

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 loooves 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 of 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.

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“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 goood.”
 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, her cunt 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 risqué 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, slackjawed, 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 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 boozier 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 pussy 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 pussy 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 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.

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. I couldn't help but notice that when she nodded, other parts of her body seemed to nod as well.

And 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 she'd bonded with my sister, that she felt like she belonged.

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. And women, at that.

“Yeah,” Clarice said, echoing my tone perfectly. “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 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 practically 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 the drinks down, distracted by my fiancée’s 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 finals week at 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. “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 a little bit 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 was taller than Clarice (as most people were) 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 start.

“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 teasing - 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.