moan and cum, and you can watch him fill me with his thick cum."
I wanted to close my eyes, to block out her voice, but I couldn't look away. Clarice had me mesmerized as her hand pumped my erection through my pants, and my mind filled with disgusting imagery.
"Or," Clarice said, her eyes bright. "You can watch Eric take me from behind. That's how he fucked your sister, in the bed beside me. Do you want to hear about that?"
I didn't, of course. I'd heard far too much already. But my cock twitched, and she smiled.
"Your sister was moaning and screaming the whole time. Eric put his hand over her mouth, and she started drooling all over it."
I could picture it in my head, as much as I didn't want to. My sister's long blonde hair tied back, and Eric's muscular frame. He would be fucking her hard and fast, her body rocking back and forth with each thrust, her ass slapping against his muscular torso.
"I was so close that I could smell it," Clarice breathed, her hand never slowing. "I could smell him. He smelled so strong, so manly. His cock was so big, and it was stretching your sister so wide. It was like a porno, it was like the kind of thing that people pay money to see."
I understood that feeling. I'd had the same thought watching Daphne and Eric. And now it was all too easy to imagine my fiancée taking the same voyeuristic pleasure I had.
Clarice, the woman I loved, watching two people have sex. Her green eyes wide, her mouth open. Her soft pink lips, and her wet tongue...
"Fuck," I grunted, and I could feel my cock pulsating. Clarice smiled, knowing exactly what was happening.
"If you don't want me to do anything with Eric," she said, not slowing down. "Then I won't. But if you want me to fool around with him, if you want to watch me fuck him..."
I couldn't stop myself. I could hear myself moaning, and I knew what was going to happen. It wasn't something that I could stop; it wasn’t something I could control.
"...if you want to see us together, then cum. Cum, baby. Cum for me..."

I did, spurting into my pants, my cock throbbing in Clarice's hand. She grinned at the mess I made, and she leaned forward and kissed me.
I was panting, and my body was trembling. I wanted to tell Clarice that she'd gotten it all wrong, that I had no interest in seeing Eric have his way with her, or do *anything* with her.
But before I could find the words, she kissed me again, and her mouth tasted like cinnamon, and her eyes were so happy and full of excitement. She pulled away, and before I could recover enough to tell her that I absolutely, one-hundred percent did not want Eric to have sex with her, she was gone, skipping into the hall, wearing nothing but a smile.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 10

It took me several minutes to clean up and change my pants (I couldn't exactly go running through the beach house covered in jizz), but soon I had caught up with my fiancée.
To my relief, we were the only ones up. Eric and Jan were sleeping later for a change, so no one but me caught Clarice's naked dash through the house to the kitchen.
When I found Clarice, she was eating breakfast, wearing a sundress that she must have taken from the dryer. She met my look of concern with a grin, and I sat beside her.
"Babe," I said, as seriously as I could. "Please. I don't want to…—"
"It's okay," she said, her blue eyes shining at me. "I won't do anything that you don't want me to do."
Even a day earlier, that would have been incredibly comforting. Now?
I don't want it to sound like I didn't trust my fiancée. I just… I didn't think that she understood what I meant. I'd spent so much of our relationship trying to make sure that she was comfortable and happy that I'd never really learned how to disagree with her.
But this was important, and I made one final effort.
"Please, Clarice," I begged. "Please, don't fuck him."
She looked me in the eyes, and my worry must have been clear, because—after a long pause—she nodded. "I won't," she said. I felt like a huge weight had been lifted off me.
"Thank you, thank you, thank you," I said, and I hugged her.

"I love you so much," she said, snuggling her head into my chest, and I kissed the crown of her head. She tilted her face up to mine, and we kissed, and in that moment, I knew that everything was going to be okay.
I had just one question remaining, and I asked it. "So how are you going to tell them?" I said, and she frowned at me.
"Tell who?" she asked.
I couldn't help but laugh. "Eric and Jan!
"Don't worry," she said, taking my hand and squeezing it. "I'm sure they can be patient."
That wasn't the reassurance I'd been looking for, but before I could ask what she meant, we were interrupted by the entrance of my sister, wearing a t-shirt and nothing else.
Nothing else.
"Sis!" I hissed, and she just rolled her eyes. Her blonde hair was messy, but her brown eyes were bright, and she gave the two of us a knowing smile.
"I heard you had a visitor yesterday," she said, and I was suddenly so flustered that the fact that my sister was Donald Ducking around the kitchen completely slipped out of my mind.
"Did you know my brother had a crush on her?" she drawled, shooting Clarice a wink. "He asked her to the prom. Twice!"
My fiancée giggled, and Jan pulled out the stool next to her, sitting down and giving her a morning peck on the lips. She was so close to Clarice that their thighs were touching.
"What's the plan for today?" I asked, changing the subject, and the two girls exchanged a look.
"What?"
"What?" they echoed in unison.
I sighed. I wasn't even sure if I wanted to know.
The conversation moved on, and when Eric entered (not bottomless, thank the lord), my sister leapt up to kiss him. Clarice took the opportunity to grab my hand and squeeze.
"I promise you won't regret this," she whispered, and I didn't reply. I had no idea what she meant, and I was afraid to ask.
We'd discussed going out to surf, but the weather was against us. So, instead, Eric decided to get the hot tub working, and (after prompts from both Clarice and my sister), I decided to assist him.
"I thought you were meant to be a braniac," he grunted, as I failed to tighten a screw. I sighed, trying to stay calm.
"Mm-hmm," I muttered, not even bothering to explain that there were different kinds of intelligence.

"So you and Clarice, huh?"
The question came so abruptly that it took me a moment to process.
"What?"
"You," Eric said slowly, as if talking to an idiot, "and Clarice. You're getting married, right?"
I nodded. I wasn't sure why, but the question was making my heart beat faster.
He knew that. He exclusively knew Clarice as my fiancée.
What was he getting at?
"You're a lucky man," Eric said. That, at least, I could wholeheartedly agree with.
"She's my everything," I said with a sigh. I didn't even let Eric's mimed puking bother me.
"I mean, Clarice is hot as hell. You're not exactly a looker, so you should thank your lucky stars."
I didn't dignify him with a response.
"How'd you meet?"
It was a story I'd told a thousand times, and as I launched into it, I was met with something that I'd never experienced before:
Eric was listening to me.
As I told the tale of how Clarice and I met—at a mutual friend's party, during a game of truth or dare—and our first date—a quiet dinner at a romantic Italian restaurant, where we'd spent the whole time talking about how little we'd actually enjoyed the food—he listened.
Like he was interested.
Let me be clear—he didn't laugh at the jokes or anything, and he was as sarcastic as ever, but he listened to the entire thing, and he even asked questions.
Questions!
I told him what we ate, what we drank, what music was playing, what she wore, everything. And when I told him about our first kiss—in her car, as she dropped me off after that first date—he actually smiled.
"What's she like in bed?" he finally asked. I rolled my eyes.
"Like, what positions does she like?"
"I'm not answering that," I said firmly.
Eric gave me a smirk. Apparently, the spell of my story had been broken. "I'll go first, then. Your sister loves being taken from behind."
I wanted to plug my ears. I didn't want to hear any more about Eric having sex with Jan—or anyone else. I did *not* want to hear the details of their sordid bedroom habits.
"Come on," Eric grinned, clearly enjoying how uncomfortable he was making me. "I bet your girl's into some nasty shit."
"She is not," I said firmly. Like my tone would do anything to stop him.

I glanced over—Clarice and my sister were inside, cleaning up, making each other laugh. It was the kind of bonding I'd always hoped would happen between my family and the love of my life.
Eric wouldn't try anything, not with such a clear line of sight into the house.
"She's a total freak, I bet," he grinned. "I can tell."
"Eric," I warned, but he was on a roll.
"Does she take it in the ass? I bet she loves taking a few cocks at once. Your sister doesn't like that, but Clarice looks like a real wildcat."
I shook my head. "You're out of your mind."
He was undeterred. I could see his eyes glazing over as his fantasies grew wilder.
"She's a fucking nympho. I bet she's into spankings, and facials, and—"
"No!" I protested. His guesses were hitting too close to home—I'd never cum on Clarice's face, of course, no matter how many times she'd asked me.
But Eric just laughed.
"She will be with me," he said, and I could feel my cheeks growing red at the idea that Clarice was the kind of woman who'd have sex with a bully like him.
"She would never go for you," I said firmly, and he laughed again, louder.
"You're a fucking idiot," he said. It was about the extent of his wit. I could have come up with a devastating response, but after a few minutes of working silently, I decided to let it go. Turn the other cheek.
I don't know if he was frustrated, being cooped up inside the house, but Eric kept needling me all day. Any time the girls were out of earshot, he would drop a comment about Clarice. Her breasts. Her ass. Her pussy, and how good it must feel. Her mouth. How enthusiastically she must suck cock.
I mean, he was right, but I refused to give him the dignity of a response.
And even when the hot tub was working and the four of us were making lunch together, whenever their backs were turned, he would make lewd gestures—miming himself jerking off onto her face, or groping her tits.
At one point, she bent over to empty the dishwasher, and he stood behind her, pretending to take her from behind.
He was a fucking asshole, and I hated him. Worst of all, my sister saw that one, and she didn't say anything. She laughed, as though Eric's crude behavior was the funniest thing she'd ever seen.
"What?" Clarice asked, but I didn't say anything. I couldn't.
The more I protested, the more he would do it. I tried to excuse myself to go to the bathroom; I locked the door behind me and took deep breaths, like my therapist had taught me. But within a minute of being back around my sister's idiot boyfriend, he was right back at it.
I didn't mention anything to Clarice. Part of me wanted to reveal who Eric really was, the side he managed to hide from her—but if I did, I knew that she'd make a

big deal out of it, and that would encourage him further. I could tough it out.
Clarice had to disappear for a work call (we'd all taken time off for the trip, but she still had a project to handle). While she was gone, we decided it was finally time to get into the hot tub. My sister pulled out a six-pack of beer, and I decided to have one. To take the edge off.
To cope with being alone with my bikini-clad sister and Eric.
I'm not much of a drinker. In my family, alcohol was something that was only for special occasions, not something that we did casually. I'd tried it for the first time in college, and after one drunken experience that I'd rather forget, I'd never gotten drunk again.
The drinks must have had a higher alcohol content than I expected, because after two beers, I could already feel the effects. The world was fuzzier, and everything was just a little bit funnier.
Even Eric.
Not actually *funny*, of course. I want to make that clear. I'd have to drink my own weight in beer before I found that imbecile amusing.
But when he told the story of the first time he'd gotten a blowjob, I found myself laughing at the punchline (something about his penis being bigger than the girl had expected), and my sister gave me a wink.
"Finally loosening up, eh?"
“I guess so,” I agreed, opening another beer.
If drinking made 'time with Eric' tolerable, maybe I'd spend the rest of the week buzzed.
"Gross," I said, as Eric pulled my sister to his lap and started making out with her. She laughed, and he gave her a smack on the ass.
"Feeling left out, bro?" he asked, and I rolled my eyes.
"I'll leave you to it," I said, getting to my feet, and he laughed.
"Stay, Dweebus,"—my sister giggled at the old nickname. "Why don't you get a picture of us?"
I gave him a look, but he just shrugged.
"I'm serious," he said, and I knew it was a trap. It was a trap, and I was walking right into it. But I was feeling tipsy, and I wanted to prove something. I wasn't sure what—maybe just that I wasn't a coward.
So I grabbed my phone and snapped a photo of the two of them kissing.
"Nice," he said. He was clearly up to something, but I couldn't tell what.
"Send it to me," Jan ordered. "I wanna see."
I was about to, when Eric snatched the phone out of my hand. I was so startled that I didn't react in time. I reached for it, but he pulled it away and stood up.
"Eric," my sister laughed, but did nothing to stop him.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, and he just smirked at me. He was far too tall for me to retrieve it, so all I had to rely on was my words.
Mightier, thank goodness, than the sword. Or big, idiot bullies like Eric.
"Checking your phone. Make sure you haven't taken any naughty photos of your sister."
I could feel the heat rising to my cheeks.
"Of course I haven't!"
"Or yesterday's guest..." he said, and I could hear the blood rushing to my face. I hadn't, of course, but for a moment—just for a split second—I'd been tempted.
"Give it back," I ordered, remembering what *was* on there.
Clarice and I didn't, like, send nudes back and forth like we used to when we were first dating. And when we were first dating, I'd been more cautious about it—I would delete them from the thread, I had a password-protected app, double authentication, all that.
But now that we lived together, we'd grown more... lax. There was definitely a photo or two that she'd sent to tease me while I was at work—pictures of her in some old bondage gear, straps criss-crossing her body—and I knew that if Eric saw that, he would never let me forget it.
"Give it back!" I ordered, and he laughed. I stood up, and immediately wished I hadn't; the beer had gone to my head, and I was a lot tipsier than I had thought.
"Give it back," I repeated, sitting back in the hot tub, feeling like an idiot.
Eric whistled, and I knew he'd found our messages. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't overpower him. I had to outsmart him. Think, think, think.
"Oh, babe," Eric grinned. "You're going to want to see this."
"What?" Jan asked, and Eric handed her the phone.
Jan's eyes widened, and she shot me a look.
"Damn, bro," she said, and I honestly don't think I'd ever heard her sound more impressed. "You really scored a winner here."
My cheeks were burning. I was too embarrassed to speak.
"But not a weiner," Eric said, taking the phone back and scrolling. Both of them burst out laughing, and I realized what they must have found.
When Clarice had sent me those photos, I'd... well, I'd gone into the office bathroom, and I'd sent her some back.
Like I said, I don't think I have anything to be ashamed of. I'm not, like, porn-star big... but no one is, not in real life.
Except Eric, I guess.
My sister shot me a sympathetic look, and I wanted to sink to the bottom of the hot tub and drown.
No one ever, *ever* wants their sister to see photos of their genitals. And if they do, a look of pity is the last thing in the world you want to see.

"It's okay," Eric said, shooting me that smug grin I hated so much. "What do they say? Small guys finish last."
"Small??" I protested. "It's perfectly normal."
Eric laughed. "Whatever you say, bud. Whatever you say."
"Give it back," I ordered, but neither of them was taking me seriously.
Eric's eyes were glued to the screen, and I knew exactly what he'd found.
"Damn, Clarice," he whistled. I could see the way his eyes had glazed over—he was horny as fuck. I wanted to punch him. I didn't even care that he'd kill me. I didn't care that he'd probably rip my arm out and beat me to death with it.
I wanted to take him down. The time for words had passed. I had to do something.
"So she *is* a natural redhead," Eric began, and when I unsteadily stood up, he grinned. "Has the pussy cat come out to play?"
"You fuckin'..."
"Babe!"
Before I could do anything, all three of us turned to the sound of Clarice's voice.
"What the hell are you doing?" she asked, her hands on her hips, and I could see the fury in her eyes.
My heart was racing. My cheeks were bright red. I couldn't even begin to think of what to say.
"Nothing, babe," I said, and both my sister and her boyfriend burst out laughing.
Clarice didn't find it nearly as funny. "Are you... are you *drunk*?"
She'd never seen me drunk. I shook my head and almost toppled off the bench and into the water.
When I had found stability again, she was standing beside the hot tub, and for the first time, I realized what she was wearing: the skimpy bikini she'd worn into town the other day.
She was reading the back of one of my discarded beer cans and threw me a worried look. "Babe, do you know how much alcohol is in these?"
I didn't. Jan laughed.
"We just wanted to loosen him up a bit."
Clarice shook her head. She reached into the hot tub and pulled the last can out of my hands. "I think you've had enough," she said, and I nodded. The fight with Eric had drained the last of the adrenaline from my system. I could barely think straight.
"Come on," Clarice said, helping me out of the hot tub. "Let's get you to bed."
She was so good to me. I'd have to buy her flowers, or chocolates, or a diamond necklace. God, I couldn't wait until we were married. Until she was mine, and I was hers, and I could keep her away from creeps like Eric.
Eric!

I pointed at my sister's boyfriend. "He saw the photos you sent me," I said. It was happening. This was my moment. After such a flagrant, incontrovertible violation of privacy, Clarice would see who he really was. Finally, she would be free of his clutches.

But to my horror, Clarice just smiled. "Oh yeah?" she said, turning to the couple in the hot tub. Jan was on Eric's lap again. "You like what you see?"

Neither of them said anything: Jan nodded, causing her chest to bounce in a way that no brother should ever see, and Eric just gave a thumbs-up.

"He looked at your pictures," I said again, but Clarice just nodded. I couldn't believe it. I must have been hallucinating. That beer must have had more than alcohol in it. "And mine!"

In response, Clarice put her hand on mine—which, I then realized, was still sticking straight out and pointing at Eric. The rain had slowed down, but it was still sprinkling as she led me to the glass door. "Sorry about this," she said over her shoulder. "Apparently, he's an exhibitionist when he's drunk."

My eyes widened. Clarice thought that I was *far* more intoxicated than I was (although, to be fair, walking was more challenging than I'd expected it to be), and had shown off her pictures as a lark. Surely she knew that I'd never do that, I'd never expose her to someone like Eric.

She must have known that.

"Let's get you to bed," she said, sounding irritated. "I want to spend some time in the hot tub before dinner."

I stopped in my tracks. There was no way I was letting her put me to bed, then return and be alone with Eric and my sister. The last time it had just been the three of them, she'd ended up in bed beside the couple while they fucked.

Now that Eric had seen photos of her nude, he'd be even more excited to see the real deal.

Clarice was so beautiful, and the bikini she was wearing left barely anything to the imagination. I couldn't let her go back out there. I had to protect her.

"Come *on*," she said, frustrated, but I shook my head.

"I'm not going upstairs," I said, my words slurred and my tone that of a petulant toddler. "I'm not leaving you alone with him."

Clarice gave me a strange look. "What do you think is going to happen?"

"He'll... he'll... you're mine! Not his!"

She laughed. "Of course I'm yours, babe. But you can't lock me in our room."

I frowned. That was exactly what I wanted to do.

"C'mon. Just have a nap, and then once you've sobered up a bit, you can join us."

"I'm not going upstairs," I repeated, and I knew that I was sounding like an idiot, but I was so worried, and it was so hard to think. Clarice just nodded.

"Fine. You can have a nap on the couch."

I wanted to disagree, but I couldn't remember why the couch felt like such a bad choice. As my fiancée helped me through the door, I looked back. Jan was still straddling Eric, his hands on her tits as he kissed her neck, and I wanted to scream.
Clarice lay me down on the couch, and I realized that it gave me a clear view of the hot tub. It was perfect: I could pretend to nap, but instead I'd just watch and make sure Eric didn't do anything to my beautiful fiancée.
"You okay?" she asked, laying me down. I wanted to tell her that I wasn't, that my whole world had been turned upside-down over the past few days, that I wanted to take her and drive away, to protect her.
But I suddenly felt a wave of fatigue, and instead I just nodded, my eyes going past the beautiful bikini-clad redhead in front of me, to the back patio, the raindrops, and the two figures in the water.

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 11

Chapter 11:
The plan was to stay awake, to keep an eye on Eric and my fiancee and make sure that they did nothing untoward. But my head was spinning so much that I closed my eyes, and drifted off.
I slept fitfully; whenever I awoke, it was hard to tell what was a dream and what was reality. The first time I opened my eyes, I saw the girls in their bikinis, Jan on Eric's lap, Clarice drinking one of the surprisingly-strong beers and laughing at his jokes.
The second time, I saw Eric's arm wrapped around my sister's waist. Clarice was still in her bikini, but Jan's top was off. Eric was kissing my sister's neck, and Clarice was looking at the two of them with an expression on her face that I didn't want to see.
The third time must have been a dream—neither girl had their bikini tops on, and Clarice had taken the spot on Eric's lap. It looked like my sister was standing beside them, her hand on Eric's shoulder, looking down at the pair proudly. I couldn't see anything below the waist, but Eric's board shorts were hanging on the side of the hot tub.
I closed my eyes. Definitely a dream.
The next time I awoke, it was with a start. My head was pounding, and I needed some painkillers. The hot tub was empty, and I could hear voices and music from

somewhere else in the house.
I tried to sit up, but my head felt like a bowling ball. I slowly, carefully managed to make it upright, and I groaned. I remembered now why I didn't drink—it was like I got the full strength of each hangover that my fiancee somehow escaped.
I closed my eyes again, and was tempted to just call it a night, to fall back asleep on the couch, sleep the headache away. But then, from the room with the music, I heard the sound of a loud, female moan.
I knew that voice. It was the voice of the woman I'd spent the last five years of my life with. The woman I was going to spend the *rest* of my life with.
My head pounded, but I managed to get to my feet. I followed the sounds of the music, and the moans, and the laughs. The sounds of a good time. I stumbled twice, but managed to keep going: everyone was in the kitchen, and as soon as I opened the door, I regretted it.
Eric and Jan were at the island. They were both naked, and Eric was thrusting into her. My sister's legs were wrapped around her boyfriend's waist, and her arms were draped over his broad shoulders. She had the same expression that I'd seen on Daphne Higgins' face as Eric had fucked her, the face of a woman experiencing an almost inhuman pleasure. Her eyes were closed, her mouth was open, and her body was rocking in time to Eric's thrusts.
And Clarice... was nowhere to be seen.
My bloodshot eyes darted around the kitchen, but she wasn't there. I could hear her moan, and my attention snapped back to the copulating couple in front of me. I must have made a sound, because their attention was suddenly on me. My sister's green eyes were wide, and her mouth was open in a wide 'o', while Eric had the cocky look that he always had.
It wasn't Clarice's moans that I'd heard, it was my sister's.
"Hey, bud!" Eric said, not even bothering to slow down. He was still fucking my sister, and she was still moaning, her entire body shaking with pleasure as he pounded into her. "Nice of you to join us."
"Fuck you," I growled.
"Fuck! Off!" my sister panted, and I suddenly realized that I was just standing and staring as my little sister took Eric's thick cock.
I staggered out of the room, back to the couch, and picked up my phone. Clarice answered immediately, sounding sunny as the weather wasn't.
"Hey babe," she said. "Feeling better?"
"Where are you?" I rasped.
"In our room," she said, confused. I ended the call, sank onto the couch, and put my head in my hands.
I would have stayed there, stuck to the couch by shame and what I was starting to suspect might be alcohol poisoning... but I could hear Jan's moans growing

louder and louder. She was getting close to orgasm (something no brother wants to know how to recognize), and the sound of my baby sister being fucked by that... that... animal was too much.

Two minutes later, I was upstairs, where my girlfriend was lying in bed. She had a towel wrapped around her head, and was wearing one of my shirts. She was on her stomach, her phone in her hand, and when she saw me, her blue eyes sparkled.

"You okay?" she asked, sitting up, and I could see that she wasn't wearing a bra. Her breasts swayed beneath the shirt, and I was suddenly aware of how hard I was.

Because of my fiancee's body, of course. Not because of anything else.

I made my way to the bed and held her. Her body was warm and soft, and her skin was still damp. She smelled like chlorine and my shampoo. I kissed her: she tasted like beer, and considering how strong those beers were, I knew that I couldn't ethically do anything more than kiss her (and, honestly, even that felt dicey), but I needed to hold her. To know that she was mine.

We spent a few minutes making out (I even moved my mouth to her neck), the sounds of my sister's orgasm permeating the thin walls, but when Clarice moved my hands to her breasts, I stopped.

But, just as she had that morning, she reached down and felt the outline of my erection through my jeans. "Wow," she said. "Someone's feeling better."

"I'm sorry," I said. "It's just..."

Clarice nodded. "I get it," she said, her fingers tracing my shaft through my pants. She was always so understanding, even when I didn't deserve it.

She was my fiancee—my world!—and I would do anything to protect her.

Clarice went to unzip my pants, and I reached down to stop her. "You're drunk," I said gently, and she rolled her eyes. This was a familiar fight.

"I had *one beer*," she said. "And you had *four*."

I nodded. We were both in no state to be having sex. Even if she were sober, I would never have let my beautiful fiancee be fucked by a drunk man. It wouldn't have been right.

"We can't," I said, and she let out a long, loud sigh of frustration.

"Then what am I supposed to do?" she demanded. "Because I guarantee there's someone downstairs who would happily take care of me, but *you* won't let me."

I forced a grin to my face and took a deep breath. Bright side, I told myself: if she's this worked up, then clearly nothing happened.

Not that there was any chance that something would have happened. She told me it wouldn't, and I trusted her. She would never have sex with another man, not while I was sleeping on the other side of the glass door. She would never have sex with another man, not while we were engaged to be married.

She would never have sex with another man, not after she specifically promised that she wouldn't.
"It's okay," I said, forcing the smile to stay on my lips. "We'll just have to wait."
"Yeah," she said, not sounding happy about it, and she collapsed to the bed. "I'm going to sleep."
By the time I returned from the bathroom, having brushed my teeth and taken the recommended dosage of aspirin, she was asleep.
When I lay down next to her, she pulled away. Even in her sleep, she was mad at me.
I let her go and lay on my back, my eyes fixed on the ceiling, and tried to process everything that had happened. The past few days had been the craziest of my life. I'd seen as many naked women in three days as the rest of my life put together, and I'd seen my sister have sex. With Eric.
Eric, the man I hated more than I'd ever hated anyone in the world. The man who'd made my life hell since we'd first met a decade ago. The man who I'd seen fuck two women in the past two days.
I'd seen Eric's cock, I'd seen Clarice, my beautiful Clarice, staring at it. She was my fiancee, but the way she'd looked at that monster's cock was the way a starving man looks at a steak.
I'd seen Jan, my baby sister, take that same beast, her lips wrapped around it, her eyes wide, staring up at the muscular man. I'd seen him thrust into her naked, sweaty body, and as I'd made out with Clarice on the bed, I'd heard her cum.
Clarice and Jan had discussed Eric taking her. Fucking her. My sister had told my fiancee how good it was, and how much she was going to enjoy it. Clarice had asked for details about their sex life, and had been impressed by what she'd heard.
And worst of all, Clarice had watched Eric fuck my sister. I don't think I'd properly processed it, but Clarice had lay beside them in bed (how close?) and had watched my sister, my baby sister, cum on Eric's thick, throbbing, monster cock.
I tried to ignore the erection that was straining against my pants, and turned on my side. Clarice was facing away from me, and I could see the soft curve of her hip. I thought of Daphne Higgins, her own naked hips shaking, her blonde hair cascading down her bare back, Eric taking her from behind...
I thought of how my sister's body had looked, her back arched, her mouth open, her pale skin flushed. I thought of how she had looked at her muscular boyfriend, the adoration and arousal on her face...
And as I slowly drifted to sleep, I imagined what it would look like for Clarice's beautiful body to be in my sister's position. To be on her hands and knees, her face contorted with pleasure as Eric's powerful frame loomed above her...

I imagined what it would look like for his massive cock to thrust into her tight body, to fuck her, to fill her with his thick cum…
And just as I was about to drift off, I remembered what Eric had looked like, kneeling in front of my sister on the couch, as I left to… crap.
That's right. *That* was why I hadn't wanted to go near the couch.
***
I didn't wake until the late morning of the following day. The bed next to me was empty, and my headache felt just as bad as it had the day before. The painkillers must have worn off and woken me up.
I showered, brushed my teeth, and took another pill. and by the time I got downstairs, I was feeling a bit more like myself.
I was met in the kitchen by an unexpected sight: Eric was standing over the stove, making breakfast.
In the week that we'd been in the beach house, I don't think I'd seen him cook once. He always just sat back and waited for someone else to do it, usually my sister. In fact, the only other time I'd seen him prepare his own food was when he'd made himself a sandwich for lunch the first day of the trip. So seeing him at the stove was as surprising as seeing him with a shirt on.
He looked over his shoulder, and I couldn't help but notice how his muscles bulged beneath his t-shirt.
"You look like shit," he said.
Suddenly, I remembered the last time I'd been in the kitchen. What I'd seen. My sister, Eric…
I closed my eyes, trying to shake the image, and poured myself a cup of coffee as quickly as I could. My movements felt sluggish, and the throbbing in my head was back.
"Where's Clarice?" I finally asked, and Eric shrugged. "My sister?"
He shrugged again, and flipped the bacon in his skillet. I sighed and headed out to the porch. Maybe the fresh air would help clear my head.
I knew that getting out of the kitchen definitely would.
As I sat in one of the deck chairs, I heard the familiar sound of laughter from the beach. I squinted, and saw two figures walking up the shore. My fiancee was wearing a bikini, and even from the deck I could see her breasts bouncing, her red curls swaying in the wind.
My sister was wearing a bikini as well. She and Clarice were laughing together, and they were clearly having a good time. It was nice to see them getting along… although part of me wished that someone else was as disturbed by everything that had happened so far. Sometimes, I felt like the only sane one in a house full of… well, a house full of people who were far too comfortable with what was happening.

I took a sip of my coffee as I watched my sister, trying not to think about the things that I'd seen my sister do. The things that I'd seen Eric do to her.
The pair didn't seem to have noticed me. I smiled at their comradery; they walked with their hands on each other's waists, and stopped at one point to give each other a quick peck on the lips.
I took a long, deep sip of my life-giving coffee. Nectar of the gods.
As they got closer to the house, they kissed again. And again. Each peck got longer, and by the time my cup was empty, I was unable to believe what I was seeing.
Clarice and my sister weren't just giving each other friendly pecks. They were kissing. They were making out, their bodies pressed together. They were close enough that I could see their tongues were in each other's mouths, their hands roaming each other's bodies. Jan was grasping my fiancee's ass, while Clarice had a hand on my sister's chest.
They were kissing. Passionately. Like... like...
I tried telling myself that I'd misunderstood, that it wasn't them. But they were less than a hundred feet from the beach: I recognized Clarice's bikini, the scar on my sister's hip that she'd gotten falling off her bike when she was ten.
I even recognized the little shiver that Clarice gave when she was particularly turned on.
It was definitely them.
My heart was racing, and my head was spinning. I didn't even notice that Eric was standing beside me, his eyes drawn to the same sight as mine.
"You shouldn't be watching this," Eric growled, and if my cup hadn't been empty, my startled reaction would have spilled the remaining coffee. "Not cool."
"What??"
I couldn't believe it. He knew? They all knew? This was a conspiracy: I'd trusted Clarice, I'd trusted my sister. And all this time, they'd, they'd...
"She's your sister, dude," Eric snarled, grabbing my arm and pulling me inside. "Don't be a fucking perv."
"I'm not!" I protested, but I couldn't come up with anything else to bolster my defense. Eric pushed me into a chair in the kitchen and sat down across from me.
"Look," he said, his voice a low growl. "When I caught you watching your sister give me head, I thought sure, that could be an accident. When I found you jerking off to us fucking last night, I thought, well, maybe he just wandered into the wrong room. This is the last straw."
"I wasn't jerking off!"
He shook his head. "But this..."
My ears, my neck, my cheeks: they were all burning. He couldn't think... he didn't really think...

"That's why I was checking your phone for tittie pictures," he spat. "You're fucking sick, dude, and it ends now."
"I don't have pictures of Jan!" I protested. "And I'm not a pervert!"
Eric's eyes narrowed. "Then why the fuck were you whacking it in the kitchen last night?"
My face felt like it was on fire. "I wasn't! I was just watching!"
He gave me a look, and I realized what I'd said. Before I could explain, the door to the porch opened.
Eric leaned in close, and spoke softly, staring into my eyes as he did.
"You perv on your sister one more time, Dweebus, and you're dead."
From the look on his face, I could tell he meant it literally.
"Hey!" Jan called out. "What's cooking, babe?"
"Bacon for a blowjob," Eric called back, and I heard the two girls giggle in response.
I spent a few minutes collecting myself, and when I entered the kitchen, Clarice was finishing her breakfast. I looked in the skillet, but there was none left.
"You wanted bacon?" Eric said, somehow making the question sound like a threat.
"I'll just have some fruit," I said, sitting down.
"Fruit for a fruit," he responded, and the two girls laughed as though he was quoting Don Quixote. The idiot had probably never even read any of Oscar Wilde's work.
Before I could say anything, Clarice squeezed my hand.
Jan had her arms wrapped around Eric's waist, and was looking up at him adoringly. It was almost impossible to believe that she'd been kissing my fiancee just minutes before. If the image wasn't burned on my brain, I would have wondered if I'd imagined it.
"I'm gonna shower," Eric said, and Jan's eyes lit up. "I'll join you," she said.
As soon as the two of them were gone, Clarice turned to me, her cheeks flushed with excitement.
"I'm feel incredible, babe," she said with a sigh. "I really love your sister."
My ears burned. I was so confused. I was so uncomfortable. "Yeah," I said, not sure how to respond. "She's great."
Clarice leaned back in her seat with a happy sigh. "You are the best thing that's ever happened to me, babe. I have so much to tell you..."
I nodded, getting ready to start asking the difficult questions, when the sound of a moan reached our ears. Of course 'a shower' with Eric didn't just mean a shower.
Was Eric picturing my sister and Jan making out as he fucked her?
I didn't want to think about it.
I couldn't stop thinking about it.

"You have something to tell me?" I asked. Clarice's eyes lit up, and she pulled me away from my half-finished apple and into the living-room. From here, the sounds of Eric and my sister's copulations were at least slightly dampened... but not much.
Thin walls.
"So much," she purred, sitting me down on the couch. I winced, remembering what I'd seen happen on this couch. God, was there no part of the vacation home that wasn't tainted by the memory of Eric's cock?
Clarice sat down on my lap, her bikini preventing very little of her skin from touching my clothes.
"Okay," she said excitedly. "You're going to want to hear this."
My heart sank. Was I?

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 9

"So," my fiancée said, staring at me excitedly. "Last night, while you were asleep on the couch, we started playing truth or dare."
My entire body tensed up. I had no idea where this was going, but I knew I wasn't going to like it. I took a deep breath, trying to calm myself down. Clarice had said I'd want to hear this, and I trusted her.
I trusted her.
"It was really fun. I love how open Jan is... she's so different to you, but in a good way. She's adventurous, and fun, and god, she's so hot..."
My eyebrows shot up at... well, every part of what my fiancée had just said, but Clarice continued, obviously not aware of how it sounded.
"The first dares were pretty tame. I dared your sister to take her top off..."
"*That's* tame?"
Clarice laughed at the look on my face. "I mean, yeah, compared to what we got up to later."
I sighed, and moved my hand to rest gently on my fiancée's stomach.
"You probably don't want to hear this, but your sister's tits are *amazing*. They're not as big as mine, obviously, but they're much perkier, and really firm... I can see why Eric loves them so much."
For a moment, I considered interrupting to tell Clarice that, through no fault of my own, I'd actually seen my sister's tits multiple times this trip, but she was already onto the next part of the story.

“I figured you’d want me to stick with truth,”—thank god—“and Eric asked me about our first date.

I frowned at that. Eric had asked me the same thing, and I’d already answered every question.

What was he playing at?

“Anything in particular?” I asked.

“Everything,” Clarice said with a smile. She moved her hand to rest on mine, and I immediately felt calmer. God, I just loved this woman so much. “The restaurant, how bad the food was, what I was wearing, our first kiss.”

“Okay…”

A funny look appeared on my fiancée’s face, like she was remembering a joke.

“And then he asked if I’d have taken you inside, if you’d asked me to.”

“Of course you wouldn’t have,” I laughed. God, Eric really didn’t know my fiancée at all, did he? That was one of the things I loved the most about Clarice: she was an old-fashioned girl. A true romantic, like me.

“Well…”

I stared at her. “What? You *would* have?”

She shrugged. “Maybe. I mean, now that I know you, I know that would have scared you away. But I thought you were… cute. So, yeah: if you’d asked, I probably would’ve said yes.”

I closed my eyes. That wasn’t like the Clarice I knew at all. Sleeping with someone on the first date? That was more like…

Well, the kind of girls that fell for Eric’s bullshit.

“You wouldn’t have,” I insisted, opening my eyes. She’d twisted her body around to look at me.

“I probably would,” she corrected me, her eyes sparkling. “But I think it was sweet that you didn’t ask me. It was cute. Most boys would have, y’know?”

Of course. With a body like Clarice’s, she was always being hit on. I think that’s why we worked so well together; I saw her as much more than that. I saw her as a full, complete person, not just some fantasy girl.

The look appeared on her face again, and she shook it off.

“But yeah. I definitely would have.”

I wasn’t sure how to respond to that. I knew she’d had sex before we’d met, of course, but I’d never thought of her as the kind of girl who put out on the first date.

Besides, memory can be… janky. She’d had a beer or two, and was around Eric’s toxic influence, my sister’s bare tits in her face. It wasn’t like she was in the best state to assess… well, anything.

And it was more important to find out what else had happened while I’d been passed out on the couch.

“So who went next?”
“Your sister,” Clarice said with a chuckle. She leaned her head against my shoulder, and I lifted my other hand to slowly stroke it, the way I know she likes.
“She dared Eric to go down on her.”
My hand froze, halfway up her body. “I… I thought you said it started ‘tame’.”
Clarice laughed. “I mean, they’ve been dating for almost as long as we have. It wasn’t like it was their first time. Besides, I’d already seen it.”
I shuddered. Right. How could I forget?
“And you said not to do anything you wouldn’t do.”
“I haven’t seen Eric go down on my sister!” I said quickly. It was true, technically. I’d only heard it happening, right here on the couch.
The couch we were currently sitting on. God, at this rate, there wouldn’t be any part of the beach house that wasn’t tainted.
“He didn’t hesitate,” Clarice continued. “He lifted her out of the water, and sat her on the edge of the hot tub, and then he just dove right in. He’s so good with his tongue.”
“I don’t want to know,” I muttered, but at that moment Jan’s moans filled the room, and I don’t think Clarice heard me.
“I was watching carefully,” she continued. “I wanted to see exactly how he did it, what your sister liked.”
I wanted to ask why, but the word got stuck in my throat.
“He was so good at it, so confident. He knew exactly how to get her off. It was so, so hot…”
Clarice took my hovering hand and brought it to her breast, letting out a soft moan as I instinctively gave it a squeeze. I normally like to be more respectful than that, but having her sitting on me, almost entirely naked, and the sound of Eric and Jan’s copulations filling the room…
It was hard not to let myself get carried away.
“It only took a few minutes before she came. Her eyes rolled back, and she let out this long, low moan, and her hands were on Eric’s head. She kept pushing his head deeper between her thighs, I thought she was going to suffocate him.”
I fucking wish.
“It was so fucking hot,” she repeated, and shifted her ass. “I knew you’d want to hear this.”
To my horror, I realized I was hard. Not from the story, of course, but from my fiancée’s perfect body pressing against me. She reached down and started to trace her finger up and down my erection, through my pants.
I didn’t have the heart to stop her.
“Go on,” I gulped.
“Your sister looks so hot when she cums.”

Again, something I really wish I didn't know.
Clarice blinked twice, then seemed to come back to reality. "Anyway, then it was my turn."
My eyes widened. "What?? Clarice, that's… I can't believe you let him… that's *completely* crossing the line."
"…in the game," she said, as though I was an idiot. "It was my turn in the game. I promised that I wouldn't do anything you didn't want me to do, hon, and I didn't."
"Oh," I said, suddenly feeling one-inch tall. "Sorry."
I didn't want Clarice to think that I didn't trust her. I trusted her more than anyone else in the world. We were going to spend the rest of our lives together, and you can't do that without trust.
I silently promised to stop jumping to conclusions.
"I asked your sister, and she picked dare."
"Do I really want to hear this?"
Clarice frowned at me. "Why wouldn't you?"
"I really don't need to hear anything else about my old bully having sex with my sister." Especially as he literally was, just a few rooms over.
"Firstly, he's not 'your old bully', he's your sister's boyfriend. You can't keep pigeon-holing him like that, it isn't fair."
"Sorry," I mumbled.
"And secondly," Clarice continued, squeezing my erection, "you're going to like this. Trust me."
"Okay," I said. I'd trust her with my life.
My fiancée smiled at me, and I smiled back.
"So I dared your sister to kiss me."
For a moment, the room went white. I mean, I knew what I'd seen that morning, but… part of me had been hoping that there was a different explanation for it, somehow.
I don't know what, but something. *Anything*.
Certainly not that the love of my life, my future bride, the woman I was going to marry… had *dared* my sister to make out with her. While my least favorite person in the world watched.
"I had no idea if she'd do it," Clarice said breathily, "but you know what?"
I suspected I did, in fact, know what.
"She did. She leaned forward, and she kissed me."
Clarice looked like the cat who had got the cream, and stared at me expectantly. Her hand, I suddenly realized, was still stroking my erection through my pants, and Eric was still loudly fucking my sister in the shower.

But none of that, *none* of that mattered. Not compared to what my fiancée had just told me.

I had no idea what to say, so I asked the first question that came to mind.

"Did you kiss her back?"

"Mm-hmm," Clarice said, reaching up and pulling the fabric of her bikini down. My fingers were suddenly on her bare breast, and I instinctively started playing with her nipple like a fidget toy. "God, babe, it was so *hot*…"

"…why did you think I'd want to hear this?" I asked, my voice small.

Clarice stopped stroking me, and twisted around to make eye contact again. For a few blessed seconds, my sister stopped moaning from the other room, and there was silence.

"I thought you'd find it hot," she said. "You told me you wanted me to get with another girl."

"Yeah," I said, though I wasn't sure that was exactly how the conversation had gone. "Like Brigid. Not… not Jan. Not my *sister*."

"But we've been talking about it all week," Clarice said, and I could tell she was getting frustrated. "You told me that you were okay with me being with another girl. I thought it was the idea of another *guy* you were uncomfortable with."

I shook my head. "That's not…—"

"So what?" Clarice snapped. "Now we've gone from open relationship to a One Penis Policy to what, I'm not even allowed to be with other girls?"

"I… I don't…—"

Clarice reached up and put her breast back in her bikini top. We sat in silence… until the sound of Eric and Jan began to fill the room once more.

"I… it's all just going a bit fast," I pleaded. "I just… I…"

I trailed off. When Clarice spoke again, her voice was cold as ice.

"I think I know what's happening here," she said.

"What?"

"I think you're uncomfortable with bisexuality."

I stared at her, and she shrugged in disappointment.

"I just… I don't know, honey. I guess I thought you were… more open-minded than that."

I didn't know what to say. My mouth just hung open in disbelief.

"I didn't think you'd be so offended to hear that I was with a woman. I thought you'd be excited. Would it have been better if I'd just made out with Eric? I can do that, if that's what you want."

She was being sarcastic, of course. At least, I think she was.

"Clarice, no…"

She sighed. "I've heard about this. It's called biphobia. You like the idea of lesbians, but it's not so hot when you actually know someone who's bi."

She must have been able to see the hurt on my face, but she didn't stop.
"I've really struggled to come to terms with my sexuality. And when you suggested an open relationship, I felt... seen. I felt like you knew me, understood me. I thought we were on the same page."
"We were," I said, my voice a croak. "We are! I... I promise, honey, I'm not homophobic. I'm not *biphobic*. It's just... my sister?"
"Your sister is bi," Clarice said, staring at me sadly. "Your girlfriend is bi. You have bi people in your life, honey, and you're just going to have to come to terms with this.
I nodded. I could feel tears forming in my eyes. How had this gone so wrong?
"I'm so sorry," I said, and Clarice looked at me. She reached up and took my hand.
"It's okay," she said. "I'm not giving up on you, or us. I love you too much for that. I just... I really need you to get on board with this."
"I will," I said, trying to sound as sincere as I could. "I promise, I'll be better."
She sighed, and it sounded like there was a weight being lifted from her chest.
"Good," she said. "Because, honestly, I did it for you."
"What?"
"When I kissed your sister, I thought of you. I kissed her for you, knowing that it would make you happy."
I didn't feel happy. I felt sick. But I'd already upset Clarice so much: I knew how much this meant to her, how vulnerable she was being. So I forced a smile to my face and nodded.
"Go on," I said, trying to sound sincere. "I... I want to hear more about it."
She breathed a sigh of relief, and her hand returned between my legs. Somehow, impossibly, I was still hard.
"It was so hot," she continued, and her voice sounded like it was a million miles away. "I touched her bare breasts... I've never done that with another woman. I've always wanted to."
From across the beach house, Jan was having yet another loud, enthusiastic orgasm, as Clarice talked about how hot it had been to feel her up.
I was going to be sick.
"It felt like we kissed for hours. I've never felt lips as soft as hers. And her tongue, babe..."
Clarice bit her lip, and I heard the shower turn off. They must have finished.
I tried not to think about Eric... finishing.
"I wanted to do more," Clarice admitted, her hand slowly moving up and down my length, through my pants. "But I told you I wouldn't do anything that you didn't want me to do, so I stopped."

I didn't want you to make out with my sister! I wanted to scream, but I didn't. I couldn't.
I loved her too much.
I closed my eyes and tried to pretend it was someone other than my sister. Brigid. Daphne. *Anyone*.
But all I could see was my sister, topless, her lips pressed against Clarice's.
And Eric, mouth wet with my sister's juices, watching with a smile.
"Anyway, it was Eric's turn next. He dared me to take my top off…—"
"I thought you were always picking truth?"
Clarice wrinkled her nose. "Oh, yeah. I must have forgotten about that. Your sister kept picking dare, so I just sort of got into it."
I shook my head. "Wait. You took your top off in front of Eric?"
"Well, yeah. I figured since you showed him those photos of me, you wouldn't mind…"
I opened my mouth to object, to explain that I *hadn't* shown him the photos, but I knew we didn't have much time.
"Anyway, the game continued." Clarice was stroking me faster now, like she was also aware that we only had a limited window before the others came in. "Your sister dared Eric to take his shorts off…"
I'd already seen Eric's cock—more times than I wanted to ever see another man's member—and I knew Clarice had too, but even so…
I reminded myself that we didn't have time to get into it.
"He was already hard," Clarice continued, a catch in her voice. "Babe, he was… he's just so fucking big. I couldn't believe how big. And he was *so* hard—all the veins on his shaft were standing out, and his balls…"
She trailed off, lost in the memory. Her hand was moving up and down my shaft, still over my pants, and I hoped she didn't think I was getting turned on by the thought of Eric's junk. It was just that she was so good at touching me, even if I'd wanted to, I couldn't have gotten soft.
"Then Eric told Jan to kiss me again…"
"As a dare?"
"I think at that point we were just hanging out. I didn't mind. I was so wet, babe, and she's such a great kisser."
I stared at the wall, trying to get the image out of my head. The hot tub, my sister and Clarice with their tits out, Eric naked, hard, watching as they make out…
"I told you you'd like the story," she said. "I've never felt you this hard before. Anyway, Eric picked 'dare' next, and your sister dared him to fuck me. But I knew you wouldn't want me to do that, so I vetoed it."
"Thanks, babe," I said weakly. My voice came out a little breathier than I would have liked. "You, uh, didn't mention that this game had vetoes."

"It's just a game, honey," my fiancée said. "None of us had to do anything we didn't have to do."
I nodded. I wanted her to finish before we got interrupted.
The story, I mean.
"So I told her to pick something else, and she dared me to kiss Eric. I vetoed that, too."
“Appreciate it,” I gulped.
"So Jan dared Eric to jerk off for us."
I nodded. "And you vetoed that as well, right?"
Clarice’s hand slowed. "Well…”
“…right?”
“I mean, I’d already vetoed the last two suggestions. I didn't want to be a spoilsport. Besides, it's not like I have veto power over other people's bodies. If your sister wanted to watch her boyfriend masturbate, it wasn't really my place to say no."
I couldn't help but disagree… but considering she'd seen him have sex, I couldn't really argue that this was much worse.
"So he started stroking it," she said, her eyes shining. Her hand sped up on my cock. "And then your sister dared me to kiss her."
I swallowed hard.
"I couldn't say no."
"You could have," I said, and Clarice shook her head.
“Babe, she’s so hot. I know you don’t see her that way, but I… I really couldn’t.”
I bit my tongue. My fiancée was exploring her sexuality. Yes, I wish it hadn’t been with my sister, and yes, I wish it hadn’t been with my high-school tormentor watching… but I knew that if I got mad at her for this, she wouldn’t feel comfortable really being herself around me.
This was important to her, and so… it was important to me. Even if part of me wanted to die.
“So Eric watched, as I kissed my first girl. I mean, he wasn’t just watching… he was jerking off to it. That just made it so much hotter.”
My voice was a croak. “It did?”
“Yeah. I mean, I’ve wanted to kiss a girl forever, but having a guy watch… it was like it gave me permission, you know? Like the Katy Perry song. It made me feel powerful.”
I Kissed a Girl wasn’t exactly a feminist anthem, but I knew that there was no way to tell Clarice that without sounding like I was mansplaining. If it was what she needed, I guess it was… well, it was what she needed.
I just wished she needed anything—*anything*—else instead.
“My hands were on your sister’s tits, and her hands were on mine…

I couldn't help but imagine what that would look like: my fiancée and sister kissing, topless, while my bully jerked off. His muscular body, his throbbing erection, his hand moving up and down…

"…and I just felt so *free*. It was incredible, babe. I've never felt like that before."

I just nodded supportively. I didn't know what else I could say. Eric had just told me that I was a pervert that morning for watching Clarice and my sister together; he hadn't mentioned that he'd been literally jerking off to it the previous morning!

"Eric was getting close, I could just *sense* it. It was so fucking hot, knowing that he was turned on by us. His massive dick was right there, right beside us."

"Did he touch you?" My voice was hoarse.

"No," Clarice said. "Just his cum."

"W-what?"

"It wasn't deliberate, of course," Clarice said, and I tensed up in shock. "But when he came, he finished… well, the only place he could, really. God, babe, I'd never seen anyone cum so much. I've never even *imagined* anyone could cum that much. We were both completely coated in it…"

The thought was too much. It was so easy to imagine it: Eric's heavy balls contracting, his cock twitching, his seed splattering onto my sister's and my fiancée's bare tits. I could see it, as clearly as if I'd been there, and it was too much to handle.

Before I realized what was happening, my entire body went rigid, and I felt myself cumming. I couldn't help it, and I couldn't stop it. My entire body trembled as my underpants filled up with cum.

It was probably the most shameful orgasm I'd ever had.

"Babe!" she said, looking down at the stain on the front of my pants. "God, that's so hot."

I felt my cheeks turning red as I realized what I'd done: I'd just cum in my pants, while Clarice told me about Eric covering her and my sister, topless and making out, with his cum.

I wanted to die.

The only reason I'd… finished… was Clarice's talented hand, of course. Even through my pants, she'd managed to do her magic. But, purely coincidentally, the moment she'd managed to get me off was the part of the story where Eric came onto her bare tits.

And my sister's.

"There's a bit more to the story," Clarice said with a grin. But before she could finish, the door to the hallway opened, and I looked up in horror.

It was Eric, naked from the waist up, hair wet, and body still dripping from the shower. He looked me up and down, saw the stain on my pants, and burst out

laughing.
"Did you piss yourself, Dweebus?" he asked, and Clarice giggled.
"Of course not," she said, pulling away. "Babe, you should go clean yourself up. Eric's taking me out for lunch today."

My Fiancée, My Sister, and My High School Bully
by Pan

Chapter 13

I didn't want my high school bully to take my fiancée out for lunch. I didn't want Eric in my life at *all*, in fact, but my sister was in love with him.
So, until she woke up to what a piece of... well, you know... he is, I was stuck with him.
And my sister was stuck with me.
"Hey bro," she said when I came back downstairs. I'd had a shower, and I was feeling... well, not *better*, but certainly less sticky.
Ever since we'd gotten to the beach house, my sister had practically lived in her bikini, or other (equally revealing) clothes. So I was relieved to see her, for the first time in forever, in a t-shirt and shorts.
"Hey, Jan," I said. "Where's Clarice?"
She looked at me like I was an idiot. I didn't take it personally; she's looked at me like that since she was, like, three years old.
"She's out with Eric."
Ah. I'd hoped to get a moment with her before they left. I really, really, *really* wanted to know what else had happened during the game of truth and dare.
Y'know. As if there was anything worse than my fiancée and my sister making out, while Eric came on their faces.
"Do you know how long they're going to be gone?"
Jan smirked. "You miss Eric that much?"
"No," I said, through gritted teeth.
My sister and I had never been, like, *close* close... but I swear, before she started dating Eric, she wasn't half this obnoxious.
Or if she was, she used to hide it better.
"I want to know where my fiancée is. You know, the love of my life. The one who you... who you..."
My sister just stared at me, and I trailed off. I couldn't bring myself to say it.
I closed my eyes. I couldn't say it out loud.

"God," my sister said, rolling her eyes. "You really can't spend a few hours without her? How whipped are you??"
I was too tired to fight. "So... a couple of hours?"
"I dunno," she said, standing up. "But until they get back, I'm on Dweebus Duty."
I opened my mouth to retort, but something occurred to me.
Since Jan had started dating Eric, I had barely spent two minutes with her without someone else around. Him, my parents, Clarice...
Maybe a morning of 'Dweebus Duty' was the perfect opportunity to talk to her. I mean, properly talk to her.
Maybe this was my chance to save her from her boyfriend.
Before I could work out how to start the conversation, Jan was already headed into the kitchen. By the time I caught up, she was mixing a drink in the blender.
"Want one?"
I was hungover, and wasn't sure alcohol was the best idea, but I nodded anyway.
She handed me a glass, and I took a sip.
It tasted like I was drinking fruit salad, which, honestly, wasn't the worst thing in the world.
"What's with the sudden hospitality?" I asked.
"Just being a good sister," she lied. She was never this nice.
"Seriously?"
She took a swig of her own fruit cocktail and made a face. "Damn, that's good shit."
"Jan..." I said, but fell silent as she finished the glass.
Maybe the conversation would go down better if she were drunk.
I finished my own glass. Maybe it'd be better if we were *both* drunk.
Two fruit-salads-with-liquor was just enough liquid courage to bring it up. We were back in the living room, Jan on the couch, me in the chair across from her.
"So, Jan..."
She looked at me, a lazy smile on her face.
"You... you're happy, right?"
She nodded immediately. "Never been happier. Especially since last night..."
I closed my eyes. What they'd done last night was at the top of my personal 'Things I Never Want To Think About Again' list.
"With Eric?"
There it was. That dreamy look. Clarice had gotten it, too, talking about Eric's...
Nope. Wasn't thinking about it.
"He's great," my sister said. "You'd know that if you ever gave him a chance."
"I've given him a chance," I protested. I had. Again, and again, and again.
He'd used every one of them to prove what an asshole he was.
"He's a bully," I said, and Jan sighed.

"He wasn't the nicest guy in high school," she said, extending her long legs. "I get it. But like... were *any* of us our best selves in high school? Pretty sad if you were."
"Not just in high school! He still bullies me now."
My sister laughed at that. "What does he do, flush your head down the toilet and steal your lunch money?"
I stared at her. She really didn't see it.
Well, this was my chance.
"He would if he could," I said. "He... he pushed me into the sand at the beach."
Jan stared at me. "He's a big guy," she replied immediately, and the smile was back. "He doesn't know his own strength."
"He said he'd send me to the hospital."
My sister rolled her eyes. "It's a figure of speech, Dweebus. Do you think people are *really* going to talk to a man about a dog?"
"It's a dog about a man," I mumbled, but if my sister heard me, she didn't react. I wracked my brains.
Right. Duh. "He threatened to kill me this morning."
My sister held my eyes. There was a slight flush on her cheeks from the alcohol, but otherwise her face was completely flat.
"My boyfriend threatened to *kill* you."
"Yes!"
"This morning."
"This morning!"
"What exactly did he say?"
I opened my mouth, before remembering his exact words:
You perv on your sister one more time, Dweebus, and you're dead.
I closed my mouth again.
"Uh huh," Jan said, stretching her arms out. "That's what I thought. You wanna make up any other stories while we're here? See another fairy in the garden?"
I'd seen a fairy in the garden when I was like, eight. I mean, obviously I hadn't, but at the time I'd been completely convinced that I had. My sister had never let me live that one down.
God, I hope she hadn't told Eric about that. Or Clarice.
"Jan," I said, wishing my voice didn't sound quite so whiny. "I'm serious. He's... he's a bad guy!"
"He's a real villain," she said, closing her eyes. "That's why he always wears black, and owns a Death Star. Oh wait—that's Darth Vader."
Darth Vader didn't actually *own* the Death Star, but it didn't feel like the best time to bring that up.

We sat there in silence, the room swimming slightly—how much alcohol had my sister put into this fruit punch?
Finally, I broke it with words from the heart.
"I haven't seen you much, for the last few years," I began.
My sister opened her eyes, and met mine.
"You've been pretty wrapped up in Eric."
"Jesus," she said with a laugh. "How drunk are you, bro?"
"I'm not...—"
"Either too much, or not enough. Either way, this calls for another drink."
She got up and made her way back into the kitchen. I followed her.
"I just wish we could spend time together, like we used to. You're my sister."
Jan just stared at me, and for a moment, I really felt like I was getting through to her.
"What, you wish we could bathe together? Like when we were little?"
It was a very short moment.
"No!" I said. "I just... I want to get to know you again."
"You don't know me?" she sighed, adding more fruit to the blender. "Why, because I'm dating a guy you don't like?"
"Because you're not the same since you started dating him!" I said, after the mixer stopped. "You're not the girl I grew up with."
"Yeah," Jan said. "I grew up. So did you. That's how life works, bro."
I sighed. This was pointless. Eric's... whatever... had gotten into her head. There was no way I was going to convince her that he was anything but a perfect guy with a huge...
Ego.
I shook my head, slightly dizzy from the effort. No. I couldn't give up that easily. This was my sister. I had to get through to her.
I *had* to.
"I'm serious," I said, as sincerely as I could. "You just... haven't spent any time with me, since you started dating him."
Jan shrugged, and poured the blended cocktail into two new glasses. "We're grown up. We have our own lives. You have Clarice."
I nodded, the motion making my head swim. "Yeah. But now..."
She handed me a glass. "What?"
"From what I saw this morning... now you have Clarice, too."
My sister took a long sip of her drink, looking into my eyes. When she lowered the glass, there was a slight smirk on her face.
"Is that what this is about?" she said, her smirk turning into a grin. "Are you jealous of me and Clarice?"
"What? No!"

"If you're jealous," she said, drawing the word out, "then that either means that *you* want to date *me*..."
"No!" I said immediately. *Ew*.
"...or you wish you could date Eric."
"No!"
Her argument didn't even make sense, but I was feeling too overwhelmed to pick the logic apart. I took a swig of the drink, god knows why. The room was already feeling unsteady enough.
God, why had I even brought it up?
Jan burst out laughing. "It explains a lot," she said, before taking another sip. How the hell did she manage to drink so much? "All this time, I thought you hated him... but you secretly just wanted to be his little fuckboy..."
"Jesus, Jan!"
"Is that why you walked in on us the other night? Eric thought you were perving on me, but you were actually trying to get a glimpse of *him*."
"Stop it!"
"...did you get off on it?"
"NO!"
I couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed my glass and stormed out of the kitchen. My sister's laughter followed me through the house.
***
I don't know when I fell asleep. After finishing the fruit cocktail (which, again, I didn't really need—but I hated wasting food or drink. Protect Mother Earth and all that), I put on some music, and curled up on the bed, trying to avoid thinking about... well, anything.
The next thing I knew, I was awoken by someone shaking me.
"Wha?"
Clarice was standing over me, a huge smile on her face. "Hey sleepyhead," she said, her voice soft. "Did you have a nap?"
I looked around the room. It was dark.
I must have been out for hours.
"Mm," I mumbled, trying to sit up. My head was pounding, but the room was, mercifully, no longer spinning. "How long were you guys gone?"
She laughed. "Long enough. How was hanging out with Jan?"
I shook my head. "It was... weird."
Clarice perched on the end of the bed and gave me a sympathetic look.
"You want me to talk to her for you? I can..."
"No," I said, more abruptly than I wanted.
I still didn't really know what was happening between Clarice and my sister, but I knew I didn't want her being a go-between in my relationship with my sister.

Our dynamic felt messed up enough as it was.
"Okay," she said, giving my arm a gentle pat. "But if you need anything, I'm here for you."
"Thanks," I replied. "Oh! What did… where did you guys go?"
A blush appeared on her cheeks.
"We went… out."
I stared at her. I know my fiancée pretty well; I know when there's something she's not telling me.
"Where to?"
Clarice bit her lip, and my stomach dropped.
Oh, god. Where had they gone?
"Where did you go, Clarice?" I said, more urgently this time. My head was still pounding—how much alcohol had been in those damned drinks?
"Okay," she said, avoiding eye contact. "You have to promise not to get mad."
For the first time since waking up, I noticed what she was wearing: a blue dress, one that showed off her cleavage. It reminded me of what she'd worn on our first date.
"I don't like making promises like that," I said. "Can't you just… tell me?"
"I'll tell you," she replied, after a pause that was longer than I wanted it to be. "But I want you to know, he was just trying to be… nice."
I wanted to sink back under the covers and never come out.
I knew exactly who 'he' was. Ever since we'd come to this damned beach house, it was like no one else existed.
"Eric just wanted to take me out."
"Like, on a date?"
Clarice nodded. I closed my eyes, and tried to remember how to breathe.
"Like a *date* date?"
"No," she said immediately. "I mean, kinda. We had fun, but it wasn't like… a *date* date."
I opened my eyes and looked at my fiancée. She was staring back at me, a nervous look on her face.
"Tell me what happened," I said. "Every. Single. Detail."
I felt like I had a few hours ago (how long had I been out?)—drinking more of the fruity drink, even though I knew it was bad for me.
But I had to know.
I had to.
"So, he drove me to this place, about an hour away. *Sale e Sole*."
"Shoe store?"
"Restaurant," Clarice said patiently. "It means Salt and Sun."
I nodded.

"The food was amazing," she said, staring off with a smile on her face. "Honestly, it was some of the best Italian I've had."
"What did you talk about?"
"Mostly that," she said. "I cannot express how good it was."
"Okay..."
I was still nervous, but starting to relax. Nothing too worrying so far. "What did you have?"
"I had gnocchi."
"And Eric?"
"Spaghetti," she said. "Bolognese."
I hated it when Eric and I had anything in common, but that's exactly what I would've ordered as well.
"We split a bottle of red wine," she said, a smile on her face. I didn't get it—what did she feel so guilty about?
"He didn't drink and drive, did he?" I said, hopefully. Not hopeful that he put my fiancée in danger, of course, but if he was doing something illegal...
Clarice shook her head. "I drove, so I only had one glass."
Made sense. That was exactly what she'd done on our first date, too. We'd gone to an Italian restaurant, she'd had gnocchi, I'd had spaghetti bolognese, and...
My eyes widened.
"Clarice," I said, but she held up her hand.
"Wait," she said. "I haven't gotten to the...—"
"*Clarice*," I interrupted, and her look of guilt was replaced by one of annoyance.
"What?"
"Did you and Eric... go on our first date?"
Her nose wrinkled at the thought. "What?? No. He just took me out for dinner."
Dinner? How long had I slept?
"Clarice, he took you to an Italian restaurant, you talked about the food, he ordered spaghetti, you're wearing..."
I gestured at her outfit—she glanced down at herself, then back up at me, a flash of surprise in her eyes, as if she'd only just realized. “This old thing?” she said, but I was in no mood for jokes.
"That *is* the dress you wore to our first date!"
Clarice shrugged, the look of annoyance returning. "Babe, you're making a whole thing out of nothing. No thing, not thing."
"I told him about our first date, Clarice," I said, my pitch rising. "I told him every detail, and he's... you've..."
"This isn't what I wanted to tell you," she said, and I fell silent. It felt like she wasn't listening to me, like I was banging my head against the walls of a cage only I could see. I felt like I was going crazy.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath, and reopened them. "What did you want to tell me?" I asked, aware of the strain in my voice.
This was Clarice, I reminded myself. My fiancée. She loved me. I loved her.
We were going to be together for the rest of our lives. Nothing could get in the way of that, especially not a meathead like Eric.
Eric.
"I wanted to tell you what happened *after* the date."
"What happened?" I said, not even pointing out that she, too, was now calling it a date.
Clarice bit her lip again.
"Clarice... what happened after the date?" I felt sick to my stomach.
"I swear," she said, looking down. "I didn't plan for it. I told you I wouldn't do anything you wouldn't do..."
"What did you do?" I asked. I could see a tear forming in the corner of her eye.
"I'm so sorry, baby," she said, and my heart dropped. "I swear to god, it wasn't on purpose. We got back here, and we were laughing... maybe the wine went to my head?"
"What did you do?"
"Well, he... look, I don't want you to think that he did it deliberately."
Of course he did it deliberately. But if the same Eric-sickness (Ersickness?) that had taken my sister was starting to affect Clarice as well, there was no way I'd be able to convince her.
"Did what?" I asked, trying to keep my voice steady, and failing miserably.
"He was talking about how... okay, I know this is going to sound bad. He was talking about first dates."
My eyebrows shot up. He wasn't even being subtle about it!
"Not *our* first date," Clarice quickly clarified. "Just, like, the concept in general. And he asked if I... y'know."
"If you *what*?"
"He asked if I was the kind of girl to kiss on a first date."
"On a *first date*?"
Clarice shook her head. "I told you, it wasn't like that. It was just *like* a first date, that's why he was making the comparison."
I sighed. Despite sleeping all day, I was too exhausted to get into it with her. Besides, I needed to learn what had happened. What Clarice had done that was making her feel so guilty.
"I told him about you," Clarice said with a smile. "About how I'd kissed you on our first date, and how special it had been."
And just like that, the anger, the paranoia... it all dissolved. This was her, my Clarice, demonstrating what was important to her.

She'd thought of me first. More than that, she'd told Eric how special our first kiss had been.
She loved me.
Everything was going to be okay.
I reached out to brush away the tear that was trickling down her face, but she pulled away.
"Clarice..."
"I swear," she said, giving me a watery smile. "It didn't mean anything."
The warmth disappeared. The knot in my stomach was back.
"What happened?"
"He said..."
I stared at her. "What??"
"He said, 'Oh, I think we can do a little better than that.'"
I stared at her. She waited for me to respond, but I didn't.
I couldn't.
"Did he kiss you?"
My fiancée nodded.
"Did you stop him?"
She shook her head.
"Did you kiss him back?" I asked, not wanting to know the answer, while wanting to know the answer with every part of my being.
She didn't reply.